

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

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LACHUTE, QUE., NOVEMBER 2, 1923.

NO. 41.

RADIO

Tune in on W.T.A.M. Cleveland, Ohio, Saturday, Nov. 3, 1923

WILLARD STOMAGE BATTERY CO., ORCHESTRA.

PROGRAMME.

MY Sweetie went away Love tales.
Out where the Blue begins. Three O'clock in the morn.
Yes we have no bananas Blues, No. No. Nora.
Hawaii Blues, Song of Love.
Eddie, Remember me, That's my Baby,
The world is waiting for the sunrise.
You know you belong to nobody else, Bebe.

WILLARD SERVICE STATION 5289.

A. & B. Wet batteries sold by us will be recharged free for the first four months.

T. McOUAT & SON,
Founders and Machinists, Lachute Mills.

The Euchre held in the Town Hall last Wednesday and Thursday under the auspices of the Ste Anastasie Church, was a decided financial success, the sum realized being \$513.00.

This is the time to think of Christmas Greeting Cards for those at a distance. As usual we have a nice full line on which you may have your selection of greeting to suit your own particular fancy. Place your order by calling in at "Bob's Kosey Corner," Main Street.

CREAM OF THE WEST FLOUR. NOTICE.

The Sunday School Hall will be open from 10 till 12 noon to receive bread, buns, cakes, etc for the competition on Friday, as the judging will take place between 12 and 1 o'clock.

Hallow'een was celebrated on Wednesday evening by the youngsters especially in the usual manner of garb and the customary appeal for apples or nuts. Tricks as usual were of course indulged in by many of the larger as well as the small fry, but nothing of a serious nature has been reported.

HORSE TO LET.—Apply to Milo Hutchins, Foundry Street, Lachute.

FOR SALE.—One Pure Bred Jersey Bull nine months old. Apply to William Hutchins, Brownsburg, Que. Box 135 11-9

Yorkshire Boar for Service at the stables of Mr. Wm. McOuatt, Hill Foot.

GIRL WANTED.—A good strong girl for house work. Apply at the Boarding House, Brownsburg.

LOCAL AGENT WANTED.—to sell for the "Old Reliable Ponthill Nurseries." Spring selling season now starting; largest demand for stock since the war; exclusive territory; highest commissions; free equipment. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont.

LOST.—On Monday between Hill Head Factory and Mr. George Silverman's. A Lady's Black leather hand bag containing a sum of money and four pieces of jewelry. Finder leaving same at Mr. Silverman's at Thomas' Gore, will be rewarded.

Will the man who found purse in Montreal and phoned Uptown 6498 West. Please phone owner at Rockland 4713 or write to Mrs. A. Berend, 2 Quebec Ave, Apt 3 "Liberal Reward."

NOTICE

Everybody should have their "TEETH" cleaned twice a year to avoid the dangerous contagions to which every one is exposed, by not keeping that good habit. To the persons that can't come to the office, I will make visits at their homes. Painless extraction. Absolute Satisfaction. Perfect Work and Reasonable Prices! Dr. J. A. Brennan, Lachute Mills, Phone 86 for appointments.

Look for the Campbell's competition at the Methodist Bazaar on Friday, Nov. 2nd.

FOR RENT.—An eight roomed house and stable on Melkie St. Apply to M. H. Scott.

Watch and Clock Specialist.

Bring your repairs to Mr. Joseph Belanger who will do all your work in prompt order, but he wishes to say that he will be in his shop on Thursday, Friday and Saturday only of each week, so you will please take note.
Joe Belanger, near Hill's Store, Lachute, Que.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Wm. Miller spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Mrs. J. S. Giles spent the week-end in Ottawa visiting friends.

Mr. Ross Evans returned home from Hazenmore, Sask., on Saturday.

Mr. Fawcett, of Winnipeg, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Mackie.

Mrs. Wm. Silverman spent Saturday the guest of Mrs. Geo. Silverman.

Mrs. Geo. Stanforth is spending this week at Three Rivers visiting her sister.

Miss Roach and Miss Poole, of Montreal, were recent guests of Mrs. A. Bothwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Labelle and daughter, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Jas. Drysdale.

Mrs. R. W. Robinson, of Shawbridge, is in town at present visiting her many friends.

Misses Gertrude and Irene Riddell, of Montreal, were week-end guests of their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Elliott, of Montreal, are visiting her aunt Mrs. T. A. Paterson.

Miss Lucy Morrison of Montreal spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. T. B. Morrison.

Mrs. W. J. Brown and Mrs. W. A. Graham spent last week visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Duffghe, of Montreal, spent the week-end at Lakefield, the guest of Mrs. Willie Evans.

Mr. Gordon G. Cruise arrived home on Tuesday, after spending two months in Rokeby, Sask.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrin, of Vancouver, B.C., were the guests of his sister Mrs. John Hay last week.

Mrs. Owens, who has been spending a visit in Quebec, is the guest of Mrs. T. Christie for a few weeks.

Mrs. John Drew was the hostess at "Hallow'een Party" on Wednesday evening in honour of her little sons.

Mr. John Hadley and daughter Edna and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wood motored to Montreal on Sunday last.

Mrs. Maheux, Mrs. Harlow Giles and Miss K. Reid were in Montreal last week attending the W.M.S. Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Thorburn, and children, of Montreal, were week-end guests of the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. John Thorburn, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Chausse and daughter of Port Arthur, were guests last week of Mrs. P. Monette leaving on Thursday for Toronto.

Mrs. Lorne Marshall and daughter, of Harrington, and Miss Jessie Dobbie, of Montreal, were recent guests of Mrs. P. Dobbie.

Miss E. MacLaurin, who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. F. MacGibbon for a few weeks, left for her home in London, Ont., on Saturday.

Messrs. Leslie Morrow, Eric McCullough, M. Riddell and Edgar Morrow, of Cambria, arrived home this week after spending the summer in the West.

Miss Cook of Montreal and Miss McGregor, Field Secretary of the W.M.S., of the Presbyterian Church, were guests of the Misses Barron this week.

Miss Evelyn Hamilton, Nurse in training of the Montreal General Hospital, and Miss Lillian Hamilton, of Montreal, were week-end guests of their parents.

Remember the bazaar in the Methodist Sunday School Hall on November 2nd, the best of home cooking, candies and fancy work on sale. Tea served from four to six o'clock p.m. Watch for the Campbell bread contest.

The Guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Silverman at "Brookside Farm" on Sunday were:—Mrs. R. McCormick and Mr. Geo. McCormick of Daleville, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hill and family, of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thompson and son, of East Settlement.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Grisch, M. McLeod, Wm. Hamilton and S. McCubbin, of Ste. Therese, motored to Lachute and were week-end guests at Mrs. Jno. Thorburn's. N. Thorburn, of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. S. Cox and family were also guests at Mrs. Thorburn's.

Dr. J. A. Brennan, Dental Surgeon, of Montreal, has removed to Lachute and opened his office, with all modern installation in the West End of the town, opposite the Victoria Hotel.

Dr. J. A. Brennan, has had seven years practice, and two and a half years service in the army.

A very dainty afternoon tea and supper was served at the home of Mrs. Wm. Ball on Wednesday of this week. The rooms were decorated with Hallow'een colors, the tea tables presided over by the Misses Kate and Sarah McGibbon, and the numerous guests waited upon by Miss J. McGibbon, Mrs. Donald Beers and Catherine Ciles who were dressed in appropriate costumes. A "Touch and take" table which proved very successful, was managed by Miss Tomalty. The proceeds which are to be devoted to Missions were \$40.00.

Miss M. Dav's of Ottawa is the guest of her sister Mrs. Wm. Deacon for a few days.

Don't forget the Bazaar and afternoon tea in the Methodist Church, on Friday Nov. 2nd. Home made Cooking, Candy, etc. Come and have a good time and meet your friends.

Owing to the inclement weather on Tuesday, the Annual Thank Offering of the W.M.S. held in the basement of the Presbyterian Church was not so largely attended as usual.

Those however who were there, were more than amply rewarded as they listened to the earnest talk of Miss McGregor, (Field Secretary of the W.M.S.) on the work which covers from Quebec to the West. At the close a social hour around the tea table was spent. Collection amounted to \$56.00.

ST. ANDREWS EAST

Mrs. Jeffrey spent Tuesday and Wednesday of last week in Montreal.

Mrs. A. Howell closed her summer home and returned to Montreal last Thursday.

Christ Church W.A. is meeting this afternoon (Thursday) at the home of Mrs. G. F. Shaw.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid is meeting this afternoon (Thursday) with Mrs. W. Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Robertson, of Vaudreuil, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robertson.

Mrs. Madeleine Nave spent several days last week in Montreal with her sisters Mrs. Hodgson and Mrs. C. Say.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. LeRoy and Mr. N. Albright left Friday afternoon for a ten days visit with friends and relatives in Ottawa.

A number from here attended the Annual Tea Meeting of St. Mungo's, Congregation in Cushing last Friday evening.

The Ladies Aid Fancy Work Com., met with Mrs. J. Jeffrey, Monday evening, Oct. 22nd, and this Monday with Mrs. N. F. MacGregor.

The 500 Club was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fraser last Friday evening, the prizes being won by Miss Norma Fraser and Mrs. W. Deacon.

The Annual Prize-giving for the pupils of the Consolidated School took place on Friday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Pittcarin, Rev. J. and Mrs. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Bothwell, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hooker, Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Howard, a goodly number of the parents of the children, and others showed their interest in the school by their presence.

The following is the list of Prize Winners and names of the donors:—

GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES.

Grade X.—I. Willie Perks by Rev. W. A. Howard, 2.—Keith Pittcarin by Mrs. Burgess.

Grade IX.—1. Robert Bradley by Rev. J. Burgess, 2.—Margaret Cowan by Mrs. Howard.

COMMISSIONERS GEN. PROF. PRIZES.

Grade VII.—1. Agnes Rodger, 2.—A. Dorion.

Grade VI.—1. George Woods, 2.—Helen Perks.

Grade V.—1. Lena Gates, 2.—Geo. Rodger.

Grade IV.—1. Bessie Woods, 2.—Lois Perks.

Grade III.—1. Willie Gates, 2.—Ruth Doig.

Grade II.—1. Elizabeth Wales, 2.—Edgar Hooker.

Grade I.—1. Jeanette Wales, 2.—Alice Hooker.

COMMISSIONERS SPECIAL.

Grade X.—French.—Willie Pittcarin, 2.—Victoria Perks.

Grade IX.—Geometry.—Margaret Cowan, 2.—Robert Bradley.

Grade VII.—Arithmetic.—A. Rodger.

TEACHERS SPECIALS.

Regular Attendance.—Laura Bradley by Miss Stowell.

Regular Attendance.—Helen Taylor by Miss Loughren.

Regular Attendance.—Gordon Bradley by Miss Rodger.

Grade IV.—Spelling.—Geo. Giroux by Miss Loughren.

Grade II.—Spelling.—Edgar Hooker by Miss Rodger.

The School Fair prizes were presented by Mr. Bothwell, who complimented the children on their work and the number of prizes won:—The Gold Seal Diploma, with special premium for best garden plot in the County was won by Willie Perks.

The School Foot-ball team, with Principal and others, went to Lachute last Saturday where a friendly game was played with the Academy team, the latter winning by 4-0. The return game will be played in St. Andrews this Saturday afternoon. This is the school first year of Foot-ball, we are looking for big things from them. Their grounds are small, their time limited, but they are doing well and we are proud of them.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARTIN.—In loving memory of my dear mother, the late Mrs. Samuel Martin, who departed this life Nov. 7th, 1918.

Four years have passed since that sad day.

When one I loved was called away Her loving smile, her welcome face No one could fill her place.

Sadly missed by her loving daughter Lillie.

Ladies' Coats Fall 1923

We have received a lot of our New Fall Coats for Ladies.

The Styles are attractive and up

The cloths are new and colours attractive.

There are fur collared coats and others without fur.

The prices are wonderfully low—a real surprise to many.

W. BANFORD & SON,
LACHUTE.

Telephone No. 50.

Wholesale and Retail Flour and Feed,
"Cream of the West" is OUR BEST.
Grain and Coal.

Ald's Bread of Montreal and the Standard of Ottaw

A full line of Choice Groceries, Bacon, Etc.,

Deliveries made with prompt attention.

We have contracted for different grades of Coal, for April delivery, direct from the Mines, so Phone your Order without delay to ensure prompt delivery.

J. D. CAMPBELL
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

We deal in Foreign and Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and the best material in all latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of Cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fences, Etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

Wood Shingles

\$3.50 per thousand.

Better Grades at a little higher price

Corrugated Iron at
\$6.00 per square

6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 ft. sheets.

GEO. Y. DEACON Tel. 26 Lachute Mills
HARDWARE! TINSMITH! GARAGE!

Spectacles for Reading and for Weak Eyes



Let us examine your eyes, so that you may have comfort and relief from strain. Glasses need not be unbecoming as there is a great variety of styles in the latest shell-rimmed and rimless mountings.

Eugene Jousse

Watchmaker, Jeweller, Optometrist, - LACHUTE, Que.

THE AUTOMOBILE

HOW TO PRESERVE THE FACTORY FINISH.

In place of the thrill, now rarely experienced, which came from glimpsing a sparkling carriage, drawn by a spanking pair of well-groomed high-steppers, we have the pleasure of seeing wonderfully designed, luxurious cars roll by, in all the glory of exquisite stream lines in glistening varnish and Japan.

To keep these modern vehicles looking one hundred per cent. fit calls for as much care as was bestowed upon the coach of other days, or possibly more, as the later methods do not lend themselves to obtaining finishes equaling in resistance those of former periods.

Feverish demand for speeding up in this section, corresponding with production in other departments, does not admit of allowing the finish that length of time for "setting" which was formerly insisted upon, and which was requisite where best results were sought.

Varnishes, it is true, have been adapted, in some measure, to these more rapid methods of treatment, but much "spitting" of new cars is caused by exposing the cars to weather and mud conditions while the finish is "green," or, in other words, before a sufficiently hard skin has formed on the varnish. Hardening of the varnish skin is assisted by flowing cold water over the surface for from three to four hours, and the purchaser of a new car will derive considerable security from doing this before operating the car. It might be pointed out here that a car bought in the fall and its finish allowed to "set" in cool weather will retain its lustre longer and better than one purchased and immediately run in the heat.

BRASH MUD IMMEDIATELY.

However well conditioned, a finish will suffer from permitting mud and dirt to remain on it for any length of time, due to the action of alkaline salts present in the mud.

Finish may be, and very frequently is, damaged beyond repair by careless washing.

The sponges and chamois used for this purpose should be carefully selected, the sponges chosen must be free of sea grit; the chamois soft, without hard fibres. There must be a separate set for the upper and lower portions of the car. Those intended for the upper parts should be thoroughly soaked and washed for the removal of grit, and, in the case of the chamois, to rid it of excess grease.

As much of the dirt as possible should be removed from the surface by slow floating water alone. In taking off the more stubborn dirt by aid of the sponge always keep a film of water between the sponge and the dirt, otherwise the finish will be badly scratched.

Chamois the car dry, and in the process rinse the chamois in clear water occasionally and wring it.

Never use soap on the highly finished surface, whether of varnish or baked Japan. The alkali it frees in solution is destructive. A little soft soap is permissible, even necessary, for the under parts, but must be used very sparingly on the wheels, and thoroughly washed off. The wheel spokes on many cars are denuded by a too free use of soap.

We now come to a matter which has been the subject of much controversy, namely, the advisability of using polish on a car.

Some people hold with unreasoning tenacity to the theory of "water only," seemingly oblivious of the fact that waters are extremely variable in chemical contents, and practically all contain sufficient sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium salts to grey the finish in course of time unless followed by a proper dressing.

PROCESS OF OXIDATION.

Further, a process of oxidation is continually going on in varnish and Japan exposed to atmosphere, causing the formation of a grey scum that water is powerless to remove, and which, if allowed to remain on the surface for any length of time, will destroy it.

If these arguments for the use of polish are not convincing, it might be added that practically all automobile manufacturers employ polish.

The question really resolves itself into the one of what polishes are fit and which unfit for use. In this article it is possible only to submit a few

general points for your guidance in the matter.

Oily and greasy preparations are objectionable. They catch the dust and make the finish flatter than if it had no polish at all, and oil kills varnish just as grease kills a tire.

Spirit preparations are dangerous in the hands of those unskilled in their use.

Wax accumulates, oxidizes and turns grey, and is difficult to remove. It gives, at best, a soft gloss which is a poor substitute for the high brilliancy of varnish and baked Japan.

A polish and cleaner should be separate articles, as it is not necessary or desirable to use a cleaner every time you use a polish.

Cheesecloth is preferred for polishing. It should be of the heavier variety, and washed to remove the dressing. The insides of sugar bags, sometimes offered for this purpose, generally have hard pieces of grit woven right into the cloth which will scratch the finish.

A good polish will hold a finish as closely as possible to its original condition for the utmost period of time.

Unfortunately there are very few washing and polishing stations that do really good work, although a great number of owners are willing to pay a higher price for first-class service of this character.

The average factory finish, even on inexpensive cars, will last a surprisingly long time if properly cared for. A refinish is almost always a poor counterfeit of the original, and often an unnecessary expense.

Three-Fold Need of Human Being.

It is a fact well known to science that it takes three simultaneous influences to make a seed germinate in the soil. It must have heat, moisture and air; when these three things come at the same time the long dormant seed instantly springs to life and fulfills its destiny. If one of these is lacking the grain will never become a plant.

So it is with man in his threefold spiritual being, spiritual, mental and physical. The possibilities of greatness are latent in him but if one of these forces is missing he will remain a seed in the desert soil, packed with superb possibilities but barren and sterile without the magic touch of water.—O. S. Marden.

Venice Main Street.

The Grand Canal is the name given to the principal canal and main water thoroughfare of Venice. It is nearly two miles in length, is in shape like the letter "S," and divides the city into two nearly equal parts. The "Canal-azza," as it is called in Italian, is spanned by the Rialto, and is lined with palaces which, although appearing stained and battered in the daytime, loom up grandly in the moonlight.



Didn't Go For Arrest

Patron—"I hear your cashier is in Australia—did he go for a rest?" Bank President—"No; to escape arrest."

To-Night.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew Thee from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed, That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind? Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?—If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

—Joseph Blanco White.

One Guarantee.

The Irishman had called at the farm and had asked the farmer to give him a job.

The farmer at first refused to listen to a word he had to say; but after a time, in response to the man's pleading, he agreed to take him on if he could answer a number of questions satisfactorily.

All went well until the farmer asked: "Where do you come from?" "Ireland," replied the man quite readily.

"Ireland!" cried the farmer. "Then that settles it. I can have no more Irish people here; they all die on my hands."

"But, please, yer honor," said the man, "I'll get you a certificate that I have never died on the hands of any of my other four masters."

A Mystery Even to Sam.

The natives of the Bahamas are expert sailors. Somehow without a compass and in all kinds of weather they are able to guide their boats intelligently over the pathless ocean. How they do it is a mystery even to themselves. In his recent book, *The Wake of the Buccaneers*, Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill says that he tried to learn from Sam, his colored steersman, why he was so confident of reaching the tiny island of St. Croix after a voyage of one hundred miles over a deserted sea.

"Why, chief," replied the native, "Ah don't need to know where we is for to get where we's goin'."

"Well, how on earth do you do it, Sam?"

"Ah can't say," was the reply. "Ah jus' knows where 'bout's th' lan' is, an' Ah Steers for he."



Picking Up Right Along.

"The automobile business is picking up."

"Yes—picking up pedestrians, I suppose you mean."

Miss Gertrude Ederle has set up a new world's swimming record for women by covering 200 yards in 2 minutes 31.4-5 seconds.

Cherries derive their color from heat and not light. Fruit grown under a light which gives no heat remains white, while that cultivated in a hot place becomes red.

The Confession of Monsieur Lavaure

By Roger Regis. Translated by William L. McPherson.

Surprised by the ringing of his door-bell, M. Lavaure lifted himself painfully out of his chair. He was a retired clerk and a widower, living a lonely life in a remote Paris suburb, and he seldom had visitors. He did not like new faces. Anything unexpected upset him. Nevertheless, he went to the door and opened it. Recognizing on the sill one of his former colleagues in the house of Mauvral, exporters, alongside of whom he had worked for forty years and had not seen since his retirement, he cried:

"You, Monsieur Perrin! What good wind brings you here?"

The other smiled in an awkward way. He was a small man, delicate looking and diffident, and almost as old as M. Lavaure.

"A good wind? Alas! No! he murmured.

"What do you mean?"

M. Lavaure had closed the door again and drawn M. Perrin into the narrow room in which he spent his solitary hours. With an impetuosity which age had not abated he repeated:

"Tell me! Tell me, then, what is it?"

"Tell me something first!" M. Perrin answered. "Does your son live here? Where is he now?"

"Jacques? Yes, he lives here. But at this moment he is away. He obtained a leave from M. Mauvral, he told me, and went to the country last Sunday night. I did not ask him where. One must be discreet with young people. Have they not secrets which do not concern us?"

"And his bearing these last days—has it seemed to you queer—or unusual?"

"Perhaps so. But why do you ask me these questions?"

"I must tell you what has happened at the office. Thirty thousand francs were stolen from the proprietor's safe. Two persons are under suspicion—the cashier and your son."

The old man got up. A rush of blood turned his face crimson. His lips trembled with emotion.

"Why my son? He took over my bookkeeping duties, at M. Mauvral's and handles no money. That I know."

"Yes. But on Sunday, before leaving Paris, he said that he had some extra work to do and came to the office, where he was all alone for two hours. Now, on that day the cashier had left the key to the strong box in the lock. The proprietor guarantees the cashier's honesty. Except your son no one was seen entering the es-

tablishment. That is enough to throw suspicion on him."

"Come! Come! It is a wicked idea. Nothing of the sort is possible!"

"I hope so, and I came to tell you so that the matter may be cleared up without delay."

M. Lavaure made no answer. He heard nothing but the tumultuous beating of the arteries in his forehead.

M. Perrin also got up. "Don't torment yourself. After you have talked with your son everything will be explained—everything will be arranged. Good luck! I will see you again soon."

When the old man was left alone he tried to recover his self-possession and to reason things out. But the revelation had been so brutal and so perturbing that the fever which possessed him could not be allayed. He walked about the room like a wild beast in a cage.

His son a robber! Absurd! And yet—and yet—a thousand insignificant indications were suddenly marshaled in his memory and took on convincing

importance. Jacques was young—hardly twenty-five. He loved pleasure, spent his earnings freely and often borrowed from his father. Especially in the last few months. And during that time he seemed always restless, preoccupied, lost in reveries which he refused to explain. This trip, too—what did it mean? Was it a flight? Why had he sent no news of himself for the last three days?

Yet a young man may do foolish things without going so far as to steal. If Jacques was innocent, who was guilty? The cashier? M. Lavaure knew this old employee, through whose hands millions had passed and whose scrupulous honesty was beyond attack. No, he could not be the robber.

He or Jacques, they said. Then it was Jacques.

Till tonight M. Lavaure turned this frightful thought over and over in his mind and could not shake himself loose from it. Each new process of reasoning confirmed it. All night the old man sighed in horror and despair. When dawn came he had no longer

any doubts. His son was guilty. He had also reached a decision to go to see M. Mauvral at once.

He arrived at the hour when the establishment opened. He had to wait some minutes. His heart beat painfully, not only because of the strange errand which he was on, but also at seeing himself in such a position in a house in which he had spent a life of prosperity and honor. Finally he was ushered into the proprietor's office.

The latter was a large, tall man, with snowy hair. He walked toward M. Lavaure, held out his hand and said:

"This is a terrible surprise. I hope that you have some favor to ask of me. I should be happy to do you a service."

But M. Lavaure did not take the hand offered to him. Without raising his eyes he said:

"Listen to me, please, and don't interrupt me. What I have to tell you is very disagreeable. Thirty thousand francs have disappeared from your strong box. Well, you must not suspect your cashier. You must not accuse my son! Jacques is innocent. I swear it! I am the guilty one. Yes, I, I have not been retired so long that I have forgotten the run of the place. I accompanied my son here last Sunday and while he was attending to his work I walked through the empty rooms. Suddenly I saw in the safe lock a bunch of forgotten keys. I don't know what folly possessed me. I opened the strong box and stole the money. That is all. Now that I have told you send for the police."

The old man waited for an answer. He heard none and raised his eyes. M. Mauvral was smiling.

"Have pity on me!" M. Lavaure continued. "Put me under arrest."

The other finally replied:

"Monsieur Lavaure, you have a soul greater than I thought you had and I admire the heroic quality of your paternal love. That no suspicion may attach to your son you deliver yourself up in his place, you declare yourself guilty of a robbery which you never committed. Yes, your sacrifice is beautiful. But it is needless. We have the real criminal. He is a minor employee who broke in here last Sunday. He has confessed and returned the money. Now, if you will let me, I will shake your hand."

Very pale, but pale with joy, the old man grasped the friendly hand held out to him. Squeezing it in a transport, he murmured:

"Ah, I like this much better!"

"So do I," said M. Mauvral.



THE UPLIFTER

I often hear my neighbors say, "That Mrs. Bunk is truly great; inspired, she goes her noble way, and makes dire evils pull their freight. Whenever there's a high crusade to battle sine we all abhor, we see Miranda Bunk arrayed in all the panoply of war. She leads a grand and useful life, as all the moralists agree; Jack Bunk should glory in his wife, but ah! a grocer's dub is he. No high ideals fill his soul, no fine ambitions spur his mind, but creature comforts are his goal, to things uplifting he is blind." And yet, although it be a crime, I sympathize with poor old Jack, when he comes home at supper time, and finds no fodder in the shack. No tempting pies does he behold, unwashed are all the plates and spoons; the kitchen stove is bleak and cold, there is no scent of stewing prunes. He's labored roundly in the mart dispensing gas for limousines, and with an aching, broken heart, he eats a can of slimy beans. His noble wife has run amuck to benefit her fellow-man, and Jack, who longs for roasted duck, must eat cold victuals from a can. And so when people wildly boast that splendid dame and all her deeds, I think of Jack who goes to roost without the wholesome grub he needs.

IN RABBITBORO



CANCER

GREAT SUCCESS OF
CANTASSIUM TREATMENT

A well-known London Surgeon and recognized authority on Cancer has created worldwide interest in the discovery that Cancer is due to a deficiency of potassium "salts" in the body, which causes the cells to break down and become malignant.

In order that everyone may learn

The Real Cause of Cancer

A remarkable book has been specially written.

This book will be sent free to patients or anyone who is interested in the most successful method of fighting "THE CANCER SCOURGE."

The following is a list of the chapters:

1. The Limitations of Surgery.
2. Some Doctors' Opinions.
3. What Cancer Is.
4. Why the BODY CELLS BREAK DOWN.
5. Injurious Cooking Methods.
6. Common Errors in Diet.
7. Vital Elements of Food.
8. Medical Endorsements of Our Claim.
9. The Chief Minerals of the Body.
10. The Thyroid Gland.
11. Age When Life Begins to Accumulate.
12. Potassium Causes Life Extension.
13. Great Value of Potassium.
14. Parts of Body Liable to Cancer.
15. Parts Which Are Seldom Affected.
16. How a Doctor Can Help.
17. How to Avoid Cancer.
18. Death Rate From Cancer.
19. Arterial Sclerosis and Old Age.
20. Rheumatism, Gout and Kindred Complaints.

With this book are a number of interesting case-reports, proving the great value of "Cantassium Treatment" in various cases. The treatment is simple and inexpensive, and can be easily taken in one's own home. Apply for free book to Charles Walter, 51 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

THE TALE THAT ECHO TOLD

By John T. Troth

The ancient village of Burb (as all travelers toward the icy passes of Knorrap well know) lies a half day's journey beyond Gaw, on the left bank of the River Gurg, from the incessant murmuring of whose waters over their silver-pebbled shallows it takes its name. And a very long time ago there dwelt in that place a most skillful physician, named, if I have remembered the tale aright, Men Yu, the fame of whose vast learning had penetrated even as far as purple-roofed and gorgeous Sudaban, and his proud neighbors never wearied of prophesying that he would some day be called as court physician to the great King.

In his youth Men Yu had loved and courted Yonda, the beautiful daughter of the King's eunuch, and, finally winning her from his rival, Gorlon, had married her, they two living together most happily for three years. Then came to that part of the world the year that no man forgets even to this distant day, when the fetid breath of the white fever was borne northward on humid breezes from the far jungles of Umb, it kissed, among many others, Yonda, who, in spite of all Men Yu's wisdom, wasted away and died in the hushed space between night and dawn glow.

One winter evening many years later when Men Yu, resting from his laborious studies, was lost in thoughts (as ever at such times) of the beauty and goodness of Yonda, there came a knocking at his door. Withdrawing the oaken bars he admitted a man attired in gorgeous silks of green and gold, and from the manner of his dress at once knew him to be from a far eastern country which lay, men said, even beyond the fiery plains of Henthir, and those of Gerst. He proved, indeed, to be a merchant of storied Am-bur, whose far-gleaming roofs are reported to be slated with nothing less than the burnished scales of golden dragons overcome in old, forgotten battles, and he dealt in mysterious wares and strange enchantments calculated to divert the mind and beguile the soul away from all sad thoughts. His trafficking was carried on secretly for fear of the anger of the priests, who had great jealousy of the occult powers of his merchandise. Men Yu had often heard of these things and was glad to see them with his own eyes, but steadfastly refused to buy, saying that he had no wish to be diverted either from his labors or from his sorrow.

At last the merchant, seeing that he was obdurate, confided that he had yet to reveal the most truly amazing thing of all. Feeling in his turban, he brought forth a tiny, violet-colored shell, within whose labyrinthine convolutions he asserted there dwelt a spirit, a mere voice, called Echo, who, while invisible to any eye, was capable of reproducing, as on a veritable mirror or sound, all that had fallen upon the ear of man since the world was but a little pellet of moist clay, rolled between the thumb and forefinger of God. Men Yu was tremendously interested at hearing this, and asked the merchant for proof of his incredible claims. The latter thereupon commanded Echo, and the physician at once heard, quite plainly, the confused babble of strange tongues in the streets and bazaars of far-off, Eastern cities, the tinkle of silver-tongued bells on the anklets of dancing girls, and the weird long-drawn cries of priests praying for their minarets at the going down of the sun.

These wonders, and especially the last, convinced Men Yu that Echo would indeed prove a most invaluable and diverting companion, and further, he saw the possibility of discovering

through her voice many of the lost secrets and mysteries of the past, so he inquired of the merchant his price. The man in green and gold thereupon named remarkable conditions under which alone could be think of parting with this the chiefest of his treasures. Many and wondrous were the revelations unveiled by the obedient voice of Echo, and without parallel became the fame of Men Yu throughout all the then known world. By the irrefutable evidence of conversations hoary with the breath of centuries and unrecorded save within the memory of Echo he mastered, one by one, the moot problems that had vexed the wisest men of his time.

But, improbable as it may appear, although Men Yu never ceased to dwell affectionately upon his memories of incomparable Yonda, years passed before it occurred to him to bid Echo resurrect from the silence of the tomb the voice of his love as he had delighted to hear it during the cruelly brief years she had been with him. One wild, stormy night, however, when he was more than usually lonely, he thought of this new wonder and joyfully commanded the shell to give up those dearly cherished sounds. Echo was unaccountably silent at first and, when he insisted, seemed to speak sadly and reluctantly. Then, as Men Yu listened so hungrily, he heard Yonda's own voice in conversation, not with himself, but with Gorlon, his rival, and through her tones there breathed a smoldering fire of passion, such as even he had never heard therein.

Finally Men Yu rose and, first sealing the door and windows of his room with wax, took certain magical powders from sundry vials, blending them together in the form of a pyramid in a little earthen bowl. Upon its summit he laid the violet shell, and then powders here and there with a blazing splint from the fire. As dense volumes of pungent smoke arose from the smoldering heap, he addressed Echo in these words:

"It is known to me that your voice may not wholly be destroyed, but, for the peace of mind of all the ensuing ages, I will curb your too faithful tongue, and return to utter oblivion the secrets of the dead past!"

Amazing Appetites.

Our forefathers seem to have been mighty men, who thought nothing of riding 100 miles a day or of performing feats of pedestrianism from which we would shrink. Is it possible that we are becoming more feeble because we do not eat enough?

Even fifty years ago meals were far more hearty than they are now—one has only to read Dickens to realize this. Our grandfathers would have felt starved on the diet that most of us find sufficient.

But if we go back a few centuries we find appetites that seem amazing. Louis XIV. of France, who had the reputation of being a very moderate trencherman, used to breakfast off four cutlets, a whole chicken, four or five eggs, and some ham.

The records of a dinner given by Henry VIII. show that each guest consumed nearly half a stone of food. The fish course alone included eels, salmon, pike, barbel (now considered quite unfit for food), mullet, and sturgeon.

Catherine de Medici offered her guests a feast in 1545 at which the meats alone—there were a dozen other courses—consisted of peacocks, bustards, pheasants, capons, herons, swans, cranes, geese, hares, rabbits, deer pigs, quails, and ducks.

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Down to the Sea.

No mountain path, no meadow way, no road.
Urging me inland holds my feet for long;
Across my back the salt wind's flicking goad
Is laid; and in my ears the wild, blue song
Of distant waves is sounded. I am faint
To run again the highway to the sea.
Through sun and fog, through silver mist and rain,
Uncaptured by the green arms of a tree,
I reach the wild wastes of the singing sand,
Where white surf blossoms briefly break and die,
Where earth's a pebble in the sea's curved hand,
And shining masts aspire to the sky,
Where jade dark drums their lonely challenge beat
Against the rocks; and where to die were sweet.

—Faith Baldwin.

It is estimated that there are 40, 225,000 tons of the best iron ore in British Columbia, these resources having scarcely been touched yet.

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

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

Care of the feet is of the utmost importance to health. The custom in this and other so-called civilized countries of cramping and binding the feet in leather shoes has created a real "foot" problem. One cannot be surprised at foot troubles when we know that there are about twenty-seven bones in each foot, and these are connected up by ligaments, muscles, tendons, etc., with a network of arteries and nerves. The wonder is that the pressure of shoes that are made oftentimes to suit fashion rather than comfort, there is not even more foot troubles than there actually is. One of the first hints that there is something wrong with the feet is brought to the attention of the sufferer by a pain in the muscles of the leg. Sometimes this pain takes the form of a cramp, sometimes of a dull pain, and sometimes the muscles of the leg tire easily; the feet may burn or feel uncomfortable. Whenever any of these conditions occur, something is wrong. Away back in childhood the trouble often begins. It is then that the bones are somewhat soft and not properly calcified. Any pressure, squeezing or

binding of the bones of the feet, therefore, is dangerous in children and may lead to life-long infirmity. Our boasted civilization certainly brings us little benefit as far as foot ease and foot comfort are concerned. In countries where the custom is to travel barefoot, one seldom, if ever, sees any malformations of the feet. Savages are wonderful walkers. As a rule they could out-distance any white man who since childhood has had his feet cramped up and compressed in leather shoes. Like practically every other ailment of adult life, the harm begins in the early days of life. If our varying weather permitted, every child should be allowed to run barefooted during nine months of the year. His feet would thereby harden, and the movement and freedom of the toes would strengthen the feet and allow the bones to grow in a natural way. When boots have to be worn, care should be taken to see where they wear, both on soles and heels, so that the mechanism of the feet can be studied and if there is any deformity to find whether the cause lies in the foot itself or in the legs.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If You Have You Are in Need of a Tonic Medicine.

Are you pale and weak, easily tired and out of breath on slight exertion? Are you nervous? Is your sleep disturbed? Do you wake up in the morning feeling as tired as when you went to bed? Is your appetite poor, your digestion weak, and do you have pains after eating?

If you have any of these symptoms you need a tonic, and in the realm of medicine there is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and bring the glow of health to pale cheeks. The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the case of Mr. Horace Cuphill, Woodward's Cove, N.B., who says:—"The first indication that my general health was not good was a shortness of breath after the least exertion. Then my appetite began to fail, and after eating it seemed as if there was a lump in my stomach. I grew so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without resting. Then I was taken with a numbness all over my body and was in a sad plight. I was under a doctor's care, but as I was not getting any better, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first few boxes did not seem to help me but my wife urged me to continue their use and I got four boxes more. Before these were gone I could eat a fair meal, the numbness was leaving me and I was feeling much better in every way. I took the pills for a while longer, and felt that I was again a well man. I still take the pills occasionally but have had no return of the old trouble."

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.



Right! Bag of Flour—"You're nothing but a measly little cake of yeast."
Yeast Cake—"Yes, but I'll get a raise out of you all right!"

MONEY ORDERS.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

Only one breeding-ground for flamingoes remains in North America, and this is on British soil. These birds have been slaughtered by the natives of the Bahama Islands until there are now only about 1,200 left.

SALESMEN

We pay weekly and offer steady employment with our complete and exclusive line of whole-food, food-order, and plastic. That's what we serve. We teach and equip you free. A money-making opportunity.

LUKE BROTHERS, MONTREAL



Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
Brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at feeding time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opium, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.
At All Druggists

Borax as Precious as Gold.

Borax is used in every household—in talcum powders, eye lotions, medicinal powders, and soaps. And yet, four thousand years ago, it was a rarity almost as precious as gold.

In the days of Babylon the only known sources were in a few salt marshes in the Gobi Desert, north of the Himalayas. It was collected by natives. Small Himalayan sheep carried it slung in bags round their necks down the steep mountain-sides into India, and it was then taken by camels to Eastern Europe.

It was used by goldsmiths for cleaning the surface of molten gold. Only by means of borax could the crude metal be refined and worked into rings, amulets, and breastplates.

Nowadays the United States produces more than 40,000 tons a year. Thirty years ago its richest source was a Californian desert called the Death Valley—a place believed to be the hottest and driest spot on earth. A company supported by British capital worked the mines. Until they built a railway ten years later the produce was hauled by mules over 165 miles of uninhabited desert.

A new borax mine, believed to contain ten million tons, has been discovered in Nevada. The world will now have far more than it wants, unless new uses are discovered for what was once a rarity.

China's Millions.

China is so over-populated that there are always many more coolies than work for them. If at any time all of China's coolie millions should find employment it would mean that trade and business were going at top speed in the republic.

DON'T COUGH

Rub the throat and chest with Minard's. Also inhale. It gives quick relief.



ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monopaceticacid of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



Fill your pipe with

Ogden's CUT PLUG
"It Satisfies"

15¢ per packet
80¢ a 1/2 lb tin



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

When Ignorance is Bliss.

A monarch of pork packing who has founded his own dynasty was continually badgered by his socially aspiring wife to furnish his palatial residence in the classic manner.

As a concession he ordered a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo to be shipped to him by express. On its arrival it was unpacked in the great ballroom, but to his dismay both arms were missing.

"Gosh darn their hides; they've smashed her," he murmured. "I'll sue them."

He did—and the company paid his claim!

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

If you are bothered with mislaying small tools such as pliers and wrenches, or even hammers and jack-knives, give them a coat of bright red paint. You'll still lose them, but they will be easy to find again.—H. C. L.



Be Safe!

Don't wait for someone to be in pain to get Kendall's Spavin Treatment in the house.

For all external hurts and pains for all muscular troubles.

Kendall's Spavin Treatment makes good.

KENDALL, Dist., December 22, 1921

"I have used your Kendall's Spavin Treatment over three years and found it one of the best remedies I have ever used for all kinds of sore." (Signed) M. DEMAR.

Get a bottle of your druggist's today. Regular for Horse Treatment—Refined for Human use.

DR. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY, Enosburg Falls, Vt., U.S.A.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT

Dentist—"Am I hurting you?"
Smart Patient—"Oh, no; I make it a rule to groan twenty minutes every day for my health."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

It appears to us there is much truth in the following: A deacon of a church asked a man as he entered the House of God, "Have you come to serve the Lord?" The man replied, "No, I have been serving God all the week, now I have come to worship Him."

Classified Advertisements

SILVER FOXES—NOTES FROM MY DIARY (Shoshoni).—Miss (young) woman, 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia.



PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Hard, Large and Scaled Over. Itched and Burned.

"My trouble began with a breaking out of pimples on my face which soon spread up into my hair. Some of the pimples were hard and large and scaled over. They caused much itching and burning, and my face was sore and red."

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in two weeks I could see an improvement. I continued using them and in six weeks was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Flora Notebook, Box 53, Fairview, Mont., Feb. 7, 1922.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Baths with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Ltd., Dept. 24, P.O. Box 10, Montreal." Send every-where. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, Talcum 10c. "Cuticura" Soap always with spot mark.

MRS. MISENER'S AGES AND PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Branchton, Ont.—"When I wrote to you for help my action was mostly prompted by curiosity. I wondered if I, too, would benefit by your medicine. It was the most profitable action I have ever taken. I heartily assure you, for through its results I am relieved of most of my sufferings. I have taken six boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and I can honestly say I have never been so well before. I had suffered from pains and other troubles since I was fifteen years old, and during the 'Great War' period I worked on munitions which my work called for, I strained myself, causing pelvic inflammation from which I have suffered untold agony, and I often had to give up and go to bed. I had doctored for several years without getting permanent relief, when I started to take your medicine. —Mrs. GOLDWIN MISENER, Branchton, Ont.



Compound Tablets and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and I can honestly say I have never been so well before. I had suffered from pains and other troubles since I was fifteen years old, and during the 'Great War' period I worked on munitions which my work called for, I strained myself, causing pelvic inflammation from which I have suffered untold agony, and I often had to give up and go to bed. I had doctored for several years without getting permanent relief, when I started to take your medicine. —Mrs. GOLDWIN MISENER, Branchton, Ont.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Treatise upon "Allments of Women."

Let The Milk Pail Tell The Tale

THE milk pail tells the story of well-fed, healthy cows. The top quart in the pail is the profit, and Schumacher Feed will put it there.

Schumacher Feed will give a summer milk flow while winter milk prices can be obtained. It produces more milk at a profit. It keeps the cow healthy and vigorous, and gives her a keen appetite.

Feed Schumacher Feed this winter. It is a perfectly balanced ration made of milled products of corn, barley, oats and wheat, with linseed meal. Cows eat it greedily, and digest it easily. They don't "go stale" on it. It is more economical than straight grains.

Try it, and see for yourself that Schumacher Feed pays. It will bring your hogs to market at the earliest date, too. It produces good sound flesh.

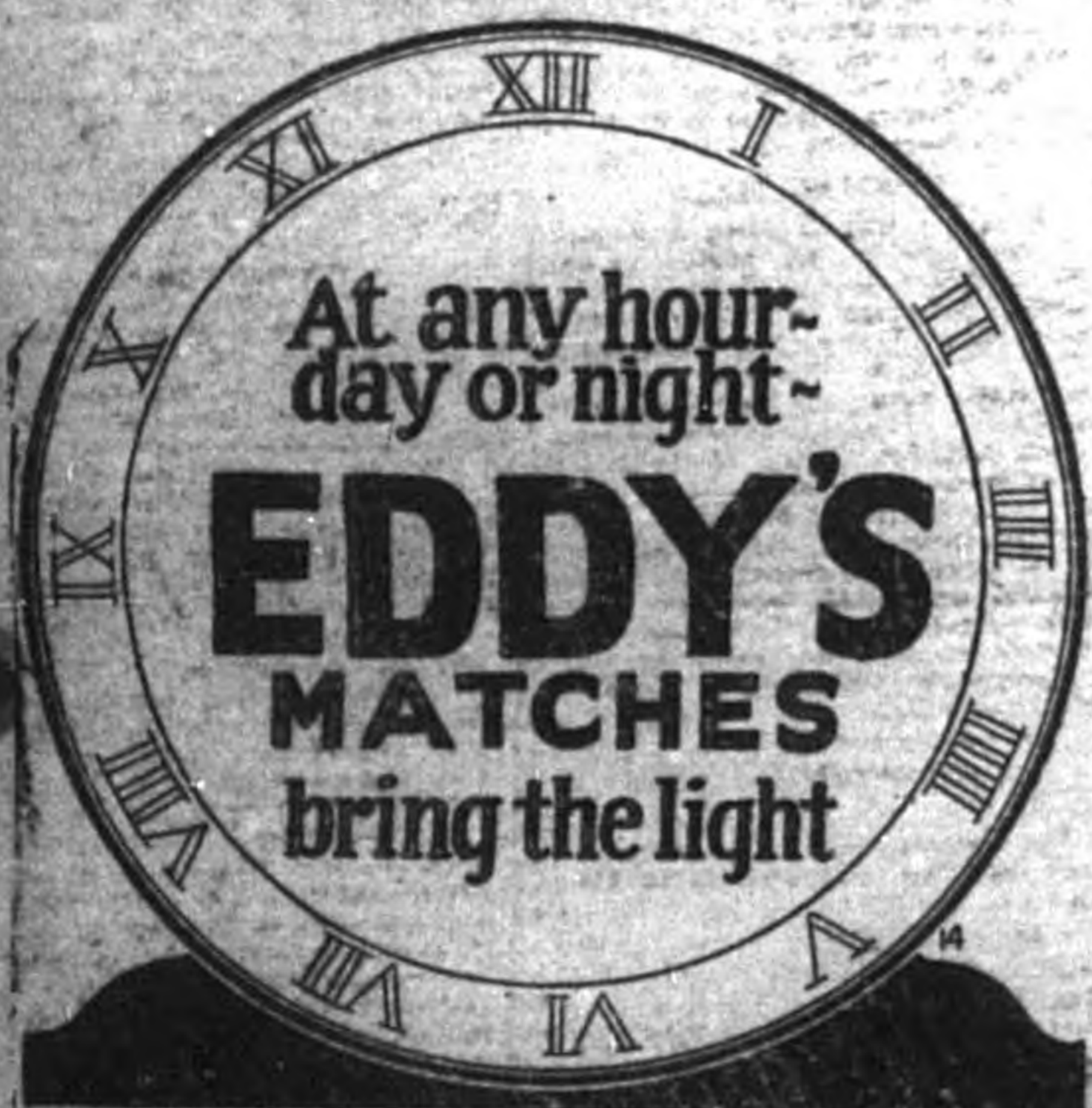
SCHUMACHER FEED

Write us regarding your hog and dairy problems. Our Live Stock Service Department can help you. Its advice is free.

The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Salford, Ont.

For Sale by

Geo. A. LOWE, Grenville, P.Q.



The Store of Real Value

We have just received a new and large assortment of Home-spun Cloth and French Flannel

Ladies' Boots for Fall in all Styles & Colors

COMPLETE COSTUMES in Poiré and Tricotine lined with Crepe-de-Chêne Silk

Owing to a change in manufacture we have been able to buy these costumes at very low figure and wish to give our Customers the benefit.

Full supply of Ladies' Dresses and Dress Goods. Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children.

J. D. Lemay

Bethany Street, - Lachute.

FALL SHOES

For Men, Women and Children.

We can fit your feet and your pocket book from our large stock. SEMI-READY TAILORING.

The choicest novelties of the season in styles and fabrics are ready for your choosing.

Ready-made Suits for Men and Boys always in stock.

A full assortment of Warm Winter Coats, Pants, Caps, Gloves and Hats, Overalls, Shirts and socks, etc.

This is the store to get just what you want in these lines, and our prices are the most reasonable.

DR. SCHOOL'S FOOT COMFORT SERVICE.

W. G. Staniforth, Main St., Lachute

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2nd, 1923.

THE WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, Amusements etc., 25 cents minimum; over three (3) lines, 50 cents.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 25 cents.

All local advertising any event from which there are financial proceeds, will be charged at the following rates,—three (3) lines or under, 25cts. For each additional line, 10 cents a line extra.

Set, a line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

Legal Advertising,—\$1.40 per inch.

Subscription \$1.50 in advance to points in Canada, and \$2.00 in the United States.

EN PASSANT.

On Calling a Spade a Spade

THAT attitude of mind, which prevents a man from calling "A spade a spade," is that same lack of mental focus which debars him from seeing the direct meaning of things, and which causes him to evade straight issues.

We know people who, when asked a question as plain as how far it is from the C.P.R. at Lachute to the Post Office at Brownsburg, will minutely describe all the houses on the way, give you the names of the occupants, tell you who were their fore-fathers, and state, for your information, how much they paid for their farms. The only thing that interests you, is omitted altogether, or wrapped up in such a tangle of talk, that you might as well have asked a crow to direct you, or looked out for an intelligent bee, bound for the place you want to go to, both of these aerial experts having a popularly acknowledged penchant for economy in mileage.

The plain fact of being able to call a spade a spade does not imply, as some people seem to think, a habit of saying offensive things. Far from that. Anybody can say disagreeable things in a seemingly direct way, when they are lacking in the common quality of mercy, which is not strained, and if they have the harsh, unfeeling, and selfish instincts of the primitive man ranking under the silken waistcoats of an artificial culture; but the plain outspoken way of calling spades, and other things, by their correct appellations, without any double intent or duplicity of purpose, or straining after effect, is the guineastamp of sterling honesty and the open evidence of a correct mind; well balanced, delivered from the servility of its own restricted outlook.

WHILE the enviable ability to appraise things uprightly, and to classify and describe them in appropriate terms, is greatly hindered by the unworthy motives which do much to stop the way towards that perfect understanding the world is waiting for, to inaugurate an era of waiting progress, the greatest of all obstacles is that of fear. Men fear to speak their minds. They hesitate to call a spade a spade because of consequences. Their independence of spirit is clamped down and their manhood effaced by the story of past tyrannies, when men in place and power used drastic means of removing from their path those who opposed them by word or deed. Therefore, honesty of speech, together with honesty of action and honesty of thought, are congenial; craven and inarticulate with fear.

Yet occasionally, there rings out, "to one clear harp in diverse tones," a reverberant voice, compelling, unafraid. John Knox Carlyle, in different spheres of usefulness. And now, this last week, another voice has awakened echoes over all the continents.

SPEAKING of the proposed council of nations on the disturbed condition of things in Europe, and more particularly of the announcement that the United States have at last decided to take active part in the deliberations, Lloyd George, an expert politician and a past grand master of diplomacy, says:—"The investigating body must command the confidence of the world, and it must represent the parties interested," and he was especially emphatic that "Politicians should be kept off the Committee because," he said,—"A politician is always thinking about the political effect of his recommendations."

Now, dear reader, if you had given utterance to that sweeping assertion, or if I had said it, even in my sleep, would we not have been wasting our sweetness on the desert air? People would have smiled generously, and said we were talking through our hats. But, behold! Lloyd George has said it, and not only has he said it, but he has given reasons for saying it:—"Because politicians are always thinking of the political effect of their recommendations." And therefore politicians are forthwith barred.

I hereby lay my right hand over my heart, and do solemnly avow, that I have been saying the same thing ever since I first made the acquaintance of our select little circle of "Watchman" Readers. Furthermore, I call as witness the files of the paper to vouch for the fact that I have persistently urged that business men, without political bias, should be given the management of national and international business.

The international parley, about to be called, will be a meeting of Financial experts, men of system, level-headed call-a-spade-a-spade engineers of their own business, and if they cannot fix up the European mess, nobody can.

They will be real business men.

Not graduates of a Business College, correspondence system, dealing with John Doe, all system and no business; Not commercial tyros, nor word spinners. Not platform babblers, but just plain business men risen to the top of their own business by virtue of their natural force and the successful manipulation of their opportunities, and who have throughout their careers laid up a store of experience, blended with common sense, which the world needs, now, more than ever.

SPADES ARE TRUMPS! THE LINKMAN.

LAKEFIELD.

Mrs. S. Evans was at home for the week-end.

Mrs. DuThie, of Montreal, is spending a few days with Mrs. Wm. Evans.

Mrs. Nane and Mr. Bert Tomalty, Mount Maple, paid a flying visit to Mrs. A. Tomalty on Sunday.

Messrs. Wallace Thompson, Robert Tomalty and Ross Evans returned from the West on Friday last.

Mrs. Muriel Peet and Mr. and Mrs. Tomalty, of Louisa, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Peet over Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hyde and family, of St. Andrews East, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Strong, of Bethany, spent Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hodge.

Messrs. Albert and Harold Guthrie and Mr. Anderson, of Montreal, motored to Mr. A. Sherritt's on Sunday and spent the day.

Guests at Mrs. W. Evans on Sunday were—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pollock and son Edwin. Mrs. L. Evans, all of Hill Head.

BROWNSBURG INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

GRADE VIII.

French.

Honours,—Doris Golphin 95, Leona Thompson 94, Grace Moncrieff 93, Alex. Manson 91.

First Class,—Jack Stewart 89, Alma Fletcher 88, Sarah MacVicar 80, Ida Fletcher 78, Bessie Mason 77, Marian Bain 76, Eileen MacGibbon 76.

Second Class,—Violet Murdoch 69, Alwyn Stewart 67.

Third Class,—Florence Murdoch 62, Cuthbert MacQuaig 50.

GRADE VII.

Geography

First Class,—Lawrence Davis 87, Mansel Wilson 82, Mary Black 81, Alex. MacGibbon 81, Ivan Monk 80, Wilbert Hardie 78.

Second Class,—Alfreda Zimmers 68, John Galbraith 64.

Third Class,—Melvin Wilson 55.

GRADE VI.

Grammar.

Honours,—Violet Golphin 92.

First Class,—Dorothea MacDonald 88, Alex. McCulloch 85, Edith Brown 81.

Second Class,—Doris Reid 73.

Third Class,—Polly Duncan 60, Theodore Zimmers 53, Agnes Duncan 53, Harry Ball 53, Eveline Highfield 53, Willie Woods 50.

GRADE V.

Spelling.

Honours,—Lorne Ball 97, Hazel Boyd 96, Nellie Hazel 93, Howard Tomalty 90.

First Class,—Ward Anderson and Donald Boyd 86, Florence Wilson 85, Willie Green 84, Daisy Seary 82.

Second Class,—Willie Mason 78, Agnes Elliott 75.

GRADE IV.

Recitation.

Honours,—Wilma Tomalty 99, Edna Woods, George Stewart, Kenneth McAllister and Fred Cloutier 98, Lily Whyte and Gordon Anderson 97, Francis Kettle and Herbie Graves 96, Frank McGibbon 94, Johnnie Kennedy and Leslie Beecroft 93.

Second Class,—Jackie Seary 72, Mildred Cooper 71, Ivy Steere 66.

Third Class,—Phyllis Fletcher 54.

GRADE III.

Recitation.

Jean McQuat 88.

UPPER SCHOOL BROWNSBURG.

GRADE III.

Arithmetic

Honours,—Charles Kennedy, Alphonse Laroux 100, Edith Gilmour 97, Stanley Seary 95, Geraldine McQuaig 93, Albert Gagne 91.

First Class,—Earle MacGibbon 85, Patsy Seary 84, David Golphin 77, Hilda Jackson 75.

Second Class,—Lloyd Roberts 74, Emily Roberts 71, Willie Hazel 67, Ethel Kettle 66, Winnie White 65, Harold Campbell, Ernest Gagne 63.

Third Class,—Harry Beckingham 63.

GRADE II.

Arithmetic.

Honours,—Katie Mott 100, Margaret Galbraith 98, Mabel Monk 97, Eric King, Irvin Martin 96, Harry White 95, Dorothy Tomalty 90.

First Class,—Monica Roberts 89, Alice Gagne 87, Ina Campbell 84.

Second Class,—Fred Leedham 61, Violet Kettle 60.

Third Class Edna Green 51.

GRADE I. PART II.

Arithmetic.

Honours,—Cecilia Martin, Doris Bourne, Charlie Golden 100, Margaret Baggaley 99, Sidney Seary 96, Hilda Townend, Gordon Mott 94, Alvin Connelly 90.

First Class,—Louis Beecroft 86, Eva Hazel 85, George Leroux 84, Stella Tomlinson 81, Chester Fletcher 79, Gwyneth Wilson 77.

Second Class,—Annie Campbell 67.

Third Class,—Cuthbert Marshall 50.

Men's and Boy's heavy. Price low enough.

W. Banford & Son.

From the beginning The Bank of Nova Scotia has recognized agriculture as the basic industry of Canada. The Bank's policy has always been to assist and encourage farming. Farmers always find ready co-operation at the branches of

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

ESTABLISHED 1832

Paid-up Capital \$ 10,000,000

Reserve - - - 12,500,000

Total Assets - 210,000,000

J. R. Parris, Manager, Lachute. Branches at Brownsburg, Calumet, Grenville and St. Andrews East.

28A

INCORPORATED 1855
Capital and Reserve \$9,000,000
Over 125 Branches

THE MOLSONS BANK COURTESY TO ALL

In all departments every effort is made to eliminate unnecessary formalities and to assure speedy and courteous service to customers.

Savings Departments at every Branch.

D-3-922

W. A. Houston, Mgr. Lachute Branch

THE REAL FIT

I wish to announce to my customers and friends that I have secured the services of Mr. L. Guibault, well-known as a first class tailor, who along with my other hands will be in a position to fill orders better than ever.

I invite you to come and see my summer goods as I have a good stock at right prices.

All suits made by me keep the ir shape and appearance until worn out.

I keep as usual a first class stock or ready to wear suits, Gent's furnishings, Hats and Caps.

GEOFFROY BEDARD

THE TAILOR.

Main Street, - Lachute.

Fall & Winter Coats for Ladies' & Misses

The very newest cloth and style in Mardelle, Boullivia, Velour, Check Back with or without furs, we have the nicest and biggest assortment we ever had.

Just arrived Dresses in Tricotine, Serges, Canton Crepe and Near Crepe very fine styles and all colours.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits, are complete and we are inviting you to see them. They are the newest in style, and colours, and our prices are very low. So come in and find out.

Don't Forget Our Friday Sales.

H. M. Lavigne, - Lachute Mills

Opposite T. McQuat & Son's Store.

Miss M. V. Slater

Main St., Lachute.

Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass and Electric Table Lamps, for Wedding, Birthday and all other Presentations. Necklets and Pendants, Brooches, Society and other Tie Pins and Buttons. Cuff and Collar Buttons, Eye Glass Chains, Signet, Fancy and Wedding

Rings—all solid gold, gold-filled or silver. Silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, also Pie-Plates, Fern Dishes, Waterman's Fountain Pens and Ink, Auto-strop Safety Razors, Etc.

Mail orders are solicited and will receive most careful and prompt attention

Re-plating, Engraving and all Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs quickly done and guaranteed.

A full line of the famous "Pyrex" Baking Glass.

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, French Ivory etc.

All of the highest quality.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its use is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

High School Exams.

GRADE XI.

Geometry

Honours.—Gavin Graham 100, First Class.—Donald Hay 88, Kathleen Morrison 88, Gerald Hammond 84, William Perks 82, Margaret Scott 76, Jane Bradley 75.
Second Class.—Duncan Cumming 72, Melville Smith 72, Evelyn MacCallum 72, Jean McQuat 64.
Third Class.—Frances Douglas 52, Marguerite Heatlie 55.

GRADE X.

Algebra

Honours.—Elizabeth Murray 100, Elsie Todd 98, Perry Cooke 95, Beattie Rodgers 88, Hazel Kettle 95, George Miles 95.
First Class.—Hazel Copeland 88, Edgar Barwash 85, Evelyn Mathews 85, Alta MacDonald 85, Eva Black 83, Christie Robertson 83, Lloyd Somerville 78, Harold Calder 75.
Second Class.—Linton Armstrong 70, Norma Boyd 69, Hazel Lishman 69, Ethel McQuat 69, Grace Scale 63.
Third Class.—Hazel Morrison 51, Ena Mason 50.

GRADE IX.

GRAMMAR

First Class.—Wilhelmina Clark 82, Wallace Wilson 79.
Second Class.—Gladys Warwick 74, Carl Gordon 70, Kenneth MacGibbon 70, Lena Graham 69, Evelyn Kelly 69, Stella Scott 68, Henry Miles 64, Elizabeth MacKinnon 64, Marjorie MacKinnon 62, Grace Smith 60.
Third Class.—Florence Armstrong 58, Ethel Scott 58, May Yelland 57, Muriel McPhail 55, Aileen Laurin 50, Nellie Hay 50, Violet Paul 50.

GRADE VIII.

British History

Honours.—Agnes Duncan 100, Howard Doig 97, Dorothy Morrison 94, Anna Miller 93.

First Class.—Nathan Jacobson 87, Russell Elliott 86, Leslie Gordon 85, Elinor McCoy 81, George Taylor 81, Annie Kelly 79, Ethel Morrison 79, Iona Westgate 77, Winnie Clifford 75.

Second Class.—Milton Dawson 73, Gordon Dobble 69, Willis Stanforth 67, Janet McQuat 65, Reta Boyd 63, Erma Bennett 62, Albert Laurin 60.
Third Class.—Alma Boa 58, Amy Patterson 52, Grace Rodgers 50, Ethel Dixon 50.

GRADE VII.

Arithmetic

Honours.—Helen Hutchinson 98, James Logan 94.
First Class.—Gordon McQuat 85, James Yelland 83, Laura Noble 78, Edith Boyd 77.
Second Class.—Eric Middleton 69, Christina Vilet 69, Lloyd Cruise 63, Doris Prophet 63, Dorina Laurin 64.
Third Class.—Roy Cruise 55, Shirley Hamilton 54.

GRADE VI.

History

Honours.—Freda Mason 96, Willie Painter 97, Alma Duncan 90, Gwen MacKinnon 93.

First Class.—Reta Boyd 89, Rebecca Cohen 85, Eileen McPaul 81, Kathleen MacKinnon 81, Gladys Cruise 75.
Second Class.—Christina MacKenzie 69, Marion Mathew 68, Robert Fulton 65, Sam Cohen 64, Heartland Paul 60.
Third Class.—Florence Hay 59, Kenneth McPaul 55, Cecil McPaul 50.

GRADE V.

Geography

Honours.—Sam Raschovsky 97, Raymond Underhill 97, Lena Combie 95, Rowena Cowan 91.
First Class.—Lorne West 86, Doris Armstrong 85, Stuart Jones 84, Sophie Jacobson 81.
Second Class.—Gordon McPaul 74, Olive Stanforth 71, Morton Morrison 68, Eugene Jousse 66, Raymond Cunningham 65, Elsie McPaul 63, Barbara Cunningham 62, Janet Hay 61.
Third Class.—Henry Jacobson 59.

GRADE IV.

Scripture

Honours.—Gordon Drysdale 100, Hugh Gall 96, Kathleen Clunie 92, Garfield Clark 90.
First Class.—Isabel Cleland 83, Violet Falconer 77, Thelma West 77.
Second Class.—James Beech 71, Elizabeth Goldworthy 67, Roland Cruise 63, Hugh MacKinnon 60.
Third Class.—Mary Vilet 54, Katherine Giles 52, Howard Jones 52.

GRADE III.

Spelling and Dictation

Honours.—Louisa Goldworthy 100, Gilbert Black 100, Bob Houston 100, Doris Dion 98, Mabel Morrison 98, Archie MacKenzie 98, Rebecca Raschovsky 93, Andrew Fulton 98, Elsie MacVicar 97, Archie Cleland 97, Louisa Vilet 96, Louisa Miller 96, Stewart Anderson 96, Amy Morrison 95, Wilson Gall 92.
First Class.—Arthur Belanger 86, Elizabeth Joly 86, Carl Demerise 84, Allan Doig 83, Delmar Boyd 82, Theresa Dallaire 82, Winston Drew 80, Clayton Boyd 75.

HYMN.

There is a gift, the gift of God, It is Eternal Life, Where all shall rest in love and peace, Free from all care and strife. Our sins and failings here on earth, Shall there be forgiven, Resting all our faith upon our Father Lord in Heaven. The greatest pleasures in this world, Leave but remorse and pain, Our future joys will always bring Us everlasting gain. Immortal souls will share alike, The glories of that Home, Hath not the Lord Commanded us, To pray "Thy Kingdom come." O what a precious gift this is, To all humanity, To pass through death and wake again, To all Eternity.

Amen.

RYNHOS—Brownburg

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

You should eat more good bread



Quaker Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

"The Staff of Life" is well named. Wheat flour contains no less than sixteen essential food elements. All of these are retained in the milling—all are in bread. When you eat bread and butter, you are eating what is practically a complete food.

Eat More Bread! It is best when made in the home. Make it with Quaker Flour, milled in the finest mills in the world—the Quaker Mills. Quaker Flour is guaranteed to give you *always* the finest results. If it does not satisfy you, your dealer will give you your money back.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same—Always the Best

220

DISTRIBUTORS

LACHUTE—R. Creswell, Reg'd. Geo. Paul. CALUMET—S. M. Brannan. GRENVILLE—G. A. Laws.

MORIN HEIGHTS.

The Wood Brothers moved into town on Tuesday.

Miss Rhode Christie was home for the week-end.

Miss Gibson of Montreal is a guest of Mrs. Arthur Davis this week.

Mr. Moffat, of Montreal, was in a Morin visitor over this week-end.

Mrs. C. Seale and Miss Ruth Oney spent part of this week in Montreal.

Mrs. Thomson of Arundel is visiting here with her daughter Mrs. S. McArthur.

We regret to learn of the death in hospital of Mr. A. L. Hurlbise on Tuesday last.

Mr. Thos. and Miss Myrtle McCullough visited last Friday at Mr. A. McCullough's Mill Lake.

Messrs. Wm. and Herbert Lachin motored from Montreal last week and spent a few days with friends here.

Mrs. Joseph and Miss Bertha Davis who have taken up residence in Montreal spent the week-end in Morin Heights.

Mrs. Henry and Mr. Herbert Tucker also Mr. A. Gardner and family occupied their summer cottages here last week.

Mrs. A. McPherson returned from Montreal on Saturday accompanied by a four years old adopted daughter Dorothy.

Messrs. James McCullough and Roy Morrow and Misses M. McCullough and Hannah Campbell motored to Montreal on Saturday.

Mr. Millard from Montreal has had extensive work done on his cottage here including a large cement basement. He has been spending some days lately here putting on finishing touches.

The members of L.O.L. 2818 in regular attendance the Methodist Church Service Sunday at 3 p.m. A profound sermon to the brethren and congregation in general was delivered by the Pastor Rev. A. Johnston from the prophecy of Amos. Included in the appropriate music was a Solo by Miss Gibson of Montreal.

The lodge is steadily increasing in membership and showing increased interest in the work of the Association. They look forward to an interesting time at the Box Social and dance on Friday evening.

ST. ANDREWS EAST

Mr. E. Pringle spent a couple of days in Montreal.

Mrs. A. C. MacDonell spent two days last week in Montreal.

Mr. A. C. Mathews spent a couple of days this week in St. Andrews.

Messrs. John Fair and John Raphael spent the week-end at Abernethy Hall.

Mrs. Geo. Jeffrey and Miss Handry spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Mr. Melville Ballantyne was the week-end guest of Mr. and Misses Walsh.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Burgess were invited guests at Cushing, Thanksgiving Supper last Friday.

The Literary Club will meet at the home of Mrs. W. J. Pitcairn on Monday, Nov. 5th at 8 o'clock.

The choir practice will be held at the home of Mrs. W. J. Rodger on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Mr. John Cutler, Mrs. Jas. Vincent, Miss Ruth and Master Lorne Vincent and Miss B. Halero of St. Laurent.

Mrs. Archie Watt returned to Montreal on Saturday after spending a week as the guest of Mrs. Geo. Jeffrey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hyde and family visited Lakeside last Sunday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hodge.

An enthusiastic and well attended Ladies Aid was held at the home of Mrs. C. W. Lamb on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. A. C. MacDonell, Mr. John Muir and Mr. Arthur Gates are spending a few days in the Laurentians on a shooting trip.

Among those who spent Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. MacDonell were Mr. Geo. Weightman, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. D. Weightman, Miss Beulah and Master Douglas Weightman, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rodger accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. J. Burgess visited Lachute, Upper Lachute, and East Settlement last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong, Mr. W. J. Rodger and Miss Mabel Rodger, of Lachute Road, attended the Thanksgiving Supper at Cushing last Friday evening.

The first of the Weekly Cottage Prayer Meetings was held at the Manse last Thursday evening, the next will be held on Thursday, Nov. 8th, inst., at the home of Miss Davis 9 o'clock.

Public Service will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, Nov. 4th, at 11 a.m., and 7:30 p.m. Rev. J. Burgess will preach at both services. Sunday School held in the Church from 10 to 11 a.m.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. George Parks last Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, when Mary Victoria, was married to Perry William Matthews, Farmer, Fulford, County of Bromes, Province of Quebec. Miss Doris Perks of Montreal, and Dr. Gillies, of Point St. Charles, Montreal, were in attendance as bridesmaid and bestman. After the ceremony, over twenty sat down to a sumptuous repast, the newly married couple left later for Montreal by motor. Rev. J. Burgess performed the marriage ceremony, the bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

At the close of the programme a hearty note of thanks was moved by Mr. J. Innes and seconded by Mr. T. Canning to the Choir of Apple Hill and the wish was pressed that we may have another visit from them at some not too distant date. The party motored over and before leaving on Saturday morning treated the residents in the vicinity of Cushing, ferry to the entertainment being held in the Church were deprived of the pleasure of hearing them perform. At the close of the programme a hearty note of thanks was moved by Mr. J. Innes and seconded by Mr. T. Canning to the Choir of Apple Hill and the wish was pressed that we may have another visit from them at some not too distant date. The party motored over and before leaving on Saturday morning treated the residents in the vicinity of Cushing, ferry to the entertainment being held in the Church were deprived of the pleasure of hearing them perform. At the close of the programme a hearty note of thanks was moved by Mr. J. Innes and seconded by Mr. T. Canning to the Choir of Apple Hill and the wish was pressed that we may have another visit from them at some not too distant date. The party motored over and before leaving on Saturday morning treated the residents in the vicinity of Cushing, ferry to the entertainment being held in the Church were deprived of the pleasure of hearing them perform.

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When You Try "SALADA"

TEA

1478

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

For the
Boys and Girls

"Eight—Nine—Ten—670"

The story of an Eighteen-year-old Fireman.

BY GAYNE T. K. NORTON.

Hal Clarke awoke with a start. He sat straight up in his iron cot in the "bunk room" of Hook and Ladder 94, his hands grasping the frame and his whole body bathed in cold perspiration. At the same instant the "joker" downstairs began to ring. But it was not this that roused him; he had dreamed. And now, as the gong sounded, a sickening fear stole over him.

For a second he sat stunned. With bated breath and partly open mouth, he watched the moving picture his frenzied imagination painted. He saw his mother turn in her bed and call to May, his sister. He saw the girl rise and light the little oil-lamp. She looked at the clock and turned to get some medicine. He saw her slipper catch in the mat. He saw her fall. He saw the lamp explode.

Hal shuddered; the picture was gone in a flash. Leaping up he slid into boots and overalls. By the brass pole he reached the apparatus floor as the second number of the station "hit in." The first had been 6, the second 7. It looked like a run for the truck, for nearly all their first alarm stations were in the six hundreds and the six seventies were only a few blocks away, right where Hal lived.

He was aware that the big doors had been opened. He heard dimly the throb and bark of the powerful motor. He saw as from afar his mates hurrying about him. But his every energy was concentrated on the station. What was that number? Would the gong never stop? "Eight—Nine—Ten." It was over. The alarm had been sounded from box 670—the one nearest his home.

Reeling, he grasped the truck as it thundered from the house, still unwilling to believe that this fire and his dream were connected. It was impossible, he had warned May so many times about the lamp.

When 94 swung into the avenue her engine was wide open. The cool night air blowing in his face steadied him. From every direction sirens shrieked and bells clanged. Dread and fear awoke the city. Heads appeared at windows as they sped by. Policemen were running beside them, trying to keep pace. Ahead, an engine whistled, leaving a fiery trail; behind, the blinding headlights of a chief's automobile crept closer.

Hal leaned far over the running-board, peering ahead; his face was set, his muscles tense. Inwardly he battled the fear that froze his heart and nearly closed his throat. He was no coward, but the dream and alarm together were sufficient to sober even a seasoned fireman and Hal was only eighteen. His father's death had forced him to provide a living for his mother and May. After weeks of fruitless job hunting, he had joined the department. Although under age, six, and excellent physical condition had done the rest.

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EDDY'S MATCHES

On the CPR and CNR—where quality counts—Eddy matches are served to patrons

ALWAYS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Gives you lasting
uplift—Bovril

"Is Mary Clark safe?" questioned the boy weakly, fearfully.

Chief, policeman and Hal scanned the quickly scribbled but accurate list. "My mother's name is not there," Hal groaned. Then, "the bathroom window!" he screamed and was off. He remembered that opposite his window, across a five-foot shaft, was a window in the next house.

Step by step he fought his way upwards against the fleeing tenants. On the fourth floor he groped his way into the front flat. In the bathroom he raised the window and climbed to the narrow sill. Greasy, stinking smoke rose in the narrow court. "It's getting to the chemicals," warned his fire sense. It sickened him. He cried in the blackness.

A rut in the smoke and fire back of the window opposite showed him its location. Clinging with his left hand to the sash, he aimed a blow at the window opposite with his ax. Crash! It took part of the sash with it. His heavy helmet followed it, then a boot. The opening was clear, but the smoke closed in again. He dared not wait.

An instant he steadied himself; then with every ounce of his strength he jumped straight into the smoke. His feet struck the sill and he plunged into his own bathroom, shaken and cut. "I've won," he shouted.

Water was three inches deep on the floor. Fire was in the apartment. He searched the two bedrooms. His mother was in neither. The front room was the only one in which a person could still live. As he crawled down the hall toward the door, the awful thought came to him. He fought it off, talking to himself:

"It's the smoke; it's—getting me." He fell forward. The splash of the water revived him. "It's warm," he muttered, "I must hurry." "Mother, mother," he repeated the word over and over; it was all that kept him moving. He began to circle the front room. Phlegm and tears so choked him he could barely gasp. Sweat burned his eyes, smoke his lungs. Again he fell into the water, this time, to rise more slowly. "Oh, my arms," he sobbed, "mother."

Before a window, half across a chair, his hands found her. She was unconscious. With new-born strength he raised the window, straddled the sill and drew her body across his lap, his lips finding hers. Her lids lifted; the wet embrace revived her. "I knew you'd come," she whispered, then fainted.

He finished a prayer light-heartedly: "I've got her, now the boys will get us."

Just then the rays from a searchlight played upon him. A cheer went up from the street. He looked down. A hundred firemen had wheeled 94 away, 56 stood in its place. The long extension ladder was rising; Walsh and Shelley were climbing it. Would they reach him in time? Hal looked into the room; fire was in the hall. A puff of wind struck his face. He threw himself low as an explosion shook the building. The ceiling fell, nearly dragging him from the sill. The floor gave way. Clouds of "live steam" rose with "dead" smoke. He gasped and swooned.

An anxious group surrounded the hospital bed. Two hours passed before Hal's eyes opened. They wandered about, focussing gradually. A nurse gave him something to drink which he did not want, but lacked the strength to refuse. A shiny something caught his eyes, there was another one above it. He looked at the button on a blue uniform. Someway he loved that uniform now. He followed the buttons upward to meet Gallon's smiling face.

Way off somewhere he heard: "I knew you'd do it, Hal, we are proud of you." There was more, something about determination always winning, but he couldn't bother. His eyes found another uniform and the smiling face of Dillon. His mind cleared. His mother—and May—where were they? He raised himself and found them both smiling at his side. There were lots more words. He did not try to understand them. White bandages were confused with blue cloth and shiny buttons. He tried to smile. He was very happy and he wanted to be polite, but he wasn't quite sure what it was all about, and he was so very sleepy.

Tea and eggs are in the same class. You insist on fresh eggs, and since tea deteriorates even more rapidly if exposed to the air, you should insist on tea sealed like "SALADA" in airtight aluminum to keep it fresh. Do not accept bulk teas of questionable age.



Scarcely to be Called Speech

"Does he speak Scotch?"
"Well, I've only heard him emit gurgling sounds when it was going down."

The great Confucius, Chinese moralist and philosopher, was born 551 B.C. He lived to be 78 years of age.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs



CONVERTING PRINTED WORDS INTO SOUND

Professor A. Barr, of Glasgow, is shown in the picture demonstrating how, by the use of an Otophone, printed words can be converted into sounds to enable blind persons to read. This was demonstrated recently at a scientific exhibition in Liverpool.

In a Sunken Ship

Day was just breaking over the Humber on the morning of August 20, 1907, when a shout of alarm roused Harry Willey from his sleep. Willey, writes Mr. John G. Rowe in the Wide World Magazine, was mate on the steam trawler Quail of Hull. Besides him there were on board W. Lewis, the captain, and J. Nicoline, a deck hand. Willey rubbed his eyes and looked toward the cabin where the captain was sleeping. It was Nicoline that had shouted.

As Willey was flinging off his bed-clothes there came a terrific crash, and the trawler heeled over almost on her beam ends.

The mate pitched headlong out of his berth. Scrambling madly to his feet, he rushed into the main cabin just in time to see the great cutwater of a steamer protruding through Captain Lewis's berth. He could see nothing of the captain himself.

Without waiting to take a second glance Willey made a dash for the door of the cabin. Behind him water was pouring in through the shattered berth in a mighty flood. Before he could reach the door, however, the ice-cold torrent had washed him off his feet, and in a moment the rising water was banked high against it. He struggled in vain to open the door; the flood had jammed it tight, and tug and strain as he would it remained fast shut.

In a few moments, while he was struggling with the door, the flood in the cabin rose to his chest. The noise of its impounding drowned every sound, and with the fear of death strong upon him, Willey looked wildly round for some other means of escape.

By that time the bow of the other vessel had disappeared from the shattered berth and the water was cascading through the gaping rent. There was no hope that way! To add to the horror of the situation he felt the stricken trawler settling down, sinking—and he literally trapped like a rat! While he stared wildly round the swirling tide once more swept him off his feet; he swam to the table and got upon it, only to be almost thrown off by the drunken rolling of the trawler as she foundered. Managing to stand upright, the mate grasped the coaming of the iron skylight above his head and in that way kept himself erect.

Unhappily for him—or perhaps fortunately—the skylight was closed and fastened, and he found that he could not possibly break through it. All the while the water was rising rapidly round him. Soon it was up to his armpits; and it continued to rise as the trawler sank lower and lower. He put

his head up inside the skylight and beat frantically upon it. He shouted for help till he was hoarse.

Presently the water rose to his chin, and he was obliged to stand on his toes in order to breathe. Then, to his immense relief, he felt a dull shock; the trawler had struck bottom! At the same time she fell over, and with a mighty surge the flood within her cabin went rushing to the lower side. The shifting water almost carried the mate off the slanting table, and the wash, surging over his mouth and nose, choked him. Desperate, he drew himself still higher, and standing on tiptoe, bent his head back inside the skylight and pressed his haggard face almost against the top of it.

Gradually as the water washed to and fro it found its level, and the mate's hopes rose; at least the flood was not getting any higher, and the skylight still afforded a few cubic inches of breathing space. But for how long would the air last? Meanwhile, what had actually happened outside? The Wilson Liner Dynamo, outward bound from Hull for Antwerp, had run into the Quail and had sunk her.

Captain Lewis had been killed in his berth; the cutwater of the liner had struck him as it burst through the trawler's side. Nicoline was never heard of again after his ringing cry that had awakened Willey; probably he had been swept away and drowned as the trawler sank beneath him.

The Dynamo had promptly reversed her engines and, stopping, had launched her boats, which cruised round the spot where the trawler had gone down. But they could find no survivors, and they soon started back to the liner.

Some time later Harry Willey, imprisoned within the cabin of the sunken wreck, up to his chin in water and straining on tiptoe to keep his mouth above it, suddenly discovered to his unspeakable joy and astonishment that the water round him was sinking! He could hardly credit the fact at first and thought that his imagination was playing him a trick. But when the water dropped to his shoulders and he found that he could safely lower himself to his heels he became almost wild with delight.

Still lower the water sank until it was only to his chest. Then he realized the reason and with a deep sigh of thankfulness knew that it was only a matter of time for the flood to recede sufficiently to allow him to get out of his living tomb.

The Quail had not sunk in deep water; she was resting on the bottom, and the tide was ebbing. That circumstance explained the seeming "miracle."



Immigrant (held up by "quota")—"Hey, Sam, do you mean to say he'll make a better citizen than I will?"
Uncle Sam—"No, but I guess I've got to pretend so for the time being."

—From the Evening News, Glasgow.

WRIGLEY'S



Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.



Again hopeful, Willey waited with what patience he could muster until the water was at his ankles and the top of the table showed above the flood. Then he sprang down and, wading to the door, made another attempt to force it. He got it open two or three inches and allowed some of the water to rush out; the next instant it swung all the way open so suddenly that the flood carried him out with it. Utterly exhausted, he had just enough strength left to crawl up the companion ladder to the upper deck, where he collapsed.

The Dynamo was lying by the wreck in order to send her boats to examine it when the tide had ebbed. How great was the amazement of those aboard the liner to see a man suddenly emerging from the lately submerged vessel can well be imagined. A boat was at once sent to the wreck, the upper part of which was now standing high out of water and rapidly drying in the warm, bright sunlight.

Clambering aboard, the boat's crew picked up the exhausted Willey and took him off to the Dynamo, where he soon was able to tell of his marvelous escape. The body of Captain Lewis was subsequently recovered from the shattered boat.



Unworthy Thought

Hubby—"He's very attentive—always goes to the train to see his wife off on her trips."

Wife—"Wants to be sure she's really leaving town, you mean."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts

Nearly all the true crows, as well as many of their near relatives, will pick up more or less of human speech in captivity; and it is sometimes hard to believe that the alyness with which they invest their remarks, their aptness and intonation, are altogether accidental.

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In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1928 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.00
\$500 "	" 5.00
\$1,000 "	" 10.00

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1943 they will receive the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds in addition to a cash payment of:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.75
\$500 "	" 8.75
\$1,000 "	" 17.50

For bonds from which the Nov. 1st coupon has not been clipped the cash balance will be as follows:

For 1928 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 3.75
\$500 "	" 18.75
\$1,000 "	" 37.50

For 1943 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 4.50
\$500 "	" 22.50
\$1,000 "	" 45.00

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Receipts will be sent in order of acceptance.

188UE No. 40—23

For the Boys and Girls

THE MYSTERY OF THE "WOVEN WIND."

Twenty-six hundred years before Christ, Si-ling, wife of a famous emperor of China, discovered that tiny worms spun a mysterious thread. She collected a large number of the worms, fed them, and thus became the "God-mother of Silk-worms," and mother of one of the most interesting industries.

The farmyard chicken was not a profitable egg producer until she had been made to feel at home, or domesticated, and this was also true of the Bombyx mori race of silkworms, originally found at the foot of the great Himalaya mountains, in the jungles of Asia. For many centuries man has striven to increase the worm's production of silk and has been successful, for by comparing the silkworm of to-day with its wild ancestors, we find both the worm and the moth are larger. By domestication the moth has lost its power of flight and its color has changed to a creamy white.

The egg of the silkworm is nearly round, somewhat flattened and less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter. When laid, the eggs are yellow, but if fertile will change to a bluish grey in a few days. The worms from one ounce of eggs, numbering about 40,000, would consume in their first stage about six ounces of picked mulberry leaves; in the second, eighteen pounds; in the third, sixty pounds; and in their final stage, 1,098 pounds, or 1,176 pounds of leaves in all.

The mulberry tree produces the only food for which the silkworm cares. One ounce of eggs will yield from eighty to 120 pounds of cocoons, and since it takes billions upon billions of these tiny, hard-working cocoons to produce enough silk to meet the world's demand, it is easy to see that these little fellows are really a very faithful lot of insects.

The baby silkworm has a dozen rings, some sixteen legs and nine black spots on either side for breathing. It has imperfect eyes, and is fed on the tender leaves of the mulberry or osage, simply sucking up the sap on the under side of the leaf. As the worm grows larger, it holds the leaf with its six front feet, cuts off semi-circular slices while eating and becomes paler in color.

It takes about a month for the worm

to reach its growth. Then it loses its appetite, shrinks about one-third of its length, becomes nearly transparent, grows restless and throws its head about in an effort to find a place in which to build its cocoon.

On either side of the body are the silk glands, consisting of two thick-walled sacs, which open by a common opening on the under lip of the worm. By moving its head around for three days the worm spins about 300 yards of thread. The thread forms the silk of commerce, which as wound in cocoon consists of two filaments, one for each gland, laid side by side. The two become practically one thread after being in the air for a few hours. One peculiar feature is that the thread is always the same color as the worm's legs while it is spinning.

Each mother silkworm lays from 300 to 500 tiny eggs, which are hatched in the cocoon beds. As the eggs are laid only in warm countries, such as China, Japan, India and neighboring sections, where the days are hot, the eggs are hatched by the sun's rays in a short time, and soon the hundreds of little worms are creeping about the cocoon nest.

It is interesting to see the men and women remove the cocoon threads from the nests. Each cocoon contains a filament of about 600 yards, so fine that it would take about 1,800,000 yards or about 1,000 miles of filament to make one pound. The cocoons are dropped into wash-basins in which there is soap-suds, which serve to wash the glue-like substance from the threads. The water is kept at 110 deg. F. It is also beaten and stirred with a small whisk-broom until the gum softens and a silk thread shows signs of loosening. These separate threads are caught on the brush of the broom, combed together, and caught and passed through a brass "eye" on the edge of the basin, then fastened to a reel and wound into a single skein. The length of the natural thread as spun by the worm into a cocoon is from 2,400 to 3,000 feet.

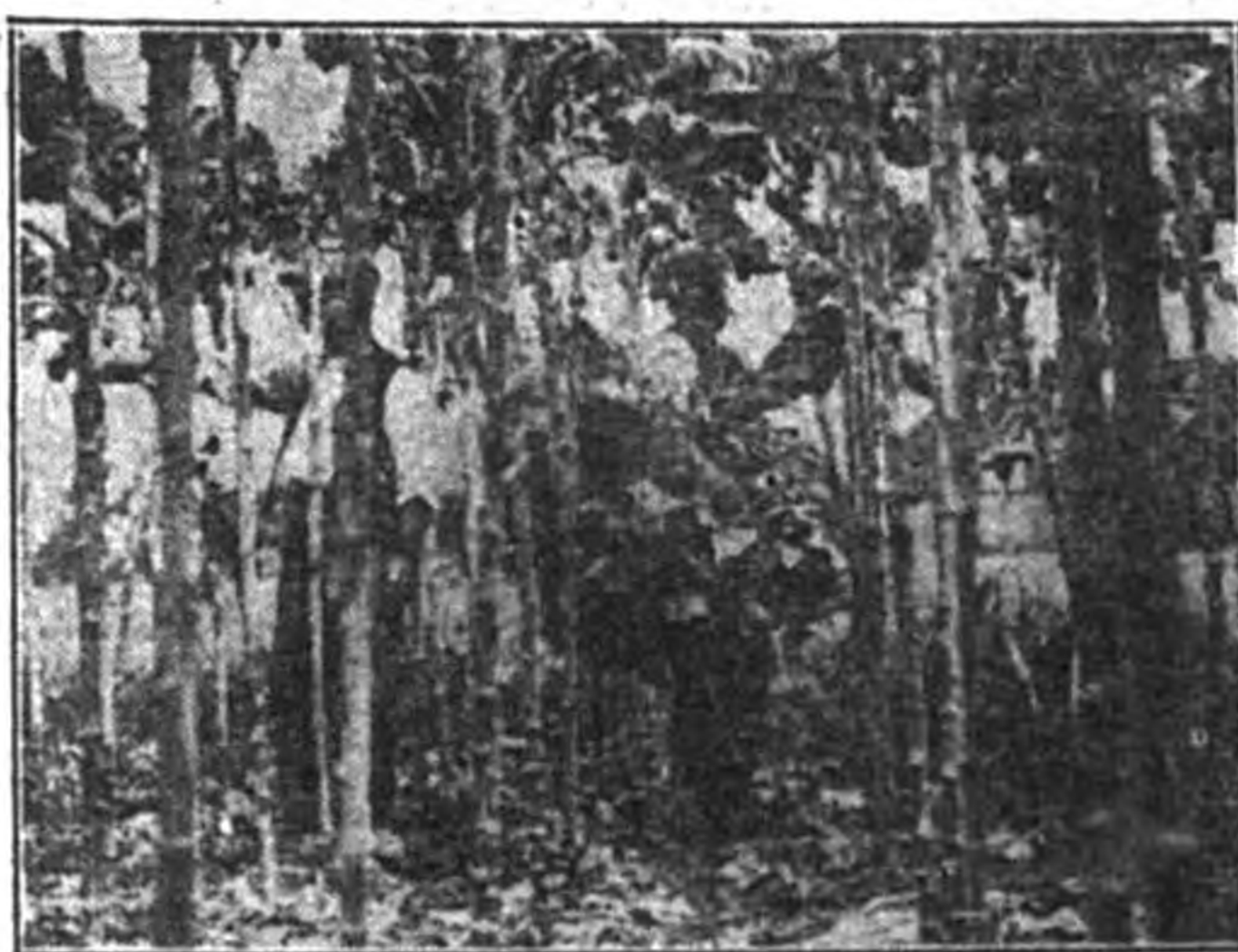
The silk is of a beautiful lustre, being the strongest known fibre, in its raw state, in the world. The thickness of these threads is as fine as a spider's web, being greater in the centre and tapering toward both ends. It takes an expert workman to separate and reel these tiny fibres, but, considering the size, a wonderful amount is handled in a few hours.

other Valley of the Kings, they happened to remove a stone which revealed the mouth of a cavern. Without making any fuss, they agreed between themselves to enter it in search of treasure.

They proceeded until they reached a large hall supported by pillars of marble encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown.

This was the sepulchre of David, King of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon in similar state, and so on through the sepulchres of all the Kings of Judea who were buried there.

They further saw chests locked up, the contents of which nobody knew, and were on the point of entering the hall, when a blast of wind like a storm issued from the mouth of the cavern and threw them down almost lifeless on the ground. There, says the rabbi, they lay until evening, when another wind rushed forth, in which they heard a voice like that of a man calling aloud, "Get up, and go forth from this place!"



SOMETHING NEW IN A CABBAGE PATCH

In Jersey the cabbages grow for an entire year, and reach a height of ten feet. The lower leaves are removed as required and the rest of the plant continues to grow. Gardeners are shown collecting the enormous leaves for European markets.

The men rushed out full of fear, and proceeded to the patriarch to report what had happened.

Guarded by a Mysterious Flame. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up so as to hide it effectually from everyone until the present day.

King Herod's treasure hunt, as described by Josephus, was similarly exciting. Apparently the king was at the head of the looters, and we are told that he had a great desire to make a more diligent search and go farther in, as far as the bodies of David and Solomon; but two of his guards were slain by a flame which burst out upon them. Herod was so scared that he not only gave up his search, but also built a propitiatory monument of white stone at the mouth of the sepulchre.

The results of the excavations to be undertaken on the Ophel spur will be even more fascinating than those in the NHe Valley, because they may clear up points of doubt on the geography of the Bible.



Easily Observed.

Doctor—"And you should never dance or do other strenuous exercise on a full stomach." Patient—"I needn't worry about that, doc—I live at a boarding house, you know."

A Mammoth Tree.

One of the largest trees in the world if not the largest, has been discovered in the bush at Wallon, Hocklanga, New Zealand. It is a large Kanri tree, the vast trunk of which rises to a height of 75 feet before being broken by the first branch, and measures 22 feet in diameter, or approximately one chain in girth. Mr. H. Howe, whose firm draws its timber supply from the Hocklanga district, estimates that the tree contains over 195,000 feet of timber, sufficient to build three double-storied houses of 20 rooms each from floor to ceiling.

Knives were not used on the tables of England until 1560.

The Jewish population of Europe is about 9,000,000.

Mother Robin Outwits a Cat.

All summer the robins had been nesting in the trees in a garden across the street from our house in the city. One morning as I returned from downtown I heard a great commotion among the robins which unmistakably means, "the young ones are flying." I looked around and sure enough the parents were in a high state of excitement, flying back and forth across the street, sitting on the gate posts and evidently trying to encourage their babies to get up into the trees out of the way of the city cats, of which there are many. All at once there flew up out of the ferns growing in one of the yards a small brown bird which wavered and trembled a second and then landed directly in the middle of the sidewalk. At the same time there appeared a lank yellow cat from out of the shrubbery. The mother robin hesitated not an instant, but flying very low over the head of the cat (who had not as yet discovered the baby on the walk) acted as if wounded and about to fall. The cat followed the robin, who kept just out of reach and flew in the opposite direction down the street, through a driveway, keeping just above the head of the cat until she had led her enemy a safe distance from the little robin still resting on the sidewalk. Then returning she, with a few very quiet chirps, so encouraged the little one that it tried once more, and with a mighty effort rose until it was safely among the leaves of the tree nearby and safe from harm. Could mother love and instinct go further?—E. W. Barney.

Giant Among Flowers.

In the tropical section of Kew Gardens is a plant, the Amorphophallus, which produces the largest flowers in the world.

A man standing upright can barely reach the top with the tips of his fingers, and with open arms he can only reach half-way round the circumference of the funnel-shaped spathe. The odor of the flower is said to be abominable—"a mixture of rotten fish and burnt sugar."

From the centre of the quickly-fading flower the stem of the plant shoots upwards to a height of twelve feet, with markings like those on a python's skin.

Although the plant, which is a native of Sumatra, looks like a pretentious young tree when fully grown, it is really herbaceous in habit, dying down annually like the wild arum or cuckoo-pint, to which it is allied.

The few specimens are about six feet high, and will not be seen in bloom until next year.

Mineral That Works Miracles

One of the results of the new campaign against cancer will be that we shall learn much more of the nature and possibilities of radium, the mysterious mineral discovered twenty-five years ago by M. and Mme. Curie.

Comparatively few people have seen radium, and possibly fewer still would recognize it at sight. Radium is usually kept in a special kind of glass tube, in which are fixed a tiny screen, a piece of talc, and a minute magnifying glass. The radium rests on the talc, and looks like a tiny yellow smear no bigger than an ordinary full-stop. A speck of radium this size may be worth anything up to \$75,000.

Seen in the dark a speck of radium glows fiercely enough to be visible yards away, and it glows for years at the same intensity. Radium has been tested in liquid air, far below freezing point, and in super-heated furnaces, without in any way being affected by these extremes of temperature. Another little-known fact is that it throws off enough heat to bring its own weight of water to boiling-point every hour for two or three thousand years!

One of the strangest chapters in the history of the miracle mineral, as radium has been called, is the story of how it came to play its great part in the treatment of disease.

The action of the mineral on the human tissues was quite unknown and unsuspected until one day Professor Becquerel, a famous French scientist, incautiously put a tube of radium in his waistcoat pocket.

Fourteen days afterwards he noticed on his skin a spot of rash, which quickly developed into inflammation of the affected part. Experiments were carried out, with the result that radium

rays, of which there are several varieties, opened up a new era in medical practice.

Many striking cures have been effected. Ulcerous growths disappear before the rays, while such diseases as gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and affections of the joints are dispersed with equal certainty. Radium rays transform weak body cells into strong, vigorous ones, which not only resist disease, but help the whole constitution to resist it.

One question that is exercising the minds of scientists just now is whether there will be a radium famine.

Some of the most promising deposits of radium-bearing ores have lately given out, leading to a search so far not very encouraging, in other parts of the world. Canada and South America, as well as Russia, Portugal, and Cuba, have been scoured for supplies, with a success far short of expectations.

Up to the time of M. and Mme. Curie's discovery, pitch-blende, the jet black mineral in which radium is found, was regarded as being almost valueless. One mining company in the United Kingdom actually paid large sums to have the residue of its pitch-blende supplies, from which another mineral has been extracted, carted away to the destructor. It was estimated that the firm in question lost nearly \$100,000 in radium.

In conversation with the writer, Sir William Bragg, of London University, stated that there are reasons for believing that large deposits of radium-bearing ore exist deep in the earth in hitherto unexplored parts of the world, and that these supplies may soon be tapped. At present the price of radium is roughly \$1,000,000 an ounce.

The Shield.

God, give me laughter for a buckler.
Lest to the blows of Life I yield:
When my head is bowed to press of
foemen,
Lord, give me laughter for a shield.

Grant me will to fight, if not to conquer.
Strength to keep my spirit from
eclipse,
And let me hold at midnight and at
noonday
The shield of laughter on unshaking
lips.

There is none so strong can overcome
it.
Black rage, red scorn, or serpent
gulf;
Magic lives in weakest defences—
Even in a little twisted smile.

In the dusk and through the murk of
conflict,
Fighting on against the driving
spears,
More flags will rally round to laughter
Than ever owned the sovereignty of
tears.

Though I have no armor that is trusty,
And nothing but a wooden sword to
wield,
I shall go down fighting and not craven
If Thou, Lord, give laughter for a
shield.

—Edna Valentine Trapnell, in Success

Progress in Alaska.

In twenty years the Alaskan Eskimos have made great strides in the ways of civilization. They have churches and schools, many of them read and write, and owing to the reindeer herds that the United States government started for them most of them are prosperous. Deer meat in the north sells at the rate of seven dollars for one hundred and sixty pounds, which is the weight of the ordinary carcass. The natives now own at least two thousand reindeer, which are under government supervision.

World's Most Amazing Men.

The most amazing race of human beings is undoubtedly the El Molo, a tribe of "fishmen" who inhabit the desert wastes bordering Lake Rudolf, in Kenya Colony, Africa.

This tribe represents the only known specimens of semi-amphibious people, and it is a curious fact that any tribesman dies if he is kept without water for about three hours. As a rule they drink every hour during the day, for even an hour and a half without water causes cracking and bleeding of the lips.

The El Molo tribesmen spend their days, swimming in the waters of Lake Rudolf, and fishing from frail rafts constructed with palm branches. Fish is almost their only diet, and they have no opportunity of varying their menu unless they are fortunate enough to spear a hippopotamus.

The water of Lake Rudolf is undrinkable to anyone but the El Molo, for it contains a large quantity of soda and has an objectionable taste. The proportion of soda in the lake increases yearly, and it is believed to be this fact that has caused the "fishmen" to become a deformed race.



The Champ Wriggler

Turtle—"So you were in a pretty tight hole?" Snake—"Yes, but I managed to wriggle out of it!"

Inhaling of soot in the air greatly decreases one's vitality.

"ROYAL DAVID'S CITY"

Archaeologists are starting this month to excavate the site of the City of David in the expectation of finding the tombs of that king and his son Solomon. Apart from the question of the treasure the sepulchres may contain, the operations will solve one of the controversies which rage in Jerusalem as to the exact situation of the places mentioned in the Scriptures.

When I was there, says an English writer, I was taken very confidently by my guide to the traditional Mount Zion at the south-west corner of the Holy City, and shown the ruins which cover the spot where King David "in a good old age, full of days, riches and honor," was supposed to have been buried. "If you don't believe me, look at your guide book," protested my Arab conductor.

From the place where I stood I could look over the Tyropoeon Valley to another hill, a rugged spur named Ophel, about five hundred yards distant, which continues the Temple area (now surmounted by the Mosque of Omar) down to the Pool of Siloam.

Will Treasure Be Found?

On this spur, now a wilderness of cacti and boulders, recent authorities have placed the site of the Biblical City of David. That it was once within the enclosed area of Jerusalem there is little doubt, as Sir Charles Warren's exploration laid bare the traces of an old wall which is believed to have been built on foundations which date from the time of Nehemiah.

Supposing the tombs be reached, what will be found? The "friend" of our school days, Josephus, says that the tombs have been twice raided, first by the Church and afterwards by the Crown. A Judean high priest was the first to violate them: Herod the Great took the rest, whatever it was. That is Josephus' story.

Benjamin of Tudela, who was in Jerusalem in the year 1163, contends, however, that centuries after Josephus' death, there was treasure in the tombs. Fifteen years before his visit, the rabbi writes, the wall of a church on Mount Zion fell down, and workmen were engaged to repair it.

Two of the workmen, who were friends, "treated one another and repaired to their work after their friendly meal." Their overseer, like a good foreman, reprimanded them, and they replied in words which might be freely translated as "Right-ho, boss, we'll work the dinner hour to make up!"

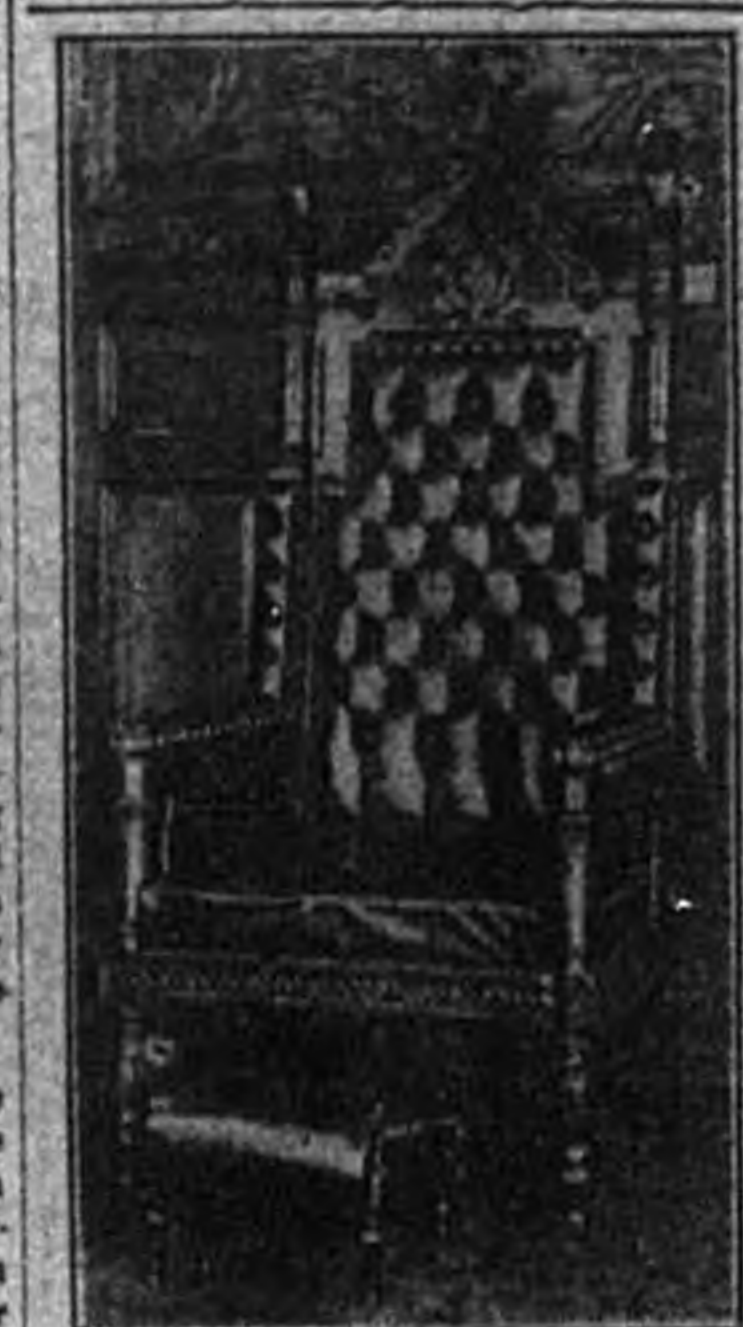
The Fright of Their Lives.

They were as good as their promise. When their master knocked off they started on, like Mr. Carter in that

Summer Travel in the Land of Midnight Sun

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

St. Lawrence river and Great Lakes ferried from the Athabasca boats to



The New Ontario Speaker's Chair.

The latest Speaker's Chair for the Ontario Legislative Chamber has been made by disabled war veterans and is a handsome piece of workmanship, embellished with fine wood carving.

the Mackenzie boats at Fort Smith. A fleet of motor boats and barges is also operated, the former as auxiliaries and the latter as excess freight carriers.

From the end of steel at Waterways, 300 miles northeast of Edmonton, to Akavik, the almost-to-the-Arctic terminus, is 1,666 miles by the water route. The round trip is a matter of about thirty days. Good time was made this season on the Mackenzie end, one of the steamers doing the run from Fort Smith to Akavik and back again in nineteen days. A return ticket from Waterways costs \$240, to which about \$100 is added for meals and berth. Freight rates are based on a tariff of \$12.25 per hundred pounds to the end of the line and \$16.75 for the southbound (upstream) trip.

Something more than the usual interest in the coming of the steamers was aroused all along the route, according to the logs of the three Arctic liners, and when port was made at the end of the run there were crowds of some 300 natives waiting on the shore to give a welcome to the North. By way of returning the compliment the three steamboat crews united one night in a big feast on the beach for the Eskimos, who were not a bit slow in accepting the white men's hospitality and who had a spread of good things that will not be forgotten for a long time.

Steamboating on the Mackenzie has certain resemblances to the river life

of the Mississippi, notwithstanding the differences in the country and the people. All the boats are stern-wheelers and light of draft, as were the southern boats that Mark Twain used to tell about, and some of the Athabasca and Mackenzie river pictures, with one of these boats for a central feature, look for all the world like some of the views between St. Paul and St. Louis. The similitude vanishes, however, when the Indians and Eskimos come down to the shore to see the sights.

There is real beauty on this down-to-the-Arctic route. To say nothing of the bigness and majesty of the Mackenzie itself, with its wide sunlit reaches into the romantic north, occasional shore-lines of particular attractiveness open out before one. Near Good Hope, for instance, where the river is from two to three miles wide and straight as a crow flies, there is a stretch of twenty miles commonly known as the Grand View. Nowhere else does the great northern waterway show so impressively.

The Ramparts of the Mackenzie are one of the wonder-lands of Canada. For a distance of seven miles, not far from the Grand View, the river is bordered with perpendicular walls of rock, varying from 100 to 200 feet in height, that overhang it like great shelves. The limestone of which these cliffs are formed is worn and broken into weirdly irregular masses and shapes, while the river narrows so that it gives the impression of a long, rock-girt gorge.

PROVINCIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Capital Authorized: \$5,000,000.00
Capital paid up \$3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Accumulated Profits \$1,525,000.00

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

You can procure a Safety Deposit Box in which to store your valuable and important papers, it offers you security at little cost.

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Brownburg Branch - J. W. Lepine, M'gr.

30 Doz. Samples of Mitts & Gloves.

30 DOZENS OF MITTS AND GLOVES.
Work Shirts
Heavy pants
Famous Housen Underwear
Overalls and smocks
Wool Auto Rugs
Mackinaw coats, best range in town
Boots and Shoes
Heavy and light rubbers
Hardware

Stoves and Heaters
Pumps
Piping
Electric globes, 35 cts. each, 3 for \$1.00
Automobile Supplies
Aluminum
Come in and see our new 30 X 3 1/2 tires at \$8.00.

John McFaul & Son, Lachute.

The "REX" Theatre

Open every Night of the Week

Always Good Pictures that will ensure a pleasant evening. The latest Productions

Gala Nights every Wednesday & Saturday

Commences at 8 o'clock.

Popular Price of 25c.

NOTICE

To my Patrons I wish to say that Friends:—Mr. Wm. Rodgers, who comes well recommended as a good and willing workman, has rented my shop and intend to satisfy all customers to the best of his ability. I bespeak for him the same liberal patronage which this country has always given to myself and also to Mr. Carroll who has decided to work elsewhere.

John Shanon, Lachute, Quebec.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

Wholesale and Retail
Phone 55

We have always on hand Beef, Pork, Bacon and Ham, Fresh Poultry, and all kinds of vegetables. Also Fruits and a choice line of canned goods.

A. RAYMOND
Foundry Street, - Lachute

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

We are now in our new store with a complete assortment of worsted tweed Serge, Melton and Beaver of all kinds, if you need a new Suit or Overcoat. Take this advantage of our big choice and our low price.

We also have cloths for Ladies Coats.

We have 27 years experience in this trade.

GEORGE LICOP, Merchant Tailor.

Next to J. D. Campbell's Store, Main Street,

Lachute

Are you Ready for Fall?

ARE YOU READY FOR FALL?

REMEMBER THAT WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AS OUR STOCK INCLUDES—

STANFIELDS UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR NORTHWAY COATS—MEN'S & BOYS' OVERCOATS, COOPER CAPS—MEN'S & BOYS' PANTS ASTORIA SHOES FOR MEN—RUBBERS OF ALL KINDS SWEATERS, STOCKINGS, YARNS, GOODS.

THESE ABOVE LINES ARE NOW COMPLETE AND AT PRICES WHICH STAND COMPARISON.

McFAUL BROS.

The Up-to-Date General Store - Lachute Mills.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of the late

ANTHONY McALE,

Township of Grenville, Near Harrington.

TUESDAY, NOV. 6th, 1923.

The following effects:—Four work horses, 2, 4 and 5 years old, 13 milch cows, 2 pigs, 20 hens, 1 driving mare 12 years old, 1 buggy, 1 driving cutter, 1 rack sleigh, 1 pair of hobb sleighs, 1 cutter with pole, neck-yoke, and whiffletrees, 1 gasoline engine 10 horse power, about 400 sap cans, 1 evaporator, 1 moule grinder, root cutter, fanning mill, 1 binder, broad cast seeder, 2 walking plows, hay shaker, moving machine, set of walking harrow, iron harrow, 3 good waggons, 1 sulky plow, spring harrows, 1 single horse power thrashing machine complete, 1 Renfrew scales, milking machine, circular saw, manure spreader, potato cultivator, 1 gasoline engine one and a half horse power, sets of single and double harnesses, a lot of chains, ropes, whiffletrees, shovels and forks. All the household furniture, consisting of stands tables, beds and mattresses, and many other articles unmentioned. Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 10 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes with interest at 5 per cent.

For particulars. Apply to J. P. Lavigne, Notary, Lachute, Quebec.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

W. E. BIGELOW,

Rivington, Que.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1923.

The following effects:—Three working horses, 1 colt one and a half years old, 16 Grade Holstein milch cows, 1 Pure Bred Holstein milch cow, 1 Pure Bred Holstein bull three and a half years old, 1 heifer two and a half years old, 4 spring calves, 1 Pure Bred Holstein calf, 300 bushels of oats, 25 tons of good hay a quantity of straw, 75 bags of potatoes, 1 mowing machine, 3 factory cans, 1 churn, and many other articles unmentioned. Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes, 5 p.c. off for cash.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

AGNES LAVIGNEUR,

St. Philippe, 3 miles from

STONEFIELD, QUE.

MONDAY NOVEMBER 5th, 1923.

The following effects:—8 milch cows, 2 work horses, 4 pigs, 1 set of harness, tumbler cart harness, 1 set buggy harness, hay fork, 1 set iron harrows, 1 set disc harrows, 1 cultivator, 1 gang plow, single plow, mowing machine, large rake, tumbler

cart, 1 wagon, 1 truck, 1 buggy, express, 1 double sleigh, 1 rack sleigh, 1 cutter, 1 Ford automobile, 1 lot of in. boards, lots of stove wood, quantity of hardwood flooring, lot of 2 in. planks, hardwood, 1 melloite cream separator, 750 capacity, 1 pair scales, 600 lbs., 2 butter churns, 3 stoves, household furniture, 25 tons of hay, 1 lot of straw, 250 bushels of oats, 100 bags of potatoes, 100 ft. of 1 1/2 pipe, lot of chains, 30 gallon factory can, 2 five gallon cream cans, 20 rods of chicken wire, 20 rods of pig wire, lot of hens, chickens and turkeys, 1 mail box.

All to be sold without reserve.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock sharp.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes, 5 per cent off for cash.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JOHN BURK,

Centreville, Que.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7th, 1923

25 Milch Cows, all due

to freshen by Jan. 1st, 1924.

These Cows are all young

and well bred.

Sale to commence at 1.30 p.m.

TERMS: \$20.00 Cash. Over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes, 6 per cent per annum off for cash.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

ALBERT SHEPHERD.

Five Miles South East of Lachute

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14th, 1923

The following effects:—One Agricultural mare 8 years old, 1 filly rising 3 years old, 1 Grade Ayrshire bull one year old, 13 milch cows (6 due to freshen during the winter.) 2 heifers two years old, 1 heifer one year old, 2 spring calves, all Government tested, brood sow, Massey Harris grain binder, hay loader, 2 mowers, horse rake, horse fork and rope, drill seeders, 1 spring tooth cultivator, 1 land roller, 4 section smoothing harrows, gang plow, 2 walking plows, 2 lumber waggons, wagon rack, 2 seated express, one seated express, 2 buggies, 1 spring cart, pair light bob sleighs, 2 sets bob sleighs, 2 rack sleighs, three-horse power engine, circular saw, Chatham fanner, 1000 lb. scale, Eureka root cutter, farmer's boiler, cow tank, water tank, corn-sheller, railroad scraper, grinding stone, stone-boar, block & tackle, 35 tons of hay, quantity of straw, 1200 bush. oats, 200 lb. Hay seed, 3 eight-gal. cans, range, side-board, sofa, 2 beds, chest of drawers, 3 washstands, 2 bureaus, tables, chairs

and other household furniture, quantity of hardware and soft wood lumber, set lounge, express, and single harness, 4 chairs, whiffletrees, neck-yokes, etc.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

Everything will be sold without reserve, as proprietor has sold his farm.

TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes, 5 per cent off for cash.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

GRENVILLE.

(Too late for last issue.)

Mr. E. D. Chantal was in Montreal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Arnold have returned from a trip to Montreal.

Mr. Weymouth Gaudry, of Greenfield Park, spent Saturday with his mother.

Mr. Willie Bradshaw spent Sunday here with his children at Mrs. W. Pickett's.

Mrs. Myrtle Arnold was the weekend guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grey, of Huberdeau, are visiting friends in Grenville and Calumet.

Mrs. Brechin and daughter Mrs. Grey and Mr. T. Hoare motored to Brownburg last Sunday.

Mrs. J. T. Wilson and daughter, Roberta have left for a trip to the west, Miss Wilson may spend the winter in Vancouver, B.C. with her brother Mr. Mowney.

Mrs. M. Saunders and son Clifford spent the week with her mother Mrs. S. Taylor at Thurso, Quebec.

Pastor Mr. Saunders, returned to his pastorate at Grenville after spending a week at the Baptist Convention in Olivet Church, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Dakin, of Calumet, returned home on Saturday after spending the week in Montreal where Mr. Dakin was a delegate to the Baptist Convention in session at Olivet Church.

At the close of a competition in Ogdensburg Baptist S.S. for repeating Golden Texts from April 1st to Sept. 30th, inclusive the following were recipients of Bibles donated by a loyal friend of the school Mr. James Townsend of Montreal, Mrs. Gordon Townsend, Mrs. Ernest Townsend, Dolly Thompson, Lillian Townsend, Harold Townsend and Beatrice Townsend.

The B.Y.P.U. of Grenville Baptist Church are planning for good spiritual times this coming winter under the leadership of the President Alvin Jas. Heatlie, on Friday, November 2nd, they will meet at the home of Pastor Saunders where they are being entertained by the Pastor and his wife. A devotional service will precede an evening of social intercourse with our young people.

"A Wonderful Woman"

A remarkable picture of a wonderful woman whose life story provides a chapter of extraordinary achievement, is, we hear, to be given free to each subscriber of the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal. The life story of "The Wonderful Heroine" can also be obtained cost free by sending a post card to the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

Our stock of Men's Suits are complete, Blues, Greys, and Browns and heaps to choose from.

W. Banford & Son.

MAGISTRATE COURT

at

SAINT JEROME.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,

COUNTY OF TERREBONNE,

No. 733

Edras Raymond, trader of St. Jerome, County of Terrebonne,

Plaintiff,

VS

Ernest Gillot, formerly of the Parish of Ste. Adele presently of unknown places,

Defendant,

It is ordered to the defendant to appear in this case in the month of SAINT JEROME, 23 October, 1923, S. Magnan, Magistrate Court Clerk.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

L. L. LEGAULT, K. C.

Advocate,

Telephone No. 60

Lachute, - P. Que.

LAW OFFICES

of

MACNAUGHTON & MICHAUD, ADVOCATES BARRISTERS, ETC.

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Consultations every Saturday.

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DR. J. O. TOUCHETTE,

Veterinary Surgeon

Prompt and Efficient Service is always ours.

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GAETAN VALOIS, L.L.B.

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Money to loan on security

Dispositor of the late J. E. Valois, notary's papers.

Lachute, - P. Que.

CONSULT

CHAS. CALDER & Co.

COURT HOUSE, - LACHUTE

Concerning

Insurance any of kind.

DR. J. E. CHRISTIE.

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Physician and Surgeon,

In office of late Dr. G. H. Christie,

Main Street, Lachute, Que.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.

Surgeon Dentist

Office over Banford's Store

Here Every Day.

Main Street, Lachute, Que.

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Licensed Auctioneer

Sales conducted in English and French.

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ALBERT CHAMERLAND

JEWELLER

All kinds of Jewellery always

on hand. Prompt Service.

Work Guaranteed.

Leclerc Block, Opposite Post Office.

Main Street, Lachute.

WINDSOR HOTEL

Lachute.

DUCHESNEAU BROS., Prop.

First Class Accommodation for Travellers.

FIVE SAMPLE ROOMS.

Livery in Connection

Good Garage for the accommodation of motorists.

Gasoline and Oils.

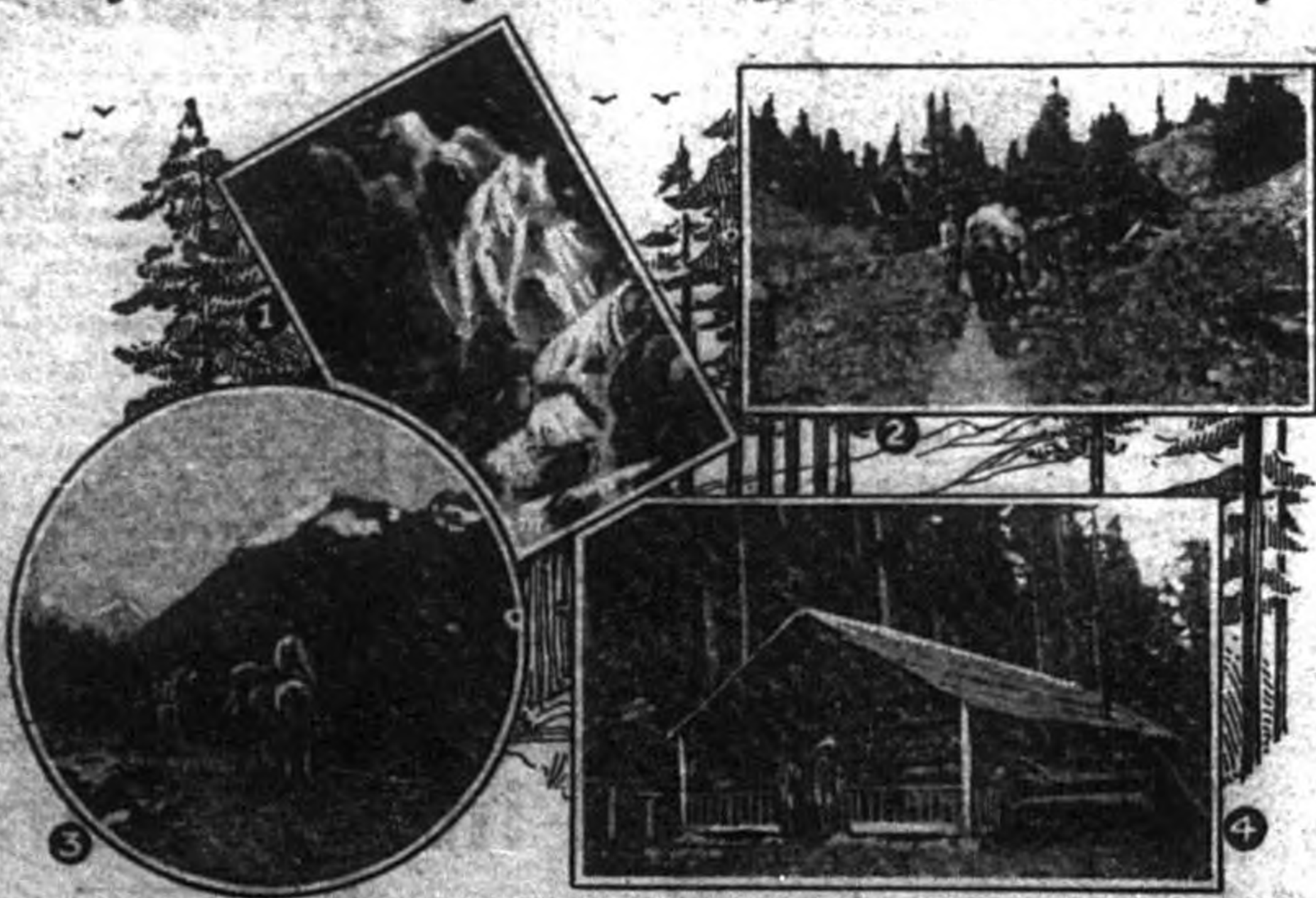
Phone 16.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

By Strawberry Flats and the Silver Daisy



1—falls about 2 miles from Hope
2—On the trail

3—The Summit
4—Defiance Camp

The little village of Hope, situated on the Fraser River about one hundred miles from the coast, is the starting point for all mountaineers wishing to reach the interior of British Columbia by the trail route. It is a scattered village of about two hundred inhabitants but possessing both an abundance of natural beauty and a truly romantic past. The village is flanked on one side by the noble Fraser river, while from the other side one looks up three wide draws in the mountain ranges. The one to the left is the beautiful Coquihalla valley through which the turbulent Coquihalla river cascades from a pass unmatched for rugged grandeur. Through this pass too, under innumerable snow sheds and tunnels the Kettle Valley Railway goes to Princeton and the interior. In the centre is an opening for the Nicolum river, to the right is the Silver Creek draw and beyond it the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade range.

The mountain trail over the Hope Pass is the old one known as the Dewdney which was surveyed and partly built for twenty-five miles out of Hope, by English Sappers in 1861. It winds up the Coquihalla River for a short distance, then branches off with the Nicolum, a tributary of the former river. The way lies through Sylvan glades, past rushing waterfalls and over rustic bridges, the old dry "cribbing" of which is as firm as the day when it was laid.

The first feeding ground for horses is at 12 Mile Lake—otherwise known as Divide Lake at an altitude of 2300 feet. This lake is the head waters of the Nicolum river. Here there is a beautiful hay meadow owned by a trapper and prospector who is patiently awaiting the day when the transprovincial road will give him a means of transporting his wealth, in the shape of hay, to outside points.

At 22 Mile there is another beautiful camping spot. Here there is a large cabin situated in the forest's heart on the very banks of the Skagit river. The owner of it carries on prospecting and mining operations in the vicinity. He appropriately calls his cabin "Defiance Camp" and his mine "The Silver Daisy."

From here on for many miles the scenery becomes more wonderful, if that were possible, but at the same time more wild and rugged. The Pass, a narrow hallway bounded by cliffs thousands of feet high, is a sight of never-ending marvel. At one spot, known as Skagit bluffs, the trail (a bare 18 inches wide) winds around the

shoulder of a cliff which towers above and drops away a sheer one thousand feet to the bed of the river below.

Then the trail once more drops down to the next feeding grounds at Cayuse Flats which has a sister spot three miles farther on—Cedar Flats. Beyond Cedar Flats lies a long strip of heavy cedar timber, a true "forest primeval." Strawberry Flats, a pleasant open field on the Skagit river at a height of 3700 feet is the last stopping place before the actual ascent to the summit begins. Here, in spite of the high altitude, wild strawberries grow in abundance.

In the next 2300 feet of the perpendicular of course one is led to the summit by a series of switchbacks zig-zagging up the face of the mountain. The river, which at the foot appeared a torrent, is here a tiny stream, a mere trickle over the stones. Below, the ever-lasting hills unroll themselves for a hundred miles of valley and peak.

When the summit itself is attained a sight never to be forgotten appears. A wide open meadow lies in an inverted crown on the mountain top. Around its edge rise whitish cliffs scarcely distinguishable from the many snow banks. And everywhere, even beside the snow, grows a bewildering variety of wild flowers.

In the centre of the depression lie two lakes, the dividing of the waters, for from the one goes the Skagit river towards the sea and from the other flows the Whip Saw Creek towards the interior lakes.

As soon as the descent of the eastern slope is begun a great change is noticeable. The grade is easy and steady, the country becomes more open and is clear of the under-brush and ferns so characteristic of the western slope.

The last camp is twenty miles from Princeton but the last nine miles of that distance are covered by a good motor road, the beginning of the proposed Transprovincial-highway from Princeton to Hope.

About eight miles from Princeton is a wonderfully interesting spot where stratified rocks yielding excellent fossils remains are located on the side of the hill.

Shortly after this the valley opens out before one. Princeton snuggled peacefully into a friendly circle of hills and its two rivers, the Similkameen and Tulameen keeping guard over it. Beyond it, rises a splendid vista of rolling green foothills with more rugged mountains closer in, indicative of the districts most flourishing industries, ranching and mining.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XLVIII.

LACHUTE, QUE., NOVEMBER 9, 1923.

N. O. 42.

COAL ! COAL ! COAL !

Place your order for coal with us at once, as this may be the last car this season.

WILLARD SERVICE STATION 5289.

A. & B. Wet batteries sold by us will be recharged free for the first four months.

T. McOUAT & SON,
Founders and Machinists, Lachute Mills.

APPLES FOR SALE!

The last car of Good Winter Apples will arrive at the C.P.R. Station on Saturday, Nov. 10th. Come and get your supply at 2 1/2 cent per lb. J. W. LEFEBVRE, Lachute, Que.

ST. ANDREWS EAST

Mrs. C. A. Hyde spent Saturday and Sunday last in Montreal.

Miss Eleanor Bradley has gone to Calumet to teach school for the winter.

The Literary Club met at the home of Mrs. W. J. Pitcairn on Monday evening.

The W.C.T.U. met at the home of Mrs. C. A. Pease on Tuesday afternoon last.

Miss Walsh visited Ottawa this week and attended the Concert given by the Sistine choir.

The choir practice will be held on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. C. A. Hyde.

The Weekly Cottage Prayer Meeting was held at the home of Miss Davis on Thursday evening.

The Ladies Aid, Fancy-Work Committee met on Monday evening at the home of Mrs. C. W. Lamb.

Miss Kathleen Bradley left on Saturday last to take up her duties as school teacher at St. Faustin, Que.

Public Worship will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, Nov. 11th at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. Thanksgiving Service at 11 a.m. (special music). The pastor Rev. J. Burgess will preach at both services.

Miss Tita and Miss Evelyn Wales have returned home from the Eastern townships, where they have been visiting old friends. Miss Tita, who has been under the weather during the last ten days, is now on the way to recovery.

Don't forget to set aside Friday, November 23rd. Grand Sale of work and Chicken Festival and Concert under the auspices of the Ladies Aid, St. Andrews East Presbyterian Church, in the Town Hall. Further particulars later.

FOUND.—An automobile tyre and rim, between Lot River and Lachute. Owner may have same on applying to Watchman Office, and for this advertisement.

GEO. DEACON, Lachute, Que.

The many friends of Mr. Hope will be glad to hear he is recovering from his illness.

MAID WANTED.—Experienced and competent. Liberal salary. No washing. Apply with references to Mrs. (Dr.) Drew Lachute.

POSTPONEMENT.—Owing to unfavorable weather the Auction Sale of Mr. W. J. Burk, Centreville, has been postponed until Tuesday, Nov. 13th, at 1:30 p.m.

FOR SALE.—One Pure Bred Jersey Bull nine months old. Apply to William Hutchins, Brownsburg, Que. Box 135.

Yorkshire Boar for service at the stables of Mr. Wm. McOuatt, Hill Foot.

Watch and Clock Specialist.

Bring your repairs to Mr. Joseph Belanger who will do all your work in prompt order, but he wishes to say that he will be in his shop on Thursday, Friday and Saturday only of each week, so you will please take note.

Joe. Belanger, near Bill's Store, East W. Lachute, Que.

Phone No. 116 r 2-3

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement
Prices Right

R. Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Yelland is spending this week in Montreal.

Miss Pearl Ayers is spending this week with friends in Montreal.

Messrs. Arthur Pollock and Jack Hume motored to Montreal on Monday.

Miss Lydia Morrison is visiting friends in Hawkesbury for a few weeks.

Mrs. Owens left on Tuesday to spend a few months at Clarenceville, Quebec.

Mr. Wm. Drennan was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Silverson on Sunday.

Mr. John Silverson and Mr. Manley Silverson are the guests of Mr. Geo. Silverson.

Miss Annie Moore returned home on Saturday after a pleasant visit in Montreal.

Mrs. Strong, of Montreal, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Taylor for a few weeks.

Mrs. Joseph Stewart, of Mount Maple, is the guest of Mrs. M. Jones for a few days.

Miss Agnes McFaul and Miss Hilman of Fasset were week-end guests of Mrs. A. McFaul.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Paddon, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Robt. Hamilton.

Mr. R. Beaulac, who is working in the printing trade, is spending a week of holiday with his mother.

Mr. A. H. Pepper, of Montreal, spent a few days last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pollock.

Mr. Lemuel Silverson returned home on Wednesday last after spending a few months in Filmore, Sask.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Thomas Gore, have returned to town and taken up residence in the East Ward.

Mrs. J. H. McFaul was the hostess at a birthday party on Wednesday last in honor of her little daughter Elsie.

Mrs. Joe Stewart, of Mount Maple, has returned home after a pleasant few weeks visit with her daughter in Montreal.

Mrs. E. H. Wilson entertained the Ladies of the Curling Club to afternoon tea and reception on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Brackenridge and family, of Ottawa, and Mr. Harry McIntyre, of Barrett, were guests this week of Mrs. R. McIntyre.

Mrs. Jas. Duncan and Mrs. Amos Hodge were in Montreal last week attending the funeral of their brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Heathfield.

Mrs. J. R. McOuatt and daughter Gladys left yesterday to spend a short visit with her daughter Mrs. (Dr.) A. P. Rutherford of Hawkesbury.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. McRobie arrived home on Sunday after spending a pleasant two months holiday with friends and relatives in the West.

The Masters Thomas and Leonard Ayers, of Mount St. Louis College, Montreal, spent Tuesday in town the guest of their parents Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ayers.

The Ladies of St. Simeon's Anglican Church intend holding their annual bazaar and tea on Wednesday, Dec. 6th, in the Town Hall. Keep the date open.

Miss Kathleen Bradley has just left for St. Faustin where she has accepted a position as teacher, also Miss Eleanor Bradley has gone to Calumet to teach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Heathfield and Mr. A. Heathfield (who is one of Montreal's best Amateur Boxers) are guests of Mrs. A. Hodge and Mrs. C. Duncan this week.

Mrs. P. Dobbie and son Gordon, Miss Helena Dobbie, of Cushing, and Miss Grace Seale, of Morin Heights, spent a pleasant week-end visiting friends in Harrington.

Don't forget to attend the Brownsburg and District Poultry Show to be held on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9th and 10th, in the Gymnasium of the D. C. Co'y Club.

Mrs. Gordon Marshall and daughter Ellen, of Ottawa, and Mr. and Mrs. John Leavitt, of Vanhook Hill, and Mr. Mooney, of East Hawkesbury, were guests this week of Mrs. Wm. Black.

Afternoon Tea and Sale at the Victoria Hall, on Friday, Nov. 23th. The Ladies Aid of the Baptist Church will serve tea and hold a sale of useful articles, home-made cooking and candy. Doors open at 3 p.m.

Mrs. Wm. Beattie of St. Jovite, has been the guest of Mrs. Jas. Lister during the last two weeks, and also Mr. and Mrs. T. D. McRobie who returned last Sunday from a trip to the West.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McKewan of Notre Dame de Grace, were the guests of Mrs. Taylor over the week-end, returning home by motor, accompanied by Mrs. Andrew Elliott who is spending this week with friends in Montreal.

Mr. Romaine Deslaurier, of Timmins, Ont., was in town for a few days this week, passing through on a business trip to Montreal.

The Upper Lachute Branch of the Women's Institute will hold their regular meeting on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14th at the home of Mrs. Roy Morrison. Bring your best Xmas Recipes.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of above Council was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday last, there being present Mayor W. Scott, and Aldermen Jousse, Dobbie, Larocque, Gall, Dallaire, Morrison and Lemay.

Complaints were received from Messrs. J. R. Parris, W. G. Stanforth, and P. Chabot owing to drain nuisance on their properties. These gentlemen had a real grievance and the council in general were alive to the necessity, but were of the opinion that it was too late now to proceed with the work. However, after a full discussion on the matter, it was moved by Alderman Dobbie, seconded by Alderman Larocque that the council communicate with Mr. Ouimet, civil engineer of Montreal, who has already prepared plans for the proposed drain, and find out whether it is possible to proceed with the work and if practicable to have same started at once.

Alderman Gall opposed the Council's action in calling this a surface drain when it was virtually a sewer and he was opposed to having the cost of the drain imposed upon the whole of the town.

Notary G. Valois appeared before the Council asking for ratification of amendment to the present cadastre of the town, which was granted. The Council then adjourned.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. W. H. Bradford announces the engagement of his daughter, Grace Darling, to Mr. Russell Douglas McGibbon, of Hoesier, Sask., son of the late P. R. and Mrs. McGibbon. The marriage will take place quietly at the end of December.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Graham, of North River, announce the engagement of their third daughter, Edna Rhoda to Mr. Douglas E. Bradford, also of North River. The marriage will take place early in December.

The engagement is announced of Mr. E. A. Giles, of Lachute, to Miss Florence Gorman, of Brighton, England. The marriage to take place quietly at Brighton in the latter part of November.

CHURCH NOTES.

Presbyterian Church Services will be held next Sunday, November 11th, as follows:—In Lachute at 11 a.m., and 6:45 p.m. In Upper Lachute at 11 a.m., and in Brownsburg at 3 p.m. The minister will conduct both services in Lachute and the afternoon service in Brownsburg. Rev. J. R. MacLeod, D.D., will conduct the service in Upper Lachute. Everyone is invited to come to these services.

Anniversary Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church, Lachute, on Sunday, November 28th. It will be the 91st Anniversary of the founding of a Presbyterian Congregation in Lachute. The preacher of that day will be Rev. D. L. Ritchie, D.D., Principal of the Congregational Theological College, Montreal.

Baptist Church Services on Sunday, November 11th, will be conducted by Rev. P. A. MacEwen, B.A., B.D., of Ottawa, as follows:—Dalesville at 11 a.m., Brownsburg at 3 p.m., Lachute at 7 p.m. Lachute Sunday School will meet at 11 a.m.

Thanksgiving Services will be conducted next Sunday in the Methodist Church, at Lachute at 10:30 a.m., and 6:45 p.m., East Settlement at 2:30 p.m., Brownsburg at 7 p.m.

The pastor will deliver a timely message and appropriate music, will be rendered by the choir.

There is no people the world over with more cause for gratitude than Canadians. Come to church next Sunday and by your presence and praise saying "Thank you" to God.

IN MEMORIAM.

GALLERY.—In loving memory of our dear son Pte. W. Leo. Gallery, who was killed in action at Passchendaele, Belgium, Nov. 11th, 1917. He lies peacefully asleep in Belgium. His toil on earth is done.

He fell on the ridge of Passchendaele, Whilst fighting the desperate Hun And gave his life for his country's cause.

Which had but newly begun. Far away from the land of his childhood. Far away from the ones he loved dear.

He went forward on to victory The lad that knew no fear And answered the "Call of Duty" His memory will ever hold dear.

Inserted by mother and father Mr. and Mrs. John Reid, 400 North Slate St., West Concord, N.H. U.S.A.

GALLERY.—In ever loving memory of Private William Leo. Gallery, who was killed at Passchendaele on the 11th, Nov. 1917.

We mourn for you dear brother, But not with outward show, For hearts that mourn sincerely, Mourn silently and low.

Friends may think that we forget you, When at times they see us smile, But they little know the sorrow, That the smile hides all the while. Inserted by sisters and brothers.

Ladies' Coats Fall 1923

We have received a lot of our New Fall Coats for Ladies.

The Styles are attractive and up

The cloths are new and colours attractive

There are fur collared coats and others without fur.

The prices are wonderfully low—a real surprise to many.

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Wholesale and Retail Flour and Feed,
"Cream of the West" is OUR BEST.
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A full line of Choice Groceries, Bacon, Etc.,
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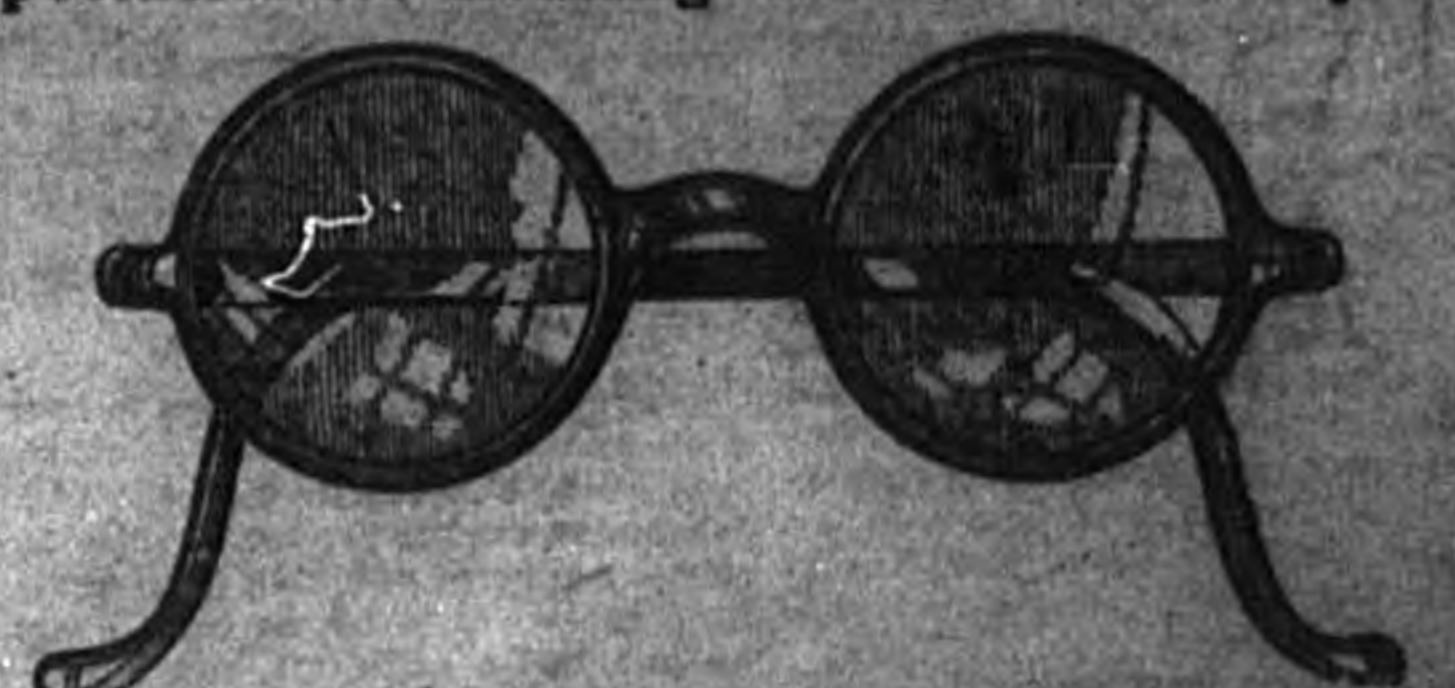
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CANADA'S CEREAL SUPREMACY

The rapid settlement of Western Canadian lands which has taken place in the last quarter of a century, especially by the two main classes of British and Americans, is the most eloquent testimony, if any were needed, of the greater advantages found in following the pursuit of farming in that area over their native lands. Men, of the advantages are patently obvious, others not so clearly so.

The American immigrant, who is nearly always a farmer, is given the opportunity of securing, at a much lower price, a more substantial acreage than he has been accustomed to; he can expand his holdings without limitation, which extension is precluded when hemmed in with high prices, lands. The boon is even greater in the case of the British immigrant, to whom the possibility of ever owning land of his own is extremely remote.

It has likewise been pointed out recently that the Western Canadian farmer has certain advantages over the agriculturist south of the border.

CANADIAN FIELD CROPS.

Ten-year average yield per acre. 1913-22.

Fall Wheat	23.00 bus.	Mixed Grains	33.75 bus.
Spring Wheat	15.50 bus.	Flax	8.65 bus.
Oats	32.00 bus.	Corn for husking	51.00 bus.
Barley	24.75 bus.	Potatoes	88.60 cen.
Rye	15.75 bus.	Turnips, etc.	181.30 cen.
Peas	16.75 bus.	Hay and clover	1.40 ton
Buckwheat	21.75 bus.	Fodder Corn	9.80 ton
Beans	16.00 bus.	Sugar Beets	9.25 ton

In the marketing of his produce, whilst, for instance, wheat prices at the Canadian markets are frequently as high as on the American markets, the farmer in the Prairie Provinces is able to get his crop to the marketing points or ship it to the lake terminals at a much lower rate than that paid by his farming brother to the south.

There is another decided advantage to Canadian farming often overlooked. Whilst the American farmer coming to Canada secures a much larger acreage than he has left, at a considerably lower price, he finds the cheaper acre of Canadian land capable of greater production than his former high-priced land. Even in comparison with the small farms of the British Isles, where farming activities are prosecuted so intensively, the Canadian yields on farms, many times their size, compare very favorably.

To consider wheat first. The quality of the Canadian product cannot be gainsaid when year after year it secures the world's premier honors and millers all over the world demand it. The average production of fall wheat in Canada for the last ten years has been 23 bushels to the acre and of spring wheat 15.50 bushels to the acre. In the United States, where farming operations are carried out on a very

similar scale, the average production in the period 1916-20 was for fall wheat 14.93 bushels, and for spring wheat 11.23 bushels. The production of all-wheat in England and Wales in 1919 was only 28.7 bushels to the acre.

Taking a list of the thirty leading wheat producing countries of the globe, Canada is found, in average yield per acre, to be outclassed by only eight of them, and they, such countries of intensive farming as Germany, Belgium, Denmark, England and Wales, Greece, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Canada substantially out-yields such other countries of small farms as Austria, Bulgaria, Spain, Finland, Hungary, Italy, Netherlands, Roumania and Sweden.

The average acre of Canadian land seeded to oats in the last ten years yielded 32 bushels to the acre as against 31.32 bushels in the United States in the four-year period 1916-20 and 44.33 bushels in England and Wales in the same time. Only six of the thirty countries exceeded Canada's average, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, England, Netherlands, and Sweden.

Screenings have also proved particularly valuable in feeding beef cattle. As feed for sheep they are better unground because sheep dislike a fine, dusty or floury feed.

Mill screenings combine well with all grain mixtures for all classes of farm stock. In hog feeding they are useful for all classes over three months of age. Equal parts bran and screenings answer well for dry sows, while for milking sows the ration is

and it should be remembered that all of Canada's export wheat is hard.

Canada's ten-year average in barley production has been 24.75 bushels per acre. Against this the United States, in the four-year period under review, produced an average of 24.23 bushels per acre, per year, and England and Wales 32.04. The same six European countries outclassed the Dominion in the average production of barley.

Against a United States average rye production of 13.75 bushels per acre in the period 1916-20 Canada has a ten-year average for this crop of 15.75 bushels, and only seven countries have a higher average yield and that on relatively small acreages.

The additional profits, farm book-keeping will show, when low-priced purchased farm lands outyield those previously held at high figures, are immediately evident, for there are few, if any, disadvantages to counterbalance this consideration. And when it is borne in mind that above all this, low-priced Canadian lands can be secured on a scheme spreading the payments over a period as extensive as thirty-four years, the advantages become overwhelming, and Canada can rest assured and confident that no other country can exceed so many or attractive inducements to intending agriculturists.

Dairying at the Antipodes.

A noticeable feature of the recent visit of the Dominion Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner and the Manager of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries to New Zealand and Australia, as recorded in a bulletin, just published by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, is the uniform courtesy and willingness with which they were received, not only by dairy officials but at the many cheese and butter factories, grading stores, dealers' warehouses, and farms that were inspected. Although they were there to spy out the land, as it were, to observe the methods followed by Canada's nearest rivals in the exportation of dairy products, they were everywhere cordially welcomed and given every facility to satisfactorily fulfill their mission. One reason probably was that the Dominion Commissioner was to some extent visiting old friends, Mr. Riddick having formerly occupied a similar position in New Zealand.

Important facts are given in the bulletin, "Dairying in New Zealand and Australia," which cannot fail to prove of interest to every Canadian dairymen. Milk production, cow-testing, the factory system, followed with statistics of production, the position of buttermakers and cheese-makers, the quality of the cream delivered at the creameries, methods of butter-making, character and quality of both butter and cheese, packing and handling, grading, marketing methods, development of the industry, government services, and the prevailing laws are all described. The conclusions arrived at are embodied in a couple of pages at the end, a number of advantages enjoyed by Canada pointed out and the policies that must be adopted, and the course that must be followed, set forth, if this country hopes to regain and maintain its former status in the exportation of cheese and to develop an assured trade in export butter.

To Sew Braid Straight.

If you find it hard to sew braid straight, try using the quilting attachment on your sewing machine. Run attachment along the edge of the part to be braided to get the first row on straight, then run it along the first braid to indicate where the next row should be sewed.

No Butter Substitutes Admitted.

As a war time relief, permission was given by the Parliament of Canada in 1917 to admit oleomargarine, which for thirty years had been excluded from trade in this country. This was revoked at the last session of Parliament, and hereafter, oleomargarine and other dairy produce substitutes are barred from Canada. While the manufacture and importation ceased at the end of August, dealers are given until the end of February, 1924, to dispose of their stock.

The other products to be excluded are renovated butter, filled milk, filled cream, and filled butter. These contain certain proportions of fats other than the fat of milk, and after October 1, of the current year, they may no longer be imported or sold.

Of Interest to Dairymen.

Speaking of his recent visit to New Zealand, Mr. J. A. Riddick, Dominion Dairy Commissioner, says: "The regulations in New Zealand with respect to certain matters have particular significance for Canadian dairymen. For instance, no cheese may be offered for sale until it is fourteen days old. All butter and cheese for export must be sent to one of the designated cold stores for grading. No butter may be placed on shipboard before it has been three full days in cold storage. The ship will not receive butter the temperature of which is not below 32 deg. F."

Scored Crankshafts.

Where a connecting rod, due to lack of oil, seizes and scores the crankshaft, it is essential that the crankshaft be polished to remove the rough spots. A simple method of polishing the bearing is to use strips of emery cloth about an inch and a half wide torn lengthwise of the cloth. Attach a strip of twine to each end of the strip, lap over the bearing and pull alternately at the opposite ends.—G. A. L.

The average life of a dog is about ten years. A few live to be fifteen, and we have records of their having lived from twenty to twenty-five years.

Standardized Mill Screenings as a Feed.

Amongst the feeding stuffs available at the mills and feed stores in Canada, the product known as mill screenings will become more plentiful after the beginning of October of this year. With that date the amended Feeding Stuffs Act comes into force requiring millers to discontinue the practice of adding ground screenings to shorts and other mill offal, and to sell them as a separate, standardized product. Hitherto screenings have been very variable in composition and quality, but standardization will give the purchaser the same assurance of value as with shorts or other mill feeds. The Act is administered by the Seed Commissioner of the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

Although a useful feed for several kinds of stock, mill screenings have been found by Experimental Farm tests to be specially valuable for hogs. At the Central Farm at Ottawa, they were found to be equal to standard meal mixtures for this purpose, and at several of the branch Farms and Stations the material has come to be regarded as a standard feed in maintenance and to a lesser extent in fattening mixtures.

Screenings have also proved particularly valuable in feeding beef cattle. As feed for sheep they are better unground because sheep dislike a fine, dusty or floury feed.

Mill screenings combine well with all grain mixtures for all classes of farm stock. In hog feeding they are useful for all classes over three months of age. Equal parts bran and screenings answer well for dry sows, while for milking sows the ration is

improved by the addition of shorts. For fattening, they may be fed with milk or in mixture consisting of screenings two parts, corn or barley one part, and shorts one part. For milch cows they may form up to one-third of the regular meal ration. For calves of over five months, a good mixture consists of oats two parts, bran one part, screenings one part, oil cake one-half part. For heifers the screenings may be considerably increased. For fattening cattle, combined with bran, barley, corn, oil cake, they may replace from one-third to one-half of the regular meal mixture. Two parts each of oats, bran and screenings makes a good combination. The addition of one-half part of oil meal is advisable, but the screenings themselves frequently contain a considerable percentage of flax seed.

Neighbor folks, get together and put up a nice flagstaff at some central point where it can easily be seen. Then chip in and buy a good hunting flag and cord. Keep the flag flying every day, but lower it at sun-down. It will teach the young folks lessons in patriotism and good citizenship. Now and then have a little rally round the flag, with singing, speaking and a talk from some good man.

We were riding in the country and saw far ahead an umbrella waving back and forth in the air and wondered what it could be. It was pouring rain at the time. When we reached the spot, we found a young girl swinging in a tree and she was enjoying herself as if it were a bright sunny day, but she held the umbrella carefully over her head.—L. A. H.

Saving and Spending Minutes

Tricks and Schemes to Save Time Which I Have Learned.

By Elizabeth M. Wright.

Finding time is as good or better than finding a dollar. It is the busy people who generally acquire both. When I first began doing my own work, I realized that I must be saving the minutes if I would have any time left from my manifold household duties for things outside. May I tell you of some of the time-savers I then attached to myself?

One of them was learning to dust with two dust rags instead of one. It was a little awkward at first, but I soon found that I could manipulate a dust rag in each hand. I would make my left and right slide from opposite directions along book-shelves, door casings, table legs, arms and backs of chairs, and presto! my dusting was done in half the time. After two years of practice I am almost expert enough to dust the picture molding with one hand and polish the floor with the other! This specialty in the line of time savers caused much amusement among my friends, some doubting Thomases requiring a demonstration, after which they adopted the method for their own daily schedule.

APPLIED IN MANY WAYS.

I found this same two-handed principle worked in many things. In polishing silver, I use flannel mittens instead of rags and rub with each hand. It also works magic in washing windows, scouring and any other occupation in which one's left hand has been accustomed to soldiering.

The next time-saver I got hold of was avoiding the accumulation of mail, papers and so forth. By forming a habit of looking over and disposing immediately of all not to be kept for reference or passing on, I eliminated the trouble of a second inspection, which would have been necessary if the things had been laid away and forgotten. Especially do I clean up empty envelopes, circulars and other printed drift that the mail brings but no one needs.

Then I started the habit of keeping in the living room a work basket, so as to have some pick-up sewing always handy. Putting in a few stitches now and then, when chatting with friends, will develop many embryo garments into finished ones. If the machine work is completed on undergarments, the hand finishing goes quickly, done in this way. Then I always keep a magazine handy to read during moments snatched, here and there, while waiting for someone or something.

When setting or clearing a table I always use a large tray to carry the dishes. A wheel tray of course is ideal. When the dishes are washed I replace on the tray those that are to be used at the next meal; this saves putting them back and forth into the china closet. I scrape and stack the dishes before washing them, separating the glass and silver and by rinsing all of them in hot water the burden of drying is minimized. Polishing the glass and silver will be about all that is necessary. I fasten a small piece of rubber tubing to the bottom of each faucet and this lessens accidental chipping of dishes that might strike them.

ANOTHER LABOR SAVER.

White oil cloth on all my shelves and tables saves much labor. It is easily wiped and always looks fresh. When doing work that necessitates making any trash or stains I protect my work table or the floor with old newspapers and gather up the debris in them. I keep all scraps of soap in a small tin can with a top well perforated. Boiling water poured over or run through this gives a nice suds and soap waste is lessened.

It is a great convenience to have in the kitchen a bag for clean wrapping paper and string; also a bill file, a pad of paper and pencil, and a box containing some pins and needles, coarse thread for basting, a small piece of muslin and a pair of scissors. I keep fat drippings in a glass jar, also mayonnaise and cracker crumbs. I always have on a shelf in the kitchen a row of big and little jars and dishes for such uses.

USEFUL BAGS.

I find it also of the greatest convenience to have a number of bags handy of different thicknesses of material. A canvas bag for crushing ice. Flannel for broom bags; small paper bags for parsley, mint, lettuce or celery. Into which they can be put when washed and then kept crisp on the ice. Also bags for straining things, for cottage cheese and so forth. I keep a supply of these bags on hand made from scraps or sugar sacks as there is no limit to their usefulness. There is a large bag hanging in my pantry for soiled table and kitchen linen. In the linen closet is a row of them, hung by loops of tape and open at the top. Each is labelled with a large, metal rimmed tag. In one is white scraps, colored scraps in another, another large one holds wrapping and tissue paper, with two pockets at the bottom for fine and coarse string. One for flannel and white rags for cleaning, one for patterns, and another for pieces of different weight light and dark material for mending. Then there are smaller ones for buttons, another holds pieces of tape, wire, boning, seam binding and various sewing accessories, another hooks and eyes, and snaps; for I find this a better way of keeping the loose ones ripped from garments, than in boxes that can be upset. In the attic are more bags hanging under the shelf where I keep a convenient pile of empty boxes. One bag is labelled "hat trimmings," another "ribbons and silk scraps." I use bags for everything. My friends claim that I have a chronic case of "bagitis."

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

On a shelf in my linen closet there is also a row of clean (boiled) bottles and jars, culled from the periodical cleaning out of the medicine closet, and wonderfully convenient they are, when an empty jar or bottle is needed in a hurry.

I found out that in making beds one can save a lot of steps and time by finishing entirely the spreading of covers on one side of the bed, before going to the other side.

I have in every room a small ornamental bag that holds a dustrag, so that when one is required in an emergency it is at hand. They are attractive, made of the same material as the drapery in the room. Such a bag is also convenient for soiled handkerchiefs and collars which are thus kept together for the laundry man.

In the bathroom closet I keep an extra broom, dust pan and small ironing board. This has saved me many steps back and forth when they might be at different ends of the house when needed. If one has not a closet to hold them, keep them behind a curtain hung on a rod a foot or two from the wall, where a shelf can also be placed to hold bathroom conveniences and include in these a small jar to hold bits of soap, that can be made into liquid soap for shampooing or laundry work and bottles of disinfectant and cleaning powders.

There are so many more conveniences that I have discovered and ways of utilizing what I call the discard, that I can not tell it all at one time.

Home Education

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

A Word of Praise—By Mrs. Nestor Noel.

"How badly you weeded the garden," remarked a mother to her young boy, one hot day.

The boy, John, looked ashamed, as I had just entered the garden.

"I've done all that lot," he said, pointing to a well-weeded bed. "I can't do it all in one day." He threw down his hoe and went sulking into the house.

"It's always like that," remarked his mother to me. "He can't finish what he begins."

"Perhaps you give him too much to do at a time," I ventured. "He seems to have done that bed of pansies beautifully, and it is very hot to-day."

"So it is," said the mother. "Come on to the porch and we'll have some iced lemonade. It isn't fit for a dog to be outside. See how lazy Rollo is. He doesn't even get up to welcome you."

The dog wagged his tail lazily, but did not move.

Yes! It was not a day on which a dog could be expected to exert himself; yet this woman had expected a boy to do a man's job. When I expostulated with her mildly, she remarked: "A boy must do something or he will only get into mischief."

I have often seen women of this type and pitied their sons. This woman was cross with her boy for what he had not done, yet never gave him one word of praise for the beautiful bed of pansies which he left as perfect as an experienced gardener might have done. I have had a great deal to do with

children and I have invariably found that a word of praise will bring out the best that is in them and induce them to greater efforts. Why not let them have this little word? It costs us nothing.

In looking over a child's work, why not notice the good qualities about it, as well as the bad? For instance, that mother might have said: "How well you have done the pansy bed. It's hot now. Suppose you rest, and finish the other part later on." The boy would have welcomed the word of praise, especially in front of a stranger and he would have worked twice as hard in the cool of the evening, until the rest of the garden was as good as the first part.

In his own home, a boy is often set to work with no word of encouragement and nothing to reduce the drudgery of his home tasks.

Even filling the wood box, the boy's daily job, could be made less irksome. A boy often says, "I'm forever filling that box," but a mother could change his point of view and make it a pleasant job if she made the boy realize that she needed the wood to cook good things for him.

I do not believe in paying a child for every bit of work he does, because he must bear his share in the household; but I believe the kind word of appreciation should be given more often than it is. A word is not much. We do not have to open our purses to give it. Why then are mothers so chary of this little word of praise when it brings such good results?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

SEEING THE BLUE.

At the window of her pretty cottage home, Joan Abbott stood one June afternoon watching the cloudy sky as the rain came down in showers.

She did not see that leaves and grass were being washed of their coat of dust—she saw the rain as it ran gutters in the street.

"Oh, mama! Is it not too mean bad that this rain has spoiled all my plans. I am sure we did not need rain!" pouted the young girl.

"There are other days, Joan," said her mother, glancing up from her sewing.

"Don't act as though the clouds are going to remain—the blue is there. Soon it will show all the brighter for the rain and clouds we see now."

"But I wanted to have my picnic to-day. Alice Foster is going away in a few days and so is Jack Hudson. He was to take us up the river in his motor boat. Even if it is fine to-morrow we can't have the picnic—every place will be so wet. Just look how it rains!"

"If you can see nothing but the rain Joan, why stand looking out. Forget about your disappointment—think of the good this rain will do the gardens," quietly spoke Mrs. Abbott as she continued sewing.

"There is nothing one can do in this lonely place on a wet day. There isn't a new book or magazine in the house," grumbled Joan as she went over to the book shelves. "If it would stop raining I would go over to Alice Foster's—there's always some fun there."

"Put on your raincoat and rubbers and run up to see Lucy Wiggins. She and her mother will be glad to have you. Do go, Joan," urged the mother.

"Take some of your lunch and picnic with Mrs. Wiggins and Lucy. I'd go myself if it were not that I want to finish this piece of work."

Joan began to put up her lunch and prepare herself for the visit to her neighbors; but with many murmurings against the clouds and rain.

"Now, dear, chase away your cloudy looks. I believe you will see the blue through the clouds by the time you get home again," called Mrs. Abbott as Joan left the room.

Soon she arrived at a low, dingy brown house. As the door opened, Lucy Wiggins smiled a welcome.

"How good of you to come to see us. Isn't the rain refreshing? Everything will be so clean after this nice rain. The garden's have been suffering during the dry spell. Did you smell the Balm of Gilead? I can smell its freshness from mother's room window."

As Lucy chatted in her pleasant way, Joan was silently removing her raincoat and rubbers.

"Yes, she is suffering quite badly," in reply to Joan's enquiry for Mrs. Wiggins.

Soon she entered a bright, spotlessly clean room.

"Mother, Joan has come to see you," spoke Lucy, going up to the bed where Mrs. Wiggins lay smiling a welcome for her visitor.

As she held out her hand, Joan took it in both of hers. The young girl looked at the twisted finger joints—telling of pain and suffering, then at the face so bright, so full of patient hope.

"Did the rain bring you to visit us, Lassic? I love to hear the patter of the rain. It will do so much good." "Is your rheumatism not worse in wet weather?" asked Joan in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, a bit. But I try not to think about it. I have so many nice things to think of—it would not be right, my Lassic, to forget all of God's good gifts in thinking of my rheumatism!"

Thus Mrs. Wiggins talked—telling of the brightness of her life until Joan told of her disappointment about her picnic.

"You are just like Mama—you are always seeing the blue even though the clouds are heavy and dark. You make me feel ashamed—you are in bed suffering, and yet you are so bright and cheerful. I was so cross about the rain this afternoon. I thought Mama sent me to you to get rid of my complaining; but now I know she did it for my good," and Joan looked at Mrs. Wiggins with soft grey eyes.

The hours passed quickly it seemed to Joan. At supper, which the three had in Mrs. Wiggins' room, Joan was delighted to know how greatly her lunch was enjoyed.

"Sorry we are, Lassic, to be enjoying all these good things prepared for your picnic; but the sun will soon dry up things that you can have it some day soon. The blue will come through the cloud."

"Well," said Joan, "I hope I shall ever remember that the blue sky is always there. I shall try after this to see it."

When Joan was ready to return home she bent down and kissed Mrs. Wiggins, saying, "You have done me good. I came here as dark and cloudy as the sky. I am leaving, feeling ashamed and sorry for my conduct." Putting her poor stiff hands up to Joan's face she said, "Lassic, there should never be a cloud on your sweet face to darken its brightness. Through bright days and dark days ever remember God's loving kindness. He knows when the rain is needed, when the clouds should gather, so that we shall be better fitted to enjoy the brightness of the blue."

Joan's thoughts were busy as she picked her steps down the wet road towards home.

From the top of a tree came the "chick-a-dee-dee-dee" of a saucy little chickadee, followed by the "cheero," "cheero" of a robin whose mate was nesting in an old apple tree by the roadside.

Joan stood listening—watching its throat swell with its song.

"Ha, Robin Red Breast! You too see the blue. Shall I do less?" and with quick steps she hurried home to tell her mother she now understood what she meant by seeing the blue, and that she was going to try and keep the lesson ever in her mind.—E. Robinson, N.B.

A Country Schoolhouse.

Four grey walls and a door. Six windows, dim and small. A desk, map, seats; plain floor—Again I see it all.

Remote, sidetracked, it rose; But who can estimate Where Learning's pathway goes, Whence world-roads radiate?

For boys by whom those trees Were climbed, or that pool stirred, Have captained argosies, Or been in Senates heard.

So, plain old place, on you, And on your solitude, Oft with a retinue.

Of Yesterdays intruder! —Alexander Louis Fraser.

Friendship.

No blessing known to men is so rich and satisfying as that which is ministered by a pure and beautiful friendship.

All things come to the other fellow if you will only sit down and wait.

Fill your pipe with



Ogden's CUT PLUG

"It Satisfies"

15¢ per packet
80¢ a 1/2 lb tin

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

Surnames and Their Origin

SMALL

Variations—Little, Pettit, Lepetit.
Racial Origin—English and French.
Source—A characteristic.

Here is a family name, with variations, which "means just what it says." If you bear this name you may be sure that the particular ancestor of yours who first bore it was a small man—unless, perhaps, he was prominent for his great size. At any rate, he was not of medium build.

Some people find it difficult to conceive how such a surname as this can develop into a hereditary family name. They grant that it was natural to speak of a John who was little, as "John Little," or "Little John." But they don't understand by what law or rule all his descendants have borne it, for in the first place the name was merely descriptive of the individual.

Well, to begin with, not more than a very small percentage of the persons to whom the name was descriptively applied passed it on to their children. Family names did not develop suddenly. They took form gradually, over a period of three centuries or more. In one family the name might have become hereditary in the twelfth century, in another in the fourteenth. Then, too, it is not uncommon for the children of small parents to be small. So a man's son might be called Little, not so much because his father bore the name, as because he, too, actually was undersize.

As the strongest evidence that the names Little and Small developed from this descriptive source, we have the corresponding names of Pettit and Lepetit in French. Lepetit leaves no possible doubt, being a combination of "le" and "petit"—"the small."

WALDO

Racial Origin—Gothic, or ancient French.
Source—A given name.

Here is a family name which does not sound English, a name borne by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and though it has been settled in England as a family name for many centuries, it is not an English name.

It is traceable to no given names among either the Anglo-Saxons or the Norman French, nor to any other likely source in the language of those peoples. On the other hand, it is traceable genealogically, through the settling in England of a family bearing that name, to a certain merchant of Lyons named Peter Waldo, who in the twelfth century attracted considerable attention for his denial of the church's doctrine of transubstantiation and his translation of the gospels into French, or rather the Provencal language.

With this clue it is not difficult to trace his family name (and this was just the period when family names were beginning to come into existence) to a given name among the Goths. Comparatively little is known of the language of this Teutonic race which dominated all southern Europe after smothering the Roman Empire, for both the language and the customs of the Goths gave way rapidly before the superior civilization which they conquered and settled themselves into. Their nomenclature, however, persisted, exerting a powerful influence on that of modern France and Italy.

The given name in question apparently was derived from the Gothic word "Valdan," and signified "one who rules." Names ending in "o" were as typical of the Goths and the Franks as those ending in "a" were of the Anglo-Saxons.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY

When the baby is ill—when he is constipated, has indigestion; colds; colic or simple fever or any of the other many minor ills of little ones—the mother will find Baby's Own Tablets an excellent remedy. They regulate the stomach and bowels, thus banishing the cause of most of the ills of childhood. Concerning them Mrs. E. D. Dugan, Thunder River, Que., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from colic and cried continually. I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets and the relief was wonderful. I now always keep a supply of the Tablets in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Faith

Faith always takes the first step forward. It is sight, which peers far beyond the physical eye's vision, a courier which leads the way, opens the closed door, sees beyond the obstacles, and points to the path which the less spiritual faculties could not see.

Addicted to Smoking

Passenger—"I say, driver, what is the average life of a railway engine?"
Driver—"Oh, about thirty years, sir."

Passenger—"Gracious! I should have thought such a tough-looking thing would last longer than that."
Driver—"Well, perhaps it would, sir, if it didn't smoke so much!"

MONEY ORDERS

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an optimism; never a pessimism.—Emerson.

THE INTRUDER

By René Bizet
Translated by William L. McPherson

I was eighteen years old. For the first time I was free. My parents had allowed me to make a trip alone through the country. For a whole month I could realize my dream of rambling over the Breton roads, my sack on my back, without worrying about the length of the march, sleeping under the stars and eating my bread on the bank of a stream.

Sometimes I was tired and conditions of travel were not favorable. Thus one oppressive July Sunday I regretted that I had not stopped at Sarzeau when it grew dark and the sky clouded over. I had still three good leagues to go to the next village. The southwest wind blew in squalls across the country, forcing me to stop to catch my breath. I was not discouraged until the rain began to fall in torrents, blinding me and almost strangling me. The lightning illuminated the horizon. The thunder and the ocean mingled their tumult so completely that I feared any minute I should reach the edge of a cliff and tumble into the waves below. I had given up hope of finding shelter.

Suddenly I saw on my right a dark mass in the shadows. It must be a house on the side of the road. Who would be cruel enough to refuse hospitality to a drenched wayfarer? I felt for the door. I discovered it and rapped on it. There was no answer. A lightning flash revealed a low, thatched cottage. I rapped again. Not a sound in reply. Then out of irritation than anything else, I seized the knob and turned savagely. The door

opened. I entered with a sigh of relief. Finally I had a refuge.

But where was I? What was going to happen? I drew my lamp from my pocket and walked ahead. There was a long passageway—then to the left a furnished room. I called aloud to awaken the occupants. No voice responded. The house was empty. Since I was the sole possessor for the night and there was little chance that the owners would return in such weather, I decided to install myself as comfortably as possible and go to sleep. I found copper candlesticks on a mantel-piece. I lighted the candles. In the room were chairs, a table and a peasant clothes closet. But all the furniture seemed to have been chosen by a city person with rustic taste rather than by country people.

"It is a lucky chance which brought me here," I said to myself. "At dawn I shall get out, for after that I might not find a welcome."

The tempest raged outside. I was so tired that I closed my eyes as soon as I sat down on the bench which I intended to make my couch, and I thought I was dreaming when I heard these words:

"What are you doing in my house?" I gave a start. No, it was not a dream. Two steps away was a woman who, a candle in her hand, was examining me curiously.

"You came to rob me?"

She spoke so audaciously and had the air of being so little frightened by my presence that I did not know what to answer and contented myself with looking at her closely. She was a young woman and very good-looking, as far as I could judge, for the water was streaming from her clothes. Her locks, escaping from under her hat, were matted against her cheeks. But even so, nothing could alter the purity of her profile, and I could see her wide blue eyes glitter like two pale sapphires.

"Well," she continued, "are you afraid?"

As she said this she drew a revolver from her pocket. I jumped up.

"But, mademoiselle!"

"Don't be afraid. It is not for you. It is for me. So I am going to give you a piece of advice. If you want to keep out of trouble and avoid being accused of a crime, go away. I intend to kill myself. And if they know that you spent the night here—"

I was sure that she was not joking. She expressed herself calmly, without bravado and toyed with the weapon in her hand as she might have toyed with a pendant to her necklace.

"You want to kill yourself?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"For reasons which don't interest you."

"Nevertheless, what justifies you in killing yourself?"

"No—no moralising. If you please. There is something so ridiculous in our dialogue at this hour and in this place, that I almost feel like leaving you here and killing myself outside on the road."

"But it is raining too hard. You want to shoot yourself, but you are afraid of the rain!"

"It is true. And now, go. I beg you, leave me here alone. You don't know me. What difference does it make to you if I kill myself? At my age, when one is tired of life, it is because one has suffered in love. The man whom I loved has just deserted me, in spite of my tears. I am indifferent to everything. I can neither smile nor weep. I ask your pardon for sending you away. But it must be. Go. Continue your journey. Think of me until the dawn. And swear to me that you will never tell any one what you have seen."

She put the weapon and the candle on the table. She pushed me out and slammed the door violently behind me.

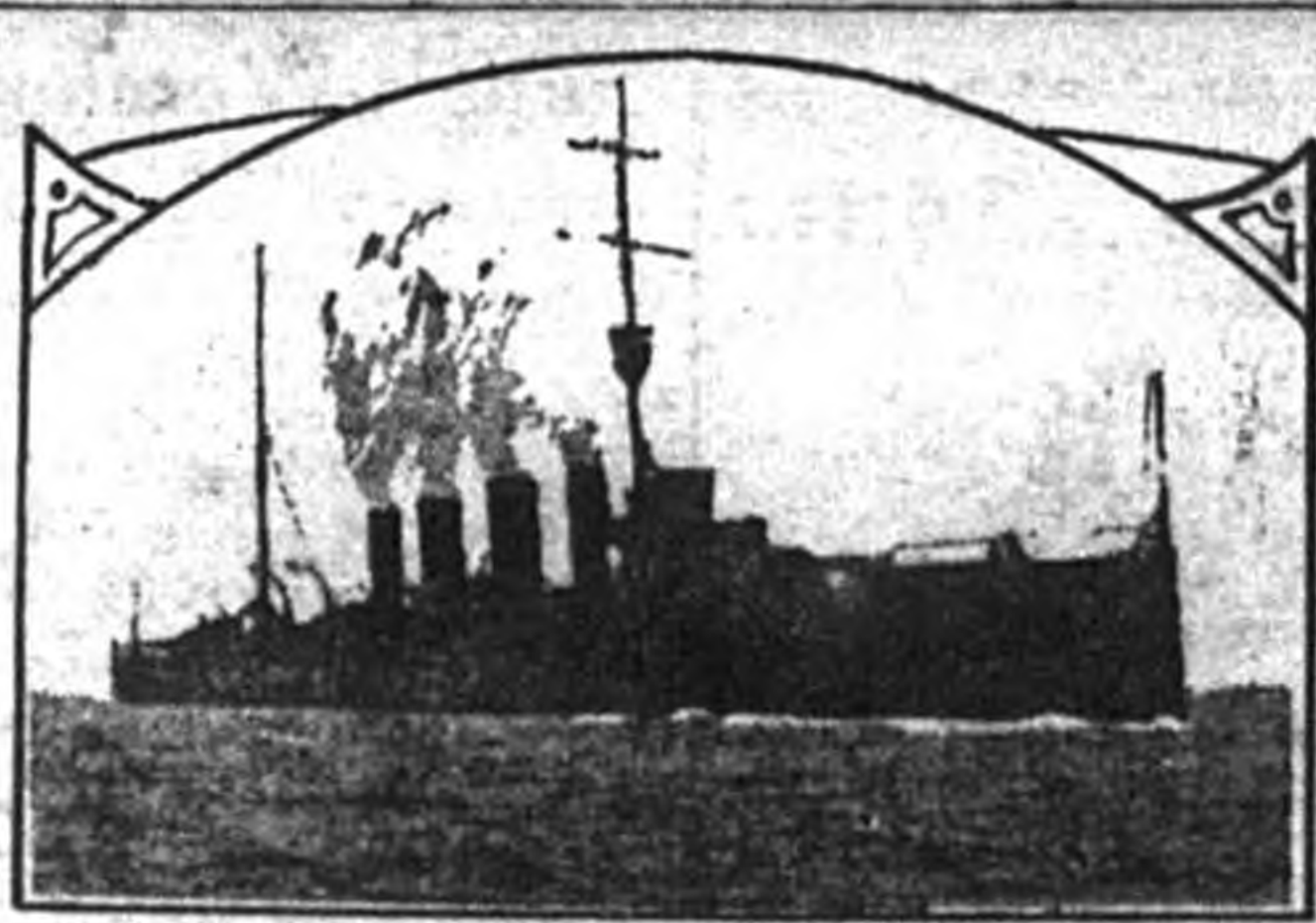
I know that I ought to have resisted, that I ought to have defended her against her folly. But I had neither the time nor the strength to do so. We had talked but a few minutes, and the scene which I had passed through was so strange and so unexpected that out on the road I hardly knew if it had not been all a dream. I walked ahead abstractedly in the rain and mud. I paid no attention to the howling of the wind. I tried to keep on my feet and to plunge through the darkness. I remembered nothing.

Stumbling against a stone and almost falling over it restored me to my senses. My memory came back. There was a thatched house, and a young woman. There was the revolver—and death. There was the drama which I was allowing to be played through. I turned about and ran toward the house. I shouted aloud my remorse, as if man could hear me. I hurried myself at the door. The flames of the candles threw fitful shadows on the wall. I listened. All was silence. I saw her stretched on the bench on which I had lain. I had arrived too late.

I drew nearer and heard the sound of regular breathing. I saw her beautiful hair in a golden network about her closed eyes. Her hands lay on her breast like flowers. The revolver was still on the table. Weary, exhausted, no doubt, she had been overcome by sleep before death appeared.

I put the weapon in my pocket. I blew out the candles. I went out again into the storm, this time joyously, leaving my Sleeping Beauty. I was not, under my vagabond cloak, enough of a Prince Charming to awaken her with a kiss.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.



BRITISH WARSHIPS TO TOUR WORLD.

Five light cruisers of the type shown in the picture are to start in November on a tour of the world in which outlying parts of the Empire will be visited. The ships will include the Delhi, the Dauntless, the Danae, the Dragon and the Dunedin. They will be commanded by Sir Hubert G. Brand.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

May Obtain Relief by Enriching the Blood Supply.

In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, rheumatism was thought to be the unavoidable penalty of middle life and old age. Almost every elderly person had rheumatism, as well as many young people. It was thought that rheumatism was the mere effect of exposure to cold and damp, and it was treated with liniments and hot applications, which sometimes gave temporary relief, but did not remove the trouble. In these days there were many cripples. Now, medical science understands that rheumatism is a disease of the blood, and that with good rich red blood any man or woman of any age can defy rheumatism. There are many elderly people who have never felt a twinge of rheumatism, and many who have conquered it by simply keeping their blood rich and pure. The blood enriching qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is becoming every year more widely known, and the more general use of these pills has robbed rheumatism of its terrors. At the first sign of poor blood, which is shown by loss of appetite, dull skin and dim eyes, protect yourself against further ravages of disease by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have helped thousands—if you give them a fair trial they will not disappoint you. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Timely Thoughts.

Genius does nothing without reason. Music may be termed the universal language of mankind. Music has, like society, its laws of propriety and etiquette. What is genius also than a priestly power revealing God to the human soul.

Music is never stationary, successive forms and styles are only like so many resting places on the road to the ideal.

A sympathetic recognition is assured to everyone who concentrates his art to the divine service of a conviction of a consciousness.

God and Religion.

I wish it were possible to speak of God without the implication of dealing with religion. By this I mean that I am anxious to keep religion out of this subject of the conquest of fear. The minute you touch on religion, as commonly understood, you reach the sectarian. The minute you reach the sectarian you start enemies. The minute you start enemies you get mental discords. The minute you get mental discords no stand against fear is possible.—Basil King, in "The Conquest of Fear."

Good All Year Egg Production.

S. W. Knife.

Now is the time to get your birds into winter quarters. They should be fully matured by this time, and to start off in the race for high egg production for the year, should have a certain amount of surplus flesh and fat. There is no particular secret in getting late Fall and Winter eggs. The essential factors are good stock, well matured (not mongrels, as they cost more to keep and pay less dividends). Hens should be confined from early in October throughout the winter in a well ventilated, dry, frequently cleaned and disinfected house, free from draughts. For each bird allow 3 1/2 to 4 sq. ft. floor space. Provide straw litter about 6 inches deep for them to exercise in. Feed grain in the litter night and morning, and above all, feed at regular times, not 7 a.m. to-day and noon to-morrow.

Laying mash should be available to the hens at all times. They never eat too much of it. Feed greens, mangles, cabbage, etc., daily, if possible.

Remove any sick birds at once. Keep drinking vessels clean. Gather your eggs often and market them before they get old. And you will soon have the pleasure in seeing your profits come in.

A cheap comfort in summer is a shower bath. If you can do no better, even the sprinkler head of a watering pot attached to the bottom of a tangle-keg will serve.

To get the most out of the coming year, we must put the most into it.—James Freeman Clarke.

Classified Advertisements

FEMALES HELP WANTED.

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN AND LIGHT work at home, whole or part time. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

SILVER FOXES—NOTES FROM MY DIARY (Booklet). Price 50¢. Experience, reaching over 25 years. Dr. Randall, Toronto, Nova Scotia.

Debt.

Someone has said that if all the tears that have been shed on account of debt could be gathered into one place they would form a Niagara Falls.

Who could ever estimate the heartaches, the sufferings, the premature deaths caused by debt?

Debt is the killer of ambition, the blighter of hopes and prospects, the murderer of love, the cause of unhappy homes, the monster that makes life, intended to be beautiful and full of promise, a hell upon earth for millions of men and women and for countless little children.

The Russian Press.

The Russian people complain that readable and interesting newspapers in their language have ceased to exist. All they have is an "elaborate machinery for spoiling paper." An observer in Russia writes that under the present government the newspapers are merely the mouthpieces of a small despotic group; the really able journalists have given up their profession, and the daily run of printed matter is little more than a lot of colorless propaganda. Before the revolution the Moscow Ruskoye Slovo had a circulation of more than 1,200,000; to-day the combined circulation of all the soviet press is no more than that.

BOILS!

Minard's kills the inflammation, disinfects and relieves.



ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



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

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

WOMEN FROM FORTY TO FIFTY

Will Be Interested in Mrs. Thompson's Recovery by Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winnipeg, Man.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me good in every way. I was very weak and run-down and had certain troubles that women of my age are likely to have. I did not like to go to the doctor so I took the Vegetable Compound and am still taking it right along. I recommend it to my friends and to any one I know who is not feeling well."—Mrs. Thompson, 803 Lizzie St., Winnipeg, Man.

When women who are between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five are beset with such annoying symptoms as nervousness, irritability, melancholia and heat flashes, which produce headaches, dizziness, or a sense of suffocation, they should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It is prepared from roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from roots and herbs, has for forty years proved its value in such cases. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lowell, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Affections Peculiar to Women."

Produces More Milk at a Profit

FEED grain crops have been light this year, and the quality is poor. How to balance the ration is the problem of every man who keeps cows for profit.

Schumacher Feed is the answer to this problem. It produces more milk at a profit. It is a perfectly balanced ration, manufactured from milled products of corn, barley, oats and wheat, with linseed meal. Cows like the taste of it, and eat every scrap of it. They digest it all.

Dollar for dollar of cost, no other ration compares with Schumacher as a milk producer. Give it a trial. It will make your herd make more money for you.

Schumacher Feed fed regularly brings your hogs to market at the earliest age. It develops good, sound flesh.

SCHUMACHER FEED

Write us regarding your hog and dairy problems. Our Live Stock Service Department can help you. Its advice is free.

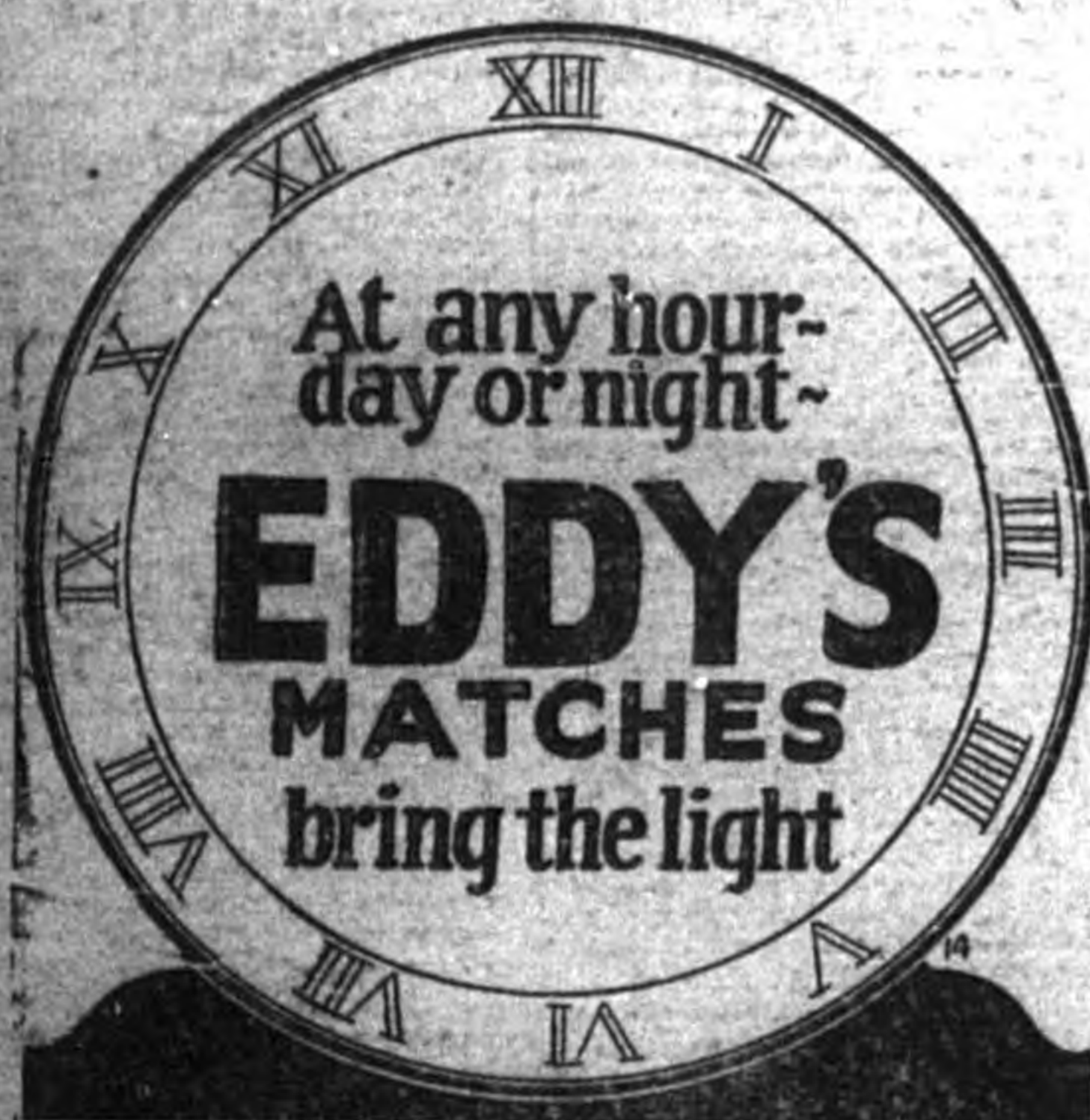
The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

513

For Sale by

G. A. Lowe, Grenville

Eugene Quessal, St. Eugene.



The Store of Real Value

We have just received a new and large assortment of Home-spun Cloth and French Flannel

Ladies' Boots for Fall in all Styles & Colors

COMPLETE COSTUMES in Poiré and Tricotine lined with Crepe-de-Chene Silk

Owing to a change in manufacture we have been able to buy these costumes at very low figure and wish to give our Customers the benefit.

Full supply of Ladies' Dresses and Dress Goods. Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children.

J. D. Lemay

Bethany Street, - Lachute.

FALL SHOES

For Men, Women and Children.

We can fit your feet and your pocket book from our large stock. **SEMI-READY TAILORING.**

The choicest novelties of the season in styles and fabrics are ready for your choosing.

Ready made Suits for Men and Boys always in stock.

A full assortment of Warm Winter Coats, Pants, Caps, Gloves and Mitts, Overalls, Shirts and socks, etc.

This is the store to get just what you want in these lines, and our prices are the most reasonable.

DR. SCHOOL'S FOOT COMFORT SERVICE.

W. G. Staniforth, Main St., Lachute

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, NOV. 9th, 1923.

THE WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, Amusements etc., 25 cents minimum; over three (3) lines, 50 cents.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 25 cents.

All local advertising any event from which there are financial proceeds, will be charged at the following rates,—three (3) lines or under 25cts. For each additional line, 10 cents a line extra.

Extra. A line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

Legal Advertising,—\$1.40 per inch.

Subscription \$1.50 in advance: 10 points in Canada, and \$2.00 in the United States.

EN PASSANT.

"And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy, to guard."

NEXT Monday, the 12th of November, will be Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving is the officially recognized short-period of Gratitude which wells up within us, for one hour or two, once a year, like Christian Charity on Christmas Day.

I hope I may not hurt anybody's feelings by reminding them that the observance is of a distinctly pagan origin. In these hypersensitive days one has to be careful in attributing a pagan origin to anything, even in view of the fact that we are of pagan origin ourselves.

Ceres, in Roman mythology, was the goddess of the earth's produce, and the festivals to Ceres, the Cerialia, were the most elaborate displays that the Romans gave, consisting of a grand show of games, according to the Roman style of celebrating.

Practically, Thanksgiving Day is an annual national harvest festival, fixed by proclamation, and ranking as a legal holiday, almost exactly as was the festival to Ceres. This year Armistice Day is incorporated with Thanksgiving and an added significance is given to the festival, although a precedent was set in the States by a proclamation in 1784, when "Thanksgiving for the return of peace" was added to the usual Harvest Festival inaugurated by the Pilgrim Fathers in 1621.

It is now five years since the occupation of Mons by the Canadians ushered in the Armistice. Historical writers tell us that it takes a period of ten years after a war for things to straighten themselves out, so that, taking armistice day as representing the end of the war, we are halfway towards the much to be desired return to normal.

There are some who will not believe this. They say things are never the same again, and they say right. War is primarily a drastic means of making things different, and keeping them different. "Social Reconstruction" before the war was a subject dealt with by reformers of a didactic type. They talked dogmatically, and wrote treatises on the subject, while the practical aspect of the question was taken up by rabid revolutionaries, filled with political visions, who set society against them and their designs, by reason of their crude methods. "For four years," writes a deep student of the subject, "the drama of the war had obscured the social question which had been developing in the western civilisations, throughout the nineteenth century." Then when the war was over the question reappeared, gaunt and bare, as it had never been seen before.

The London Daily Express points out that in the good old-fashioned days, after a continental war, Britain returned "within her own sea-domain, minded her own business, and left Europe to manage her. It looks to me as if this ancestral plan will have to be copied during the next five years, if the straightening out process is going to evolve within the usual ten-years-after-the-war period, assigned by historians.

Unification of the empire may be denounced as a selfish ideal, but after all is said, it is just as natural as breathing, which is a common selfish practice.

What good, for example, can we possibly do to the Bolsheviks of Russia? They set about their own social reconstruction in their own way, according to their own lights. No concert of Europe or combinations of nations can drive into their heads the notion that they have made a mistake. They have failed to set up a workable communism, and their demonstration of the uncreative barrenness of the Marxist doctrine is complete. Russia has not regained her foothold, her industries have died of starvation, and her system of production has reverted to the peasant producing for his own needs and hiding the surplus.

The kindest treatment the rest of the world can accord to Russia is to let them work out their own salvation, and this, as far as it goes, is but an example of minding our own business.

In the meantime we could be actively employed in tackling our own problems so that the claims of our own paramount interests may reach an early solution.

"Foreign relations" have always had a glitter and a glamour for some nations, but to become expert in international affairs should not depreciate the administration of their internal affairs. A good public man is always more appreciated when it is known that he is a good private citizen. Similarly, a nation with a good home record shall always have a better reception abroad than the mediocre country whose internal affairs are in a state of chronic confusion.

That "Charity begins at home" is a wise saying, and international influence, and Thanksgiving, are in the same class.

When Love, and Influence and the Thankful Spirit are incubated and fostered at home, nothing will impede their growth. They will run over their original limits and embrace all who come within their extended boundaries, and their relations with wider areas will become more and more amicable.

Here, at home in Canada, we have much to be thankful for. The harvest has been bountiful. It frequently is: The dollar stands well, and our internal problems are such as a self-respecting country will handle with confidence.

One strain of gladness which should run through our Song of Thanksgiving next Monday, is that Canada has not succumbed to that malady, the suggestion of approaching doom, which was drummed into her ears a while ago, when the "Whisper of Death" went round.

"Canada is on the brink of disaster! One more step, and over she goes!" shouted the "whispering" watcher. But, behold, Canada slipped not. She may have been near the edge, but with unfaltering steps she was measuring her resources from sea to sea, and taking stock of herself and her goodly heritage.

Canada is not ever likely to throw herself over the giddy heights of despair while she continues to have so much to be thankful for and cherish as so well the Thankful Spirit.

THE LINKMAN.

BROWNSBURG INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

GRADE VIII. Spelling and Dictation.

Honours,—Jack Stewart 97, Alma Fletcher 96, Doris Golpin 95, Beattie Mason, Ellen MacGibbon 94, Marion Bain 94, Florence Murdoch 93, Ida Fletcher 91, Cuthbert MacQuaig 90.
First Class,—Violet Murdoch 89, Leona Thompson 89, Grace Moncrieff 89, Sarah MacVicar 87, Alex. Masson 87, Robert MacArthur 86, Alwyn Stewart 82.

GRADE VII. History.

Honours,—Alex. MacGibbon 96.
First Class,—Ivan Monk 86, Mansel Wilson 82, Wilbert Hardie 75, Alfreda Zimmers 75.
Second Class,—John Galbraith 70, Lawrence Davis 69, Mary Black 69.
Third Class,—Fred Witham 55, Melvin Wilson 50.

GRADE VI. French.

Honours,—Edith Brown 90.
First Class,—Dorothea Macdonald 89, Violet Golpin 86, Ayleen Dresser 77, Doris Reid 78.
Second Class,—Willie Woods 73, Polly Duncan 70, Agnes Duncan 64, Evaline Highfield 61.
Third Class,—Lorne Martin 58, Harry Ball 56, Alex. MacCulloch 56.

GRADE V. Arithmetic.

Honours,—Hazel Boyd 96, Howard Tomalty 93.
First Class,—Lorne Ball 89, Donald Boyd 85, Wyman Hazel 83, Walter McQuat 81, Agnes Elliott 79, Willie Mason 76, Douglas Stewart 76.
Second Class,—Ward Moncrieff 72, Daisy Seary 69, Nellie Hazel 67, John Brown 62.
Third Class,—George Connelly 57.

GRADE IV. Spelling.

Honours,—Frank McGibbon 98, George Stewart 96, Herbie Graven 95, Jackie Seary 92, Lizzie Seary and Francis K-tyle 91.
First Class,—Ivy Steere 88, Edna Woods 87, Gordon Anderson 85, William Tomalty 83, Kenneth McAllister 80, Lily Whyte 79, Mildred Cooper 77, Leslie Beecroft 76.

GRADE III. Mental Arithmetic.

Jean McQuat 78.
UPPER SCHOOL BROWNSBURG.

GRADE III. Spelling.

Honours,—Ethel Kettyle, Hilda Jackson, Patsy Seary 99, Winnie White 98, Geraldine McQuaig, Stanley Seary, David Golpin 97, Earle MacGibbon 96, Lily Green, Dorothy Dresser 94, Albert Gagne 92, Emily Roberts 90.
First Class,—Edith Gilmour 86, Norman Buckingham 86, Willie Hazel 79.

GRADE II. Spelling.

Honours,—Katie Mott 99, Dorothy Tomalty 98, Eric King 96, Irvin Martin 95, Margaret Galbraith 94, Harry White 92.
First Class,—Monica Roberts 89, Mabel Monk 86.

GRADE I. PART II. Rapid Arithmetic.

Honours,—Sidney Seary, George Golden and Gordon Mott 95, Cecelia Martin 94, Doris Bourne 92, Eva Hazel 90.
First Class,—Ruby Bradford 86, Alvin Connelly and Arthur Green 84, Hilda Townsend 82, Chester Fletcher 78, Louis Beecroft, Charlie Golden, A. Brown 70.

Second Class,—Cuthbert Marshall, Gwyneth Wilson 74, George Leroux 62.
Third Class,—Frankie Steere 54, Winnie Seary 52.

Report of Quebec Women's Institutes

Upper Lachute W.I. is a very keen branch gradually pushing forward. A paper was read at the last meeting on "The Sociability Among Women." A Halloween supper was planned.

Lakefield enrolled one new member at the October meeting. This branch served dinner and supper to the farmers who took part in the Plowing Match held by the Farmer's Club. The institute also gave a donation toward the prizes, and assistance was given in serving hot lunch in the schools. Sewing and knitting is being done for the Girls' Industrial School, Sweetsburg, and for the Memorial Hospital, Montreal.

Argenteuil county has suffered a great loss in the death of their County President, Mrs. David Todd. The sympathy of the entire organization is extended to the bereaved family and to the Institutes.

Bank of Nova Scotia
methods, policy and principles during ninety one years of banking experience have enabled the bank to render a service international in scope yet personal to thousands of individuals. That service is available to you whenever you demand it.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

ESTABLISHED 1832
Paid-up Capital \$ 10,000,000
Reserve " 19,500,000
Total Assets " 219,999,000

J. R. Parris, Manager, Lachute. Branches at Brownsburg, Calumet, Grenville and St. Andrews East.

23B

INCORPORATED 1885
Capital and Reserve \$9,000,000
Over 125 Branches

THE MOLSONS BANK

Offers Good Banking Facilities

to Merchants, Manufacturers and Farmers, etc.

Savings Departments at every Branch.

5-912

W. A. Houston, Mgr. Lachute Branch

THE REAL FIT

I wish to announce to my caste mers and friends that I have secured the services of Mr. L. Guilbault, well-known as a first class tailor, who along with my other hands will be in a position to fill orders better than ever.

I invite you to come and see my summer goods as I have a good stock at right prices.

All suits made by me keep the ir shape and appearance until worn out.

I keep as usual a first class stock or ready to wear suits, Gent's furnishings, Hats and Caps.

GEOFFROY BEDARD

THE TAILOR.

Main Street, - Lachute.

Fall & Winter Coats for Ladies' & Misses

The very newest cloth and style in: Mardelle, Boullivia, Velour, Check Back with or without furs, we have the nicest and biggest assortment we ever had.

Just arrived Dresses in Tricotine, Serges, Canton Crepe and Near Crepe very fine styles and all colours.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits, are complete and we are inviting you to see them. They are the newest in style, and colours, and our prices are very low. So come in and find out.

Don't Forget Our Friday Sales.

H. M. Lavigne, - Lachute Mills

Opposite T. McQuat & Son's Store.

Miss M. V. Slater

Main St., Lachute.

Jewellery, Watches Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass and Electric Table Lamps, for Wedding, Birthday and all other Presentations. Necklets and Pendants, Brooches, Society and other Tie Pins and Buttons. Cuff and Collar Buttons, Eye Glass Chains, Signet, Fancy and Wedding

Rings—all solid gold, gold-filled or silver. Silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, also Pie-Plates, Fern Dishes, Waterman's Fountain Pens and Ink, Auto-stop Safety Razors, Etc.

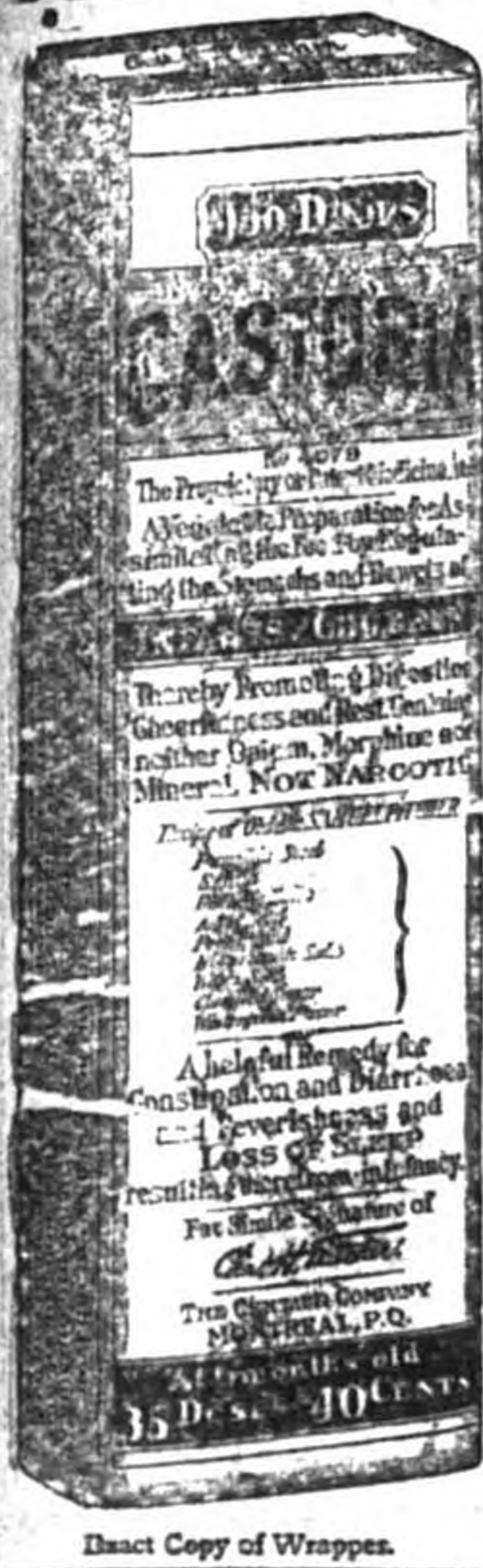
Mail orders are solicited and will receive most careful and prompt attention

Re-plating, Engraving and all Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs quickly done and guaranteed.

A full line of the famous "Pyrex" Baking Glass

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, French Ivory etc.

All of the highest quality.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
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Always
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In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

of Exams.

GRADE XI.
Algebra
Honours.—William Perks 100,
Kathleen Morrison 94.
First Class.—Gerald Hammond 88,
Melville Smith 80.
Second Class.—Gavin Graham 73,
Evelyn MacCallum 67, Margaret Scott
77, Donald Hay 66.
Third Class.—Duncan Cumming
51.

GRADE X.
Geometry.
Honours.—Elsie Todd 100, Harold
Calder 96, Evelyn Mathews 96, Bes-
sie Rodgers 94, Irvin Bain 92.
First Class.—Elizabeth Murray 88,
Lloyd Somerville 88, Norma Boyd 86,
Edgar Burwash 84, Hazel Leishman
84, Ethel Doig 82, Ena Black 80, Geo.
Miles 78, Alta Macdonald 78.
Second Class.—Perry Cooke 74,
Hazel Kettle 72, Gertrude Gilmour
68, Ethel McQuat 66.
Third Class.—Christie Robertson
58, Hazel Morrison 54, Charles Mil-
ler 52, Hazel Copeland 50, Ena Mas-
on 50.

GRADE IX.
Latin.
First Class.—Kenneth MacGibbon
89, Wallace Wilson 86, Wilhelmina
Clark 84, Carl Gordon 83, Marjorie
MacKinnon 77.
Second Class.—Lena Graham 69,
Roy MacGregor 68, Gladys Warwick
66.
Third Class.—Ethel Scott 59, Ed-
ward Morrison 58, Evelyn Kelly 58,
May Yelland 55, Bessie Black 54,
Stella Scott 51, Edmund Smith 51.

GRADE VIII.
English Literature.
Honours.—Annie Kelly 98, Annie
Miller 97, Agnes Duncan 96, How-
ard Doig 95.
First Class.—Dorothy Morrison 88,
Winnie Clifford 85, Elinor McCoy
83, Erma Morrison 83, Geo. Taylor
82, Ethel Dixon 78, Ethel Morrison
75.
Second Class.—Ruth Leishman 74,
Reta Jones 73, Iona Westgate 73,
Willie Staniforth 72, Russell Elliott
70, Gordon Debbie 70, Erma Bennett
69, Nathan Jacobson 65, Milton Daw-
son 64, Bessie Morris 62.
Third Class.—Janet McQuat 58,
Alma Boa 56, Evelyn Cruise 56, Les-
lie Gordon 56, Reta Boyd 54, Grace
Rodgers 52, Lizzie Hay 50, Amy Pat-
terson 50.

GRADE VII.
Scripture.
Honours.—None.
First Class.—Helen Hutchinson 86,
Cristina Villet 75.
Second Class.—Doris Prophet 73,
Lloyd Cruise 60.
Third Class.—James Logan 69,
Laura Noble 63, Eric Middleton 62,
Hazel McKiddle 62, Dorina Laurin
51.

GRADE VI.
Scripture.
Honours.—Freda Mason 97, Gwen
MacKinnon 94, Rebecca Cohen 91.
First Class.—Hartland Paul 88,
Kathleen MacKinnon 86, Alma Duncan
85, Eileen MacKinnon 84, Reta Boyd 83,
Marion Mathews 82, Christina Mac-
Kenzie 81.
Second Class.—Gladys Cruise 73,
Florence Hay 69, George Paul 61.
Third Class.—Edgar Cruise 58, Sam
Cohen 57, K. McPaul 55, Stanley
Boyd 50.

GRADE V.
Spelling and Dictation.
Honours.—Stuart Jones 100, Sam
Rashevsky 100, Doris Armstrong 98,
Raymond Underhill 97, Sophie Jacob-
son 97, Lena Combie 95, Rowena Cow-
an 90.
First Class.—Raymond Cunningham
89, Edgar Dion 88, Lorne Wert
88, Janet Hay 87, Barbara Cunningham
87, Gordon McPaul 80, Olive
Staniforth 79, Elsie McPaul 79, E.
Joussie 77, Morton Morrison 75.

GRADE IV.
Spelling and Dictation.
Honours.—Violet Falconer 100,
Eleanor Armstrong 99, Garfield Clark
98, Gordon Drysdale 98, Mary Lennon
94, Hannah Rodgers 94, Edgar Scott
94, Isabel Cleland 93, Roland Dion
93, Elizabeth Goldworthy 92, The-
lma Wert 91, Howard Jones 90.
First Class.—Hugh Gall 89, Kath-
leen Clunie 88, Kenzie Cowan 85,
Roland Cruise 85, Charles Lennon 83,
James Beech 81, Mary Villet 81, Yvone
Charlebois 79, Hugh MacKinnon
75.

GRADE III.
Arithmetic.
Honours.—Gilbert Black 100, And-
row Fulton 100, R. Rashevsky 100,
Elizabeth Joy 99, Wilson Gall 97,
Clayton Boyd 97, Bob Houston 97,
Edna Belanger 96, Stewart Anderson
90.
First Class.—Louisa Villet 89, Ar-
chie MacKenzie 88, Amy Morrison 86,
Louisa Goldworthy 86, Therese Del-
larie 85, Arthur Belanger 79, Win-
ston Drew 77, Paul Lico 77, Archie
Cleland 75.

GRADE II.
Second Class.—Maurien Bernier
73, Joey Bernier 73, Elsie MacVicar
69, Doris Dion 66, Delmar Boyd 66,
Carl Demore 64, Olive Elkinington
63, Willie Davis 55, Allan Doig 54.

GRADE I.
First Class.—Louisa Villet 89, Ar-
chie MacKenzie 88, Amy Morrison 86,
Louisa Goldworthy 86, Therese Del-
larie 85, Arthur Belanger 79, Win-
ston Drew 77, Paul Lico 77, Archie
Cleland 75.

GRADE I.
There will be sold by Public Auc-
tion at the residence of
ANDREW GRANDMAISON,
Lachute Road.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, '23.
The following effects—3 work
horses, 1 driving mare 8 years old,
1 blood horse 3 1/2 years old, 1 blood
horse 2 1/2 years old, 3 milch cows,
1 heifer 2 1/2 years old, 1 heifer 1
and half years old, 1 spring calf, 6 pigs
2 and half months old, 1 fat pig,
2 sets of double harness, 1 set of ex-
press harness, 1 set of light buggy
harness, 2 double waggon, 1 set of
double bob sleighs, 1 set of single
bob sleighs, 1 mowing machine, 2
horse rakes, 1 disc harrow for 3
horses, 1 disc harrow for 2 horses,
1 reaper, 1 corn cutter, 1 single plow,
1 gasoline engine 5 H.P., 1 St. Cath-
erine sleigh, 2 buggies, 2 cutters,
1 separator, 1 cooking stove, 1 double
stove, 1 Quebec Heater, a quantity of
hay.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.
TERMS: \$5.00 and under cash,
over that amount 6 months credit on
furnishing approved joint notes. 5
per cent off for cash.

"The best pies I ever made"



**Quaker
Flour**

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

"The loveliest I ever baked" is what you will
say of all your cakes and pies if you bake with
Quaker Flour.

Your baking will always be best with Quaker
Flour because Quaker quality is always the
same, and always the best. Quaker Flour is
rigidly tested during the milling process, and
samples of each day's product are baked by
our staff of expert bakers.

Every sack is sold under our guarantee of
absolute satisfaction, or the dealer will give
you your money back without question.

Our master baker has collected a number of
original recipes for home-made bread which
we will gladly send you, on request.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same—Always the Best

DISTRIBUTORS

LACHUTE: R. Creswell, Reg'd. Geo. Paul. CALUMET: S. M. Brennan. GRENVILLE: G. A. Laws.

MY TRIP TO EUROPE.

To Watchman Readers:—

By the time this correspondence
reaches Lachute about seven weeks
will have elapsed since I assisted in
getting the paper ready for Thurs-
day publication of September 14th,
and thinking perhaps our readers
might like to know a little of my
movements I am writing a brief
sketch of my trip.

When last I visited the Old Land,
it was under vastly different con-
ditions and while the vessels are large
and speedy, they could not at that
time convey any idea of ocean travel
such as is experienced when going
on a pleasure trip.

The "Doric" on which I crossed,
is one of the new White Star Liners,
having every modern convenience
and comfort. These comprise:—
A library, gymnasium, children's
play-room, and a small printing office,
where the menus are prepared, and
thanks to the wireless, where the
daily newspaper is published for
its many anxious readers. The voy-
age across was uneventful, nothing
more exciting than seeing two huge
icebergs and a couple of whales spout-
ing. The ship carries also a skilled
doctor, and while crossing the 3rd
Engineer was taken seriously ill. An
operation was immediately performed
and the man's life undoubtedly
saved. We arrived in Liverpool on
Sunday afternoon, and were soon
speeding on our way to London. The
first thing one notices, is the ease
in which the trains travel and quite
often we were going between 80 and
70 miles per hour. This is of course
made possible by the smallness of
the trains and the fact that the ties
or sleepers are placed on the ground,
the gravel being then filled in where-
as ours are imbedded in the ground.
The former, of course makes the rid-
ing much more smooth.

London is just as busy as ever,
and I stood gazing in amazement
at the wonderful control the police-
men have over the traffic. When
you consider that there are as many
people (some 8 millions) in London
City alone, with its small area, as
in the whole of Canada, you will have
some idea of the number of pedestri-
ans and autos traveling about, and
with it all there are few accidents.
The underground railways and tubes,
assist greatly with the traveling prob-
lem, and are most effective in tak-
ing one to any part of the city or
its suburbs. Owing to the dense pop-
ulation houses are very scarce, and
building is progressing slowly. Practi-
cally all houses are constructed of
brick with tile or slate roof and wood
forms a very minor part of the build-
ings.

The unemployment question is
very serious, and owing to the keen
competition of Foreign Countries,
there are thousands looking for work.
In looking through the papers, I have
seen no "Want Ads.", such as ap-
pear by columns in the Montreal
Star.

While in London I had the pleasure
of a visit with Capt. Ledoux, one of
our old town boys, who it will be
remembered joined up during the ear-
ly stages of the war, despite the fact
that he had a wooden leg. He is
working with the Government here
and likes England very well.

The roads being very fine, I pro-
cured a motor-cycle, and it certainly
is an ideal way of seeing the coun-
try. From London I headed for Dover,
a distance of some 75 miles, stop-
ping for an hour or so to view the
wonders of Canterbury Cathedral,
and seeing the spot where Thos.
A'Beckett one of the famous old Ar-
chbishops, met his death. The archi-
tecture and ancient carvings, together
with the colored symbol windows are
still in excellent condition, and show
great workmanship. To describe the
scenery along the route would be
rather difficult, but to look down
from the hills, on the well kept farms
with here and there a patch of yel-
low and green, gave me the impres-
sion of a painting rather than a real-
ity. Passing through the little ham-
lets and villages with their thatched
roof houses was most interesting.

Dover, situated on the south coast
nestles down amongst the hills and
being both a naval and military sta-
tion is a most important city. Here
there are high cliffs of chalk, and
all along the top still are the mili-
tary defences, with the old time castle

and its many interesting relics. It
was here that the successful attempts
were made at swimming the channel
and where some of the first land-
ings were made during the Aerial
flights from France.

Crossing by boat, a distance of 21
miles soon brought us to Calais, and
after the usual procedure of custom
examination, I was soon speeding on
my way to what was once the
"Front Line," only of course this time,
under very different circumstances,
to that of war time. By evening I
had reached Arras, a town of some
7,000 population. The chief point of
note in most of these towns is the
"Grand Place," resembling Victoria
Square, only on a much smaller scale.

These, as well as the town roads
are all cobble-stones, which makes
riding as well as walking, very rough.
Somewhere in the Square is the Vil-
lage Pump, which is used by all, not
fortunate enough to have such con-
venience. In the villages it is cus-
tomary for the farmers to live there,
keeping their stock, while their land
for cultivation is perhaps a few miles
away. Further out however they re-
side on the farm. Small Breakfast
or Petit Dejeuner, consists of bread
and butter, with black coffee, while
Breakfast at 1 o'clock and dinner at
7:30 p.m., comprise soup, two kinds
of meat, bread and butter and fruit
(grapes, apples, pears). At present
the franc is very low, running 76 to
the Pound Sterling; that is only about
one third of its normal value or ap-
proximately 6 cts. The average hotel
rates, including meals, are about 10
francs per diem, which is very reason-
able. Dogs are used to push along
small carts and are generally harnes-
sed underneath where they seem quite
contented and happy in helping with
the routine work of their owner.

Leaving Arras I headed for St. Hil-
aire and Lille and to again enter
the old bars and stand where once
we used to sleep during war time,
brought back old memories, none of
which were any too pleasant, altho'
there were many happy times spent
when all together. On the other hand
it rather gave me a feeling of thank-
fulness to think the war was over
and that I had such a good home to
return to. Needless to say, visiting
the Cemeteries was rather sad, but
it is nice to think that everything
possible has been done, and that the
graves of those who made the sup-
reme sacrifice are being so well look-
ed after. Passing along Vimy,
through Lens and on to Arras, it was
impossible to pick out any of the old
familiar spots, as everywhere, new
buildings are being put up, and while
a lot of the debris has been cleared
away, there still remain many bare
walls. The old Army Huts are in
great use and the market place of
those cities most destroyed, resembles
the midway of an Ottawa or Toronto
Exhibition, only on a much larger
scale. There are hundreds of tents
where the merchants specialize in
different things, each one trying to
push his own line, which may be
meat, cheese, confectionery, dry-goods
tinware etc. In Arras, the station has
all been rebuilt as have many of
the other principle buildings, but the
huge Cathedral is still a mass of
ruins, which it will take years to re-
place. To look round and see the
destruction that has been wrought
and the hardship which still exists,
makes one little wonder that France
is so eager for her rights. Among
the average class the mode of living
is very different to ours, and on
Sunday nearly all stores are open un-
til noon, while the Beer and Wine
Houses (Estaminets) remain open
all day.

French soldiers are always to be
seen, and here it is compulsory for
every available man, on reaching the
age of 20, to spend 18 months in
military training.

At Cambrai I was able to walk
over the field where wounded, altho'
now all under cultivation, and
close by, view the graves of several
comrades killed on the same day.
Trenches are still in evidence, though
all caved in, but, barbed wire, old
mess tins, shells and many remnants
are still lying around.

The French Capital was my next
stop and it is well named "Gay Paris."
The buildings and gardens are won-
derful, and the artistic display of the
store windows, has a very drawing
effect on one's pockets. Taking a
Cook's Tour round by auto, gave me
a splendid view of the city, while we

visited some of the churches, the ar-
chitecture and stained glass windows
ing the war all these symbol windows
were removed and packed away ow-
ing to their great value, as the secret
of staining was lost many years ago
and nothing has ever been discovered
to equal it.

From Paris I went through Bel-
gium on into Germany and the oc-
cupied territory. British and
French soldiers are there on guard
and very often "Stand To," in case
of trouble. While in Cologne, we
viewed the famous cathedral, 521 ft.
long and the same height, the huge
bell of which weighing 29 tons, and
given by Kaiser Bill's Grandfather,
was taken down shortly before the
war ended to be used for ammunition,
owing to the shortage of metal.

The greatest difficulty it seems in Ger-
many is the daily change in value
of the mark, which is practically
worthless and you almost need a book-
keeper, for when you have to add in
thousands of millions, it gets rather
conflicting. I was surprised at the
general appearance of the people,
who were all well dressed, and many
of them better than some in their
neighboring countries who suffered
and lost so much. Movies and restau-
rants with first class orchestras
are in full swing with plenty of cus-
tomers. The hardest hit seems to be
the laborer, who with his small wage,
and constant change of money value
finds it very hard, to get along. Mer-
chandise has greatly increased and is
very little cheaper than that of other
countries, while train travel is
much dearer than in France. Strict
guard is kept along the Frontiers
and coming back into France we were
examined several times.

After again visiting Paris, I crossed
from Dieppe to New Haven and
back in England, which next to Can-
ada of course, is a beautiful country.

I am now at Brighton, enjoying the
miles of sea-front, and intend motor-
ing along the south coast to Wey-
mouth, then on to Bristol and Lon-
don, after which I set sail for the
Good Old Land of the Maple Leaf.

Written by BOB. GILES.

A very enjoyable evening was spent
last Wednesday, at the home of Miss
Marion Slater, when she acted as
hostess at the Bridge Club party.

Bridge was played at four tables,
and prizes were won by the Misses
Beattie McGibbon, Pauline Paquette
and Lyla Kearna.

Lovely selections were rendered on
the violin by Miss Blanche Ayers;
piano solos and duets by the Misses
Juliette Rodrique, V. A. Thibault, P.
Paquette and J. Desjardins.

The room was artistically decorated
with flowers and those present
were: The Misses B. J. McGibbon,
Blanche Ayers, J. Tomalty, A. Dixon,
A. and F. Lalonde, G. Lemay, V. A.
Thibault, F. Lavigne, L. Kearna, J.
Desjardins, J. Rodrique and Pauline
Paquette.

TWO MINUTE SILENCE ON SUNDAY AT 11 A.M. TO MARK ARMISTICE.

In accordance with arrangements
for the observance of Armistice Day
sanctioned by His Majesty the King,
the people of Canada are invited to
mark the occasion by a two minutes
silence at eleven o'clock, Sunday morn-
ing, Nov. 11.

This is a special observance sug-
gested by His Majesty, and is in ad-
dition to the regular celebration of
the date recognized by the Canadian
parliament for the Monday follow-
ing.

NOTICE.

The fourth annual show of the
Bromburg and District Foultry As-
sociation will be held on Nov. 9 and
10th. Entries will be closed on Nov.
5th and no birds will be accepted
after that date.

Gordon J. Todd Sec.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears

the

Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

The fancy-work, Committee of the
Ladies Aid, met at Mrs. W. Lamb's
on Monday evening.

The 500 Club was entertained by
the Misses Walsh on Friday evening,
the prize winners being Miss Walsh
and Mrs. N. P. MacGregor.

Thursday being all Saint's Day,
there was a celebration of the Holy
Eucharist in Christ Church at 10:30
in the morning.

Among those in Montreal during
the past week, were:—Mrs. Geo.
Jeffrey and Miss Henry, Mrs. W.
Jeffrey, Mrs. O. Dorion and little Miss
Andrey Williams, and Mr. E. Neve.

There was a very good meeting of
the members of Christ Church W.A.
at the home of Mrs. Shaw, last Thurs-
day afternoon. The next meeting
will be at Mrs. H. W. Robertson's
on Thursday Nov. 15th.

A very successful meeting of the
Presbyterian Church Ladies Aid was
held at the home of Mrs. W. Lamb
last Thursday afternoon at which
it was decided to hold a Christmas
Sale of work etc., in the near future.

Wednesday last, being Hallowe'en
Spooks were in evidence, harmless
little jokes were played, and some
pleasant little evenings spent. Un-
fortunately some from out-side our
Community thought it necessary to
exceed fun, forgetting that when per-
sonal or government property was
injured or destroyed it ceased to be
fun.

A foot-ball team from the Lachute
Academy, with their Principal Mr.
Brunt, were in St. Andrews East on
Saturday afternoon for a friendly
game of foot-ball with the boys of
the Consolidated School. The visit-
ors were the victors by 2-0. Both
teams and their friends were after-
wards entertained by some of the St.
Andrews Ladies at the home of Mrs.
Pitcairn.

MORIN HEIGHTS.

Mrs. Wm. Doherty spent some days
lately in Lachute.

Miss Vera McCullough left Tues-
day to teach at Killbenny.

Mr. R. McDonald is spending the
week with friends in Arundel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Deacon, of La-
chute, were visitors here last Sun-
day.

Rev. and Mrs. I. H. Lackey were
visitors this week at the Rectory at
Lachute.

Messrs. A. Stapledon and N. Hunt-
ing completed the cemetery fence this
week.

Miss Muriel Dawson, teacher at
St. Therese, was a Morin visitor,
Friday evening.

The W.A. had a well attended and
successful meeting at Mrs. Thomas
Seale's, Thursday afternoon.

Messrs. Lawson and Wm. Kennedy
and Thomas McCullough have gone
north to work in lumber camps.

We are sorry to hear of the death
of Mrs. Smart of Montreal, who spent
a goodly part of the summer here.

Miss Mille Davis of Ottawa and
Mr. Walter Forester, of Sacramento,
Cal., are guests at Mrs. Arthur Davis
residence.

A number of our local sports have
been successful in deer hunts; am-
ongst the younger ones being Ches-
ter Wood and John Gibbons.

Other teachers here for the week-
end were Misses Hazel Kaddy and
Hutchings of Montreal and Miss E.
McCullough at the parental home.

Memorial Services will be held in
Trinity Church, Sunday, Armistice
Day at 7 p.m., in which everyone is
invited to participate.

The Cemetery Committee are anx-
ious that applicants locate their plots
at once, so that boundaries may be
marked and the map made before the
snow of winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs.
Chas. and baby, and Miss Irene
McKay motored from Hemmingford last
Sunday and were guests at the Vi-
carage till Tuesday last.

The Committee of L.O.L. No. 2818
are to be congratulated on the suc-
cess of the Box Social and Dance on
Nov. 2nd. An enjoyable time was
spent netting the lodge \$50.00. A
short literary programme was well
rendered by Mr. and Mrs. N. Hunt-
ing, Misses Marjorie and Millie Syv-
ret and Miss Gibson, a visitor from
California.

GRENVILLE.

Mr. Fraser Carson spent a few
days at his home here recently.

Miss M. Chantal is spending a few
days in Montreal visiting friends.

Mrs. Willie Steele, of Hawkesbury,
attended the funeral of her sister-in-
law, Miss Emma Steele on Friday
last.

Mrs. Allan McKay has returned
home from Montreal where he en-
joyed almost three weeks visiting
friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo and Mrs. Ernest
King, of Montreal, accompanied Mrs.
A. McKay home and spent Sunday
with Mrs. W. McKay and family.

We are sorry to hear that Miss
Gladys Grey, youngest daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Grey has had a
serious operation on her throat, but
at last report was doing nicely.

The Misses Louisa and Henrietta
MacMillan of Montreal are at pre-
sent guests of their sister Mrs. Car-
son before leaving for Florida where
they intend spending the winter.

Interesting News.

During his visit to Ottawa, letters
poured in upon the Prince of Wales
from every part of Canada, giving
invitations and requesting auto-
graphs. His Royal Highness was ad-
dressed in many curious ways, such
as "Mr. Rerfrew," and "Mr. Wales,"
but the palm must be awarded to
the correspondent, whose communi-
cation was addressed to "Edward P.
Renfrew," a delightful combination
of the Prince's official signature and
the title under which he travelled in
Canada.

The Prince of Wales informed Mr.
Martin, Mayor of Montreal that he
would probably return to Canada in
about two years' time.

What's in a Name?

Name-plates do not give, in these
days the information they used to.
A tramp stopped before a large house
the other day upon the door of which
hung a brass plate bearing the name
of "Dr. Ross." Upon ringing the
bell he was answered by a woman.
"Would you ask the doctor if he
has got an old pair of pants he can
give me?" he asked.

"I'm sure he hasn't, my man."

"I'm Dr. Ross." — Flight of the
tramp.

Tell the Truth.

After a severe cross-examination
the counsel remarked to a man in the
Bow County Court the other day.
"Now look here, you're a sensible
man." — The man:—"Humph! I'm
on my oath or I would reciprocate."

Some Frog.

The largest frog in the world is
being exhibited in the Natural His-
tory Museum, South Kensington, Lon-
don, England. It is twelve inches in
length, exclusive of its powerful
limbs.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

For Your Health

you should buy the best.

"SALADA"

TEA

H500

is the purest and most scientifically prepared tea, sold today. — Try it.



BATHS AND BATHING.

Bathing serves a two-fold purpose; it cleanses the body and opens the pores so that the skin may throw off impurities and absorb oxygen. Many diseases would be prevented if the skin of the whole body were thoroughly cleansed with due regularity.

Both general and local baths are of value for various disorders. Probably the customary weekly soap-and-water bath is all that is absolutely essential for cleanliness, provided the other eliminating organs do their part toward purifying the body. Otherwise more frequent baths are required to insure cleanliness.

A daily morning bath is very healthful and invigorating. It may be taken in a bath tub—just a plunge—followed by rapid friction with Turkish towel, or it may be taken from a wash-basin with sponge, wash-rag or just the hand. The latter is especially good as the warmth of the hand, dipped in cold or cool water, prevents chilling of the body. No one should take a really cold water bath if reaction is slow. The cool, or body-temperature bath is usually better. A cold bath is a strong stimulant to the entire circulatory system, provided one can recuperate quickly, and have a feeling of warmth immediately after. Salt added to the water will insure against taking cold. When the feet are warm the circulation is more easily maintained. So if you stand with your feet immersed in hot water while taking the hand or sponge bath, or while using a hand spray in the bath tub, reaction will be easier and quicker. A cold bath should always be followed by friction, and one necessary caution is, a bath should not be taken immediately before or within two hours after a meal.

Hot water has a wonderful influence upon the elimination of wastes and impurities through the skin. In cases of kidney disease, where these organs fail to perform their work, frequent hot baths are of great help in making the skin do, or help to do, the work of the kidneys.

Those who have heart disease of any kind and those with seriously depleted vitality should be very careful about using the hot bath—not have it too hot. And then, if one feels a sense of overheating while in the water, it is best to get out of it immediately. Of course, a bathtub of some kind is necessary for a bath of this kind, and a hot bath should be followed by a quick sponging with cold or cool water. But do not cool off too quickly, and be careful not to become chilled after a bath of this kind. The hot bath takes fatigue out of the muscles and helps to promote sleep. For these purposes it should always be taken at bedtime.

Locally applied, the hot bath is excellent for sprains and hurts, where the skin is not broken, and when used in time will prevent bruises and swellings. It also relieves local inflammations.

The hot foot-bath is sometimes effectively used to relieve nervous headache and head colds. Its effectiveness is augmented by the addition of salt or mustard. An alternate hot and cold foot-bath is a fine general tonic, and may be used as often as desired. Have two basins of water, one cold and the other hot, and kept hot. Begin by holding the feet in the hot water two or three minutes, then in the cold water a minute or less. Repeat three or four times in each, ending with the cold bath. Taken at bedtime it will warm the feet for the night, as it draws the blood to them and sets it freely circulating.

SINCERITY.

She has an honest habit in her speech; She puts aside our pretty pettiness, Our soft deceits that are so meaningless;

She says just what she means, and if we reach Behind the truth for flattery we feel Only the swift, clean wind of honesty That blows away the films and lets us see

Things as they are—the clear, the true, the real.

Some of us like her; some there are who say

AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL

One of the Best Equipped in Ontario. We have First-Class Instructors to make you a Real Expert. Write or see J. G. P. 461 Queen St. E., Toronto.

She is too harsh; her words are far too plain— She hurts their feelings twenty times a day And does no good by it—so where's the gain? I cannot answer—yet her truth I know Is what has made me love and trust her so. —Abigail Cresson.

WASH-DAY ASSISTANTS.

Don't throw away the hose supporters of discarded corsets. Save them, and after removing the elastic sew the metal parts to a strip of coarse muslin a yard long and four inches wide. On wash days small pieces such as handkerchiefs and napkins can be fastened in the supporters while in the house instead of having to pin the pieces to the line in the hot sun, or worse yet, on a winter day with a zero temperature.

It takes only a moment to pin the strip of muslin to the line and take it down after the pieces are dry, thus speeding the job.—C. C. A.

A COMBINATION BAG AND FAN.

A bag that will serve as a fan can easily be made of the following materials; one-third of a yard of silk or satin; a bunch of forget-me-nots; three and a half dozen bugle beads; five-eighths of a yard of feather banding, cardboard, buckram and a skein of embroidery silk.

Cut two disks of cardboard, each seven and a half inches in diameter, and clip a segment from each for the opening of the bag at the top. Reinforce the disks with buckram cut to match. Fit the silk and the lining (of the same or of a contrasting shade) to the sections. Seam the two silk sections together except at the top, which should be left open so that you can slip the cardboard stiffening in and insert the handles. Without bending the cardboard manipulate it gently until it slips into the pockets. Seam the two fabric-covered sections together with embroidery silk in a buttonhole stitch.

Cut a strip of cardboard for a handle one and a half by thirteen inches in size and stitch buckram to it. Cover the handle with the fabric and stitch it on the machine; then press it with a hot iron. Make another handle in the same way. Attach the handles to the bag, one on each side. Cut from buckram a disk of three and a half inches or a heart-shaped piece. Cover it with the fabric and then cover the fabric with forget-me-nots, carefully stitched on. Outline the section with bugle beads. Sew the forget-me-not piece to the bag, which is then ready for service, both as a receptacle and, by reversing it, as a fan. You can add a feather banding round the edge, or the beads may be dispensed with and tiny homemade rosebuds used instead of forget-me-nots.



A SERVICEABLE MODEL.

4469. One could make this apron of rubberized crotonne, sanitan, chambray, linen, toweling or terry cloth. The pockets will delight the tiny wearer. Blue linen with pockets and binding of white linen would be pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. To make the apron either size will require 3/4 yards of 24 or 27-inch material.

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

A drop of oil will make a wood tick let go his grip.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
(Copyright.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

As Helen and Tu Hee talked, Irma studied surreptitiously the slim form in its simple mourning gown of pure white. Never before had a stranger affected her like this girl. Her heart went out to her in great waves of maternal sympathy. Was it the lovely fragility and youth of her that had aroused her compassion? Her heart ached strangely as she noted the deep shadows under the blue eyes, eyes that appeared almost too large for the small, pale face.

The dainty, arched eyebrows showed in startling relief against the blue-veined brow, the whiteness and clearness of which caused Irma to wonder. If the thought wasn't ridiculous, she would have said the girl's face had been stained and the dye was wearing off.

But it wasn't only Irma who was surprised. Helen was taken aback, amazed at Tu Hee's appearance. Whatever the cause, the girl looked less like a Chinese than ever before. Perhaps the lack of rouge and the natural sweet curves of the unpainted lips helped in the startling change. Truly the girl before them, in spite of the ravages of illness and sorrow, was more amazingly beautiful than she had even thought.

And then Helen's eyes dropped to the soft hand clasping her own and received a setback to her musings. The barbaric gold nail-shield gleamed up at her mackinaw.

"It is so good of you to have come, Mrs. Claymore, and your friend, Mrs. Culver."

"I hesitated somewhat at intruding, dear," replied Helen, "but my scruples evaporated in my interest and longing to see you."

"And the continued praises I heard sung on your behalf made me your friend without seeing you," added Irma, with a smile.

"Please don't say too kind things. I'm not quite myself yet and I might—"

"Tu Hee gave a little broken laugh—"well, I might make a silly of myself."

"You're a marvelous girl, Tu Hee." Tu Hee's lips trembled.

"I'm afraid not very, Mrs. Claymore. I know I'm a very miserable one. The gods have indeed forsaken me, and now, O Mrs. Claymore—a wild sob broke from the distracted girl—"they think I killed him!"

Irma made a motion forward, but Helen already had her arms around Tu Hee. "Hush, dear," she soothed as she pillowed the girl's head on her shoulder.

Poor Tu Hee, a woman's sympathy had been denied her so long that the friendship of these two foreigners was heavenly balm to her.

"It's so nice to have you here," Tu Hee dried her eyes as she spoke. "I feel better already."

It was true; the hunted look in the blue eyes had almost vanished.

"I want to tell you and your friend all about it," continued Tu Hee.

"Can't that wait, dear?"

Tu Hee shook her head. "Don't think I'm afraid to meet my fate, I'm not, and I feel it rushing on me very fast. Detectives and spies are posted all around me. Everyone in my household but Lun and the boy servant, who in trying to save me only involved me deeper, believes I may be guilty."

"To think at this time yesterday he was with me!" Tu Hee paused as if reinforcing her self-control. "Yes, he spent nearly the whole day here and left about eight o'clock, saying he had some matters to look after in the city. He departed in the very best of spirits; very much elated that our wedding day was so near."

Tu Hee's voice faltered, and as she saw the blue eyes fill with tears Helen wondered if the girl had real affection for the man after all. Her doubts were dispelled, however, when Tu Hee turned to her wistfully. "He loved me very much, Mrs. Claymore. He has been very kind to me since my uncle's death."

"At ten o'clock I was preparing for bed when a servant brought word that Chu Sing was in the drawing-room. Hastily slipping on a dressing-gown, I went down. I'm sure not more than ten minutes could have elapsed from the time I received the message to the time I entered the drawing-room door."

"And where was Lun at that time?"

"Lun?" Tu Hee looked at her friend in surprise. "Let me see. Ah, I remember now. Lun was away in another part of the house sorting out some fresh morning robes for me."

"I see; well, go on, dear." But an ugly thought had crept into Helen Claymore's mind. The old nurse's frantic efforts to postpone the wedding were vividly recalled. Could it be possible that the woman had taken this terrible means of achieving her object?

"Yes, I remember I was a trifle upset. I knew something out of the ordinary had happened to bring Chu Sing back at that hour, so I hurried down, not even waiting to coil up my hair, but merely covered it with a lace cap."

Tu Hee paused again and covered her eyes for a moment. Helen pressed her hand reassuringly.

"Oh, it's so horrible. I shall always see him as he looked when I came upon him. There he sat in a big chair, his back to the door, his arms resting on a small table, and the ruby clasped tightly between his fingers."

"I don't know how I did it. I realized something terrible had happened. He had a light grey overcoat on, and it was torn and blood-stained under the shoulder. The shock must have numbed even my feeling of horror, for I deliberately walked over to him. A dagger, one of my uncle's, lay on the floor—it was covered with blood. I don't know yet how I could have done it, but I picked it up, and then the door opened and a servant looked in. That is all I remember, but they say I did it!"

All this time Irma Culver had sat a silent listener, her slim body bent slightly forward, her eyes fixed intently on Tu Hee's face. Several times, when emotion had threatened to overcome the narrator, she had started up as if to comfort her but had restrained the impulse immediately.

All this time Irma Culver had sat a silent listener, her slim body bent slightly forward, her eyes fixed intently on Tu Hee's face. Several times, when emotion had threatened to overcome the narrator, she had started up as if to comfort her but had restrained the impulse immediately.

Following Tu Hee's story, absolute silence reigned in the room for several minutes.

Not for a moment did either Irma or Helen doubt the truth of Tu Hee's statement. If the girl had had no genuine love for the man she was to have married, it was plain she had at least entertained a friendly liking for him. Her whole manner proclaimed it. But would strangers be so credulous in face of the black evidence? wondered Irma. Already she was incriminated by her own story, and the servant had put on the black tragic finish. Irma didn't know much about Chinese law, but she had vivid recollections of the country's horrible punishments, and she shuddered at the thought of this gentle, cultured girl facing a wild, reckless, unreasoning mob.

Over the light lunch that Tu Hee had served in her sitting-room, Helen tried to divert the girl's mind from the gruesome subject that submerged them all. She did succeed in bringing fleeting smiles to Tu Hee's face. Once she had the temerity to mention David's name, and the quick light in the Chinese girl's eyes did not escape her.

But time was short, and Helen felt they were wasting precious moments in loitering over tea when the girl's life was in hourly danger. She had no definite plan on which to act, but at last she must and quickly.

"Much as I would like to spend the afternoon with you, dear," it is more to your interest that I hurry away and set the wheels in motion on your behalf."

As Irma took Tu Hee's hand at parting, again baffling, flickering memories materialized. Was it mere pity, she wondered, that almost compelled her to take the girl in her arms and comfort her?

As for Helen, in spite of her bright assurances to Tu Hee as they left her standing in the door of her apartment, heavy doubts assailed her, and she could see no ray of light piercing the dark clouds that surrounded the accused girl.

As the two women followed the servant down the long corridor they came face to face with Lun. The old nurse's hands were clutching at each other nervously, and her eyes shivered from the look Helen bent on her, while the sight of Irma plunged her into the wildest confusion.

"I'll wager she knows more than she has told about this affair," inwardly commented Helen; "and I would have staked my life on that old woman's fidelity. They're a queer race, these people."

To Helen's eager questions before they parted in the palace courtyard, Irma answered vaguely and absently.

"You are surely not disappointed in her, Mrs. Culver?" exclaimed Helen, disturbed and hurt at what she took for the older woman's disinterestedness. "Somehow I was counting on you to champion our cause."

Irma turned puzzled, surprised eyes on the questioner. "Disappointed? Why, my dear, I was amazed, overwhelmed at the child's loveliness. It has dazed me a bit, that is all. Please come up to the temple to-morrow, Helen, and we will talk it over."

(To be continued.)

An Addition.

Two flourishing menageries are under the management of Mr. Tamen and his wife. Every year they tour the country independently, but the other day, through a misunderstanding, Mrs. Tamen, on her arrival at B— found that her husband had already been astonishing the natives with his show. Something had to be done, so they decided to join forces.

Next day the following advertisement appeared in the local papers:—"Mr. Tamen begs to announce that, owing to the unexpected arrival of his wife, his collection of ferocious and wonderful beasts has been augmented."

The Kitchen Table.

Before covering the kitchen table with oilcloth, paste squares of heavy muslin or other cotton cloth over the four edges of the table. This prevents the oilcloth's breaking at the corners. —L. G. C.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

ISSUE No. 42—23.

The Boy Columbus.

With wild blue eyes he sought the ocean's rim
One day at Genoa and gazed afar,
Filled with the dream that beckoned
past the bar,
The call of sea and sky possessing him;
Cathay and Asia loomed full clear, not dim,
To his far vision plain and true as are
The shining wonders of some new-found star;
New ways for old, he sang, youth's ancient hymn.

This youthful light flamed ever in his mind;
Fearless, the boy in him put his ship's prow
Out into trackless seas beyond his ken;
Though aged and in chains, yet none could bind
The deathless spirit that had proved his vow,
The boy who gave a new free world to men.

John L. Foley.

First Snow.

Fusty little snow squall, dancing on the hill;
Meeting on the window pane, blowing o'er the hill;
Just enough to make us think of elfin things—
Fusty little snow squall on your fairy wings!

Fusty little snow squall, sifting us with white,
Bobbing on the doorstep, oh, you're very light.
Powd'ring the brown earth with your frisky flower—
Creature of a fall wind over in an hour!

Fusty little snow squall, drifting down in flecks,
Peppering our overcoats, powdering our necks,
Blowing round the corners, sifting through the door—
Fusty little snow squall, bless you—au revoir!

When Potatoes Were Banned.

Nowadays, when potatoes figure on the tables of practically everybody at least once a day, it is rather difficult to appreciate the attitude of our ancestors towards this useful vegetable.

But when potatoes were first introduced into England, and an effort was made by the Royal Society to encourage their cultivation, the scheme was roundly denounced as a device of the rich for the oppression of the poor, and one champion of the workers warned them against being induced to live on such "cattle food."

In Scotland the potato met with an even more unfriendly reception. Sermons were preached against it, in which it was declared that, as the potato was not mentioned in the Bible, it must be unfit for Christians to eat. It was even described by one divine as being the forbidden fruit which had caused the fall of Adam. Other enemies of the potato accused it of causing leprosy and fever.

A novel egg beater of the crank-operated type can be adjusted to fit the shape of almost any cooking utensil.

After Every Meal
A universal custom that benefits everybody.
Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEYS

a good thing to remember

Sealed in its Purify Package



THE FLAVOR LASTS

Her Portion.

"I hope, John," said the parson, very gravely, "you don't spend all your earnings?"

"No, sir," responded John, respectfully. "I always makes it a strict rule, sir, never to spend more'n two-thirds of me wages, sir."

"Ah, that's good—that's good!" said the parson. "And do you put the other third in the bank?"

"Oh, no, sir," responded the man; "I puts it to much better use than that. I gives it to the missus to keep 'ouse on!"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Most Foreign.

Lady (to teacher of languages)—"I want you to teach my son a foreign language."

Teacher—"Would you like Polish, Jugo-Slavonian, Czech-Slovakian, Armenian, or Arabic?"

Lady—"Which is the most foreign?"



Just Swing a "444"!

Feel the perfect balance and the hand comfort of the Smart made Axe.—Hardened, toughened and tempered by men who know how to build double life and double value into every axe they make.

ASK YOUR HARDWARE MAN FOR A "444" Single Bit—Double Bit Any Shape—Any Weight

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Buying Bonds on the Partial Payment Plan is fully described in a special booklet. Use the coupon below to obtain a copy and full particulars as to how you can become the owner of a safe \$500 or \$1,000 bond during the next few months.

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Kindly send me a copy of "Buying Bonds on the Partial Payment Plan."

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Address

Office: Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, London, New York, London, Eng.

Canadians Have Planted 50,000 Acres of Trees

By Dr. C. D. Howe, President, Canadian Forestry Association.

At the Ontario Forestry Station at St. Williams, about 500 acres are now under plantations and the nursery contains upwards of 15,000,000 young trees. There are about 5,000,000 more seedlings at the two subsidiary nurseries, one at Orono, Durham County, and the other at Midhurst, in Simcoe County, established last year. The mother nursery in Norfolk County since its establishment has distributed around 6,000,000 seedlings, chiefly to farmers, for the planting up of waste places, or at the rate of 350,000 seedlings a year.

At the present time it supplies a great deal of material for planting in the co-operative arrangements between the Counties and Municipalities as well as stock for fixing 700 acres of shifting sand in Prince Edward County, in all over a million seedlings and cuttings were distributed last year.

May Restock White Pine.

The production of 20,000,000 seedlings in the Ontario Provincial nurseries is preparatory to the Government's plan of reforesting 10,000 acres of waste land in Old Ontario, each year for at least 60 years. The Provincial Forester estimates that 600,000 planted acres, all within 100 miles of the principal markets, eventually would yield more sawlog material than is now gleaned from over eleven million acres of timber limits under license scattered from one end of the Province to the other.

A forest nursery was established in the Province of Quebec at Berthierville in 1908, and since that time about four million seedlings have been distributed for private planting and in addition more than 300 acres of shifting sand areas have been reclaimed. The latter is the beginning of the Forest Service program of reforesting as much as possible of the three million acres of waste land within the Province. Quebec has also under consideration the establishment of communal forests.

What the Companies Are Doing.

The planting of forests in Canada is not confined to Government organizations. It is a notable and significant fact that certain pulp and paper companies are carrying on reforestation

programs, the leader in this work being the Laurentide Company at Grand Mere, Quebec. The forester of this company established a nursery in 1912. In the eleven years the nursery has grown from a few square rods to 20 acres in extent and it now contains 15,000,000 seedlings and transplants. The company has planted 2,500 acres. Practically all the work has been done on purchased lands, not on lands leased under timber limit regulations.

The Rindon Company established a forest nursery and has reforested about 300 acres. The Abitibi Company and the Spanish River Company have forest nurseries and are initiating reforestation programs.

I can find no statements in the various official reports as to the extent of the area under forest plantations in Canada. If, however, we take the number of seedlings known to have been distributed by the Dominion and Provincial organizations, and the areas planted by private companies during the past 20 years, and suppose that they were planted at the rate of 1,200 per acre, and allow a 20 per cent. loss, we find that in the neighborhood of 50,000 acres have been planted to trees, or at the rate of 2,500 acres a year for the past twenty years. It is only fair to point out, however, that only a small portion of this area is what would be strictly called forest plantation. Much the greater portion consists of shelter belts and small patches of waste land on farms. So far as I am able to ascertain, there are about 6,000 acres of actual forest plantations, for the purpose of timber production alone, in Eastern Canada.

A Profitable Investment.

Forest planting for purposes of timber production will without doubt result in profitable investment in the older portions of the country where markets are near and adequate fire protection is assured, but neither of the two latter conditions applies on much the greater portion of our forested area. Here in most cases artificial reforestation is not indicated. The function of forest planting is to supplement our main forestry effort, which is the guidance of Nature's creative and regenerative forces in the forest.

The Weaver of Rugs.

The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed a dream
And brooded the summer through;
With tender love he's plotted his theme
And now His dream's come true.

He's spread His carpet over the hills,
Soft is its silken sheen
Of red and the color of daffodils,
Of rose and orange and green.

And a patch of blue reflecting there
The color of autumn skies;
The pattern vague, but beyond compare
Are these clear, mysterious dyes.

He knotted warp in the ground below
Holds close its shimmering pile.
The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed it so,
And this is its Maker's smile.

The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed a dream
And brooded the summer through,
Over the forest, field and stream
And now His dream's come true!
—Beatrice Reynolds.

Mountain Aerials.

A large wireless station is being fitted up in Bavaria, which will have the distinction of being the only one of its kind in the world. Instead of having steel towers for aerials, this unique station will employ two high adjacent mountain peaks for the purpose. As the sides of the peaks are almost perpendicular they should prove ideal for broadcasting messages.

Owing to the great height and length of the aerial, its ends will be attached to heavy, wagon-like appliances on the ground, these serving to balance the effect of wind pressure.

Many long-distance records are expected to be broken when the station is complete and the mountain aerial gets into action.

Smile.

Someone has said that no smile is so beautiful as the one that struggles through tears. If we only use our afflictions and troubles aright we can soften and enrich our natures by our sufferings, our disappointments, or we can turn them into instruments of torture.



On the Road

Minister (sternly)—"I want to satisfy myself as to the contents of that bottle!"
Woody Wat—"Jes' a' long as yer don't satisfy yerself with the contents of this bottle, parson, 's all right!"

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Upland Meadow.

Are the sweet airs always blowing in
The balsam and the oak trees?
Is the sky with clouds dappled, and
The grasses all astir?
Do the berry vines bold clamber on
The wall that's old and crumbling,
As they did each flowerful summer
In the happy days that were?

Like a water color splendid, glowing
Rich in gold and azure
Hung on memory's wall for ever,
Safe from time and care-full years,
Is the upland meadow stretching,
Broad, serene a haunt of childhood,
And the thought of all its treasures
Fills my eyes with sudden tears.

—Alix Thorn.



Customer—"I'd like to try on that pair of shoes in the showcase, if you please."
Smart Clerk—"But you'd be much more comfortable out here, madam, in a chair!"

Outside.

A dog and gun and the open fields,
The tang of the autumn air;
The savage thrill as the setter steals
To the bob-white's grassy lair.

The open road, a motorcar,
The khaki clothes and all,
A camping kit, a journey far,
A primal gypsy call.

The campfire's glow, the open sky,
A bed beneath the trees,
The solitude when embers die,
The forest-scented breeze.

A wooded lake, a towering crag,
A hunter's kit and boat,
The drinking place of the lordly stag,
Wild geese and ducks afloat.

The deep dark woods, where woodfolk dwell,
Where rivers dash and foam—
The outdoors holds me in its spell,
And there I feel at home!
—Cecil D. Basham.

Seeing the Ocean.

A lady living far inland was advised by her physician to get salt-water bathing. With her husband she went to the seashore. In the evening, when it happened the tide was in, he went down to the beach with a pail. Seeing a man at work, he asked if he would sell him some water. The man, recovering himself, said he would. "How much?" "Fifty cents." The next morning the husband came again, when the tide was out. After his purchase, he remarked with commercial zest, "By George, what a business you do!"

Defining Canada's Boundaries

The Important Work of the International Boundary Commission—How the Line is Determined and Marked.

The prime importance of having the boundaries of an individual's real property accurately surveyed and defined both by marks on the ground and by description on paper, and a record of the same property registered and acknowledged is everywhere recognized. As with the individual so, but in a correspondingly greater degree, with the nation. The duty of delimiting and marking the boundaries between Canada and the United States is now placed upon the International Boundary Commission composed of two commissioners, one representing each country.

This work is undertaken under the authority of certain treaties and conventions entered into by Great Britain and the United States. The defining of the Alaskan coast boundary was done under the Convention of 1903; the work on the 141st Meridian from the Arctic Ocean to Mount St. Elias, (the boundary between Alaska and the Yukon) under the Convention of 1906; and that on the boundary from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean under the Treaty of 1903.

Marked by Monuments.

The principal requirements of these treaties or conventions are that the land boundary shall be marked by durable monuments at frequent intervals; that the water boundary shall be defined by monuments on the shore; that the boundary line shall be drawn by the Commissioners on accurate, modern maps, and that a joint report describing the boundary line, monuments, and operations shall be submitted at the close of the work.

As no maps were in existence of sufficient accuracy for the laying down of the International Boundary line, it was necessary to make them, involving the extension of a belt of triangulation along the boundary line to determine the geographic positions of the monuments and to control the topographic work. The work included the precise measurement of base lines. Levels had to be run to fix elevations and a belt was accurately mapped extending from half a mile to miles on either side of the boundary line for its entire length. It was also necessary in places to make soundings in the water areas traversed by the line.

Details of the Boundary.

From the Arctic Ocean, the bound-

ary line between the United States and Canada extends south 645 miles along the 141st Meridian to Mount St. Elias, and parallels the Pacific Ocean a short distance inland and through the Portland canal for a distance of 862 miles. Then from the entrance to the straits of Juan de Fuca, the boundary extends eastward 3,900 miles across the continent to the mouth of Passamaquoddy Bay on the Atlantic coast. The first stretch of this extends along the 49th Parallel from the Pacific Ocean to the Lake of the Woods and thence to Lake Superior, a distance of 1,663 miles, then through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy, a distance of 775 miles. Of the 1,500 miles of the Alaskan boundary, 180 miles are water and so are 2,100 miles of the 3,900 miles from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

The surveys were executed through-out with a scientific accuracy befitting the boundary between sovereign states. The expense is divided equally between the two countries. The operations consist of reconnaissance, secondary, and tertiary schemes of triangulation to locate the monuments and to control the topography.

A twenty-foot sky-line was opened through the timber wherever encountered on the line, much of this work being very arduous owing to the rough, mountainous character of the country. The line proper has been marked by permanent, cement and metal monuments and permanent marks have been set at triangulation points.

The work of this Commission furnishes three long, accurately measured, and permanently marked bases which will serve to control future surveys and to co-ordinate existing surveys. The sections across the continent are tied to and controlled by the work of the Canadian and United States Geodetic Surveys. Part of the record of the work consists of 230 topographical maps, the preparation, engraving, and printing of these being not the least formidable of the Commission's tasks. The geographic positions of all monuments and triangulation stations are computed, and information is supplied on request to many federal and provincial government departments, as well as to many organizations outside of these.

Retort.

One of the best things ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, who was at the time leader of his circuit.

He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied to a gate. When he returned it has vanished.

Missing was very severe in his examination.

"Do you mean to say, witness, that the donkey was stolen from that gate?"

"I mean to say, sir, giving the judge and jury a jolly look, 'the ass was Missing.'"

they see all the errors. For them one error spoils an otherwise perfect page.



Poor Chick
Chick—"My, what a nice large red worm!"

Clemenceau lived in the United States for a short time when a child with his father, exiled by Napoleon III.

The Egg Hunters Among the Kwakiutl Indians

Scenes of the Gulf of Georgia—By Bonnycastle Dale.

My little expedition was slowly working its way up along the wild Pacific coast, walking about all the deep intruding fjords and "canals," and putting forth to sea to examine the mating grounds of the sea fowl on the far-off reefs and uplifts. My assistant was a Kanaka from the South Sea Islands. Not only could he climb well, but he had prehensile toes, else he would have been hurled to his death from every precipitous cliff.

"Don't go through Seymour Narrows," the old man said, "but there is an island just below it full of cormorants and sea pigeons and oyster catchers and gulls."

We thanked him, I verbally, and my man with a grunt, and off we set to find a boat big enough to cross the Gulf of Georgia. I finally made an arrangement with a man one would not expect to find on that rude shore. He was a Trinity M.A., Dublin, with a golden beard and a face that reminded me strongly of the face in the photograph taken from the painting, done, it was said, while He was on earth, of the Master. (This was exhibited in the window of the Y.M.C.A. in New York, 1877-80. He had a house on the shore but he lived in the big flat-bottomed boat I was trying to hire.)

He bade me take the wheel after we had gone up the narrow waters, and headed out over the sandheads for the open gulf. The steamer was ninety feet long, flat below as the proverbial pancake, and as she failed to sink her twin screw when launched, the eccentric owner simply laid beds of cement on her inside bottom until the screws were covered.

There was a tall stool in the wheel house, and I was promptly thrown from that the moment we entered the great so-called swell that was running in the Gulf. Every time that awful craft slid down a trough she plumped her blunt bow deeply into the retreating sea, and threw geyers over the wheelhouse. I steered a drunken course up that unknown water. Once, on the way up, we met a gasoline boat from Alaska. She was painted

red below the waterline right down to the keel—I saw it all. After thirty miles of this hard struggle with her bluntness, we neared the Mittenatch, an uninhabited island six miles below Seymour Narrows, which were roaring like bulls at the full running tide. Directly ahead of us was "The meeting of the waters," where the two great tides that run up and down the Gulf meet—a line of mad, white, dancing waves cutting the sea in twain.

Down rattled the anchor in a beautiful bay, and I bade that strange M.A. farewell. He told me as he rang for steam—"Indians will visit you in a bit—treat them well,—bad lot!" and off plunged Mrs. Flatbottom.

They had landed us in the small boat and promised to call in thirty days' time. The long wide island was an uplift that had broken from off the mainland in some convulsion of nature, and all its strata of rocks pointed skyward. A host of sea fowl and gulls rose screaming before us. "Kan" and I carried the duffle up and put up the tent. Fully a hundred gulls were sitting on the nests right across from the tent door, and all the rocks covered with guillemot sea pigeons, or oyster catchers, or big black cormorants screaming and flapping wildly overhead. I estimated, before the sun set, that there were a thousand birds on the Mittenatch, a large proportion of which had eggs, the gulls four, the guillemots two, the oyster catchers three, the cormorants three or four. So that here were fully 3,500 eggs there for us to guard. (As I had received a trust from the head of the government to try and preserve the eggs on all the breeding isles I visited.)

There was a silvery moon that night with a mass of racing, lacy clouds between, and the nesting birds were late in sleeping. Until ten o'clock various whimpering notes came from the dark ledges where the nests lay, then all was still as though the island were deserted. Suddenly across the face of the moon flew a great owl—"Who-who-oo" and all the nesting

birds sprang aloft in a frenzy of rage and fear and circled high above the island. Again they settled on the still warm eggs, and again silence fell on the Mittenatch.

For just a week the Kanaka and I noted and counted and located and photographed the eggs of that nesting host. We found well over 2,000. One night I heard the regular splash, splash of paddles and, craning my head out of the tent, I saw a great, long, high-powered canoe go silently by, a ghost of former Kwakiutl riders. We were up before daylight and Kan pointed to the high crest of the uplift. There stood a Kiootchman with child on back and egg-basket on arm. We

ran about and found many of the nests with broken eggs in them or empty of all eggs, and we hastened and caught up with the oldest man of the raiders.

"Kia-how-yai!" I called. "Kia-how-yai!" he answered. "How are you?" in Chinook. This is a dialect of the entire coast formed of English, French Spanish, Indian.

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REGULAR FELLERS

JUST WAIT TILL I GET YOU IN THE HOUSE

THE CHAMPION OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

up. I asked him how many. "Many times what they get now," he replied. Then I told him that if they did take these eggs every year the little ones, among them would not have any eggs left to gather when they grew up, and then he said: "Yaka hyas solleko" ("we are very hungry") and off they went, filling their baskets and breaking the oldest eggs so that new ones would be laid. Of course we were powerless. My only weapon in any wild country is my tripod for my camera and there were twenty of them to two of us, so they despoiled the island.

Not only do they gather the eggs in late May, if any, and all of June and part of July, but they set fire to the dry vegetation on the top of the great uplift, "so that onions grow next year," they told me, and then any young in the nests unable to fly are burned to death. If they rob, as we saw them in June, the full clutch of four eggs of the Glaucous winged gulls then the next clutch would be but two and if that was taken the third but one. No wonder there are only a few hundred gulls and seafowl on any of these far-off breeding grounds. The ones that lie off in the Pacific, where the tides rise howl and "overfalls" occur (boiling up of waters from the wild inrush of the tides into narrowing channels) are rarely visited by white men, but are regularly robbed by the Indians. The whites do eat the eggs of the gulls; the yolks are very red and the egg tastes strong.

I made my last visit there some years ago (1911) and the Indians gathered eggs and garlic still. I asked the old chief: "Have you seen Chief Chaco of the Nooks?" I had been there lately and had the photograph of the old Indian with the devil fish he had taken to eat. I pulled the picture from my pocket and held it towards him. "Kia-how-yai-Kia-how-yai!" ("Goodday! Goodday!") he muttered, retreating rapidly. His halfbreed son-in-law told me that he came home and said, "Tall man got Chief Chaco in his pocket—Ah!"

PROVINCIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Capital Authorized: \$5,000,000.00
Capital paid up: \$3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Accumulated Profits: \$1,525,060.00

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

You can procure a Safety Deposit Box in which to store your valuable and important papers, it offers you security at little cost.

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Lachute & Lachute Mills Branches - J. R. Charron, M'gr.

Brownburg Branch - J. W. Lepine, M'gr.

30 Doz. Samples of Mitts & Gloves.

30 DOZENS OF MITTS AND GLOVES.	Stoves and Heaters
Work Shirts	Pumps
Heavy pants	Piping
Famous Houston Underwear	Electric globes, 35 cts. each, 3 for \$1.00
Overalls and smocks	Automobile Supplies
Wool Auto Rugs	Aluminum
Machinaw coats, best range in town	Paints
Boots and Shoes	Come in and see our new
Heavy and light rubbers	30 X 3 1/2 tires at \$8.00.
Hardware	

John McFaul & Son, Lachute.

The "REX" Theatre

Open every Night of the Week

Always Good Pictures that will ensure a pleasant evening. The latest Productions

Gala Nights every Wednesday & Saturday

Commences at 8 o'clock.

Popular Price of 25c.

NOTICE

To my Patrons I wish to say that Friends—Mr. Wm. Rodgers, who comes well recommended as a good and willing workman, has rented my shop and intend to satisfy all customers to the best of his ability. I bespeak for him the same liberal patronage which this country has always given to myself and also to Mr. Carrell who has decided to work elsewhere.

John Simon, Lachute, Quebec.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

We are now in our new store with a complete assortment of worsted tweed Serge, Melton and Beaver of all kinds, if you need a new Suit or Overcoat. Take this advantage of our big choice and our low price.

We also have cloths for Ladies Coats.

We have 27 years experience in this trade.

GEORGE LICOP, Merchant Tailor,

Next to J. D. Campbell's Store, Main Street,

Lachute

Are you Ready for Fall?

ARE YOU READY FOR FALL?

REMEMBER THAT WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AS OUR STOCK INCLUDES—

STANFIELDS UNSHINKABLE UNDERWEAR NORTHWAY COATS—MEN'S & BOY'S OVERCOATS, COOPER CAPS—MEN'S & BOY'S PANTS ASTORIA SHOES FOR MEN—RUBBERS OF ALL KINDS SWEATERS, STOCKINGS, YARNS, GOODS.

THESE ABOVE LINES ARE NOW COMPLETE AND AT PRICES WHICH STAND COMPARISON.

McFAUL BROS.

The Up-to-Date General Store - Lachute, Mich.

ARUNDEL.

The Church Services, on Sunday next, 11th inst., will be as follows:—
ANGELICAN.
Grace Church, Arundel 10.30 p.m.
Rockway 2.30 p.m.
Weir 7.00 p.m.
S. School, Grace Church 2.30 p.m.
Rev. Geo. H. Gagnon, M.A., Rector.
ARUNDEL UNION CHURCH.
Crystal Falls 3.00 p.m.
Arundel 7.00 p.m.
S. School, Arundel 10.30 a.m.
Rev. C. H. Hetherington, M.A.B.D.

The November Meeting of "The Little Helpers," will be held at the residence of the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Scott, on Saturday afternoon, 17th inst. Miss Eleanor Gowery, of Montreal, Sec-Treas., of the M.D. W.A., "Little Helpers," will be present, at the meeting and will address the children. The members are requested to bring in their mission boxes to the meeting, and a hearty invitation is extended to the parents of the children, to be present and show an interest in the proceedings. The November meeting of the Ladies Guild of the Church of the Redeemer, Weir, was held at the residence of Mrs. Purcell, on Thursday afternoon, 1st inst., and was well attended and the gathering was a very successful and very enjoyable one. Due notice will be given of the meeting to be held in December, and which will be of a very attractive character.

There will be a Social and Concert, in Stanforth Hall, on Saturday evening, 10th inst., under the auspices of the Ladies of Grace Church Congregation, and it will be the event of the season.

The members of the "Beau's Lake Hunting, Fishing and Cribbage Club," of which Mr. J. A. Greig, of Messrs. Ross and Greig, of Montreal, is Chairman, will take full charge of the programme, and judging from the jolly good time provided by these gentlemen last year, a most enjoyable time is assured. A letter from Mr. Greig to your correspondent, states, that he and his friends and some extra talent, will furnish the full programme. Refreshments will be served by the Ladies during the evening, and the prices of admission to the Hall, will be, for adults 50c.

Arundel Model School Sports Day, Oct. 27th, 1923.
The weather on Saturday, 27th, was ideal, and the pupils of the school, parents and friends turned out in large numbers.

For some time previous to the "day," tags were sold by the scholars, and the generous response enabled those in charge of the arrangements to offer good cash prizes for each event on the programme.

Those in charge were:—Mr. C. L. Brownlee, Principal of the school; Rev. C. H. Hetherington, Pastor of the Union Church; and Mr. Gordon Cooke, all of whom carried out their duties in an efficient manner.

Refreshments in the form of "Hot Dog" and coffee were in evidence and done full justice to.

The following was the programme, with the names of the winners of each event:—

1. 100 yds. dash, boys, (13 and over)—Edgar Thomson, Stanley Cooke, Sterling Simon.
 2. 75 yds. dash, boys, (9-12 years)—Grant Simon, Melvin Graham, Howard Longhren.
 3. 75 yds. dash, girls, (9-12 years)—Amy Marshall, Dorothy Kerr, V. Boyd.
 4. 50 yds. dash, boys, (8 and under)—Delmar Cooke, Earl Morrison, Wenzel Graham.
 5. 50 yds. dash, girls, (8 and under)—Beatrice Bates, Fanny Proudlock, Margaret Craig.
 6. sack race, boys, (open)—Carl Gagnon, Sterling Simon, Stanley Cooke.
 7. sack race, girls, (open)—Edith Cooke, Laura Stanforth, Amy Marshall.
 8. standing broad jump, boys, (13 and over)—Stanley Cooke, Sterling Simon, Edgar Boyd.
 9. standing broad jump, boys, (12 and under)—Grant Simon, Howard Longhren, Melvin Graham.
 10. Cavalry Race, boys, (open)—S. Simon and Eddie Graham.
 11. Running broad jump, boys, (13 and over)—Edgar Thomson, James Smellie, Earl Marshall.
 12. Running broad jump, boys, (12 and under)—Grant Simon, Eric Lutching, Melvin Graham.
 13. Running broad jump, girls, (open)—Clara Stanforth, Edith Cooke, Lillian Bennett.
 14. Throwing base-ball, boys, (open)—Edgar Thomson.
 15. Throwing base-ball, girls, (open)—Clara Stanforth.
 16. Running high jump, boys, (13 and over)—Sterling Simon, Henry Smellie, Stanley Cooke.
 17. Three-legged race, girls, (open)—Viola Boyd and Edith Cooke.
 18. "Foot" race, boys, (open)—Earl Marshall, Edgar Boyd, Carl Gagnon.
 19. Three-legged race, boys, (open)—Carl Gagnon, Edgar Boyd.
- A most enjoyable time was spent by all present.

Invitations are out for a "Poppy Tea," to be held in the Union Church, on Monday, 12th inst. "Thanksgiving Day," from 3.30 to 6 p.m. A silver collection will be taken up.

Funeral of the late Miss M. Bigerow. The deceased was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bigerow, of Lower Rockway, and at the time of her death, was in her twenty-third year. Miss Bigerow was the victim of an accident, in Montreal, by which she suffered a fracture of the skull, on Thursday, 1st inst., and died the same evening in the Western Hospital.

The funeral was held in Grace Church, Arundel, on Sunday afternoon, 4th inst., and the building was completely filled by sorrowing friends and relatives; many were unable to gain entrance to the church, and stood in the porch during the impressive service, which was conducted by Rev. G. H. Gagnon, M.A., Rector of Arundel Parish.

Mrs. Gagnon presided at the organ, and the fine old hymns "Rock of Ages" "Thy will be done," and "Near

the Cross," were feelingly sung by all those present. A very eloquent and comforting sermon was given by Mr. Gagnon, who took as his text "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Interment was in the family lot in the Cemetery adjoining the church, the whole congregation gathering about the graves. Very sincere sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Bigerow and family, for it was only in May last, that another daughter Mrs. Shutes, was interred in the same lot.

AN APPEAL.

As the Christmas Season is once more approaching, parents are wondering what to do to make their children happy, and what present to beg old Santa Claus to bring them, to commemorate this great day.

Will you please give me a thought once more to the little Crippled children, who have to spend this day on beds of sickness.

Can you realize dear Mothers what it means; and it may have been your child. We know not why or wherefore some are called upon to bear these heavy burdens, while others have healthy robust children, it is one of the mysteries that will continue to puzzle us "until the mists have rolled away, and all things are made clear."

But we can help to make their burdens lighter, by bringing a little bit of sunshine into their darkened lives at this festive season.

We send to the Matron of the Crippled Children's Hospital each year and get a list of names of these unfortunate little sufferers. From a collection of dolls, toys, picture books, etc., etc., we make a parcel for each individual child full of some good things, and we make and fill Christmas stockings for the very little ones, and each one is addressed with a bright Christmas tag with their own names on.

Some of the same names have appeared on the list two and three years.

Imagine if you can how delighted they must be, to know even if they are away from their own loved ones, Good old Santa Claus never forgets them.

And think what it means to these little sufferers, to open their own parcels; and the wondering surprise which lights up their little emaciated faces, to see the contents, and the joy when they know they belong entirely to themselves.

Will you not help to bring this pleasure to them? No matter how small the donations, they will be gratefully received and acknowledged week by week in the Watchman.

By gladdening the lives of these little ones, you are carrying out the Divine Will, viz: "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Z. L. CAMPBELL, Brownsburg.

First Notice.

TEACHING PATRIOTISM

Part of the business of The Youth's Companion is cultivating a fine patriotism—the love of country; not wrong but right. The Youth's Companion started the movement for putting the flag on the schoolhouse, it formulated the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag that is repeated today in practically every schoolhouse in the United States. It has for a long time, now, been running a series of patriotic covers picturing striking events in the nation's history. Painted by the best historical illustrators in the country, they are produced in full color at frequent intervals on The Companion's cover. It is worth a year's subscription to The Companion to have these scenes in our building of the nation pictured so graphically. They help greatly in fixing the memory of the events related in the school histories.

The 52 issues of 1924 will be crowded with aerial stories, short stories, editorials, poetry, facts and fun. Subscribe now and receive:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1924.
2. All the remaining issues of 1923.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1924. All for \$2.50.
4. Or include McCall's Magazine, the monthly authority on fashions. Both publications, only for \$3.00.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned LANDS and TENEMENTS have been seized, and will be sold at the respective times and places mentioned below.

FIERY FACIES DE TERRIS. Summary procedure—Superior Court Canada.

Province of Quebec, District of Quebec, No. 1334.

P. T. LEGARE LIMITED, plaintiff; against E. LEVERT et al., defendants.

As belonging to one of the said defendants, Edmond Levert, senior, the following immovable, to wit:

An emplacement forming part of No. 27B of the 7th range of the township of Wolfe, on the official cadastre of the said township of Wolfe, containing thirty eight feet in width in the north line, by one hundred feet in depth; bounded in front to the south by the public road, to the north by the land of Joseph Bourguignon, to the east by the emplacement of Auguste Levert, and to the west by a street of fifteen feet in width—with the buildings thereon.

To be sold at the door of the Catholic church of the parish of Saint Faustine, county and district of Terrebonne, the TWENTY EIGHTH day of NOVEMBER, one thousand nine hundred and twenty three, at ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

J. W. CYR, Sheriff. Ste. Scholastique, 23rd October, 1923 (First publication 27th October, 1923) 5478-43-2

Here and There

The season for moose hunting opened in New Brunswick October 1st, and the chief game warden expects one of the best seasons in the history of the province. Game is reported plentiful in all sections.

The drydock at St. John, New Brunswick, is now an accomplished work. It was opened October 29th. The largest drydock in North America, it is capable of accommodating the largest ships of the British Navy.

Speaking in London, England, on October 19th, Sir Lomer Gouin, Canadian Minister of Justice, stated that Canada's exports per capita were three times more than those of the United States and her imports per capita four times more. The British Empire was Canada's second best customer.

There are more telephones in Canada per 100 population than in any other country except the United States. This is shown in a report issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, in which the proportion of telephones users per 100 population is set at 10.53.

A dispatch from London states that a number of cattle from the Prince of Wales' ranch was included in a large consignment of Canadian cattle which reached Cardiff recently. There appeared to be a keen demand for the consignment and 150 head were despatched to Norfolk farmers by special train.

Members of the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada, at the closing session of their Toronto convention, pledged subscriptions totalling \$10,000 towards the launching of a permanent institute of baking, in connection with the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. It is expected that the school will be opened early in 1924.

Canadian Pacific Railway figures show remarkable increases in the shipment of grain for the ten week days preceding and including October 18th, this year, as compared with 1922. During the ten days there were loaded for shipment over the whole system a total of 16,195 cars, at the rate of 2,350,000 bushels a day, in comparison with 12,000 cars at 1,753,000 bushels a day last year.

It is expected that by the end of the present month track-laying on the branch of the Canadian Pacific running from Kipawa to the Government dam on the De Quince River, a distance of 69 miles, with a spur from Gaboury to Ville Marie, a distance of 3 miles, will be completed and that by the end of November the whole line will be ready for operation.

A system of education by mail for those who live in remote rural districts out of reach of rural schools is being prepared by Hon. Fernon Baker, Minister of Education for Alberta, to go into effect this month. The working plan has already been drawn up to run through the winter to the end of the school year. It is expected that from 20 to 40 lessons will be given in the case of each applicant for the service.

Of 526 girls brought to Saskatchewan from the British Isles from 1920 to June 15, 1923, only six have returned overseas, and of the sum of \$45,411.55 advanced to the girls the sum of \$42,980.98 had been repaid up to June 15th, 400 having repaid their loan in full and the balance of 126 paying all but the sum of \$2,430.57. The girls came to Canada to positions as household workers.

Talk meters are being installed on telephones and it is claimed they measure conversation after the same fashion that other meters in the house measure gas, electricity and water. The new instrument is known as the telechrometer, and as fully 50 per cent. of all telephone conversation is either unnecessarily long or frivolous, the new invention will work a saving to the operator. Every time the receiver is taken off the hook on a party line, the meter begins to operate. The eavesdropper will be charged as much as if he had made the call. We feel quite sure that several party lines would be affected if such instruments were installed here.

TENDERS FOR WOOD

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to November 5th for eighty cord of wood delivered to the Lachute Academy by Feb. 15th, 1924. Wood to be two foot long, all body wood hard maple. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Sec.-Treas., G. A. Clunie, Lachute.

GOING EAST.

No. 426. From Calumet due at Lachute 7.45 a.m.
No. 422. From Ottawa due at Lachute 10.53 a.m.
No. 424. From Ottawa due at Lachute 8.08 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 421. From Montreal due at Lachute 10.02 a.m.
No. 423. From Montreal due at Lachute 7.14 p.m.
No. 425. From Montreal due at Lachute 9.10 p.m.
No. 427. From Montreal, Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute 3.42 p.m.

For further particulars. Apply to J. S. Giles, Town Agent, Lachute.

Who Is She?

The identity of "The Wonderful Heroine," whose amazing life story appeared in the Family Herald and Weekly Star, is causing widespread speculation. Her remarkable achievements under appalling conditions, handicapped more often than aided by her great beauty, most certainly have justified the claim that she was "One woman in ten million."

It is now announced that a beautiful portrait of "The Wonderful Heroine," reproduced in all the colors of the original masterpiece, will be given free to subscribers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, that is, to those who subscribe in time.

Our stock of Men's Suits are complete, Blues, Greys and Browns and heaps to choose from.
W. Banford & Son.

MAGISTRATE COURT

at
SAINT JEROME.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
COUNTY OF TERREBONNE,
No. 733
Esdra Raymond, trader of St. Jerome, County of Terrebonne,
Plaintiff,
VS
Ernest Gillot, formerly of the Parish of St. Adele presently of unknown place,
Defendant.

It is ordered to the defendant to appear in this case in the month of SAINT JEROME, 23 October, 1923, S. Magnan, Magistrate Court Clerk.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

L. L. LEGAULT, K. C.
Advocate,
Telephone No. 60
Lachute, P. Que.

LAW OFFICES

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Painless Extraction,
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Opposite Victoria Hotel, West Ward, Lachute. Phone 86.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XLVHI.

LACHUTE, QUE., NOVEMBER 16, 1923.

43

COAL ! COAL ! COAL !

Place your order for coal with us at once, as this may be the last car this season.

WILLARD SERVICE STATION 5289.

A. & B. Wet batteries sold by us will be recharged free for the first four months.

T. McOUAT & SON,
Founders and Machinists, Lachute Mills.

A CLOSE CALL.

Many a narrow squeak Teddy Hammond had when overseas but never a closer than that of last Saturday afternoon as he was doing some road repair work on the Chatham line. A stray 22 bullet struck him through the peak of his cap, just glazing his forehead. There are many handling fire arms that should be deprived of their use and many of the accidents caused are resultant from pure down-right carelessness that should be punishable with heavy penalty. To be careful rather than sorry is the lesson to be learned.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind and the other is that they have not any business.

PUBLIC AUCTION SALE.

To take place on Monday, 19th, Nov. at 10 a.m., sharp at the residence of Arthur Longpre, St. Canot.

1 Registered Ayrshire Bull, 18 winter milking cows, 2 heifers one year old, 3 horses, as well as all farm implements, which are in perfect order. All to be sold without reserve.

FOR SALE.—A Findlay Range, for wood or coal, with hot water attachments. Almost new. Apply to Mrs. R. E. O'Leary, Lachute, Quebec.

FOR SALE.—A few good Oxford Down Ewes either Grade or Pure Breed. Apply to Alex. Doig, Lachute, Quebec.

FOR SALE.—FAIRBANKS-MORSE lighting plant in good condition cheap. For further particulars apply to Geo. Stanforth, Box 94 Lachute, Quebec.

FOR SERVICE.—A pure-bred Yorkshire Boar at the stables of A. E. McLean, Upper Lachute, Quebec.

LOST.—In the vicinity of Dalesville, on November 10th. A black and white bound with black saddle on back. Finder will please communicate with John Muir, St. Andrews East, Quebec.

LOST.—On Nov. 2nd, between Dalesville and Brownsburg. 30-30 Winchester Carbine Rifle. Finder please return same to Charles Mosley, Brownsburg and receive reward.

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—Situated on Bedford Boulevard near Bethany Street, water in house, bath-room and six foot cellar. Apply to J. D. Lemay or J. F. Lavigne, Notary, Lachute, Quebec.

Will the man who found purse in Montreal and phoned Uptown 6498 West. Please phone owner at Rockland 4713 or write to Mrs. A. Berend, 2 Quebec Ave, Apt 3 "Liberal Reward."

This is the time to think of Christmas Greeting Cards for those at a distance. As usual we have a nice full line on which you may have your selection of greeting to suit your own particular fancy. Place your order by calling in at "Bob's Kasey Corner," Main Street.

Yorkshire Boar for Service at the stables of Mr. Wm. McOuatt, Hill Foot.

Watch and Clock Specialist. Bring your repairs to Mr. Joseph Belanger who will do all your work in prompt order, but he wishes to say that he will be in his shop on Thursday, Friday and Saturday only of each week, so you will please take note.

Joe. Belanger, near B.H.I.'s Store, East W. Lachute, Que. Phone No. 116 r-2-3

CRESWELL'S
Canada Cement
Prices Right
R. Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. C. Joss, of Three Rivers, was a week-end visitor in town.

Misses Inez, Hattie and Ella Giles spent the holidays in town.

Mrs. Elsie McAllister of Ste. Anne was a week-end visitor in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Underhill and son spent the holidays in Montreal.

Misses Francis and Wilma Joss, of Montreal, spent the holidays in town.

Misses May and Jessie Thompson spent Saturday last in Hawkesbury.

Mr. Percy Sanford, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mrs. A. McFaul.

Miss Hammond of Montreal recently spent a few days in town visiting friends.

Mr. Jas. McCracken, of Huntingdon, was the week-end guest of Mrs. T. Anderson.

Mr. Lionel Lafleur, of the Montreal Technical School, spent his holidays with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Brockie and son, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Miss McKimmie.

Mrs. Morrow, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of her mother Mrs. R. Creswell.

Mr. H. Banford left on Tuesday evening for a few days visit with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and daughter, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Miss E. Creswell.

Mrs. Ewing and daughter Robina, of Montreal, were Thanksgiving guests of Miss Dunbar.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Giles and daughter spent Thanksgiving in Montreal the guests of Mrs. Henry Cowan.

Mrs. Huggins and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wall, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Robt. Miller for the Thanksgiving holiday.

Mrs. Leggett and Miss Dorothy Leggett and Mrs. Makinson, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Geo. Leggett.

Miss Evelyn Creswell of Ste. Anne and Mr. and Mrs. Crabb, of Montreal, were holidays guests of Mrs. Geo. Creswell.

The Annual Xmas Tree exercises of the Lachute Baptist Sunday School will be held in the church on Friday evening, Dec. 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Thompson, of Ogdensburg, also Miss May Thompson were the guests of Mr. Wm. Thompson on Sunday last.

Miss M. E. Peet, Mrs. Geo. Peet and Mr. Jas. Arnott, of Lakefield, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends at Havelton, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jamieson, of Cornwall, Ont., and Mr. Geo. Goodfellow, of Smith Falls, were holiday guests of Mrs. Albert Goodfellow.

The Misses Leah and Laura Dion were in Ottawa for Thanksgiving holidays as the guests of their aunt Mrs. Gibeau, also other relatives and friends.

A limited number of five hundred tickets will be sold for the Concert in the Presbyterian Church on Nov. 29th. Get yours early so as not to be disappointed.

Mrs. Arthur Davis and Mr. John Davis, of Morin Heights, Miss Gibson of California, and Miss M. Davis of Ottawa were guests this week of Mrs. Wm. Deacon.

The return of the young people for Thanksgiving holidays was the occasion for an enjoyable dance that was held in the Town Hall on Friday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Farmer, of Montreal, and Miss Farmer, of Dunany, also Mr. Bourbonniere and son spent Thanksgiving as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Armstrong.

Owing to a mistake the names of some of the officers of the Ladies Curling Club were omitted last week. Vice-President Mrs. Ernest Walker, Sec. Mrs. Robt. McFaul.

Don't forget the afternoon tea, sale of work and candy, also Home-made cooking in the Victoria Hall on Friday afternoon, Nov. 3rd. Doors open at 3 p.m. Come and visit with your friends.

Mrs. Robert Cruise (nee Queenie Campbell) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home in Brownsburg, on Wednesday afternoon, the 21st. inst., from four to six o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Terence Gill (nee Miss Margory Christie) of Shawinigan Falls, Misses Jean and Kathleen Crombie of the Ladies College, Ottawa, were Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. T. Christie.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church, Brownsburg, are holding a sale of fancy and useful articles, home-made cooking, candy, etc., on Tuesday, December 4th. Keep the date in mind.

Many homes will be gladdened this Christmas by the thousands of trees that are being shipped from here to the U.S.A. for the Christmas festivities. Mr. Gross, of Dayton, Ohio, is busily at work filling seven cars containing upwards of 2,000 in each car.

Mrs. Lackey is spending this week in Ottawa.

Mrs. Wm. Heatlie is visiting friends in Ogdensburg.

Mrs. Chas. Calder is spending a few weeks in Waterloo.

Miss Violet Grey of Montreal was the week-end guest of Miss Parsons.

Mrs. Scrivner and sons, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. E. Jousse.

Misses Houston of Ottawa were guests of Mrs. Wm. Houston for the holidays.

Miss Edna Saudrey of Lachute was the holiday guest of Miss Florence Armstrong.

Miss Elsie McIntyre returned home this week after spending a pleasant holiday in New York.

Mrs. Jas. Campbell and Mr. Stewart Campbell were in Montreal the early part of this week.

Mr. Dunn, Mr. Caley and Mr. J. Calder, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Geo. Calder this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Morrison and Mr. Howard Morrison were guests this week of Mrs. John MacGibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fraser and daughter, of Ottawa, were Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. K. E. Fraser.

Mr. James McCracken, of Huntingdon, and Miss W. Lavery, of Montreal, were the guests of Mrs. R. McArthur.

Messrs. Alex. Barker, J. Stephenson and T. Hartfield, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Barker.

Miss Helen Hannah, Mr. Norman Haring, Mr. Jas. Yelland, of Montreal, and Miss Gertrude Wooding and Mr. Perley Carruthers, of Ottawa, were week-end guests of Mrs. Yelland.

Mr. and Mrs. Bissett and the Misses Bissett, Miss Emily McGowan, of Lachute, and Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Mackie.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Theoren Carpenter, of Three Rivers in the loss of their infant daughter. Interment was held at Lachute on Tuesday, Oct. 30th.

A letter of Thanks and Appreciation has been received by Mrs. E. J. Bradley, President of the Argenteuil Women's Institute, for a box containing thirty dozen cookies, which were sent by the Institute as a Thanksgiving gift to the returned soldiers at Ste. Agathe.

Last Tuesday Mrs. W. H. Ayers was hostess at luncheon in honor of her great uncle Monsignor Routhier (formerly Vicar General of Ottawa,) and her uncle Rev. J. B. Routhier of Masson, Quebec. Among the united guests were Rev. Fathers Cloutier and Marsolais Curators, of Lachute.

A merry crowd of young folk arrived home from MacDonald College to spend the holidays with their parents among which were — Misses Alice Bain, Phoebe McOuatt, Flora McDonald, Olive, Ethel, and Grace Morrison, Hazel Brown, Evelyn Creswell, Elsie McAllister, Mr. Matthews and friend, and Ian Hay.

The Annual Union Thanksgiving Service was held on Monday last in the Baptist Church and was well attended. The sermon was preached by Rev. A. Mathews, and the ministers of other churches taking part. A collection of \$26.15 was taken up which will be forwarded to the Verdun Hospital for the Insane.

Keep the date open for Nov. 29th, when the well-known organist of Montreal, Mr. Harold Key, who has been often heard over the radio, will be present with several other prominent artists to give a Grand Concert in the Lachute Presbyterian Church. This is an exceptional musical treat that you cannot afford to miss.

Mr. Wm. Banford returned on Monday evening from a short visit to Nanpanee, Ont.

THE DAY OF REMEMBRANCE.

The Bronze Figure in our Park was the centre of attraction last Sunday for while no public demonstration was held, numbers of people visited the monument and paid their silent tribute of respect to those who had paid the supreme sacrifice. Special services were held in all the churches at which the two minutes silence was reverently observed.

On Monday, a Thanksgiving Service was held in the Baptist Church, when an address suited to the occasion was given by the Rev. A. Mathews, with Revs. G. A. MacKinnon, P. McEwan and J. R. MacLeod assisting. The collection was devoted to the Protestant Hospital at Verdun for which the amount has been duly acknowledged in the following letter: —

MONTREAL, Quebec

Nov. 14th, 1923.

Mr. Stanley Goldsworthy,

Clerk, Lachute Baptist Church,

Lachute, Quebec.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th. inst. enclosing cheque for \$26.15 being offering received at the annual union Thanksgiving service, held in the Baptist Church, Lachute, and donated to this Hospital. On behalf of the Board of Management I beg to thank you for this generous donation, and to enclose receipt herewith.

Yours truly,

Sec. Carlotta A. Slack.

Ladies' Coats Fall 1923

We have received a lot of our New Fall Coats for Ladies.

The Styles are attractive and up

The cloths are new and colours attractive.

There are fur collared coats and others without fur.

The prices are wonderfully low—a real surprise to many.

W. BANFORD & SON,
LACHUTE.

Telephone No. 50.

Wholesale and Retail Flour and Feed,
"Cream of the West" is OUR BEST.
Grain and Coal.

Aird's Bread of Montreal and the Standard of Ottawa
Buns and Cakes of Different Varieties
A full line of Choice Groceries, Bacon, Etc.,
Deliveries made with prompt attention.

J. D. CAMPBELL
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

We deal in Foreign and Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and the best material in all latest designs, always on hand. Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of Cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Terms to suit Purchasers.

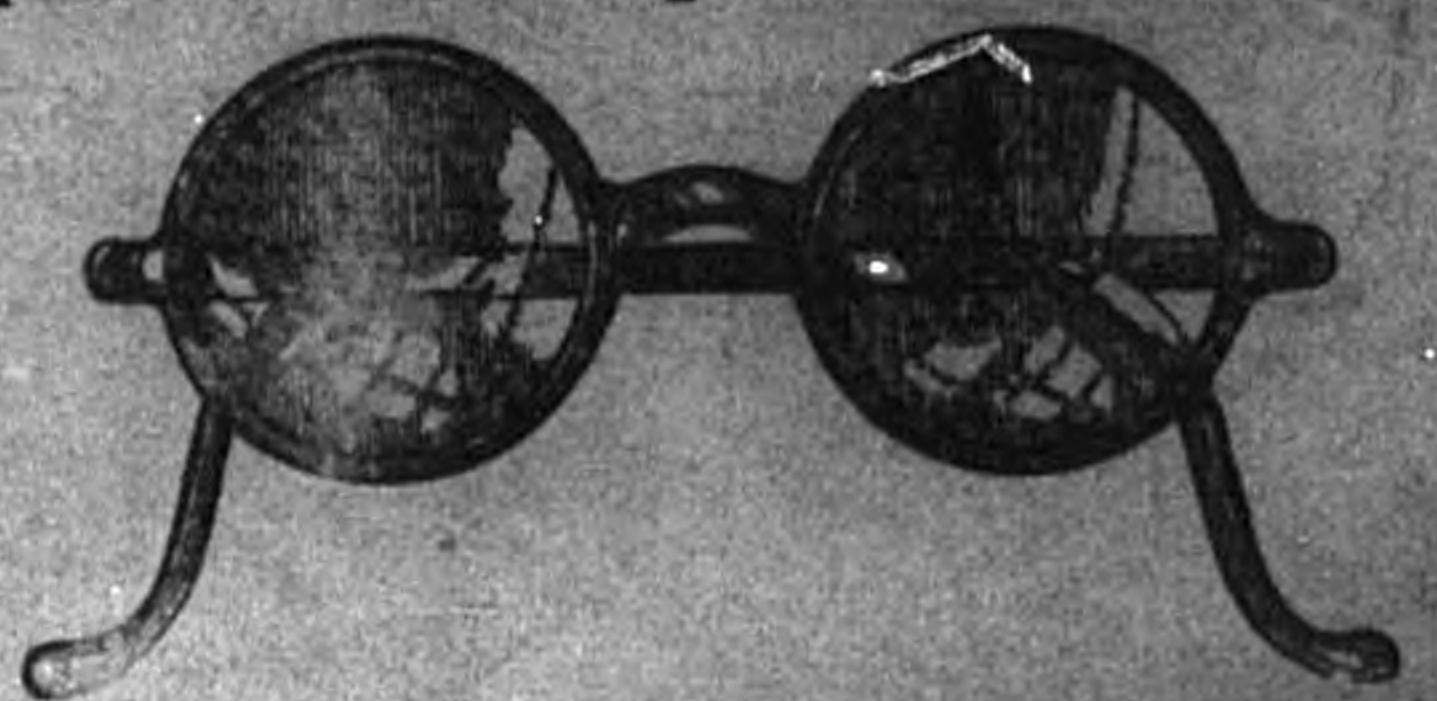
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Spectacles for Reading and for Weak Eyes



Let us examine your eyes, so that you may have comfort and relief from strain, and need not be unbecoming as there is a great variety of styles, the latest shell-rimmed and rimless mountings.

Eugene Jousse

Watchmaker, Jeweller, Optometrist. LACHUTE, QUE.

THE AUTOMOBILE

HOW TO PRESERVE THE FACTORY FINISH.

In place of the thrill, now rarely experienced, which came from glimpsing a sparkling carriage, drawn by a spanking pair of well-groomed high-steppers, we have the pleasure of seeing wonderfully designed, luxurious cars roll by, in all the glory of exquisite stream lines in glistening varnish and Japan.

To keep these modern vehicles looking one hundred per cent, fit calls for as much care as was bestowed upon the coach of other days, or possibly more, as the later methods do not lend themselves to obtaining finishes equaling in resistance those of former periods.

Fervent demand for speeding up in this section, corresponding with production in other departments, does not admit of allowing the finish that length of time for "setting" which was formerly insisted upon, and which was requisite where best results were sought.

Varnishes, it is true, have been adapted, in some measure, to those more rapid methods of treatment, but much "spotting" of new cars is caused by exposing the cars to weather and mud conditions while the finish is "green," or, in other words, before a sufficiently hard skin has formed on the varnish. Hardening of the varnish skin is assisted by flowing cold water over the surface for from three to four hours, and the purchaser of a new car will derive considerable security from doing this before operating the car. It might be pointed out here that a car bought in the fall and its finish allowed to "set" in cool weather will retain its luster longer and better than one purchased and immediately run in the heat.

ERASE MUD IMMEDIATELY.

However well conditioned, a finish will suffer from permitting mud and dirt to remain on it for any length of time, due to the action of alkaline salts present in the mud.

Finish may be, and very frequently is, damaged beyond repair by careless washing.

The sponges and chamois used for this purpose should be carefully selected, the sponges chosen must be free of sea grit; the chamois soft, without hard fibre. There must be a separate set for the upper and lower portions of the car. Those intended for the upper parts should be thoroughly soaked and washed for the removal of grit, and, in the case of the chamois, to rid it of excess grease.

As much of the dirt as possible should be removed from the surface by slow floating water alone. In taking off the more stubborn dirt by aid of the sponge always keep a film of water between the sponge and the dirt, otherwise the finish will be badly scratched.

Chamois the car dry, and in the process rinse the chamois in clear water occasionally and wring it.

Never use soap on the highly finished surface, whether of varnish or baked Japan. The alkali in soap is destructive. A little soft soap is permissible, even necessary, for the under parts, but must be used very sparingly on the wheels, and thoroughly washed off. The wheel spokes on many cars are decorated by a too free use of soap.

We now come to a matter which has been the subject of much controversy, namely, the advisability of using polish on a car.

Some people hold with unreasoning tenacity to the theory of "water only," seemingly oblivious of the fact that waters are extremely variable in chemical contents, and practically all contain sufficient sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium salts to grey the finish in course of time unless followed by a proper dressing.

PROCESS OF OXIDATION.

Further, a process of oxidation is continually going on in varnish and Japan exposed to atmosphere, causing the formation of a grey scum that water is powerless to remove, and which, if allowed to remain on the surface for any length of time, will destroy it.

If these arguments for the use of polish are not convincing, it might be added that practically all automobile manufacturers employ polish.

The question really resolves itself into the one of what polishes are fit and which unfit for use. In this article it is possible only to submit a few

general points for your guidance in the matter.

Oily and greasy preparations are objectionable. They catch the dust and make the finish flatter than if it had no polish at all, and oil kills varnish just as grease kills a tire.

Spirit preparations are dangerous in the hands of those unskilled in their use.

Wax accumulates, oxidizes and turns grey, and is difficult to remove. It gives, at best, a soft gloss which is a poor substitute for the high brilliancy of varnish and baked Japan.

A polish and cleaner should be separate articles, as it is not necessary or desirable to use a cleaner every time you use a polish.

Chamois cloth is preferred for polishing. It should be of the heavier variety, and washed to remove the dressing. The insides of sugar bags, sometimes offered for this purpose, generally have hard pieces of grit woven right into the cloth which will scratch the finish.

A good polish will hold a finish as closely as possible to its original condition for the utmost period of time.

Unfortunately there are very few washing and polishing stations that do really good work, although a great number of owners are willing to pay a higher price for first-class service of this character.

The average factory finish, even on inexpensive cars, will last a surprisingly long time if properly cared for. A finish is almost always a poor counterfeit of the original, and often an unnecessary expense.

Three-Fold Need of Human Being.

It is a fact well known to science that it takes three simultaneous influences to make a seed germinate in the soil. It must have heat, moisture and air; when these three things come at the same time the long dormant seed instantly springs to life and fulfills its destiny. If one of these is lacking the grain will never become a plant.

So it is with man in his threefold spiritual being, spiritual, mental and physical. The possibilities of greatness are latent in him but if one of these forces is missing he will remain a seed in the desert soil, packed with superb possibilities but barren and sterile without the magic touch of water.—O. S. Marden.

Venice Main Street.

The Grand Canal is the name given to the principal canal and main water thoroughfare of Venice. It is nearly two miles in length, is in shape like the letter "S" and divides the city into two nearly equal parts. The "Canal-gra," as it is called in Italian, is spanned by the Rialto, and is lined with palaces which, although appearing stained and battered in the daytime, loom up grandly in the moonlight.



Didn't Go For Arrest.

Patron—"I hear your cashier is in Australia—did he go for a rest?" Bank President—"No; to escape arrest."

To-Night.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Three from report divine, and heard thy name.
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind!
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

One Guarantee.

The Irishman had called at the farm and had asked the farmer to give him a job.

The farmer at first refused to listen to a word he had to say; but after a time, in response to the man's pleading, he agreed to take him on if he could answer a number of questions satisfactorily.

All went well until the farmer asked: "Where do you come from?" "Ireland," replied the man quite readily.

"Ireland!" cried the farmer. "Then that settles it. I can have no more Irish people here; they all die on my hands."

A Mystery Even to Sam.

The natives of the Bahamas are expert sailors. Somehow without a compass and in all kinds of weather they are able to guide their boats intelligently over the pathless ocean. How they do it is a mystery even to themselves. In his recent book, "In the Wake of the Buccaneers," Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill says that he tried to learn from Sam, his colored steersman, why he was so confident of reaching the tiny island of St. Croix after a voyage of one hundred miles over a deserted sea.

"Why, chief," replied the native, "Ah don't need to know where we is for to get where we goin'."

"Well, how on earth do you do it, Sam?"

"Ah can't say," was the reply. "Ah jus' knows where 'bout th' lan' is, an' Ah Steers for he."



Picking Up Right Along.

"The automobile business is picking up."

"Yes—picking up pedestrians. I suppose you mean."

Miss Gertrude Ederle has set up a new world's swimming record for women by covering 200 yards in 2 minutes 31 4-5 seconds.

Cherries derive their color from heat and not light. Fruit grown under a light which gives no heat remains white, while that cultivated in a hot place becomes red.

The Confession of Monsieur Lavaure

By Roger Regis. Translated by William L. McPherson.

Surprised by the ring of his door-bell, M. Lavaure lifted himself painfully out of his chair. He was a retired clerk and a widower, living a lonely life in a remote Paris suburb, and he seldom had visitors. He did not like new faces. Anything unexpected upset him. Nevertheless, he went to the door and opened it. Recognizing on the sill one of his former colleagues in the house of Mauvral, exporters, alongside of whom he had worked for forty years and had not seen since his retirement, he cried:

"You, Monsieur Perrin! What good wind brings you here?"

The other smiled in an awkward way. He was a small man, delicate looking and diffident, and almost as old as M. Lavaure.

"A good wind! Ah! No! he murmured.

"What do you mean?"

M. Lavaure had closed the door again and drawn M. Perrin into the narrow room in which he spent his solitary hours. With an impetuosity which age had not abated he repeated:

"Tell me! Tell me, then, what is it?"

"Tell me something first!" M. Perrin answered. "Does your son live here?"

"Jacques? Yes, he lives here. But at this moment he is away. He obtained a leave from M. Mauvral, he told me, and went to the country last Sunday night. I did not ask him where. One must be discreet with young people. Have they not secrets which do not concern us?"

"And his bearing these last days—has it seemed to you queer or unusual?"

"Perhaps so. But why do you ask me these questions?"

"I must tell you what has happened at the office. Thirty thousand francs were stolen from the proprietor's safe. Two persons are under suspicion—the cashier and your son."

The old man got up. A rush of blood turned his face crimson. His lips trembled with emotion.

"Why my son? He took over my bookkeeping duties at M. Mauvral's and handles no money. That I know."

"Yes. But on Sunday, before leaving Paris, he said that he had some extra work to do and came to the office, where he was all alone for two hours. Now, on that day the cashier had left the key to the strong box in the lock. The proprietor guarantees the cashier's honesty. Except your son, no one was seen entering the es-

tablishment. That is enough to throw suspicion on him."

"Come! Come! It is a wicked idea. Nothing of the sort is possible!"

"I hope so, and I came to tell you so that the matter may be cleared up without delay."

M. Lavaure made no answer. He heard nothing but the tumultuous beating of the arteries in his forehead.

M. Perrin also got up. "Don't torment yourself. After you have talked with your son everything will be explained—everything will be arranged. Good luck! I will see you again soon."

When the old man was left alone he tried to recover his self-possession and to reason things out. But the revelation had been so brutal and so perturbing that the fever which possessed him could not be allayed. He walked about the room like a wild beast in a cage.

His son a robber! Absurd! And yet—a thousand insignificant indications were suddenly marshaled in his memory and took on overpower-

ing importance. Jacques was young—hardly twenty-five. He loved pleasure, spent his earnings freely and often borrowed from his father. "Especially in the last few months. And during that time he seemed always restless, preoccupied, lost in reveries which he refused to explain. This trip, too—what did it mean? Was it a flight? Why had he sent no news of himself for the last three days?"

Yet a young man may do foolish things without going so far as to steal. If Jacques was innocent, who was guilty? The cashier? M. Lavaure knew this old employee, through whose hands millions had passed, and whose scrupulous honesty was beyond attack. No, he could not be the robber.

He or Jacques, they said. Then it was Jacques.

"The nightfall M. Lavaure turned this frightful thought over and over in his mind and could not shake himself loose from it. Each new process of reasoning confirmed it. All night the old man sighed in horror and despair. When dawn came he had no longer

any doubts. His son was guilty. He had also reached a decision to go to see M. Mauvral at once.

He arrived at the hour when the establishment opened. He had to wait some minutes. His heart beat painfully, not only because of the strange errand which he was on, but also at seeing himself in such a position in a house in which he had spent a life of probity and honor.

Finally he was ushered into the proprietor's office. The latter was a large, tall man, with snowy hair. He walked toward M. Lavaure, held out his hand and said:

"This is a terrible surprise. I hope that you have some favor to ask of me. I should be happy to do you a service."

But M. Lavaure did not take the hand offered to him. Without raising his eyes he said:

"Listen to me, please, and don't interrupt me. What I have to tell you is very disagreeable. Thirty thousand francs have disappeared from your strong box. Well, you must not suspect your cashier. You must not accuse my son Jacques—he is innocent. I swear it! I am the guilty party. Yes, I have not been retired so long that I have forgotten the run of the place. I accompanied my son here last Sunday and while he was attending to his work I walked through the empty rooms. Suddenly I saw in the safe lock a bunch of forgotten keys. I don't know what folly possessed me. I opened the strong box and stole the money. That is all. Now that I have told you for the police."

The old man waited for an answer. He heard none and raised his eyes. M. Mauvral was smiling.

"Have pity on me!" M. Lavaure continued. "Put me under arrest."

The other finally replied:

"Monsieur Lavaure, you have a soul greater than I thought you had and I admire the heroic quality of your paternal love. That no suspicion may attach to your son you deliver yourself up in his place, you declare yourself guilty of a robbery which you never committed. Yes, your sacrifice is beautiful. But it is needless. We have the real criminal. He is a minor employee who broke in here last Sunday. He has confessed and returned the money. Now, if you will let me, I will shake your hand."

Very pale, but pale with joy, the old man grasped the friendly hand held out to him. Squeezing it in a transport, he murmured:

"Ah, I like this much better!"

"So do I," said M. Mauvral.



THE UPLIFTER

I often hear my neighbors say, "That Mrs. Bunk is truly great; inspired, she goes her noble way, and makes dire evils pull their freight. Whenever there's a high crusade to battle sins we all abhor, we see Miranda Bunk arrayed in all the panoply of war. She leads a grand and useful life, as all the moralists agree; Jack Bunk should glory in his wife, but ah! a grouchy dub is he. No high ideals fit his soul, no fine ambitions spur his mind, but creature comforts are his goal, to things uplifting he is blind." And yet, although it be a crime, I sympathize with poor old Jack, when he comes home at supper time, and finds no fodder in the shack. No tempting pies does he behold, unwashed are all the plates and spoons; the kitchen stove is bleak and cold, there is no scent of stewing prunes. He's labored roundly in the mart dispensing gas for limousines, and with an aching, broken heart, he eats a can of slimy beans. His noble wife has run amuck to benefit her fellowman, and Jack, who longs for roasted duck, must eat cold victuals from a can. And so when people wildly boast that splendid dame and all her deeds, I think of Jack who goes to roost without the wholesome grub he needs.

IN RABBITBORO



Finish Your Hogs on Schumacher Feed

THE only thing a hog has to do is to grow and get fat. The cost of his growth is the thing which determines whether he pays you or not.

Schumacher Feed builds hog flesh at a profit. It is a combination of milled products of corn, barley, oats, and wheat, with linseed meal, high in protein.

Finish your hogs on Schumacher. It costs less than ground corn, and produces a firm, even flesh. It is easily digested and keeps the herd healthy.

Start with Schumacher now. Test it out this year in finishing your hogs, and you will make it a regular part of your hog feed.

Schumacher Feed is always the same. It comes in new sacks, each bearing the Government guaranteed analysis.

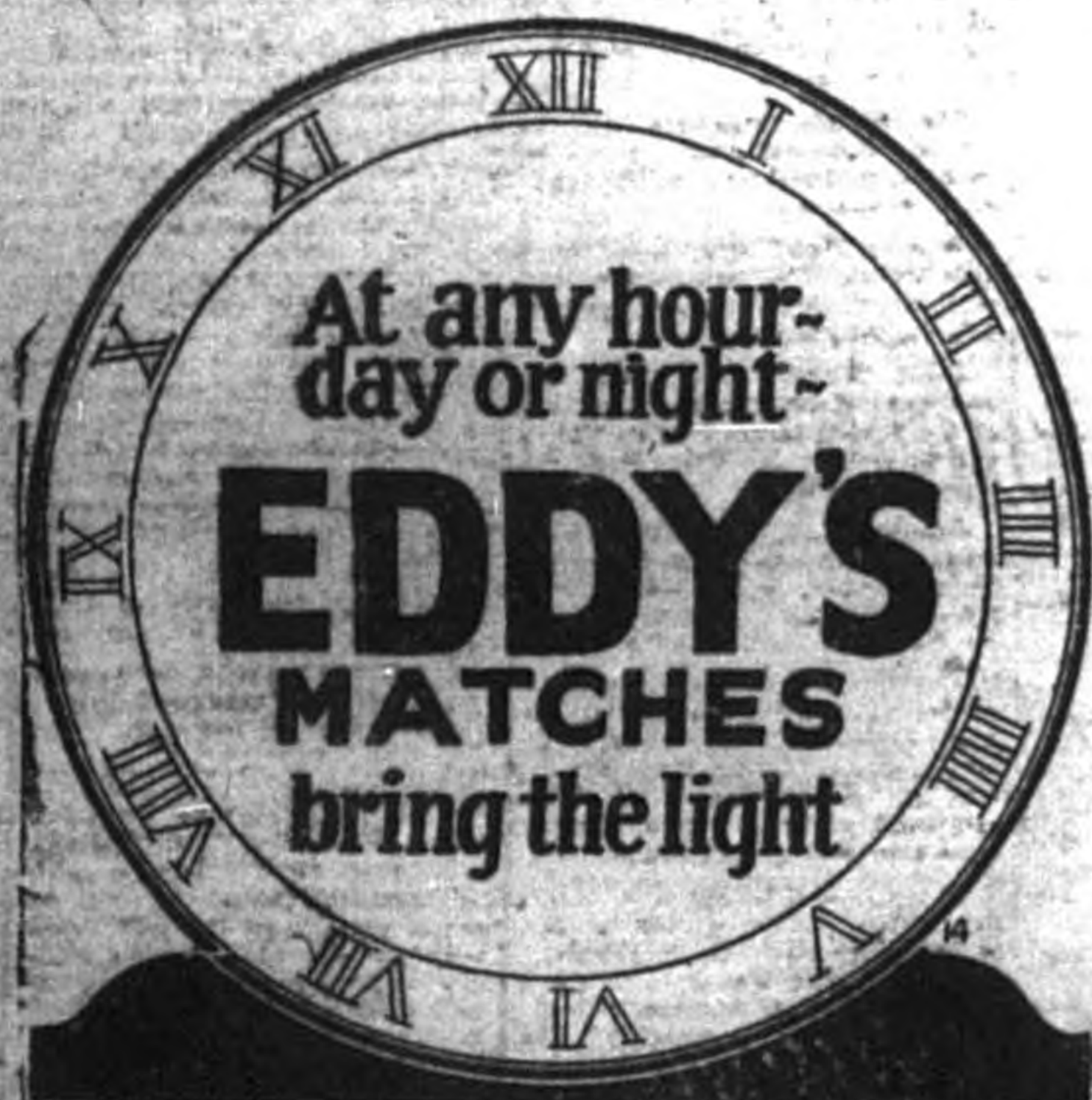
SCHUMACHER FEED

Write us regarding your hog and dairy problems. Our Live Stock Service Department can help you. Its advice is free.

The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

For Sale by

G. A. Lowe, Grenville; Eugene Quinell, St. Eugene.



The Store of Real Value

We have just received a new and large assortment of Home-spun Cloth and French Flannel

Ladies' Boots for Fall in all Styles & Colors

COMPLETE COSTUMES in Poiré and Tricotine lined with Crepe-de-Chene Silk

Owing to a change in manufacture we have been able to buy these costumes at very low figure and wish to give our Customers the benefit.

Full supply of Ladies' Dresses and Dress Goods. Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children.

J. D. Lemay

Bethany Street, - Lachute.

FALL SHOES

For Men, Women and Children.

We can fit your feet and your pocket book from our large stock. SEMI-READY TAILORING.

The choicest novelties of the season in styles and fabrics are ready for your choosing.

Ready-made Suits for Men and Boys always in stock.

A full assortment of Warm Winter Coats, Pants, Caps, Gloves and Mitts, Overalls, Shirts and socks, etc.

This is the store to get just what you want in these lines, and our prices are the most reasonable.

DR. SCHOOL'S FOOT COMFORT SERVICE.

W. G. Stanforth, Main St., Lachute

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, NOV. 16th, 1923.

THE WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, Amusements etc., 25 cents minimum; over three (3) lines, 50 cents.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 25 cents.

All local advertising any event from which there are financial proceeds, will be charged at the following rates,—three (3) lines or under 25cts. For each additional line, 10 cents a line extra.

Legal Advertising,—\$1.40 per inch.

Subscription \$1.50 in advance: points in Canada, and \$2.00 in the United States.

A MOTTO FOR THIS MONTH

If we notice little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forget our losses
And remember all our gains;
If we look for people's virtues
And their faults refuse to see;
What a comfortable, happy cheerful place our little town would be.

EN PASSANT.

THE Toast of "Our Empire" was proposed by Professor W. T. Waugh. REPLYING to the toast, J. Armistage Ewing, K.C., said he felt that the term "Empire" was a misnomer, for it conveyed the impression of a ruthless barbaric power riding roughshod over subject nations. THEN arose Professor Ira MacKay.

THE occasion was the Annual Dinner of the St. James Literary Society, given at the Queen's Hotel, Montreal, recently. After a good dinner is the time (as Rudyard Kipling, Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, pointed out) to induce people to take larger views of things, and for that reason I am sorry Kipling was not at the St. James dinner. But it is a matter for congratulation that there was one man present, Prof. Ira MacKay, to lift up his voice and tell the folks what the word Empire stands for.

It is curious that on the same day, at a dinner given in London to the Dominion Premiers by the Overseas League, the true and larger meaning of "Empire" was discussed, and described by the Prince of Wales as "a group of virtually independent sister states all co-operating for the common good."

The individual units of the Empire may call themselves Free States, Commonwealths or Dominions, but the word "Empire" is the right word to apply to the aggregation of those units, and I am glad to stand behind Professor Ira MacKay when he says, "The word conveys the idea of an empire or moral situation and education, wielding powerful influence because of its united desire to work for justice in universal society: It is the beating of hearts in union for a common object that has made the British Empire what it is, and gives it the inspiration that cannot be invoked by the word Commonwealth: It is the human part, the vision, that counts in shaping civilisation and progress, and not formal constitutions and legislations."

That was a pretty good answer to give a cavilling K.C. I would not for a moment question the motives of those who advocate the use of the word Commonwealth. They may have wider ideas of empire than I, but I contend that their word has limitations which the word Empire flows over, and covers, as high water would cover a fence.

We prefer to have a rose by that name, not because the fragrance of the flower would be affected by another name, but because the name fits it so well. There is a grandeur in the subtle blending of the suitable name with the distinctive quality of the rose which appeals to us, and I recognise an exact parallel in the word Empire and what it stands for.

THE IDEA that "Empire" should convey the impression of ruthless barbaric power riding roughshod over subject nations, is not up-to-date: It is a Rip Van Winkle sort of an idea: a philological survival: a mummified notion that has been built over during its preternatural sleep. If there were an indication of ruthless barbaric power in the word, would a free and enlightened group of commonwealth states like the U.S.A. apply the term "Empire City" to New York, or call New York State the "Empire State"? See the point! Even the democratic idea of a great Republic recognises the principle of a wider greatness in the use of the word "Empire," sees in it a grandeur beyond the imperial attributes of kings and thrones, and brings into their language the interpretation which Hadrian (Roman Emperor A.D. 117 - 138) foreshadowed when he said "I am Emperor, not for myself, but for my people."

There is a masterful majesty, transcendently superior to the barbaric power of dead ages, in the word which we establish by common consent when we speak of the "Empire of Reason," or of the "Empire of Truth." Boundless realms these: If the units of Our Empire seek to found the British Cosmos upon the principles these vast territories contain, I urge that the disputed name be perpetuated until the British Empire becomes the expression of all that is reasonable and true, when, in the fullness of time, it can with modest majesty, take its Just Place in the Federation of Mankind.

A TRUE conception of the great-

ness of Empire does not necessarily rest upon the perpetuation of thrones and dynasties. These are only symbols, which may be subverted periodically. Whether you have a king or president makes little difference to the fact that groups of commonwealths can form, in combination a great and enduring Empire, if their fundamentals are well and truly laid. The most devoted royalist or the most vociferous republican will concede that. What is necessary is that each Kingdom, Principality, Dominion, State, or Commonwealth, shall be a genuine bona fide partner in the firm, and shall be guided by a desire to do what is best, in all things, for the common good, provided always that its individual and its corporate interests can be made to agree. That is what the present conclave in London is striving to evolve. "Somehow," said the Prince of Wales at that meeting the other day, "Somehow, by the constructive genius of many statesmen, and by a common instinct, those two opposites, Co-operation and Independence, have been dovetailed together."

Here again, I call attention to the coincidence of Rudyard Kipling's rectorial address timing itself with the subject of the Imperial Conference. The latter is talking Co-operation, while Kipling in his own inimitable way, is telling the fortunate St. Andrews students what Independence means, and how real Independence, or Self Ownership, fits the real man for the performance of Communal Miracles. "Bearding the gods themselves for gifts of fire and wisdom."

From these and other indications we can imagine that the British Empire may set an example of unification which will become humanity's model, and realise the hope that our One Nationality shall be that of Mankind. THE LINKMAN.

BROWNSBURG INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

GRADE VIII.

History.

Honours,—Eileen MacGibbon 95, Alma Fletcher 94, Leona Thompson 91. First Class,—Grace Moncrieff 87, Doris Golphin 87, Sarah MacVicar 87, Marian Bain 86. Second Class,—Violet Murdoch 74, Ida Fletcher 67, Bessie Mason 65, A. Masson 63, Jack Stewart 61. Third Class,—Lawrence Stephenson 55, Cuthbert MacQuaig 55, Robert MacArthur 53.

GRADE VII.

Mental and Rapid Arithmetic. Honours,—Mansiel Wilson 92. First Class,—Ivan Monk 81, Alex. MacGibbon 75. Second Class,—Lawrence Davis 73, Wilbert Hardie 71, Melvin Wilson 61. Third Class,—John Galbraith 51, Fred Witham 50, Alfreda Zimmers 50.

GRADE VI.

Reading.

Honours,—Eveline Highfield 95, Ayleen Dresser 92, Violet Golphin 92, Dorothea MacDonald 90, Alex. MacColloch 90, Doris Reid 90. First Class,—Polly Duncan 81, H. Ball 81, Edith Brown 81, Theodore Zimmers 81, Ierne Martin 80, Agnes Duncan 79, Willie Woods 75.

GRADE V.

Mental Arithmetic. Honours,—John Brown 90, Howard Tomalty 90, Oscar Cloutier 90. Second Class,—Donald Boyd 80. Third Class,—Ward Moncrieff 75, Walter McQuat 70, Douglas Stewart 70, Hazel Boyd, Wyman Hazel, Willie Mason, Daisy Seary and Agnes Elliott 50.

GRADE IV.

Mental Arithmetic. Honours,—Lizzie Seary and Fred Cloutier 100, Wilma Tomalty 99, Geo. Stewart 90. First Class,—Leslie Beecroft 82, E. Woods and Gordon Anderson 80, F. MacGibbon and Gladys Gilmour 78, Kenneth MacAllister 77. Second Class,—Ivy Steere 70, Jack Seary 68, Lily Whyte 66, Maude Seary 64. Third Class,—Mildred Cooper 58.

GRADE III.

Arithmetic.

Jean McQuat 80. BROWNSBURG UPPER SCHOOL.

GRADE III.

Mental Arithmetic. Honours,—Alphonse Lareux, Albert Gagne 100, Earle MacGibbon 99, Hilda Jackson, Charlie Kennedy, Stanley Seary 98, David Golphin 97, Edith Gilmour, Ernest Gagne 96, Ethel Kettyle 93. First Class,—Winnie White 89, Geraldine McQuaig 89, Patsy Seary 88, Harold Campbell 80, Willie Hazel 80, Norman Beedingham 79. Second Class,—Emily Roberts 73, Lily Green 72, Harry Beedingham 67.

GRADE II.

Mental Arithmetic. Honours,—Eric King 100, Katie Mott 99, Dorothy Tomalty 98, Harry White 92, Margaret Galbraith 91. First Class,—Irvin Martin 89, Mabel Monk 89. Second Class,—Monica Roberts 71, Gilmour McLeod 69, Ina Campbell 65, Violet Kettyle 63, David Kennedy 60. Third Class,—Dolly Steere 52.

GRADE I, PART II.

Writing.

Honours,—Margaret Baggartley 93, Ruby Bradford 90. First Class,—Gwyneth Wilson 89, Alex. Brown, Cecelia Martin 87, Geo. Golden, Alvin Connely 85, Doris Bourne 83, Stella Tomlinson 80, Winnie Seary, Hilda Townsend 78, Sidney Seary, Arthur Green 75. Second Class,—Chester Fletcher 74, Cuthbert Marshall 71, George Leroux 70, Charlie Golden 65, Gordon Mott 62, Louie Beecroft, Frankie Steere 61, Eva Hazel 60.

LAKEFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Williams, of Montreal, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. McCamby for the holidays. Messrs. Albert Guthrie and George Buckley and Mr. Brown, of Montreal, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Mr. A. Sherritt's Lakefield. Miss Constance Mount was a guest at Rosemount Cottage for the weekend.

Bank of Nova Scotia methods, policy and principles during ninety one years of banking experience have enabled the bank to render a service international in scope yet personal to thousands of individuals. That service is available to you whenever you demand it.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

ESTABLISHED 1832
Paid-up Capital \$ 10,000,000
Reserve - - 19,500,000
Total Assets - 210,000,000

J. R. Parris, Manager, Lachute. Branches at Brownsburg, Calumet, Grenville and St. Andrews East.

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INCORPORATED 1855
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Over 125 Branches

THE MOLSONS BANK

Farmers will secure sympathetic banking service at any of our branches.

Careful attention to the needs of Canada's Agricultural interests has always been a feature of The Molsons Bank.

Savings Departments at every Branch. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards invited.

A-922

W. A. Houston, Mgr. Lachute Branch

THE REAL FIT

I wish to announce to my caste mgs and friends that I have secured the services of Mr. L. Gault, well-known as a first class tailor, who along with my other hands will be in a position to fill orders better than ever.

I invite you to come and see my summer goods as I have a good stock at right prices.

All suits made by me keep the ir shape and appearance until worn out.

I keep as usual a first class stock or ready to wear suits, Gent's furnishings, Hats and Caps.

GEOFFROY BEDARD

THE TAILOR.

Main Street, - Lachute.

Fall & Winter Coats for Ladies' & Misses

The very newest cloth and style in Mardelle, Boulivia, Velour, Check Black with or without furs, we have the nicest and biggest assortment we ever had.

Just arrived Dresses in Tricotine, Serges, Canton Crepe and Near Crepe very fine styles and all colours.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits, are complete and we are inviting you to see them. They are the newest in style, and colours, and our prices are very low. So come in and find out.

Don't Forget Our Friday Sales.

H. M. Lavigne, - Lachute Mills

Opposite T. McQuat & Son's Store.

Miss M. V. Slater

Main St., Lachute.

Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass and Electric Table Lamps, for Wedding, Birthday and all other Presentations. Necklets and Pendants, Brooches, Society and other Tie Pins and Buttons. Cuff and Collar Buttons, Eye Glass Chains, Signet, Fancy and Wedding Rings—all solid gold, gold-filled or silver.

Silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, also Pie-Plates, Fern Dishes, Waterman's Fountain Pens and Ink, Auto-stop Safety Razors, Etc.

Mail orders are solicited and will receive most careful and prompt attention.

Re-plating, Engraving and all Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs quickly done and guaranteed.

A full line of the famous "Pyro x" Baking Glass.

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, French Ivory etc.

All of the highest quality.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Feeds are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its base is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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THE JENFAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

High School Exams.

GRADE XI.

Literature.

Honours.—Jane Bradley 90.
First Class.—Kathleen Morrison 89,
William Perks 86, Margaret Scott 84,
Gerald Hammond 82.
Second Class.—Gavin Graham 72,
Marguerite Heath 68, Evelyn Mac-
Callum 66, Donald Hay 65, Melville
Smith 65, Frances Douglas 64.
Third Class.—Jean McQuat 59, M.
Gagnon 56.

GRADE X.

French.

First Class.—Elizabeth Murray 89,
Norma Boyd 87, Elsie Todd 85, Hazel
Ketty 84, Alta MacDonald 83, Hazel
Leishman 82, Evelyn Matthews 82,
Bessie Rodgers 81, Gertrude Gilmour
80, Hazel Copeland 80, Edgar Bur-
wash 76.
Second Class.—Hazel Morrison 74,
Lloyd Somerville 73, George Miles 71,
Grace Seale 64, Irvia Bain 64, Lin-
ton Armstrong 64, Christie Robert-
son 62.
Third Class.—Ena Mason 58, Char-
lie Millar 56, Mary Cruise 56, Ethel
McQuat 55, Ethel Doig 54, Harold
Calder 51.

GRADE IX.

Arithmetic.

Honours.—Carl Gordon 96, Kenneth
MacGibbon 90.
First Class.—Henry Miles 89, Wal-
lace Wilson 89, Florence Armstrong
89.
Second Class.—May Yelland 72,
Gladys Warwick 67, Evelyn Kelly 66,
Wilhemina Clarke 63, Muriel McPhail
63, Bessie Black 62, Marjorie Mac-
Kinnon 62, Grace Smith 61, Elizabeth
MacKimmie 60, Violet Paul 60, Ed.
Smith 60.
Third Class.—Roy MacGregor 51.

GRADE VIII.

Latin.

Honours.—D. Morrison 97, Agnes
Duncan 95, Elinor McCoy 95, Erma
Morrison 95, Annie Kelly 91.
First Class.—Iona Westgate 86,
Howard Doig 85, George Taylor 84,
Milton Dawson 83, Ethel Dixon 83,
Ruth Leishman 83, Bessie Morrison 82,
Reta Jones 76, Erma Bennett 75, G.
Rodgers 75.
Second Class.—Ethel Morrison 72,
Albert Laurin 70, Anna Miller 70,
Alma Boa 69, Janet McQuat 69, Wil-
liam Stanforth 68, Leslie Gordon 66,
Evelyn Cruise 64, Bessie Boyd 63, Nath-
an Jacobson 63, Lizzie Hay 62, Win-
nie Clifford 61, Elsie Stewart 61, Lyla
McKiddie 58, Russell Elliott 57, Amy
Patterson 50.

GRADE VII.

Reading.

Honours.—Shirley Hamilton 90,
Gordon McQuat 90, Christina Vliet
90, James Yelland 90.
First Class.—Helen Hutchinson 85,
Hazel McKiddie 85, Willie Painter 85,
Stewart Armstrong 80, Edith Boyd
80, Roy Cruise 80, Doris Laurin 80,
Lloyd Cruise 75, James Logan 75.
Second Class.—Eric Middleton 70,
Doris Prophet 70.

GRADE VI.

Mental and Rapid Arithmetic.

Honours.—Owen MacKinnon 100,
Rebecca Cohen 94, Florence Hay 94.
First Class.—Freda Mason 85, Stan-
ley Boyd 84, Robert Fulton 82, Alma
Duncan 80, Reta Boyd 78, Gladys
Cruise 78.
Second Class.—Christina MacKen-
zie 68, Sam Cohen 66, Kathleen Mac-
Kinnon 64, Eileen McPaul 64, Heart-
land Paul 62.
Third Class.—George Paul 58, C.
McPaul 52, Kenneth McPaul 50, Edgar
Cruise 50.

GRADE V.

Scripture.

Honours.—Sam Rashcovsky 100,
Raymond Underhill 97, Stuart Jones
92, Lena Combie 90.
First Class.—Eugene Jousse 86,
Rowena Cowan 80, Doris Armstrong
76, Lorne Wert 75.
Second Class.—Elsie McPaul 64.
Third Class.—Henry Jacobson 56,

B. Cunningham 56, Sophie Jacobson
54, Olive Stanforth 51, Raymond
Cunningham 50.

GRADE IV.

Reading.

Honours.—Gordon Drysdale 98,
Thelma Wert 95, Elizabeth Golds-
worthy 93, Eleanor Armstrong 90,
Violet Falconer 90, Howard Jones 90.
First Class.—Garfield Clark 88, M.
Lennon 85, Hugh MacKinnon 85, Y.
Charlebois 80, Roland Dion 80, Ken-
zie Cowan 80, Isabel Cleland 78, Kath-
leen Clunie 76, Hugh Gall 76, Char-
les Lennon 75, Catherine Giles 75,
Hannah Rodgers 75.
Second Class.—Edgar Scott 70, R.
Cruise 70, Mary Vliet 69, Verner
Thompson 60.

GRADE III.

English Literature.

Honours.—Rob. Houston 100, Re-
becca Rashcovsky 98, Louisa Vliet 96,
Andrew Fulton 95, Amy Morrison 93,
Doris Dion 90, Elizabeth Joly 90,
Wilson Gall 90.
First Class.—Louisa Miller 88, Ste-
wart Anderson 88, Edna Belanger 87,
Arthur Belanger 84, Gilbert Black 83,
Archie Cleland 83, Maureen Berni-
quer 79, Louisa Goldsworthy 79, Ma-
mie Morrison 79, Elsie MacVicar 75.
Second Class.—Olive Elkington 74,
Joey Berniquet 72, Therese Dallaire
71, Winston Drew 69, Paul Licop 68,
Delmar Boyd 68, Archie MacKenzie
66, Willie Davis 63, Clayton Boyd
61.
Third Class.—Carl Demerise 56, A.
Doig 54.

CUSHING.

Rev. Mr. Usher was in Montreal
on Tuesday.

Miss Miron Weir of Montreal spent
Thanksgiving with her parents.

Sergt. Major Holmes of Montreal,
spent Thanksgiving at Mr. H. Hart-
ley's.

Miss Florence McGillivray of Mon-
real spent Thanksgiving with her sis-
ter Mrs. C. J. McPaul at Chute-au-
Blondeau.

Mr. Eddie and Miss Katie Whele-
han also Miss Susan Rich and Mr.
A. Healey, of Montreal, spent Thank-
sgiving at Mr. E. Whelehan's.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mahoney, of
Montreal, with their two little sons
were guests of the latter's mother
Mrs. E. Funcheon at Monalea for
Thanksgiving.

Mr. Clarence Dawson, of Belleville,
Ont., who has been visiting his par-
ents Mr. and Mrs. E. Dawson at
Stonefield Heights was the guest of
his sister Mrs. Fraser Watson on
Friday last at M. Whelehan's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Innes and Miss
Violet Innes accompanied by Mr. and
Mrs. L. M. Gaston motored over to
Cornwall, Ont. on Sunday last re-
turning by way of Apple Hill where
they called in Rev. and Mrs. Broken-
shire and other friends.

Miss Annie Bryerton of Carillon,
who is leaving this week to spend
the winter with relatives in Water-
town, N.Y., was the guest of Miss
Helena Funcheon of Monalea spent Friday
evening with Miss Whelehan.

Mrs. E. O. Keatley and her daugh-
ter Miss Lois arrived home from
Montreal on Saturday the latter be-
ing now we are pleased to state in
a fair way to recovery from the op-
eration which she recently under-
went for appendicitis in the General
Hospital.

Mrs. T. Weir, Jr., was the hostess
on Friday afternoon last at a mis-
cellaneous "show" in honor of Miss
Jean Pinkerton, one of our popular
young ladies whose marriage to Mr.
J. Harcourt, of New Glasgow, is tak-
ing place this week. A very enjoy-
able afternoon was spent and the
bride elect received a number of use-
ful and handsome gifts, the presen-
tation being made by Mr. Geo. Nicholls
accompanied by a very neat and ap-
propriate speech.

Mr. Camahan, of Montreal, spent
Thanksgiving the guest of Mr. and
Mrs. A. Graham.

Miss Flora Waterson of Montreal
was the guest of her sister Mrs. W.
Smith, Jr., over Thanksgiving.

We regret to report the death of
Miss Annie Arnott which occurred
at her home in Montreal last week
after a lingering illness. The de-
ceased young lady was well known
here, she and her parents have been
in the habit of spending their sum-
mers in Cushing for several seasons.

Brownburg and Dis- trict Fourth Annual Poultry Show

The Brownburg and District Poul-
try Association held their fourth an-
nual show on Nov. 9 and 10 in the
Gymnasium of the D. C. Co. Employ-
ees' Social Club. There were over
three hundred birds on exhibition this
being a larger number than previous
years; the quality of the exhibits
were also of a much higher order.

Barded Rocks brought out some
good birds. This grand old breed
has a real friend in Mr. Alex. Mac-
Allister, who imported a fine breed-
ing pen from the United States.

The outside exhibitors were Rev.
Lummis, Lakefield, with his old fav-
orites, Black Leghorns, and Messrs.
Henry Lavigne and Jake Comby with
Rhode Island Reds and Partridge
Rocks.

The awards were placed by Mr. A.
G. Taylor, of Experimental Farms,
Ottawa, and Mr. L. Crevier, of the
Dept. of Agriculture, Quebec, who
complimented the Committee on the
Management of the Show.

A banquet was held on Friday night
in Mr. Mason's hall, at which nineteen
including the two judges sat down.
Messrs Taylor and Crevier and others
gave short addresses, and a very en-
joyable evening was spent.

The Committee wish to thank the
donors and others who helped make
the show a success. The following is
a list of the prize-winners:

PLYMOUTH ROCK BARRED.

Cock.—Rev. W. J. H. Lummis.
Hen.—A. McAllister, Rev. Lummis,
C. W. Hardie.
Cockerel.—Melville Fletcher, Ur-
bin Tomalty, C. W. Hardie.
Pullet.—Melville Fletcher, I. Denis,
M. Fletcher.

PLYMOUTH ROCK WHITE.

Cockerel.—1st and 2nd and 3rd C. W.
Hardie.
Pullet.—1st and 2nd C. W. Hardie.
PLYMOUTH ROCK COLUMBIAN.

Cock.—Leonard Wilson.
Hen.—Leonard Wilson, L. Wilson.
Cockerel.—1st, 2nd and 3rd L. Wil-
son.

Pullet.—1st and 2nd Leonard Wil-
son, Ernest Campbell.
PLYMOUTH ROCK A.O.V.

Cockerel.—Jake Comby, J. A. Beau-
sejour.
Pullet.—1st and 2nd Jake Comby,
J. A. Beausejour.

WYANDOTTE WHITE.

Cock.—Laurentian Wyandotte Yds.
(Gordon Todd, and Chas. Vany,
prop.) Albert Steere, H. J. Tite.
Hen.—1st and 2nd Laurentian Wy-
andotte yds. A. Steere.
Cockerel.—1st, 2nd and 3rd Lauren-
tian Wyandotte yds.

WYANDOTTE BUFF.

Cockerel.—1st and 2nd Lemuel Wil-
son.
Pullet.—1st and 2nd Lemuel Wil-
son, 2nd Lem. Wilson.

WYANDOTTE PARTRIDGE.

Cock.—Lem. Wilson.
Hen.—Lem. Wilson.
Cockerel.—1st and 2nd Melville
Wilson.

WYANDOTTE A.O.V.

Cock.—A. Steere.
Hen.—E. Hebert A. Steere.
Cockerel.—1st and 2nd Russell Gra-
ham.

R. I. RED ROSE COMB.

Cock.—C. E. Richardson, J. Con-
nelly, J. Comby.
Hen.—J. Connelly, Henry Lavigne,
J. Connelly.

Cockerel.—1st and 2nd, C. E. Rich-
ardson, J. Connelly.
Pullet.—J. Connelly, C. E. Rich-
ardson, J. Connelly.

R. I. RED S.C.

Cock.—H. Lavigne.
Hen.—H. Lavigne.
Cockerel.—C. E. Richardson, H.
Lavigne, C. R. Newton.

GAME ANY VARIETY.

Pullet.—John Campbell.
LEGHORN BROWN.

Cock.—H. Blais.
Hen.—H. Blais.
Cockerel.—Harris Blais.
Pullet.—1st and 3rd Harris Blais,
2nd, C. W. Hardie.

LEGHORN ANY OTHER VARIETY.

Cock.—Rev. Lummis.
Hen.—Rev. Lummis, Alex. Mac-
Allister.
Cockerel.—Rev. Lummis.
Pullet.—Rev. Lummis.

ANCONAS.

Cockerel.—1st and 2nd H. J. Tite,
J. Comby.
Pullet.—1st and 2nd H. J. Tite, J.
Comby.

MINORCAS ANY VARIETY.

Hen.—Alex. MacAllister.
ORPHINGTON WHITE.

Hen.—S. Malo.
Cockerel.—J. A. Beausejour.
Pullet.—S. Malo, I. Denis.

ORPHINGTON BUFF.

Cock.—W. J. Cumbers.
Hen.—J. Tomalty, W. J. Cumbers.
Cockerel.—W. J. Cumbers, J. Tom-
alty, W. J. Cumbers.

Pullet.—1st and 2nd W. J. Cumbers.
ORPHINGTON BLACK.

Hen and Cockerel.—C. W. Hardie.
CHANTECLER.

Cock.—Emile Hebert.
Hen.—1st, 2nd and 3rd E. Hebert.
Cockerel.—1st, 2nd and 3rd E. Hebert.
Pullet.—1st, 2nd and 3rd E. Hebert.
ANY OTHER VARIETY FOWL.

Cock.—Geo. MacVicar.
Hen.—Melville Wilson.

For good bread—use a good flour



A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

To get uniformly good bread, you must use
uniformly good flour. To get the best bread
always, you must use Quaker Flour.

Good results are assured every time with
Quaker Flour. It is milled only from the fin-
est Manitoba Hard Wheat. It is rigidly test-
ed once every hour during the milling process.
Samples of each day's product are baked by
our own expert bakers at the mill to ensure
that every sack measures up to the Quaker
standard.

Use a sack of Quaker Flour. If it does not
prove absolutely satisfactory to you for every
baking purpose, your dealer will refund your
money without question.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same—Always the Best

DISTRIBUTORS

LACHUTE: R. Creswell, Reg'd. Geo. Paul. CALUMET: S. M. Brennan. GRENVILLE: G. A. Lowe.

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Mrs. Jeffrey and Miss James, of
Montreal, were holiday guests of
Mr. and Mrs. W. Jeffrey.

Miss Walsh was the guest of friends
in Ottawa last week, and while there
heard the Sistine Choir.

Miss Belknap and Miss Chambers,
of Montreal, were week-end guests
of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. LeRoy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Larmouth and
family, of Ottawa, also opened their
summer home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Simpson and family
with some friends spent the Thank-
sgiving holidays in their summer home.

The Misses A. and M. Barclay, of
Montreal, spent the holidays with
their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H.
W. Robertson.

The Misses Goughtry and Gardiner
of St. Laurent were holiday
visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs.
J. J. Fraser.

Among those who were in Mon-
real during the past week, were:
Mrs. G. F. Shaw, Miss Loughren and
Mr. H. Mayrand.

Don't forget the Chicken Supper
and Sale of work under the Auspices
of the Presbyterian Ladies Aid, which
will be held in the Town Hall, Friday,
November 23rd.

Among those from Montreal who
spent the Thanksgiving holidays with
their parents, were: Miss B. Rob-
ertson and the Messrs. W. Shaw,
W. A. M. Howard, Fred Webster and
Jack Muir.

The 500 Club was entertained by
Miss Dewar on Friday evening, the
prize-winners being Mrs. W. Jeffrey
and Mr. N. MacGregor, Jr. One of
last week's prize-winners, should have
read Mr. N. F. MacGregor.

There passed to her rest, last Tues-
day, after a short illness, at the age
of 79 years, Mrs. de la Ronde. The
funeral service was held in the Pres-
byterian Church, the Rev. J. Burgess
officiating. The sympathy of all is
extended to the bereaved family, es-
pecially Miss de la Ronde, who has
been her mother's devoted attendant.

Christ Church, W.A. is meeting this
(Thursday) afternoon with Mrs. H.
W. Robertson, and arrangements are
being made for the Annual Christ-
mas Sale which will be held in the
Town Hall, Thursday, December 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Burgess, of
Montreal, were holiday guests of Mr.
and the Misses Walsh.

Armistice Day Service was held in
Christ Church on Sunday, beginning
with the observance of the two-minute
silence and the singing of the
Recessional. A Memorial Eucharist
followed. A sheaf of madonna lilies,
"In Memoriam," Poppies and Chrys-
anthemums, were the flowers placed
on the Altar, and Poppies were wreath-
ed above the Honor Roll, in grate-
ful remembrance of those members
of the Congregation, who had given
their lives for God, King and Country.

In Time For CHRISTMAS

You can be certain of reach-
ing the Old Country in
ample time to enjoy all the
festivities, when you book
your passage on a White
Star—Dominion "Christmas
Ship."

DORIC (New) - Dec. 9
Halifax, Belfast, Liverpool.
PITTSBURGH - Dec. 14
Halifax, Cherbourg, Southampton,
Hamburg.
CANADA - Dec. 15
Halifax, Glasgow, Liverpool.
White Star, Red Star and Ameri-
can Lines, regular sailings from
New York.

Details and Rates
211 McGill Street
or Local Agents

WHITE STAR
DOMINION LINE

J. H. GILES, Agent, Lachute.

IN MEMORIAM.

HUTCHINSON.—In loving memory
of Corp. J. W. Hutchinson, of the
73rd, Batt., who was killed in action
on Nov. 13th, 1916.

Gone from us but not forgotten
Never shall his memory fade
Sweetest thoughts will ever linger
Round the spot where he is laid.
Inserted by his wife and daughter
Helen.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auc-
tion at the residence of
ANDREW GRANDMAISON,
Lachute Road,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, '22.
The following effects:—3 work
horses, 1 driving mare 8 years old,
1 blood horse 3 1/2 years old, 1 blood
horse 2 1/2 years old, 3 milk cows, 1
heifer 2 1/2 years old, 1 heifer 1 and
half years old, 1 spring calf, 6 pigs
2 and half months old, 1 fat pig,
2 sets of double harness, 1 set of ex-
press harness, 1 set of light buggy
harness, 2 double waggon, 1 set of
double bob sleighs, 1 set of single
bob sleighs, 1 mowing machine, 2
horse rakes, 1 disc harrow for 3
horses, 1 reaper, 1 corn cutter, 1 single plow,
1 gasoline engine 5 H.P., 1 St. Cathar-
ines sleigh, 2 buggies, 2 cutters, 1
separator, 1 cooking stove, 1 double
stove, 1 Quebec Heater, a quantity of
hay.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.
TERMS: \$5.00 and under cash,
over that amount 6 months credit on
furnishing approved joint notes. 5
per cent off for cash.

LOCAL AGENT WANTED.—to
sell for the "Old Reliable Fonthill
Nurseries." Spring selling season
now starting; largest demand for
stock since the war; exclusive ter-
ritory; highest commissions; free
equipment. Stone & Wellington,
Toronto, Ont.

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When You Try "SALADA"

TEA

H478

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

For the
Boys and Girls

"Eight—Nine—Ten—670"

The story of an Eighteen-year-old Fireman.

BY GAYNE T. K. NORTON.

Hal Clarke awoke with a start. He sat straight up in his iron cot in the "bunk room" of Hook and Ladder 94. His hands grasping the frame and his whole body bathed in cold perspiration. At the same instant the "joker" downstairs began to ring. But it was not this that roused him; he had dreamed. And now, as the gong sounded, a sickening fear stole over him.

For a second he sat stunned. With bated breath and partly open mouth, he watched the moving picture his frenzied imagination painted. He saw his mother turn in her bed and call to May, his sister. He saw the girl rise and light the little oil lamp. She looked at the clock and turned to get some medicine. He saw her slipper catch in the mat. He saw her fall. He saw the lamp explode.

Hal shuddered; the picture was gone in a flash. Leaping up he slid into boots and overalls. By the brass pole he reached the apparatus floor as the second number of the station "hit in." The first had been 8, the second 7. It looked like a run for the truck, for nearly all their first alarm stations were in the six hundreds and the six seventies were only a few blocks away right where Hal lived.

He was aware that the big doors had been opened. He heard dimly the throb and bark of the powerful motor. He saw as from afar his mates hurrying about him. But his every energy was concentrated on the station. What was that number? Would the gong never stop? "Eight—Nine—Ten." It was over. The alarm had been sounded from box 670—the one nearest his home.

Reeling, he grasped the truck as it thundered from the house, still unwilling to believe that this fire and his dream were connected. It was impossible; he had warned May so many times about the lamp.

When 94 swung into the avenue her engine was wide open. The cool night air blowing in his face steeled him. From every direction sirens shrieked and bells clanged. Dread and fear awoke the city. Heads appeared at windows as they sped by. Policemen were running beside them, trying to keep pace. Ahead, an engine whistled, leaving a fiery trail; behind, the blinding headlights of a chief's automobile kept closer.

Hal leaned far over the running board, peering ahead; his face was set, his muscles tense. Inwardly he battled the fear that froze his heart and nearly closed his throat. He was no coward, but the dream and alarm together were sufficient to sober even a seasoned fireman and Hal was only eighteen. His father's death had forced him to provide a living for his mother and May. After weeks of ruthless job hunting, he had joined the department. Although under age, his and excellent physical condition had done the rest.

Universal Portable Bath Tub
and Folding
with or without built-in water heater attached, permits all bathroom comforts of a full-sized tub in the room. No plumbing. Really suitable for country or town home. No dirty tub. Most reliable. Ask about our latest educational charts.
Universal Metal Products Company
30, Assiniboine St., (Windsor, Ont.)

EDDY'S MATCHES
On the CPR and CNR
where you'll count
Eddy matches are
served to patrons
ALWAYS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Gives you lasting
uplift—Bovril

"Is Mary Clark safe?" questioned the boy weakly, fearfully. Chief, policeman and Hal scanned the quickly scribbled but accurate list. "My mother's name is not there," Hal groaned. Then, "the bathroom window!" he screamed and was off. He remembered that opposite his window, across a five-foot shaft, was a window in the next house.

Step by step he fought his way upwards against the fleeing tenants. On the fourth floor he groped his way into the front flat. In the bathroom he raised the window and climbed to the narrow sill. Greasy, stinking smoke rose in the narrow court. "It's getting to the chemicals," warned his fire sense. It sickened him. He cried in the blackness.

A rut in the smoke and fire back of the window opposite showed him its location. Clinging with his left hand to the sash, he aimed a blow at the window opposite with his ax. Crash! It took part of the sash with it. His heavy helmet followed it, then a boot. The opening was clear, but the smoke closed in again. He dared not wait.

An instant he steadied himself; then with every ounce of his strength he jumped straight into the smoke. His feet struck the sill and he plunged into his own bathroom, shaken and cut. "I've won," he shouted.

Water was three inches deep on the floor. Fire was in the apartment. He searched the two bedrooms. His mother was in neither. The front room was the only other in which a person could still live. As he crawled down the hall toward the door, the awful thought that she might have tried the stairs came to him. He fought it off, talking to himself.

"It's the smoke; it's—getting me," he fell forward. The splash of the water revived him. "It's warm," he muttered. "I must hurry." "Mother, mother," he repeated the word over and over; it was all that kept him moving. He began to circle the front room. Phlegm and tears so choked him he could barely gasp. Sweat burned his eyes, smoke his lungs. "Again he fell into the water; this time to rise more slowly. "Oh, my arms," he sobbed. "mother."

"Before a window, half across a chair, his hands found her. She was unconscious. With new-born strength he raised the window, straddled the sill and drew her body across his lap. His lips finding hers. Her lids lifted; the wet embrace revived her. "I knew you'd come," she whispered, then fainted.

He finished a prayer light-heartedly. "I've got her, now the boys will get us."

Just then the rays from a searchlight played upon him. A cheer went up from the street. He looked down. A hundred firemen had wheeled 94 away, 56 stood in its place. The long extension ladder was rising; Walsh and Shelley were climbing it. Would they reach him in time? Hal looked into the room; fire was in the hall. A puff of wind struck his face. He threw himself low as an explosion shook the building. The ceiling fell, nearly dragging him from the sill. The floor gave way. Clouds of "live steam" rose with "dead" smoke. He gasped and swooned.

An anxious group surrounded the hospital bed. Two hours passed before Hal's eyes opened. They wandered about, focussing gradually. A nurse gave him something to drink which he did not want, but lacked the strength to refuse. A shiny something caught his eyes, there was another one above it. He looked at the button on a blue uniform. Someway he loved that uniform now. He followed the buttons upward to meet Gallon's smiling face.

Way off somewhere he heard: "I knew you'd do it, Hal, we are proud of you." There was more, something about determination always winning, but he couldn't bother. His eyes found another uniform and the smiling face of Dillon. His mind cleared. His mother—and May—where were they? He raised himself and found them both smiling at his side. There were lots more words. He did not try to understand them. White bandages were confused with blue cloth and shiny buttons. He tried to smile. He was very happy and he wanted to be polite, but he wasn't quite sure what it was all about, and he was so very sleepy.

Tea and eggs are in the same class. You insist on fresh eggs, and since tea deteriorates even more rapidly if exposed to the air, you should insist on tea sealed like "SALADA" in air-tight aluminum to keep it fresh. Do not accept bulk teas of questionable age.

Not knowing what else to do, he put his shoulder to the wheel of 94 to help its motor manoeuvre it to a position where the long extension ladder could be raised. The engine was under a double strain, it was moving the truck and raising the ladder at once. Suddenly it "died." Air hissed from the cylinders and the ladder, half-way up, crashed down. The disabled truck stood in the position from which only the extension ladders could reach the top floor.

As he stood in the street a policeman reported to the chief in charge: The janitor says the top floor is vacant; rest of the tenants are accounted for."

Scarcely to be Called Speech
"Does he speak Scotch?"
"Well, I've only heard him emit gurgling sounds when it was going down."

The great Confucius, Chinese moralist and philosopher, was born 551 B.C. He lived to be 78 years of age.
Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



CONVERTING PRINTED WORDS INTO SOUND

Professor A. Barr, of Glasgow, is shown in the picture demonstrating how, by the use of an Otophone, printed words can be converted into sounds to enable blind persons to read. This was demonstrated recently at a scientific exhibition in Liverpool.

In a Sunken Ship

Day was just breaking over the Humber on the morning of August 20, 1907, when a shout of alarm roused Harry Willey from his sleep. Willey, writes Mr. John G. Rowe in the Wide World Magazine, was mate on the steam trawler Quail of Hull. Besides him there were on board W. Lewis, the captain, and J. Nicoline, a deck hand. Willey rubbed his eyes and looked toward the cabin where the captain was sleeping. "It was Nicoline that had shouted."

As Willey was flinging off his bedclothes there came a terrific crash, and the trawler heeled over almost on her beam ends.

The mate pitched headlong out of his berth. Scrambling madly to his feet, he rushed into the main cabin just in time to see the great cutwater of a steamer protruding through Captain Lewis's berth. He could see nothing of the captain himself.

Without waiting to take a second glance Willey made a dash for the door of the cabin. Behind him water was pouring in through the shattered berth in a mighty flood. Before he could reach the door, however, the ice-cold torrent had washed him off his feet and, in a moment the rising water was banked high against it. He struggled in vain to open the door; the door had jammed tight, and tug and strain as he would, it remained fast shut.

In a few moments, while he was struggling with the door, the flood in the cabin rose to his chest. The noise of its impinging drowned every sound, and with the fear of death strong upon him, Willey looked wildly round for some other means of escape.

By that time the bow of the other vessel had disappeared from the shattered berth and the water was cascading through the gaping rent. There was no hope that way! To add to the horror of the situation he felt the steamer trawler settling down, sinking, and he literally trapped like a rat. While he stared wildly round the swirling tide once more swept him off his feet; he swam to the table and got upon it, only to be almost thrown off by the drunken rolling of the trawler as she foundered. Managing to stand upright, the mate grasped the coaming of the iron skylight above his head and in that way kept himself erect.

Unhappily for him—or perhaps fortunately—the skylight was closed and fastened, and he found that he could not possibly break through it. All the while the water was rising rapidly round him. Soon it was up to his armpits; and it continued to rise as the trawler sank lower and lower. He peeped

his head up inside the skylight and beat frantically upon it. He shouted for help till he was hoarse.

Presently the water rose to his chin, and he was obliged to stand on his toes in order to breathe. Then, to his immense relief, he felt a dull shock; the trawler had struck bottom! At the same time she fell over, and with a mighty surge the flood within her cabin went rushing to the lower side. The shifting water almost carried the mate off the glazing table, and the wash, surging over his mouth and nose, choked him. Desperate, he drew himself still higher, and standing on tiptoe, bent his head back inside the skylight and pressed his haggard face almost against the top of it.

Gradually as the water washed to and fro it found its level, and the mate's hopes rose; at least the flood was not getting any higher, and the skylight still afforded a few cubic inches of breathing space. But for how long would the air last? Meanwhile, what had actually happened outside? The Wilson Liner Dynamo, outward bound from Hull for Antwerp, had run into the Quail and had sunk her.

Captain Lewis had been killed in his berth; the cutwater of the liner had struck him as it burst through the trawler's side. Nicoline was never heard of again after his ringing cry that had wakened Willey; probably he had been swept away and drowned as the trawler sank beneath him.

The Dynamo had promptly reversed her engines and, stopping, had launched her boats, which cruised round the spot where the trawler had gone down. But they could find no survivors, and they soon started back to the liner.

Some time later Harry Willey, imprisoned within the cabin of the sunken wreck, up to his chin in water and straining on tiptoe to keep his mouth above it, suddenly discovered to his unspeakable joy and astonishment that the water round him was sinking! He could hardly credit the fact at first and thought that his imagination was playing him a trick. But when the water dropped to his shoulders and he found that he could safely lower himself to his heels he became almost wild with delight.

Still lower the water sank until it was only to his chest. Then he realized the reason and with a deep sigh of thankfulness knew that it was only a matter of time for the flood to recede sufficiently to allow him to get out of his living tomb.

The Quail had not sunk in deep water; she was resting on the bottom, and the tide was ebbing. That circumstance explained the seeming miracle.

WRIGLEYS



Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

Sealed in its Purity Package



Again hopeful, Willey waited with what patience he could muster until the water was at his ankles and the top of the table showed above the flood. Then he sprang down and, wading to the door, made another attempt to force it. He got it open two or three inches and allowed some of the water to rush out; the next instant it swung all the way open so suddenly that the flood carried him out with it. Utterly exhausted, he had just enough strength left to crawl up the companion ladder to the upper deck, where he collapsed.

The Dynamo was lying by the wreck in order to send her boats to examine it when the tide had ebbed. How great was the amazement of those aboard the liner to see a man suddenly emerging from the lately submerged vessel can well be imagined. A boat was at once sent to the wreck, the upper part of which was now a'floating high out of water and rapidly drying in the warm, bright sunlight.

Clambering aboard, the boat's crew picked up the exhausted Willey and took him off to the Dynamo, where he soon was able to tell of his marvelous escape. The body of Captain Lewis was subsequently recovered from the shattered wreck.



Unworthy Thought

Hubby—"He's very attentive—always goes to the train to see his wife off on her trips."

Wife—"Wants to be sure she's really leaving town, you mean."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Nearly all the true crows, as well as many of their near relatives, will pick up more or less of human speech in captivity; and it is sometimes hard to believe that the slyness with which they invest their remarks, their aptness and intonation, are altogether accidental.

Toronto Bond Exchange Limited

DOMINION BANK BLDG., TORONTO

ATTENTION
1923 VICTORY BONDS

may now be exchanged for

Dominion of Canada 5% Bonds

under the following conditions:

Holders may clip and retain interest coupons due Nov. 1st, 1923 and send their Bonds to be exchanged for the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds maturing in 5 or 20 years.

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1928 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.00
\$500 "	" 5.00
\$1,000 "	" 10.00

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1943 they will receive the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds in addition to a cash payment of:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.75
\$500 "	" 8.75
\$1,000 "	" 17.50

For bonds from which the Nov. 1st coupon has not been clipped the cash balance will be as follows:

For 1928 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 3.75
\$500 "	" 18.75
\$1,000 "	" 37.50

For 1943 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 4.50
\$500 "	" 22.50
\$1,000 "	" 45.00

Forward your bonds by REGISTERED MAIL to the Toronto Bond Exchange Limited, Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto.

State plainly the maturity of DOMINION OF CANADA BONDS you wish—1928 or 1943.

Receipts will be sent in order of acceptance.

For the Boys and Girls

THE MYSTERY OF THE "WOVEN WIND."

Twenty-six hundred years before Christ, Si-ling, wife of a famous emperor of China, discovered that tiny worms spun a mysterious thread. She collected a large number of the worms, fed them, and thus became the "God-mother of Silk worms," and mother of one of the most interesting industries.

The farmyard chicken was not a profitable egg producer until she had been made to feel at home, or domesticated, and this was also true of the Bombyx mori race of silkworms, originally found at the foot of the great Himalaya mountains, in the jungles of Asia. For many centuries man has striven to increase the worm's production of silk and has been successful, for by comparing the silkworm of to-day with its wild ancestors, we find both the worm and the moth are larger. By domestication the moth has lost its power of flight and its color has changed to a creamy white.

The egg of the silkworm is nearly round, somewhat flattened and less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter. When laid, the eggs are yellow, but if fertile will change to a bluish gray in a few days. The worms from one ounce of eggs, numbering about 40,000, would consume in their first stage about six ounces of picked mulberry leaves; in the second, eighteen pounds; in the third, sixty pounds; and in their final stage, 1,098 pounds, or 1,176 pounds of leaves in all.

The mulberry tree produces the only food for which the silkworm cares. One ounce of eggs will yield from eighty to 120 pounds of cocoons, and since it takes billions upon billions of these tiny, hard-working cocoons to produce enough silk to meet the world's demand, it is easy to see that these little fellows are really a very faithful lot of insects.

The baby silkworm has a dozen rings, some sixteen legs and nine black spots on either side for breathing. It has imperfect eyes, and is fed on the tender leaves of the mulberry or osage, simply sucking up the sap on the under side of the leaf. As the worm grows larger, it holds the leaf with its six front feet, cuts off semi-circular slices while eating and becomes paler in color.

It takes about a month for the worm

to reach its growth. Then it loses its appetite, shrinks about one-third of its length, becomes nearly transparent, grows restless and throws its head about in an effort to find a place in which to build its cocoon.

On either side of the body are the silk glands, consisting of two thick-walled sacs, which open by a common opening on the under lip of the worm. By moving its head around for three days the worm spins about 300 yards of thread. The thread forms the silk of commerce, which as wound in cocoon consists of two filaments, one for each gland, laid side by side. The two become practically one thread after being in the air for a few hours. One peculiar feature is that the thread is always the same color as the worm's legs while it is spinning.

Each mother silkworm lays from 300 to 500 tiny eggs, which are hatched in the cocoon beds. As the eggs are laid only in warm countries, such as China, Japan, India and neighboring sections, where the days are hot, the eggs are hatched by the sun's rays in a short time, and soon the hundreds of little worms are creeping about the cocoon nest.

It is interesting to see the men and women remove the cocoon threads from the hests. Each cocoon contains a filament of about 500 yards, so fine that it would take about 1,800,000 yards or about 1,000 miles of filament to make one pound. The cocoons are dropped into wash-basins in which there is soap-suds, which serve to wash the glue-like substance from the threads. The water is kept at 110 deg. F. It is also beaten and stirred with a small whisk-broom until the gum softens and a silk thread shows signs of loosening. These separate threads are caught on the brush of the broom, combed together, and caught and passed through a brass "eye" on the edge of the basin, then fastened to a reel and wound into a single skein. The length of the natural thread as spun by the worm into a cocoon is from 2,400 to 3,000 feet.

The silk is of a beautiful lustre, being the strongest known fibre, in its raw state, in the world. The thickness of these threads is as fine as a spider's web, being greater in the centre and tapering toward both ends. It takes an expert workman to separate and reel these tiny fibres, but, considering the size, a "wonderful" amount is handled in a few hours.

other Valley of the Kings, they happened to remove a stone which revealed the mouth of a cavern. Without making any fuss, they agreed between themselves to enter it in search of treasure.

They proceeded until they reached a large hall supported by pillars of marble encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the sepulchre of David, King of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon in similar state, and so on through the sepulchres of all the Kings of Judah who were buried there.

They further say, chests locked up, the contents of which, nobody knew, and were on the point of entering the hall, when a blast of wind like a storm issued from the mouth of the cavern and threw them down almost lifeless on the ground. There, says the rabbi, they lay until evening, when another wind rushed forth, in which they heard a voice like that of a man calling aloud, "Get up, and go forth from this place!"



SOMETHING NEW IN A CABBAGE PATCH

In Jersey the cabbages grow for an entire year, and reach a height of ten feet. The lower leaves are removed as required and the rest of the plant continues to grow. Gardeners are shown collecting the enormous leaves for European markets.

The men rushed out full of fear, and proceeded to the patriarch to report what had happened.

Guarded by a Mysterious Flame. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up so as to hide it effectually from everyone until the present day.

King Herod's treasure hunt, as described by Josephus, was similarly exciting. Apparently the king was at the head of the looters, and we are told that he had a great desire to make a more diligent search and go farther in, as far as the bodies of David and Solomon; but two of his guards were slain by a flame which burst out upon them. Herod was so scared that he not only gave up his search, but also built a propitiatory monument of white stone at the mouth of the sepulchre.

The results of the excavations to be undertaken on the Ophel spur will be even more fascinating than those in the Nile Valley, because they may clear up points of doubt on the geography of the Bible.



Easily Observed.

Doctor: "And you should never dance or do other strenuous exercise on a full stomach."

Patient: "I needn't worry about that, doc—I live at a boarding house, you know."

A Mammoth Tree.

One of the largest trees in the world if not the largest, has been discovered in the bush at Waiho, Hokkaido, New Zealand. It is a large Kauri tree, the vast trunk of which rises to a height of 76 feet before being broken by the first branch, and measures 22 feet in diameter, or approximately one chain in girth. Mr. H. Howe, whose firm draws its timber supply from the Hokkaido district, estimates that the tree contains over 195,000 feet of timber, sufficient to build three double-storied houses of 20 rooms each from floor to ceiling.

Knives were not used on the tables of England until 1560.

The Jewish population of Europe is about 9,000,000.

Mother Robin Outwits a Cat.

All summer the robins had been nesting in the trees in a garden across the street from our house in the city. One morning as I returned from downtown I heard a great commotion among the robins which unmistakably means, "the young ones are flying." I looked around and sure enough the parents were in a high state of excitement, flying back and forth across the street, sitting on the gate posts and evidently trying to encourage their babies to get up into the trees out of the way of the city cats, of which there are many. At once there flew up out of the ferns growing in one of the yards a small brown bird which wavered and trembled a second and then landed directly in the middle of the sidewalk. At the same time there appeared a lank yellow cat from out of the shrubbery. The mother robin beatstated not an instant, but flying very low over the head of the cat (who had not as yet discovered the baby on the walk) acted as if wounded and about to fall. The cat followed the robin, who kept just out of reach and flew in the opposite direction down the street, through a driveway, keeping just above the head of the cat until she had led her enemy a safe distance from the little robin still resting on the sidewalk. Then returning she, with a few very quiet chirps, so encouraged the little one that it tried once more, and with a mighty effort rose, until it was safely among the leaves of the tree nearby and safe from harm. Could mother love and instinct go further?—E. W. Barney.

Giant Among Flowers.

In the tropical section of New Gardens is a plant, the Amorphophallus, which produces the largest flower in the world.

A man standing upright can barely reach the top with the tips of his fingers, and with open arms he can only reach half-way round the circumference of the funnel-shaped spathe.

The odor of the flower is said to be abominable—"a mixture of rotten fish and burnt sugar."

From the centre of the quickly-fading flower the stem of the plant shoots upwards to a height of twelve feet, with markings like those on a python's skin.

Although the plant, which is a native of Sumatra, looks like a pretentious young tree when fully grown, it is really herbaceous in habit, dying down annually like the wild arum or cuckoo-pint, to which it is allied.

The flower specimen is about six feet high, and will not be seen in bloom until next year.

Mineral That Works Miracles

One of the results of the new campaign against cancer will be that we shall learn much more of the nature and possibilities of radium, the mysterious mineral discovered twenty-five years ago by M. and Mme. Curie.

Comparatively few people have been made aware of the fact that radium, and possibly fewer still would recognize it at sight. Radium is usually kept in a special kind of glass tube, in which are fixed a tiny screen, a piece of talc, and a minute magnifying glass. The radium rests on the talc, and looks like a tiny yellow smear no bigger than an ordinary full-dot. A speck of radium this size may be worth anything up to \$75,000.

Seen in the dark a speck of radium glows fiercely enough to be visible yards away, and it glows for years at the same intensity. Radium has been tested in liquid air, far below freezing point, and in super-heated furnaces, without in any way being affected by these extremes of temperature. Another little-known fact is that it throws off enough heat to bring its own weight of water to boiling-point every hour for two or three thousand years!

One of the strangest chapters in the history of the miracle mineral, as radium has been called, is the story of how it came to play its great part in the treatment of disease.

The action of the mineral on the human tissues was quite unknown and unsuspected until one day Professor Becquerel, a famous French scientist, incautiously put a tube of radium in his waistcoat pocket.

Fourteen days afterwards he noticed on his skin a sort of rash, which quickly developed into inflammation of the affected part. Experiments were carried out, with the result that radium

rays, of which there are several varieties, opened up a new era in medical practice.

Many striking cures have been effected. Ulcerous growths disappear before the rays, while such diseases as gout, rheumatism, neurasthenia, and affections of the joints are dispersed with equal certainty. Radium rays transform weak body cells into strong, vigorous ones, which not only resist disease, but help the whole constitution to resist it.

One question that is exercising the minds of scientists just now is whether there will be a radium famine.

Some of the most promising deposits of radium-bearing ores have lately been given out, leading to a search, so far not very encouraging, in other parts of the world. Canada and South America, as well as Russia, Portugal, and Cuba, have been secured for supplies, with a success far short of expectations.

Up to the time of M. and Mme. Curie's discovery, pitchblende, the black mineral in which radium is found, was regarded as being almost valueless. One mining company in the United Kingdom actually paid large sums to have the residue of the pitchblende supplies, from which another mineral has been extracted, carried away as the destructor. It was estimated that the firm in question lost nearly \$100,000 in radium.

In conversation with the writer, Sir William Bragg, of London University, stated that there are reasons for believing that large deposits of radium-bearing ore exist deep in the earth in hitherto unexplored parts of the world, and that these supplies may soon be tapped. At present the price of radium is roughly \$1,000,000 an ounce.

The Shield.

God, give me laughter for a buckler,
Lest to the blows of Life I yield;
When my head is bowed to press of
foemen.

Lord, give me laughter for a shield.

Grant me will to fight, if not to conquer,
Strength to keep my spirit from
eclipse.

And let me hold at midnight and at
noonday
The shield of laughter on unshaking
feet.

There is none so strong as an overdone
it.

Black rage, red scorn, or serpent
guile;

Magic lives in weakest defence—
Even in a little twisted smile.

In the dusk and through the murk of
conflict,
Fighting on against the driving
spears,

More flags will rally round to laughter
Than ever owned the sovereignty of
tears.

Though I have no armor that is trusty,
And nothing but a wooden sword to
wield,

I shall go down fighting and not craven
if Thou, Lord, give laughter for a
shield.

—Edna Valentine Trappnell, in Success
Progress in Alaska.

In twenty years the Alaskan Eskimos have made great strides in the ways of civilization. They have churches and schools, many of them read and write, and owing to the reindeer herds that the United States government started for them most of them are prosperous. Deer meat in the north sells at the rate of seven dollars for one hundred, and sixty pounds, which is the weight of the ordinary carcass. The natives now own at least two thousand reindeer, which are under government supervision.

World's Most Amazing Men.

The most amazing race of human beings is undoubtedly the El Molo, a tribe of "fishmen" who inhabit the desert wastes bordering Lake Rudolf, in Kenya Colony, Africa.

This tribe represents the only known specimens of semi-amphibious people, and it is a curious fact that any tribesman dies if he is kept without water for about three hours. As a rule they drink every hour during the day, not even an hour and a half without water causes cracking and bleeding of the

The El Molo tribesmen spend their days swimming in the waters of Lake Rudolf, and fishing from frail rafts constructed with palm branches. Fish is almost their only diet, and they have no opportunity of varying their menu unless they are fortunate enough to spear a hippopotamus.

The water of Lake Rudolf is undrinkable to anyone but the El Molo, for it contains a large quantity of soda and has an objectionable taste. The proportion of soda in the lake increases yearly, and it is believed to be this fact that has caused the "fishmen" to become a deformed race.



The Champ Wriggles.
Turtle: "So you were in a pretty tight hole?"
Snake: "Yes, but I managed to wriggle out of it!"

Inhaling of soot in the air greatly decreases one's vitality.

"ROYAL DAVID'S CITY"

Archaeologists are starting this month to excavate the site of the City of David in the expectation of finding the tombs of that king, and his son Solomon. Apart from the question of the treasure the sepulchres may contain, the operations will solve one of the controversies which rage in Jerusalem as to the exact situation of the places mentioned in the Scriptures.

When I was there, says an English writer, I was taken very confidently by my guide to the traditional Mount Zion at the south-west corner of the Holy City, and shown the ruins which cover the spot where King David "in a good old age, full of days, riches and honor," was supposed to have been buried. "If you don't believe me, look at my guide book," protested my Arab conductor.

From the place where I stood I could look over the Tyropoeon Valley to another hill, a rugged spur named Ophel, about five hundred yards distant, which continues the Temple area (now surmounted by the Mosque of Omar) down to the Pool of Siloam.

Will Treasure Be Found?

On this spur, now a wilderness of cacti and boulders, recent authorities have placed the site of the Biblical City of David. That it was once within the enclosed area of Jerusalem there is little doubt, as Sir Charles Warren's exploration laid bare the traces of an old wall which is believed to have been built on foundations which date from the time of Nehemiah.

Supposing the tombs be reached, what will be found? The "friend" of our schoolboys, Josephus, says that the tombs have been twice raided, first by the Church and afterwards by the Crown. A Jewish high priest was the first to violate them; Herod the Great took the rest, whatever it was, that is Josephus' story.

Benjamin of Tudela, who was in Jerusalem in the year 1185, contends, however, that centuries after Josephus' death, there was treasure in the tombs. Fifteen years before his visit, the rabbi writes, the wall of a church on Mount Zion fell down, and workmen engaged to repair it.

Two of the workmen, who were friends, "treated one another and related to their work after their friendly manner." Their overseer, like a good foreman, reprimanded them, and they replied in words which might be freely translated as "Right-ho, boss, we'll work the dinner hour to make up!"

The Flight of Their Lives.
They were as good as their promise. When their mates knocked off they carried on, and, like Mr. Carter in that

Summer Travel in the Land of Midnight Sun

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

The summer travel to the Arctic via the Mackenzie River is now over. One steamboat trip was made, the last part of August to Aklayik, at the end of the line, to bring back the judicial party sent north to try the Eskimo murder suspects on Herschel Island and then the season closed. Even then it was longer than usual, for there is ordinarily but one round trip for each steamer on the route.

The Mississippi of the North, as they sometimes call the Mackenzie, has not yet developed the volume of business which was expected of it and of which it is physically capable. It is, indeed, somewhat like the real Mississippi, a big, capacious river that could float a lot of freight and passenger traffic, but still inclined to be idle.

As a matter of fact, it can hardly be said that the Mackenzie route to the Arctic is quite ready to be put on the tourist map, even yet. To be sure, it has steamboats, timetables, scenery, and thrills, which all go to make tourist travel inviting and possible, but it has not yet become fashionable. Not even the Midnight Sun can fully offset certain disadvantages under which the far North exists.

For instance, there are no hotels in the country, north of Fort McMurray, and the traveler leaves his steamer and must take his choice of camping out in the wilderness by himself or boarding with the Indians and Eskimos. The steamers, too, while reasonably comfortable, are not in the

floating-palace class, which tourists seem nowadays to want. Then there are the mosquitoes and bug-like flies, which this summer have been particularly numerous and vicious, and which must always be reckoned with as a discouraging factor in the summer travel situation.

Fifteen hundred tons of miscellaneous freight went down the Arctic route on the boats of the three transportation companies. There was less freight this summer than for the last two years of the particular kind classed as oil-well supplies, and the volume of business under this head clearly reflected the slump in the petroleum game, pending the big strike that is still expected; but there was an increase in the shipments of merchandise and supplies for the fur trading posts. The fur industry, in fact, still holds front place in the north and has again demonstrated its importance by providing the heavy end of both the ingoing and outgoing freight traffic.

The Hudson's Bay Company, the Northern Trading Company, and the Alberta and Arctic Transportation Company are the lines at present operating on the Mackenzie route. Each of them is under the necessity, for geographical reasons, of maintaining two steam vessels, for between the Athabasca and Slave River link of the system and the main riverway there is a stretch of rapids that has to be portaged, and all the freight and passengers have therefore to be trans-

ferred from the Athabasca boats to the Mackenzie boats at Fort Smith.

A fleet of motor boats and barges is also operated, the former as auxiliaries and the latter as excess freight carriers.

From the end of steel at Waterways, 300 miles northeast of Edmonton, to Aklayik, the almost-to-the-Arctic terminus, is 1,666 miles by the water route. The round trip is a matter of about thirty days. Good time was made this season on the Mackenzie and, one of the steamers doing the run from Fort Smith to Aklayik and back again in nineteen days. A return ticket from Waterways costs \$240, to which about \$100 is added for meals and berth. Freight rates are based on a tariff of \$13.35 per hundred pounds to the end of the line and \$16.75 for the southbound (upstream) trip.

Something more than the usual interest in the coming of the steamers was aroused all along the route, according to the logs of the three Arctic liners, and when port was made at the end of the run there were crowds of some 300 natives waiting on the shore to give a welcome to the North. By way of returning the compliment the three steamboat crews united one night in a big feast on the beach for the Eskimos, who were not a bit slow in accepting the white men's hospitality and who had a spread of good things that will not be forgotten for a long time.

Steamboating on the Mackenzie has certain resemblances to the river life

of the Mississippi, notwithstanding the differences in the country and the people. All the boats are stern-wheelers and light of draft, as were the southern boats that Mark Twain used to tell about, and some of the Athabasca and Mackenzie river pictures, with one of these boats for a central feature, look for all the world like scenes of the river between St. Paul and St. Louis. The similitude vanishes, however, when the Indians and Eskimos come down to the shore to see the sights.

There is real beauty on this down-to-the-Arctic route. To say nothing of the bigness and majesty of the Mackenzie itself, with its wide unlit reaches into the romantic north, occasional shore-lines of particular attractiveness open out before one. Near Good Hope, for instance, where the river is from two to three miles wide and straight as a crow flies, there is a stretch of twenty miles commonly known as the Grand View. Nowhere else does the great northern waterway show so impressively.

The Rapids of the Mackenzie are one of the wonder-sights of Canada. For a distance of seven miles, not far from the Grand View, the river is bordered with perpendicular walls of rock, varying from 100 to 200 feet in height, that overhang it like great shelves. The limestone of which these cliffs are formed is worn and broken into weirdly irregular masses and shapes, while the river narrows so that it gives the impression of a long, rock-girt gorge.

The New Ontario Speaker's Chair.

The latest Speaker's Chair for the Ontario Legislative Chamber has been made by disabled war veterans and is a handsome piece of workmanship, embellished with fine wood carving.

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ARUNDEL.

The Church Services, on Sunday next, 18th inst., will be as follows:—

ANGELICAN.
Grace Church, Arundel, Celebration of Holy Communion 10.30 a.m.
St. School, Grace Church 2.30 p.m.
Rev. Geo. H. Gagnon, M.A., Rector.
ARUNDEL UNION CHURCH.
lockway 10.30 a.m.
Jrystal Falls 3.00 p.m.
Arundel 7.00 p.m.
St. School, Arundel 10.30 a.m.
Rev. C. H. Hethrington, M.A., B.D.

The meeting of "The Little Helpers," on Saturday, 17th inst., bids fair to be a very interesting one, as Miss Eleanor Comery, Sec-Treas., M.D.W.A. Little Helpers, will be present and will address the children.

The meeting will be at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Scott, at 2 o'clock, and the parents of the children are cordially invited to be present, the Mission boxes must be brought to the meeting.

The November Meeting of the Arundel Branch of the Womens' Auxiliary, was held on Thursday afternoon, 8th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Tutting, Huberdeau.

Those present were:—Mrs. Gagnon, President, Mrs. John Bishop, Mrs. Chas. Tutting, Mrs. Tom Bishop, Mrs. Hugh Graham and Mrs. Chas. Tutting were present as guests. Mr. J. Nelson, Hon. Sec. was also present. The minutes of the previous meeting presented, and on motion both were accepted as read. All were busy during the afternoon, at knitting for the Annual Sale and after partaking of refreshments served by Mrs. Tutting, the meeting adjourned. The next meeting will be at the residence of Mrs. Tom Bishop.

The "Poppy Tea," held at the Union Church Manse on Monday, 12th inst., from 3 to 6.30 p.m., was well attended, and the re-union of friends and acquaintances was very pleasant. A delicious tea was served by the hostess, Mrs. Hethrington, and a most enjoyable social time was passed by all those who were present. A silver collection realized a goodly sum. Your correspondent, who was one of those present, can truly state, that the "Poppy Tea," was a very successful event, socially and in every way.

The concert in Staniforth Hall, on Saturday evening, 10th inst., under the auspices of the Ladies of Grace Church Congregation, was a great success, in every particular. The entire programme was provided by members of the "Bevans Lake Hunting Fishing and Cribbage Club," eleven in number, and they certainly gave the people of Arundel and vicinity a thoroughly enjoyable treat. The names of those taking part in the programme are:—John A. Greig, Chairman, W. G. Trenholm, J. Doherty, Bert Ames, Frank Burley, James Aitken, John Dunn, Dick Smith, J. Lindsay, H. Scarsfield, Alex. Hawtison.

All these gentlemen are "jolly good fellows," full of fun and music, and at the conclusion of the concert, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered them, the whole audience rising and applauding. The hall was completely filled, the very best of order prevailed and the financial result was all that could be desired.

The orchestra was composed of first and second violin, accordion, drum and piano, and the music provided by it was excellent. The following was the programme:—Introductory address by the chairman, Mr. John A. Greig.

1. "Orchestra"
2. Chorus—"The boys of Bevans Lake"
3. Accordion Solo—Mr. Jack Lindsay (Drum and piano accompaniment)
4. Song—Mr. Alex. Hawtison, and for an encore "Jean! Jean!"
5. Special feature "Dancing Dolls" Mr. H. G. Scarsfield.
6. Song—Mr. Bert Ames "not here, not here."
7. Violin Solo—Mr. W. Trenholm.
8. Song—"That night on the back porch" Alex. Hawtison.
9. Parodies—Messrs. J. Doherty, W. Trenholm, Bert Ames, Frank Burley.
10. Song—Mr. James Aitken.
11. Accordion Solo—Mr. J. Lindsay, assisted by Messrs. Hawtison, Ames and Scarsfield.
12. Song—"Yes! we have no bananas" Messrs. Scarsfield and Ames.
13. Song—Mr. Hawtison and as an encore "you! you! you!"

At this point, the chairman handed a handsome sum of money, on behalf of the "Club" to the Ladies under whose auspices the concert was held.

14. Nursery Rhymes—New version Chorus "Roly Baby" Auld Lang Syne, God save the King.
On behalf of the members of the Club, Mr. Greig has promised to again give the people of Arundel a treat, on Thanksgiving, 1924, and the event will be looked forward to, for the next twelve months. Refreshments were served which were much appreciated, and all who attended this concert, had a thoroughly jolly, good time.

ST. ANDREWS EAST

Sunday School meets in the Church on Sunday morning from ten to eleven o'clock a.m.

The choir practice will be held on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Tom Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Burgess, of Montreal, were the week-end guests of Mr. and the Misses Walsh.

The Weekly Cottage Prayer meeting was held on Thursday evening at the home of Miss M. Canton.

The W.M.S. met on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. J. Pittsford. Mrs. Snowdon, President, was the principal speaker. Subject: Biography of Missions.

Public Worship will be conducted in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, Nov. 18th inst., at 11 a.m., and 7.50 p.m. The pastor Rev. J. Burgess will preach at both services.

Remember Friday, November, 23rd. Sale or work, Chicken Festival, and

Concert, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid, St. Andrews East Presbyterian Church. Come and enjoy yourself.

The Ladies Aid met at the home of Miss L. Harrington on Thursday afternoon and spent a pleasant time making final arrangements for their Sale, Snapper and Concert on Friday, November, 23rd.

The death of Mrs. Martha Anne de Laronde occurred on Thursday, Nov. 8th at the old family home in her eightieth year. The funeral service, which took place in the Presbyterian Church, was conducted by the Rev. J. Burgess.

The following were among those who spent Thanksgiving week-end in St. Andrews East with their parents and friends, Miss Allison Rodger, Miss Katie McQuat, Miss Hazel Brown, Miss M. Taylor, Miss Alice Rodger, Miss Bessie Rodger and Miss Eleanor Bradley.

GRENVILLE.

Mr. Willie Bradshaw spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. Wesley Dodd spent several days this week with his family.

Mrs. David Clarke, of Lachute spent the week-end with her sister Mrs. T. Cousins.

Miss Mabel Pridham of Montreal spent the holiday season with her brother and his family.

Mr. Willie Skelcher and Mr. Sanderson, of Montreal, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pickett.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Arnold, of Calumet, visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. I. Arnold over Sunday last.

Mr. D. N. Gill, of Ottawa, was the guest of his father Mr. John Gill at Grenville Bay over Sunday last.

The Ladies Aid of the Grenville Methodist Church held an oyster supper in Morrow's hall on Saturday evening.

Miss Laura A. Cousins, of Thurso spent the holiday season with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cousins of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. David Brewer and daughter, Phyllis, of Montreal, were holiday guests of their aunt Mrs. J. Brechin at Grenville Bay.

Miss Hazel Silvester of Montreal and Mr. Manly Silvester, of Huberdeau, spent several days with their sister Mrs. Harold Gill recently.

MORIN HEIGHTS.

The Tucker Cottage was fully occupied by the family and friends over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Milard and boys and other friends spent their Thanksgiving holidays at their cottage.

Mr. H. Dudley, of Ormstown and assistants are engaged in painting and decorating the interior of the Methodist Church.

Armistice Day was duly observed on Sunday by special Thanksgiving Memorial Services and sermon in Trinity Church at 7 p.m.

Mrs. J. Davis and daughter Laura at present resident in Montreal were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Davis for Thanksgiving time.

The Auction Sale of farm stock, implements and etc., of the late Mr. A. L. Hurlstibice at the residence of Mr. E. Boyd, on Tuesday, was attended by a large crowd, and good prices secured.

The hunters from the J. E. Seale camp returned Saturday with a deer for each of the 7 or 8 of the party. Quite a number of deer have been secured by other hunters adjacent to town.

Mr. H. Barnes and family and friends spent Thanksgiving holidays at the home of Messrs. G and W. Watchorn to whom he has let the contract for building a cottage adjacent which he hopes to occupy next summer.

Miss Marjorie Le Gresley who has been resident here for some time with her aunt Mrs. Syvret, left for her home at Aspebiac last Sunday evening, she will be much missed in the social life of the town. She was accompanied to Montreal by Mrs. and Millie Syvret who are spending some days in the city.

How to Honor The Flag.

1. The only authorized flag for use on land, throughout the British Empire, is the Union Flag, commonly called the Union Jack.

2. The Union Jack is the National Flag of Canada as of all other parts of His Majesty's Dominion, and may be flown by all British subjects. (Canada Gazette, Vol. XLV., page 4574).

3. The Red Ensign, with the Arms of the Dominion of Canada in the fly, is intended to be used by Canadian Merchant vessels. (Canada Gazette, Vol. XLV., page 4574).

4. Ships owned by the Canadian Government Departments use the British Blue Ensign with the Canadian Coat of Arms in the fly.

5. Ships of the Royal Canadian Navy fly at the stern, the British White Ensign, and at the bow, the Canadian Blue Ensign.

6. The Royal Canadian Air Force is authorized to use the Royal Air Force Ensign, of which the following is the correct description.

"Light blue, in the dexter canton the Union and, in the centre of the fly of the flag three roundels superimposed, red upon white upon blue."

7. The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise, nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

8. In hoisting the flag, the broad white stripe in the cross of St. Andrew should be next the mast head—if reversed, it is an indication of distress.

9. It should never be used as a cover for table, box or desk, and nothing should be placed upon it.

10. When the Union Flag and other flags are displayed together as in street decorations, the Union Flag should fly to the north on streets running east and west, and to the east on streets running north and south.

Who Is She?

The identity of "The Wonderful Heroine," whose amazing life story appeared in the Family Herald and Weekly Star, is causing widespread speculation. Her remarkable achievements under appalling conditions, handicapped more often than aided by her great beauty, most certainly have justified the claim that she was "One woman in ten million."

It is now announced that a beautiful portrait of "The Wonderful Heroine," reproduced in all the colors of the original masterpiece, will be given free to subscribers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, that is, to those who subscribe in time.

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GOING EAST.

No. 426. From Calumet due at Lachute 7.45 a.m.
No. 422. From Ottawa due at Lachute 10.53 a.m.
No. 424. From Ottawa due at Lachute 8.08 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 421. From Montreal due at Lachute 10.02 a.m.
No. 423. From Montreal due at Lachute 7.14 p.m.
No. 425. From Montreal due at Lachute 9.10 p.m.

No. 427. From Montreal, Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute 3.42 p.m.

For further particulars, Apply to J. S. Giles, Town Agent, Lachute.

Here and There

A grant of \$25,700 to the Salvation Army to aid Canadian emigration work in Great Britain has been authorized by a Canadian Order in Council.

According to information received by the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg, sixty-three bushels of wheat to the acre has been harvested on the farm of T. M. Ballantyne, three miles north of Lacombe, Alberta. The wheat graded No. 1 and weighed 64 pounds to the bushel.

Weighing 3,170 pounds, a steer, said to be the largest ever received in Winnipeg, arrived at the union stockyards from Wainwright, Alberta. It was sold for \$260, the highest selling price of any steer in Winnipeg since the war.

The Canadian Pacific S.S. "Brunton," which arrived in Liverpool on September 5th, put up what is considered to be a record in the speedy discharge of cargo when she sailed the following day, Sept. 6th, at 7 p.m., having discharged over 2,000 tons of cargo.

It is announced that the Canadian Pacific Railway will increase the size of its irrigation headgates at Kimball, in southern Alberta, by 50 per cent in anticipation of an increase in area of 40,000 acres in the Lethbridge district. Water will be turned into the ditches of the Lethbridge Northern project, it is expected, some time this fall.

Buffalo steak will be abundant in Canada this fall. A herd of 2,000 surplus Buffalo wandering on the range in the National Park at Wainwright will be slaughtered by an Order-in-Council, and the meat and skins sold. For several years the Government has paid special attention to the preservation of the buffalo and the work has been so successful that the National Parks are now overstocked.

At a dinner given in his honor by the Vancouver Board of Trade, E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, announced that the Company proposed immediately to add two large modern steamers to its coast fleet in order to take care of its increasing tourist traffic over the Company's Pacific Coastal lines. He also announced the early completion of a new pier at Vancouver at a cost of several millions.

There have been large increases in the number of pure bred animals in Canada during the decade between the last two censuses. The increase in the number of pure bred horses between 1911 and 1921 was 44 per cent; of cattle, 139 per cent; of sheep, 75 per cent, and of swine, nearly 44 per cent. The number of pure bred horses in the Dominion in 1921 was 47,732; cattle, 296,656; sheep, 93,643, and of swine, 81,143.

A conservative estimate of the amount of money spent in Quebec by tourists reaches \$2,358,750. From the beginning of May until the first of September, 15,000 motor tourists had called for information at the offices of the Quebec Auto Club. Taking an average of four people to each car, this meant that at least 60,000 people had come to the city by automobiles. Of this number there were approximately 3,000 camping parties, or 12,000 people.

At the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, recently, Colonel J. S. Dennis, Chief Commissioner of Colonization of the Canadian Pacific Railway, outlined in a detailed speech existing conditions in Canada and prospects for the future. He emphatically stated that there was no cause for discouragement, but, on the contrary, every prospect of a renewal of rapid development, including an increase in our population and the development of our latent natural resources in such a way as to insure, in the comparatively near future, that we should be out of the woods, and progressing rapidly to a large population and favorable business and financial conditions.

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VOL. XLVIII.

LACHUTE, QUE., NOVEMBER 23, 1923.

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DEATH.

CLARK.—At her home in Mt. Maple on Saturday, November 17th, 1923, Elizabeth Calder, beloved wife of Frank Clark, aged 56 years, 10 months and 15 days.

LISTER.—At Lachute on Saturday, Nov. 17th, Mary Jane Boyd, aged 72.

Christmas is only four weeks away give friend, wife or sister a useful present "Wear Ever" aluminum utensils, Teapots, Percolators, Roasters, etc. Leave your order with Arnold A. Mathews, Lachute, Wear-Ever Specialty Salesman. Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that Wear-Ever.

HOUSE TO LET.—Apply to Milo Hutchins, Foundry Street, Lachute. MAID WANTED.—Experienced and competent. Liberal salary. No washing. Apply with reference to Mrs. (Dr.) Drew, Lachute.

FOR SALE.—A Findley Range, for wood or coal, with hot water attachments. Almost new. Apply to Mrs. R. E. Carkner, Lachute, Que.

FOR SALE.—A few good Oxford Down Eggs either Grade or Pure Breed. Apply to Alex. Doig, Lachute, Quebec.

FOR SALE.—FAIRBANKS-MORSE lighting plant in good condition, cheap. For further particulars apply to Geo. Stanforth, Box 94 Lachute, Quebec.

LOST.—In the vicinity of Dalesville, on November 10th. A black and white bound with black saddle on back. Finder will please communicate with John Muir, St. Andrews East, Quebec.

LOST.—On Nov. 2nd, between Dalesville and Brownsburg, 30-30 Winchester Carbine Rifle. Finder please return same to Charles Mosley, Brownsburg and receive reward.

HOUSE FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—Sited on Bedford Boulevard near Bathurst Street, water in house, bath-room and six foot cellar. Apply to J. D. Lemay or J. F. Lavigne, Notary, Lachute, Quebec.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—In the East Ward. An eight room house, garden and out buildings, bath, hot and cold water and all modern conveniences. Key to view same at Geo. Y. Deacon's store.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—On Grace Street, Good warm house, containing seven rooms and kitchen. All modern conveniences. Hot and cold water. Apply to P. Lalonde, Prop. Lachute, Quebec.

Sold brick house eight rooms and bath room, electric light, about two acres land, good barn. Terms. Address Box 304 Lachute, Que., or apply to Geo. Nugent on premises. Just at town limits one mile from Lachute depot. No reasonable offer refused.

BOAR FOR SERVICE.—Winner of the First Prize, Pure Bred Yorkshire Boar at the stables of Mr. Wm. Morrison, East End, Lachute.

Watch and Clock Specialist. Bring your repairs to Mr. Joseph Bonagret who will do all your work in prompt order, but he wishes to say that he will be in his shop on Thursday, Friday and Saturday only of each week, so you will please take note. Joe. Belanger, near Hill's Store, Lachute, Que. Phone No. 116 r 2-3

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Canada Cement

Pries Right

R. Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Hammond left on Monday for Montreal where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. J. E. Walker left on Thursday for a short visit to her mother in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. King, of Montreal were week-end guests of Mrs. Harry McIntyre.

Rev. Dr. MacLeod leaves on Friday for Sherbrooke to attend the Presbytery Sessions.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Gordon and son left this week for Ayers Cliff where they will make their home.

The Lachute Methodist S. School entertainment and Xmas Tree will be held on Thursday evening, Dec. 20th.

Remember the 29th November and keep date open for Presbyterian choir concert. If you miss it, you are the loser.

The Brownsburg Presbyterian Church, Sunday School, will hold their Xmas Entertainment on Friday evening, Dec. 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Price and son and Miss Wilbow Lavery, of Montreal, were guests on Sunday of Mrs. Robt. McArthur.

Seats will be reserved for all ticket holders so don't fail to get one in advance for the 29th; we will place all we can who buy at the door of church.

Miss Louise Gibson, of San Jose, California, Soprano Soloist, will render two numbers at the concert in the Methodist Church tomorrow night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Grish, Wm. Hamilton, S. McLeod, of Ste. Therese, Mr. and Mrs. S. Cox and family, of Lachute, were Sunday visitors at Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn's.

Miss Jean McAllister of Chute au Blondeau, Miss Florence Cameron of Howick and Martha Cameron of Longueuil were recent guests of Miss Grace Bradford.

Afternoon Tea and Sale at the Victoria Hall on Friday, Nov. 23th. The Ladies Aid of the Baptist Church will serve tea and hold a sale of useful articles, home-made cooking and candy. Doors open at 3 p.m.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church purpose holding an afternoon tea in the Church Hall on Tuesday, November 27th, from four to six o'clock. Admission 25cts. Proceeds will be devoted to Social Service Work.

The Ladies Guild of St. Simon's Anglican Church, will hold their annual sale of fancy and useful articles, home-made cooking and candy in the Victoria Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 5th. Afternoon tea will be served. Come and spend a social hour with your friends. Doors open at 2 p.m.

CHURCH NOTES

Baptist Church Services on Sunday, November 25th, will be conducted by Rev. P. A. MacEwen, B.A., B.D. of Ottawa, as follows:—Dalesville at 11 a.m., Brownsburg at 3 p.m., Lachute at 7 p.m., Lachute Sunday School will meet at 11 a.m.

Methodist Church Services on Sunday next, November 25th, will be as follows:—The pastor, Rev. Albert Mathews, will preach at Lachute at 10:30 a.m., East Settlement at 2:30 p.m., and Brownsburg at 7 p.m. The evening service at Lachute at 6:45 p.m., will be conducted by supply from Montreal. Many citizens from Lachute will be glad to see and hear their old fellow citizen.

Don't forget to hear Mr. Richard Parkinson, of Calnden, Maine, Tenor Soloist in the Methodist Church, Friday evening.

Buy your ticket and get a good seat to hear Mrs. Irene Mallory Bissell tomorrow night. Programme commences at 8 o'clock. See programme on Poster.

Anniversary Services in the Presbyterian Church, Next Sunday, Nov. 25th, being the 91st Anniversary of this founding of the first Presbyterian Congregation in Lachute. The special preacher for this day is Rev. D. L. Ritchie, D.D., Principal of the Congregational Theological College, Montreal. Services will be held at 11 a.m., and 8:45 p.m. Everybody is welcome.

Presbyterian Church Service in Brownsburg, next Sunday, Nov. 25th, at 3 p.m. Everybody is invited to this service.

Don't forget the Church Union Meeting to be held in the Presbyterian Church on December 6th, at 8 p.m. The speaker on that occasion will be Rev. Richard Roberts, D.D., of American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, and Rev. Principal Swythe of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. The meeting is open to all who are interested in the subject of Church Union in Lachute and the surrounding towns and country.

The organization is well advanced for the carrying out of the Annual Every person Canvass in the Presbyterian Church for the local church revenue for 1924 and also for the missionary funds for the same year. The canvass will be made simultaneously in this and other congregations within the Presbytery of Montreal on Dec. 3-5. Reports of results will be brought in Thursday evening, Dec. 6.

Bravery Rewarded.

Gilbert Hamilton Honored by Parchment from the Royal Humane Society.

Mr. Gilbert Hamilton, of St. Andrews East, was the recipient of a Parchment awarded by the Royal Humane Society for bravery displayed in saving the life of Leslie Smith at St. Andrews East last June, after his team had fallen through the River Rouge bridge. While crossing with a load of cedar for Funcheon and Webster's Cedar Mill in St. Andrews, the bridge collapsed, and Mr. Smith with his team fell struggling into the water; a distance of some 24 feet. Taking in the situation, Hamilton in face of great danger jumped down to his assistance, and with considerable difficulty succeeded in rescuing Smith, after cutting him away from the harness and lines which entangled him.

The presentation was made by Mayor Geo. W. Rodger, at the Council Meeting last Tuesday, who congratulated Hamilton upon his courageous act. Many citizens were also present, and short speeches of emulation and pride were given by Rev. W. A. Howard, Rev. J. Burgess, Dr. B. N. Wales, and J. A. McKay.

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

The Messrs. W. and Geo. Simpson, of Montreal, were in the village over the week-end.

Mrs. W. Jeffrey accompanied Mr. Jeffrey to Montreal last Friday morning, returning with him on Saturday.

Mr. Ralph Barclay, of Montreal, and Mr. R. Robertson, of Vaudreuil, were in the village on business at the beginning of the week.

The 500 Club was entertained on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Robertson, prizes being won by Mrs. W. Bradley and Mr. J. J. Fraser.

Mr. N. Albright left Wednesday on a trip to Toronto and vicinity and while there will attend the wedding of his nephew, Mr. Leonard McQuat.

Miss C. Walsh who was in Montreal last week, motored out on Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Burgess and Mrs. Aylen, who remained over night the guests of Mr. and the Misses Walsh, returning to town on Thursday last.

The next meeting of Christ Church W.A. will be Thursday, November 29th. The members will be entertained, by Mrs. J. J. and Miss Norma Fraser at the Rectory. All donations for the Christmas Sale are asked to be brought to this meeting.

A very good meeting of the Skating and Hockey enthusiasts, was held in the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, when it was decided to proceed at once with the getting ready of an open air rink and dressing rooms. Your correspondent wishes this enterprise all manner of success.

Christ Church W. A. met at Mrs. Robertson's last Thursday afternoon, for the Cafeteria Supper, Sale of work and Entertainment, were discussed and all arrangements made. The date Thursday, December 6th, the hours: Sale commences at 2 p.m., Cafeteria open from four p.m. Programme at 8:30 p.m.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church met at Miss Harrington's last Thursday when final arrangements were made for the Chicken Supper, Sale of work and entertainment. Don't forget this Friday, Nov. 23rd, afternoon and evening in the Town Hall, there will be lovely things to buy, delicious things to eat and a good programme to listen to. Come one, Come all.

Monday morning, after several years patient suffering, Miss Elizabeth Albright, passed peacefully and quietly away. Her funeral service was held in Christ Church, where she had faithfully worshipped all her life, Tuesday afternoon, the Rectory, the Rev. W. A. Howard officiating. To her sisters and brother, the heartfelt sympathy of all is extended. May her soul rest in peace.

CUSHING.

On Thursday, November 15th, inst., at Crescent St. Presbyterian Church, Montreal, the wedding was quietly celebrated of Jean, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pinkerton, of Cushing, and Mr. James Harcourt, of New Glasgow, Quebec. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Dickie in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties, the bride wearing a lovely gown of silver crepe cloth and carrying a bouquet of roses and fern.

The happy couple left that same evening on a wedding trip West, the bride travelling in a navy blue suit with hat to match and an Isabella fox fur for the gift of the groom. Before returning to their future home in New Glasgow, they will visit friends in Winnipeg and Calgary. The bride has been a general favorite in this community and her departure from amongst us is much regretted by her friends whose best wishes follow her and her husband into their new life.

Our stock of Men's Suits are complete, Blues, Greys and Browns and heaps to choose from. W. Banford & Son

Ladies' Coats Fall 1923

We have received a lot of our New Fall Coats for Ladies. The Styles are attractive and up. The cloths are new and colours attractive. There are fur collared coats and others without fur. The prices are wonderfully low—a real surprise to many.

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WINTERING BEES.

Every spring beekeepers find from 5 to 50 per cent. of their colonies have died during the winter, or are very weak in the spring. There is no reason why the winter loss should be higher than 2 or 3 per cent., provided the beekeeper will prepare and pack the bees properly, so says Professor Eric Millen of the O. A. C. The first step is to make sure every colony has a queen. As it is too late to require now, queenless colonies should be united with those having a queen. Place a sheet of newspaper on top of a strong queen-right colony, and place the broodchamber of the queenless colony on top. Leave them for a week and then shake the bees into the lower broodchamber and remove the upper broodchamber. It is taken for granted that no American foul-brood exists in the apiary. Otherwise, colonies should not be united, but rather destroy the queenless colonies and combs, if diseased.

The next step is to see that each colony has sufficient bees to cover at least three frames on both sides, if examined on a cold morning when the bees are clustered. This will insure enough bees to come through the winter, provided the stores and protection are adequate. A very important factor of wintering is the question of food. Many beekeepers give every colony ten or fifteen pounds of sugar syrup made in the proportion of 2 1/2 of sugar to one of water and fed in an inverted feeder over the brood frames. This is done in many cases regardless of the amount of stores the colony has. Every colony should have at least 45 pounds of food to ensure successful wintering and an opportunity to increase in strength in the spring.

Bees should be kept in a naturally protected place for winter, or a board fence should be erected around the apiary to form a wind protection. Colonies may be packed singly, two in a case, four in a case, or in any other way desired by the beekeeper. Three or four inches of packing should be placed all around the colony, and not less than eight inches on top. Dry leaves, planer shavings or cork chips make satisfactory packing material. If the beekeeper will see that his colonies are put away for winter in good condition, the winter loss will be negligible.

The Department of Apiculture, Ontario Agricultural College, will be very glad to answer any enquiries regarding the care of the apiary.

AUTUMN FEEDS WHICH PRODUCE UNDESIRABLE FLAVORS IN MILK.

One of the worst weeds for producing bad flavors in milk during the autumn season is ragweed, so says Professor H. H. Dean of the Ontario Agricultural College. This gives a peculiar pungent odor to milk which is very objectionable for both cheese and butter-making. For condensing, powdering, and for city milk and cream trade such milk would be rejected and returned to the farmer.

I know of a case where a cheese-maker was obliged to leave the factory because the cheese was rejected by the cheese buyers on account of bad flavor. On investigation it was found that ragweed grew on many pastures near the factory as high as the fences. When pastures are short, as they frequently are in September and October, the cattle eat the weed. This taints the milk and causes no end of trouble for both cheese and butter-makers. The remedy, of course, is to rid the farms of this noxious weed, or else prevent the cows from pasturing in fields where the ragweed grows.

Sometimes very rank clover will give a taint to the milk. The remedy is to turn the cows into a fresh clover field for but a short time each day until the cows grow accustomed to the clover and the persons buying or using the milk become adjusted to the change in flavor.

Among crops grown for feeding purposes, one of the worst flavored is turnip tops. As soon as the turnip crop is harvested some farmers turn their cattle into the turnip field to clean up the tops, small turnips, etc. This practice is sure to result in bad-flavored milk and cream. Most creamery men warn their patrons against this, as it has been found impossible to prevent turnip-tainted butter where much cream comes from farms where "cows break into the turnip field unknown to the owner."

Rape is nearly as bad as turnip tops. In beef-raising sections, where rape is largely grown for fattening cattle and sheep, the cows, if allowed into the rape field, are almost sure to give tainted milk. If the farmer is using the milk and cream at home and likes the turnip or rape flavor, all right, but to sell this raw material for manufacturing purposes will spoil the cheese and butter. We cannot be too careful with the autumn foods for dairy cows. Prices are usually good and we must produce milk of good flavor.

WORTH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO ONTARIO.

The economic production of an abundant supply of food is one of the greatest problems of mankind. In 1910

the population of the world was two and one-half times as great as it was in the year 1800. Increases in population demand corresponding increases in food supplies. Crop production can be increased by extending the acreage under cultivation and by obtaining higher yields per acre. Of these two methods the latter is probably the most important at the present time, so says Dr. C. A. Zavitz of the Ontario Agricultural College.

One of the aims of the Field Husbandry Department of the O. A. C. has been to bring about increased acre yields of high quality on the individual farms. With this object in view over 2,000 acres of farm crops obtained from different parts of the world have been grown under test and their adaptabilities for Ontario conditions carefully studied. From some of the varieties of greatest merit improved strains and varieties have been obtained through careful selections from large nurseries, planted by hand, with thousands of selected seeds. As a last resort, controlled cross-fertilization has been used to originate new varieties superior to those obtained through selection from the varieties of highest record. For some time past we have grown and examined annually an average of about 50,000 hybrid plants of farm crops. The plant improvement work has included grain, forage, root and tuber crops.

The varieties of highest merit obtainable by plant breeding at the College are distributed to the farmers for co-operative experiments on their own farms. If they prove worthy under the local conditions they are soon increased by the experimenters themselves at no additional cost for seed. The surplus is often sold to neighbors and to others to mutual advantage. Through this process the acre yields of several of the farm crops of Ontario have been increased considerably. These increases will be even greater as some of the new varieties become better established and as others are introduced.

According to the reports of the Ontario Department of Agriculture the last twenty-one years' increases in acre yields of barley, oats and winter wheat, in comparison with the two previous decades, amounted to 249,760,411 bushels, which valued at average market prices reached a total of \$161,049,877.71. This is over thirty times as much as the net expenditure of the Ontario Agricultural College from its commencement in 1874 to the present time.

It might be noted that these increases in yield per acre have been made in spite of a natural tendency towards a decrease acre yield in a comparatively new country where commercial fertilizers are not used generally with farm crops.

Undoubtedly, the general use of these high yielding new varieties of good quality has been the greatest factor in bringing about these substantial increases in acre yields throughout Ontario.

HOGS

"It used to puzzle me to make spring pigs take enough exercise, especially when the weather was cold and rainy and the lots were muddy and not fit for them to run in," says Frank Carsons, a practical young farmer, "but I've found out how to do it."

"I turn the sows outside to feed them three times a day, and shut them away from the pigs for an hour or more at each feeding time. It's not long before the pigs get hungry, and begin squealing. The old sows answer them from the outside. The pigs get more vociferous than ever, the old sows more insistent on getting in to her pigs. Soon both pigs and sows are walking back and forth, the pigs fairly tumbling over each other."

Last spring Mr. Carsons kept his sows and pigs in the farrowing quarters for four weeks, before turning them out, yet I've not found a lot of spring pigs more thrifty and growthy than his. He had seventy-five husky fellows from nine sows, better than eight to the sow, when I was on his farm in middle May.

"This keeps the tender pigs out of the muddy, filthy lots around the hog house," said Carsons. "I cleaned and disinfected the farrowing quarters before I put the sows in. I cleaned the concrete floor on the outside in the same way."

DAIRY.

Dairymen always have a few heifers coming fresh in the fall, and to feed them so they will develop into profitable cows is a vital matter as the future improvement of the herd rests with the young stock.

Heifers that freshen on pasture generally get along all right up to freshening time, but as soon as they freshen I like to have them where I can give them special attention. I take the calf away just as soon as possible. If the weather is cold I keep the heifer in the stable for a few days.

I practice feeding heifers that are about to freshen, a light grain ration a few weeks before freshening. This encourages them to come to the stable



From the Sunday Chronicle.

with the herd. They also become accustomed to eating green fodder along with the herd.

A newly freshened heifer is very likely to eat heartily of all kinds of food, especially grain, that is put before her, and right here is where the danger lies. The feeder must exercise good judgment right from the start. I want to know just how much grain I am feeding in a ration. Overfeeding is dangerous.

Variety in a ration is very essential in feeding a newly freshened heifer. Her appetite may be good for a few days following freshening, but is very easily upset. I like to add a little more bran to the ration than I do for older cows. I have always had good success in compounding a ration for feeding newly freshened heifers, from oats, barley and corn ground with an equal amount, by weight, of wheat bran.

The roughage ration should be as wide in variety as possible. While on pasture during the fall it is not quite so important to feed a variety of roughage, but as soon as the herd is stabled for the winter I like to begin feeding a variety. I do not think it pays to buy roughage in order to furnish this variety. Such roughages as corn silage, bean pods, clover and alfalfa hay, dry corn stover and oat and pea hay are excellent.

I find it a wise plan to make the ration for a newly freshened heifer as palatable as possible. It is advisable to encourage her to eat well, as she is shouldering a double burden. She must sustain her own physical vigor, continue to develop herself and give a good flow of milk. To do her best and her duty to herself, she must have the best feed and care.—Leo C. Reynolds.

Winter Feeding Cattle.

Several interesting and valuable experiments have been tried in recent years in the winter feeding of cattle at the Dominion Experimental Station at Lennoxville, Que. In one experiment two lots of ten steers each were used to ascertain the difference in profit, if any, between light and heavy steers. The light steers averaged 719 lbs. each and the heavy 886 lbs. per steer when they entered the stable in the fall. The first lot cost 4 1/2 cents per pound to purchase in the first instance and the second lot 5 1/2 cents per lb. When taken up, the light steers weighed 983 lbs. each and the heavy steers 1,169.5 lbs. A table given in the Superintendent's report for 1922 shows that, although the lighter steers cost a cent a pound less when purchased, yet the greater gains made by the heavier steers, coupled with the extra price realized on account of their superior finish when marketed,

enabled them to make a gain of \$1.56 per steer over the others.

In an experiment to ascertain the difference between early and late grain feeding, eighteen grade Short-horns were divided in the fall as evenly as possible into three lots of six steers each. They all received forty pounds of ensilage per head and as much hay as they could eat up clean. After grain feeding began the ensilage ration was gradually reduced. Lots No. 1 and 2 were fed meal from November 15 and January 15 onward, respectively, while lot No. 3 received only ensilage and hay until March 1. The meal mixture was made up of ground elevator screenings two parts and oats and bran one part each. During the last few weeks of feeding, cornmeal was used in place of oats. The steers were stabled the first week in November and marketed about the first of May. The results of two years' trial show that lots Nos. 1 and 2 made a greater average daily gain than lot No. 3, but, as the latter made their gains largely on cheap home-grown feeds, they made a greater profit over cost of feed than the other two lots, the average profit over cost of feed of lot No. 1 being \$4.25 per steer, of lot No. 2, \$4.26 per steer, and lot No. 3, \$3.34 per steer.

A third experiment, which has been conducted at Lennoxville Station for several years, is to determine whether steers when dehorned and allowed to run loose in box stalls make as good gains as those tied up in the stable. Two lots of ten steers were used, all being given identical rations. A table covering four years in the report shows that, independent of the savings in labor and equipment, dehorned steers wintered and fattened in large pens made cheaper gains each year.

In order to ascertain whether re-cleaned elevator screenings make a suitable meal ration for winter fattening of beef cattle, two lots of eight steers each were fed the same hay and ensilage ration, but lot No. 1 received a meal ration composed of bran, corn, ground oats and barley, while lot No. 2 received ground screening two parts and bran one part. A table giving the average of two years' results shows that lot No. 2, comprising the steers fed screenings and bran, made slightly the cheapest gains. The Superintendent of the Station, Mr. J. A. McClary, remarks that "screenings are a valuable feed when they can be bought at a reasonable price. Owing to their tendency, however, to vary in quality and weed seed content, they should be bought on a basis of analysis only. Ground screenings are too heavy and pasty for feeding alone, and, therefore, should be mixed with bran or ground oats to render them more digestible."

Home Education

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

Only One Supervisor at a Time, Please!

By Helen Gregg Green

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

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

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

While I was inwardly studying the situation I found the trouble. Patsy, Jr., was plainly straying from the way of right.

"Patsy, Jr., Patsy, Jr., stop!" came excitedly from cousin Edith, and "Patsy, dear, don't," implored Patsy, Sr.

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

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

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

While I was thinking, Aunt Becky was talking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Diseases of Animals Caused by Parasites

By C. D. McGilvray, M.D.V., Ontario Department of Agriculture.

Of the diseases affecting farm animals, those caused by parasites are among the most common.

A parasite may be described as a living organism which, for the purpose of obtaining nourishment, passes the whole or a portion of its existence upon the surface, or within the body of an animal, usually to the injury of the one thus affected.

Unfortunately, a state of indifference too often exists as to the loss incurred from parasites affecting live stock. This indifference may be owing to the fact that a comparatively small number of animals may immediately succumb to the attacks of the parasites, or the exact cause may be unsuspected or overlooked. Aside, however, from the actual loss resulting from the death of animals attacked by parasites, a greater material loss is often sustained in the general unthriftiness and poor condition which they cause where a large number of animals are affected. If these losses are to be reduced and avoided, measures must be adopted by stock owners to prevent their animals from becoming infested and to relieve the affected ones of their presence and injurious effects. Parasites produce their injurious effects in various ways and may infest the surface of the body, causing skin diseases, or they may infest the internal parts of the body, such as the bowels, and seriously injure the animal's health. Of the conditions caused by parasites affecting the skin, the following may be mentioned as being among the most common and frequently met with, viz.:—

Lousiness, Ringworm, Sheep Scab, Warbles in cattle. Of the conditions caused by parasites inside the body, the following are among the most common:—Bots in horses, Tape Worm diseases, Lung Worm diseases, Pin Worm diseases, and Gid in sheep. Each of these is of sufficient importance to merit special consideration and will be dealt with in separate, succeeding articles as to their nature, causes, treatment and prevention.

LOUSINESS.

The term Lousiness is applied to the infestation of the body surface with lice, of which there are several different kinds affecting animals. Their presence is a source of annoyance and irritation to the animals which they infest, and leads to unthriftiness and loss of condition.

Lice multiply very quickly and reproduce themselves by laying eggs, which become attached to the hairs and are commonly known as "nits." Poultry are frequently troubled with lice and, if allowed to nest or roost in the stables, they become a great source of annoyance to horses and cattle by the hen lice attacking them.

Symptoms of Lousiness.—The symptoms of lousiness are somewhat similar in all animals and, in general, is manifested by a considerable amount of itching, rubbing and scratching of the skin. The presence of lice should always be suspected where animals are noticed to be frequently licking and biting themselves, and rubbing against stalls in the stable or posts outside. The continual scratching and rubbing of the skin causes the hair to become rubbed off and bare patches of skin to appear, and also the formation of crusts and scabs in many cases. By examining the skin closely the lice themselves, or their "nits" may be detected.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

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

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

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

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

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

—Margaret Sangster.

HIS FIRST AND LAST SPARROW.

It happened in a small country town one bright spring day. Jim, the widow's boy, had arisen early to go out into the woods that morning. He carried with him the shotgun which he had earned for himself during the

Treatment and Prevention of Lousiness.—In treating horses and cattle troubled with lice, if the season of the year and stable conditions will permit, it is advantageous to commence by clipping the hair over the surface of the body. The hair which is thus removed should be burned. To kill and get rid of the lice and nits creolin applications are probably the best. This treatment consists in thoroughly washing the body with soap and warm water to which has been added sufficient creolin to make a 3 per cent solution, that is, three parts of creolin added to 100 parts of water. This washing and dressing should be repeated at intervals of a week until all lice and "nits" are destroyed. As a rule, two or three applications of this treatment, if properly and thoroughly applied, are sufficient to effect a cure, nevertheless the treatment may be repeated as often as may be necessary without causing harm to the animal.

Another simple remedy is the use of a decoction of tobacco. This is made by boiling ordinary chewing tobacco in water and then washing the surface of the body with the mixture. This should be applied at least once a week for several weeks, in order to kill both the lice and nits which may be hatching. Of the two forms of treatment, however, the creolin treatment is probably the best.

When the weather is too cold and stable conditions will not permit washing the body, other agents, such as insect powders, may be dusted over the surface of the body and, for this purpose, what is known as Persian Insect Powder is a good remedy.

In addition to the treatment of affected animals, precautions must also be taken to keep the lousy animals from coming into close contact with other clean animals until cured. In addition, curry combs, brushes and blankets should be boiled or steamed, or washed with the creolin solution. This is for the purpose of destroying any lice or nits adhering to them.

The stables should be cleaned and all bedding removed and burned. The stalls and posts in stables should be whitewashed. If poultry have access to stables, steps should be taken to prevent them roosting therein, as they are frequently the cause of infesting horses with hen lice, which cause an intense itchiness and irritation of the skin of horses.

Sheep which are affected with lice should be dipped, after having been sheared, in the creolin mixture or else in a mixture of lime and sulphur. If, owing to the season of the year, it is not convenient to dip the sheep, insect powder may be well rubbed into the fleece.

In the case of hogs, their bodies should be thoroughly washed with the creolin solution at intervals of one week until all lice are destroyed. Their pens should also be kept clean.

In the case of poultry affected with lice, a number of different remedies are recommended, of which probably insect powders are the handiest and best. Any good, reliable insect powder may be used in accordance with the directions which accompany the package. One of the essential factors, however, in controlling lice affecting poultry is to keep the hen house, particularly the roosts, nests and dropping boards, clean and disinfected from time to time with a solution of limewash and creolin.

long winter months. He felt proud of himself as he hurried out into the open air with his gun thrown carelessly over his shoulder.

He was whistling—and thinking. He thought of his chances of earning extra money for himself and possibly for the family. He would buy clothes for his mother and baby sister. Perhaps he would be able to earn enough with the skins to support them all. He had heard and read about men who had done such great things. Many were the hopes of nine-year-old Jim as he approached the woods of Rocky Hill that spring morning.

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

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

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

Gran'ma says: Some folks spend all their time playing bridge, running club meetings, and neglect their children; others spend all their time scrubbing floors, dusting furniture, scouring pans, making bread, and neglect their children. I can't just say which I admire least.



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Surnames and Their Origin

BRODIE.

Variations—Brody, Brothie.
Racial—Scottish.
Source—A locality, or place name.

Brodie is the name of one of the Scottish clans, much of the ancient history of which was lost for all time when, about 1645, Lord Gordon spread waste their lands and burned their stronghold.

Racially the clan does not seem to have been Gaelic, for originally it came from Moray, from which it must be concluded that it probably was Pictish.

But about 1160 it begins to appear upon the historical records which remain to-day as one of the clans which was loyal to King Malcolm IV. at the time when he insured himself against future rebellions by transplanting certain clans which had questioned his authority. The Brodies were among those who received grants of land at that time.

The clan name itself was apparently derived from a place name, that of "Brodie," or as it appeared in one of the old Latin writs of King Alexander III, "Brothie," a locality in Moray. The place name is descriptive of the nature of the ground, meaning a countryside broken by little ridges of ground.

The transition from the clan names of Scotland and Ireland to family names virtually is no transition at all, for in those ancient days in which the clan names originated they fulfilled all the functions of the modern family name, in addition to having significance in the political and social structure of those days. Indeed the Scottish and Irish clans still live in cherished tradition among those who bear their names, if not legally as clan organizations.

BRISBANE

Variations—Brisban, Brisben, Brisbin.
Racial Origin—Cornish.
Source—A place name.

Brisbane, perhaps, is not a name widely borne, but it is widely known. It belongs in the classification of family names, which have been derived from names of places. In this instance the place name is of Cornish-British origin, forming part of the now scanty remains of an all but extinct branch of the Celtic language, a branch more allied to the Welsh and the Breton than to the Gaelic of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands.

Around the name may be woven a romance of speculation as to the scenes which occurred there in ancient days before the advent of the Saxon and the Norman, before the advent of Christianity; for the name means "hill of judgment." It evidently constituted anciently the court in which men were tried for their offences according to laws and customs now forgotten. But long since the character of the place has been forgotten the name has stuck, and in that much later period when men came to be known by the names of the places from which they came, and the names of their fathers as well as by their own given names, this place name made its advent into the records of family names.

The Suppliant.

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

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

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

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

The Hunter's Soliloquy.

By David Lee Wharton.

"Detested sport
That owes its pleasure to another's pain."
—Cowper in "The Task."

"Geel! This has been a fine day. Have I had sport? I'll say I have. Let's count 'em. Twenty corpses! I expect I had better throw this mock-inn-bird away before a game warden comes along and orders me to cough up to the tune of ten bucks; I knew I was taking a chance when I killed him, but he was such a pretty shot, swaying on that bough, singing to split his throat. And this dove! why did I waste ammunition on him? It must have been that his little coral feet were so enticing as he ran daintily along that I just had to shoot his head off. And look at that rabbit, still alive and struggling to breathe! I thought he was dead two hours ago, shot all to pieces as he is. I may as well throw him away. He is too badly shot up to cook. These quail are hardly large enough to be eaten. I shot into the bunch to get the mother; then, too, I can count them when bragging of the number of my kills. I must have winged at least half a dozen birds which have gone off somewhere to die; and, let's see, two rabbits got away after being shot. That was Rover's fault. He has been a faithful dog, but he is getting old and isn't worth his keep. Next time we go hunting I guess I will just 'accidentally' shoot him. Well! I have certainly had a day's fun and earned a good night's rest."

Artificial Light for Extra Eggs.

By E. W. Knife.

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

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

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

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

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



Back to Tutankhamen's Tomb

Howard Carter, co-worker with the Earl of Carnarvon in the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, who has returned to Egypt to resume work. He declares that the richest treasures have not yet been removed, and that it is quite possible that pictures of Tut's mummy will be taken.

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak and Impoverished Blood.

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

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

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

Sanctuary.

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

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

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

The marshland is lonely,
And lone the empty nest.
But the pilot-bird is veering
For the sanctuary blest.
—Horace Seymour Keller.

What Music Is.

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

A somewhat lengthy review of these records was published recently in the London Times, and in it was embodied some quotations from Sir Walford's lectures, which are well worth remembering. "Music," Sir Walford says, "is any two or more musical sounds put together for love, that make sense." And again, "Music is a straight and beautiful way of uttering what we feel." "A musician," Sir Walford tells us, "is any one in the whole world who loves music and can put two or more musical sounds together and make musical sense of them."

MONEY ORDERS.

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

A New Element.

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

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

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

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

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

An uphill journey early in life strengthens your staying-power.

A guinea-pig is usually full grown when six weeks old.

Eyes for the Blind.

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

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

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

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

Dogs Used for Fishing.

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

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

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

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

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

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Diplomat.

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

Thin Folks

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

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

DOG DISEASES
and How to Treat Them
Written by Dr. H. Clay Glover, D.V.M.
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
129 West 24th Street
New York, U.S.A.

Miss Boissineau Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

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

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

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

Send Back Free Mail Address "Cuticura," to Dept. 514 St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A. or to the nearest druggist.

Small Size, Ointment 15¢ and 30¢. Tablets, 25¢. Cuticura Soap 25¢ each without soap.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
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Wholesome Cleansing Refreshing

Relieves Dyspepsia

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



GARGLE

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



ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago, Earache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Pain. Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacturers of Nonaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer Manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

HELP FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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

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

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

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

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

BABY'S OWN TABLETS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND

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

Saws Without Teeth.

An explanation of the manner in which a soft steel disk revolving at a high velocity cuts hard steel has been sought with the aid of microscopic inspection. The result corroborates the view that the material acted upon is heated at the place of contact to the fusing point and then brushed away. The high temperature appears to be confined very narrowly to the point of contact, so that a thin gash is cut. The temperature of the revolving disk does not rise so high because of the large surface area of the disk. The part of the disk in contact is continually changing, while the fractional energy is concentrated on a very small area of the material subjected to its action.

Good Guess.

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

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

The elk, the largest quadruped in North America, has now a special reservation in Vancouver Island, where the Canadian Government is preserving a large herd of these animals to save them from extinction.



Bad Advice.

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

Air Magnetizes Steel.

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

The Clever Man.

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

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

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

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

"I'm afraid not," he retorted.

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

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

"Oh, you darling!" she answered.

Just Right.

Tourist—"I suppose this rain will do the crops a lot of good, Pat?"

"Pat—"Ye're right, sorr. An hour of it will do more good in five minutes than a month of it would do in a week at any other time."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

A Healthy Cow Earns More Profits

ONLY a healthy cow can yield a steady, abundant supply of milk. Only by proper feeding can a herd be kept in the best of health.

The cow is a "milk machine" and her yield depends entirely on the kind and quality of "fuel" (in the shape of feed) that she digests.

Schumacher Feed is best for a high milk yield. Cattle eat it greedily all the time. There is no waste, and they digest every bit of it. It keeps them healthy and promotes the maximum milk flow.

More economical than a straight grain ration, Schumacher Feed is more perfectly balanced. It is made of milled products of corn, barley, oats and wheat, with linseed meal.

Make Schumacher your winter feed, and you will see more profits in the milk pail.

SCHUMACHER FEED

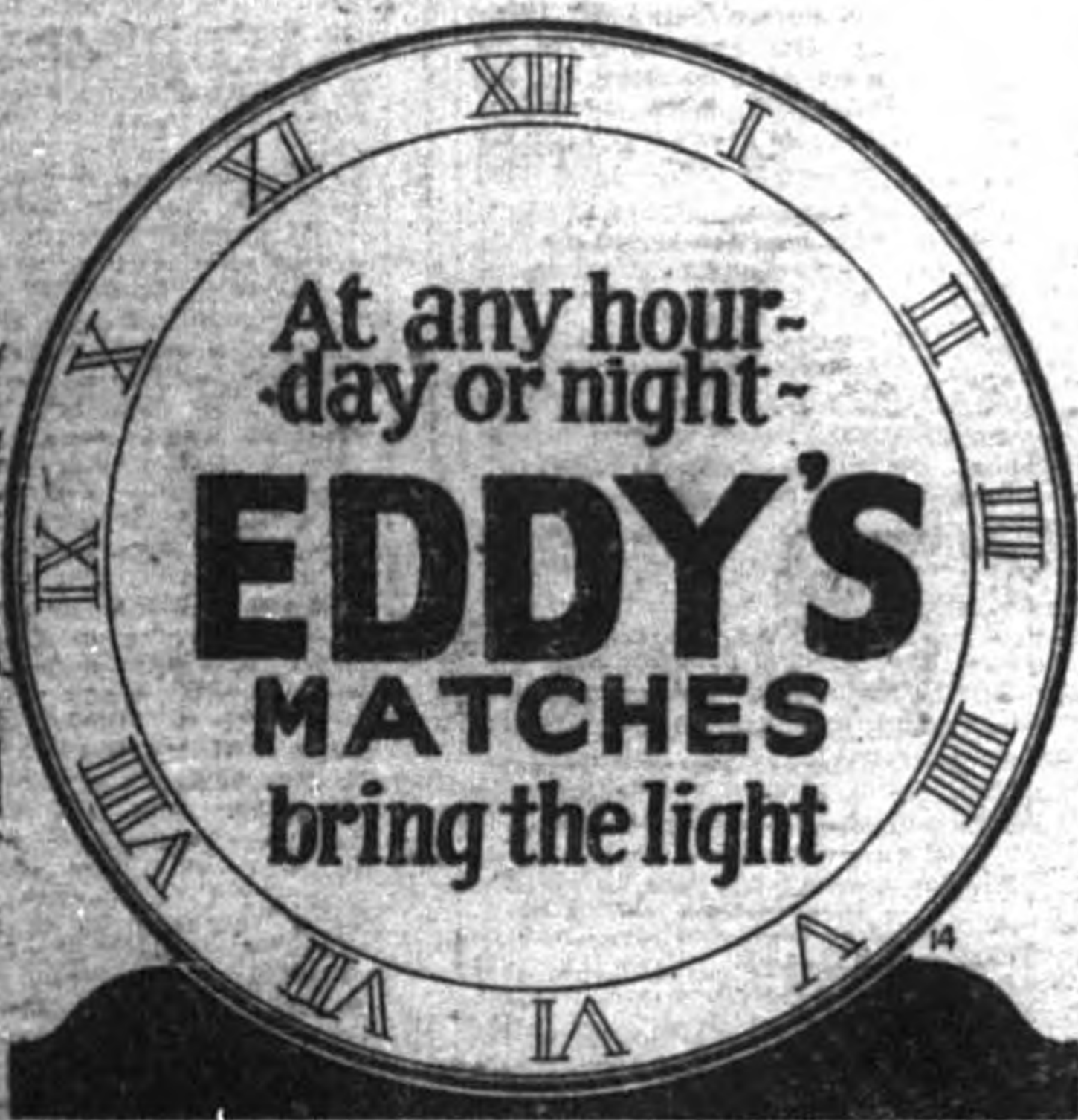
Write us regarding your hog and dairy problems. Our Live Stock Service Department can help you. Its advice is free.

The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

For Sale by

G. A. Lowe, Grenville

Eugene Quésnel, St. Eugene.



The Store of Real Value

We have just received a new and large assortment of Home-spun Cloth and French Flannel

Ladies' Boots for Fall in all Styles & Colors

COMPLETE COSTUMES in Poiré and Tricotine lined with Crepe-de-Chêne Silk

Owing to a change in manufacture we have been able to buy these costumes at very low figure and wish to give our Customers the benefit.

Full supply of Ladies' Dresses and Dress Goods. Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children.

J. D. Lemay

Bethany Street, - Lachute.

FALL SHOES

For Men, Women and Children.

We can fit your feet and your pocket book from our large stock. SEMI-READY TAILORING.

The choicest novelties of the season in styles and fabrics are ready for your choosing.

Ready-made Suits for Men and Boys always in stock.

A full assortment of Warm Winter Coats, Pants, Caps, Gloves and Mitts, Overalls, Suits and socks, etc.

This is the store to get just what you want in these lines, and our prices are the most reasonable.

DR. SCHOOL'S FOOT COMFORT SERVICE.

W. G. Staniforth, Main St., Lachute

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, NOV. 24th, 1922

THE WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, Amusements etc., 25 cents minimum; three (3) lines or under, 50 cents.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 25 cents.

All local advertising any event from which there are financial proceeds, will be charged at the following rates,—three (3) lines or under, 25cts. For each additional line, 10 cents; a line extra.

Extra, a line for Poetry accompanying Memorial Notices.

Legal Advertising,—\$1.40 per inch.

Subscription \$1.50 in advance: 50 cents in Canada, and \$2.00 in the United States.

EN PASSANT.

"THE PROPER method of dealing with nervous disorders of any kind is to search for, and if possible, remove the cause."

(Dictionary of Health.)

IN THESE DAYS we hear much about the things that "get on the nerves." Things that militate against that habit of quietude and composure that surrounded our forefathers like an atmosphere, at the times when they were not engaged in forays, fights, and other pulse-quickening pursuits.

One of the chief reasons for the change is that these neurotic ailments are more fashionable than they used to be, and another is, the excessive speed at which mundane matters now move.

Induced by the prevailing high tension of the times, we make hurried decisions which do not always work out well, we make hurried mental meals which do not assimilate properly, and thus we form hurried opinions founded upon sporadic flash-light impressions snatched up in the passing and dumped into our heterogeneous heap of information acquired for future use.

But the principal cause of things getting on the nerves is the common habit of intolerance. We simply don't have time to listen. The fretful porcupine is a sleek, silken, sleeping cat, compared to us, when some people start in to explain things: The wisdom of sages sounds like so much jazz poured into our ears, and the only friendly feeling we have towards the loquacious humbugs is when we contemplate their early removal by the kindly hand of Time.

It never seems to occur to us that the cause of our nervous trouble may lie within ourselves, nor that the origin of our opinion may be founded upon an erroneous diagnosis.

In the "good old days," when anybody got on anybody else's nerves, they removed the cause right enough: Henry the Eighth had his beheaded; Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, followed the same course, and history teems with similarly certain methods.

Deep dungeons, swift rapiers, enforced travel, and the sudden transfer of worldly goods, were once the favourite methods, but such courses are forbidden now, as a general rule, by legal precept and the inconvenience of consequences. It is inexpedient to decapitate a political rival in these degenerate days, however much they may get on our nerves. Ponce de Leon gets on Lloyd George's nerves, but Ponce de Leon must retain his head and continue to "jump on the prostrate body of his fallen foe,"—the recalcitrant German, who will not pay up. Lloyd George, in his turn, gets on the nerves of premier Baldwin, but the only course open to the much worried Conservative leader is to persuade the British Electorate to administer a rebuff which will send the Welsh Wizard out upon another Overseas Expedition of Conciliation and Goodwill.

AND SO the game goes on. Half the world, we are told, has the jumps, and Europe in particular is suffering from a violent attack of neuritis. Now, to remove the cause would mean, (according to the dictum which heads this column,) a complete reorganization of the whole fabric of social and political government, and the scrapping of more than half the defective component parts. Europe is a badly assembled machine.

Their nuts and screws are threaded on different standards, the various parts do not articulate, or fit each other, properly, and consequently they get on each other's nerves, with the result that wear and tear is increased out of all due proportion.

It is the same old human story—"I am all right and the other fellow is all wrong." Take the precipitation of another British election as an instance. Commercial Britain was tickled or "Free Trade." Some insist that Free Trade shall continue to be its only means of subsistence yet, while others declare that the grown up body requires calories of a more robust nature. One side says "What built us up is good enough for us now," and the other side says "We are being starved to death." An independent survey of the facts might induce us to tell them they are both in error. There never was, nor ever will be Free Trade: It is an impossible condition while any description of taxation remains, either on imports, exports, or individuals who make their living by trade. It is an economic misnomer.

To adopt a one sided system of free imports, styled Free Trade, is a symptom of boastful arrogance, as much as the adoption of Protection is a confession of weakness and an admission of inferior ability to produce. This may sound somewhat sweeping, but while Free Traders and Protectionists continue to get on

each others' nerves, somebody has to give them quinine, in the present case that they will settle down to their mutual and mutual and let stern going folks get on with their work.

THERE ARE many things which look on the surface abnormal, and upset the most stable minds. Earthquakes for instance. Those seismic disturbances shake folks up a whole lot sometimes.

Personally, I have lived a long time without getting mixed up with an earthquake, and am sleeping well of nights, although, recently, a neighbour of mine had to send for a notary in the middle of the night, to alter his will, and got me out of my warm bed as a witness, because he heard a door slam after he had gone to bed. He made quite sure it was an earthquake, - his first and last one. I told him straight out that his will must have been a dishonest one to begin with, or he never would have had such a nightmare, and would you believe it? he was quite annoyed with me and passes me by in the street like an utter stranger!

When he comes round again I shall work off upon him some of my ideas about taxation, and get even with him: That is, if he does not develop another craze through the defective assimilation of newspaper items about the earth wobbling in her course, or the unusual lot of comets there are flying about in space and likely to hit his barn.

THE LINKMAN.

SELFISHNESS.

Do you not often ask yourselves why we live such apparently useless and aimless lives? I often do.

In the privacy of our room, before bending our knees in prayer; and we reflect upon the days doings, are we not very dissatisfied with ourselves, because we must admit that we have done so few good deeds or kindly actions to benefit the lives of our fellow creatures, we cannot see that we have accomplished anything worthy, for the many blessings that have been showered upon us, and how incompetent we feel to pray when we kneel at the foot-stool of our Saviour, because we can only acknowledge failure, we know that we could have done so much more if we had not let opportunities slip past us.

I will tell you the conclusion I have arrived at, and that is - that we are selfish.

This may seem a hard word to use, but it is nevertheless true. The heart and desire and will, are essentially selfish, do we not like to live lives of ease, of self gratification, pleasure and gain, and oftentimes forgetfulness of a Heavenly Father, who gives us all the good things we have. In fact we oftentimes find we are replacing ourselves with God, and putting ourselves first in all things.

We are not willing to sacrifice any pleasure or share (our many blessings with others: less fortunate, or to carry out the Divine command "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The opportunity is given to each one of you now. Are you going to let it slip by?

Do not let this spirit of selfishness dominate you at this festive season. At Christmas time last year we sent away fifty nine "individual" parcels of toys to the poor little crippled children, to try and brighten this great day for them.

Think of their little twisted limbs and deformed bodies, unable to leave their beds or share in any of the festivities, such as your own strong, healthy and robust children will do.

I know from the experience of the little girl who will be shortly returning to this Hospital how lovingly they are tended and cared for by the nurses. How they sacrifice their own pleasures and desires, to bring a little happiness to these poor little ones, and how they teach them to celebrate the birthday of our Saviour, who has gone to prepare a Home for them, where their limbs will be made straight, and where there will be no more pain or anguish.

Shall we be behind the nurses in this? Shall we not let them know that loving absent friends are thinking of them and praying for them at this time. Do not let us think it a sacrifice to send some little pleasure to bring a ray of sunshine into their darkened lives.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." Does not this same small voice appeal to each one of you today, to do something to lighten the burden of these little cripples?

If we could, only cultivate that spirit of giving for the benefit of those less fortunate in our midst, instead of receiving all as our right; our lives would be better and happier.

Never count it a little thing to lend a helping hand to any one in distress; for such deeds always bring the Masters' blessing.

Let me once more appeal to you dear readers for donations of toys, dolls, picture books, or a small amount to purchase same.

"Think naught a trifle tho' it small appears. Small sands the mountains make; moments make the years."

If any Lachute friends find any difficulty in sending donations to Brownburg, will you please hand them in to Mrs. J. S. Giles, who is always willing to do her part in trying to send a little pleasure along, for these wee crippled ones.

Thanking you all in anticipation of a good response to this appeal.

Z. L. CAMPBELL.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. Frank Clark and family wish to extend their thanks to their many friends for the kindness shown in their recent and bereavement.

This is the time to think of Christmas Greeting Cards for those at a distance. As usual we have a nice full line on which you may have your selection of greeting to suit your own particular fancy. Place your order by calling in at "Bob's Kosey Corner," Main Street.

Saving is an instinct with every well balanced man. Nothing helps to save like a savings account. The Bank of Nova Scotia will welcome your account. You can start it with any small sum. Once started, it will grow both by interest earned and your added savings.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

ESTABLISHED 1832
Paid-up Capital \$ 10,000,000
Reserve - 17,500,000
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J. R. Parris, Manager, Lachute. Branches at Brownsburg, Calumet, Grenville and St. Andrews East.

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Capital and Reserve \$9,000,000
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Savings Departments at every Branch.

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards invited.

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THE REAL FIT

I wish to announce to my customers and friends that I have secured the services of Mr. L. Gullbust, well-known as a first class tailor, who along with my other hands will be in a position to fill orders better than ever.

I invite you to come and see my summer goods as I have a good stock at right prices.

All suits made by me keep the ir shape and appearance until worn out.

I keep as usual a first class stock or ready to wear suits, Gent's furnishings, Hats and Caps.

GEOFFROY BEDARD

THE TAILOR.

Main Street, - Lachute.

Fall & Winter Coats for Ladies' & Misses

The very newest cloth and style in Mardelle, Boullivia, Velour, Check Black with or without furs, we have the nicest and biggest assortment we ever had.

Just arrived Dresses in Tricotine, Serges, Canton Crepe and Near Crepe very fine styles and all colours.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Suits, are complete and we are inviting you to see them. They are the newest in style, and colours, and our prices are very low. So come in and find out.

Don't Forget Our Friday Sales.

H. M. Lavigne, - Lachute Mills

Opposite T. McQuat & Son's Store.

Miss M. V. Slater

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Jewellery, Watches Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass and Electric Table Lamps, for Wedding, Birthday and all other Presentations. Necklets and Pendants, Brooches, Society and other Tie Pins and Buttons, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Eye Glass Chains, Signet, Fancy and Wedding

Rings—all solid gold, gold-filled or silver.

Silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, also Pie-Plates, Fern Dishes, Waterman's Fountain Pens and Ink, Auto-strop Safety Razors, Etc.

Mail orders are solicited and will receive most careful and prompt attention

Re-plating, Engraving and all Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs quickly done and guaranteed.

A full line of the famous "Pyrex" Baking Glass.

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, French Ivory etc.

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Honours.—William Perks 98, Jane E. Bradley 91, Maurice Gagnon 91, Gerald Hammond 91, Kathleen Morrison 90, Margaret Scott 90.

First Class.—Marguerite Heatlie 85, Duncan Cumming 79, Donald Hay 78.

Second Class.—Evelyn MacCallum 73, Jean McQuat 71, Ruby Nichols 71, Melville Smith 71, Gavin Graham 69, Frances Douglas 65.

GRADE X.

English Literature.

First Class.—Elsie Todd 89, Hazel Copeland 84, Evelyn Matthews 83, Grace Seale 83, Elizabeth Murray 81, Norma Boyd 79, Hazel Leishman 77, Hazel Kettle 76, Ethel McQuat 76, Bessie Rodgers 76, L. Somerville 75.

Second Class.—Ena Mason 73, C. Miller 72, Hazel Morrison 70, Gertrude Gilmour 69, Perry Cooke 68, Edgar Burwash 67, C. Robertson 64, Irvin Bain 63, Geo. Miles 61.

Third Class.—Linton Armstrong 59, Ena Black 58, A. Macdonald 56, Harold Calder 55.

GRADE IX.

Spelling and Dictation.

Honours.—Gladys Warwick 99, C. Gordon 99, Wallace Wilson 95, Mary Cruise 94, Kenneth MacGibbon 92, Nellie Hay 91, Evelyn Kelly 91, Ethel Scott 91, Ethel Doig 90, Wilhelmina Clark 90.

First Class.—Stella Scott 86, Muriel McPhail 85, E. McKimmie 83, E. Morrison 83, Roy MacGregor 82, Florence Armstrong 81, Violet Paul 81, May Yelland 79, Henry Miles 78, Lena Graham 77, Grace Smith 75.

GRADE VIII.

Spelling and Dictation.

Honours.—Dorothy Morrison 99, Elmer McCoy 96.

First Class.—Ruth Leishman 89, A. Duncan 88, Annie Kelly 87, L. McCullough 87, Howard Doig 86, Iona Westgate 85, Ethel Dixon 84, Reta Jones 84, Erma Morrison 84, Milton Dawson 83, Erma Bennett 83, Russell Elliott 82, Nathan Jacobson 81, Anna Miller 81, Evelyn Cruise 79, M. Clifford 78, Lorne Morrison 78, Ethel Morrison 77, Alma Boa 76, Bessie Morrison 76, Janet McQuat 75.

GRADE VII.

Grammar.

Honours.—Helen Hutchinson 93, James Yelland 90.

First Class.—James Logan 88, Roy Cruise 79, Hazel McKiddie 76.

Second Class.—Lloyd Cruise 72, Laura Noble 71, Shirley Hamilton 68, Dorina Laurin 68, Doris Prophet 68, Gordon McQuat 64, Christina Vliet 62.

Third Class.—Edith Boyd 54, Eric Middleton 52.

GRADE IV.

Mental and Rapid Arithmetic.

Honours.—Gordon Drysdale 97, Roland Cruise 94, Yvonne Charlebois 92, Elizabeth Goldworthy 92.

First Class.—Mary Vliet 84, Verner Thompson 82, Eleanor Armstrong 80, Garfield Clark 80, Isabel Cleland 79, Kenzie Cowan 78, Hugh Hall 78.

Second Class.—Hannah Rodgers 77, Mary Lennon 70, James Beech 66, Edgar Scott 68, Roland Dion 66, Vliet Falconer 66.

Third Class.—Thelma Wert 52, Katherine Giles 53, Kathleen Clunie 54.

GRADE VI.

Spelling and Dictation.

Honours.—Kathleen MacKith 100, Eileen McPaul 100, Reta Boyd 88, Rebecca Cohen 98, Freda Mason 97, G. Cruise 96, Gwen MacKinnon 96, Florence Hay 94, Edgar Cruise 92, Alma Duncan 90.

First Class.—Christina MacKenzie 89, Marion Mathews 88, Sam Cohen 85, Stanley Boyd 80, Robert Fulton 78, Kenneth McPaul 76, George Paul 76.

GRADE V.

Mental and Rapid Arithmetic.

Honours.—Stuart Jones 96, Lorne Wert 90.

First Class.—Sam Rashevsky 88, Raymond Underhill 88, Janet Hay 78.

Second Class.—Lena Combie 68, Gordon McPaul 68, R. Cunningham 64, Morton Morrison 64, Barbara Cunningham 62, Edgar Dima 62.

Third Class.—Doris Armstrong 56, Rowena Cowan 52.

GRADE III.

Reading.

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First Class.—Louisa Goldworthy 87, Doria Dion 85, Olive Elkington 85, Elsie MacVicar 85, Winston Drew 80, Allan Doig 75, Willie Davis 75, Mamie Morrison 75.

Second Class.—Archie Cleland 70, Carl Demere 70, Therese Dallaire 70, Amy Morrin 70, Elizabeth Joly 70, Andrew Fulton 70, J. Bernier 70, Edna Belanger 65, Allan Hay 65, Clayton Boyd 65, Delmer Boyd 65, Archie MacKenzie 60, Maureen Bernier 60.

Third Class.—Archie Belanger 55, Paul Lioop 55, Melville Scott 50.

UPPER SCHOOL BROWNSBURG.

GRADE III.

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Honours.—Patsy Seary 94, Alphonse Lafoux 92, David Golpin 92, E. Roberts 92, Winnie White 91, Geraldine McQuaig 90.

First Class.—Edith Gilmour 89, H. Jackson 89, Earle McGibbon 88, Ethel Kettle 86, Norman Beckingham 81, Lloyd Roberts 80, Harry Beckingham 79, Ernest Leatham 75.

Second Class.—Stanley Seary 73, Ernest Gagne 69, John Moore 67, Willie Hazel 65.

GRADE II.

Writing.

Honours.—Katie Mott 94, Monica Roberts 93, Ina Campbell 91, Margaret Galbraith 90.

First Class.—Teddy Fletcher 89, Mabel Monk 87, Irvin Martin 85, Edna Green 84, Harry White 82, Eric King 80, Alice Gagne 78, Violet Kettle 75.

Second Class.—Dorothy Tomalty 73, Chris. Devine 70, Dolly Steere 60.

BROWNSBURG INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

GRADE V.

English.

First Class.—Howard Tomalty 87, Hazel Boyd 85, Nellie Hazel 83, Lorne Ball and John Brown 75.

Second Class.—Douglas Stewart 73, Oscar Cloutier 73, Ward Monierieff 70, Willie Mason 66, Daisy Seary 64, Willie Green 61, Walter McQuat 60.

Third Class.—Agnes Elliott 59, Rosemary Poltras 58, George Connelly 57, Donald Boyd 52.

GRADE IV.

English.

Honours.—Lizzie Seary 99, Wilma Tomalty 97, George Stewart and Gordon Anderson 93, Gladys Gilmour 92, red Cloutier 90.

First Class.—Lily Whyte 87, Frank McGibbon 86, Herbie Graves 84, Jack Seary 82, Edna Woods and Frances Kettle 81, Kenneth McAllister 80, Ivy Steere 78.

Second Class.—Phyllis Fletcher 66, Mildred Cooper 65.

GRADE III.

Spelling.

Jeann McQuat 83.

GRADE VIII.

English Literature.

Honours.—Sarah MacVicar 94, Alma Fletcher 92, Grace Monierieff 92, Doris Golpin 91.

First Class.—Alex Masson 85, L. Thompson 84, Eileen MacGibbon 84, Marion Bain 80, Jack Stewart 76.

Second Class.—Ida Fletcher 71, Violet Murdoch 71, Bessie Mason 66, Robert MacArthur 60.

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was completely filled by residents of the Community, who were present as showing respect and sympathy for Mr. Tutching and family in their bereavement. Mr. Gagnon presided at the organ and rendered the "Dead March" as the casket entered and left the building. The well-known hymns "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with me" were feelingly sung and an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Gagnon. Interment was in the Cemetery adjoining Grace Church.

We offer Mr. Tutching and his family, sincere sympathy, as do all members of the Community.

OBITUARY.

The late Mrs. Jas. Lister.

It is with deep regret we record the death of Mrs. Jas. Lister, a much esteemed and old resident of our town, who passed away on Saturday last, aged 72 years. Deceased lady was born in Lakefield, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Boyd, and after her marriage to Mr. Lister settled with him in Manitoba. In 1902 Mr. and Mrs. Lister returned to Lachute to be near their home folk. Mr. Lister predeceased her 13 years ago. Mrs. Lister was a member of the Methodist Church and among the many beautiful floral tributes was a wreath from the Ladies Aid. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon from her late residence, and was conducted by the Rev. A. Matthews, assisted by Rev. Geo. MacKinnon, in the presence of many sorrowing friends and relatives. She leaves to mourn her loss two sisters Mrs. E. Williams and Mrs. John McFarlane and a large circle of near relatives. The pall bearers were: Messrs. Harlow Giles Jas. Campbell, Daniel Joss, Allan Beattie, Thos. McCamby and Wilbur Sherritt. Those attending the funeral from out of town were: Mr. David Lister Killarney, Man. Mr. J. W. Boyd, Shawbridge, Mrs. William Beattie, St. Jovite, Mrs. Wesley Beattie, St. Jovite, Mrs. W. S. Lowery, Eaton Corner, Mr. and Mrs. A. Beattie, Montreal, Miss Gladys Beattie, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Fian, Montreal West, Mrs. James Armstrong, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Calgary, Alta.

The late Mrs. Frank Clark.

After a long and weary illness, the late Mrs. Clark passed away on Saturday, November 17th, 1923. Mrs. F. Clark was the youngest daughter of the late James Calder and Johanna Heatlie and was born at Mount Maple in 1867, consequently she was 56 yrs. of age. In 1900 she was married to M. Frank Clark, son of the late William Clark of the same place. Mrs. Clark was a very strong and lovable character, her life was consecrated to the faithful performance of her daily tasks, and above all she was a devoted christian. Her voice was often heard in song, in the Sunday School and Church services, and her pleasant face and cheerful disposition will be much missed. During the very trying illness through which she was called to pass, she displayed wonderful courage and patience, but had very great comfort in the devoted love and affection of her family, especially her only daughter.

The funeral was conducted at her late residence, by Mr. M. Saunders, pastor of the Baptist Church of Grenville, assisted by the Rev. P. A. McEwan, and the burial took place at Ordensburg. The address was a very impressive and comforting one from the text:—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me, etc." Some time before her death, the deceased requested that her favorite hymns might be sung, and that request was complied with. They were "How firm a foundation," "There is a green hill far away," and "Will you meet me at the Fountain?"

LAKEFIELD.

The Lakefield Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. George Peet on Saturday, Dec. 1st, at 7 p.m. Roll Call will be answered by your favorite fruit. Part of the evening will be spent in packing a box for the Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal. We hope for a good attendance.

Miss Amy Boa of St. Canute was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Thomson this week.

In Time For CHRISTMAS

You can be certain of reaching the Old Country in ample time to enjoy all the festivities, when you book your passage on a White Star Dominion "Christmas Ship."

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And well he might, for the Kootenay co-operates with all its cooking ability; it is made of Armco Iron. Its oven heats quickly, evenly and holds its heat with a small fire.

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OUR BIGGEST JOB.

"But, mother—"

"Now don't argue and talk back to me. You do as I tell you and keep still."

Does that have a familiar ring to you? I suppose we all do get aggravated when the children try to argue with us about doing this or that, but it is not always wise to refuse them a hearing. This is illustrated in the story of the grandfather who was talking earnestly during a meal and became exasperated at the efforts of his grandson to attract his attention. Finally he turned to the child and said sternly, "William, be still. Children should be seen and not heard."

A little later he returned to the now quiet but rather excited-looking child and said, "Well, what was it you wanted a while ago?"

"It's too late now," giggled the irreverent boy. "There was a worm on your salad; you ate it up."

Children are keen little observers and have a strong sense of justice. Most of them can be made to see the wisdom and justice of average parental mandates. Most children obey more willingly when they know the reasons back of the commands. Blind, unreasoning demand for obedience is undemocratic when carried to the extreme in the home with children who have passed the baby stage. This kind of rule seldom actually disciplines the child and rarely teaches him to know right from wrong. Our children cannot always be under our guidance and must learn sometime why it is best to do some things and not best to do others.

Though parents differ widely in their opinions and methods of discipline, all of them are working for the same thing—the good of the child. Outbursts of parental temper can hardly accomplish much along this line.

Since all children are not amenable to the same rules and cannot be handled in the same way, this job of training up children in the way they should go is about the biggest job in the whole world. But sometimes I think if we could just drop that grown-up attitude and get down to the children's own basis and get their viewpoint we might handle a great many situations better. No one loses the respect of his child who unbends enough to enter into the child's world. Respect does not consist of awe so much as of love and trust.—Velma West Sykes.

THAT EXTRA BLANKET.

As winter approaches, an extra blanket or quilt must be near at hand to each sleeper in case the night proves chilly. Every mother knows how careless children—and many grown-ups—are with this extra blanket. It is pushed over to the side of the bed if not wanted and generally lands on the floor before morning. Or it is flung over the footboard. The blanket soon looks crumpled and must be laundered.

I find that a convenient and satisfactory way to handle the extra-blanket problem is as follows: Spread the blanket evenly over the bed and tuck in securely at the foot. Next, fold by bringing the top down to the bottom; then fold the two upper corners to the centre forming a triangle with the point toward the head of the bed. When thus folded and brought up over the footboard the blanket keeps its folded shape and does not reach the floor or become wrinkled. If needed, it is an easy matter to draw it back and unfold it, and it is all tucked in snugly and comfortably.

A bedspread handled in the same way during the night will keep clean and unwrinkled for a long time without the trouble of removing it from the bed each night.

STORING THE SCREENS FOR WINTER.

When you first remove the screen doors and window screens from winter storage, put them in a convenient place out-of-doors. If possible, they can be washed thoroughly with a hose. If not, a pail of clear, warm water to which a couple of tablespoonfuls of kerosene has been added, will be desirable. Do not use a cloth as this will leave lint. Scrub with a brush.

Radio-Price List

THE NEW PRICE LIST of Radio Sets and Accessories. This booklet is available from ONTO RADIO CO., TORONTO

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER XXII—(Cont'd.)

When at last her mind brought her back to reality she still lay with closed lids. She had had such a pleasant dream. She wondered hazily if it would be possible to coax sleep back and continue it. It was all about David; he had come back and lifted and dispelled all her worries and all his own. It was funny, too, the way he did it. He had just dropped them into a huge sack and tossed them into a valley. How they had laughed over it! She had laughed so much that he had had to hold her to keep her from rolling down after them. How ridiculous it had all been! There, she was laughing again, and David had hold of her hands and was pulling her back.

"Oh!" She opened her eyes dazedly. A face was bending over her anxiously, a face that made her eyes fly wide open. She tried to raise a hand to rub them still wider, so she could see if she were really awake, but her hand was held tight.

"Grace, dear, are you ill? You were throwing your arms about so wildly I was afraid you'd hurt yourself."

Grace sat bolt upright now. Her hands went up to the man's face. A radiant smile parted her lips, and with a glad cry she threw herself into David's arms.

It was half an hour later. David sat in the beggost, easiest chair in the room. Grace had thrust him into it; but its large, soft proportions were not being appreciated, for he sat rigidly upright, his lame leg extended stiffly, a frown on his serious face, and a half-smoked cigarette between his fingers.

"What a confounded ass I was to have run off like a frightened school boy!" The words were a sullen, disgusted growl.

Grace, from a low rocker opposite, clasped one knee and eyed her companion wistfully.

"And the best part of it all is," continued David, "that I've put myself out of her compass altogether. Good God, if she had married that beast I think I should have killed him myself!"

"David!" Grace's voice was a hurt protest.

"Yes, what's the use of talking? Up and doing is the slogan; but I'll have to go about it warily—slowly and cautiously; think of it, when I feel like a roaring lion that has tasted blood!"

"Your work for the Government, David, will be very heavy, or take up much of your time?"

"No, thank fortune, I can clean it up without any brain effort. Anyone could have handled the bally thing, but on account of my being on the job before, the Chief threw the hint at me and nearly choked on his surprise at my eagerness to skip right back. You see I wasn't strong enough after all, Grace. I made up my mind I'd bury my life in China with her if she'd have me no other way."

"You must be prepared for a change in her, David. I haven't seen her, but Helen says she is no more the child Tu Hee."

David's face grew grimmer. With a jerk he brought himself to his feet, tossed the butt of his cigarette into the ash tray, and stepped to the door.

"Will you see later, Grace. Feel as though I needed a brush down and a rub up, that'll put me in shape for business."

David punctuated his remark with a slam of the door and proceeded to his own apartment, the same that he had occupied before. The request that he have his old suite of rooms had been courteously granted.

To his surprise the door of his sitting-room was slightly ajar. He hadn't yet engaged a servant. Had his Government duties commenced already? "Those damn spying Huns!" he muttered. "Rather clumsy work, though."

He pushed the door open wider and stepped in. His luggage had disappeared. Sounds issued from the room adjoining his bedroom, which signified that the intruder wasn't far away.

Ransacking, eh! Well, they'll have their trouble for nothing.

David tiptoed to his desk, pulled the top drawer out with a click, and his fingers had just closed over the revolver when the door of the bedroom was thrown open with vim.

David wheeled about.

"Well, I'll be—" The grim look on his face had given place to one of comical amazement.

The intruder prostrated himself to the floor.

"Ma Tu, you gave me a start with a vengeance. Get up, boy, and give me your hand."

The abashed, overjoyed Ma Tu sprang to his feet, grins chasing themselves over his brown face.

"But how in the name of magic did you know I was back?" questioned David, five minutes later, as he viewed with satisfaction the sudden homelike appearance of his rooms.

"Me stay and work right around hotel. Me know master not stay away forever—you me know."

"Indeed!" David eyed the young sage with amusement. "Well, you knew more than I did, young fellow, but I can just tell you I'm mighty glad to see you, Ma Tu. And now I'm going to leave you for awhile. If Miss Ashton enquires for me, say I'll be back in a couple of hours."

David pulled out his watch. Five o'clock. Was it an unusual hour to present oneself at a Chinese home? he wondered; but even as he asked himself the question he stepped towards the door. Unusual or not, he would go mad if he put off seeing her another day.

David gained admittance to the Wong Toy palace with a little trouble as Irma Culver and Helen Claymore had done. He wasn't invited upstairs, however, but waited in a small sitting-room off the main hall. As he passed the big drawing-room entrance he saw that the door was closed and the heavy curtains drawn.

The room he was shown into was entirely European in its architecture and furnishing. French windows opened on to a smooth, green terrace, where roses nodded fragrantly.

As David stood looking out on the lawn shimmering like soft green velvet, the great gorgeous bed of Oriental flowers, the mountains around which pigeons circled and dipped, and the miniature lake in the distance, where swans glided about regally in their graceful beauty, he felt again the enchantment of that night weeks ago steal over him—the night on which the mandarin himself had led him through all this loveliness, which he had named the Garden of Peace. But his reverie came abruptly to an end. He had glimpsed a slim figure standing on the embankment of the lake, a form as white-clad and graceful as the swans that clustered around her.

With clumsy fingers David tugged at the fastening of the long window and stepped out into the warm sunshine. His eagerness had scattered diffidence to the winds. It was only when within a few feet of where Tu Hee stood scattering crumbs to her lovely flock that David had scruples as to his hasty action.

A conflict of emotions kept him from proceeding farther. Happiness at being again in the presence of this Princess of the Orient predominated, but it was tinged with pain as he noted the pale, almost ethereal beauty of her who had once radiated such joyous life and youth.

Perhaps it was a twig that snapped under David's foot, or it might have been the intensity of his gaze that caused Tu Hee to glance about uneasily. Her eyes widened at sight of the tall form so near and she drew back startled.

David came forward with extended hand.

"Please forgive me for my crude manners and thoughtlessness, Miss Tu Hee, but I couldn't resist joining you when I saw you from the sitting-room window."

David's apology gave Tu Hee time to regain her composure.

A faint flush mantled her cheeks, and David wondered if it were mere fancy that told him her eyes looked brighter and kindlier. She put out her hand with a friendly, welcoming gesture. As David took it he knew he was not looking into the face of the Chinese maiden that had won his heart. That impulsive, light-hearted child had fled; a woman bade him welcome now, a woman whom he knew he loved more wildly than he thought it possible for a man to love.

How he longed to take her hands and tell her he would lift her from the dark, tragic pit into which Fate had hurled her! How he yearned, with his love and assurance, to banish that hunted look from the big eyes, eyes which underlying shadows had turned from happy smiling blue into deep misty violet!

For the first few minutes David felt he wasn't making much headway. Tu Hee kept a tight, constrained hold on herself, which she seemed afraid to loosen.

And why was she afraid? David's heart leaped as he asked himself the question. He put the old tight rein on, however; he mustn't frighten away her friendship by any insane abruptness. Even that was the most precious thing in his life. Strategically he manoeuvred, therefore, and was at last rewarded by Tu Hee broaching the subject that engrossed both their minds. Tactfully he led her on and heard from her lips the tragic story, learned of the horrible haunting fears that were sapping her life away.

"It's the disgrace of it all, Captain Marsden, and the suffering that will come on my uncle's house. If I am unable to prove my innocence, Prince Tsao himself may have to suffer. In China, you know, whole families, sometimes generations, have to undergo punishment for the wrongdoing of one person."

It was in vain David assured her he would bring the guilty party to justice, that he would live only to prove her innocence.

In his vehemence he had gone farther than he had intended. He realized this when he met Tu Hee's amazed eyes, heard her surprised question, why he should do that for her, a person of a different race, one whom his countrymen sometimes despised?

(To be continued.)

Buffaloes for New Zealand.

Three buffaloes, from the great Canadian herd in Buffalo Park, Wainwright, Alberta, will shortly be added to the nucleus of a collection of wild animals of the world being formed by the city of Auckland, New Zealand. One hundred and seventy acres of land have been set aside for the Auckland zoological gardens, and the Department of the Interior has found it possible to accede to the request of the mayor of Auckland for these characteristic Canadian animals. Arrangements are being made to have one male and two female buffaloes transferred to the new gardens.

Science and Peace.

I hold the unconquerable belief that Science and Peace will triumph over Ignorance and War, that Nations will come together, not to destroy but to construct, and that the future belongs to those who accomplish most for suffering humanity.—Pastour.



Lack of Sleep Responsible

Dr. C. J. Hastings, medical officer of health in Toronto, has made some investigations into the cause of school children failing in their examinations. Seventy per cent. of the failures, he says, are children who go to school without breakfast, and of that number ninety per cent. are allowed to remain up till nearly midnight each night, and consequently cannot rise in time to eat breakfast.

What She Wanted.

Miriam had already had two helpings of chicken, and now she demanded a third.

"No, dear," said her mother, firmly, "you can't have any more. You've had quite as much as is good for you. But here is the wishbone. You shall pull it with me; then whichever of us gets the longest end will have her wish come true."

This ceremony was duly performed, and at the conclusion Miriam triumphantly waved the longer end.

"Why, how nice!" exclaimed her mother. "You will have your wish, dear. Tell mother what it was."

"I wished for more chicken!" answered Miriam, passing her plate.



Should Have Blown it on the Road
"Why was a fine imposed on that motorist?"
"For blowing his own horn in court."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A disk phonograph attachment has been designed to enable persons to make their own records at home.

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automatically forecasts weather 8 to 24 hours ahead. Children come out for fair weather. Which comes out in advance of rain or snow. Ideal Christmas Gift.
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Have a packet in your pocket for an over-ready treat.

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A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.



Sealed in its Purify Package

Consumption Among Children.

Consumption among children is largely due to the fact that busy or careless mothers allow them to crawl about as babies on dirty floors and play with equally filthy toys.—Sir Arthur Newsholme.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Gasoline tractors are replacing switching engines on some railroads.

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An Uncommon Mineral and its Varied Uses

Advantages and Drawbacks of the Species of Clay Called Bentonite in Roadwork and in Industrial Operations.

A non-metallic mineral which promises to be of considerable importance when it has been further investigated is the clay known as bentonite. During the past season the Mines Branch of the Department of Mines has had Mr. H. S. Spence, Mining Engineer, in the field making intensive investigations as to possible economic occurrences, uses and markets. Mr. Spence will also review present conditions and developments in several industries on which special reports have already been issued.

The occurrence of bentonite in Canada was first noted in 1911 by the late Joseph Keele, ceramic engineer of the Department of Mines at Camrose, Alberta, and later, along the Red Deer river in Alberta and in the Nicola Valley in British Columbia. As described by Mr. Keele, bentonite, when freshly exposed, varies in color from a light yellow to a light olive green with a waxy lustre. It is exceedingly fine grained and has a soapy feeling when wet. In water it forms a jelly-like mass. When sufficiently wetted it swells to as much as twelve times its original volume.

The research laboratories of Alberta University are reported to have established the fact that the presence of bentonite is responsible for the gumbo soil of western Canada. The laboratories have also reported that as the bentonite content of the gumbo soil constitutes the hardening element, if a waterproofing material can be economically provided a high grade road bed can be established. Under present conditions the absorptive pro-

perties of bentonite forms the country roadways into a wet, sticky mass. Research work is being carried on at present with the bitumen sands of the McMurray district as to the possibility of using this material as a waterproof coating for western roads.

While its presence in the soil is undoubtedly a serious drawback in regard to transportation, bentonite has already a few commercial uses. One is as a filler in the manufacture of paper, for which purpose it is claimed to be superior to kaolin, at present largely used. There is a patented process for its use in the de-inking of old news print. It is also used as an ingredient in pastes for attaching paper labels to metal or leather surfaces, thus preventing the labels from curling up and becoming detached. It is finding some use as a filler in the lead pencil and crayon industry. It has been used as a 'hoof-packing' in veterinary practice.

Other suggested uses for bentonite are: as a filler in rubber, leather, phonograph records, cordage, pressed and moulded insulating materials, and in cheap soaps; as an ingredient in gypsum and lime plasters, and for glazes in ceramics; as a water softener, a carrier of printer's ink, and as a substitute for fuller's earth, and as an adulterant in cheap candy.

It is largely with a view to establishing the fitness for the above purposes that the investigations are being carried on by Mr. Spence, and as a result of his enquiries no doubt many additional industries will find a new raw material available for their manufacturing processes.

Keeping Well.

Man was made to live outdoors. Nature did not invent base burners, steam-heated apartment houses and factory buildings. Men designed these things, and man must make the best of them. But let us not overlook the necessity of getting as much good, clean, wholesome fresh air in our systems as we can.

The diseases most common from unwholesome air are influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis, diphtheria, tuberculosis and colds. Colds are the most prevalent ailment and the most easily avoided. It isn't the cold wintry air that gives you a cold; it's your clumsy effort to dodge it, the doctors say. It is because we allow the germs to be introduced into our noses, mouths, throats and lungs, and then don't get enough good air to enable our bodies to kill them.

A medical man declares that employees of a large institution lost 18,736 working days a year through illness. A ventilating system was put in the building, and the days lost were cut down to 10,114 a year. In another factory 500 employees did the work it had taken 600 to perform after fresh air was introduced as a factor in efficiency.

Maybe these figures do not mean much to you. What does mean a great deal, however, is your health and that of your family. Guard it. It is easy to merely means that you should sleep with a window open every night—even the coldest nights. You should have some air circulating in the room wherever you are, and as soon as you go out of doors you should not hunch down into your coat of furs. But throw up your head, take a deep breath of the crisp, fresh air, and put disease to flight.

Tinley Woods.

There's magic out in Tinley Woods, where Caesar's feet once trod. And folk have seen on Hallow'en a shaggy woodland god; The goblins have made mischief there since first the world began, And now it is a Fairyland for Timothy and Ann. They've hung the cloudy twilight skies with woad of Make-Believe, And no one but the night-wind hears the foolish dreams they weave. As knight is he of high degree, and she the queen of all, The trees become their men-at-arms, the stars their tapers tall. And he forgets the knives and boots, and she her pots and pans. . . . The music of the world is made by Timothy and Ann. —Westminster Gazette.

Ready for the Worst.

An Irishman who was signing articles on board a ship began to write his name with his right hand; then, changing the pen to his left hand, he finished it. "So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer. "Yis, sor," replied Pat. "Whin I was a boy, me father always said to me: 'Pat, learn to cut your finger-balls wid yer left hand, for some day ye might lose your right!'"



Hot Weather Stuff.

Mrs. Gabb—"My dear, I've a bit of stuff that's too good to keep!" Mrs. Stabb (coldly)—"Put it on ice and it won't spoil!"

Not in the Dictionary.

She wrote him a note which read: "Dear John—Meet me at the trysting place at 6.30 this evening, without fail." And John answered: "In that lexicon of youth which fate has reserved for a bright manhood there is no such word as 'fail.'"



Strong, We'll Say.

Wife—"Mercy, John, but some of these highwaymen must be mighty strong!" Hubby—"How so?" Wife—"The paper tells of one that held up an automobile with four men in it."

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Foods That Make Men Strong.

The hardest work in the world is lumbering, for it means working at top speed from dawn till dark, and usually in intense frost. Lumbermen live principally on beans baked with pork and flapjacks (a kind of pancake) eaten with maple syrup. They also eat quantities of steamed brown bread.

It is a mistake to think that a lot of meat is necessary to make muscle. The coolie, especially the Chinese, who lives on rice, is more active and enduring than the Negro fed on meat; and the Arab, who lives largely on dates, is extraordinarily wiry and can travel all day in burning heat that would kill a meat-fed man.

Among the strongest men in the world are the Turkish porters. Two of these have been known to carry a grand piano up a flight of stairs, and one will carry a load of 100lb. twenty miles in a day on his back. These men live almost entirely on dried fruit and olives.

The Spanish peasant works all day and dances half the night on black bread, onions, and occasionally a little cheese; while the Italian, who is the best navy in the world, does his work on an equally simple diet, of which the principal part is chestnut meal, onions and fruit.

Dr. Stefansson, the Canadian ex-

plorer, who has lived longer in the Arctic than any other white man, existed for months on nothing but fish. All day he was out in temperatures below zero, yet he has put it on record that during that time he actually gained weight.

The staple diet of the Roman soldier was coarse brown bread and sour wine, yet on this he built roads and carried incredible weights of armor and baggage over extraordinary distances.

Can It Be True?

A French physician has been carrying on some interesting experiments to determine the amount of force expended in piano playing.

He finds that to sound one of the white keys requires in its doing an application of energy equal to that in handling a weight of something more than two and a half pounds. For a black key the weight increases to a bit over three pounds. To play Chopin's Nocturne in C Minor requires an expenditure of force equivalent to nearly 40,000 lbs.

Ought pianists to be classified as artists or athletes?

Ignoring Failings.

Mrs. A—"How do you write references for your cooks?"

Mrs. B—"As I would write their epitaphs."

Stories About Well-Known People

Princess on the Stage.

The youngest child of the late Czar Alexander II. of Russia, Princess Catherine Yourievsky, recently made her first appearance on the music-hall stage at the London Coliseum.

She and her husband were made prisoners as soon as the revolution broke out in Petrograd.

"Hidden by friends," she said, "I lived through a dreadful period of terror. At one time I served as a maid at an inn, and at another I passed as the niece of a gardener and his wife, doing all the cleaning and cooking, and sleeping on bare boards.

"At last I managed to become attached to a unit of the Red Cross, and so finally crossed the frontier."

As Mall Caine Looks To-day.

In a beautiful suite at this hotel, affording a wonderful view of the Thames and a vast area of London, I found "the Manxman." Time, which transforms us all, has not neglected Sir Hall Caine. His famous shock of red hair has now the yellowish white that is frequently reminiscent of former redness. The well-known contour of his distinctive and luxuriant coiffure is completely preserved, though the upper part of it is very transparent, revealing the shape of his entire cranium. His features seemed

to have settled like a sediment into the comparatively small area of his triangular face, the forehead, emphasized in its size by the long hair, dwarfing them. The color of his skin is uniformly pink, and he is not so thin as portraits of him had led me to expect. His picturesque aspect was heightened by a distinctive manner of dress. His double-breasted waistcoat was cut low, revealing a huge Ascot cravat of black satin.—From "Portraits of Pen and Pencil." By Walter Tittle.

From Clerk to Playwright.

"Robert E. Lee" and "Oliver Cromwell" are two of the finest plays in London; the former is drawing crowds to the Regent Theatre, and the latter is at His Majesty's, says an English writer.

The young man who wrote both of them, Mr. John Drinkwater, poet, dramatist, and critic, began work as an insurance clerk. He stuck to his desk for twelve years, and then the call of literature and the theatre became too strong, and he launched out as writer and actor. He wrote "Abraham Lincoln"—an inspiring play—and "Mary Stuart"; he is, too, one of the leading modern poets and the joint editor, with Sir William Orpen, of "The Outline of Literature and Art."

A Mighty Four-in-Hand.

Kingdom Ward, who has returned from Burma after eleven months spent in the Tibetan-Yunnan marshes, made a complete traverse, east to west, of that extraordinary belt of the earth's crust through which the waters of the Tibetan plateau escape.

Here four of the greatest rivers of Asia flow in a strip of mountainous country not more than seventy-five miles wide.

There is nothing elsewhere on the earth's surface to compare with these mighty rivers—the Yangtze, Mekong, Salween and Irawadi—running parallel to each other for a hundred miles and separated only by rock partitions which in places attain altitudes of 25,000 feet.—London Times.

Fact vs. Theory.

Little Janie—"Mother, if baby was to swallow the goldfish would he be able to swim like one?"

Mother—"Oh, my heavens, no child. They'd kill him."



Just the Place.

Mosquito—"Ha, I guess I'll park here awhile!"

King George's Highland Home.

The Canadian tourist when in Scotland should endeavor to spend a day or two in royal Deeside. Many tourists visit the Trossachs mainly owing to the spell of Walter Scott, but though the Trossachs have undoubtedly a charm Deeside is in many respects superior. The crowning glory of Deeside is Balmoral Castle, the highland home of King George. The castle is beautifully situated in a romantic and delightful country. For a few months in the fall King George is in residence and visitors flock from afar. The great event of the season is the Braemar gathering, when sports are engaged in and the kilt, the one time national dress, is much in evidence. Englishmen come for the occasion who have probably never worn a kilt before and strut about in all the glory of Scotland's martial garb as to the manner born. The kilt is seldom worn except at this time, when it is the fashion. Ladies dress particularly for the event and their frocks are duly chronicled in the press. The ladies, as in other countries, are well advanced, but so far they have not donned the kilt.

To the south of the castle stands "dark Lochnagar"—a mountain some 4,000 feet high—which is celebrated by the poet Byron, who spent his early years not very far from it. Queen Victoria had a great regard for Balmoral and kept it as secluded as possible. She would not allow the railway to be extended, so that there is a motor coach journey of eight miles from the railroad terminus at Dalmeny. The surrounding scenery must be seen to be appreciated. In an obscure part of the castle grounds there is a statue of a faithful retainer, John Brown. He was a great personality and a prime favorite of Queen Victoria.

A few miles from Balmoral is Grathie Church, where the royal family worship when in residence at Balmoral. Motor coaches come from all parts and the church is invariably crowded. At other times it has been known to have very few worshippers. King George is a model landlord and he has no more loyal subjects than his Deeside people.

From Balmoral it is a short run to Braemar, which is in the heart of the mountains. It was here that Robert Louis Stevenson conceived and partly executed his famous romance "Treasure Island." Here also he made a beginning of the nursery verses which afterward grew into the volume "The Child's Garden of Verse."

Siam's White Elephants.

With regard to the phrase, "white elephant," Mr. Hermann Norden, in "From Golden Gate to Golden Sun," gives some interesting information.

The white elephants are kept by the King of Siam in the Royal stables at Bangkok, and are not really white, but merely lighter in color than the normal beast.

They are supposed to be animated by the spirit of some great king or hero. According to Siamese faith the soul of Buddha existed in the body of a white elephant before it was incarnated again in Prince Gautama. In ancient sun worship also the white elephant was a sun emblem.

The King keeps these sacred animals in great luxury. "But the ownership of one by a prince was by no means a piece of good luck, for the king made war on him to obtain possession. This is the source of our commiseration of anyone who has a 'white elephant' on his hands."



A Live Wire.

"That fellow fairly shocks you with his energy." "Yes—he's a live wire."

Spartan Discipline in Royal House

It has been evident to every intelligent observer that the chief interest of King George during the past twenty years has been his children.

As a much younger man than he is to-day, he sensed the direction affairs were taking, the breaking down of the old, substantial aristocratic, the rise of a democratic spirit the like of which no royalty had ever faced before, and the need of a royalty equal to the conditions which have arisen.

To his children, the King has been a Spartan father.

There is nothing of the modern, easy-going daddy about King George. He does not enjoy the jolly, free and equal companionship of his children as most present-day fathers do. After twenty years of a domestic discipline which never has wavered or weakened, King George has rather the respectful love of his children, after the manner of fathers and children half a century ago.

The formalities of royalty have not been responsible for this altogether. But he has always insisted on the formalities. That is to say, that when the Prince of Wales, when he was living with the royal family in Buckingham Palace, came to say good-night to the King, he entered the King's presence, even though it were the drawing-room or the King's study, with formality, and addressed him as "Sir." After the formal good-night was said, they would unbend for a moment, and behave as father and son. But the irreverent atmosphere of the ordinary intercourse between father and grown son has never existed between the King and the Prince who will follow him.

There is little or nothing of King Edward's jovial and beaming spirit in King George. He takes most of his character from his Danish mother, and a little of Queen Victoria's active sense of responsibility. He is an aloof man. Rather a shy man.

He determined, after the manner of a shy and serious man, that his children should grow up not merely with a sense of responsibility to the state but with characters adaptable to serving the state. He was determined that none of his children should grow into bored and blasé royalty.

When at Windsor Castle, twenty years ago, it was customary for the royal children to go walking each afternoon. And their walk took them past the cottage of a lady who had a

very beautiful and inviting croquet lawn.

The children insisted on playing, and the nurses and attendants asked permission of the lady.

Day after day, the children came and played with the greatest zest. They held a long series of matches between themselves. The lady one day said to the attendants of the children that they should be got a croquet set of their own—they seemed to enjoy it so.

"The King has refused to let them have a set," she was told.

"But why? It is a harmless game." "Oh," said the attendant, "croquet is one of the things the children have to do without."

That was the King's system. There were certain things which the royal princes must arbitrarily do without, just for the sake of doing without. It was possible for them, naturally, to have everything. But the King arbitrarily refused them certain things.

It has been the same throughout

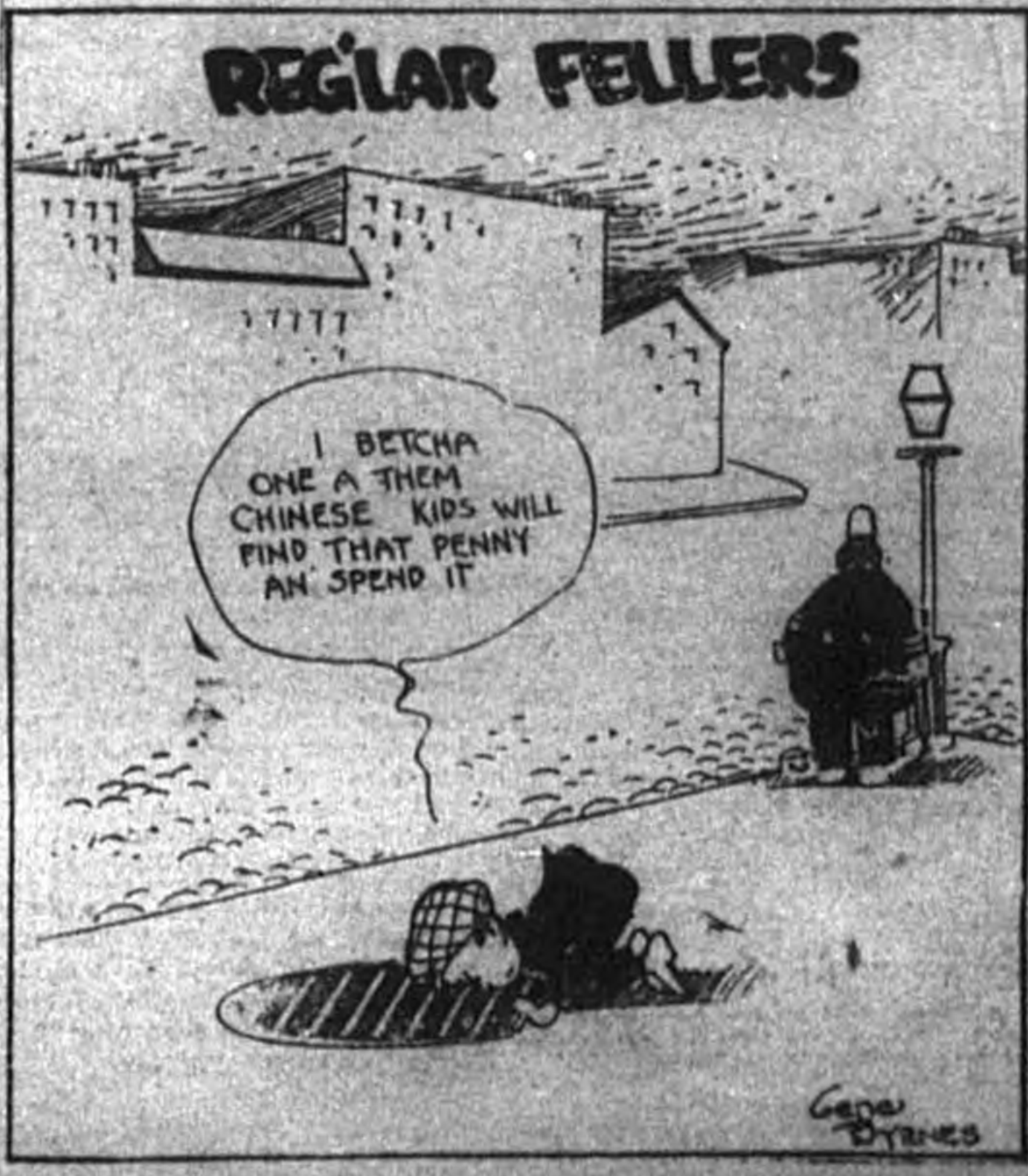
their lives in all things. They could not do what they liked or have what they pleased. Thousands of wealthy families have been ruined by it. The wealthy classes of England to-day are spoiled by their boredom.

But the princes of Britain are not spoiled nor bored.

In every relation with life, in their relations with people of every sort, they are fresh and interested and unaffected.

It is a triumph for King George, at some expense to himself. For it is known that the prince fear him not a little, and that the royal family is going through that uncomfortable stage when a family of boys who have been brought up under control reach the age of manhood and control must cease.

The removal of the Prince of Wales from the family circle to quarters of his own outside the palace was only agreed to after long delay on the part of King George, who has always been



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OF CANADA

Capital Authorized: \$5,000,000.00
Capital paid up: \$3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Accumulated Profits: \$1,525,000.00

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You can secure a Safety Deposit Box in which to store your valuable and important papers, it offers you security at little cost.

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Brownburg Branch - J. W. Lapine, M'gr.

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Famous Houston Underwear
Overalls and smocks
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Mackinaw coats, best range in town
Boots and Shoes
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Come in and see our new 30 X 3 1/2 tires at \$8.00.

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Open every Night of the Week

Always Good Pictures that will ensure a pleasant evening. The latest Productions

Gala Nights every Wednesday & Saturday

Commences at 8 o'clock. Popular Price of 25c.

J. R. SENECA, Prop.

BIG CLEARING SALE
at West End, Lachute
\$4,000 Stock
at F. Paquette's Store

This Sale will start on Monday, Nov. 19th, for 2 weeks.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

Wholesale and Retail
Phone 55

We have always on hand Beef, Pork, Bacon and Ham, Fresh Sausages, and all kinds of vegetables. Also Fruits and a choice line of canned goods.

A. RAYMOND
Foundry Street, - Lachute

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

We are now in our new store with a complete assortment of woolen tweed, Serge, Melton and Beaver of all kinds, if you need a new Suit or Overcoat. Take this advantage of our big choice and our low price.

We also have cloths for Ladies' Coats.

We have 27 years experience in this trade.

GEORGE LICOP, Merchant Tailor,

Next to J. B. Campbell's Store, Main Street,

Lachute

Are you Ready for Fall?

ARE YOU READY FOR FALL?

REMEMBER THAT WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AS OUR STOCK INCLUDES—

STANFELDS UNSHINKABLE UNDERWEAR NORTHWAY COATS—MEN'S & BOY'S OVERCOATS, COOPER CAPS—MEN'S & BOY'S PANTS ASTORIA SHOES FOR MEN—RUBBERS OF ALL KINDS SWEATERS, STOCKINGS, YARNS, GOODS.

THESE ABOVE LINES ARE NOW COMPLETE AND AT PRICES WHICH STAND COMPARISON.

McFAUL BROS.

The Up-to-Date General Store - Lachute Mills.

The Grain Carrying Question

Interesting Interview With
Head of Canada Steamship Lines.

In a recent interview on the grain carrying question, Mr. J. W. Norcross, vice-president and managing director of the Canada Steamship Lines said he was surprised to learn from various sources that the Board of Grain Commissioners had been in consultation with representatives of the larger American Lake Shipping interests because as far as he was able to ascertain the board had not consulted any of the Canadian Water Transportation Lines. This was a little surprising in view of the fact that the larger portion of the business of the Canadian fleet consists of the carriage of grain while the American fleets devote something in excess of 90 per cent of their total carrying capacity to commodities other than grain.

During the summer months and under normal conditions the Canadian Lake vessels experience some difficulty in securing cargoes of grain at remunerative prices, and it is during this period that American vessels are busily engaged in the carriage of ore, coal and limestone. The Canadian vessels cannot participate in this summer movement of these commodities between American ports owing to the coastal regulations which are effective in the United States and also in Canada.

From a careful study of the reports received, it is apparent that grain is reaching the Port Arthur and Port William elevators in increasing volume, and that the grain handling facilities will be taxed to their utmost capacity by the end of October, and it is feared by the grain-shippers that unless the assistance of the American fleets can be secured a blockade of these elevators will be experienced shortly after that date. It is presumably to avoid this blockade that the Board of Grain Commissioners are interviewing the American owners, to endeavor to enlist their assistance in the movement of the Canadian crop by American vessels, but the latest advice is to the effect that American interests are opposed to operating their steamers under the regulations imposed by the recent Canadian legislation, and unless some solution to this problem is quickly found the country as a whole will suffer as a result of the passing of the Inland Water Freight Rates Act, 1923.

This act which became effective, said Mr. Norcross, on June 22, 1923, was based on data and information secured by a Royal Commission which inquired into the operation of Canadian vessel owners during the season 1922 when lake transportation was abnormal in almost every respect, and the regulations imposed by this legislation will result in a serious blockade of the exportable surplus of the Canadian crop if American owners adhere to their present position, and it is most unlikely that the American owners will change from this position, which they have maintained for something

Mr. Norcross stated that certainly the opinion that has been expressed in regard to the Canadian Steamship Lines Ltd., and not desirous of maintaining the advantages which have accrued to them from the recently passed legislation, but are anxious to assist in the movement of the Canadian crop in any manner which the Government considers will be to the general benefit of the community and the particular gain of the wheat growers in our western provinces.

In conclusion, Mr. Norcross stated that it is fully expected that the Government will take whatever measures are necessary to avoid discrimination against Canadian steamers, and also arrange that no undue advantages be given such American vessels as may participate in the movement of grain from Port Arthur and Port William.

FARM FOR SALE.—A good farm of 300 acres, about 125 acres ploughed land, at Chatham, on the 5th range of Chatham Good house, well finished, also large 90 feet barn, horse and cow stables. Good water all over. The farm is well fenced and is 1 1/4 miles from cheese factory and the house only 15 acres to English and 10 acres to French school. Will sell for \$10,000, or will sell stock and all for \$12,000. Apply to O. Massie, Chatham, No. 1. Reason for selling—old age, and inability to secure help.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Johnston*

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned LANDS and TENEMENTS have been seized, and will be sold at the respective times and places mentioned below.

FIERI FACIAS DE TERRIS.
Superior Court.
Canada.
Province of Quebec.
District of Montreal.
No. 4424.

V. F. DEVILERE, plaintiff; against H. DUBUQUE, defendant. As belonging to the said defendant, the following immovables, to wit:

The lots of land known and designated on the official plan and book of reference under the numbers 16a, 16b, 17a and 17b, of the fifth range of the parish of Saint Adolphe de Howard, district of Terrebonne — with the buildings thereon erected.

To be sold at the door of the catholic parochial church of Saint Adolphe de Howard, district of Terrebonne, the TWELFTH day of DECEMBER, 1923, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

W. J. CYR, Sheriff's office. Sheriff. St. Scholastique, 30th, October, 1923. (First publication, Nov. 3, 1923 is null) (First publication, Nov. 10, 1923.) 5612-45-2

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 28th December, 1923, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route between Arundel & C. N. Railway Station from the 1st April, 1924. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Arundel and at the office of the District Superintendent, Montreal.

Office of the Dist. Supt., Montreal, Nov. 15th, 1923.
VICTOR GAUDET, Act. Dist. Supt.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Terrebonne, SUPERIOR COURT NO. 224: DAME CECILE LEGAULT, wife of R. GRATTON, both of St. Jerome County and District of Terrebonne, vs. Rodolphe Gratton, of the same place.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted this day. HERMANN BARRETTE, Attorney for plaintiff. St. Jerome, Sept. 7, 1923.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Terrebonne, SUPERIOR COURT NO. 81: DAME ROSA TARDIF, of St. Jerome County of Terrebonne, wife of Adelard Giroux, of the same place, duly authorized, vs. her said husband.

An action as to property has been instituted this day. HERMANN BARRETTE, Attorney for plaintiff. St. Jerome April 18, 1923.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

FERDINAND LAVOIE, Beaver Board, Brownburg SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, '23. The following effects:—Four Dining Room Chairs, 1 Dining Room Table, 1 Sideboard, 5 Kitchen Chairs, Kitchen Table, 4 Beds and Springs, 1 Sewing Machine, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 1.30 p.m. sharp. TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

WILLIAM DUNCAN, Bethany St., Lachute

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st 1923.

One parlour set, 1 book case and desk, 2 small tables, 1 drop-leaf table, 1 piano, 1 Quebec heater No. 4, 1 cooking stove and pipes, 1 side-board, 1 Singer sewing machine, 1 kitchen table, 2 rockers, 4 chairs, lounge, 1 desk, 3 iron beds, 3 springs, 3 mattresses, 1 bureau, 6 pillows, 1 mirror, 1 washing machine, 2 tubs, 1 clothes boiler, garden tools, 1 toboggan, kitchen ware and dishes.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp. TERMS STRICTLY CASH. W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

Who Is She?

The identity of "The Wonderful Woman," whose amazing life story appeared in the Family Herald and Weekly Star, is causing widespread speculation. Her remarkable achievements under appalling conditions, handicapped more often than aided by her great beauty, most certainly have justified the claim that she was "One woman in ten million."

It is now announced that a beautiful portrait of "The Wonderful Woman," reproduced in all the colors of the original masterpiece, will be given free to subscribers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, that is, to those who subscribe in time.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

L. L. LEGAULT, K. C.
Advocate,
Telephone No. 60

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Prompt and Efficient Service
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Physician and Surgeon,
In office of late Dr. G. H. Christie,
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All kinds of Jewellery always on hand. Prompt Service.
Work Guaranteed.
Lefebvre Block, Opposite Post Office.
Main Street, Lachute.

DR. J. A. BRENNAN.
Dental Surgeon
LACHUTE MILLS, QUE.
Painless Extraction,
Absolute Satisfaction,
Perfect Work.
Reasonable Prices.
Opposite Victoria Hotel, West Ward.
Lachute. Phone 86.

GOING EAST—
No. 426. From Calumet due at Lachute 7.45 a.m.
No. 122. From Ottawa due at Lachute 10.53 a.m.
No. 424. From Ottawa due at Lachute 8.08 p.m.

GOING WEST—
No. 421. From Montreal due at Lachute 10.02 a.m.
No. 423. From Montreal due at Lachute 7.14 p.m.
No. 425. From Montreal due at Lachute 9.10 p.m.
No. 427. From Montreal, Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute 3.43 p.m.
For further particulars. Apply to J. S. Giles, Town Agent, Lachute.

Canadian Rockies Lure Noted Artists



Noted artists, famous moving picture directors and expert scenic photographers, like thousands of tourists, have succumbed to the lure of the innumerable beauties of Banff and the Canadian Pacific Rockies. Artists in increasing numbers each year spend the summer on the trail in the mountains transferring these beauties to canvas. For seventeen years Carl Rungius, celebrated painter of wild animals in their native haunts, has been a regular visitor to Banff. Now he lives there most of the year and has built his own bungalow and studio. In 1921 Rungius won the \$1,000 Altman prize, but, being foreign born, was disqualified, whereupon the National Academy of Design bought the painting for \$1,000 and it now hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

Belmore Browne, artist, author, explorer and conqueror of Mt. McKinley, 20,300 feet, lives in his own bungalow-studio in Banff the year round except when exhibiting in New York. He and Rungius both study the mountain goats, sheep, deer and bear in their wilderness homes and paint them and their majestic scenic backgrounds. Richard M. Kimbel, landscape painter, has spent two summers in Banff and is painting at Lake O'Hara, near

Lake Louise, and last year W. Langdon Kihn lived a month on the Stony Indian reservation making pastel portraits of the big chiefs, little papooses, squaws and guides. Leonard M. Davis, who paints wonderful landscapes in Alaska and the Canadian Rockies with a palette knife, has joined the Banff art colony and expects to make his winter home in near-by Calgary.

The lure of Canada's Switzerland drew John Singer Sargent, R. A., to beautiful Lake O'Hara, in the heart of the Great Divide, and with his easel planted in the white and pink heather of an Alpine meadow 6,600 feet above sea level the world renowned painter devoted ten days to painting this exquisite jade-green lake and the towering mountains in which it is cupped. Charles W. Simpson, R. C. A., of Montreal; Oliver Dennett Grover, of Chicago; Philip R. Goodwin, Edward Potthast and Albert Groll of New York and many other painters of note have found inspiration in this scenic wonderland. As for those humble artists, the tourists with cameras, they are to be seen snapping everywhere in the bungalow camps, by the lakeside and along the trails making beautiful pictures which inspire their envious friends to visit Banff and do likewise.

The Watchman.

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

OL. XLVIII.

LACHUTE, QUE.

NOVEMBER 30, 1923.

N.O. 45.

COAL ! COAL ! COAL !

Place your order for coal with us at once, as this may be the last car this season.

WILLARD SERVICE STATION 5289.

A. B. Wet batteries sold by us will be recharged free for the first month.

T. McOUAT & SON,

Under and Machinists,

Lachute Mills.

CHURCH NOTES.

Meeting of the Directors of the Union Financial Corporation Ltd. held on Wednesday afternoon in Lachute, and the regular quarterly meeting passed. The President M. Wilson read a most favorable report of the business transacted during the past three months and spoke of great optimism of future progress of the Company. The Company enjoying the confidence as is evidenced by their rapid development in local circles.

SALE: APPLES! Apples have just received 100 barrels choice winter apples to be sold the barrel. Apply to J. W. Levesque, Main Street, Lachute, Phone 11.

MINION FINANCIAL CORPORATION.

Meeting of the Directors of the Union Financial Corporation Ltd. held on Wednesday afternoon in Lachute, and the regular quarterly meeting passed. The President M. Wilson read a most favorable report of the business transacted during the past three months and spoke of great optimism of future progress of the Company. The Company enjoying the confidence as is evidenced by their rapid development in local circles.

Christmas is only four weeks away and your friend or sister a useful gift. "Wear Ever" aluminum utensils, Percolators, Roasters, etc. Leave your order with Arnold Mathews, Lachute. Wear-Every Salesman. Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that last.

WANTED: Experienced and competent. Liberal salary. No experience necessary. Apply with reference to Mr. (Dr.) Drew, Lachute.

SALE: A few good Oxford shoes, either Grade or Pure. Apply to Alex. Doig, Lachute, Quebec.

SALE: FAIRBANKS-MORSE plant in good condition. For further particulars apply to Geo. Stanforth, Box 94 Lachute, Quebec.

SALE OR TO LET: In East Ward. An eight room house, garden and out buildings, hot and cold water and all modern conveniences. Key to view at Geo. Y. Deacon's store.

HOUSE FOR SALE: On Grace Street. Good warm house, containing seven rooms and kitchen. All modern conveniences. Hot and cold water. Apply to P. Lalonde, Prop. Lachute, Quebec.

Brick house eight rooms and bath room, electric light, about two acres land, good barn. Terms. Address: Box 304 Lachute, Que., or Geo. Y. Deacon on premises.

At town limits one mile from Lachute depot. No reasonable offer refused.

FOR SERVICE: Winner of the First Prize, Pure Bred Yorkshire Boar at the stables of Mr. Morrison, East End, Lachute.

Orders will be received by the Lachute Curling Club, 1923-24, until 6 p.m., Tuesday, Dec. 11th.

J. H. JOHNSON, Secretary.

and Clock Specialist. Repair your repairs to Mr. Joseph who will do all your work at a prompt order, but he wishes to say that he will be in his shop on Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each week, so you will not miss him.

Belanger, near Bill's Store, Lachute, Que. Phone No. 116 r 2-3

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell Regist'd

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. F. Sanford spent the week-end in Montreal.

Miss Mary Hope of Montreal spent the week-end in town.

Mrs. Geo. Hills spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKimmie spent the week-end in Montreal.

Mrs. Robt. Miller spent the week-end in Montreal visiting friends.

Mrs. Wilbur Fraser spent the early part of the week in Montreal.

Mr. Grant McHardy spent Sunday the guest of his parents in Calumet.

Miss Margaret Hills of Montreal was the week-end guest of her parents.

Miss Stella Armstrong of Montreal was the week-end guest of Mrs. S. McPaul.

Mrs. Geo. Creswell and son Lloyd are spending a few days in Montreal this week.

Mrs. Fillion spent the early part of this week visiting her daughter at Rigaud.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Giles, of Ste. Anne, were week-end guests of Mrs. Henry Giles.

Misses Francis and Wilhemina Joss of Montreal were the week-end guests of their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Creswell, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. A. L. Moore.

Mrs. A. L. Pinard and Miss Ida Pinard, from Ottawa, are the guests of Mrs. Z. N. Raymond.

Mr. Penfold and daughter Margaret of Ottawa spent the week-end the guests of Mrs. Penfold.

Mr. John Walker and Mr. Myril Morris spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walker.

Mr. Langtry, Mr. McCaughey, and Mr. Norman Scott, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Mackie.

Miss Louisa Gibson who has been visiting Mrs. Wm. Deacon is spending this week at Point Fortune.

Mr. Leslie Smith, of Melford, Sask., arrived home on Sunday and is the guest of his mother Mrs. Malcolm Smith.

The Jerusalem-Bethany Women's Institute intend holding their next meeting on Tuesday, December 4th, at the home of Mrs. Wm. Gordon.

Mrs. E. D. Bothwell and granddaughter, of Sutton Que., return home this week after spending a pleasant visit with Mrs. Alex. Bothwell.

A very successful sale and afternoon tea was held in the Victoria Hall on Friday last by the Ladies of the Baptist Church. Proceeds amounted to \$95.00.

Misses Irene and Anna Scott and Miss Locke of Montreal were week-end guests of Mrs. W. M. Scott. The Misses Scott entertained at afternoon tea on Saturday last in honour of their guest.

It is not too late yet to order your personal greeting cards for Christmas. Last Old Country Mail leaves on December 9th, from St. John's. Leave your order at "Bob's Kosey Corner."

A very dainty afternoon tea was served on Tuesday, in the Presbyterian Church Hall, in aid of "Social Work." The tables were most effectively waited upon by the girls of the Junior C.G.I.T. and the proceeds amounted to \$20.00.

It was our pleasure to meet the Hon. Judge Weir on St. James Street the early part of this week, and in our brief visit he questioned us as to many of the old-time friends of whom he was pleased to hear news and wished to be kindly remembered.

Miss Annie McCleary, who is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. David McCulloch, of Brownsburg, was married on the 5th, Oct., 1923, at Edmonton, by the Rev. Dr. McQueen, of the First Presbyterian Church, to Robert Harris. They have taken up house in Winnipeg as Mr. Harris is an Engineer there.

Next Wednesday is the day when the Ladies of St. Simeon's Church hold their annual sale of work, home-made cooking, candy, etc., afternoon tea is served and friends meet to spend a social time of visiting together. Come and have a good time on Wednesday afternoon, December 5th. Doors open at 3 p.m.

The Department of Agriculture are sending inspectors out for examination of Stallions and dates for Argentuils have been arranged as follows: Dec. 4th, Grenville at Arnold & Sons' stables from 9 to 9.30 a.m.

Dec. 4th, Lachute at Hotel Rodrigue from 11 to 11.30 a.m.

Dec. 4th, St. Andrews East at Union Hotel from 1 to 1.30 p.m.

There will be a Supper and Xmas Tree (D.V.) in McArthur's Hall, Lachute, on Wednesday December 19th, for the Members of St. Simeon's Sunday School and all the children of the congregation. The parents are also asked to come and bring supplies for the supper and so help the young people to have a good time. No other charge will be made. Doors open at 7.30 p.m.

Mr. James Hodgson, of Como, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Scott this week.

The Rousillon French Church will hold services during the winter months, Sunday School at 2 p.m., and bilingual services at 3 p.m. F. S. Poitras, Pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thorburn and family, of Montreal, and Mr. Norman Thorburn, of Montreal, were the week-end guests of Mrs. John Thorburn, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. McArthur spent the week-end in Montreal and were accompanied by Mrs. G. Price, who is spending this week the guest of Mrs. R. McArthur.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sutton, Mr. T. Noble and Mr. and Mrs. A. Henry Ward, were in Montreal on Wednesday to attend the wedding of Miss Margaret Maloney to Mr. Fred Price.

Mr. Ernest Lemay, who has been paralyzed for many years, recently held the raffle for which he sold many tickets, which took place at J. D. Lemay's store from whom the beautiful set of dishes were purchased. The drawing was made by Miss Cunningham, the lucky number being held by Mr. Arthur St. Jacques of Lachute Road.

The effort to start a singing school or choral society is slowly maturing, but the Rev. Mr. Mathews who was appointed to interview Mr. Irving Cooper in Montreal, has procured terms upon which doubtless arrangements can be effected, so that junior as well as senior classes will be held, and private tuition may also be obtained for those who wish to take personal vocal instruction.

Mrs. Robert Cruise received on Wednesday of last week at her home in Brownsburg and wore her wedding dress, she was assisted by her mother, Mrs. A. M. Campbell, who wore a pretty gown of gray. Tea and coffee were served by Mrs. McOuat and Mrs. Wyman McGibbon and refreshments were served by the young friends and sisters of the bride. A large number of friends attended.

The Annual Meeting of the Curling Club was held in their Club Rooms on Tuesday evening, and considerable interest was manifested. The improvements that have been made are such to be proud of and the members with their friends will doubtless take full pleasure out of the alterations and extensions made, the cost of which runs in the neighborhood of \$1,300. Mr. E. H. Wilson as President of the Club presided over the meeting and most favorable reports were presented, after which the election of officers took place and resulted in a unanimous re-election of all officers for the coming year, thanks being tendered for past services.

We would respectfully draw the attention of those desirous of using the columns of this paper for advertising purposes, that any announcements of public entertainments or functions of any kind that have for their object the raising of funds, same must be paid for at the regular advertising rates which are plainly marked on top of editorial column. The subscription price of the paper does not by any means cover the cost of publishing the Watchman, so that our profits are derived from the sale of white space to be used in advertising. We are always pleased to publish reports as covering local interests, but we cannot give free publicity excepting to bona-fide charitable objects. We put the matter plainly and trust our readers and others when sending in notices will forward the necessary funds to ensure publication. This applies to all notices whether the price of admission is mentioned or not.

SUCCESSFUL CONCERT.

The Methodist Church was filled almost to full capacity last Friday night to hear the recital and musical concert. Mrs. Bissell, Elocutionist of Montreal West was in splendid form and her rendition of "An Angels' Wickness" and "The Bear Story" will not soon be forgotten.

The advent of Mr. Richard Parkinson to Lachute is a distinct assistance to our musical talent. Possessing a rich tenor voice he delighted his audience with his interpretation of "If I can live" and "Mother Mac-hree" to both of which he responded with an encore.

The programme committee was also exceedingly fortunate to secure the services of Miss Louise Gibson, a visitor from San Jose, California. Miss Gibson rendered quite new and difficult Indian Songs which gave opportunity to display a voice of marvellous range and sweetness.

Mrs. J. R. Parris with her strong contralto held her audience with rapt attention and received a well merited applause which she graciously acknowledged with an encore.

The committee was also deeply indebted to Miss Elsie McIntyre who was in her accustomed place as accompanist for all the singers. This is one of the most important parts of a musical programme, but was executed with superb skill and taste. The admiration of the audience was expressed by hearty applause to every number on the programme, and the W.M.S. are pleased with the proceeds which amounted to \$115.00.

Our stock of McArthur's Suits are complete, Blues, Greys, and Browns and heaps to choose from. W. Banford & Son.

Ladies' Coats Fall 1923

We have received a lot of our New Fall Coats for Ladies.

The Styles are attractive and up

The cloths are new and colours attractive.

There are fur collared coats and others without fur.

The prices are wonderfully low—a real surprise to many.

W. BANFORD & SON, LACHUTE.

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Buns and Cakes of Different Varieties

A full line of Choice Groceries, Bacon, Etc.,

Deliveries made with prompt attention.

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We deal in Foreign and Domestic Marble

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Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of

Cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones,

Terms to suit Purchasers.

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BATTERY STORAGE

Lengthen the life of your Battery by letting us keep it charged for the winter. We are prepared to store 500 Batteries, so send yours in when you lay up your car or Phone 26 and we will call for it.

GEO. Y. DEACON, Tel. 26. Lachute Mills.

Spectacles for Reading and for Weak Eyes



Let us examine your eyes, so that you may have comfort and relief from strain. Glasses need not be unbecoming as there is a great variety of styles in the latest shell-rimmed and rimless mountings.

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Watchmaker, Jeweller, Optometrist, - LACHUTE, QUE.

When You Try "SALADA"

TEA #478
you will realize the difference
between "Salada" and "just 'ea."

For the Boys and Girls

"Eight-Nine-Ten-670"
The story of an Eighteen-year-old Fireman.

BY GAYNE T. K. NORTON.

Hal Clarke awoke with a start. He sat straight up in his iron cot in the "bunk room" of Hook and Ladder 94, his hands grasping the frame and his whole body bathed in cold perspiration. At the same instant the "joker" downstairs began to ring. But it was not this that roused him; he had dreamed. And now, as the gong sounded, a sickening fear stole over him.

For a second he sat stunned. With bated breath and partly open mouth, he watched the moving picture his frenzied imagination painted. He saw his mother turn in her bed and call to May, his sister. He saw the girl rise and light the little oil-lamp. She looked at the clock and turned to get some medicine. He saw her slipper catch in the mat. He saw her fall. He saw the lamp explode.

Hal shuddered; the picture was gone in a flash. Leaping up he slid into boots and overalls. By the brass pole he reached the apparatus floor as the second number of the station "hit in." The first had been 6, the second 7. It looked like a run for the truck, for nearly all their first alarm stations were in the six hundreds and the six seventies were only a few blocks away, right where Hal lived.

He was aware that the big doors had been opened. He heard dimly the throb and bark of the powerful motor. He saw as from afar his mates hurrying about him. But his every energy was concentrated on the station. What was that number? Would the gong never stop? "Eight-Nine-Ten." It was over. The alarm had been sounded from box 670—the one nearest his home.

Reeling, he grasped the truck as it thundered from the house, still unwilling to believe that this fire and his dream were connected. It was impossible, he had warned May so many times about the lamp.

When 94 swung into the avenue her engine was wide open. The cool night air blowing in his face steadied him. From every direction sirens shrieked and bells clanged. Dread and fear awoke the city. Heads appeared at windows as they sped by. Policemen were running beside them, trying to keep pace. Ahead, an engine whistled, leaving a fiery trail; behind, the blinding headlights of a chief's automobile crept closer.

Hal leaned far over the running-board, peering ahead; his face was set, his muscles tense. Inwardly he battled the fear that froze his heart and nearly closed his throat. He was no coward, but the dream and alarm together were sufficient to sober even a seasoned fireman and Hal was only eighteen. His father's death had forced him to provide a living for his mother and May. After weeks of fruitless job hunting, he had joined the department. Although under age, six and excellent physical condition had done the rest.

Universal Portable Bath Tub
with or without instantaneous water heater attached, permits all bathroom comforts of a millionaire in the room. No plumbing. The Eddy's Bathing Machine is a new type. 24-day trial. Moderate price. Ask about our famous chemical cleanser.
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EDDY'S MATCHES
On the CPR and CNR
—where quality counts—
Eddy matches are served to patrons
ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Gives you lasting
uplift—Bovril

"Is Mary Clark safe?" questioned the boy weakly, fearfully.

Chief, policeman and Hal scanned the quickly scribbled but accurate list. "My mother's name is not there," Hal groaned. Then, "the bathroom window!" he screamed and was off. He remembered that opposite his window, across a five-foot shaft, was a window in the next house.

Step by step he fought his way upwards against the fleeing tenants. On the fourth floor he groped his way into the front flat. In the bathroom he raised the window and climbed to the narrow sill. Greasy, stinking smoke rose in the narrow court. "It's getting to the chemicals," warned his fire sense. It sickened him. He cried in the blackness.

A rut in the smoke and fire back of the window opposite showed him its location. Clinging with his left hand to the sash, he aimed a blow at the window opposite with his ax. Crash! It took part of the sash with it. His heavy helmet followed it, then a boot. The opening was clear, but the smoke closed in again. He dared not wait.

An instant he steadied himself; then with every ounce of his strength he jumped straight into the smoke. His feet struck the sill and he plunged into his own bathroom, shaken and cut. "I've won," he shouted.

Water was three inches deep on the floor. Fire was in the apartment. He searched the two bedrooms. His mother was in neither. The front room was the only one in which a person could still live. As he crawled down the hall toward the door, the awful thought that she might have tried the stairs came to him. He fought it off, talking to himself:

"It's the smoke; it's—getting me." He fell forward. The splash of the water revived him. "It's warm," he muttered, "I must hurry." "Mother, mother," he repeated the word over and over; it was all that kept him moving. He began to circle the front room. Phlegm and tears so choked him he could barely gasp. Sweat burned his eyes, smoke his lungs. Again he fell into the water, this time to rise more slowly. "Oh, my arms," he sobbed, "mother."

Before a window, half across a chair, his hands found her. She was unconscious. With new-born strength he raised the window, straddled the sill and drew her body across his lap, his lips finding hers. Her lids lifted; the wet embrace revived her. "I knew you'd come," she whispered, then fainted.

He finished a prayer light-heartedly: "I've got her, now the boys will get us."

Just then the rays from a searchlight played upon him. A cheer went up from the street. He looked down. A hundred firemen had wheeled 94 away, 56 stood in its place. The long extension ladder was rising; Walsh and Shelley were climbing it. Would they reach him in time? Hal looked into the room; fire was in the hall. A puff of wind struck his face. He threw himself low as an explosion shook the building. The ceiling fell, nearly dragging him from the sill. The floor gave way. Clouds of "live steam rose with 'dead' smoke. He gasped and swooned.

An anxious group surrounded the hospital bed. Two hours passed before Hal's eyes opened. They wandered about, focussing gradually. A nurse gave him something to drink which he did not want, but lacked the strength to refuse. A shiny something caught his eyes, there was another one above it. He looked at the button on a blue uniform. Someway he loved that uniform now. He followed the buttons upward to meet Gallon's smiling face. Way off somewhere he heard: "I knew you'd do it, Hal, we are proud of you."

There was more, something about determination always winning, but he couldn't bother. His eyes found another uniform and the smiling face of Dillon. His mind cleared. His mother—and May—where were they? He raised himself and found them both smiling at his side. There were lots more words. He did not try to understand them. White bandages were confused with blue cloth and shiny buttons. He tried to smile. He was very happy and he wanted to be polite, but he wasn't quite sure what it was all about, and he was so very sleepy.

Tea and eggs are in the same class. You insist on fresh eggs, and since tea deteriorates even more rapidly if exposed to the air, you should insist on tea sealed like "SALADA" in air-tight aluminum to keep it fresh. Do not accept bulk teas of questionable age.



Scarcely to be Called Speech

"Does he speak Scotch?"

"Well, I've only heard him emit gurgling sounds when it was going down."

The great Confucius, Chinese moralist and philosopher, was born 551 B.C. He lived to be 78 years of age.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs.



CONVERTING PRINTED WORDS INTO SOUND

Professor A. Barr, of Glasgow, is shown in the picture demonstrating how, by the use of an Otophone, printed words can be converted into sounds to enable blind persons to read. This was demonstrated recently at a scientific exhibition in Liverpool.

In a Sunken Ship

Day was just breaking over the Humber on the morning of August 20, 1907, when a shout of alarm roused Harry Willey from his sleep. Willey, writes Mr. John G. Rowe in the Wide World Magazine, was mate on the steam trawler Quail of Hull. Besides him there were on board W. Lewis, the captain, and J. Nicoline, a deck hand. Willey rubbed his eyes and looked toward the cabin where the captain was sleeping. It was Nicoline that had shouted.

As Willey was flinging off his bed-clothes there came a terrific crash, and the trawler heeled over almost on her beam ends.

The mate pitched headlong out of his berth. Scrambling madly to his feet, he rushed into the main cabin just in time to see the great cutwater of a steamer protruding through Captain Lewis's berth. He could see nothing of the captain himself.

Without waiting to take a second glance Willey made a dash for the door of the cabin. Behind him water was pouring in through the shattered berth in a mighty flood. Before he could reach the door, however, the ice-cold torrent had washed him off his feet, and in a moment the rising water was banked high against it. He struggled in vain to open the door; the floor had jammed it tight, and tug and strain as he would it remained fast shut.

In a few moments, while he was struggling with the door, the flood in the cabin rose to his chest. The noise of its impouring drowned every sound, and with the fear of death strong upon him, Willey looked wildly round for some other means of escape.

By that time the bow of the other vessel had disappeared from the shattered berth and the water was cascading through the gaping rent. There was no hope that way! To add to the horror of the situation he felt the stricken trawler settling down, sinking, and he literally trapped like a rat! While he stared wildly round the swirling tide once more swept him off his feet; he swam to the table and got upon it, only to be almost thrown off by the drunken rolling of the trawler as she foundered. Managing to stand upright, the mate grasped the coaming of the iron skylight above his head and in that way kept himself erect.

Unhappily for him—or perhaps fortunately—the skylight was closed and fastened, and he found that he could not possibly break through it. All the while the water was rising rapidly round him. Soon it was up to his armpits; and it continued to rise as the trawler sank lower and lower. He put

his head up inside the skylight and beat frantically upon it. He shouted for help till he was hoarse.

Presently the water rose to his chin, and he was obliged to stand on his toes in order to breathe. Then, to his immense relief, he felt a dull shock; the trawler had struck bottom! At the same time she fell over, and with a mighty surge the flood within her cabin went rushing to the lower side. The shifting water almost carried the mate off the slanting table, and the wash, surging over his mouth and nose, choked him. Desperate, he drew himself still higher, and standing on tiptoe, bent his head back inside the skylight and pressed his haggard face almost against the top of it.

Gradually as the water washed to and fro it found its level, and the mate's hopes rose; at least the flood was not getting any higher, and the skylight still afforded a few cubic inches of breathing space. But for how long would the air last? Meanwhile, what had actually happened outside? The Wilsen Liner Dynamo, outward bound from Hull for Antwerp, had run into the Quail and had sunk her.

Captain Lewis had been killed in his berth; the cutwater of the liner had struck him as it burst through the trawler's side. Nicoline was never heard of again after his ringing cry that had awakened Willey; probably he had been swept away and drowned as the trawler sank beneath him.

The Dynamo had promptly reversed her engines and, stopping, had launched her boats, which cruised round the spot where the trawler had gone down. But they could find no survivors, and they soon started back to the liner.

Some time later Harry Willey, imprisoned within the cabin of the sunken wreck, up to his chin in water and straining on tiptoe to keep his mouth above it, suddenly discovered to his unspeakable joy and astonishment that the water round him was sinking! He could hardly credit the fact at first and thought that his imagination was playing him a trick. But when the water dropped to his shoulders and he found that he could safely lower himself to his heels he became almost wild with delight.

Still lower the water sank until it was only to his chest. Then he realized the reason and with a deep sigh of thankfulness knew that it was only a matter of time for the flood to recede sufficiently to allow him to get out of his living tomb.

The Quail had not sunk in deep water; she was resting on the bottom, and the tide was ebbing. That circumstance explained the seeming miracle.



Immigrant (held up by "quota")—"Hey, Sam, do you mean to say he'll make a better citizen than I will?"

Uncle Sam—"No, but I guess I've got to pretend so for the time being."

—From the Evening News, Glasgow.

WRIGLEYS

Take it home to the kids
Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal
A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

Sealed in its Purity Package
WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

Again hopeful, Willey waited with what patience he could muster until the water was at his ankles and the top of the table showed above the flood. Then he sprang down and, wading to the door, made another attempt to force it. He got it open two or three inches and allowed some of the water to rush out; the next instant it swung all the way open so suddenly that the flood carried him out with it. Utterly exhausted, he had just enough strength left to crawl up the companion ladder to the upper deck, where he collapsed.

The Dynamo was lying by the wreck in order to send her boats to examine it when the tide had ebbed. How great was the amazement of those aboard the liner to see a man suddenly emerging from the lately submerged vessel can well be imagined. A boat was at once sent to the wreck, the upper part of which was now standing high out of water and rapidly drying in the warm, bright sunlight.

Clambering aboard, the boat's crew picked up the exhausted Willey and took him off to the Dynamo, where he soon was able to tell of his marvelous escape. The body of Captain Lewis was subsequently recovered from the shattered wreck.



Unworthy Thought
Hubby—"He's very attentive—always goes to the train to see his wife off on her trips."

Wife—"Wants to be sure she's really leaving town, you mean."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Nearly all the true crows, as well as many of their near relatives, will pick up more or less of human speech in captivity; and it is sometimes hard to believe that the slyness with which they invest their remarks, their aptness and intonation, are altogether accidental.

Toronto Bond Exchange

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ATTENTION 1923 VICTORY BONDS

may now be exchanged for

Dominion of Canada 5% Bonds

under the following conditions:

Holders may clip and retain interest coupons due Nov. 1st, 1923 and send their bonds to be exchanged for the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds maturing in 5 or 20 years.

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1928 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.00
\$500 "	" 5.00
\$1,000 "	" 10.00

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1943 they will receive the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds in addition to a cash payment of:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.75
\$500 "	" 8.75
\$1,000 "	" 17.50

For bonds from which the Nov. 1st coupon has not been clipped the cash balance will be as follows:

For 1928 Bonds:	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 3.75
\$500 "	" 18.75
\$1,000 "	" 37.50

For 1943 Bonds:	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 4.50
\$500 "	" 22.50
\$1,000 "	" 45.00

Forward your bonds by REGISTERED MAIL to the Toronto Bond Exchange, Limited, Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto.

State plainly the maturity of DOMINION OF CANADA BONDS you wish—1928 or 1943.

Receipts will be sent in order of acceptance.

For the Boys and Girls

THE MYSTERY OF THE "WOVEN WIND."

Twenty-six hundred years before Christ, Si-ling, wife of a famous emperor of China, discovered that tiny worms spun a mysterious thread. She collected a large number of the worms, fed them, and thus became the "Goddess of Silkworms," and mother of one of the most interesting industries.

The farmyard chicken was not a profitable egg producer until she had been made to feel at home, or domesticated, and this was also true of the Bombyx mori race of silkworms, originally found at the foot of the great Himalaya mountains, in the jungles of Asia. For many centuries man has striven to increase the worm's production of silk and has been successful, for by comparing the silkworm of to-day with its wild ancestors, we find both the worm and the moth are larger. By domestication the moth has lost its power of flight and its color has changed to a creamy white.

The egg of the silkworm is nearly round, somewhat flattened and less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter. When laid, the eggs are yellow, but if fertile will change to a bluish grey in a few days. The worms from one ounce of eggs, numbering about 40,000, would consume in their first stage about six ounces of picked mulberry leaves; in the second, eighteen pounds; in the third, sixty pounds; and in their final stage, 1,098 pounds, or 1,176 pounds of leaves in all.

The mulberry tree produces the only food for which the silkworm cares. One ounce of eggs will yield from eighty to 120 pounds of cocoons, and since it takes billions upon billions of these tiny, hard-working cocoons to produce enough silk to meet the world's demand, it is easy to see that these little fellows are really a very faithful lot of insects.

The baby silkworm has a dozen rings, some sixteen legs and nine black spots on either side for breathing. It has imperfect eyes, and is fed on the tender leaves of the mulberry or osage, simply sucking up the sap on the under side of the leaf. As the worm grows larger, it holds the leaf with its six front feet, cuts off semi-circular slices while eating and becomes paler in color.

It takes about a month for the worm

to reach its growth. Then it loses its appetite, shrinks about one-third of its length, becomes nearly transparent, grows restless and throws its head about in an effort to find a place in which to build its cocoon.

On either side of the body are the silk glands, consisting of two thick-walled sacs, which open by a common opening on the under lip of the worm. By moving its head around for three days the worm spins about 300 yards of thread. The thread forms the silk of commerce, which as wound in cocoon consists of two filaments, one for each gland, laid side by side. The two become practically one thread after being in the air for a few hours. One peculiar feature is that the thread is always the same color as the worm's legs while it is spinning.

Each mother silkworm lays from 300 to 500 tiny eggs, which are hatched in the cocoon beds. As the eggs are laid only in warm countries, such as China, Japan, India and neighboring sections, where the days are hot, the eggs are hatched by the sun's rays in a short time, and soon the hundreds of little worms are creeping about the cocoon nest.

It is interesting to see the men and women remove the cocoon threads from the nests. Each cocoon contains a filament of about 600 yards, so fine that it would take about 1,800,000 yards or about 1,000 miles of filament to make one pound. The cocoons are dropped into wash-basins in which there is soap-suds, which serve to wash the glue-like substance from the threads. The water is kept at 110 deg. F. It is also beaten and stirred with a small whisk-broom until the gum softens and a silk thread shows signs of loosening. These separate threads are caught on the brush of the broom, combed together, and caught and passed through a brass "eye" on the edge of the basin, then fastened to a reel and wound into a single skein. The length of the natural thread as spun by the worm into a cocoon is from 2,400 to 3,000 feet.

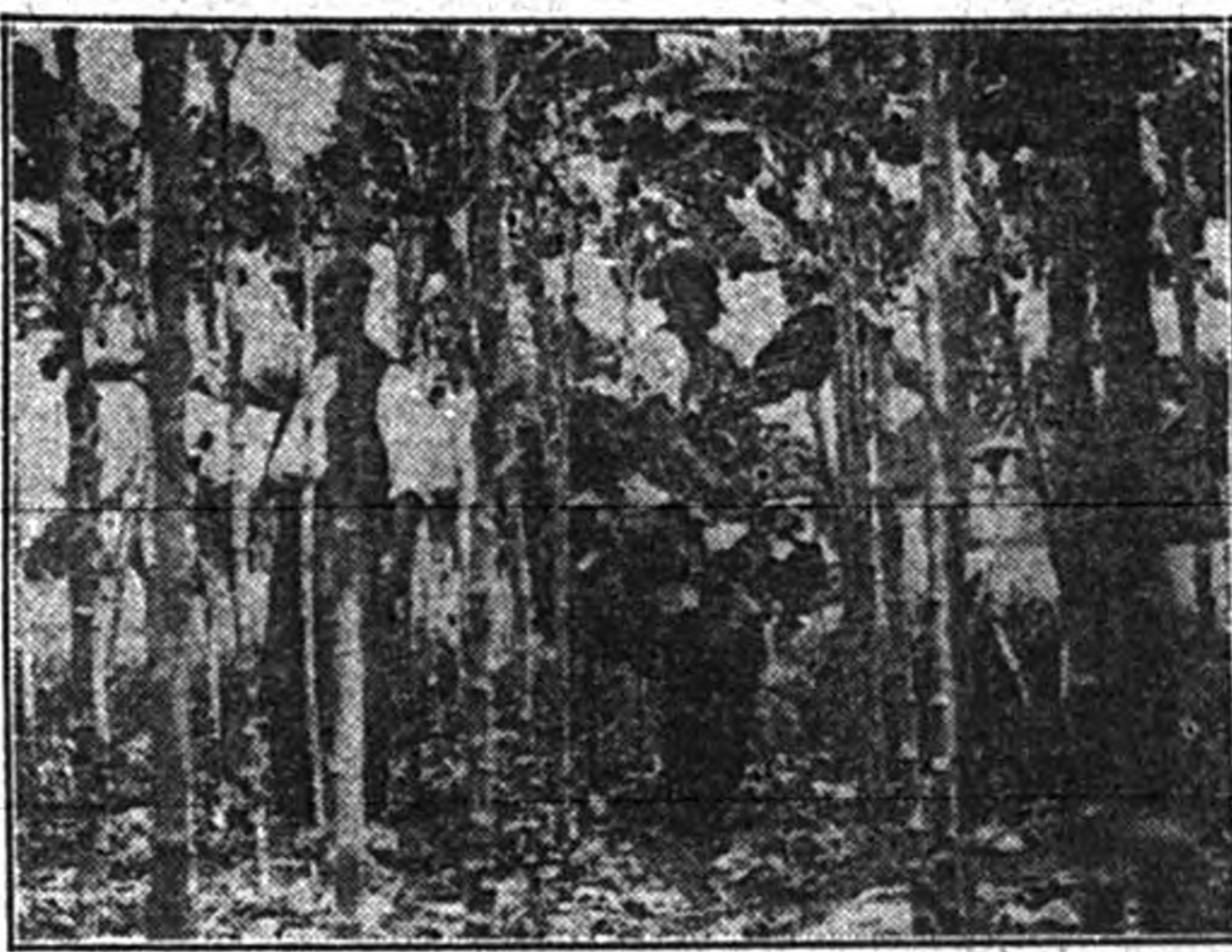
The silk is of a beautiful lustre, being the strongest known fibre, in its raw state, in the world. The thickness of these threads is as fine as a spider's web, being greater in the centre and tapering toward both ends. It takes an expert workman to separate and reel these tiny fibres, but, considering the size, a wonderful amount is handled in a few hours.

other Valley of the Kings, they happened to remove a stone which revealed the mouth of a cavern. Without making any fuss, they agreed between themselves to enter it in search of treasure.

They proceeded until they reached a large hall supported by pillars of marble encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown.

This was the sepulchre of David, King of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon in similar state, and so on through the sepulchres of all the Kings of Judea who were buried there.

They further saw chests locked up, the contents of which nobody knew, and were on the point of entering the hall, when a blast of wind like a storm issued from the mouth of the cavern and threw them down almost lifeless on the ground. There, says the rabbi, they lay until evening, when another wind rushed forth, in which they heard a voice like that of a man calling aloud, "Get up, and go forth from this place!"



SOMETHING NEW IN A CABBAGE PATCH

In Jersey the cabbages grow for an entire year, and reach a height of ten feet. The lower leaves are removed as required and the rest of the plant continues to grow. Gardeners are shown collecting the enormous leaves for European markets.

The men rushed out full of fear, and proceeded to the patriarch to report what had happened.

Guarded by a Mysterious Flame.

The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up so as to hide it effectually from everyone until the present day.

King Herod's treasure hunt, as described by Josephus, was similarly exciting. Apparently the king was at the head of the looters, and we are told that he had a great desire to make a more diligent search and go farther in, as far as the bodies of David and Solomon; but two of his guards were slain by a flame which burst out upon them. Herod was so scared that he not only gave up his search, but also built a propitiatory monument of white stone at the mouth of the sepulchre.

The results of the excavations to be undertaken on the Ophel spur will be even more fascinating than those in the Nile Valley, because they may clear up points of doubt on the geography of the Bible.



Easily Observed.

Doctor—"And you should never dance or do other strenuous exercise on a full stomach."

Patient—"I needn't worry about that, doc—I live at a boarding house, you know."

A Mammoth Tree.

One of the largest trees in the world is not the largest, has been discovered in the bush at Waltham, Hockia, New Zealand. It is a large Kauri tree, the vast trunk of which rises to a height of 75 feet before being broken by the first branch, and measures 22 feet in diameter, or approximately one chain in girth. Mr. H. Howe, whose firm draws its timber supply from the Hockia district, estimates that the tree contains over 195,000 feet of timber, sufficient to build three double-storied houses of 20 rooms each from floor to ceiling.

Knives were not used on the tables of England until 1560.

The Jewish population of Europe is about 9,000,000.

Mother Robin Outwits a Cat.

All summer the robins had been nesting in the trees in a garden across the street from our house in the city. One morning as I returned from down town I heard a great commotion among the robins which unmistakably means, "the young ones are flying." I looked around and sure enough the parents were in a high state of excitement, flying back and forth across the street, sitting on the gate posts and evidently trying to encourage their babies to get up into the trees out of the way of the city cats, of which there are many. All at once there flew up out of the ferns growing in one of the yards a small brown bird which wavered and trembled a second and then landed directly in the middle of the sidewalk. At the same time there appeared a lank yellow cat from out of the shrubbery. The mother robin hesitated not an instant, but flying very low over the head of the cat (who had not as yet discovered the baby on the walk) acted as if wounded and about to fall. The cat followed the robin, who kept just out of reach and flew in the opposite direction down the street, through a driveway, keeping just above the head of the cat until she had led her enemy a safe distance from the little robin still resting on the sidewalk. Then returning she, with a few very quiet chirps so encouraged the little one that it tried once more, and with a mighty effort rose until it was safely among the leaves of the tree nearby and safe from harm. Could mother love and instinct go further?—E. W. Barney.

Giant Among Flowers.

In the tropical section of Kew Gardens is a plant, the Amorphophallus, which produces the largest flowers in the world.

A man standing upright can barely reach the top with the tips of his fingers, and with open arms he can only reach half-way round the circumference of the funnel-shaped spathe.

The odor of the flower is said to be abominable—"a mixture of rotten fish and burnt sugar."

From the centre of the quickly-fading flower the stem of the plant shoots upwards to a height of twelve feet, with markings like those on a python's skin.

Although the plant, which is a native of Sumatra, looks like a pretentious young tree when fully grown, it is really herbaceous in habit, dying down annually like the wild arum or cuckoo-pint, to which it is allied.

The specimen is about six feet high, and will not be seen in bloom until next year.

Mineral That Works Miracles

One of the results of the new campaign against cancer will be that we shall learn much more of the nature and possibilities of radium, the mysterious mineral discovered twenty-five years ago by M. and Mme. Curie.

Comparatively few people have seen radium, and possibly fewer still would recognize it at sight. Radium is usually kept in a special kind of glass tube, in which are fixed a tiny screen, a piece of talc, and a minute magnifying glass. The radium rests on the talc, and looks like a tiny yellow smear no bigger than an ordinary full-stop. A speck of radium this size may be worth anything up to \$75,000.

Seen in the dark a speck of radium glows fiercely enough to be visible yards away, and it glows for years at the same intensity. Radium has been tested in liquid air, far below freezing point, and in super-heated furnaces, without in any way being affected by these extremes of temperature. Another little-known fact is that it throws off enough heat to bring its own weight of water to boiling-point every hour for two or three thousand years!

One of the strangest chapters in the history of the miracle mineral, as radium has been called, is the story of how it came to play its great part in the treatment of disease.

The action of the mineral on the human tissues was quite unknown and unsuspected until one day Professor Becquerel, a famous French scientist, incautiously put a tube of radium in his waistcoat pocket.

Fourteen days afterwards he noticed on his skin a sort of rash, which quickly developed into inflammation of the affected part. Experiments were carried out, with the result that radium

rays, of which there are several varieties, opened up a new era in medical practice.

Many striking cures have been effected. Ulcerous growths disappear before the rays, while such diseases as gout, rheumatism, neurasthenia, and affections of the joints are dispersed with equal certainty. Radium rays transform weak body cells into strong, vigorous ones, which not only resist disease, but help the whole constitution to resist it.

One question that is exercising the minds of scientists just now is whether there will be a radium famine.

Some of the most promising deposits of radium-bearing ores have lately given out, leading to a search, so far not very encouraging, in other parts of the world. Canada and South America, as well as Russia, Portugal, and Cuba, have been scoured for supplies, with a success far short of expectations.

Up to the time of M. and Mme. Curie's discovery, pitch-blende, the jet black mineral in which radium is found, was regarded as being almost valueless. One mining company in the United Kingdom actually paid large sums to have the residue of its pitch-blende supplies, from which another mineral has been extracted, carted away to the destructor. It was estimated that the firm in question lost nearly \$100,000 in radium.

In conversation with the writer, Sir William Bragg, of London University, stated that there are reasons for believing that large deposits of radium-bearing ore exist deep in the earth in hitherto unexplored parts of the world, and that these supplies may soon be tapped. At present the price of radium is roughly \$1,000,000 an ounce.

The Shield.

God, give me laughter for a buckler,
Lest to the blows of Life I yield;
When my head is bowed to press of
foemen,
Lord, give me laughter for a shield.

Grant me will to fight, if not to conquer,
Strength to keep my spirit from
eclipse,
And let me hold at midnight and at
noonday
The shield of laughter on unshaking
lips.

There is none so strong can overcome
it.

Black rage, red scorn, or serpent
galle;
Magic lives in weakest defences—
Even in a little twisted smile.

In the dusk and through the murk of
conflict,
Fighting on against the driving
spears,
More flags will rally round to laughter
Than ever owned the sovereignty of
tears.

Though I have no armor that is trusty,
And nothing but a wooden sword to
wield,

I shall go down fighting and not craven
If Thou, Lord, give laughter for a
shield.

—Edna Valentine Trappell, in Success

Progress in Alaska.

In twenty years the Alaskan Eskimos have made great strides in the ways of civilization. They have churches and schools, many of them read and write, and owing to the reindeer herds that the United States government started for them most of them are prosperous. Deer meat in the north sells at the rate of seven dollars for one hundred and sixty pounds, which is the weight of the ordinary carcass. The natives now own at least two thousand reindeer, which are under government supervision.

World's Most Amazing Men.

The most amazing race of human beings is undoubtedly the El Molo, a tribe of "fishmen" who inhabit the desert wastes bordering Lake Rudolf, in Kenya Colony, Africa.

This tribe represents the only known specimens of semi-amphibious people, and it is a curious fact that any tribesman dies if he is kept without water for about three hours. As a rule they drink every hour during the day, for even an hour and a half without water causes cracking and bleeding of the lips.

The El Molo tribesmen spend their days swimming in the waters of Lake Rudolf, and fishing from frail rafts constructed with palm branches. Fish is almost their only diet, and they have no opportunity of varying their menu unless they are fortunate enough to spear a hippopotamus.

The water of Lake Rudolf is undrinkable to anyone but the El Molo, for it contains a large quantity of soda and has an objectionable taste. The proportion of soda in the lake increases yearly, and it is believed to be this fact that has caused the "fishmen" to become a deformed race.



Turtle—"So you were in a pretty tight hole?"

Snake—"Yes, but I managed to wriggle out of it!"

Inhaling of soot in the air greatly decreases one's vitality.

"ROYAL DAVID'S CITY"

Archaeologists are starting this month to excavate the site of the City of David in the expectation of finding the tombs of that king and his son Solomon. Apart from the question of the treasure the sepulchres may contain, the operations will solve one of the controversies which rage in Jerusalem as to the exact situation of the places mentioned in the Scriptures.

When I was there, says an English writer, I was taken very confidently by my guide to the traditional Mount Zion at the south-west corner of the Holy City, and shown the ruins which cover the spot where King David "in a good old age, full of days, riches and honor," was supposed to have been buried. "If you don't believe me, look at your guide book," protested my Arab conductor.

From the place where I stood I could look over the Tyropoeon Valley to another hill, a rugged spur named Ophel, about five hundred yards distant, which continues the Temple area (now surmounted by the Mosque of Omar) down to the Pool of Siloam.

Will Treasure Be Found?

On this spur, now a wilderness of cacti and boulders, recent authorities have placed the site of the Biblical City of David. That it was once within the enclosed area of Jerusalem there is little doubt, as Sir Charles Warren's exploration laid bare the traces of an old wall which is believed to have been built on foundations which date from the time of Nehemiah.

Supposing the tombs be reached, what will be found? The "friend" of our schoolboys, Josephus, says that the tombs have been twice raided, first by the Church and afterwards by the Crown. A Judean high priest was the first to violate them; Herod the Great took the rest, whatever it was. That is Josephus' story.

Benjamin of Tudela, who was in Jerusalem in the year 1163, contends, however, that centuries after Josephus' death, there was treasure in the tombs. Fifteen years before his visit, the rabbi writes, the wall of a church on Mount Zion fell down, and workmen were engaged to repair it.

Two of the workmen, who were friends, "treated one another and repaired to their work after their friendly meal." Their overseer, like a good foreman, reprimanded them, and they replied in words which might be freely translated as "Right-ho, boss, we'll work the dinner hour to make up!"

The Fright of Their Lives.

They were as good as their promise. When their mates knocked off they carried on, and, like Mr. Carter in that

Summer Travel in the Land of Midnight Sun

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

floating-palace class, which tourists seem nowadays to want. Then there are the mosquitoes and building flies, which this summer have been particularly numerous and vicious, and which must always be reckoned with as a discouraging factor in the summer travel situation.

Fifteen hundred tons of miscellaneous freight went down the Arctic route on the boats of the three transportation companies. There was less freight this summer than for the last two years of the particular kind classed as oil-well supplies, and the volume of business under this head clearly reflected the slump in the petroleum game, pending the big strike that is still expected; but there was an increase in the shipments of merchandise and supplies for the fur trading posts. The fur industry, in fact, still holds front place in the north and has again demonstrated its importance by providing the heavy end of both the ingoing and outgoing freight traffic.

The Hudson's Bay Company, the Northern Trading Company, and the Alberta and Arctic Transportation Company are the lines at present operating on the Mackenzie route. Each of them is under the necessity, for geographical reasons, of maintaining two steam vessels, for between the Athabasca and Slave River link of the system and the main riverway there is a stretch of rapids that has to be portaged, and all the freight and passengers have therefore to be trans-

ferred from the Athabasca boats to the Mackenzie boats at Fort Smith. A fleet of motor boats and barges is also operated, the former as auxiliaries and the latter as excess freight carriers.

From the end of steel at Waterways, 300 miles northeast of Edmonton, to Aklayik, the almost-to-the-Arctic terminus, is 1,666 miles by the water route. The round trip is a matter of about thirty days. Good time was made this season on the Mackenzie end, one of the steamers doing the run from Fort Smith to Aklayik and back again in nineteen days. A return ticket from Waterways costs \$240, to which about \$100 is added for meals and berth. Freight rates are based on a tariff of \$12.25 per hundred pounds to the end of the line and \$16.75 for the southbound (upstream) trip.

Something more than the usual interest in the coming of the steamers was aroused all along the route, according to the logs of the three Arctic liners, and when port was made at the end of the run there were crowds of some 300 natives waiting on the shore to give a welcome to the North. By way of returning the compliment the three steamboat crews united one night in a big feast on the beach for the Eskimos, who were not a bit slow in accepting the white men's hospitality and who had a spread of good things that will not be forgotten for a long time.

Steamboating on the Mackenzie has certain resemblances to the river life

of the Mississippi, notwithstanding the differences in the country and the people. All the boats are stern-wheelers and light of draft, as were the southern boats that Mark Twain used to tell about, and some of the Athabasca and Mackenzie river pictures, with one of these boats for a central feature, look for all the world like some of the views between St. Paul and St. Louis. The similitude vanishes, however, when the Indians and Eskimos come down to the shore to see the sights.

There is real beauty on this down-to-the-Arctic route. To say nothing of the bigness and majesty of the Mackenzie itself, with its wide snail reaches into the romantic north, occasional shore-lines of particular attractiveness open out before one. Near Good Hope, for instance, where the river is from two to three miles wide and straight as a crow flies, there is a stretch of twenty miles commonly known as the Grand View. Nowhere else does the great northern waterway show so impressively.

The rapids of the Mackenzie are one of the wonders of Canada. For a distance of seven miles, not far from the Grand View, the river is bordered with perpendicular walls of rock, varying from 100 to 200 feet in height, that overhang it like great shelves. The limestone of which these cliffs are formed is worn and broken into weirdly irregular masses and shapes, while the river narrows so that it gives the impression of a long, rock-girt gorge.

The New Ontario Speaker's Chair.

The latest Speaker's Chair for the Ontario Legislative Chamber has been made by disabled war veterans and is a handsome piece of workmanship, embellished with fine wood carving.

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Feed Schumacher Feed this winter. It is a perfectly balanced ration made of milled products of corn, barley, oats and wheat, with linseed meal. Cows eat it greedily, and digest it easily. They don't "go stale" on it. It is more economical than straight grains.

Try it, and see for yourself that Schumacher Feed pays. It will bring your hogs to market at the earliest date, too. It produces good sound flesh.

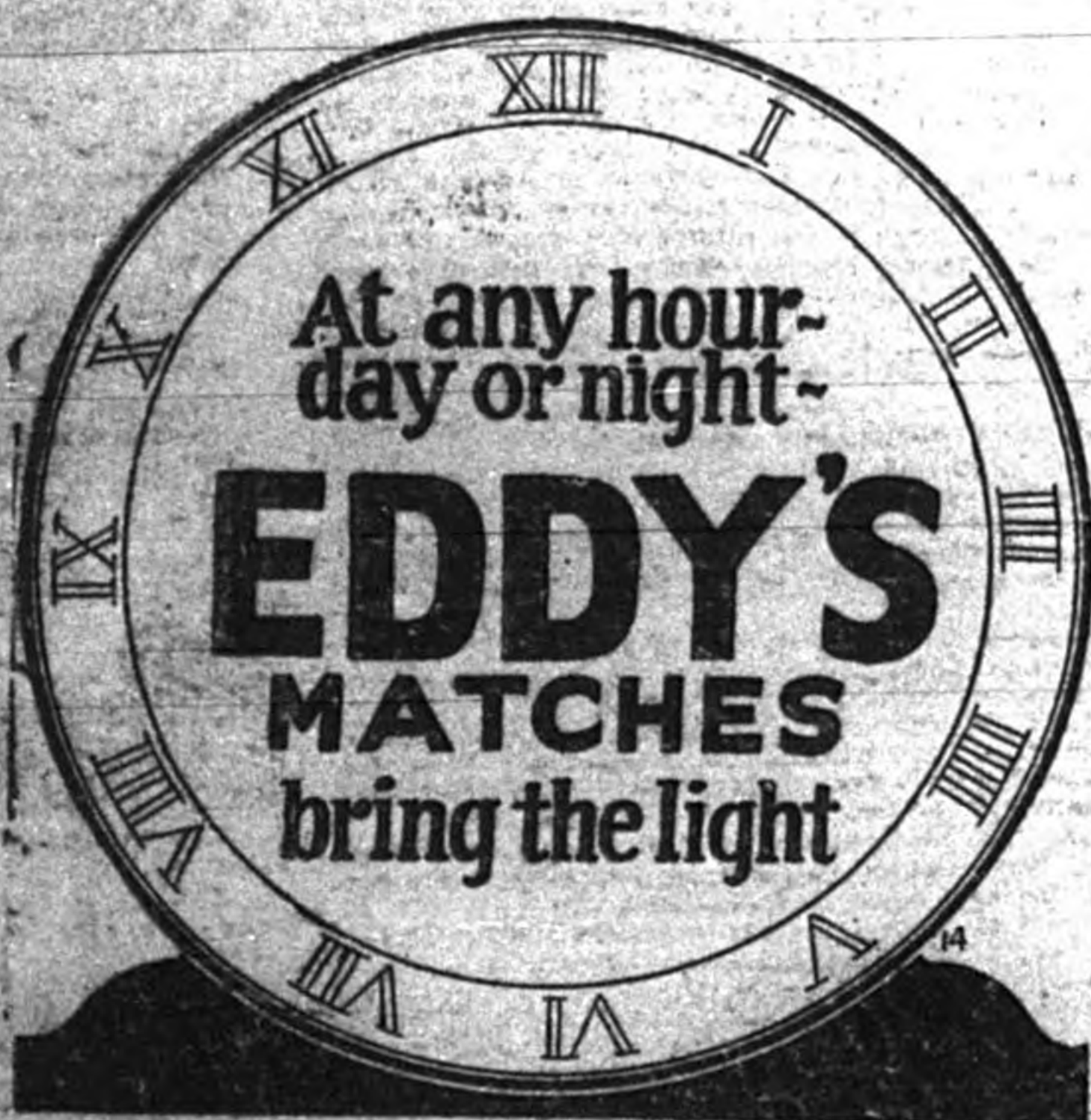
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The Watchman

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J. S. GILES, Editor and Prop.

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EN PASSANT.

"Wonders Will Never Cease."

THE original "Seven Wonders of the World" were marvelous examples of the art and architecture of their times. Like other wonderful things, they appealed to the imagination, and held it, until other things of greater interest displaced them.

Despite the mysticism surrounding the number seven, I suppose that limit of number was made simply so that people would remember the wonders more easily. Yet, I regret to say, a school-boy put me to the blush one day, pointedly asking me, before company, what were the seven wonders of the world, and I could not tell him, off hand. If he had got me quietly into a corner before springing his problem upon me, as he does when he wants vulgar fractions transmuted, it would have been easy enough to satisfy him, but one cannot transform the seven wonders of the world into a dime, with no remainder, at a moment's notice, and before company withal.

One dislikes to be caught napping, so, to prevent a recurrence of my embarrassment, I have reviewed the ancient seven, and I must say I think there are, and were, seventy times seven more wonderful things worth recording, than the selected "seven" wonders of the world.

The Pharos of Egypt, (Number 1 in catalogue,) as a lighthouse, may have been the best of its kind two thousand years ago, and although it was 150 feet higher than the Statue of Liberty, its utility is eclipsed by the Eddystone, and by the many electric light-ships that are dotted all round the coasts of the seven seas. The Pharos, and the Colossus of Rhodes (No. 7) combined, would have been deposed by Bartholdi, whose Liberty Statue is not catalogued as a modern wonder, even if the ruthless hand of time had not overthrown them.

The Pyramids, (No. 2 on the list of seven) are a wonderful example of misapplied human industry. They are only magnificent sepulchres, less artistic but more massive than that other wonder (No. 6) the mausoleum which Artemisia, wife of the King Mausolus, of Caria, erected to his memory. The pyramids, erstwhile sacredly sealed sarcophagi, are now show places. They have been rifled by treasure-seeking ghouls with no respect for sanctity, and parts of the stately sepulchre which two thousand years ago covered the earthly remains of King Mausolus, are now exhibited in the British Museum.

There seems to be a kinship between some of the wonders:—The Colossus of Rhodes was raised in honour of Apollo, the Temple at Ephesus (3) was dedicated to Diana, his twin sister, while the Statue of Jupiter, (5) their father, was the religious tribute of the time to the God of Heaven: (Jupiter in Roman, and Zeus in Greek Mythology.)

The remaining ancient wonder of the world (No. 4) the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, had an origin which is as common today as it was 600 years B.C. when Nebuchadnezzar built the gardens, to gratify his wife, Amytis.

After Neb had destroyed Jerusalem, there was nothing much doing, and as Scott says, "Oh woman in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please," Amytis began to feel weary of the flat plains of Babylon. She wanted to see the old home again, up in her native Median hills. Neb's plans did not include a trip to "The Old Country," so, to stop her nagging, and to distract her mind, he artfully devised the Hanging Gardens.

He laid out four acres of garden, raised on a base supported by pillars and masonry arches, and rising on towering terraces, one above another, to a height of 300 feet. At a distance they looked like a vast pyramid with covered trees, and they were irrigated from a reservoir built at the top, and to which water was lifted by a screw, (they had no pumps in those days,) from the river Euphrates.

THE NEXT LIST of Seven Wonders applies to the Middle Ages. (1.) The Catacombs of Alexandria were still of the sepulchral order of wonders. A catacomb is a veritable subterranean city of the dead. Some of them are said to contain as many as six million tombs. Those of Alexandria were fearful labyrinths, and all of them seem to have been connected in some way with the worship of Serapis, a religion which spread throughout the civilized world two or three centuries B.C. All the bodies in the catacombs were "Waiting to be led into the light." They reposed, in less splendour than kings like Tutankhamen, but on the same principle, which was that they be let alone until the time came for them to come forth again, and that their spirits could visit their tombs, or dwell there, in sacred seclusion. Now, the catacombs, like the tombs

in the Valley of the Kings, are show places: a motley crowd passes to and fro over them, and the dead are not allowed to lie "alike unknowing and unknown."

(2) The Colosseum (or as some call it, The Coliseum) of Rome has become so familiarised by photographs, lantern slides, and moving pictures, that the mere mention of Rome visualizes the pathetic ruin which at one time accommodated 87,000 patrons of sport, at the gladiatorial displays and mimic naval battles which used to be given. Begun by Vespasian and finished by Titus, A.D. 80, this vast amphitheatre, 607 feet long, 512 feet broad, and 159 feet high, still remains one of the most magnificent ruins in the world.

The lower part is comparatively entire, but only a portion of the upper range remains, and although care is taken not to touch the ruins, they are gradually crumbling away, in the sight of man. (3) The Great Wall of China is another stupendous human effort without any permanent benefit or result, and now in ruins.

It was 1500 miles long, and intended to act as a barrier against invasion. Its utility has been amply shown up by history and is increasingly proved by the spirit of an age which substitutes goodwill for stone and mortar and bristling forts.

I do not think that the Porcelain Tower of Mankin (No. 4) merits recognition as a world wonder, any more than does the Leaning Tower of Pisa, (No. 5.) The belfry of the latter is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, an obvious defect which would get a modern architect or contractor sent to Coventry, via the Bankruptcy Court. I think the crooked spire of Chesterfield more notable, for it grew that way itself.

The Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, (No. 6,) is one of the finest ancient existing Christian Churches which was converted into a Royal Mosque, in 1453, on the capture of the City, by the Turks. It is a magnificent building, but so are St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's in London, and the Canterbury Cathedral, as well as other sacred edifices not catalogued as wonders. They are simply great examples of architecture.

Then comes Stonehenge, (No. 7,) which completes the intermediate list. Why this mystic monument is included as a world wonder will have to be discussed next week, together with a selection more up to date.

THE LINKMAN.

BROWNSBURG INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

GRADE VIII.

Geography.

Honours,—Alma Fletcher 92, Doris Golpin 91, Eileen MacGibbon 90, G. Moncrieff 90.

First Class,—Marion Bain 86, Leona Thompson 85, Sarah MacVicar 81.

Second Class,—Violet Murdoch 74, Ida Fletcher 64, Bessie Mason 63, Alex. Masson 63.

Third Class,—Florence Murdoch 50, Robert MacArthur 50, Alwyn Stewart 50.

GRADE VII.

Arithmetic.

None.

Honours,—None.

First Class,—Mansiel Wilson 89, John Galbraith 80.

Second Class,—Mary Black 72, Alfreda Zimmers 70, Wilbert Hardie 62.

Third Class,—Alex. MacGibbon 58, Ivan Monk 54.

GRADE VI.

English.

None.

Honours,—None.

First Class,—Violet Golpin 77, D. MacDonald 77.

Second Class,—Alex. McCulloch 64, Harry Ball 63, Edith Brown 61.

Third Class,—Willie Woods 56, Doris Reid 54, Ayleen Dresser 50, Polly Duncan 50, Theodore Zimmers 50.

GRADE V.

Hygiene.

Honours,—Oscar Cloutier and Howard Tomalty 90.

First Class,—George Connelly 87, Daisy Seary and Ward Moncrieff 79, Willie Mason and Donald Boyd 77, Hazel Boyd 76, Walter McQuat 75.

Second Class,—Lorne Ball 73, D. Stewart 70, Nellie Hazel 60.

Third Class,—Agnes Elliott 58.

GRADE IV.

Arithmetic.

Honours,—Johnnie Kennedy and Francis Kettyle 93, George Stewart 97, Gordon Anderson 94, Fred Cloutier 93, Lizzie Seary 92, Gladys Gilmore 91.

First Class,—Kenneth MacAllister 79, Frank MacGibbon 78, Wilma Tomalty 77, Lily Whyte 75.

Second Class,—Herbie Graves 70, Edna Woods and Mildred Cooper 69.

Third Class,—Jackie Seary 58, P. Fletcher 54, Ivy Steere 51.

GRADE III.

Geography.

Honours,—None.

First Class,—Emily Roberts 89, Earle MacGibbon 88, Winnie White 87, Edith Gilmour 86, David Golpin 84, Ernest Gagne 84, Lily Green 80, Stanley Seary 78, Ethel Kettyle 75.

Second Class,—Alphonse Lareux 74, Willie Hazel 73, Patsy Seary 60.

Third Class,—John Moore 50.

GRADE II.

Spelling.

Honours,—Katie Mott 100, Eric King 97, Irvin Martin 97, Margaret Galbraith 95, Dorothy Tomalty 95, Monica Roberts 95, Harry White 91.

First Class,—Alice Gagne 89, Mabel Monk 86, David Kennedy 81, Ina Campbell 78.

GRADE I. PART II.

Reading.

Honours,—Hilda Townsend 90.

First Class,—Margaret Baggaley 89, Cecelia Martin and Charlie Golden 88, Violet Hewitt 87, Eva Hazel, Gwyneth Wilson and Gordon Mott 86, Alvin Connelly and Stella Tomlinson 83, Sidney Seary, Arthur Green, Ruby Bradford 80, Chester Fletcher 75.

Second Class,—Winnie Seary, Geo. Golden 73, Alex. Brown 70, Frankie Steere 68, George Leroux 66, Cuthbert Marshall 65.

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GRADE XI. Geography

Honours.—Kathleen Morrison 95, Marguerite Heald 90.
First Class.—Margaret Scott 89, Willie Perks 86, Melville Smith 84, Maurice Gagnon 83, Evelyn MacCallum 83, Gavin Graham 81, Donald Hay 79, Gerald Hammond 76.
Second Class.—Jane Bradley 71, Jean McQuat 66, Frances Douglas 61.

GRADE X. Geography

Honours.—Evelyn Matthews 93, Lloyd Somerville 92, Hazel Copeland 90.

First Class.—Charlie Miller 88, Elizabeth Murray 88, Elsie Todd 88, Linton Armstrong 86, Bessie Rodgers 84, Perry Cooke 81, Alta MacDonald 81, Edgar Burwash 81, Hazel Kettyle 78, George Miles 77, Hazel Leishman 77, Irvin Bain 76.

Second Class.—Harold Calder 73, Hazel Morrison 72, Grace Seale 72, Norma Boyd 71, Ena Mason 68, Ena Black 67, Gertrude Gilmour 64.

Third Class.—Christie Robertson 54, Ethel McQuat 51.

GRADE IX. History

Honours.—None.
First Class.—Carl Gordon 78, Kenneth MacGibbon 76.

Second Class.—Roy MacGregor 73, Edward Morrison 71, Wallace Wilson 66, Henry Miles 65, Mary Cruise 64, Ethel Doig 62, Wilhelmina Clarke 60.

Third Class.—Elizabeth MacKinnon 59, Marjorie MacKinnon 58, G. Warwick 58, Nellie Hay 57, Stella Scott 57, Lena Graham 53, Bessie Black 52, Evelyn Kelly 52.

GRADE VIII. English Composition

First Class.—Dorothy Morrison 88, Howard Doig 84, Annie Kelly 82, Anna Miller 81, Agnes Duncan 79, Leta McCullough 78, Elinor McCoy 77, Ethel Morrison 77, Erma Morrison 75.

Second Class.—Russell Elliott 79, Lena Westgate 68, Winnie Clifford 47, Bessie Morrison 67, Alma Boa 66, Nathan Jacobson 65, Ruth Leishman 65, Amy Patterson 65, George Taylor 62, Reta Jones 61, Willis Stanforth 60.

Second Class.—Reta Boyd 59, Janet McQuat 58, Milton Dawson 58, Erma Bennett 55, Evelyn Cruise 55, Ethel Dixon 55, Leslie Gordon 55, Lorne Morrison 54, Elsie Stewart 53, Lila McKiddie 50.

GRADE VII. Writing

Honours.—Doris Prophet 90.
First Class.—Dorina Laurin 82, James Logan 77, Harold Nicoll 77, Laura Noble 76.

Second Class.—Roy Cruise 74, Helen Hutchinson 73, Lloyd Cruise 72, Willie Painter 72, Shirley Hamilton 69, Hazel McKiddie 68, Clifford Cooke 67, Edith M. Boyd 66, Gordon McQuat 66, Christina Vliet 64, James Yelland 64, Eric Middleton 62, Stuart Armstrong 60.

GRADE VI. Agriculture

Honours.—Gwen MacKinnon 100, Freda Mason 100, Rebecca Cohen 97, Gladys Cruise 94, Reta Boyd 93, Alma Duncan 92.

First Class.—Eileen McFaul 77.
Second Class.—Kathleen MacKith 74, Heartland Paul 74, Robert Fulton 69, Stanley Boyd 67, Marion Matthews 61.

Third Class.—Christina MacKenzie 58, Florence Hay 54, Kenneth McFaul 53, Sam Cohen 51.

Grammar. GRADE V.

Honours.—Lena Combie 97.

First Class.—Doris Armstrong 89, Sam Rashevsky 83, Stuart Jones 82, Elsie McFaul 80, Sophie Jacobson 79, Raymond Underhill 76, Olive Stanforth 75.

Second Class.—Raymond Cunningham 74, Morton Morrison 74, Barbara Cunningham 70, Rowena Cowan 66, Janet Hay 65, Eugene Jousse 64, Lorne Wert 61.

Third Class.—Edgar Dion 59, Gordon McFaul 54.

GRADE IV. English

Honours.—Gordon Drysdale 99, Violet Falconer 98, Elizabeth Goldworthy 95, Hannah Rodgers 94, Isabel Cleland 93, Hugh Gall 93, Garfield Clark 92, Eleanor Armstrong 92, Mary Lennon 92, Roland Cruise 90.

First Class.—Edgar Scott 81, Mary Vliet 79, Hugh MacKinnon 79, Thelma Wert 78.

Second Class.—Howard Jones 74, James Beech 72, Charles Lennon 67, Katherine Giles 65, Verner Thompson 61.

First Class.—Roland Dion 50.

GRADE III. Mental and Rapid Arithmetic

Honours.—Rebecca Rashevsky 100, Elizabeth July 100, Louisa Miller 95, Wilson Gall 94, Therese Dallaire 94.

First Class.—Amy Morrison 88, Stewart Anderson 88, Bob Houston 88, Andrew Fulton 88, Louisa Goldworthy 85, Gilbert Black 84, Maureen Bernier 84, Archie McKenzie 82, Jos. Bernier 78.

Second Class.—Louisa Vliet 72, Arthur Belanger 71, Mamie Morrison 70, Clayton Boyd 68, Winston Drew 60, Olive Elkington 60.

Third Class.—Willie Davis 54, Elsie MacVicar 54, Doris Dion 50.

CORRESPONDENCE AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

One of our Health officers was visiting in a slum district, when she heard moans coming from what appeared to be an empty house. With out hesitation she mounted the rickety stairs, to an attic, where lying in a corner on a bed of straw, she found a wee crippled girl, sobbing and moaning with pain.

After some coaxing, the child said her mother was dead, and her father under the influence of drink had beaten her, and gone away, leaving her without food, and she was so tired and hungry.

In a very short time the officer had her removed to a Hospital, and

the Surgeon found the little one suffering from spinal trouble, and knew her short life was slowly ebbing away.

The nurse in charge was a true woman, and the pathetic face, and frail body, appealed to the depths of her heart.

After attending to the material wants of the child, and comfortably tucking her in the little white bed, which was a haven of rest to her, the nurse looked up at the weary little body, she looked up at the nurse with such gratitude, and asked if she would please tell her a little story about Jesus, as mother used to do, before she went away.

As Christmas was drawing very near, the nurse told her of our Saviour's birth, and the loving kindness He always showed to suffering little ones, and how He said "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and one day He was going to ask her to come and live with Him, when He would take all her pains away, and make her strong and well.

In conclusion she told her Christmas Day would bring old Santa Claus along, with a nice present for each one, and asked her what she would like him to bring to her.

With longing in her little trembling voice, she told the nurse, she always wanted a doll of her very own to love.

And, when she lisped her evening prayer, she said, "And please dear Jesus, will you tell Santa Claus to bring me a nice doll on Christmas Day."

Who shall say that our loving Saviour did not hear and answer that simple prayer, by whispering to some kindly heart, that a doll was sorely needed by a little crippled child.

Suffice it to say that when she awakened next morning, her little face beamed with smiles to find a nice doll beside her. She hugged her treasure closely, crying, "Nurse, I am so happy now, and I wish Jesus would ask me to come and live with Him, so that I could show mother my doll! But I do not think He would know me among all these other little girls, because the beds are all the same."

When night came again, and she said her prayers, it seemed that a happy thought came to her; she pressed her doll closely in one arm, and put the other one above her head, and said, "Please Jesus you will see my doll, and my hand will be above my head so that you will not miss me."

And the Great Reaper came that night, and gathered this little girl in His bosom to transplant in that Home He went to prepare for her. Oh! What a sweet smile was on her face when the nurse found her next morning, as though she had gone so willingly to those loving arms waiting to receive her, and take all her pains away.

How happy the sender of that doll would be to know, the best few hours of this little crippled girl, had been perfectly happy through this little gift.

And such happiness can be yours this Christmas time, if you will only give a thought to these other little crippled. Old Santa Claus has a big bag waiting to fill with your toys and dolls and picture books, so please send them along ere it is too late.

"It was on the giver the Crown most fair, On the giver the Angel smiled, 'Twas on one who said as she entered there, 'I helped a little child'."

We have great pleasure in acknowledging a donation from Mr. E. H. Wilson, Lachute, \$10.00. I trust Mr. Wilson will pardon me for quoting from his letter, but I think it will be an incentive to others to respond to our appeal.

"Mr. Wilson asked me to forward ten dollars to assist in your much appreciated work. He wished me to assure you that this to him is a privilege and his only regret is that you find the response to your appeal not so good as it should be."

Wishing your endeavours every success knowing how much it does mean to the Crippled Children.

I am sorry to say that up to present time Mr. Wilson's donation is the only one we have received.

Does our earnest appeal not touch your hearts, when you know that only those who scatter seeds of kindness on the way to the "Life beyond" will be rewarded.

Z. L. CAMPBELL.
The Watchman has received for Children's Memorial Fund from Mrs. A. Beers, \$2.00 and Mr. Ralph Horner, \$3.00.

Lachute Presbyter an Church Holds its 91st Anniversary.

Introducing the Rev. Dr. L. Ritchie, D.D., Principal of the Congregational Theological College, Montreal, who preached the 91st Anniversary Services in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last, the Rev. A. G. McKinnon made reference to the fact that not made reference to the fact that away back in 1799, when but very few families were resident in these parts, the religious life of this community was served by an official member of the Congregational Society, Dudley Stone, the place of worship being an old log cabin, on the north side of the river, and as the first service of 124 years ago was held by a congregationalist, it seemed peculiar, but most appropriate, that the anniversary services should also be conducted by a congregationalist in the person of Dr. Ritchie. Taking his text from Col. 1-18, "And He is the Head of the Body—the Church," the speaker said it was quite fitting on an anniversary day to turn to Christ's Church and get a right conception of its standing. Paul said, "There is a life, and the life is the Head and the body is something mystic." Martin Luther was a mystic with deep glances into the heart of things. Oliver Cromwell, Thomas Carlyle and Charles Kingsley had the heavenly vision. Abraham Lincoln knew what it was to walk in solitude with God, and because he did, he heralded the day for the elevation of man.

The Church is just like a body.

What is a Body? Without life you cannot have it. When life dies it turns back to that from which it came. My body is here because life preceded it and gathered it, and when life ceases to hold it together then ashes to ashes. The Apostle Paul speaks of the Church in the same way. You cannot make a Church as you would Incorporated Companies. In seeking to create the Divine society it begins with life and that is always the difference. He begins with life and power, but we begin with mechanism by building the engine and pouring in the power. We cannot build by Ecclesiastical Organization or make a child of God by ecclesiastical ordinance.

A son of God can be such only by the life of a son. Ten people or two or three can make a church with Christ in their midst but 1000 is only a mob if they have no unifying power. A congregation may be a gathering as my body is held by the life that beats in it, and the Apostle meant that the Church is a Body.

What is the function of the Body? It is to make known the fullness of life that is there. Root, stem, leaf, flower and all just show the abundant life that is in the plant, and so the whole business of the Church is the proclamation of the life of Christ in the world, and She Sometimes Forgets It!

People talk of revelation and going to the Bible. Well, you do get a record, but God's life was in Israel before it was written in a book, and Christ's life was in the Church before anything could be said in the Apostles. First is the thing, and then the story about it, and as men look at the flower, so they should see the Christians in the Church.

Do they? I sometimes think there are things calling themselves churches that are only Ecclesiastical Institutions. The whole business of the Church is to reveal Christ. With the new teachings and views expressed, one is constrained at times to say, "They have taken away my Lord," and instead of revealing the Christ they are trying to obscure.

All revelation of life is made in activity. You see the measure of life in me not when in sickness or in sleep, but when all my faculties are at work; and so Christ's Church manifests His Divine Life in her full ministry.

So you, in the Church in Lachute, should seek to manifest Christ. It is an urgent need in the Church of today, and we should set forth the living example. Good teaching and preaching are always important functions, but the most eloquent sermon is a Christian man or woman making known Christ Jesus. It is because many of the Churches are becoming merely Ecclesiastical Institutions, and are forgetting their holiest task that the Kingdom of God tarries.

What this tragic world needs is a Church, with the open vision of life. Are any of you in danger of becoming a dead finger or a paralyzed limb? Let us bestir ourselves so tomorrow we may have the living revelations of Jesus Christ.

The late William Armstrong.

The funeral of William Armstrong who died at the age of 91 at the residence of his daughter in Buckingham, was held on Saturday last, from the Presbyterian Church, Lachute. Mr. Armstrong was born in Lachute and was occupied in farming near that town all his life, with the exception of the last few years, which he spent with his daughter in Buckingham. Mr. Armstrong is survived by three daughters, two sons and seven grandchildren.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



Save her many fatiguing miles

What more welcome Xmas Gift for your wife or mother than an extension telephone?

The time and strength used in running up and down stairs to answer or make telephone calls can be better employed.

Extension telephones cost only \$1.24 a month! The charge for installing is only \$1.00! They are a wonderful convenience.

If you order now, we can install an Extension telephone for Christmas.



Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance System

"Recipes for Home Made Bread"



A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

The expert baker at the Quaker Mills has collected a number of original recipes for home made bread. They are the recipes of successful home bakers. Every one has been tested and proven in our own bake shop. By using them you can make baking a real pleasure and can be assured of getting good results every time.

We will gladly send the recipes to you, free. Write for them to-day and see for yourself how easy it is to make your own bread.

Try a sack of Quaker Flour. If it does not give you absolute satisfaction, your dealer will refund you your money.

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"CHURCH UNION" TRAGEDIES.

To the Editor of the Watchman. Lachute, Quebec.

Sir:—The world's worst tragedies are not physical but moral and spiritual. Of such tragedies Church Coercion has a plentiful share.

1. It is a tragedy that in this age of light and liberty, of brotherhood and co-operation between the Churches, with Christ's prayer for the unity of His people so fully realized, there should be such attempted reversion to the dark ages when men had to worship as others willed, at peril of prison or death. The penalties today may be different but the evil spirit of coercion still operates as far as the Civil Law will allow.

2. It is added tragedy that this Coercion comes not from without the Church but from within, from those who were entrusted with her care and defence, as her watchmen and guardians, but who have not kept their trust, and are illegally using their position to blot out the Church and drive her membership elsewhere. All who wish are free to leave the Church, but not content with freedom for themselves, they attempt to drive out all others.

3. It is an added tragedy that this illegal misuse of trust is by those who obtained that trust on their giving solemn pledge to "maintain and defend the same" and "not to follow any divisive course from the present order established therein."

4. It is further added tragedy that at the outset of their attempt they entered into unanimous agreement in Assembly, and sent it forth to the Church, that Union "must carry the consent of the entire membership" and have "practically unanimous action;" and when they found that the strong opposition in the first vote was greatly increased in the second vote, and that only one third of the membership voted for "Union," they flouted the people, treated these agreements as a "scrap of paper," and are attempting on that eight year old vote of one third of the membership to wipe out the Church by Act of Parliament.

5. There is the tragedy of attempt to confiscate all trusts held by the Church, a moral wrong, heretofore unknown in Canada; and which, if made law, would forever destroy confidence in the sacredness of a trust, prevent men giving in trust, and greatly injure the work of all institutions depending upon Trust Funds.

6. There is the tragedy of lost confidence in men who—by such ways and means—are attempting this coercion, and while those whom they wrong may forgive them when they repent, the lost confidence can never be restored.

7. There is the tragedy of the effect upon the men of truth and honour outside the Church when they see methods used in the Church and in the name of religion which they would not allow in their own business affairs.

8. There is the tragedy of time and effort wasted in this attempted coercion, compelling others to give time and effort to save the Church, now threatened with wreckage by those pledged to her defence.

9. There is the tragedy of wasted money, thousands of dollars in the past given for missions and misused to coerce those who gave it; this also compelling the spending of thousands more in defence of the Church.

10. There is the tragedy of an empty Church Treasury and hindered mission work caused by this Coercion. Some will not give until assured that their Church will continue, and some are diverting part or all of their giving for the most important work now before them, the saving of their Church to continue her great work in the days to come.

11. There is the tragedy of alienated sympathy from missionaries, who have always been very near the heart of the Church. They have fullest freedom to shape at will their own Churches in foreign fields but some of them, not content with that, have been doing their utmost to wrong their supporters at home, thus alienating sympathy from themselves and their work. An unfortunate result is that other missionaries also suffer in their hindered work.

12. There is the tragedy of members of a great Church having to appeal for justice to Civil Courts and Parliaments from the injustice and wrong illegally attempted against

them within their own Church. 13. There is the tragedy—it would be comedy were it not so pitiable—of meetings now being held all over the land from coast to coast "to show the people the great spiritual uplift" that is to flow from misused trusts, broken vows, and upkept faith, and from the legal enforcement of the "iniquitous" Church Union Bill.

14. The greatest tragedy, that "Bill" becoming law, with its disruption of congregations all over the Church, and its wreckage of the great Women's Missionary Societies, East and West, is not yet come, and will not come so long as justice and right, denied in Church Courts, hold their present high place in the Civil Courts and Parliaments of Canada. But these Civil Courts and Parliaments, and the people at large, must be made to see and realize this violation of the Constitution and Laws of the Church, and this attempt to rob the people of their rights; every loyal member of the Church should give and work for her safety, till this threatened tragedy is averted and she is free to take up once more, unhindered, her great task of giving the Gospel to the world.

From E. Scott, Editor Presbyterian Record, Montreal.

Nov. 20th, 1923.

JOHN D. RAITT DEAD Was Born in Lachute Eighty Years Ago.

At the age of 80 years, John Dixon Raitt, a native of Lachute, and resident of Montreal, for the last 15 years, died at his home, 180 Laporte Avenue, on Wednesday, November 21st, after a brief illness. Mr. Raitt was for a long time in business in Lachute as a tinsmith, plumber and roofer, and was a member of the firm of Maldden and Raitt. He was connected with Calvary Congregational Church, and was a member of the Loyal Orange Order, Argenteuil Lodge. Mr. Raitt, in his youth, enlisted in the Crown for service during the Fenian Raids. He leaves a son, William Raitt; four daughters, Miss Annie Raitt, Mrs. Margaret

et Hainboth, Mrs. Frank Noel and Mrs. Robert Day, besides two brothers, Thomas R. Raitt, Toronto, and James W. Raitt, Winnipeg. His wife predeceased him by six years. The funeral took place on Saturday last, on the arrival of the morning train from Montreal.

In Time For CHRISTMAS

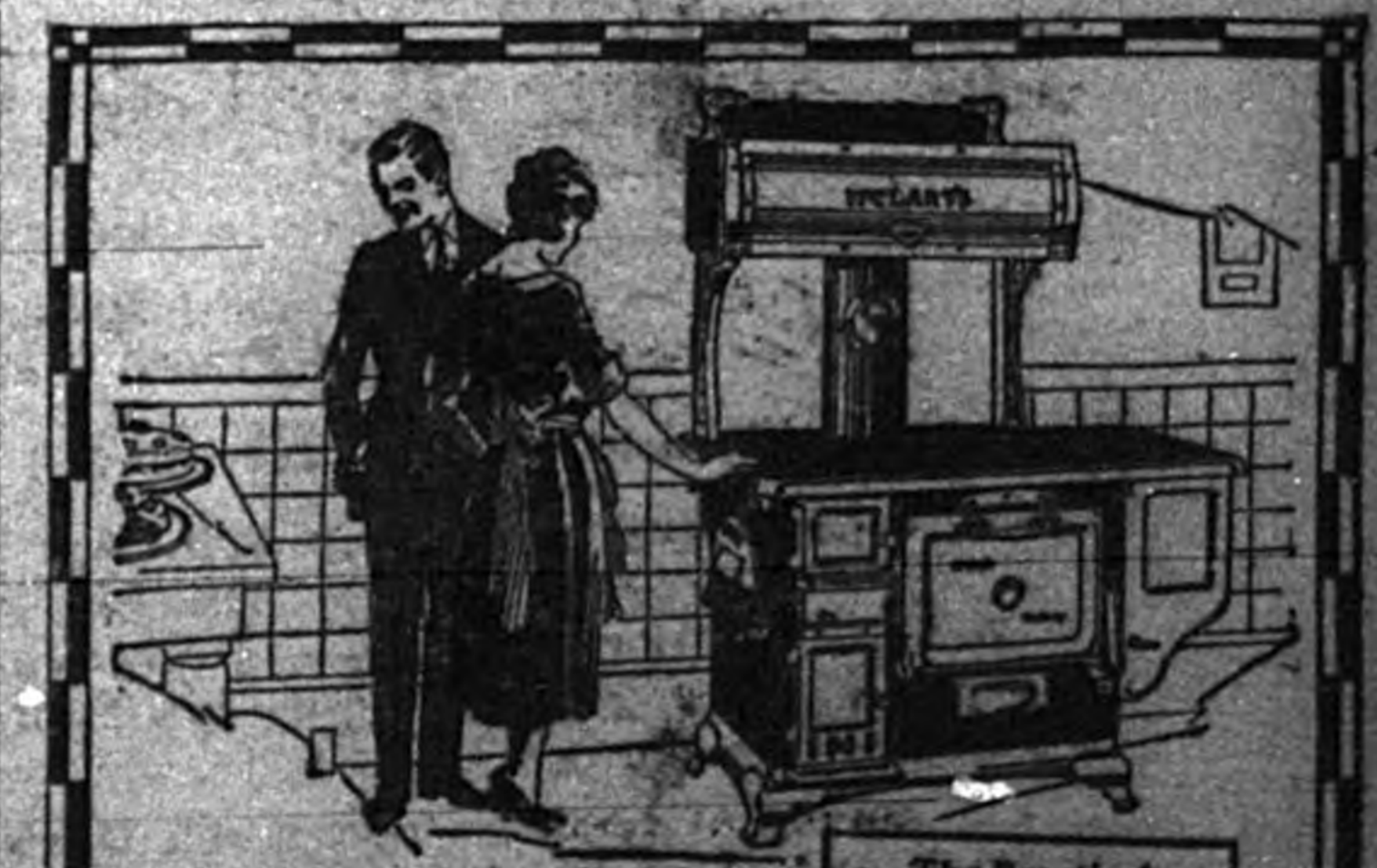
You can be certain of reaching the Old Country in ample time to enjoy all the festivities, when you book your passage on a White Star—Dominion "Christmas Ship."

DORIC (New) . . . Dec. 3
Halifax, Belfast, Liverpool.
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Halifax to London direct.
Minnewaska (New) 1st class only
minimum rate \$180.
Halifax-Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg
PITTSBURGH (New) . . . Dec. 14
Halifax-Glasgow-Liverpool
CANADA . . . Dec. 15
J. S. GILES, Agent, Lachute.



A Range that Makes You Proud

His appreciation of the tempting, beautifully-baked things that come from the oven of the Kootenay adds not only to the good cook's satisfaction, but enhances the happiness of the home.

A man anticipates the good meals that he knows his wife will bake with a Kootenay Oven.

And well he might, for the Kootenay co-operates with all its cooking ability; it is made of Arco Iron. Its oven heats quickly, evenly and holds its heat with a small fire.

Not just a stove—The Kootenay is a master cooking range.

Ask your husband to go with you to McClary's dealer when you wish to buy.

For Sale By
McClary's G. V. Deacon.

Kootenay

THE AUTOMOBILE

HOW TO PRESERVE THE FACTORY FINISH.

In place of the thrill, now rarely experienced, which came from glimpsing a sparkling carriage, drawn by a spanking pair of well-groomed high-steppers, we have the pleasure of seeing wonderfully designed, luxurious cars roll by, in all the glory of exquisite stream lines in glistening varnish and Japan.

To keep these modern vehicles looking one hundred per cent. fit calls for as much care as was bestowed upon the coach of other days, or possibly more, as the later methods do not lend themselves to obtaining finishes equaling in resistance those of former periods.

Fervent demand for speeding up in this section, corresponding with production in other departments, does not admit of allowing the finish that length of time for "setting" which was formerly insisted upon, and which was requisite where best results were sought.

Varnishes, it is true, have been adapted, in some measure, to these more rapid methods of treatment, but much "spotting" of new cars is caused by exposing the cars to weather and mud conditions while the finish is "green," or, in other words, before a sufficiently hard skin has formed on the varnish. Hardening of the varnish skin is assisted by flowing cold water over the surface for from three to four hours, and the purchaser of a new car will derive considerable security from doing this before operating the car. It might be pointed out here that a car bought in the fall and its finish allowed to "set" in cool weather will retain its luster longer and better than one purchased and immediately run in the heat.

ERASE MUD IMMEDIATELY.

However well conditioned, a finish will suffer from permitting mud and dirt to remain on it for any length of time, due to the action of alkaline salts present in the mud.

Finish may be, and very frequently is, damaged beyond repair by careless washing.

The sponges and chamois used for this purpose should be carefully selected, the sponges chosen must be free of sea grit; the chamois soft, without hard fibres. There must be a separate set for the upper and lower portions of the car. Those intended for the upper parts should be thoroughly soaked and washed for the removal of grit, and, in the case of the chamois, to rid it of excess grease.

As much of the dirt as possible should be removed from the surface by slow floating water alone. In taking off the more stubborn dirt by aid of the sponge always keep a film of water between the sponge and the dirt, otherwise the finish will be badly scratched.

Chamois the car dry, and in the process rinse the chamois in clear water occasionally and wring it.

Never use soap on the highly finished surface, whether of varnish or baked Japan. The alkali it frees in solution is destructive. A little soft soap is permissible, even necessary, for the under parts, but must be used very sparingly on the wheels, and thoroughly washed off. The wheel spokes on many cars are denuded by a too free use of soap.

We now come to a matter which has been the subject of much controversy, namely, the advisability of using polish on a car.

Some people hold with unreasoning tenacity to the theory of "water only," seemingly oblivious of the fact that waters are extremely variable in chemical contents, and practically all contain sufficient sodium potassium, calcium and magnesium salts to grey the finish in course of time unless followed by a proper dressing.

PROCESS OF OXIDATION.

Further, a process of oxidation is continually going on in varnish and Japan exposed to atmosphere, causing the formation of a grey scum that water is powerless to remove, and which, if allowed to remain on the surface for any length of time, will destroy it.

If these arguments for the use of polish are not convincing, it might be added that practically all automobile manufacturers employ polish.

The question really resolves itself into the one of what polishes are fit and which unfit for use. In this article it is possible only to submit a few

general points for your guidance in the matter.

Oily and greasy preparations are objectionable. They catch the dust and make the finish flatter than if it had no polish at all, and oil kills varnish just as grease kills a tire.

Spirit preparations are dangerous in the hands of those unskilled in their use.

Wax accumulates, oxidizes and turns grey, and is difficult to remove. It gives, at best, a soft gloss which is a poor substitute for the high brilliancy of varnish and baked Japan.

A polish and cleaner should be separate articles, as it is not necessary or desirable to use a cleaner every time you use a polish.

Cheesecloth is preferred for polishing. It should be of the heavier variety, and washed to remove the dressing. The insides of sugar bags, sometimes offered for this purpose, generally have hard pieces of grit woven right into the cloth which will scratch the finish.

A good polish will hold a finish as closely as possible to its original condition for the utmost period of time. Unfortunately there are very few washing and polishing stations that do really good work, although a great number of owners are willing to pay a higher price for first-class service of this character.

The average factory finish, even on inexpensive cars, will last a surprisingly long time if properly cared for. A refinish is almost always a poor counterfeit of the original, and often an unnecessary expense.

Three-Fold Need of Human Being.

It is a fact well known to science that it takes three simultaneous influences to make a seed germinate in the soil. It must have heat, moisture and air; when these three things come at the same time the long dormant seed instantly springs to life and fulfills its destiny. If one of these is lacking the grain will never become a plant.

So it is with man in his threefold spiritual being, spiritual, mental and physical. The possibilities of greatness are latent in him but if one of these forces is missing he will remain a seed in the desert soil, packed with superb possibilities but barren and sterile without the magic touch of water.—O. S. Marden.

Venice Main Street.

The Grand Canal is the name given to the principal canal and main water thoroughfare of Venice. It is nearly two miles in length, is in shape like the letter "S," and divides the city into two nearly equal parts. The "Canal-azza," as it is called in Italian, is spanned by the Rialto, and is lined with palaces which, although appearing stained and battered in the daytime, loom up grandly in the moonlight.



Didn't Go For Arrest

Patron—"I hear your cashier is in Australia—did he go for a rest?" Bank President—"No; to escape arrest."

To-Night.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
These from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind!
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

—Joseph Blanco White.

One Guarantee.

The Irishman had called at the farm and had asked the farmer to give him a job.

The farmer at first refused to listen to a word he had to say; but after a time, in response to the man's pleading, he agreed to take him on if he could answer a number of questions satisfactorily.

All went well until the farmer asked: "Where do you come from?" "Ireland," replied the man quite readily.

"Ireland!" cried the farmer. "Then that settles it. I can have no more Irish people here; they all die on my hands."

"But, please, yer honor," said the man, "I'll get you a certificate that I have never died on the hands of any of my other four masters."

A Mystery Even to Sam.

The natives of the Bahamas are expert sailors. Somehow without a compass and in all kinds of weather they are able to guide their boats intelligently over the pathless ocean. How they do it is a mystery even to themselves. In his recent book, *In the Wake of the Buccaneers*, Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill says that he tried to learn from Sam, his colored steersman, why he was so confident of reaching the tiny island of St. Croix after a voyage of one hundred miles over a deserted sea.

"Why, chief," replied the native, "Ah don't need to know where we is for to get where we's goin'."

"Well, how on earth do you do it, Sam?"

"Ah can't say," was the reply. "Ah jus' knows where 'bouts th' lan' is, an' Ah Steers for he."



Picking Up Right Along.

"The automobile business is picking up."

"Yes—picking up pedestrians, I suppose you mean."

Miss Gertrude Ederle has set up a new world's swimming record for women by covering 200 yards in 2 minutes 31 4-5 seconds.

Cherries derive their color from heat and not light. Fruit grown under a light which gives no heat remains white, while that cultivated in a hot place becomes red.

The Confession of Monsieur Lavaure

By Roger Regis. Translated by William L. McPherson.

Surprised by the ringing of his doorbell, M. Lavaure lifted himself painfully out of his chair. He was a retired clerk and a widower, living a lonely life in a remote Paris suburb, and he seldom had visitors. He did not like new faces. Anything unexpected upset him. Nevertheless, he went to the door and opened it. Recognizing on the sill one of his former colleagues in the house of Mauvral, exporters, alongside of whom he had worked for forty years and had not seen since his retirement, he cried:

"You, Monsieur Perrin! What good wind brings you here?" The other smiled in an awkward way. He was a small man, delicate looking and diffident, and almost as old as M. Lavaure.

"A good wind? Ah! No! he murmured. "What do you mean?" M. Lavaure had closed the door again and drawn M. Perrin into the narrow room in which he spent his solitary hours. With an impetuosity which age had not abated he repeated: "Tell me! Tell me, then, what is it?" "Tell me something first!" M. Perrin answered. "Does your son live here? Where is he now?"

"Jacques? Yes, he lives here. But at this moment he is away. He obtained a leave from M. Mauvral, he told me, and went to the country last Sunday night. I did not ask him where. One must be discreet with young people. Have they not secrets which do not concern us?"

"And his bearing these last days—has it seemed to you queer—or unusual?"

"Perhaps so. But why do you ask me these questions?"

"I must tell you what has happened at the office. Thirty thousand francs were stolen from the proprietor's safe. Two persons are under suspicion—the cashier and your son."

The old man got up. A rush of blood turned his face crimson. His lips trembled with emotion.

"Why my son? He took over my bookkeeping duties at M. Mauvral's and handles no money. That I know."

"Yes. But on Sunday, before leaving Paris, he said that he had some extra work to do and came to the office, where he was all alone for two hours. Now, on that day the cashier had left the key to the strong box in the lock. The proprietor guarantees the cashier's honesty. Except your son no one was seen entering the es-

tablishment. That is enough to throw suspicion on him."

"Come! Come! It is a wicked idea. Nothing of the sort is possible!" "I hope so, and I came to tell you so that the matter may be cleared up without delay."

M. Lavaure made no answer. He heard nothing but the tumultuous beating of the arteries in his forehead.

M. Perrin also got up. "Don't torment yourself. After you have talked with your son everything will be explained—everything will be arranged. Good luck! I will see you again soon."

When the old man was left alone he tried to recover his self-possession and to reason things out. But the revelation had been so brutal and so perturbing that the fever which possessed him could not be allayed. He walked about the room like a wild beast in a cage.

His son a robber! Absurd! And yet—and yet—a thousand insignificant indications were suddenly marshaled in his memory and took on convincing

importance. Jacques was young—hardly twenty-five. He loved pleasure, spent his earnings freely and often borrowed from his father. Especially in the last few months. And during that time he seemed always restless, preoccupied, lost in reveries which he refused to explain. This trip, too—what did it mean? Was it a flight? Why had he sent no news of himself for the last three days?

Yet a young man may do foolish things without going so far as to steal. If Jacques was innocent, who was guilty? The cashier? M. Lavaure knew this old employee, through whose hands millions had passed and whose scrupulous honesty was beyond attack. No, he could not be the robber.

He or Jacques, they said. Then it was Jacques.

Till tonight M. Lavaure turned this frightful thought over and over in his mind and could not shake himself loose from it. Each new process of reasoning confirmed it. All night the old man sighed in horror and despair. When dawn came he had no longer

any doubts. His son was guilty. He had also reached a decision to go to see M. Mauvral at once.

He arrived at the hour when the establishment opened. He had to wait some minutes. His heart beat painfully, not only because of the strange errand which he was on, but also at seeing himself in such a position in a house in which he had spent a life of probity and honor. Finally he was ushered into the proprietor's office. The latter was a large, tall man, with snowy hair. He walked toward M. Lavaure, held out his hand and said:

"This is a terrible surprise. I hope that you have some favor to ask of me. I should be happy to do you a service."

But M. Lavaure did not take the hand offered to him. Without raising his eyes he said:

"Listen to me, please, and don't interrupt me. What I have to tell you is very disagreeable. Thirty thousand francs have disappeared from your strong box. Well, you must not suspect your cashier. You must not accuse my son! Jacques is innocent. I swear it! I am the guilty one. Yes, I. I have not been retired so long that I have forgotten the run of the place. I accompanied my son here last Sunday and while he was attending to his work I walked through the empty rooms. Suddenly I saw in the safe lock a bunch of forgotten keys. I don't know what folly possessed me. I opened the strong box and stole the money. That is all. Now that I have told you send for the police."

The old man waited for an answer. He heard none and raised his eyes. M. Mauvral was smiling.

"Have pity on me!" M. Lavaure continued. "Put me under arrest."

The other finally replied: "Monsieur Lavaure, you have a soul greater than I thought you had and I admire the heroic quality of your paternal love. That no suspicion may attach to your son you declare yourself guilty of a robbery which you never committed. Yes, your sacrifice is beautiful. But it is needless. We have the real criminal. He is a minor employee who broke in here last Sunday. He has confessed and returned the money. Now, if you will let me, I will shake your hand."

Very pale, but pale with joy, the old man grasped the friendly hand held out to him. Squeezing it in a transport, he murmured:

"Ah, I like this much better!" "So do I," said M. Mauvral.

FORGOTTEN WATERLOO

A news despatch from Brussels describes the battlefield of Waterloo as no longer important in the itinerary of tourists. The inn and restaurant keepers, the guides, the relic vendors, all of whom for nearly a century got a satisfactory living out of the steady stream of visitors to the scene of the great Napoleonic defeat, are represented as having given up in despair. Their business is ruined. The inns and restaurants are closed. The guides have gone elsewhere. The relic vendors and their more or less authentic souvenirs have vanished. Waterloo is a deserted village.

For this the great war is responsible. That stupendous conflict temporarily overshadows all other great international collisions that preceded it. For the time being it has upset the world's historical perspective. The scenes of battle that wrought radical map changes and left the impress of their decisions on distant generations are not now the determined points of interest to the casual traveler they once were. The 1914-1918 deluge of slaughter and devastation, kept up in practically one continuous battle roar on a front extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, has obscured the importance of conflicts of days gone by.

Of this fact the present eclipse of interest in the Waterloo battlefield is a striking instance. So easy of access, so close to the beaten paths of tourist travel, the scene of this memorable engagement drew thousands of visitors every year from all parts of the world. From Byron's "There was a sound of revelry by night" to Victor Hugo's minutely vivid descriptive pages the story of the great battle which marked Napoleon's downfall has been told over and over again in verse and prose, of which some is of the literary fibre that endures. The very name Waterloo has been embalmed in many languages as a word more all embracing than any other to carry the meaning of overwhelming defeat.

For the people of Great Britain, in particular, the blood soaked Waterloo arena has been for years the objective of pilgrimages as to a shrine dedicated to British valor. To think of Englishmen forgetting Waterloo is to think of their forgetting Wellington, their forgetting Trafalgar and Nelson.

And yet the great war seemingly has for the moment wrought this miracle. Authentic information leaves little doubt that Waterloo is for the time ignored. Its colossal lion broods over a pilgrim deserted solitude. It temporarily is a mere neglected graveyard of brave men, victims all of an insatiable criminal ambition, their few thousands swallowed up and lost in the swarming multitude of millions upon millions of the victims of the great war's dead, they too victims, every one of them, of a conscienceless criminal ambition.

But this is only temporary. The importance of the world's decisive battles of the past is undiminished. Their respective arenas are of as great historical and sentimental interest as ever. Despite the fact that the numbers engaged and the weapons used in them seem pitifully insignificant compared to the millions involved in the world war and the appalling destructive powers of the weapons with which that conflict made the world familiar, despite all this, Hastings and Blenheim, Plains of Abraham and Queenston Heights, Waterloo and Gettysburg remain none the less crucial conflicts than were Vimy Ridge and the Marne.

If for a time the earlier fiercely fought engagements are overshadowed by those more recent and more imposing as measured by mere weight of physical force involved—if for a time these epoch marking battles of long ago are obscured in men's memories, they are not forgotten. Nor will their respective scenes remain unvisited.

When the world's still disturbed nerves are back to normal once more, when its historical reading glasses are readjusted to their former longer range vision, little doubt that then the now deserted Waterloo will come into its own once more.

During excavation at the ruins of Nendrum Abbey, in Ulster, the workmen found a bell of riveted wrought iron, originally covered with a coating of bronze. This is believed to have been the bell presented by St. Patrick to Mochoil.



THE UPLIFTER

I often hear my neighbors say, "That Mrs. Bunk is truly great; inspired, she goes her noble way, and makes dire evils pull their freight. Whenever there's a high crusade to battle sins we all abhor, we see Miranda Bunk arrayed in all the panoply of war. She leads a grand and useful life, as all the moralists agree; Jack Bunk should glory in his wife, but ah! a grouchy dub is he. No high ideals fill his soul, no fine ambitions spur his mind, but creature comforts are his goal, to things uplifting he is blind." And yet, although it be a crime, I sympathize with poor old Jack, when he comes home at supper time, and finds no fodder in the shack. No tempting pies does he behold, unwashed are all the plates and spoons; the kitchen stove is bleak and cold, there is no scent of stewing prunes. He's labored roundly in the mart dispensing gas for limousines, and with an aching, broken heart, he eats a can of slimy beans. His noble wife has run amuck to benefit her fellow-man, and Jack, who longs for roasted duck, must eat cold victuals from a can. And so when people wildly boast that splendid dame and all her deeds, I think of Jack who goes to roost without the wholesome grub he needs.

IN RABBITBORO



CANCER

GREAT SUCCESS OF
CANTASSIUM TREATMENT

A well-known London Surgeon and recognized authority on Cancer has created worldwide interest in the discovery that Cancer is due to a deficiency of potassium "salts" in the body which causes the cells to break down and become malignant.

In order that everyone may learn

The Real Cause of Cancer

A remarkable book has been specially written.

This book will be sent free to patients or anyone who is interested in the most successful method of fighting "THE CANCER SCOURGE."

The following is a list of the chapters:

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6. Common Errors in Diet.
7. The Influence of Food.
8. Medical Endorsements of Our Claim.
9. The Chief Minerals of the Body.
10. The Therapeutic Value of Potassium.
11. How to Avoid Cancer.
12. The Cause of Cancer.
13. The Great Value of Potassium.
14. Parts of the Body Liable to Cancer.
15. Parts Which Are Seldom Affected.
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With this book are a number of interesting case-reports, proving the great value of "Cantassium Treatment" in various cases. The treatment is simple and inexpensive, and can be easily taken in one's own home. Apply for free book to Charles Walter, 61 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

THE TALE THAT ECHO TOLD

By John T. Troth

The ancient village of Burb (as all travelers toward the icy passes of Khor-gap well know) lies a half day's journey beyond Gaw, on the left bank of the River Gurg, from the incessant murmuring of whose waters over their silver-pebbled shallows it takes its name. And a very long time ago there dwelt in that place a most skillful physician, named, if I have remembered the tale aright, Men Yu, the fame of whose vast learning had penetrated even as far as purple-roofed and gorgeous Sudaban, and his proud neighbors never wearied of prophesying that he would some day be called as court physician to the great King.

In his youth Men Yu had loved and courted Yonda, the beautiful daughter of the King's eunuch, and, finally winning her from his rival, Gorlon, had married her, they two living together most happily for three years. Then came to that part of the world the year that no man forgets even to this distant day, when the fetid breath of the white fever was borne northward on humid breezes from the far jungles of Umb, it kissed, among many others, Yonda, who, in spite of all Men Yu's wisdom, wasted away and died in the hushed space between night and dawn glow.

One winter evening many years later when Men Yu, resting from his laborious studies, was lost in thoughts (as ever at such times) of the beauty and goodness of Yonda, there came a knocking at his door. Withdrawing the oaken bars he admitted a man attired in gorgeous silks of green and gold, and from the manner of his dress at once knew him to be from a far eastern country which lay, men said, even beyond the fiery plains of Hun-thir, and those of Gerst. He proved, indeed, to be a merchant of storied Am-bur, whose far-gleaming roofs are reported to be slatted with nothing less than the burnished scales of golden dragons overcome in old, forgotten battles, and he dealt in mysterious wares and strange enchantments calculated to divert the mind and beguile the soul away from all sad thoughts. The trafficking was carried on secretly for fear of the anger of the priests, who had great jealousy of the occult powers of his merchandise. Men Yu had often heard of these things and was glad to see them with his own eyes, but steadfastly refused to buy, saying that he had no wish to be diverted either from his labors or from his sorrow.

At last the merchant, seeing that he was obdurate, confessed that he had yet to reveal the most truly amazing thing of all. Feeling in his turban, he brought forth a tiny, violet-colored shell, within whose labyrinthine convolutions he asserted there dwelt a spirit, a mere voice, called Echo, who, while invisible to any eye, was capable of reproducing, as on a veritable mirror or sound, all that had fallen upon the ear of man since the world was but a little pellet of moist clay, rolled between the thumb and forefinger of God. Men Yu was tremendously interested at hearing this, and asked the merchant for proof of his incredible claims. The latter thereupon commanded Echo, and the physician at once heard, quite plainly, the confused babble of strange tongues in the streets and bazaars of far-off, Eastern cities, the tinkling of silver-tongued bells on the anklets of dancing girls, and the weird long-drawn cries of priests praying for their minarets at the going down of the sun.

These wonders, and especially the last, convinced Men Yu that Echo would indeed prove a most invaluable and diverting companion, and further, he saw the possibility of discovering

through her voice many of the lost secrets and mysteries of the past, so he inquired of the merchant his price. The man in green and gold thereupon named remarkable conditions under which alone could he think of parting with this the chiefest of his treasures. Many and wondrous were the revelations unveiled by the obedient voice of Echo, and without parallel became the fame of Men Yu throughout all the then known world. By the irrefutable evidence of conversations hoary with the breath of centuries and unrecorded save within the memory of Echo he mastered, one by one, the most problems that had vexed the wisest men of his time.

But, improbable as it may appear, although Men Yu never ceased to dwell affectionately upon his memories of incomparable Yonda, years passed before it occurred to him to bid Echo resurrect from the silence of the tomb the voice of his love as he had delighted to hear it during the cruelly brief years she had been with him. One wild, stormy night, however, when he was more than usually lonely, he thought of this new wonder and joyfully commanded the shell to give up those dearly cherished sounds. Echo was unaccountably silent at first and, when he insisted, seemed to speak sadly and reluctantly. Then, as Men Yu listened so hungrily, he heard Yonda's own voice in conversation, not with himself, but with Gorlon, his rival, and through her tones there breathed a smoldering fire of passion, such as even he had never heard therein.

Finally Men Yu rose and, first sealing the door and windows of his room with wax, took certain magical powders from sundry vials, blending them together in the form of a pyramid in a little earthen bowl. Upon its summit he laid the violet shell, and then powders here and there with a blazing splint from the fire. As dense volumes of pungent smoke arose from the smoldering heap, he addressed Echo in these words:

"It is known to me that your voice may not wholly be destroyed, but, for the peace of mind of all the ensuing ages, I will curb your too faithful tongue, and return to utter oblivion the secrets of the dead past!"

Amazing Appetites.

Our forefathers seem to have been mighty men, who thought nothing of riding 100 miles a day or of performing feats of pedestrianism from which we would shrink. It is possible that we are becoming more feeble because we do not eat enough.

Even fifty years ago meals were far more hearty than they are now—one has only to read Dickens to realize this. Our grandfathers would have felt starved on the diet that most of us find sufficient.

But if we go back a few centuries we find appetites that seem amazing. Louis XIV. of France, who had the reputation of being a very moderate trencherman, used to breakfast off four cutlets, a whole chicken, four or five eggs, and some ham.

The records of a dinner given by Henry VIII. show that each guest consumed nearly half a stone of food. The fish course alone included eels, salmon, pike, barbel (now considered quite unfit for food), mullet, and sturgeon.

Catherine de Medici offered her guests a feast in 1545 at which the recast alone—there were a dozen other courses—consisted of peacocks, bustards, pheasants, capons, herons, swans, cranes, geese, hares, rabbits, deer pigs, quails, and ducks.

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Down to the Sea.

No mountain path, no meadow way, no road
Urging me inland holds my feet for long;
Across my back the salt wind's flicking goes
Is laid; and in my ears the wild, blue song
Of distant waves is sounded. I am faint
To run again the highway to the sea,
Through sun and fog, through silver mist and rain,
Uncaptured by the green arms of a tree,
I reach the wild wastes of the singing sand,
Where white surf blossoms briefly break and die,
Where earth's a pebble in the sea's curved hand,
And shining masts aspire to the sky,
Where jade dark drums their lonely challenge beat
Against the rocks; and where to die were sweet.

It is estimated that there are 40,000,000 tons of the best iron ore in British Columbia, these resources having scarcely been touched yet.

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

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

Care of the feet is of the utmost importance to health. The custom in this and other so-called civilized countries of cramping and binding the feet in leather shoes has created a real "foot" problem. One cannot be surprised at foot troubles when we know that there are about twenty-seven bones in each foot, and these are connected up by ligaments, muscles, tendons, etc., with a network of arteries and nerves. The wonder is that the pressure of shoes that are made oftentimes to suit fashion rather than comfort, there is not even more foot troubles than there actually is. One of the first hints that there is something wrong with the feet is brought to the attention of the sufferer by a pain in the muscles of the leg. Sometimes this pain takes the form of a cramp, sometimes of a dull pain, and sometimes the muscles of the leg tire easily; the feet may burn or feel uncomfortable. Whenever any of these conditions occur, something is wrong. Away back in childhood the trouble often begins. It is then that the bones are somewhat soft and not properly calcified. Any pressure, squeezing or

binding of the bones of the feet, therefore, is dangerous in children and may lead to life-long infirmity.

Our boasted civilization certainly brings us little benefit as far as foot ease and foot comfort are concerned. In countries where the custom is to travel barefoot, one seldom, if ever, sees any malformations of the feet. Savages are wonderful walkers. As a rule they could out-distance any white man who since childhood has had his feet cramped up and compressed in leather shoes. Like practically every other ailment of adult life the harm begins in the early days of life. If our varying weather permitted, every child should be allowed to run barefooted during nine months of the year. His feet would thereby harden, and the movement and freedom of the toes would strengthen the feet and allow the bones to grow in a natural way. When boots have to be worn, care should be taken to see where they wear, both on soles and heels, so that the mechanism of the feet can be studied and if there is any deformity to find whether the cause lies in the foot itself or in the legs.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If You Have You Are in Need of a Tonic Medicine.

Are you pale and weak, easily tired and out of breath on slight exertion?

Are you nervous? Is your sleep disturbed? Do you wake up in the morning feeling as tired as when you went to bed? Is your appetite poor, your digestion weak, and do you have pains after eating?

If you have any of these symptoms you need a tonic, and in the realm of medicine there is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and bring the glow of health to pale cheeks. The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the case of Mr. Horace Cuphill, Woodward's Cove, N.B., who says:—"The first indication that my general health was not good was a shortness of breath after the least exertion. Then my appetite began to fail, and after eating it seemed as if there was a lump in my stomach. I grew so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without resting. Then I was taken with a numbness all over my body and was in a sad plight. I was under a doctor's care, but as I was not getting any better, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first few boxes did not seem to help me but my wife urged me to continue their use and I got four boxes more. Before these were gone I could eat a fair meal, the numbness was leaving me and I was feeling much better in every way. I took the pills for a while longer, and felt that I was again a well man. I still take the pills occasionally but have had no return of the old trouble."

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.



Right! Bag of Flour—"You're nothing but a measly little cake of yeast." Yeast Cake—"Yes, but I'll get a raise out of you all right!"

MONEY ORDERS.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

Only one breeding-ground for flamingoes remains in North America, and this is on British soil. These birds have been slaughtered by the natives of the Bahama Islands until there are now only about 1,200 left.

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We pay weekly and offer steady employment selling our complete and exclusive line of whole-roof, freighting-to-order trees and plants. Best stock and service. We teach and equip you free. A money-making opportunity.

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Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator,
MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teaching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.
At All Druggists

Borax as Precious as Gold.

Borax is used in every household—in talcum powders, eye lotions, medicinal powders, and soaps. And yet, four thousand years ago, it was a rarity almost as precious as gold.

In the days of Babylon the only known sources were in a few salt marshes in the Gobi Desert, north of the Himalayas. It was collected by natives. Small Himalayan sheep carried it slung in bags round their necks down the steep mountain-sides into India, and it was then taken by camels to Eastern Europe.

It was used by goldsmiths for cleaning the surface of molten gold. Only by means of borax could the crude metal be refined and worked into rings, amulets, and breastplates.

Nowadays the United States produces more than 40,000 tons a year. Thirty years ago its richest source was a Californian desert called the Death Valley—a place believed to be the hottest and driest spot on earth. A company supported by British capital worked the mines. Until they built a railway ten years later the produce was hauled by mules over 165 miles of uninhabited desert.

A new borax mine, believed to contain ten million tons, has been discovered in Nevada. The world will now have far more than it wants, unless new uses are discovered for what was once a rarity.

China's Millions.
China is so over-populated that there are always many more coolies than work for them. If at any time all of China's coolie millions should find employment it would mean that trade and business were going at top speed in the republic.

DON'T COUGH

Rub the throat and chest with Minard's. Also inhale. It gives quick relief.



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

15¢ per packet
80¢ a 1/2 lb tin

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

When Ignorance is Bliss.

A monarch of pork packing who has founded his own dynasty was continually badgered by his socially aspiring wife to furnish his palatial residence in the classic manner.

As a concession he ordered a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo to be shipped to him by express. On its arrival it was unpacked in the great ballroom, but to his dismay both arms were missing.

"Gosh darn their hides; they've smashed her," he murmured. "I'll sue them."

He did—and the company paid his claim!

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

If you are bothered with mislaying small tools such as pliers and wrenches, or even hammers and jack-knives, give them a coat of bright red paint. You'll still lose them, but they will be easy to find again.—H. C. L.

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IRRITATED BY
SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS
RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS
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Be Safe!

Don't wait for someone to be in pain to get Kendall's Spavin Treatment in the house.

For all external hurts and pains—for all muscular troubles.

Kendall's Spavin Treatment makes good.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT makes good. KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT makes good. KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT makes good.

Get a bottle of your druggist's today. Regular for Horse Treatment—Refined for Human use. DR. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY, Kenosha, Wis., U.S.A.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT

Dentist—"Am I hurting you?" Smart Patient—"Oh, no; I make it a rule to groan twenty minutes every day for my health."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

It appears to us there is much truth in the following: A deacon of a church asked a man as he entered the House of God, "Have you come to serve the Lord?" The man replied, "No, I have been serving God all the week, now I have come to worship Him."

Classified Advertisements

SILVER FOXES—NOTES FROM MY DIARY (Booklet). Miss Fox's experience ranching foxes. 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia.

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PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Hard, Large and Scaled Over, Itched and Burned.

"My trouble began with a breaking out of pimples on my face which soon spread up into my hair. Some of the pimples were hard and large and scaled over. They caused much itching and burning, and my face was sore and red."

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in two weeks I could see an improvement. I continued using them and in six weeks was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Flora Nesbom, Box 52, Fairview, Mont., Feb. 7, 1922.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 5, P.O. Box 100, Portland, Me. Write for Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

MRS. MISENER'S ACHES AND PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Branchton, Ont.—"When I wrote to you for help my action was mostly prompted by curiosity. I wondered if I, too, would benefit by your medicine. It was the most profitable action I have ever taken. I heartily assure you, for through its results I am relieved of most of my sufferings. I have taken six boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and I can honestly say I have never been so well before. I had suffered from pains and other troubles since I was fifteen years old, and during the 'Great War' period I worked on munitions for two years, and in the heavy lifting which my work called for, I strained myself, causing pelvic inflammation from which I have suffered untold agony, and I often had to give up and go to bed. I had doctored for several years without getting permanent relief, when I started to take your medicine, when I started to take your medicine, when I started to take your medicine."

Writes to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments of Women."

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UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetylacid-ester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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OF CANADA

Capital Authorized: \$5,000,000.00
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It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

You can procure a Safety Deposit Box in which to store your valuables and important papers. It offers you security at little cost.

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Work Shirts	Pumps
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Open every Night of the Week

Always Good Pictures that will ensure a pleasant evening. The latest Productions

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Commences at 8 o'clock. Popular Price of 25c.

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\$4,000 Stock at F. Paquette's Store

This Sale will start on Monday, Nov. 19th, for 2 weeks.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Wholesale and Retail Phone 55

We have always on hand Beef, Pork Bacon and Ham, Fresh Sausages, and all kinds of vegetables. Also Fruits and choice line of canned goods.

A. RAYMOND Foundry Street, - Lachute

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

We are now in our new store with a complete assortment of wanted tweed Serge, Melton and Beaver of all kinds, if you need a new Suit or Overcoat. Take this advantage of our big choice and our low price.

We also have cloths for Ladies Coats.

We have 27 years experience in this trade.

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ARE YOU READY FOR FALL? REMEMBER THAT WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AS OUR STOCK INCLUDES—

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McFAUL BROS.

The Up-to-Date General Store - Lachute Mills.

DISTRICT NEWS

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Miss C. Walsh spent Monday and Tuesday of last week in Montreal. The members of Christ Church W.A. are being entertained at the Rectory, this (Thursday) afternoon.

Miss Madeleine Neve, who was in Montreal for a few days, returned home on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Geo. Jeffrey and Miss Henry returned from a two weeks visit in Montreal, last Tuesday evening.

Among those who attended the funeral of the late Miss E. Albright, on Tuesday last were Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hay, Lachute, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Geneva, Miss McPhee, Montreal, and Mr. Alex. McPhee, of Cowansville.

The Sale of Work and Chicken Supper, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church, was a grand success and the ladies are to be congratulated. The proceeds, with donations in money of \$115.00 amounted to \$401.00.

A meeting of the Teachers of the Presbyterian and Anglican S. Schools, was held at the home of Mrs. Pitcairn last Tuesday evening, when it was decided to have the Christmas Tree and Entertainment in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 21st. The programme is in the capable hands of the teachers of the Consolidated School and promises to be a very good one.

Don't forget; What? When? Where? The annual W.A. Christmas Sale, Cafeteria and Entertainment, on Thursday afternoon and evening, December 6th., in the Town Hall. Sale commences at 3 p.m. Cafeteria open from 4 p.m., Entertainment at 8.30 p.m. Tickets adults 30cts. Children under 12 years, 15 cts. Vocal solos and choruses and the Anglican Dramatic Club, will put on two short plays, "An interrupted proposal," and "William."

ARUNDEL.

The Church Services, on Sunday next, Dec. 2nd, will be as follows:—

ANGELICAN.

Grace Church, Arundel 10.30 a.m.

Glen Weir 3.00 p.m.
S. School, Grace Church 7.00 pm
Rev. Geo. H. Gagnon, M.A., Rector. 2.30 p.m.

ARUNDEL UNION CHURCH.

Rockway 10.30 a.m.
Crystal Falls 3.00 p.m.
Arundel 7.00 p.m.
S. School, Arundel 10.30 a.m.

Rev. C. H. Hethrington, MA. B.D. Several of the City people who have cottages at Bark Lake, were up for the week-end, and although a light snowfall and rather unpleasant weather prevailed, they one and all declared that they had a good time.

As compared with the heavy snowfalls reported at various places, of from one foot, to 14 inches, Arundel came off lightly, only about 4 inches having fallen, and this is fast disappearing with the prevailing mild weather.

Do not miss the Social and Concert, in Stanforth Hall, on Saturday evening, Dec. 1st, under the auspices of the Arundel Branch of the Women's Auxiliary, for which a fine programme of Songs, Choruses, Dialogues and Music, has been prepared, and as Special Features, "The Dancing Dwarf," and "Mrs. Jarley's wax-works," will be provided. Refreshments will be served during the intermission, and the prices of admission to the Hall, will be, for adults 35cts. Children 25cts.

CUSHING.

Mrs. J. D. Weir spent Monday in Montreal.

Mrs. A. Graham is visiting friends in Montreal this week.

Mr. Steven Walford, of Montreal, spent last week-end in Cushing.

Mrs. Geo. Nicholls and Miss T. Weir, Jr., were in Hawkesbury on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. J. McFaul visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. McGillivray at Lachute this week.

Mrs. E. O. Keatley will entertain the Ladies Association of St. Munro's on Friday afternoon next.

Miss White was hostess on Saturday afternoon last at a well attended and very enjoyable meeting of the Methodist Ladies Aid.

Mass Meeting

of all interested in the great question of

Church Union

will be held in the

Presbyterian Church, Lachute

THURSDAY, Dec. 6th, 1923

at 8 p.m.

Speakers for the occasion will be:

Rev. DR. ROBERTS, D.D., of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, and the Rev. Principal Smythe, D.D. L.L.D., of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

EVERYONE IS INVITED

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Mr. John Fair was a week-end visitor at Abenoir Hall.

The Literary Club will meet at the home of Mrs. W. J. Pitcairn on Dec. 3rd, at 8 o'clock.

Among the week-end visitors were Miss Katie McOuat, Mr. Fred Webster and Mr. Jack Muir.

The Weekly Cottage Prayer Meeting was held at the home of the Misses Hibbard on Thursday evening.

The heartfelt sympathy of the Community is extended to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Blair and family in their sad bereavement.

The Rev. E. C. Currie, of Hawkesbury, and the Rev. W. Usher, of Cushing, were guests at the Manse over Friday evening.

Mr. A. C. Matthews spent Thursday he 22nd, in St. Andrews East.

The choir practice will be held at the home of Mrs. J. P. Bradley on Saturday evening.

A most successful sale, supper and concert under the auspices of the Ladies Aid, St. Andrews East Presbyterian Church, was held last Friday, in the Town Hall.

Public Service will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next, Dec. 2nd, at 11 a.m., and 7.30 p.m. The pastor Rev. J. Burgess will preach at both services.

Mrs. C. L. Adam returned from Montreal on Tuesday evening, where she has been visiting friends for the last six weeks, and is making her home with her sister at the Manse.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. A. E. McGregor and seconded by Mr. W. A. Bradley and a most successful evening was brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem.

Mrs. George Jeffrey deserves especial mention for the part she took in making the 'Sale' such a success. Although just returned from the city, where she and Miss Hendry had

worked strenuously in aid of another Church in the North End, she worked indefatigably, and with her assistants Mrs. W. A. Bradley, Mrs. C. W. Lamb and Miss E. Hendry, sold over one hundred dollars at the close of the sale, with quite a lot of articles still to dispose of. The Ladies Aid table, in charge of Miss H. McEwen, Mrs. W. Jeffrey and Miss Tina Walsh totalled \$78.00 odd and together with donations and door receipts the handsome amount of \$410.00 was realized.

The sale opened at 4 o'clock. Supper being served between six and eight, followed by a concert in which the following took part. The Presbyterian Choir under the leadership of Mr. Tom Webster, ably assisted by the redoubtable Mr. Jack Fraser, all "dressed" and "corked," took us "away back to Dixie," where the "niggers" finished up their days labors, by joining in the singing of the old Songs that helped them to forget the hardships they were forced to endure while picking the "cotton" under the supervision of the husky slave drivers. The singing was well balanced, and blended nicely. Mr. Tom Webster was a splendid accompanist. Rev. E. C. Currie sang acceptably, and Rev. W. Usher favored us with two violin selections. Miss Yarker convulsed the audience, with one of her recitations, and Mrs. G. S. Wales was in splendid voice, and was enjoyed immensely.

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Wm. D. Gifford

Navigation on the Ottawa has practically closed for the season and the canal employees expect to be released from duty the latter part of the week.

MORIN HEIGHTS.

Messrs. John and James McCullough motored to Montreal last Monday.

Mr. Thomas E. Scall accompanied by Mr. Archie Hamilton secured a fine deer, Saturday, some distance north of town.

Mr. Harold McLeod who has been visiting his sister Mrs. N. Hunting here for some weeks returned home to Scotstown, last Tuesday.

The sermon in Trinity Church, Sunday last, was an appeal for more earnest study of the work in the mission fields in which the Canadian Church is working.

This district would seem to have been a hunter's paradise this year if we may judge by the number of deer to be seen at the Railway Station from time to time en route for Montreal and other points whence the hunters came.

An interesting meeting of Morin Heights Board of Trade was held Saturday evening, when Mr. N. Hunting was elected as Publicity Advisor in place of Victor Jekill resigned. Pamphlets setting forth the attractions of Morin Heights as a Winter Resort were ordered published.

On Monday evening at the call of School Inspector McOuat, a goodly number of ratepayers met in the school house and received valuable interesting information from the Inspector as to how some things could be done to improve our educational work in the town and surrounding district. It is expected that good fruit will soon result.

On Tuesday under the leadership of the Inspector, and Miss Tanner, supervisor of French for the Province, an interesting Teachers' Conference was held at which the following teachers were present:—Mr. C. Brownlee, Mrs. Wm. Smiley and Miss Small from Arundel; Miss I. Bennett (Leopold School) and Miss Morrison, Morin Heights; Miss M. Cameron, Crystal Falls; Miss McDonald, Huberdeau; Miss Proudlock, (Rouge Valley School) Rockway and Miss M. G. Johnston, Britonville.

The W.A. of Trinity Church, last week packed and shipped a valuable bale to Rev. R. Fraser, Missionary in charge "The Pas," Man., consisting of 5 quilts, 20 pair of mittens, 20 pair of stockings, a number of new dresses and etc., as well as goodly supply of good second hand clothing. Value of new material used \$36.00. With 2 quilts before forwarded via Montreal, and taking work and etc., into consideration, the value was well over double this, for which the little group of members may well be congratulated.

The 1st Brownsburg Troop of Girl Guides will hold an afternoon tea and sale, of work in the Club Gymnasium on Saturday, December 15th, from 3 to 6 o'clock. Everybody welcome; many inexpensive gifts suitable for Xmas.

LOCAL AGENT WANTED,—to sell for the "Old Reliable Fonthill Nurseries." Spring selling season now starting; largest demand for stock since the war; exclusive territory; highest commissions; free equipment. Stone & Wellington.

AUCTION SALE.

at the residence of ANDREW DESLAURIERS, Fasset, County Labelle, Lot 11 in the First Range.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 23. One mare 4 years old, 1 horse 7 yrs. old weighing 1475 pounds, 4 heifers, one and half years old, 3 spring calves, 6 milch cows, 3 spring pigs, 4 large geese, 5 turkeys, pair of ducks, 1 binder, 1 mowing machine, 2 horse rakes, waggon, two seated buggy, 2 expresses, riding cart, tumbrel cart, seeder, 2 horse forks and carriage, set timber sleighs, two seated cutter, cultivator, hay knife, post auger, broad-axe, circular saw, moulie grinder, engine, set single harness, set double harness cream separator, 2 stoves, 2 factory cans, Grimm evaporator, large storage tank, about 450 sap cans, 1 cooler 26 lengths galvanized iron pipes half inch 20 feet long, all the hay and straw, household furniture, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 10 am. sharp.

TERMS: \$5.00 and under cash, over that amount 12 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. ANDREW DESLAURIERS, Proprietor.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of WILLIAM DUNCAN, Bethany St., Lachute

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st 1923.

One parlour set, 1 book case and desk, 2 small tables, 1 drop-leaf table, 1 piano, 1 Quebec heater No. 4, 1 cooking stove and pipes, 1 side-board, 1 Singer sewing machine, 1 kitchen table, 2 rockers, 4 chairs, lounge, 1 desk, 3 iron beds, 3 springs, 1 mattress, 1 bureau, 6 pillows, 1 mirror, 1 washing machine, 2 tubs, 1 clothes boiler, garden tools, 1 toboggan, kitchen ware and dishes.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp. TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

FARM FOR SALE.—A good farm of 300 acres, about 125 acres ploughed land, at Chatboro, on the 5th range of Chatham. Good house, well finished, also large 90 feet barn, horse and cow stables. Good water all over. The farm is well fenced and is 1 1/4 miles from cheese factory and the house only 15 acres to English and 10 acres to French school. Will sell for \$10,000, or will sell stock and all for \$12,000. Apply to O. Massie, Chatboro, No. 1. Reason for selling—old age, and inability to secure help.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 28th December, 1923 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, Six times per week on the route between Arundel & C. N. Railway Station from the 1st April, 1924. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Arundel and at the office of the District Superintendent, Montreal. Office of the Dist. Supt., Montreal, Nov. 15th, 1923. VICTOR GAUDET, Act. Dist. Supt.

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L. L. LEGAULT, K. C.

Advocate,

Telephone No. 60

Lachute, - P. Que.

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Absolute Satisfaction,

Perfect Work,

Reasonable Prices.

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GOING EAST.

No. 426. From Calumet due at Lachute 7.45 a.m.

No. 426. From Ottawa due at Lachute 10.53 a.m.

No. 424. From Ottawa due at Lachute 8.08 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 421. From Montreal due at Lachute 10.02 a.m.

No. 428. From Montreal due at Lachute 7.14 p.m.

No. 425. From Montreal due at Lachute 9.10 p.m.

No. 427. From Montreal, Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute 5.42 p.m.

For further particulars, Apply to J. S. Giles, Town Agent, Lachute.