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J. S. GILES, Lachute.

VOL. LII.

LACHUTE, QUE., FEBRUARY 4, 1927.

NO. 3.

HEADQUARTERS For Lumbering Tools

Cant Hooks, Handles, Claps, Chain & Hooks.
Snow Shovels, Cross Cut & Circular Saws.
Axes, Wedges & Handles.

T. McOUAT & SON

General Hardware Store.

Phone No. 12.

Lachute Mills, Que.

COMING EVENTS

RATE.—10 cents a line, each insertion. Minimum 50 cts; or 60 c. if billed. Note when estimating, count every six words or fraction thereof as one line.

The Ladies Guild of the St. Simon's Church purpose holding their Annual St. Patrick's Tea on March 17th. Keep this date open, particulars later.

The Senior C.G.I.T. of the United Church of Canada, will hold a Valentine Tea, and Gift Sale on Saturday, February, 12th, 1927, in the Church Hall, from 4 to 6. All are cordially invited.

POLITICAL CHAOS IN CHINA

An Illustrated Lecture by Rev. A. W. Lockhead, B.D., of Honan, China, will be given in the Lachute United Church, on Tuesday, Feb. 8th, 1927, at 7 p.m. Refreshments will be served at the close of lecture. Admission 35 cts.; Children under 15 years, 15 cents.

The Ladies Auxiliary of Brownsburg United Church purpose holding a Concert and Tea-meeting in the Church Hall, on Thursday evening, February 17th, 1927. Good program Admission 50 cts. 3-10-3.

I am pleased to inform the readers of the "Watchman" that I have taken up insurance, and I am now in a position to write Life - Accident and Sickness - Fire and Automobile Insurance. I represent only the most reliable companies, and your encouragement will be highly appreciated.
E. Deslauriers, Lachute Mills.

—We do all kinds of Printing, to meet every requirement, and also handle a complete line of Calendars. We will be pleased to show you samples and quote prices on your requirements. A fair chance is all we ask.

NEW LAWYER IN TOWN

The front entrance of the Rodrigue Hotel bears a bronze tablet announcing the fact that M. A. Fortin, has opened an office and anyone desirous of having their legal matters adjusted he is at their service.

Opportunity is a great thing.

We are ready to admit, that there are many printing jobs which owing to special process, we are unable to do, but for the average man, we are able to turn out the very best of printing. Price is another proposition that we are up against. Ours are made as consistent as possible, and although we do not expect to "Get it All," we do like the Opportunity of quoting you prices. A fair chance to meet competition is all we ask.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Public Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Lachute Protestant Cemetery Corporation will be held on Monday, February 7th, at 8 o'clock p.m., in the Lachute Town Council Room.

All lot owners are entitled to attend.
Lachute Protestant Cemetery Corporation.
2-4-2 J. W. GALL, Sec.-Treas.

Hemstitching and Pekoe Edge, properly done. Quick service.
MRS. A. HABIB, Brownsburg, Que.
Telephone 71 ring 2-4.

DIAMOND AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS COMPLETE STOCK

Our stock is a very complete one, the range of goods covers, China, Leather goods, Jewellery, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, in fact everything for gifts. Please come and see our assortment.

JOS. BELANGER, Jeweller.
near C. P. Station, Bethany St. Lachute.

J. W. COTTINGHAM, Reg'd

Dealers in

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

SINCE 1885

Tel. 29

Lachute P.Q.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. H. Kearns, spent the week-end in town, with friends.

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

Mrs. T. C. Cassidy is spending the week-end in Huntingdon.

Miss Melissa Bates, of Avoca, spent Saturday in town visiting friends.

Miss Bella Clark, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of her parents.

Miss Catherine McGibbon is spending a few days in Montreal this week.

Miss May McGibbon, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of her parents.

Miss Walker, of Chateaugay, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Geo. Deacon.

Miss Hilda Hume is visiting her sister, Mrs. Stewart, at Carillon this week.

Rev. Mr. Seller, of Montreal, was a recent guest of Rev. and Mrs. Cassidy.

Miss E. Barron is spending a few days this week visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Maud Dobbie and Miss Evelyn McCallum, of Montreal, were guests over the week-end of Mrs. P. Dobbie.

Mrs. Horsey, of Toronto, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Banford this week.

Mrs. Chas. Calder, of Ste. Benoit, is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Calder for a few days this week.

Mr. John Scott and Mr. Jack McGillis, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Mackie.

Messrs. Fred McVicar and John MacMillan, of Vankleek Hill, spent Friday last in town.

Miss Rose Lockwood and Miss Deeprose, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. Henry Cousins.

Miss Hazel Morrison, of Montreal, was the guest of her parents, over the week-end.

Mr. Walter Wert, of Brent, Ont., spent the week-end with his family returning on Monday evening.

Miss Reid, Miss Henrietta Giles and Miss Ella Giles, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. H. Giles.

Miss Ethel Morrison, of "The Glen" spent the week-end the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Morrison.

Mrs. Robt. Robinson and Mr. Wesley Robinson, of Shawbridge, are visiting friends in Lachute and vicinity.

Messrs. Howard and John, also Miss Ethel Dixon, of Dalesville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Walker on Sunday.

Mrs. H. Gardner and Mrs. James Donaldson, of Brownsburg, were the guests of Mrs. W. A. Morrison on Monday last.

Mr. Jno McDonald spent the week-end in Montreal and attended the hockey match between the Ottawa's and Maroons.

The many friends of Mrs. Parker, of Beech Ridge, will be sorry to learn of her removal to the Montreal General Hospital.

Miss Jane Bradley, of the Nursing Staff, of the Western Hospital, who has been spending a month's vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bradley has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Smith and their two little sons, who have been visiting friends in town, left on Wednesday for Ontario en route for their home at Star City, Sask.

Owing to the beautiful sunshine of Wednesday, Feb. 2nd, the traditional bear could not see his shadow, so returned to his winter quarters in expectation of six weeks more cold weather.

Rev. Mr. Cassidy was in Montreal over the week-end and conducted Anniversary Services at Zion North East End Church, where he was a former pastor.

Send in your renewals for the Montreal Daily Star, Family Herald and Weekly Star, also Montreal Gazette, through the Watchman Office. Please use your subscription and we will look after it for you.

Mr. Harry Todd and son Howard, of Burlington, Vt., Mr. Jas. McClure, and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McPhee, of Cowansville, and Mr. Stevens, of Huntingdon, were in town on Monday last, attending the funeral of late Mr. Chas. Rodger.

On Friday, January 28th, the boys of Lachute Academy journeyed to Hudson to play a friendly hockey match with the boys there. The game was played on the rink at Hudson Heights, and was fast and clean, and although the home boys lost out to the score of 7-2 yet they gave the Hudson lads a close fight. After the match they were entertained at a dance in the Community Hall on Mr. T. B. McCauley's farm. They all report an excellent time and hope to win when Hudson plays the return match which is expected to be next week.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our most sincere thanks for all the kindnesses and sympathy extended to us during our recent sad bereavement.

Mrs. C. R. Rodger and family

MAYOR H. M. GALL.

Elected by a substantial majority at the Polls on Tuesday last, Mr. H. M. Gall takes his place as Mayor of Lachute Town. In this capacity we are assured he will hold it with dignity and honor and we wish him every success which will be backed up by our hearty co-operation.

The Council will have its youngest presiding officer in Mr. Gall, but we feel confident that he will prove equal to the task for he successfully carried on the large business left him by his father in addition to which he assumed the duties of postmaster and this position he still holds. Like his father before him Mr. Gall has devoted much time to municipal affairs and for the last seven years he has worked in Council matters to the best interests of the town.

"Mossman" as he is more generally known is a strong personality, very pronounced in views, and if we mistake not he will rigidly stick to what he believes to be right, and while the liquor interests on Foundry Street and the West End Hotel-keepers combined with the liquor distributors helped to swell the majorities, we do not think that Mr. Gall will lend himself to any influence they may seek to secure.

It has once more been demonstrated that the liquor interests are a force in the community that has to be seriously reckoned with as they have for many years made the open boast of electing the Councilors to suit themselves and as four years ago they forced the campaign against the editor of "The Watchman", so this year they again succeeded in their purpose. Messrs. J. Bernier, of Foundry Street Hotel, Hector Rochon of the West End Hotel, and ex-hotel keeper G. Delorme, who is now beer dispenser for Molsons Brewery were directly responsible for our defeat and this was frankly recognized and admitted by our Mayor elect.

The old saying that "Out of two evils, choose the least" might well apply, for both candidates were recognized as temperance men, but The Watchman was considered the more dangerous, and many miserable slanders were circulated to gain votes, one of which was to the effect that if elected Mayor the editor of The Watchman had pledged himself to close all the hotels within six months. While we made no such promise, we did say that the town had voted for beer and wine, the Province had given permits for sale of such during certain days and hours, and we would do our best if elected to see the laws would be properly enforced and the hotels closed on Sundays. For this stand we have no apology to make and the Hotel-keepers know full well we would have endeavored to keep our word, hence the defeat.

We do not take badly our defeat under these conditions and extend our congratulations to Mayor Gall.

TOWN COUNCIL

The regular meeting of the Lachute Town Council was held on Wednesday evening, there being present, Mayor H. M. Gall, and Councilors Larocque, Dobbie, Doig, Speight, Jousse, Rochon, Lavigne, Dallaire and Charland.

It was moved and seconded that the report of the Finance Committee be received and paid.

Moved and seconded that the account rendered from E. Charlebois, for repairs to Harlow Giles House, be paid and charged to the Sewer Account.

The following committees were then appointed:

Finance.—A. Larocque, G. Charland, E. Jousse.

Road.—P. Dobbie, Z. Rochon, T. Dallaire.

Water.—T. Dallaire, E. Jousse, A. Larocque.

Relief.—H. M. Lavigne, W. Doig, Z. Rochon.

Police.—Z. Rochon, J. Speight, H. M. Lavigne.

Park.—W. Doig, H. M. Lavigne, J. Speight.

Health.—G. Charland, T. Dallaire, J. Speight.

The first name on each list to be Chairman of that Committee.

Moved and seconded that the Mayor and Secretary be authorized to make a temporary loan at the Bank of Nova Scotia for two months, and that the same be renewed from time to time as required.

Moved and seconded that the meeting adjourn until Thursday, Feb. 10th.

DEATHS.

RODGER.—At his late residence, E. Settlement, on Jan. 29th, 1927, Charles R. Rodger, beloved husband of Lizzie H. Smith, in his 51 st. year.

BUCK.—At his late residence, 284 Maplewood Ave., Frederick James Buck, on January 29th, 1927, beloved husband of Mary L. Robinson.

IN MEMORIAM.

KIRBY.—In loving memory of our dear father, Mr. S. G. Kirby, who departed this life, February 1st, 1925. Ever remembered by Mr. and Mrs. Leckham and family.

COMBIE.—In loving memory of our dear daughter and sister, Annie Combie, who departed this life on February 3rd, 1921.

Inserted by her mother and father, Sister and brothers.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

Ladies' Coats to clear from \$5.00 up.
Men's Overcoats from \$10.00 up.
Ladies' Dresses from \$5.00 up.
Blue Serges to clear at very low prices, from one yard to one and a half yards wide.
Men's Heavy Sweaters and Boys' heavy Sweaters at low prices.
A fine assortment of Crockery fancy and plain. Some Dinner Sets, 97 pieces.

W. BANFORD & SON

CHEAP CASH SALE!

SPECIAL PRICES
Feb. 1st to Feb. 15

Cook's Friend Baking Powder, 1 lb.	28c.
Millionaire Sardines	15c.
"Force", The famous breakfast food	9c.
Corn Flakes	11c.
Quick Pudding, assorted flavors	10c.
Heintz Tomato Catsup, 8 oz.	15c.
Singapore Pineapple	15c.
Gillex	2 for 25c.
Lint Starch	2 for 25c.
Classic Cleanser	4 for 25c.
Gold Dust	3 for 25c.
Clark's Spaghetti	2 for 25c.
Heintz Tomato Soup, large	15c.

A quantity of Canned Goods and Baking Powders with labels soiled will be sold at Half Price.

See bargain Table with other articles every day during Sale.

Full Stock of Cream of the West Flour also Rolled Oats and feed always on hand.

Your Trade Solicited

J. D. Campbell, Lachute
PHONE 50

Westinghouse!

Today's Greatest value in Radios

CALL AT OUR STORE
AND HEAR THE NEW No. 57.

The Latest Thing in Radios.

Geo. Y. Deacon

Hardware Tinshop Garage
Builders' Supplies Ford Sales

WELCOME RELIEF TO YOUR EYES.

Eyes weak - strained - smart so at times that you want to rub or cover them with your hands? It's a sign you need Glasses. Glasses that not only bring you happy visual relief, but which lend character to and harmonize with your features. We'll fit them correctly at a very low cost!

Eugene Jousse - Optician

MAIN ST. JEWELLER, LACHUTE.

CANADA'S TRADE WITH FRANCE

According to reliable report from overseas, negotiations are under way in London and Paris for the organization of two new steamship services from France to Canada, this enterprise being attributable in some measure to the efforts of the Quebec agent-general in England, who has interested in the project a group of French-Swiss capitalists who are forming the new shipping concern. According to Dr. Lomieux, the company will begin operating a line of steamers to carry freight and passengers in the very near future, and ports of call will include Montreal, Quebec, and points in the Gaspé region and on the Saguenay River, as well as New Brunswick ports.

The efforts of the Quebec office in England are directed, naturally, towards the development of Canadian export trade with France rather than increased purchasing from that country. There is urgent need of this, in spite of increased sales in the post-war period, to adjust the balance of trade. Every facility to effect this is afforded by the France-Canada treaty arranged a few years ago under which agreement Canada granted to France, the French colonies, possessions and protectorates, intermediate tariff and favored nation treatment generally, while France accorded Canada an equally preferential treatment with advantages equal to the most favored nation.

Canada's Purchases from France Heavy.

This trade treaty, together with the advertising effected by the Canadian exhibition train, which toured the Republic in a very thorough manner, exhibiting at every centre of any size, has tended to elevate the value of Canadian exports to France and approach nearer a point of a balance of sales and purchases. In a representative year before the war, 1913, Canada sold to France only to the extent of \$2,564,605 while purchasing from that country to the value of \$15,532,144. The Dominion's purchases from the Republic in the last three twelve-

months' periods ending July have been respectively \$16,954,103; \$18,030,674; and \$20,664,047. In the same three periods Canada's sales to France have been \$17,173,782; \$8,367,042; and \$14,907,268.

Canada consistently purchases goods from France to a heavier extent than from any other country after the United Kingdom and United States. As a buyer of Canadian goods however, France has not held her position and is now exceeded in value of imports by Japan, Germany, China, Netherlands, Belgium, New Zealand and Australia. With the amicable relations existing between Canada and France, the advantageous trade treaty arranged between the two countries and the excellent advertising which has been effected for Dominion goods in the Republic, there should be no great difficulty in further increasing Canadian exports to that country with a more efficient transportation service.

Products to be Carried.

The products especially mentioned, which the new line will carry to France, are fish, timber, prepared pulpwood, and furs. France is a heavy importer of Canadian canned salmon, having in the past fiscal year taken 173,693 cwt. worth \$1,912,015, and also imports quantities of canned lobsters. Importations of wood pulp have increased heavily of recent years, growing from nothing in 1924 to \$56,296 in 1925 and \$533,094 in 1926. Importations of all kinds of furs are large and certain kinds of lumber are purchased to a substantial extent. In addition, France last year purchased 2,532,420 bushels of Canadian wheat worth \$4,324,585, but bought no Canadian manufactured flour. An important item of import is Canadian agricultural machinery, France being the largest purchaser of harvesters and binders, mowing machines, and hay rakes. Other important imports in point of value are wrapping paper, clover seed, bacon and hams, condensed milk, lard, and rubber tires and inner tubes for vehicles.

The Marriage Hold.

Among many misleading generalities needing to be nailed to the mast of falsehood, one of the most pernicious is that married folk are not continuing to live together. True, some may not be, and, indeed, are not, and of these so much fuss is made that little is heard of the millions who neither court nor receive publicity.

No, the hold marriage has upon us as a people is not weakened by exposure of the exceptions to the rule. These may excite our pity, our sympathy, and sometimes our aversion, but cannot threaten the majesty of the social custom that is the common rite of all. It is inevitable, feasible so long as the Anglo-Saxon conception of civilization prevails. It is the respected commonplace in daily life that familiarity does not engender. And it is expressed, perhaps most felicitously, in those over-recurring instances in which wedded couples on these prairies have lived together, have toiled for one another, and often fought with each other, have drunk and sorrowed out of the same cups of joy and sorrow, but yet remained together, content, mated, indissoluble in their immersion of each other's complexities, till with mutual pride and probably not a little to forgive, they proclaim the celebrations of their silver, golden, or diamond wedding anniversaries. One such consubstantial occasion proves far more the permanency of our marriage custom than a thousand accounts of dissolutions foreshadow its decline.—*Manitoba Free Press.*



Right.

Spool of Cotton—"I'm glad I'm not a pin cushion."
Needle—"Why?"
Spool of Cotton—"They get so stuck-up!"

Almost time to start thinking about your New Year's resolution.



Sir Samuel Hoare

British Air Minister, who predicts big strides in Empire aviation development as result of Imperial Conference discussion.

The Three Buttons.

A school teacher said to her class of boys:

"I am going to give each of you three buttons. You must think of the first as representing Life, the second Liberty, and the third Happiness. In three days I want you to produce these buttons, when I shall expect you to tell me what they stand for."

On the appointed day she asked one of the boys for his buttons.

"I ain't got 'em all," he said. "Here's Life, and here's Liberty, but mother has gone and sewed Happiness on my trousers."

Very Dead.

The Dead Sea is 47 miles long and ten miles wide. Its surface is approximately 1,300 feet lower than sea level and at its deepest point, its bottom is another 1,300 feet down. A friend of mine, who visited there recently, said: "I don't know when it died, but it is certainly dead now." We guess he is right.

A microscope capable of magnifying an object 12,000 times is being used in the detection of disease germs.



Rafael Sabatini

Who has been said to write the best screen stories, studies small ship models of 17th and 18th century craft for the details he needs. He is shown at his desk in London, where he wrote *Captain Blood*, *Sea Hawk*, etc.

Above the Heavens.

Above the gold sunbeams fling
With bird-songs drifting through,
God's glory is a richer thing,
And sweeter singing too.

Above the azure wide and high,
The steady, candid blue,
God's glory is a vaster sky,
Illimitably true.

Above the faintest, farthest star
In distant chaos wrought,
God's glory, infinitely far
Transcends our feeble thought.

Yet God's rich glow, and God's great song,
And God's vast heaven of blue;
And God's far starlight ages long,
Comes down to me and you!

—Amos R. Wells.

Another Use for a Hairpin.

Who has not at some time raised an umbrella and seen one of the short ribs unexpectedly fall out of place? If the rib is broken, this probably means a job for the umbrella mender; frequently, though, there is no break, but the little rivet which holds the two ribs together has come out. When this happens, it is quite easy for anyone to put the umbrella into good condition in a few minutes. There are two holes in the end of the short rib and one in the long rib where they join. Put the short piece over the long one with an edge on each side of it so the holes are in line, and insert a fine invisible hairpin. Twist the ends of the hairpin around the ribs so no points will be left loose to rub holes in the covering. The writer repaired an umbrella in this way over a year ago and has had no more trouble with the rib. If a hairpin is not at hand, any kind of fine wire will answer the purpose.

'Twas She.

The prosperous looking man was a stranger to the neighborhood. You could tell that by the way he kept pausing uncertainly to look at the names painted on the gates of the houses in the street.

Presently he mounted the steps of one of the houses and rang the bell. The door opened and a smart maid appeared.

"I am trying to find a woman whose name I have forgotten," he began, "but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, glorious eyes like stars on a summer night, and hair which outshines fine gold in quality and lustre."

"I'm afraid I don't know her," replied the servant.

"Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute," said a voice from the head of the stairs.

Elephant's Appetite.

An elephant weighing five tons will eat 100 pounds of hay and twenty-five of grain a day.

Seeing London at Home.

We are sometimes told that the American visitor sees more of London than the people who live in it. This, I think, is true only in a superficial sense. The American sees more of guide-book London, but the Londoner sees more of the London that is worth seeing. He sees his own house and his friends' houses—building that contain far more of the things . . . interesting to him than cathedrals and palaces and museums of the arts. He sees his own garden, which contains more pleasures for him than the greatest of the parks, and he sees his own cat, which surpasses the King's horses or the lordliest beast in the Zoo as the paragon of animals.

And do not think that he does not see as many novelties as if he were taxiing from church to church and from museum to museum in a foreign city. The seasons alone should give a man all the novelty he needs. The very street in which he lives changes from hour to hour. It is one street when the sun is shining, another street in rain, and another under the full moon. Foreign travel is pleasant chiefly because it makes us realize that we are among novelties, but when we are sufficiently awake to see the constant flow of novelties in the world at our doors, we can enjoy all the excitement of foreign travel along with the pleasure of being at home. . . . If I were offered a free trip around the world, I might accept the offer through weakness, but I do not wish to go round the world. Have I not been round the sun once a year ever since I was born? That seems to have satisfied any cravings I may have had for distant travel, or at least to have made a jaunt round this pigmy earth a matter of small importance.—From "The Money Box," by Robert Lynd.

That Was All.

Vast clouds of smoke and big tongues of flame began to issue from the top windows of a house. A man ran over to it and pressed the electric bell.

The door was opened by a woman who suffered from deafness.

"Madam, your house is on fire!" exclaimed the man.

"What's that?"

"Your house is on fire!" he repeated.

"What's that? House on fire? Oh, is that all?"

"Well," replied the man, aghast, "that's all I can think of at present!"

Got It At Last.

A patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where are you going?" read Johnny laboriously, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher.

"Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment, and an idea seemed to dawn upon him. Then he read, triumphantly:

"Where are you going, little button-book?"

A Canny Child.

Uncle Jim had given his small nephew a dime; but not long afterward the child appeared, long of face, to report: "That dime you gave me slipped through a hole in my pocket."

"Well, here's another," said Uncle Jim. "Don't let this one get lost too."

The youngster looked thoughtful.

"Perhaps half a dollar would be safer, wouldn't it, uncle?" he said.



A Needed Tool.

"Well, if you're afraid of this here job, here's a screw-driver."

"What I want that for?"

"To screw up your courage with—see?"

Keeps the Heat In.

Aluminum paint is used on oil tanks, boilers and steam pipes to reduce heat losses.

Surnames and Their Origin

MASSEY.

Variation—Massey, Demassy, Demassie.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Norman and French.
Source—A locality.

With the exception of those instances in which this family name is traceable to Gaelic sources, it should be classed, according to its form, as French, or else English and of Norman origin. England and America to-day are full of family names which are but changed forms of place names in Normandy. These names are relics of the Norman invasion of England.

At the time of that invasion most men, in England as well as among the Normans, bore but a single name. When something more than this name was needed to differentiate between individuals, the speaker would make use of some convenient surname, referring either to a man's trade or the place from which he had come, to show which "John" or "Roger" or "Hugo" he was speaking of.

The need for these surnames was particularly strong among the Normans after their invasion of England. Gathered from all sections of France, the Norman host had spread out in a strange country. Conditions were unsettled. There was much moving about from place to place. It was natural, therefore, that these surnames, referring to the place from which a man had come, were particularly convenient.

Massey was a town and feudal holding near Bayeux, Normandy. The forms prefixed by "de" represent forms of the family name developed in France. The others are English developments.

ORMES.

Variations—Ormesby, Ormeson, Ormskirk.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A given name.

Here is a group of family names founded on a given name which is nothing unusual. Our directories to-day contain a very heavy percentage of family names which would be just as plain to us as Jackson, Richardson and Davidson, had the given names of which they are composed remained as popular with succeeding generations as have the names of John, Richard and David.

Yet at one time the name of "Orm" or "Orme" was extremely popular among the northern Teutonic races, including the Anglo-Saxons, and Danes (who also have left the impress of their nomenclature in both the languages of England and Scotland) and the Normans. The last named, it must be remembered, were a Teutonic race, though they had adopted the French tongue. (It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that they had themselves formed a variation of the French tongue). But their nomenclature remained predominantly Teutonic. History shows that in all cases where one race adopts the language of another, it retains, however, very much of its original language in its names.

So it will be seen that there are several explanations of the existence in England of this given name.

Ormes is but a shortening of Ormeson. Ormesby and Ormskirk were place names compounded of the given name plus the words for "village" and "church." From place names they became surnames.

Magic Colors.

The part played by color in our daily lives is only just beginning to be understood by science. Hitherto we have always taken colors for granted.

Recently Lord Chudleigh claimed that in the range of the spectrum lay the secret of happiness—a somewhat startling assertion, but one which is supported by many scientists.

So it seems quite possible that the physician of the future will, instead of writing out a prescription for some combination of drugs, give us a color prescription to cure our ills.

Some colors, say these discoverers, act as irritants, others as sedatives.

For instance, repeated experiments have proved that yellow is soothing to tortured nerves. Violet light causes bone to develop; blue is claimed to stimulate the growth of muscle tissue; green adds to our store of energy.

Already these facts are being enlisted in the task of curing the sick. There are now several nursing homes which specialize in distinctive colorings for the bed-rooms of various types of sufferers. The faded-will be stimulated by skyblue, the excited quieted by yellow, and so on.

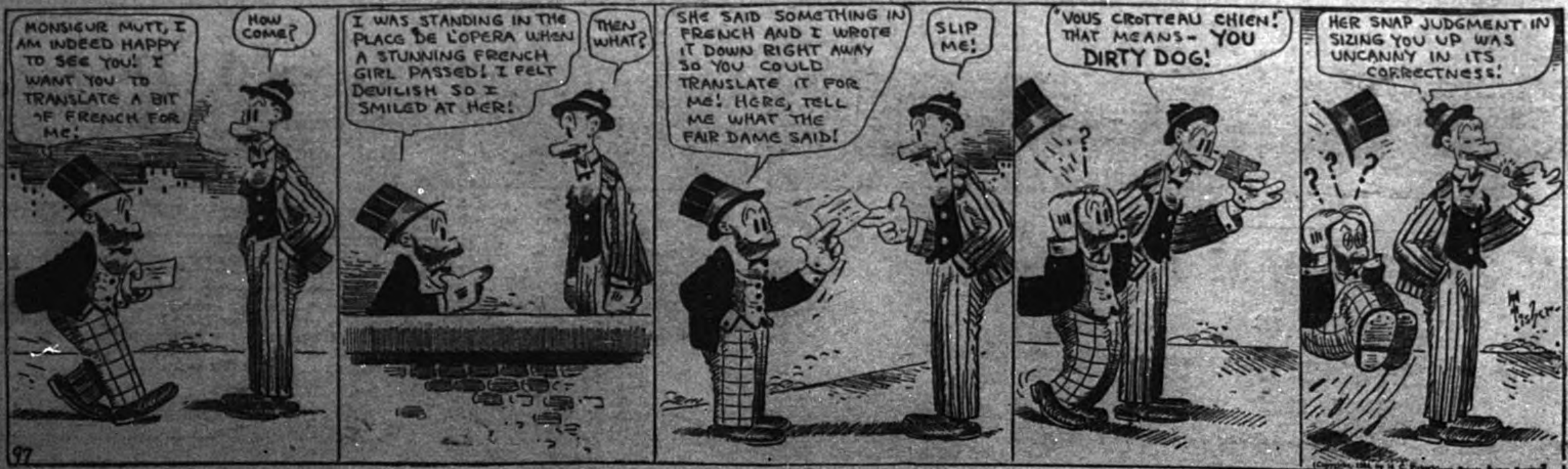
The truth is, that most people, although they may be unaware of it, are influenced and affected by colors. Take, for example, the impression a room makes upon you when you enter it. What causes that impression? Setting aside the taste of the furnishings, there is but one thing: color.

In cities, where there is none too much sunlight, the object should be to procure the maximum of sunlight effect. This is now generally recognized. Hence the growing popularity of golden tints in mural decoration. They induce a feeling of freshness and happiness, just as browns and violet crimson depress and distress the sensitive.

Width of Ploughing.

Comparisons that have been made for four years at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, between narrow and wide ploughing—that is, between 8 and 16 inches, have shown that the latter gives as large yield as the former. With furrows 8 inches in width the yield of corn after sod on light soil has averaged 22.71 tons and of oats also after sod 64.9 tons. At 16 inches the yield of corn has averaged 21.70 tons and of oats 66.9 tons. Drawing his conclusion, the Dominion Field Husbandman in his report for 1925 remarks that inasmuch as the wider furrows usually make possible the ploughing of a larger acreage per day, it will be observed that it is more economical than ploughing narrow furrows.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



For the Boys and Girls

A FORTUNATE HIDING PLACE

BY R. M. HAWTHORNE.

Some twenty years ago, Rev. Oscar Hughes was a missionary in India. He had labored hard in that burning country, with its wealth of animal and vegetable life, rarely seen in any other portions of the globe.

He was stationed in the Province of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, and at no great distance from the town of Dowreonda, which lies about fifty miles to the south of the city of Hyderabad.

The most terrible wild beast of India, if not of the world, is the Royal Bengal tiger. It is fully a fourth stronger than the lion, as has been proven by actual test, while its self-confidence, courage and prodigious activity are unsurpassed by any creature that roams forest or jungle.

Mr. Hughes' family consisted, besides his native servant, of his wife, a son named Oscar, after himself, and Minnie, his daughter, six years of age—the brother being slightly more than ten.

The Hugheses went to India immediately after the Sepoy mutiny, in 1858, and their experience was comparatively pleasant. The section in which they were located had been disturbed only very slightly by the whirlwind of fire and blood which swept over that fair land, and the natives treated them with more kindness than Europeans had a right to expect.

Those who live on the edge of the volcano become accustomed to the mutterings of the awful forces deep down in the earth, knowing that at any hour the flaming river is likely to burst through the crater, and, pouring down the sides, envelope everything in its consuming channel. Thus it is that the dweller in the land of earthquakes, of deadly serpents and wild beasts, acquires a certain familiarity with them, which to us of the more favored climes is incomprehensible.

Several cobras had been killed in the vicinity of the missionary's house, and a terrible tiger—a regular man-eater—was shot by a famous English hunter within a fourth of a mile.

The parents looked serious when this startling fact was announced, as well they might, but it caused them nothing like the consternation which the appearance of a bear or panther excites in any neighborhood of our own country.

Mr. Hughes was a fine shot himself, and he always kept his rifle loaded and ready for instant use, hoping at the same time that many a week and month might pass before the cartridge would be discharged from the barrel.

One day, while his servant was absent, the missionary rode off a couple of miles to visit a sick native, leaving the rest of his family at home. It was during the hot season, when the whole atmosphere of India seems to be literally aflame, and in Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, men die from excessive heat, while panting in their beds in the middle of the night.

The missionary was not gone long, returning when the sun was low and the air was slightly cooler. He reached home while it was yet light, and was scarcely halted when he was met by the most appalling news.

When the family were left to themselves they attempted to do little more than to keep cool. Mrs. Hughes, who was prostrated somewhat by the heat, reclined in a hammock under the shade of the trees, while Oscar did the same just across the road, on the edge of the wood.

Minnie, the little girl, was the only one of the family who did not seem to be distressed by the torrid temperature. She ran hither and thither, and played with her doll, sang and teased her brother, who was reading a book, as he lay on his side in the hammock and slowly swung back and forth.

All at once, Minnie ran up to him, and said:

"Oh, what do you 'spose I've found?"

"Give it up."

"A place where I can hide, and you can't find me."

"You'd better go there for a while, so I can get a chance to read this book."

"Will you look for me?"

"What's the use of looking, if I can't find you?"

"Just for the fun of the thing—won't you, Oscar?"

"I will, if you'll promise not to disturb me any more if I find you. What do you say?"

"All right—I'll do it. Now hide your head, and don't you dare look, and when I call out you must come and hunt for me."

"Very well—off with you!"

Oscar crouched down in the hammock so that the meshes came up all about him, and he put his hands over his eyes. But it must be confessed that he was so much like other boys that he slyly peeped through his fingers and the cord of the hammock and watched every movement of his sister.

Little Minnie walked away on her tip-toes, often looking back to make sure her brother was not observing her. She could just discern the outlines of his figure, lying so still and motionless, and the innocent little girl never suspected how her big brother was cheating her, and laughing to himself over his success.

Oscar saw Minnie walk in this manner for a hundred yards, when she stood still for a minute or so, stooped down and disappeared.

But he understood how it was. There was a mass of boulders and rocks, with an entrance large enough to admit an ordinary man.

He himself had penetrated it to a distance of several yards, but withdrew through fear of some noxious reptiles within.

The boy was not pleased to see his sister enter so unhesitatingly this forbidden cavern, and he came to a sitting position in the hammock, with the intention of calling to her to come back, when he heard the faint "Whoop! come!" from the interior.

Oscar meant to go right straight to the spot, bring out Minnie, and forbid her ever going there again. With this purpose, he swung himself out of the hammock and started in the direction; but he had only gone a few steps when he was paralyzed by a most terrible sight.

He caught the gleam of something through the trees, saw a body moving and heard a rustling that told him some wild animal was at hand.

Immediately after, he observed an enormous Bengal tiger stride forward, lashing its tail and growling as though it snuffed danger.

It was first seen in advance of the boy, and slightly on his right, while, as it was walking in the same direction, its head was turned away, and it did not observe the lad.

While the latter stood, hardly breathing, he saw the tiger walk directly to the boulders, and then, with scarcely any hesitation, force itself into the passage through which little Minnie had vanished but a few seconds before.

The ferocious beast had, doubtless, seen her enter, and had gone in after her.

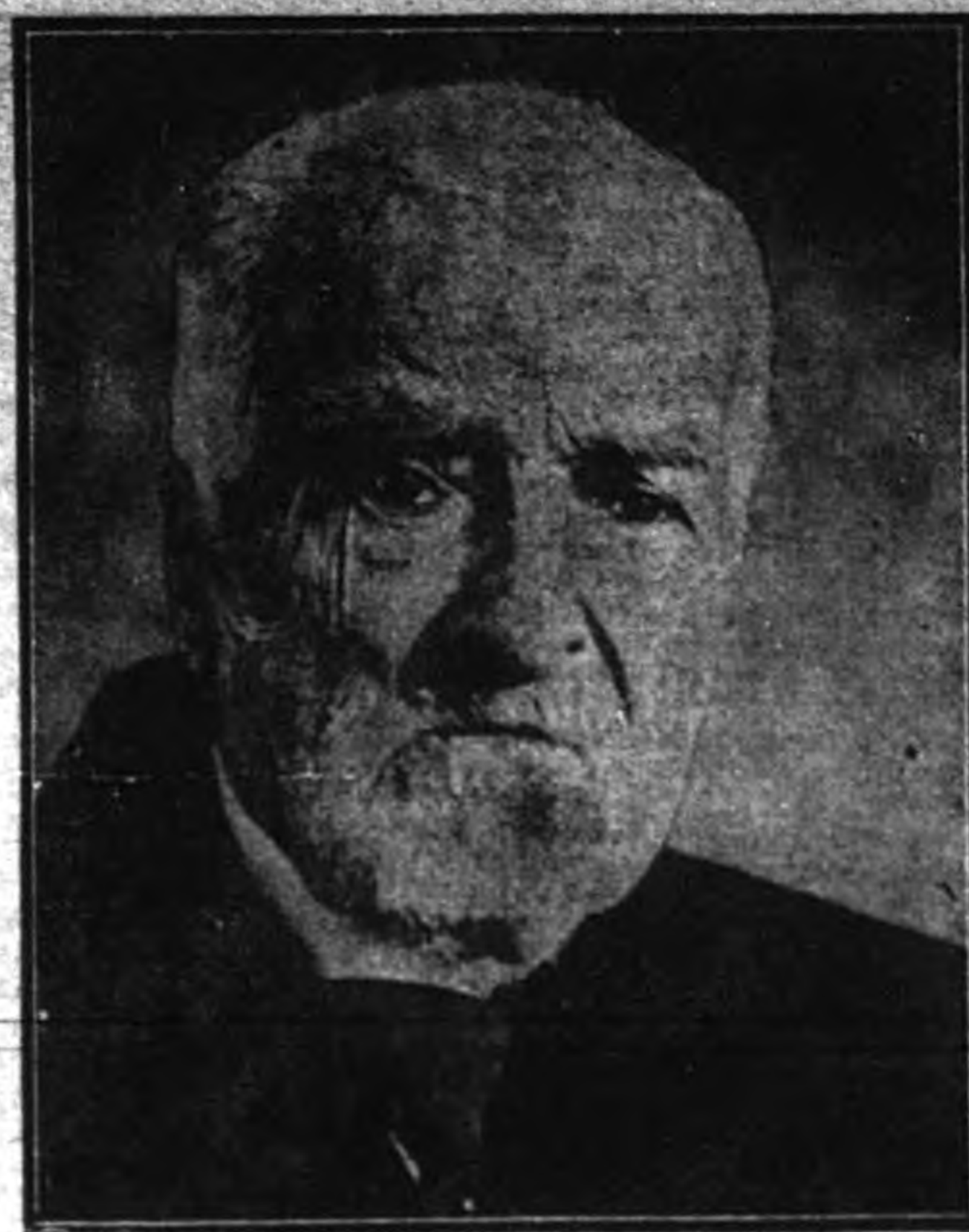
The horrified Oscar did not stir until he heard a few agonized screams from within, then he rushed to his mother with the awful tidings that a tiger had killed and was devouring Minnie.

The mother was frantic, and began running back and forth, wringing her hands, moaning, and asking where the beast was, that she might go to the rescue of her darling, while the lad, seeing how great the danger of both was, refused to tell her, and began hastily closing up the house.

The Bengal tiger is so daring that he does not hesitate to dash into a building after a person, and it was more than likely that he would make for the mother and son when through devouring poor little Minnie.

It was at this dreadful moment that the missionary, Mr. Hughes, rode up and dismounted.

Hastily taking down the rifle, Oscar



ANCIENT MARINER OF NOTRE DAME DE GRACE

Nazaire Dero, retired sea-captain, recently celebrated his 100th birthday. Captain Dero is in good health and has a remarkable memory.

ran out in the road and uttered the same fearful words that had crazed his mother. His father turned pale, but in all other respects he was calm and self-possessed.

"Tell me the particulars," he commanded, in a low, quick voice, at the same time reaching out and taking his rifle.

Pointing to the open entrance, Oscar quickly told how he had seen Minnie enter it, followed, a moment later, by an immense tiger, and he had scarcely vanished from sight when the screams of Minnie reached his ear.

"My poor, dear baby!" wailed the parent, without shedding a tear, but with a perceptible tremor in his voice. But the tiger shall give up his worthless life for this—

"There he comes!" exclaimed the terrified Oscar, running back toward the building.

Sure enough, the dreaded beast at that moment came out of the dark cavern, and still lashing his tail and uttering growls, began advancing upon the man and boy.

"Go into the house with your mother," said the missionary. "I'll attend to him!"

He raised the rifle to his shoulder, as he spoke, and, holding it at a full cock, pointed it straight at the beast. The man was as cool and collected as if he were made of iron.

The tiger, dreadful in his beauty and strength, advanced until at the right distance, when he paused and, crouching down, gathered his muscles for the tremendous spring that was to land him directly on the head and breast of the man who was standing like a statue, with the rifle pointed toward him.

At that very moment, when the beast was on the point of leaping, Mr. Hughes fired. The bullet, like that fortunate one of the great East Indian hunter, Shakespeare, went directly through the heart of the tiger, who rolled over on the ground, and, after a few furious struggles, died, unable to reach his destroyer to do him the slightest harm.

The horrified mother, white and trembling, was peering out of her house, her great fear for the safety of her husband crushing down her other emotions for the moment.

Oscar was sobbing as if his heart was broken, and the father was still standing where he stood when he fired his gun, when a vision of light suddenly appeared at the mouth of the cave, in the person of little Minnie, who called out:

"Daddy, did you shoot that ugly animal?"

"God be thanked!" exclaimed the parent, throwing down his gun and running forward and catching his little girl in his arms. "Heaven be praised! you are unharmed! How did it happen?"

Mother and brother rushed out, wild with joy and wonder.

When matters became quieted somewhat, Minnie had no difficulty in making clear how it was she escaped. There could be no doubt that the tiger went into the cavern after the little girl who, in her anxiety to get beyond discovery by her brother, had forced her body in among the boulders until she was squeezed into a space where it was impossible for the huge tiger to get to her.

When she heard the growling of the beast and knew he was after her, she uttered the scream which reached her brother's ears, but she knew enough to shrink back as far as possible.

The tiger made a ferocious attempt to reach her with his needle-like claws, and almost succeeded; but the massive stones prevented it. He then turned about and went out again, with a view of making his meal on the rest of the family.

As soon as he was gone, Minnie began working her way out again, and came upon the scene of action just after the tiger perished.

Old Walls and New.

In old Habana, colors come to rest. On aged walls that welcome the soft stream Of rainbows captured in a sunlit dream, Holding them close like children to their breast. Sienna turns to rose—fresh green is pressed Against a smiling square of ivoried cream— A shadow reaching toward an orange gleam. Is dimmed to blue-gray where it ends its quest.

Once travellers who saw the prison break, Gathered the lovely fragments for a gift. To carry to a far-off northern land. Now under their home skies young cities take The hues of old Habana, as they lift New walls to feel the warmth of color's hand.

—Jesse Hughes.



Reduced to a Flat.

"She thought him rich and the owner of mansions and she'd be sharp in marrying him."

"And now she finds herself reduced to a flat."

If there were only three persons in the world one of them would be leader.

THE DANISH SETTLEMENT

Of all the agricultural settlers who have come to Canada, none are more desirable than the Danish. In Denmark, agriculture is an industry of prime importance. The Danish people, due to the limited area of agricultural land in the country of their birth, are keenly appreciative of the value of land and its proper cultivation, and are devoted to the best of all farming—mixed farming. They are good judges of soil and agricultural conditions and make few mistakes in selecting locations for settlement, and where they settle together and follow agricultural pursuits a prosperous farming country soon develops. Individual Danish farmers have settled in various parts of Canada, and in cases where first families colonized together, very fine settlements of these thrifty agriculturists have sprung up.

According to the Census of 1921, there were in Canada at that time 7,122 Danes, to which must be added, coming in since that date, 4,619, making in all, without counting the natural increase, 11,811.

First Record of Danish Settlement.

The first record of Danish settlement in Canada was in the year 1873 when an agreement was entered into between the Government of the Province of New Brunswick for the introduction into that province, from Scandinavian countries, of some 500 persons. The agreement set forth that each family should be given 100 acres of good farming land, a clearing of 3 acres to be made on each lot at the expense of the Government, the immigrant being employed to do the work. Temporary buildings, which would later be converted into schools, were to be provided for the early housing of the new-comers, and other necessary buildings and work would be carried out at the expense of the Government. A three years' actual residence entitled the settler to a grant of ownership. A further clause provided that the Government would provide employment for the settler at certain periods for which he was to receive a wage of \$1 per day for a period not exceeding 3 years.

The colony, known as "New Denmark," was located on the Salmon River, in the vicinity of Grand Falls, and was mostly wooded land covered with birch, maple and beech, spruce, fir, and cedar, well watered.

Progress on the Settlement.

In 1882, only ten years after the Settlement had been started, there were about one hundred families in the

New Denmark settlement, two schools had been established; a resident clergyman had been installed in the Colony and a church had been almost completed. At this time every farm was cultivated to the extent of from five to sixty acres, and this work has been going ahead until, at the present time, the greater part of the land is under cultivation. With all of the settlers so interested in farming, it is not odd that an Agricultural Society had been in existence for a few years and an annual exhibition had been held. In another five years larger barns had to be built to take care of the increased crops, and the original houses were discarded for better, new-type ones.

The Danish people, knowing the advantages of dairy farming, soon had a butter and cheese factory erected, which also means that better livestock was being introduced, for which good prices could be had. Potato raising had also played an important part with the settlers, and with the beginning of the war, and high prices obtainable for livestock, herds were so reduced that it was found impossible to run the factory any longer, so that the colonists have gone in more and more for potato raising, until at the present time it is the main revenue producer.

Potato Crop Brings \$500,000.

It is stated that last year's potato crop brought \$500,000 into the colony. At present there are 700 people in the colony. Buildings are solid, spacious and well kept, houses are comfortable and the people well satisfied with their lot. Newcomers are made welcome and assisted in their work. Some who arrived only two years ago, and who possessed some from \$50 to \$100 now have their farms practically paid for, comfortable and well furnished homes, machinery, equipment and automobiles.

The success of the New Danish Settlement is due to the fact that the Danish people are an industrious and progressive one in every way, and they appear eager to develop all the requisites of complete and successful citizenship. The climate of New Brunswick, where the Colony is situated, being not unlike that of Denmark, also has bearing on their agricultural success. Most of the families came out with practically no capital, but they have attained their ambitions of owning their own comfortable homes in a splendid crop producing district.

Vancouver Judge Extols World Court.

That righteous public opinion is the greatest force in the universe and is mightier than the sword, were the conclusions reached by Mr. Justice M. A. Macdonald, an eminent jurist of British Columbia and a close student of international affairs, in an address before the Vancouver Bar Association. Referring to the World Court of International Justice, the speaker said: "To-day a court of international justice is established, so far as the machinery is concerned, even the United States adhering to it with, however, some embarrassing reservations. These reservations are designed more to satisfy an unsettled public opinion within its own borders, the outcome of a policy of isolation, rather than to offer practical obstacles to the functioning of the Court."

"We have to develop the same confidence in the World Court as our courts in the domestic forum enjoy. As time goes on and international law becomes more clarified and a controlling public opinion compels the members of a World Court to recognize that they are representatives, not of the nations selecting them, but of the civilized opinions of mankind, it will receive the same sanction in a world sphere as our local courts enjoy in the domestic sphere. Therein lies the hope of permanent peace."

An Easy One.

"What's the greatest question of the age?"

"How to get a new car on the old income."

Druse's Weapons.

The curved sword or scimitar is the favorite weapon of war of the Druses. The knife comes next. All warriors wield the scimitar with tremendous skill and strength.



The cook says she is going to leave.

"Nothing will change her mind!"

"Nothing."

"All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her."

Seven Seeds of Failure.

—To believe that the world owes you a living.

—To believe always that you are doing more than you are paid for.

—To believe that all your failures are caused by something outside your self.

—To allow your visions to become mere dreams.

—To allow your friends to substitute for your conscience.

—To allow your temper to go unmastered.

—To be satisfied with getting by when you might be making good.

Then He Was Good.

After spending a weary hour trying to persuade our bull to leave the farm and go cityward, a neighbor suggested blindfolding him. I tied a cloth over his head and eyes and led him easily,

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



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GENE BYRNES

The Grocer Probably Owes Miss Killjoy.

ANOTHER BOOKLET for FARMERS

IN pursuance of its policy of friendly co-operation with the farming interests of this country, the Bank of Montreal is now issuing a new text book for farmers, entitled "Sheep for Mutton, Wool and Money." The booklet is a practical guide to the breeding and feeding of sheep, and its value is greatly increased by photographs illustrating every point that is made. A copy may be obtained, without charge, on application at our nearest Branch. Previous booklets distributed by the Bank are—

"Diversified Farming"
"The Cow, the Mother of Prosperity"
"Poultry for the Farm and Home"
"Hogs for Pork and Profit"

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AND
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J. S. Giles, Editor & Proprietor.

FRIDAY, FEB. 4th, 1927.

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EN PASSANT.

"I Wish I Had A Million"

DAY after day I patiently listened to a young man expressing himself to that effect. Every day for years he would give vent to the banal aspiration. All his thoughts converged upon the same misty point of mirage. If he were caught staring out of a window when he ought to have been at work, he would sigh wearily and murmur "I wish I had a million." When a handsome auto passed him in the street he would watch it out of sight, and his lips would form the same prayer, and at the most unexpected times he would break a golden silence by abruptly exclaiming "Gee, I wish I had a million" and then would purr along like a babbling brook about what he would do with it. If his dreams were to crystallize, he would marry "The Belle of Barcelona" or some equally nebulous beauty, and live in a great castle—not built in his home-land, oh dear no, he had enough of it already. When I blandly suggested "Spain" where castles are proverbially plentiful, he would eye me sadly and remark that he was not a contented worm that would be satisfied to live and die in a cabbage. If other people were. That was years ago, and for a time I lost sight of Jim. When next I saw him he was no longer the dreamy youth who sighed after his misty million. He was greatly changed. He had begun to stoop; his hair, once abundant and unruly, was rather thin on top, and was sleeked over as if to camouflage the affected area. He was married, too, and his little dun-colored mouse-like slip of a wife looked as if she had just finished a big wash and couldn't hang it out to dry, because of the rain. Between them they looked as if they were nine hundred and ninety nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety dollars, and some cents, short of Jim's original estimate of happiness, but I noticed that an expectant twinkle lingered in his eye as if he were still figuring on the straight million.

"AMBITION is Young Fortune's Ladder." That is an apt quotation for eternal young dreamers intent upon reaching down imaginary millions from the stars, but for folks with a tendency to avoidpoua the exercise of ladder climbing is too suggestive of hod-carrying to be regarded with favour. They would rather swim into Fortune, like George Young. He did not have to carry any hod up any perpendicular ladder, for his million. All he had to do was to plop into the water, and stay there. The other fellows climbed out, and lost, but he stayed in, and won. Now, he is permanently on the Wrigley advertising staff, and in a short time his signature will appear on as many slabs of chewing gum as it will upon endorsed cheques. His million is already in the offing, with all sail set.

What will he do with it? What a question! What would anybody do with his first million? The regular and accepted course for any millionaire to adopt is to double it in the shortest possible time. What would my friend Jim have done with his million if it had been washed up against him by the tide? Why, the same thing. They all dot it, or die in despair. Its the first million that counts. Gaff the first million, and others will follow it like a flock of seagulls, or the sheep you count as you go to sleep.

That's why we are not millionaires, you and I, gentle reader. We are shy of the first million; but if you are no more downhearted about it than I am, we are not losing any sleep.

It must a fearful responsibility to have to manage such a sum of money. There must always be the constant dread of it growing too big a burden to carry, or of its running wild and becoming a public nuisance, like rabbits in Australia.

I am told that millionaires were not to eat or drink what they fancy, like other folks, for fear of being poisoned. They have also to be guarded night and day, not that anybody wants to harm them, but just because they are scared. Poor saps. After all as Arthur Brisbane says: "The possession of gold is a mere fetish. It means nothing. Gold is a token. On a desert island after ten days Mr. Rockefeller would give all his gold for a ham sandwich."

Besides the other difficulties of rich men, like crawling through the eyes of neediness and getting into places where they are not wanted, they must have a terrible time in counting their money, stacking it up, and calculating its growth pro rata over the estimated duration of their lives. I think I would rather dream of the first chimerical million, especially in view of the uncertainty as to what constitutes the multiple of millions. In the "Answers" Section of the Star this week, there is a pathetic appeal for

help; An S. O. S. sent in by some distracted millionaire probably. I reproduce it in the hope that it will serve as a warning to others:—

Q.—What are the actual figures contained in a billion? Is a billion a million million, (1,000,000,000,000) or ten million million, (1,000,000,000) As there has been a heated argument over this question I should be much obliged if you would settle it for me.—S.E.W.

A.—In the British system a billion is a million millions, while in the United States and Canada the word "billion" signifies a thousand millions. In this country a billion is written \$1,000,000,000; In Great Britain it is written £1,000,000,000. The British billion is equivalent to the American trillion.

JUST SO, and I have a lingering suspicion that there are a few more "Comparative Equivalents" in other considerations than mere money, if we looked into them closely.

THE LINKMAN.

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F. Proulx	143	162	178	433
H. Gardiner	178	200	197	575

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BROWNSBURG "B" TEAM

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D. Mailhot	163	140	171	474
F. Brunelle	135	156	152	443
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E. Dagenais	166	146	167	479

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C. Harding	137	155	149	491
J. Hazel Jr.	127	166	125	418
G. D. Jenkins	169	153	129	451
A. J. Winslow	104	155	103	362
J. L. Lambertson	159	142	132	433

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Brownsburg "B"	245
Beloell "A"	197
Canadian Giant "B"	150
Canadian Giant "A"	130
Canadian Giant "A"	136
Montreal	120
Beloell "B"	114
Arlington	96

Highest Average J. Hazel, Sr.

Brownsburg "A" 178.8

Highest Match, J. Hazel, "A" 604

Highest Game, H. Gardiner, Brownsburg "A" 254

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Mrs. C. W. Lamb spent a few days in Montreal during last week.

The Women's Guild met at the home of Mrs. Charman on Tuesday.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church met on Thursday at the home of the Misses Walsh.

Much regret is felt in this village on account of the death of Mr. Chas. Rodger which occurred on Saturday, January 29th.

Miss Margaret Cowan and Miss E. Thompson left on Tuesday for MacDonald College to take a three months course in teaching.

Mrs. G. Jeffrey has recovered from her illness, and her many friends were glad to see her at church Sunday morning—the first time she has been out for over a month.

Thursday evening Mr. C. Brown took a party of young people to Mr. D. Taylor's to attend the meeting of the Young People's Club. Some of them went on a snowshoe tramp, and when they returned all sat down to an excellent supper.

The girls of the C.G.I.T. met at the home of Misses Elizabeth and Jeanette Wales on Saturday evening, then went to the rink for a skate, after which they returned for refreshments accompanied by their brothers and perhaps some that were not brothers. They all had a jolly time.

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Mr. McMahon spent the week-end with his family here.

Mrs. Calder and Miss McEwen spent Tuesday in Montreal.

Mr. John Muir entertained the Euchre Club on Wednesday night.

The Misses MacMartin entertained the Junior League on Friday last.

Mrs. Jas. Vincent, of Montreal, spent Thursday guest of Mrs. A. C. MacDonell.

The Misses Walsh entertained the Women's League, on Thursday; twenty-four were present.

The Men's Club meet at Mr. A. C. MacDonell's every Friday night. Everybody welcome.

Mr. Victor Willett spent the week-end in Montreal guest of his brother Mr. Walter Willett.

Mrs. E. J. Miller and Miss Ruth Bradley attended the Presbyterian in Montreal on Tuesday and Wednesday.

GRENVILLE BAY.

Miss Violet Grey spent the week-end at her home.

Miss B. Cummings and Miss Lois White spent an afternoon last week with Mrs. Brechin.

Miss Keegan who has been at Alford Cottage for some time, is going to Montreal this week.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mrs. Lawson Kennedy and family, in their sad loss of a loving husband and devoted father.

The Ladies of St. Giles Presbyterian Church met this afternoon at the home of Mrs. T. H. Grey. A very pleasant afternoon being spent. Tea was served at four by the hostess.

—Read the Private and Public Auction on Back Page.

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GRENVILLE.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mackan are visiting friends in Montreal.
Miss Olive Norton, of Montreal, visited her uncle Mr. Thomas Morrow.

Miss Enid Morrow was the week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Morrow.

Miss Helen Pridham spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. MacL. Pridham.

Miss Opal Ryan, of St. Jerome, spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ryan.

One more of our old residents have passed away in the person of Sever Cayer, Sr., being a life long resident of Grenville.

Mrs. Thos. Johnson, of Thetford Mines, has returned home, after an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bradshaw.

The lumbermen are busy hauling out logs, pulpwood and firewood, teams of horses and sleighs have taken the place of motor cars and trucks, and shows the industry of our Canadian Village.

We are pleased to hear Mr. Thos. Johnson, brother of Mrs. Lambert Pilon, at present in the hospital in Ottawa, is on the way of recovery; and hope we will soon see him among his old neighbors.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Montreal — Toronto
Trains leave Montreal at 10.00 a.m., 7.30 p.m. and 11.00 p.m. daily and 10.00 p.m., daily, except Saturday.
Montreal Buffalo Detroit Chicago

Trains leave Montreal 10.00 a.m. and 11.00 p.m. Daily through coaches and parlor cars and sleepers on day trains also through sleeping cars for Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago on night trains.

Montreal Cochrane Winnipeg Vancouver
Leave Montreal 10.15 p.m. daily for North Bay, Cobalt, Cochrane, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver.

Through coaches, also through standard sleeping cars Montreal to Winnipeg Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, also through tourist car Montreal to Vancouver.

J. M. Roby, Station Agent, Phone 14; S. Goldworthy, Town Agent, Lachute, Que., Phone 191 r 3.

A SALE every 5 MINUTES

"We are training certain of our salesmen to travel by Long Distance," said a well-known Ontario merchant. "It increases sales, and at much less cost for selling."

Use the Bell to Sell. The keener competition becomes, the more Long Distance will save you. Without leaving your office you or your salesmen can call on customers anywhere in Canada or the United States.

Many subscribers who used to think they had to make Person-to-Person calls now find that they reach the person they want with Station-to-Station calls. They are quicker and cheaper.



Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

ARUNDEL.
Church Services for Sunday, Feb. 6th, 1927.

United Church.—Rockway 10.30 a.m.; Arundel 7.30 p.m.; S. School 10.30 a.m. Rev. A. B. Hubley, Pastor.
Church of England.—Weir 10.30 a.m.; Arundel 7.30 p.m.; S. School 2.30 p.m. Rev. Geo. H. Gagnon, M.A., Rector.

The Girls' W. A. will meet at the Rectory on Saturday, Feb. 5th, at 2 o'clock.

The W. A. of Grace Church, Senior Branch, will meet at the Rectory on Thursday, Feb. 10th, at 2 p.m. The hostess for the occasion will be Mrs. Geo. Marshall.

The skating rink is becoming more popular every day and more and more skaters are to be found patronizing the popular winter sport. Friday night a very interesting game of Hockey was played between two local teams.

Thursday and Friday of last week the Mercury performed certain acrobatic feats the extent of which rivaled anything seen here in recent years. Tumbling was then in order till 38 degrees below was reached. Saturday and Sunday bounding and soaring upward until 38 degrees above was registered, making a gamut of 76 degrees in a little over 24 hours.

The Annual outing of the Girls' W. A. of Grace Church, which this year took the form of a "Social Evening" was held at the Rectory, Thursday evening, 27th January, and was a very enjoyable event. Some forty young people assembled and spent the evening playing games, singing and in general enjoyment. The "Girls' W. A." served refreshments and a nominal fee of 15c. per capita furnished a satisfactory nucleus for their Missionary work for the coming year.

The officers of Laurentian Lodge No. 81, A. F. & A. M. were installed at the regular meeting on Jan. 13th, by the Rt. Wor. C. J. Stanforth, P.D.D.G.M. After the ceremony of installation, the newly installed Master, Wor. Bro. Percy Stanforth on behalf of the Lodge presented the retiring Master, Rev. Bro. Geo. Gagnon, with a past master's Jewel which was fittingly acknowledged by Rev. Bro. Gagnon, who thanked the brethren of the Lodge not only for their gift but also for the splendid co-operation he had always found ready to support him, during his term as Master of the Lodge. Addresses were also given by the incoming master, R. W. Bro. C. J. Stanforth and Bro. Alex. Bothwell, of Lachute.

The Fourth Degree was exemplified in a becoming manner, all the brethren performing their part in the usual happy and efficiency manner.

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 BONIS ET DE TERRIS.
Superior Court.

Canada,
Province of Quebec,
District of Terrebonne,
No. 1385.

THE CORPORATION OF THE TOWNSHIP OF GORE, plaintiff; vs. **DR. C. A. PORTEOUS,** defendant; et al.

As belonging to said defendant et al., the following immovables, to wit:

Those lots of land known and designated on the official plan and book of reference for the township of Gore, county of Argenteuil, under numbers 15b, 16a, and 16b, of the 5th range of the said township of Gore—with the buildings thereon erected, to be sold as one and the same plot.

To be sold at the registration office of the county of Argenteuil, in the town of Lachute, district of Terrebonne, on the FIFTEENTH day of FEBRUARY, nineteen twenty-seven, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

J. W. CYR,
Seriff's office Sheriff.

Gent's Overcoats.

Nothing fits like a tailor-made suit. We have all kinds of clothes from which to choose. Step in today and let us take your measure. We also have a splendid assortment of Gent's Overcoats and Neck Ties.

R. Deslauriers.
MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

If you want anything or have anything for Sale, advertise them in the Watchman. It brings results.

LACHUTE ACADEMY EXAMS

Grade XI, French Composition.
(Maximum 50.)

Honours.—P. Squire 47, K. Squire 46.

Class I.—E. Morrison 44, A. Kelly 43, H. Doig 41, A. Rodgers 39.

Class II.—E. McCoy 37, E. Bennett 37, R. Jones 37, D. Golpin 37, E. E. Gibbon 35, M. Clifford 33, L. Elliott 33, B. Morrin 32, G. Smith 31, I. West 30.

Class III.—M. Bain 29, R. Leishman 28, N. Hay 26, R. Boyd 26.

Class II.—E. McCoy 37, E. Bennett 37, Grade X, General Science.

Class I.—J. Logan 76, A. MacGibbon 75.

Class II.—I. Monk 71, J. Yelland 69, A. Miller 67, R. Cruise 68, A. Stewart 65, G. McQuat 64, M. Wilson 64, L. Noble 63, L. Cruise 62, A. Laurin 62, G. Rodgers 61.

Class III.—J. McQuat 53.

Grade IX, English Composition.
Class I.—Freda Mason 88, G. MacKinnon 88, Reta Boyd 85, Alice Whinfield 84, Lois Cooke 81, Bessie Morrison 80, Eric Middleton 76.

Class II.—Herbie Gordon 73, Janet Morrison 73, Alma Boa 71, Laurence McQuat 68, Doris Prophet 68, Gladys Cruise 65, Isabel Jackson 65, Jessie Murdoch 64, Edith Boyd 60, Shirley Hamilton 60, Kathleen MacKinnon 60.

Class III.—Myrtle Patterson 57, H. Heattie 56, Annie Black 55, Eileen McFaul 52, Florence Hay 51, Sybil Morrow 51.

Grade VIII, Rapid & Mental Arith.
Class I.—Janet Berry 89, Mary Barclay 85, Stuart Jones 80, Marion MacVicar 80, Raymond Underhill 80, Mildred Kelly 79, George Barclay 78, B. Prophet 78.

Class II.—Marjorie Kettyle 72, W. Robertson 72, Herbert Hamilton 71.

Class III.—Norma Jackson 64, Lila Scott 61, C. MacKenzie 59, James Black 59, Jessie Leishman 57, Irene Doig 56, Hazel McKiddie 56, Marion Mathews 55, Helen Bradshaw 50, S. Armstrong 50, Doris Stanley 50.

Grade VII, Arithmetic.
Honours.—M. Langille 100, G. Drysdale 98.

Class I.—E. Goldsworthy 89, E. McNew 85, G. Clark 83, R. Cruise 80, H. Gall 76.

Class II.—E. Jousse 71.

Grade VI, Geography.
Class I.—Andrew Fulton, Gordon McFaul, Richard Stephens 88, Gilbert Black 85, Kenzie Cowan 82, Clayton Boyd 81, Stewart Anderson, Elsie McFaul 80, Lulu Miller 77, E. Armstrong 75.

Class II.—Maureen Bernier 72, Joey Bernier, Amy Morrin 69, W. Gall 66.

Grade V, Scripture.
Honours.—A. Doig 90.

Class I.—M. Robinson 89, W. Davis 87, S. Langille 86, Doris Boyd 82, E. Stansfield 79.

Class II.—D. McFaul 72, E. Jousse 72, D. MacKinnon 71, F. Stansfield 66.

Grade IV, Writing.
Honours.—B. Clunie 95, E. Stephens 90.

Class I.—M. Walker 83, S. Morrison 87, S. Roberts 85, J. McKennie 83, Alvin Ward 80, E. Rodgers 78, G. L'Abbe 75.

Class II.—G. Morrison 74, A. Ward 71, G. Scott 69, R. Miller 67.

BROWNSBURG SCHOOL EXAMS.

Grade IX, Grammar.

Class I.—Pearl MacKenzie 80, D. Macdonald 77.

Class III.—Florence Morrow 59.

Grade VIII, Grammar.

Honours.—Howard Tomalty 95.

Class I.—Russell Morrow 77, P. Campbell 72.

Class II.—Jeannette MacArthur 66, Willie Woods 66, Ruth Campbell 64, Lorn Ball 62, Edgar Jackson 61, W. McQuat 60, Anna Poltras 58, Audrey Monk 56, Annie Morrow 55, Willie Mason 51, Agnes Elliott 50, Bessie Murdoch 50.

Grade VII, French.

Class I.—Yvonne Pilon 85, Alice Lupien 83, Gladys Gilmour 80, Romeo Charbon 79, George Stewart 77.

Class II.—Agnes Duncan 72, Herbert Graves 71, Lucien St. Onge 71, Wilma Tomalty 63, Noel Bertrand 61.

Class III.—Noel Lemay 53, Wymen Hazel 57, Lilian White 57, Gordon Anderson 52, Jack Seary 51, Frank Kettyle 51.

Grade VI, French.

Class I.—Edith Gilmour 86, Charlie Kennedy 83, Jean McQuat 80, Clinton Murdoch 76.

Class II.—Ethel Kettyle 69, Alfred Lupien 68, Earle McGibbon 65, Stanley Seary 64, Stanley Jackson 64, M. Cooper 61.

Class III.—Geraldine McQuat 51, Winnie White 50, Ivy Steere 50.

Grade V, Writing.

Honours.—Marjorie McQuat 90.

Class I.—E. Campbell 88, Mona Roberts 87, Margaret Galbraith 85, Catherine Murdoch 83, N. Beckingham 82, Lloyd Roberts, Patsy Seary 80, Erwin Martin 77.

Class II.—Gilmour McLeod 72, M. Murdoch 69, Eva Jackson 68, Mabel Monk 66, Harry White 64, Elva McFaul 63, Eric King, Harry Beckingham 60.

Class III.—David Kennedy 57, H. Gunn 53.

Grade IV, Writing.

Honours Ruby Bradford 95, Alberta Dixon, Doris McQuat 92, Violet Kettyle 90.

Class I.—Ida Stewart 85, Doris Bourne, Gilbert Wilson 84, S. Tomlinson, Cecil Carpenter 81, Cecelia Martin 80, Annie Williams 79, Violet Hewitt, Sidney Seary 78, A. Morrow 75.

Class II.—Eva Hazel, George Castle 73, Ernest Leedham 72, W. Hazel 71, Hilda Townsend, G. Wilson, Alvin Connolly 70, Chester Fletcher 69, Allie Brown 68, Fred Leedham 63, D. Steere 60.

Class III.—Robert Jackson 52.

Grade III, Reading.

Honours.—Russell Todd 92, Winnie Seary 90, Elsie Turney 90.

Class I.—Ena Williams 87, Mildred MacAllister 85, Willie White 85, B. Stewart 84, Louis Beecroft 83, June Morrow 82, Alex. Beckingham 82, E. Dixon 82, Frank Steere 78, Joyce Clark 76, George Racine 75.

Class II.—Ernest Castle 69, Ernest Kettyle 69, Cathbert Marshall 63, Lorne Clarke 63, Eugene Racine 65, Edith Bradford 62, George Leroux 59.

MABEL.

Mr. T. Murdoch spent a few days in Montreal recently.

Miss Ada Murdoch visited Miss E. Dixon last week-end.

Miss Gertrude McAdam spent Saturday in Montreal.

Mr. Willie Homer visited his sister in Montreal recently.

Miss Dorothy McLeod spent Sunday with Miss Jennie Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Warwick spent the week-end with Mrs. W. J. Warwick.

Mr. and Mrs. John Heatie visited friends in Vide Sac on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Jas. Bigelow, of Dalesville, spent the week-end visiting, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Townsend.

Miss Annie Black spent the week-end in Brownsburg, visiting her sister, Mrs. Russell Warwick.

The Junior Circle of the Grenville Baptist Church will hold their Monthly meeting at the home of Miss Jennie Clarke on Feb. 12th, at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Fred Townsend has her uncle, Mr. Geo. Blair, of Stettler, Alta., visiting her at present. We are glad to see him enjoying good health.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Murdoch spent a couple of days in Montreal last week attending the banquet given by the Ayrshire Club in the Queen's Hotel.

LAKEFIELD.

Mr. W. E. Richards spent last week at his home here.

The many friends of Mr. T. Hodge will be pleased to learn he is recovering from his illness.

A meeting of the W. A. was held at the Parsonage on Wednesday and was well attended.

Don't forget the sliding party and bean supper, which the Women's Institute are giving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Tomalty's, on Friday evening, Feb. 11th. All are welcome.

Guests at Tamarack Lodge on Sunday last were, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Hay and Mr. Wilbert and Miss Mildred Sherritt.

Quite a number of people from this community attended the funeral of the late Mr. Charles Rodger on Monday last.

CUSHING.

Miss Wheelan also spent the week-end in the Big City.

Mrs. F. Fuller is visiting friends in Montreal at present.

Mr. Geo. Nicholls and Mrs. T. Weir Jr., spent Sunday in Montreal.

Mrs. A. Graham spent the greater part of last week very pleasantly, visiting friends in Montreal and St. Therese.

Mrs. J. R. Pinkerton is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Harcourt at New Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Noel, of Cushing Junction, are the proud possessors of a beautiful new baby boy, which arrived on Monday.

"Rex" Theatre

Lachute

FEB. 6 — SUNDAY ONLY
A Treat for everybody, a show that young and old will enjoy.
TOM MIX in

TONY RUNS WILD

Fighting Marine Who's Next
Attraction Ben Turpin in When a man is a PRINCE

EXTRA SENSATIONAL

7 — 8

PATSY RUTH MILLER in

Why Girls go Back Home

Western Fighting Strain

Comedy: Papa's Pest

HOUSE PETERS in

PRISONER OF THE STORM

4 — 5
NORMA SHEARER in
UP STAGE

Emotional history of a grand singer and dancer. Norma will sure please you in her role.

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PRISONER OF THE STORM

Ralph's

Ladies' Men's & Boys Winter
Coats and Suits at the
very Lowest Prices
A Full Line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Main Street, - Lachute.

CREAM WANTED for EATON Montreal Creamery

We now make butter at our Creamery adjoining the Store.

We pay express charges from your nearest express shipping station and pay you promptly for each individual shipment.

For further information, write to
Creamery Department

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
OF MONTREAL



After a drawing by P. C. Andrews in "Life"

The Little Breadwinner

THIS little chap of twelve, hawking papers in the midst of the city's maelstrom, his clothes in tatters, his eyes eager and shifty, his voice hoarse with shouting—can you see the tragedy of his life? He left school at ten to help earn bread for his mother and brothers.

Yet, Daddy had great hopes for him. Looking down at the wee baby face he had said: "I'll give the lad a good start in life—a lift on to the first rung of the ladder."

That was eleven years ago. Daddy had not counted on dying, you see. But he did die—died at the wrong time before his plans had worked out. Are you willing to take a chance like that with your wife and little ones? An Imperial Monthly Income Policy will safeguard them from a danger you dare not ignore.

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us. Then we'll send you our booklet which tells all about it.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE :: TORONTO, ONTARIO

E. M. Jones, Agent
LACHUTE

COUPON

Please send me your Booklet about Monthly Income Policies.

Meet me at Joe's!

INCIDENTS IN COLOR

The lakes, like three blue beads, were strung at the throat of the hill. They were round and pellucid under the laced fingers of the trees, and as calm as the sky arched far above them. Everything there was held in a lovely stillness—the slender birches whitely streaked against green woods beyond, the tattered sprays of russet maple leaves, the broad scribbling of mauve shadows along the dim and curving lines of the shore. Everything was quiet and tranquil, with the quietness and tranquillity that belong to early dawn and early dusk when things are scarcely awake and barely asleep.

Now and then a bird veered low, and its shadow, faint and minute, slid like a grey leaf across the blue water. And once the pines on the top of the hill moved suddenly and restlessly—tapering pines cut sharply into the sky and rooted deep to stand against the tearing winds from the sea; a little ragged and a little old, but proud in their solitude. And twice the honk of flying geese stabbed the silence and drew long threads of echoes from behind the hill. The sun dropped lower and lower, until the silver fingers of the birches were warmed to the faintest coral, and a fleet of high, thin clouds in the north were stinged and seared with crimson and the flaring yellow of autumn leaves. Shadows were streaked down the hill, like grey pencilings on a brown and crumpled parchment; and all the western sky behind the pines was burning exultantly with color. The massed clouds grew darker, the shadows heavier; crimson was dimmed to purple, and blue to a lovely dove-wing grey. The lakes were delicately pink in the middle, but shadows were swimming out slowly, darkly, to sap them of their warmth, to blur their radiance, and draw the shores together.

A fragment of the moon blew in with the evening winds, a frail and shining arc against the heavy blue of the sky; and a scattering of stars glittered like polished pebbles where a while ago the sun had sent up vermillion flames and clouds of purple smoke. The hill loomed black and silent now, with its crest of ragged trees; and far below it, by the slim, still birches, three little lakes repeated the stars in silver and the moon in silver-white.

Life and Breath.

The majority of people never give breathing a thought until they are what is called "out" of breath. They regard it as a natural function that takes care of itself, and so it usually does. At the same time there is nothing in life that gives such generous return for a little thought and labor as does that act of breathing by which we live. To begin with, it is the duty of each one of us to discipline our breathing. We let ourselves go on from year to year breathing with a tiny fraction of our apparatus till by and by comes the "cold that settles on the lungs," the attack of pneumonia or of bronchitis, some crisis when it is a life and death matter that we should be able to control our power of breath, and it is too late—we have never been its master and we cannot be its master now.

You need only watch people as you see them in the shops, at the motion pictures, on the cars, on the pavement, to recognize that the world is full of people who are half alive for want of proper breathing. You can see them walking with half-opened mouths, slouching in their seats, lopsided, round-shouldered, with no color in cheeks or lips unless it be from the rouge pot, vacant, undervitalized in expression. Then listen to them talk. "The winter is one cold after another," or "If I could only get through one winter without a cold," or "I seem to be a little below par all the time." If you dared to reply, "Ah, but you probably never do five minutes' honest breathing from month's end to month's end," they would be offended but not converted.

This matter of breathing does not mean a lot of apparatus, trained instructors, special gymnastics; it only means standing erect, throwing the shoulders back and remembering to breathe. Breathing is a matter of the will; the breathing muscles are voluntary muscles and are controlled by the will. You cannot have too much oxygen, and the only way to get it is to learn to breathe. If you have always been a slacker in this regard, you probably often catch cold, suffer from indigestion, are habitually constipated, have a stooping walk and a muddled complexion. To you we say, "Go and wash in clean air." Stand in your open window often and breathe deeply and slowly, stand and sit erect through the day and breathe deeply and slowly, and when you settle to sleep at night breathe deeply and slowly.

To Fit the Occasion.

As a disciplinary measure, it was customary in one household to make the offending member eat alone at a small table in the corner and repeat a verse from the Bible.

On one occasion, while the other members of the family were assembled at the dinner table, the little boy in the corner was asked for his Bible quotation. He solemnly offered the following: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

KING AND QUEEN ARE HOSTS AT YULETIDE

SPECIAL DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

The Royal Servants Receive Dresses and Pieces of Solid Silver-Plate.

The best of employers at all seasons, King George and Queen Mary outdo themselves at Yuletide. They treat their servants to festivities such as are enjoyed by the servants in no other household in the kingdom, perhaps in the world.

The Christmas of the royal servants really starts a week before the actual day, when there is a distribution of special gifts from their majesties to all those in their employ. These gifts consist for the most part of dresses for the female servants and pieces of solid silver-plate for the male servants. Every female can go to a well known firm of modistes and order whatever kind of gown she chooses; it may be an evening or afternoon gown or a two piece suit.

The same firm of modistes has executed this order for the king and queen for many years. The pieces of silver-plate given to the men-servants are all solid and substantial, and servants who have been a long period in the royal service have accumulated quite valuable collections of silver.

The two chief items in the program of the Christmas entertainments for the royal servants are the time-honored Christmas tree and the servants' ball. The former is always held at Sandringham, the latter usually at the Mews at Buckingham Palace.

The ceremony is held in the great servants' hall at Sandringham at eight o'clock in the evening. The royal men-servants on duty for the night are clad in their full state livery of scarlet and white, but they attend the Christmas tree as guests. The other servants, male and female, wear ordinary evening dress.

The tree is an immense one and on its branches is a gift for every person present, including royalties. The royal party, with the guests, enter the servants' hall at eight o'clock and the distribution of gifts begins at once.

Six servants at a time. Six servants stand by the tree and dispense the gifts at a very rapid rate. Each person—royalty or servant—on entering the room receives a red ticket bearing a number and the words "Sandringham Christmas Tree" and the figure denoting the year.

Every gift on the tree has attached to it a number corresponding to a number on the ticket. When all is ready for the distribution of the gifts to begin the servant standing by the tree calls out a number and the holder of the ticket bearing that number—it may be the king or queen or the Prince of Wales or a servant—at once walks to the tree and receives his gift.

The royal party sits about the tree, but there is no ceremony of any kind observed at this entertainment. There is, for example, no curtseying or bowing to the royal party by anyone going to the tree to receive a gift.

Roast turkey and Christmas pudding are the chief items at the supper which follows.

After supper come speeches and songs, the evening ending with the drinking of the health of their majesties.

The servants' ball is generally held on Twelfth Night (January 6), in the spacious Royal Mews—the stables—at Buckingham Palace, where there is a hall which makes a splendid ballroom. Sometimes it has been held at Sandringham.

All the royal servants are invited and the king and queen are always present. The king opens the ball by dancing with the housekeeper at the palace while the queen dances with the head of the men-servants' staff.

Thought and Care. Of the thought and care members of the royal family have at all times, and especially at Christmas, for their servants much could be written, but one story will suffice. It was told to the writer by William Church, a royal servant at Buckingham Palace for many years, in the employ of the late king.

Church was deputed to pack up and address the various presents Queen Alexandra was sending out to her relations and friends, a week or so before Christmas one year.

Church began his work at ten o'clock in the morning and was still hard at work at eleven o'clock at night. The room where he was engaged on his task adjoined Queen Alexandra's private apartments.

A little after eleven o'clock the door of the room opened and Queen Alexandra appeared bearing a tray on which were a pile of freshly cut sandwiches and a bottle of champagne.

"I thought you might be hungry," she said, "so I have brought you a little supper. When you have finished it go to bed—you must be tired—and you can finish packing to-morrow."

The festivities and entertainments now provided for the royal servants were in the main first instituted by the late King Edward. In Queen Victoria's reign there was no special entertainment for the servants at Christmas. The season was celebrated at Windsor Castle by the sovereign with somewhat gloomy solemnity, the religious aspect of it being more emphasized than any other.

The Steading.

Day slowly passes from the hushed grey world That sinks, with gloaming, to a deeper dream. On the brown fields the mist, unstriving broods; The highway puddles lose their silver gleam. In all the woods, in all the wayside trees, Sounds not one whisper of a restless leaf. Or tap of falling raindrop; all is hushed. Yet gloaming has two voices: there the stream Murmurs its tale of silence; there the owl Greeted his old melancholy friend the night. But here the steading has its quiet stir. Where two great horses, weary from the plough, Pace, steaming, to the trough to quench their thirst; A dog springs out; a heavy booted hind Moves with a swinging lantern in the byre, Where lows some hidden beast in warm content: Within the house there laughs a happy child. The kitchen window, crimson-curtained, glows, Calling to warmth and comfort and repose. —W. Kersley Holmes, in "In the Open."

The Northern Lumber Town.

All day the whirring of the sawmills, And the sun shining on the town in the valley, Gleaming along the wooded hills beyond, And dancing on the blue river filled with logs.

Lumber is heaped in towering, state-like piles For miles along the curving of the river. The sharp, resinous fragrance of the sawdust Mingles with the warm odor of the pine trees.

Three bridges span the glinting, sun-filled river; And dandelions glow along its border. Church bells sound faintly from the Indian village And mingle with the murmur of the sawmills.

I have seen violets, blue and small and tender, Forcing their way through icy snows in April, On a little winding path among the pine trees. On the hill that leads into the Indian village. At nightfall, walking in the quiet valley, I see the mills ablaze with lighted windows, And watch the pines with their green, pointed turrets Burn in the dying orange fires of sunset. —Beatrice Mary Billing.

Explained.

Farmer (using telephone)—"Send me over a bushel of oats." Clerk—"Surely. For whom?" "Don't try to joke with me—for my horse."

"IDEAL Fashions" by Fur-Belle Hamilton



1074

A SMART RAGLAN COAT FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

Soft woolen material makes this girl's raglan-sleeve coat. The comfortable armhole is always a joy to the growing girl. The tailored collar, which is convertible, may be fastened closely about the neck as illustrated, or left open. The large patch-pocket and wide turn-back cuffs, together with the smart cut, make No. 1074 a practical and easily fashioned style. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 2 1/4 yards 54-inch material. 20 cents.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Following.

I will bend myself to Thy will, at last, and follow Thy direction— Oh, carry me forward to my task, and to worship lift me up! —Marguerite Wilkison, in "Citadels."

The housekeeper who wants to make both ends meet might start the dinner with beef broth and end with mince pie.

THE SHORTEST PRIZE ESSAY

By David Kerr.

One fine evening, about two hundred years ago, just as the sun was setting over London, a crowd of idlers might have been seen gathered around the door of Will's Coffee-house, which was then a kind of fashionable club, where all the wits and fine gentlemen of the town were wont to meet.

These loungers were evidently waiting for someone of special note, for every now and then all heads were turned eagerly toward the corner of the street, and each man whispered to his neighbor:

"Isn't he comin' yet?"

Suddenly there was a buzz of "Here he comes!" and a fat little man, in a rather shabby suit of black, with an eye as clear and bright as a hawk's came slowly through the crowd, which opened respectfully to let him pass.

And well it might, for this old man was no other than John Dryden, the most famous poet of his time, or (as many people then said and thought) of any other time either.

Little did they dream how small the name of John Dryden was one day to look beside that of another English writer, also called John, who had died in an obscure lodging only a few years before, old, blind, racked with gout and glad to get twenty-five dollars for the grandest epic poem ever written—a poem of which some of us have heard under the name of "Paradise Lost."

"Hurrah for Mr. Dryden!" roared a brawny fellow with a butcher's blue apron; "and long may he live to pitch into the Dutch lubbers as they deserve!"

The crowd heartily applauded the sentiment, for the war between England and Holland was just over, and Dryden's satires upon the Dutch were more popular in England than anything else that he had written.

"They said he was agittin' old," cried a porter, looking after the poet as he entered the coffee-house; "but to my mind he looks just as fresh as ever!"

"Who'd say that stout gentleman is?" asked a light-haired lad, whose ruddy cheeks and countrified dress betrayed that this was his first visit to London.

"Who's he, do you say, Chawbacon?" answered his neighbor. "Why, where ever can you have been livin' all your life, not to know him? That's Mr. John Dryden, the great poet, as dines with the king every day."

"Dinnes with the king every day!" echoed the countryman, in amazement. "Eh, but I wish I was he."

"You needn't do that, my boy," said a sharp-looking little journeyman tailor; "for he's as poor as a rat, and owes a hundred guineas into the bargain. He'll see the inside of a debtor's prison afore long, or my name's not Timothee Smithson!"

"Is that really so?" asked a tall, handsome man, in a very rich dress, who had just got out of his carriage at the door of the coffeehouse. "Are you certain of what you say?"

"Quite certain, if it please your lordship," answered the tailor, doffing his cap respectfully—for Charles Backville (Lord Dorset) was as well known in London as the dome of St. Paul's itself, being, in truth, the most generous as well as the richest of English nobles. "It's our people he owes the bill to, and master says he means to get his money one way or another."

The earl made no answer, but walked

ed into the coffee-house, murmuring to himself:

"I could pay the debt easily enough, but it wouldn't please my old friend to know that his difficulties are public talk. I must find some other way."

The group assembled within was one which any painter would have loved to copy, for every man in it bore a name which will live as long as the history of England itself.

There was the brilliant, witty, heartless Sir Charles Sedley, many of whose sayings are still quoted by men that have forgotten who said them. There were the smooth-tongued Arlington, and the boisterous Etherege, and the ever-laughing Montague.

There, too, was the wild Duke of Buckingham, upon whose handsome features the mad career that destroyed the largest fortune and the strongest constitution in England had already stamped the impress of premature age and untimely death.

And there, somewhat wan and haggard from long excess, but still beautiful and graceful as ever, sat the wildest and wittiest, and most reckless of them all—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

"Welcome, my illustrious namesake!" cried Sedley, with his little twinkling laugh. "You come, as usual, just at the right moment. We are discussing which of us is the best at writing an impromptu, and we cannot agree."

"I'll settle it for you, then!" cried Dorset, struck with a sudden thought. "We will each write a piece of impromptu verse or prose, and Mr. Dryden, whose judgment no one can question, will honor us by naming the successful one."

"Agreed!" cried all, with one voice. And to work they went at once, while Dryden, turning his chair around watched them with a smile which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the post assigned to him.

Among the most famous wits of the day, one might well have expected a very close and sharp contest, but to everyone's amazement, Dorset pushed his paper across the table to Dryden almost before any of the others had well begun theirs.

"Our friend must have thought," whispered Etherege to Rochester, "that the prize was the quickest piece, not to the best. His contribution must consist of nothing but date and signature, judging from the time he's taken over it."

"He looks pleased enough, however," answered Rochester, "in the same tone. 'Depend upon it, he has hit on some good idea.'"

It certainly appeared as if he had, for when all the impromptus were finished and handed in, Dryden, after a very brief examination of them, astonished everyone by deciding in favor of Dorset.

Rochester, who had fully expected the first place himself, eagerly snatched up Dorset's paper, and instantly broke into a shout of laughter, echoed by all the rest, as they read the prize composition, which ran as follows:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas—Dorset."

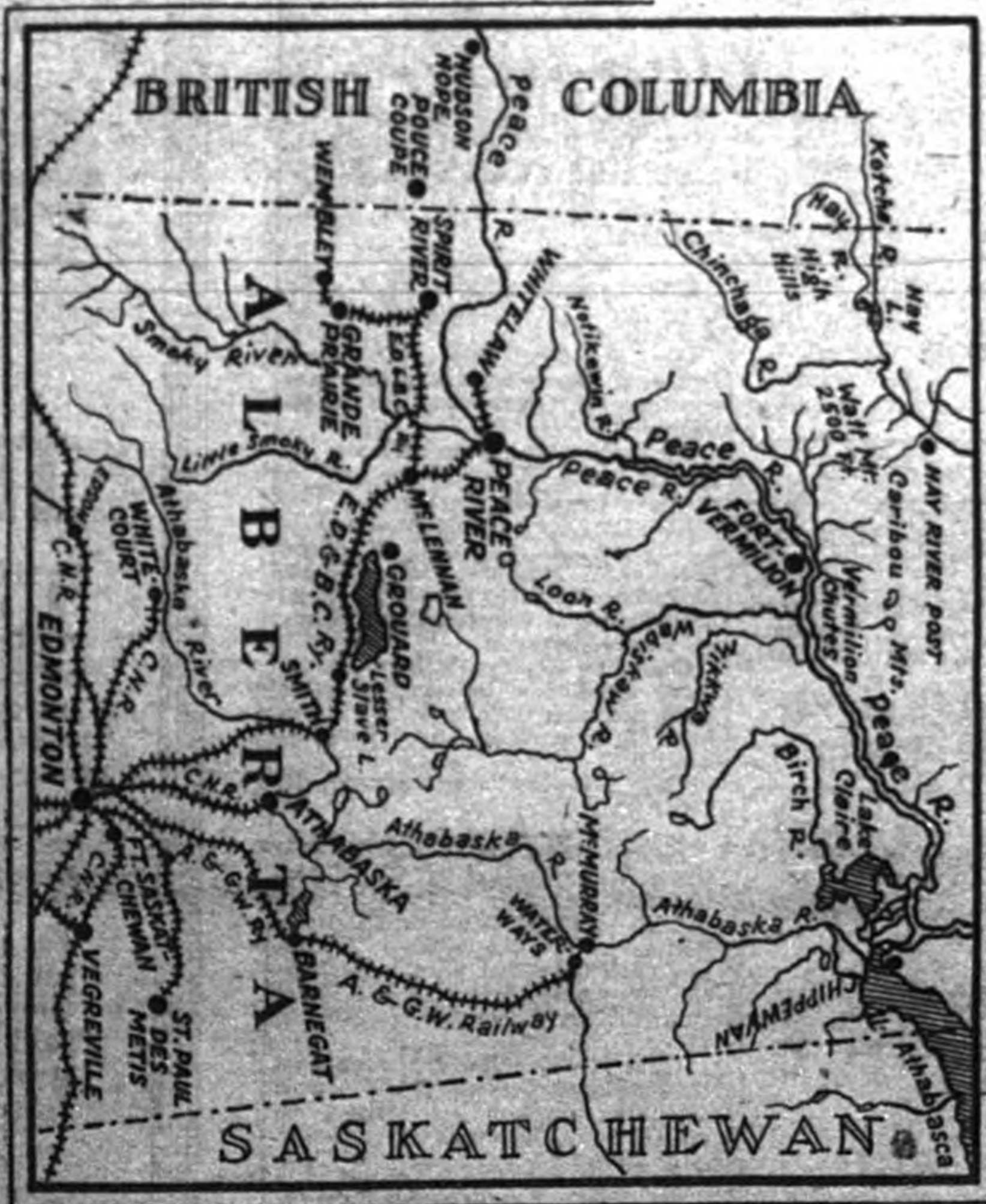
Window Gardening for Winter.

Those who have flowers and grow them outside in summer time must, in winter, resort to the cultivation of house plants, make purchases from the florist or go without. It is therefore a good time to resort to window gardening and in this field of amateur work there is opportunity for much pleasure and profit if one will give a little attention to a few important particulars. Every person can have at least one small plant in the window, thus becoming, on a small scale, a landscape gardener. A few plant trimmings in the winter help to make a picture.

The usual difficulties in growing plants in houses, especially in the winter time, are those of too little light, extremes in temperature, too much gas from coal fires and gas burners, and crowded conditions in the house. However, all of these difficulties can usually be overcome to the extent that plants will tolerate and grow with satisfaction if a little care is exercised in regard to the preliminaries of house management.

To succeed with plants in the home, it is best to select a room with much sunlight and one which is ventilated but which has no strong drafts. Use shapely pots for the plants and use a liberal supply of sandy loam or a bushel or two of mixture from the florist's. Repot the plants each year with fresh earth, firming it well around the roots. Trim off all withered or dead leaves and prune back the plants to keep them in good shape. Give them plenty of water and access to light and they will thrive. It is important not to crowd the plants as they do not look as well in a crowded condition and do not grow as well. They need lots of room and plenty of sunlight. West windows furnish too intense a light for some plants, hence south or southwest windows are better. Bay windows are ideal. Avoid hot, dry air. Keep the room air moist from an open pan of water, or spray the leaves each day with tepid water.

To begin with, one may grow geraniums, coleus, begonias, ferns, especially the Christmas, Boston and Maiden Hair and some of the smaller palms and many bulbous plants such as tulips, hyacinths, asparagus fern, Christmas cherry, petunias, heliotrope, and verbenas.



THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY FAR NORTH OF EDMONTON.

This is King Wheat's new empire. At the left of the map, is a great district which includes four prairies 665 miles north of the international boundary, yet wheat grows there. And this. These produce high grade export wheat. The sweetstake wheat and

cats at Chicago exhibition, held in November, came from Wembley. The Peace River is shown on this map from Hudson-Hope northerly, but it rises in the mountains west of the territory included here.

SOME POULTRY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WINTER MONTHS

BY R. G. KIRBY.

Judging from the amount of sunshine in December, the discovery of cod liver oil as a sunshine substitute did not arrive any too soon. Many poultrymen feel that they are already buying about all they can afford to feed to the hens. But if the pocket-book can be stretched a bit this month to provide a little chicken New Year's present in the form of a few gallons of cod liver oil, it will be a paying investment.

One handy way of serving the cod liver oil is in a grain mixture. Add a quart of oil to about twenty-five pounds of scratch grain and mix thoroughly. Do not throw the sticky mixture in the poultry litter to pick up dirt, but place it in a clean trough long enough so that all of the flock can obtain some of the oil and grain. A quart of cod liver oil each week for 100 hens is considered enough by many poultrymen.

PREVENTING SCALY LEG.

The scaly leg parasite which burrows under the scales of a hen's leg makes the bird an inferior market fowl. When you cull the flock and sell hens for meat, the dealer will want clean, smooth-legged birds, and not the kind with rough, crusty legs.

This mite spreads from one bird to another along the roosts, and when the roosts are treated often with oil to kill the red mites, it seems to retard the spread of the scaly-leg mite at the same time.

Individual hens with scaly legs can be rapidly improved in appearance by washing the legs in warm, soapy water to loosen the crusty material. Then take an old tooth brush and rub kerosene oil or coal tar disinfectant up under the scales. When treating hens for lice with a mixture of equal parts of blue ointment and lard, a bird may occasionally be found with rough legs. Rub a little of the lard and blue ointment mixture up under the scales and see if it does not improve the appearance of the legs in a short time. Do not leave any of the mixture where it can be picked off by the hens.

Young hens are less apt to show scaly legs than old birds, and some buyers seem to judge the age of a hen by the appearance of the legs, although it may not be an accurate way to judge. But scaly legs on hens will not give a poultryman the reputation for selling high quality poultry.

DAMP POULTRY HOUSES.

When a poultry house is damp, the floor construction promptly receives the blame. There are other common causes of damp walls and tough, moist litter. Sometimes the house is overcrowded. The straw receives more manure each day than it has the capacity to absorb readily. If the litter is not changed often, it is soon very damp, even on the best of concrete floors.

A lack of ventilation causes damp floors. Too much glass in a poultry house makes the house very warm on a sunny day. At sundown the outside

air cools rapidly and the moisture in the warm house gathers on the walls and ceiling. The next day the moisture drips into the litter.

A house with no other ventilating system than a partially open front can often be kept dry by keeping enough of the front open to permit the dry outside air to absorb a lot of the moisture in the poultry house. Sometimes the opening of one more window in the front of the house will almost immediately dry off the side walls and absorb a lot of the moisture from the litter.

Promptly removing the droppings is a help in keeping poultry houses free from excess moisture. Just lift a metal bushel basket of fresh poultry manure and compare it with the weight of a bushel of dry manure. The difference in weight is due to the moisture which has evaporated into the air beneath the roosts, and helped to make the house damp. If the dropping boards cannot be scraped every day during the winter, try and do it as often as possible, and never let a thaw arrive with much manure on the dropping boards. The more cleaning a poultry house receives, the greater the chances of keeping the birds healthy.

A poultry house on the general farm is often neglected because the cattle and horses have to come first. Hang a metal bushel basket and a scraper just inside the poultry house door and see if it is not helpful in keeping the dropping boards clean. When you have to hunt for the tools to do a job, it is always easier to put off the job until another day.

PROVIDE AMPLE HOPPER SPACE.

The amount of dry mash hopper space per 100 birds has an influence on the amount of laying mash consumed each day. A heavy consumption of dry mash is necessary to keep egg production at about fifty per cent. Some houses will have only one small hopper for 100 hens. Some pullets are shy, although of good laying ability if they receive the raw material. Such birds may remain away from a small hopper rather than take the pecks of cross old birds. A few hens with mean dispositions can almost control the mash hoppers during the best part of the day.

About eight or ten feet of dry mash hopper space for 100 birds seems to give good results. Even then, it often pays to keep a crock or small, low box in each section of the laying house. Every day fill this small measure with mash from the large hopper. Many hens will see the mash readily and immediately start eating from the small dish, although they have not been feeding from the hopper. A long wooden trough can be used to make the laying mash visible to all the flock.

If you have no time to make a moist mash for the flock, try pouring a little water from the drinking pail over the dry mash in a crock. The hens will immediately begin eating the moistened mash and that method also stimulates the consumption of egg-making materials.

Spotty Walls—and What to Do.

Sometimes after a plastered wall has been painted, portions of it will have a lighter or duller appearance than the rest. This is because some spots of plaster are more porous than the rest and therefore absorb more oil from the paint.

In some cases this uneven absorption can be prevented by painting the plaster with a priming coat made by adding to 25 pounds of white lead one and three-fourths gallons of pure boiled linseed oil and one quart of turpentine. However, it is sometimes impossible to seal porous spots with either a glue or varnish size. You can buy the size, or make it by dissolving one-half pound of glue in four gallons of water to which has been added one-fourth ounce of powdered alum. This size can be applied to the plastered wall first, but it is a better practice to give the plaster the priming coat of paint first, in order to see if the size is necessary. The priming coat of paint is enough, in which case the cost and trouble of putting on the size will have been saved. Should the size be needed it is just as effective applied over the priming coat. Even where three paint coats have been applied before the porous spots are discovered, the size can be put on without removing any paint, and then more paint coats applied to cover and remedy the trouble.

—E. H.

Our Little Smokehouse.

The farm we were renting had no smokehouse. We turned an empty grocery box upside down, nailed a strip over a couple of cracks to prevent escape of smoke and dug a tunnel about 6x8 inches from just inside under the box to a pit about three feet away.

The pit was about the size of an ordinary wash basin. Here we made a corn-cob fire, which produces the very best flavor next to hickory. We turned a tin basin over the pit and put tin and then a piece of old canvas over the tunnel.

Through tiny holes in top of the box we drew twine and slipped a nail through the loop to hang the meat. It worked like a charm.—F. H.

Treating Beans.

My recipe for treating beans to keep bugs from getting in, one that I have used for years and which has never failed me, is very simple: I put the seed beans in a tight tin box after they are perfectly dry and put a few camphor balls in. I have never had bugs get into the beans. Those for table use, I put in a dishpan and cover with boiling water, let them stand four or five minutes, then spread them out thin on the attic floor to dry. After they are dried thoroughly I put them away in paper bags until I am ready to use them.—Mrs. W. H. M.

He Was His Own Miller.

Earl Daughterman had a buckwheat crop that he was offered 75 cents a bushel for. That wasn't enough to make him any profit.

He had it ground into pancake timber, jumped into his car and went down the road selling it. It brought five cents a pound and farmers want real genuine buckwheat flour if they can get it.

After figuring out all grinding and selling expenses Mr. Daughterman found he had realized better than \$1 a bushel for his entire crop.

Look Pretty When You Work.

It is surprising how much a pleasing costume helps, especially when there are long, sometimes tiresome tasks to be done. A dainty, cheerful-looking apron is sure to make one feel attractive, and feeling attractive is a long step toward making the day worth while. And we all know how much easier it is to work when we feel this pleasing glow. Here is a little apron, of unbleached cotton with a border of pretty chintz, that any girl handy with a needle could make with little trouble.

Date Stones for Camel's Hump. Algerian natives save the stones of the dates to feed their camels as they return, weary from their long marches in the desert, the idea being to fatten and strengthen the hump.

The best law: The Golden Rule.



A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE JUNIOR MISS

The smart little frock pictured here will be found very attractive if fashioned of either velvet, flannel, or other soft material. The long-waisted bodice is joined to a circular skirt, while the long sleeves extend into the neck and are gathered at the lower edge into narrow wrist-bands. Of special interest is the convertible collar having long ends which may be tied in a chic bow as illustrated, or left open. Contrasting material is effectively used for the collar, wrist-bands and patch pockets. No. 1259 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material, and 1/4 yard contrasting. 20c.

Our New Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Saves All the Ensilage.

I have learned of two ensilage-saving methods that have been used for several years.

Instead of filling the silo with corn to the very top, use straw for the last layers, wetting it the same as the corn. When opening the silo it will be found that the corn beneath the straw is in fine condition.

Another farmer had the courage to put new ensilage on top of old. He was careful to see that there was no spoiled ensilage on top of the old before beginning to put in the new corn. He has done this with complete success for several years. When asked if the ensilage in the bottom was not rather strong after three or four years, he said, "Sure it is a little stronger than usual, but the cattle can smell it farther and they kick up their heels and come running."—A. C. S.

Something New.

Something new in the barn today—Warm and soft and curled, Old as the hills and fresh as May. Something new in the world.

Three wet noses sniff the breeze, Six sharp ears unfurled, Twelve brave legs on wobbly knees—Something new in the world.

Black-and-whites in a box of hay—Only pups to you; Three adventurers bold and gay In an old world ever new.

—Harriet Edgar Davis.



"Willie, can you tell us what guerilla warfare is?" "Yee'm—ain't it a monkey fight?"

DO YOU LAUGH AT YOUR CHILDREN?

BY LENORA BAILEY.

"If you please, Mother, may I please have some jelly on my toast, please?" ceremoniously asked little Billy at the breakfast table.

It was an unusually long speech for him but he was very much in earnest about it. Mary, Billy's cousin, giggled. Billy's big blue eyes opened wide in surprise, then filled with tears.

"Indeed you may, Son, here it is all nice and thick. Don't you think that fine?"

But the little fellow said nothing before he again turned to look across at Mary. She had in the meantime received a message from his mother's eyes and was also serious. So he finished his breakfast contentedly.

"Mary," said his mother after Billy had gone to play, "you are preparing to be a teacher and I can give you a helpful suggestion. Never laugh at little children. Laugh with them but never at them."

"Why, Aunt Lenora? Will laughing hurt? What Billy said was very funny."

"It was, indeed, and we can have a good laugh about it now that he is not here. We should not do it before him. He was trying to learn to say 'please'. I may have some trouble now to get him to try again."

"We always laugh at William Bailey and Juanita when they did funny things. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have the best time imaginable laughing at the mistakes of Dot and Eddie."

"I know all that but because of that very laughing, William Bailey is convinced he is slow to learn, which is not true, while by the same method you have made Juanita think she is extra brilliant, which she is not. You have handicapped your brother for years to come and started the little sister on a path that will result in many hard bumps before the conceit is taken out of her. Few people love a conceited child."

"What about the Edwards children, then?"

"You can plainly see the effect there in the way both children love to 'show off' continually. They are never satisfied unless they are the centre of an admiring, laughing, applauding group. They make things disagreeable when they are not."

"Well, that is true, but I never thought about it before. Can we always keep from laughing?"

"Yes. It may be a little hard but when you remember how much is at stake you can exercise the proper amount of self-control."

"You think, then, that children are affected in one of two ways by older persons laughing at them. Either they are made very timid—or sometimes morbidly shy—or they immediately begin to perform all sorts of ridiculous actions upon the slightest notice."

"Exactly right, Mary. Both are equally harmful. Children need to be watched carefully but not laughed at. As I said before, laugh with them all you wish. There's a great difference."

No Man is Interesting—

—Who has nothing to talk about but himself.
—Who sees nothing that is right with the world.
—Who is interested only in those who can do him favors.
—Who resents the time that other people take in the conversation.
—Who has nothing to say and insists on saying it.
—Who has not learned to appreciate other people's jokes.
—Who always agrees with you.

Healing Animals.

The study of the diseases of animals was never more of vital interest than it is to-day. The financial loss from these diseases is enormous. If ever a specific is found for the so commonly fatal malady of distemper in dogs, not only will a vast amount of suffering be saved to the sad victims of the sickness, but multitudes of men, women and children will be saved the sorrow that comes from the loss of their cherished pets.

Died From Fasting.

The death of a woman, Marya Gotubova, as a result of prolonged fasting, has called public attention to the existence of a new religious sect in Russia. The sect is named after its founder, Anisim; and its devotees believe that by fasting they can acquire a new body and a new soul. It is feared that other members of the sect may also fall victims to an over-literal interpretation of their theories.

Tiger Takes 125 Lives.

A man-eating tiger was shot recently in the Madras Presidency of India after it had terrorized a village for seven years and had been responsible for the loss of more than 125 lives.

Children and Colors.

Children do not develop color sense until about two years, a psychologist finds.

Beats the Sun for Light.

Sirius, the dog star, gives off about forty-eight times as much light as our sun.

Sugar is bleached by finely ground carbon.

PIPING HOT AND ICY COLD

BY ANNE KILBORN COLE.

Many a good meal is spoiled in the serving rather than in the making. Delicious food loses 50 per cent. of its appeal when it is not served at the right temperature. Nothing, for instance, can atone for a cupful of lukewarm coffee or a plate of wilted salad. Meals served haphazardly discount any cook's ability.

It takes just a little thought to get everything on the table piping hot or nicely chilled, as the dish requires. The wise cook has a routine that she follows rigidly, setting her table, preparing relishes, jellies and anything that does not depend upon temperature to be appetizing, while her meal is cooking, so that at the last minute she has nothing to do but get her hot dishes on the table together.

In cold weather, butter and cream can be placed on the table with the silver and linen, but in warm weather they should be the last things to be taken from the refrigerator. Butter for the table can be cut into squares or made into butter-balls and kept that way in a covered dish ready for serving at the last minute on chilled plates. Since the bread, wrap in a damp cloth and stand in a cool place until needed. Salads can be arranged on individual plates and kept waiting in a cool place; or the salad ingredients can be prepared, mixed with the dressing and put on ice; lettuce can be cleaned, wrapped in a wet cloth and left in a cool place, or, with the plates (placed in a pile) left in the refrigerator to chill.

Many cold desserts are better for standing a whole day or more in a cool place, and are therefore time-savers for the company dinner, as they can be prepared a day or two in advance.

VARIOUS METHODS.

When the range has a warming-oven, there is less difficulty in serving foods hot, but many small kitchens do not have this kind of range. Then the wise cook resorts to other methods. She uses her oven frequently, both as a warming-oven, with just enough heat to keep plates and platters warm without cracking, and for cooking a great part of her meal. (This is where oven glass plays such an important part, for things cooked in such dishes can be served in them also, and the heat is retained for some time at the table.) Such a cook plans her meals so that there will not be too many elaborate things to be prepared at the last minute, not too many sauces, gravies or garnishings to be done at once.

Warmed plates and serving dishes

are also indispensable for having the meal piping hot when the family sits down to dinner. Some cooks let their plates and platters stand in a pan of hot water while they are preparing the last stages of a meal, or merely let hot water from the faucet run over them in the sink. This is more or less trouble, but it adds immensely to the success of the meal. A radiator top makes a good dish-warmer if something is laid over it to provide a flat surface. The space under the burners on a gas stove is a splendid place to warm things, provided they are not left too long and scorch. This is usually wasted heat and can be utilized for crisping rolls, crackers and potato chips, and for melting cheese and crisping bacon. It is a handy place to warm the breakfast plates or the platter-plates for the popular one-dish dinner.

A HARD TASK.

One of the housewife's hardest tasks is to "hold the dinner" for a latecomer. Nothing is more discouraging. It is far better to make the family or guests wait ten minutes longer than to prepare omelets, scrambled eggs, souffles or sauces before every one is ready. Many things can be kept warm in a double boiler over hot water, or by merely setting the pan in which the food was cooked in a larger pan of hot water. This is the principle of cafeteria service. Most vegetables are better kept this way or in a tepid oven than if they are allowed to cook away in water. The flat-top gas range as well as the old-fashioned coal range will provide indirect or diffused heat for keeping things warm. The oven regulator is a modern method of controlling heat that is a boon to the cook of to-day.

Table cookery by electricity solves the problem in another way. Percolators, grills, toasters, hot-plates, and waffle-irons insure hot food when it is wanted. Nothing is more discouraging than a plate of damp toast, flat waffles or soggy biscuits. It is a mistake to place a quantity of such things on a plate and cover them with a cloth to retain heat. They should be timed to be taken from the oven or griddle when the family is ready to eat them.

Cocoa is insipid when cool, and it cools quickly after a certain temperature. To serve it "just right" never let it boil after the milk has been added. Boil the water first, add cocoa and sugar mixed and let this boil thoroughly, then add milk and merely let it reach the boiling point. By the time it is served it will be comfortably hot for drinking.

Red Raspberries in the Orchard.

For the first five or six years of their life, the young trees of an orchard have a considerable open space between the pairs of trees. In time, of course, this space will be arched over, but until it is it can be used by planting therein a small bed of raspberries. Recently I saw a novel scheme for growing raspberries. It appears new, and its success has apparently been proved. The arrangement I saw was as follows:

A space 5 x 5 feet was carefully prepared between two young apple trees. Heavy boards were sunk around the plot to keep the plants within limits. The soil within the boards was deeply spaded and enriched. Then about eight or ten strong red raspberry canes were planted in this plot. The orchard I saw was a small one. There were in it 20 raspberry plots, all made as described. When I asked the owner of the orchard why he used this plan, he said:

"It uses waste space; it does not interfere with the normal cultivation of the orchard rows in one direction; it gives us fine fruit with little trouble, after the beds are once made; the boards are convenient for keeping the suckers under control, but they are not perhaps essential; when the trees get large, the raspberry canes can be removed. I have found that from these 20 plots I can get as much fine fruit as the family can use, and enough over to sell to 'carry' the orchard itself until the trees come into bearing."—A. R.

Draw a Map of Your Trap-Line.

When I set my first trap I make a note of the surrounding scenery, jotting it all down at the top of the first page of my notebook. This is set No. 1. From set No. 1 I draw a line to represent the route I take to the next set, which is set No. 2; and I again make note of the landmarks. I do this at every set, numbering them 1, 2, 3, and so on.

In this way it is easy to keep tab on all my traps. All I have to do is follow the line on the map from set to set.

It looks odd to me to see a man take good milk from his cow, turn it all into the can and cart it away for somebody else to use and then go to the store and buy a lot of bogus butter to set on his own table. Every man who does that ought to know that he is selling health for a mess of pottage. We can't afford it. If butter is good for anybody it is good for the folks on the farm.

Give Spuds Air.

Potatoes live and breathe, and if we forget this fact when storing our winter potatoes, we may smother them. If you care to see what will happen when the potato smothers, it is easily accomplished. Fill a quart jar as tightly with potatoes as possible, then screw the lid down so that no air can get to the tubers. Leave the jar in the room for about two weeks or more. At the end of the time take out the tubers, cut them open and you will find that the heart is either black or else it quickly turns pink and finally black.

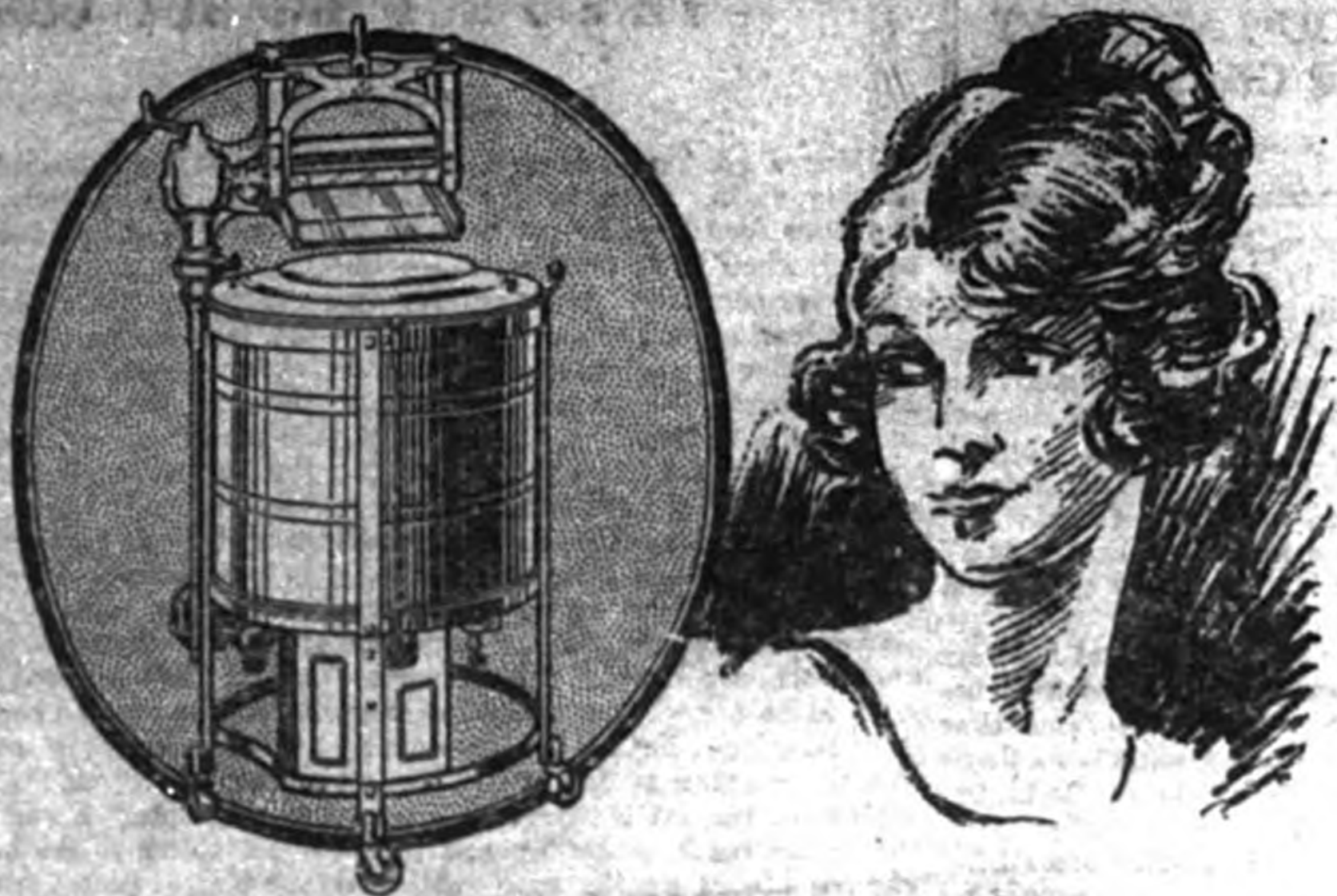
In the jar the potatoes can get no air, and deep down in the bottom of a pile the same thing is happening. Of course, it takes a longer time in the pile than in the jar, but when potatoes are piled too deep, smothering is bound to occur. This is the reason why late in the winter or in the spring we begin to find the black hearts in potatoes.

Obviously, the solution of this trouble is to use a little care in storing potatoes. Do not make the piles too deep, or if this cannot be avoided then arrange for ventilation in the bottom of the pile. A false bottom in the bin to permit the circulation of air will be beneficial. Keeping the potatoes in sacks and piling the sacks to permit the circulation of air is sufficient.

There is one other fact concerning the development of black heart that needs consideration. Potatoes breathe faster in high temperatures than when they are cold. Hence a cool cellar will retard the development of the trouble. In a heated room or a car the potatoes near the stove may develop black heart, though they are freely ventilated. So keep the storage at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Black-heart affected potatoes will usually rot quickly in the soil and will not produce strong sprouts. So from all points of view it pays to give potatoes plenty of fresh air.

Leaky concrete cisterns, tanks, etc., can be made entirely new by giving them a new coating of Portland-cement mortar. To make a good job of it, thoroughly clean and roughen the old surface by scrubbing with wire brushes and chipping pieces out with a chisel. It is very important that the old surface be clean and rough in order to make the new coating stick. The mortar used consists of one part Portland cement and two and one-half parts clean sand; use five pounds hydrated lime with each bag of cement. The mortar coat should be at least one inch thick. When the old concrete is not in very bad shape a waterproofing treatment, made by applying one of several commercial waterproofing materials, will bring results.



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To every purchaser of an A.B.C. Double A Electric Clothes Washer, we give, FREE, 50 boxes of Soap Chips and a Clothes Rack as well.



Ottawa-Montreal Power Company Limited

FRED J. BUCK DIES FOLLOWING 2 WEEK'S ILLNESS

Montreal newspaperman mourned his second loss this week when Fredrick James Buck, well-known in newspaper, press and advertising circles, passed away on Saturday at his residence, 284 Maplewood Avenue after an illness of two weeks.

Mr. Buck had a wide circle of friends in the city, and was respected by all with whom he came in contact during his long career here.

He was born at Greenwich, Kent, some 50 years ago, and after spending nearly 20 years in London on the service of the well-known banking firm of Prevost and Company, came to this country in 1907.

He went to Ontario on his arrival here, but afterwards came to Montreal, where he joined the staff of the Montreal Herald Publishing Company and later joined the Financial Advertising Company, of which concern he was manager at the time of his death.

When, in 1919, the Financial Advertising Company took over the Financial Times, Mr. Buck became secretary-treasurer of the Times.

He was interested in cricket and association football during his life in Montreal, and his loss will be mourned by sportsmen in all parts of the cricket-playing world for it was largely due to his efforts that cricket had such a vogue here in the last few years.

He was instrumental in getting many of the games between West Indian and other visiting teams in Montreal, and his work resulted in many good players coming to the city.

He was married at Shrewsbury, 12 miles north of Lachute, several years ago, and is survived by his widow and three sons, Lawrence, Gerald and Percy.

CHURCH NOTES

Lachute Presbyterian Church, Rev. Henry Cousens B.A., Minister, Sunday School at 10 a.m. Service in Lachute at 11 a.m., in Brownsburg at 3 p.m.

Lachute United Church, Rev. A. G. MacKinnon, B.D., Minister, Sunday, Feb. 6th, Lachute 11 a.m., Mr. MacKinnon; East Settlement 3 p.m., Rev. J. MacAskill, B.D.; Thos. Gore 3 p.m., Mr. MacKinnon; Lachute 7 p.m., Mr. MacAskill, Sunday School and Bible Class 10 a.m. Choir practice Saturday 7.15 p.m. Everybody welcome to these services.

Brownsburg United Church, Rev. T. C. Cassidy, Pastor, Services Sunday, Feb. 6th, 11 a.m., Subject, "The Married Vessel"; 7 p.m., Subject, "The Model Citizen"; the pastor at both services; 10 a.m., Sunday School; 7.15 p.m., Wednesday, Prayer and Praise; 8.15 p.m., Wednesday, Young People's Club; 7 p.m., Thursday, Choir Practice. A welcome to all.

Baptist Church Services on Sunday next will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. J. McLaren, at Brownsburg at 11 a.m.; Dalesville at 3 p.m.; Lachute 7 p.m.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO THE LEGISLATURE

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that application will be made to the Legislature of Quebec at its next Session by Donald M. Mowat, Reverend Daniel J. Fraser, D.D., George B. Fraser, John Alexander Cameron, Alexander Bissett, Reverend George W. Mingie, Purvie McDougall, Farquhar Robertson, William J. Morrice, J. Stuart Rayside, Reverend Malcolm M. Campbell, D.D., and Robert Stewart, in their quality of members of the Legal Committee for the Province of Quebec of the Church of the non-concurring Congregations of The Presbyterian Church in Canada, for the passage of an Act respecting The Quebec Church Property Commission, and providing for the carrying out of certain recommendations of said Commission, more particularly respecting Lachute, Valleyfield and New Carlisle, and for other measure of relief for Presbyterian minorities, especially in the case of Melville Church, Westmount.

Montreal, December 21st, 1926.
GEO. A. CAMPBELL,
Attorney for Applicants.

AVIS DE DEMANDE A LA LEGISLATURE

AVIS est, par les présentes, donné que demande sera faite à la Législature de Québec, à sa prochaine session, par Donald M. Mowat; Révérend Daniel J. Fraser, D.D.; James G. Pelton; Révérend Allan S. Reid; James Rodger; George B. Fraser; John Alexander Cameron; Alexander Bissett; Révérend George W. Mingie; Purvie McDougall; Farquhar Robertson; William J. Morrice; J. Stuart Rayside; Révérend Malcolm M. Campbell, D.D.; et Robert Stewart, en leur qualité de membres du Comité Légal pour la province de Québec de "the Church of the non-concurring Congregations of The Presbyterian Church in Canada," pour la passation d'un Acte concernant "The Quebec Church Property Commission," et pourvoyant à l'exécution de certaines recommandations de ladite Commission, et concernant plus particulièrement Lachute, Valleyfield et New Carlisle, ainsi que pour d'autres mesures d'assistance pour les minorités presbytériennes, spécialement dans le cas de "Melville Church," à Westmount.

Montréal, le 21 décembre 1926.
GEO. A. CAMPBELL,
Procureur des requérants

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FOR SALE.—Choice black general purpose Mare, rising seven, weighing 1325, sound, quiet and reliable. Apply to Milton McDuff, Point Fortune, Que.

FOR SALE.—Farm of 100 acres, 3 miles west of Dalesville, also one house and property, on corner of Osgoode St., Brownsburg. Apply to Willis Jackson. 2-4-2.

FOR SALE.—A Brick house, on Robert St., six rooms, with water near Electric light. Apply to Miss D. Lattreille, Lachute.

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Ambitious men anxious to establish their own business in their town or county by selling Watkins Famous Line of Products. The opportunity of your life if you are after big money. Exclusive territory. Write for complete details.

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SAW MILL UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Mr. Jno. Campbell wishes to inform the public that he has purchased the saw and grist mill of Mr. H. Reilly, and is now ready to do any work with which he may be entrusted. He asks for continuance of patronage and is in the market to purchase logs as well as execute custom work.

Private Sale and Public Auction

Mr. J. R. Parria is selling most of his household effects by private sale and they may be inspected at his residence any day from Feb. 7th to 11th, inclusive. On Feb. 12th, an Auction Sale will be held to dispose of any articles that are not sold privately. As well as the ordinary household effects, there will be offered for Sale 1 horse, Carriages, Sleighs, Musk Ox and other robes, Harness, double and single sets, etc., one 5 tube set Radio in excellent condition, 1 large cabinet Victor Gramophone & about 300 records in good condition, and 1 piano, also shot guns, rifles, revolvers and ammunition, as well as a number of tents, large and small, and a large lot of books, also portable garage, two electric fans, and baby carriage and sleigh.

Here and There

In the year ending June 30th last, 9,407 mining claims were staked in the Province of Quebec, covering an area of 435,000 acres, according to a preliminary report. This is an increase of 83 per cent. over the year before.

Tobacco growing is becoming a serious business proposition in the vicinity of Kelowna, B.C. Two hundred acres will be planted out at Keremeos, Cawston, Oliver and Osoogood next year, while the acreage at Kelowna will also be increased.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, Announcements, etc. 10 cents per count line. Minimum 50 cents, —if billed 60c.

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WHITE STAR LINE
Halifax-Queenstown-Liverpool
Cedric Feb. 14 Celtic Feb. 28
Regina Mar. 21 Doric Mar. 30x
Regina Apr. 30x Megantic Apr. 20x
x Direct to Liverpool.

N.Y.-Queenstown-Liverpool
Cedric Feb. 12 Mar. 12x Apr. 9
Regina Feb. 19 Mar. 19
Celtic Feb. 26 Mar. 26 Apr. 23
Baltic Mar. 5 Apr. 2 Apr. 30
Adriatic Apr. 10 May 14 Jun. 11

*Via Boston. Via Halifax
N.Y.-Cherbourg-Southampton
Olympic Feb. 12 Mar. 4 Mar. 26
Majestic Apr. 2 Apr. 23 May 14
Homerick Apr. 9 Apr. 30 May 21

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
N.Y.-Cherbourg-London
Minnewaska Feb. 26 Apr. 9 May 7
Minnewaska Jan. 29 Feb. 26 Apr. 9
Minnetonka Feb. 12 Mar. 12 Apr. 23

RED STAR LINE
N.Y. Plymouth Cherbourg Antwerp
Pennland Mar. 5 Apr. 2 May 7
Arabic Mar. 19 Apr. 16 May 14
Lapland Apr. 23 Jun. 11 July 7
Belgenland Apr. 30 May 26 Jun. 25

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES

Adriatic Feb. 23
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PANAMA PACIFIC LINE
New York Havana California
Finland Feb. 10 Mar. 31
Manchuria Mar. 3 Apr. 21
Mongolia Mar. 17 May 6

Call, phone or write
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211 McGill St., Montreal.



Sonless Father Takes His Boys to Alaska



A bachelor who loves boys but who has no boys of his own? That is George E. Buchanan, a wealthy coal dealer of Detroit, a hard-boiled business man who thinks that the best possible education a boy can have is the education of travel. He has sent 145 boys to Alaska from Detroit and Vancouver via the Canadian Pacific "Princess" Steamers to Skagway; and now he plans to not only send a group of boys to Alaska the coming year, but he has enlarged his program and his former slogan, "On to Alaska with Buchanan," has a side-partner, "On to Europe with Buchanan!" Buchanan is a Canadian Scotchman who has prospered wonderfully in Detroit. He will tell you he has made money there, but—his big idea is to give the growing boy a chance. The boy

says, "I'll do it," but Buchanan knows in his canny Scotch way that the only thing worth having is the thing you have to earn. So he says to the boys: Here's a trip to Alaska, here's a trip to Europe for you, but listen:

"No boy, or man, ever appreciated or got any benefit out of anything he did not work or sweat for. You earn one-third of your passage money, and I will tell you how to do it as best I can: you get your parents to put up another third and I will loan you the remaining third—and you can pay it back to me when you get ready, so that another boy can be sent to Alaska—or Europe." Every boy who has made good his passage money to Alaska, is eligible for the European trip—and the percentage

of "make good" boys has been very high, according to Buchanan. Of all these Alaska boys, Buchanan says that two-thirds have voluntarily repaid him, although he has merely put them on honor to do it when they get ready—and he forecloses no legal obligations, because there are none. Any boy, anywhere in the United States or Canada, can qualify for George E. Buchanan's trip to Alaska, or to Europe, and can earn his third anywhere but, of course, he should get in touch with Mr. Buchanan, in Detroit, to learn how to earn his third. All of his boys have a wonderful time, no matter whether they go to Alaska, or to Europe, and when they finish with him they have had a business and travel education worth a whole lot.

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J. S. GILES, Lachute.

VOL. LII.

LACHUTE, QUE., FEBRUARY 11, 1927.

NO. 4.

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Axes, Wedges & Handles.

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COMING EVENTS

RATE.—10 cents a line, each insertion. Minimum 50 cts; or 60 c. if billed. Note when estimating, count every six words or fraction thereof as one line.

The Ladies Guild of the St. Simon's Church purpose holding their Annual St. Patrick's Tea on March 17th. Keep this date open, particulars later.

The Senior C.G.I.T. of the United Church of Canada, will hold a Valentine Tea, and Gift Sale on Saturday, February 12th, 1927, in the Church Hall, from 4 to 6. All are cordially invited.

The Ladies Auxiliary of Brownburg United Church purpose holding a Concert and Tea-meeting in the Church Hall, on Thursday evening, February 17th., 1927. Good program Admission 50 cts. 3-10-3.

—We do all kinds of Printing, to meet every requirement, and also handle a complete line of Calendars. We will be pleased to show you samples and quote prices on your requirements. A fair chance is all we ask.

The Young People of Lachute, intend holding a dance in the Oddfellows' Hall, Feb. 11th., 1927. Four piece orchestra in attendance. Refreshments will be served. Gents \$1.00.

The Lachute District Holstein Breeders will hold their Annual Meeting in the Victoria Hall, on Tuesday February 15th., at 2.30 p.m.
Gordon Walker, President.
S. E. Wilson, Secretary.

A Valentine Social will be given by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church St. Andrews East, at the home of Mrs. McDonald, on Monday evening, Feb. 14th., at 8 o'clock. Admission 35 cents.

The United Church are holding their Annual Tea-meeting on March 16th. See Posters and tickets for further particulars, but keep the date open.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to acknowledge with deep-gratitude our sincere thanks for kindness and sympathy extended to us in our sad bereavement.

The Lafleur Family.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY

The Annual Meeting of the Protestant Cemetery Board was held in the Town Hall, on Monday last and the Secretary, Mr. Jas. W. Gall read his report and presented a financial statement that was most encouraging.

Messrs. G. F. Calder, W. Murray, J. A. McGibbon and Walter McQuat were re-elected on the Board and Mr. Jno. Nichol was elected to replace Mr. G. R. Rodger.

A meeting of the Board was afterwards held at which Mr. G. F. Calder was again elected President with Mr. Jno. A. McGibbon as Vice-President.

Hemstitching and Pekon Edge, properly done. Quick service.
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LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Wm. Lamb spent the week-end at Buckingham.

Miss Margaret Jones spent the week-end in Montreal.

Miss Amy Boa is spending a few days in Montreal.

Miss Cassidy, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town.

Miss Ethel Keys, of Grenville, was in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. P. Monette is spending a few days with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Joss, of Three Rivers, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hills.

Miss Mims Morrison, of Montreal, was the guest of her parents for the week-end.

Miss Lillian Hamilton, of Montreal, was the guest of her parents for the week-end.

Mr. Keith and Miss Norah Christie of Montreal, were week-end guests of their mother.

Miss Grace McQuat of Montreal, was the guest of her parents for the week-end.

Mrs. Geo. Creswell is spending a few days in Ottawa this week, visiting her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Robert Brown, of Dalesville.

Mr. Jas. Calder, of Montreal, was the guest of his parents over the week-end.

Mrs. Mitchell, of Montreal, is the guest this week, of her son, Major G. G. and Mrs. Mitchell.

Miss Annabel Hume spent the week-end in Cajumet, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Prophet.

Mr. Robert Carpenter, of Buffalo, is spending this week in town visiting his many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. E. Todd, of Buffalo, are the guests of their many friends in town and vicinity.

Mrs. R. S. MacArthur, of Dalesville, was the guest of Mrs. Jas. Yelland the early part of this week.

Miss Catherine Barron and Miss Grace Stalker, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Miss Barron.

Miss Lemay left last week, after a rest of a few months, to continue her training at the Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal.

Mr. Chas. Miller, who has been a patient in the Montreal General Hospital, returned home the early part of this week.

The many friends of Miss Delisle, in Lachute and the neighborhood will regret exceedingly to read of her death.

Mr. Geo. Graham spent last week in Windsor, Ont., and was met in Montreal by Mrs. Graham where they spent the week-end.

Misses Isabel, Lyla and Jessie Kearns, also Messrs. Hugh Kearns, Jack Miller and Robert MacArthur, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. MacArthur of Dalesville.

Miss Marjorie McKinnon left on Thursday of this week to join Mr. and Mrs. F. Creville Hampson, of Montreal, and daughter Mary, on a trip to England. She expects to be absent about two months.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Tomalty, have just celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Montreal, and are receiving the congratulations of their many friends. Mr. Tomalty was born at Edina, where for 53 years he served as postmaster, and Mrs. Tomalty was a native of Harrington. They were married in Lachute in 1877 and moved to Montreal in 1908. The Watchman and its readers join in wishing them many years of happiness.

THE LATE WM. CURRAN.

The death occurred in Boston, this week at the advanced age of 93 years of Mr. Wm. Curran, of Louisa, one of the oldest and best known residents of this County. Mr. Curran was on a visit to his relatives in Boston and was there taken ill. The remains will reach Lachute on Friday night, the funeral taking place on Saturday. Mr. Curran was born in Louisa and was married to Miss Eliza Tomalty, who predeceased him a number of years ago. There remain to mourn his loss: Mrs. Thos. Morrison, of Louisa; Mrs. Hankin, of Montreal; Mrs. M. McSkell, Miss Olive Curran and Messrs. Robt. and Wm. Curran all of Boston and Newton Centre.

HOCKEY.

A fast and interesting game of hockey was played on the West End rink on Saturday, between Junior team composed of Employees of Ayer Ltd. Cotton and Woollen Mills, resulted in a victory for the Cotton Mill by a score of 3 to 2.

Cotton Mills Line Up Woollen Mill
P. Bell Goal Patr
L. Labonte Wing J. Roche
A. Brisebois Wing O. Tessie
G. Brisebois Centre B. Patr
J. Dallaire R. Wing M. Brise
J. Chartrand R. Wing R. Seguin
E. Lorange, Referee.
R. Carriere, Judge of play.

PRESENTATION TO MRS. PARRIS

At the close of the choral society on Friday evening last the members were invited to spend a social hour at the home of Mrs. Jno. Hope where a very happy time was spent together. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mrs. J. R. Parris of a beautiful purse.

The presentation was made on behalf of the Choral by Mrs. Wilbur Fraser who also read the following address:

Mrs. J. R. Parris:—
We the members of the Lachute Choral Society take this opportunity of expressing our deep regrets at your departure.

The kindly interest you have always manifested, not alone in Lachute, but throughout the County, and the ready response to the many calls made have endeared you to the hearts of our people. We shall miss your charming voice at our musical gatherings and your pleasing personality at our social functions but we trust that you and yours will be long spared to each other to enjoy your new surroundings in the Old Land, and hope that the coming years will see your return on a visit to your old friends where you know a warm welcome will always be awaiting you.

God Speed and Bon Voyage is our earnest wish.

Mrs. Parris acknowledged the gift in a neatly worded address, in which she spoke of the pleasure it had always given her to help where needed and the kindly spirit that had always been manifested towards her. Some very appetizing refreshments were thoroughly enjoyed and after a hearty vote of thanks had been extended Mrs. Hope for the use of her home hands were joined and Auld Lang Syne was lustily sung which made a fine climax to a very pleasant evening.

LITERARY & DRAMATIC

So much activity and enthusiasm are being shown by the members of our local dramatic society that we are looking forward with no little pleasure to seeing "Daddy Long Legs," which is to be given at the Auditorium on Friday, March 11th. Those who have seen this play feel that, with its clever mingling of humour and pathos, it will appeal to all lovers of the drama. As a novel, Joan Webster's masterpiece is still a "best-seller," which the play is a favorite of many years standing. The players and committees are now working hard, confident that this community movement not only deserves, but will receive the support of all our citizens.

MEN'S CURLING.

The two rinks that represented Lachute for the Governor-General trophy failed to bring home the honors, but it's a slippery game.

The Junior Macle Cup has been kindly contested for this week and the finals will be played this evening with the following teams:—

E. Laberge A. W. Muir
H. McPaul R. A. Giles
S. S. Campbell S. McPaul
W. S. MacKimmie Dr. G. A. Clunie

LADIES' CURLING.

The final games in the bonspiel for Mrs. Wilson's Spoons are to be played on Friday between

Mrs. R. A. Giles Miss L. Giles
Miss H. MacGibbon Mrs. Bothwell
Miss B. McQuat Mrs. W. Deacon
Miss A. Riddell Mrs. Drew

(Skip) (Skip)
Mrs. Drew who was back the Wilson Challenge Cup from Mrs. MacGibbon's rink, is defending it this afternoon, the challenging rink being skipped by Mrs. Wilson.

The two rinks who played in Montreal last week, in the Jackson Cup, games, were given a supper by the Club, on their return Monday evening.

Doubles are being played at present for a pair of blankets donated by Mr. J. T. Ayers.

BIRTH.

CLELAND.—At East Settlement, on Saturday, February 5th., to Mr. & Mrs. Albert Cleland, a daughter.

STRONG.—At Lachute, on Wednesday, Feb. 8th., 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Strong, a son.

DEATHS.

AYERS.—A Lachute Mills, on Tuesday, February 8th., 1927, Olive Paquette, beloved wife of the late Thomas H. Ayers, in her 88th year.

IN MEMORIAM.

GORDON.—In loving memory of Mr. James Gordon, who departed this life, on February 10th., 1926. Inserted by his family.

GORDON.—In sad and loving memory of my grandfather, James Gordon, who departed this life, Feb. 10th., 1926. Ever remembered by Archie and Bella.

I am pleased to inform the reader the "Watchman" that I have taken up insurance, and I am now in position to write Life - Accident - Fire and Automobile Insurance. I represent only the most reliable companies, and your engagement will be highly appreciated.
Telephone 108 P.
S. Deslauriers, Lachute Mills.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

Ladies' Coats to clear from \$5.00 up.
Men's Overcoats from \$10.00 up.
Ladies' Dresses from \$5.00 up.
Blue Serges to clear at very low prices, from one yard to one and a half yards wide.
Men's Heavy Sweaters and Boys' heavy Sweaters at low prices.
A fine assortment of Crochery fancy and plain. Some Dinner Sets, 97 pieces.

W. BANFORD & SON

Specials for Saturday.

Keillers Jam, 16 oz. glass	32½
Lazenby's Chef Sauce	22½
Norse Crown Fresh Mackeral	20c.
" " Kipperred Herrings	20c.
" " Fat Herrings	20c.
Campbell's Canned Beans	12½
See our bargain table for some real savings	

Fresh Shipment of the famous Norwegian quick
Rolled Oats, 20 lb. bags and in bulk

Flour and Feed of all kinds.

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FLOWERS, WREATHS & BOUQUETS
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Eyes weak - strained - smart so at times that you want to rub or cover them with your hands? It's a sign you need Glasses. Glasses that not only bring you happy visual relief, but which lend character to and harmonize with you features. We'll fit them correctly at a very low cost!

Eugene Jousse - Optician

MAIN ST. JEWELLER, LACHUTE.

INCIDENTS IN COLOR

The lakes, like three blue beads, were strung at the throat of the hill. They were round and pellucid under the hooded fingers of the trees, and as calm as the sky arched far above them. Everything there was held in a lovely stillness—the slender birches whitely streaked against green woods beyond, the tattered sprays of russet maple leaves, the broad scribbling of mauve shadows along the dim and curving lines of the shore. Everything was quiet and tranquil, with the quietness and tranquillity that belong to early dawn and early dusk when things are scarcely awake and barely asleep.

Now and then a bird veered low, and its shadow, faint and minute, slid like a grey leaf across the blue water. And once the pines on the top of the hill moved suddenly and restlessly—tapering places cut sharply into the sky and rooted deep to stand against the tearing winds from the sea; a little ragged and a little old, but proud in their solitude. And twice the honk of flying geese stabbed the silence and drew long threads of echoes from behind the hill. The sun dropped lower and lower, until the silver fingers of the birches were warmed to the faintest coral, and a fleet of high, thin clouds in the north were tinged and seared with crimson and the fading yellow of autumn leaves. Shadows were streaked down the hill, like grey pencilings on a brown and crumpled parchment; and all the western sky behind the pines was burning exultantly with color. The massed clouds grew darker, the shadows heavier; crimson was dimmed to purple, and blue to a lovely dove-wing grey. The lakes were delicately pink in the middle, but shadows were swimming out slowly, darkly, to sap them of their warmth, to blur their radiance, and draw the shores together.

A fragment of the moon blew in with the evening winds, a frail and shining arc against the heavy blue of the sky; and a scattering of stars glittered like polished pebbles where a while ago the sun had sent up vermilion flames and clouds of purple smoke. The hill loomed black and silent now, with its crest of ragged trees; and far below it, by the slim, still birches, three little lakes repeated the stars in silver and the moon in silver-white.

Life and Breath.

The majority of people never give breathing a thought until they are what is called "out" of breath. They regard it as a natural function that takes care of itself, and so it usually does. At the same time there is nothing in life that gives such generous return for a little thought and labor as does that act of breathing by which we live. To begin with, it is the duty of each one of us to discipline our breathing. We let ourselves go on from year to year breathing with a tiny fraction of our apparatus till by and by comes the "cold that settles on the lungs," the attack of pneumonia or of bronchitis, some crisis when it is a life and death matter that we should be able to control our power of breath, and it is too late—we have never been its master and we cannot be its master now.

You need only watch people as you see them in the shops, at the motion pictures, on the cars, on the pavement, to recognize that the world is full of people who are half alive for want of proper breathing. You can see them walking with half-opened mouths, slouching in their seats, lop-sided, round-shouldered, with no color in cheeks or lips unless it be from the rouge pot, vacant, undervalued in expression. Then listen to them talk: "The winter is one cold after another," or "If I could only get through one winter without grippe," or "I seem to be a little below par all the time." If you dared to reply, "Ah, but you probably never do five minutes' honest breathing from month's end to month's end," they would be offended but not converted.

This matter of breathing does not mean a lot of apparatus, trained instructors, special gymnastics; it only means standing erect, frowning the shoulders back and remembering to breathe. Breathing is a matter of the will; the breathing muscles are voluntary muscles and are controlled by the will. You cannot have too much oxygen, and the only way to get it is to learn to breathe. If you have always been a sliver in this regard, you probably often catch cold, suffer from indigestion, are habitually constipated, have a stooping walk and a muddy complexion. To you we say, "Go and wash in clean air." Stand in your open window often and breathe deeply and slowly, stand and sit erect through the day and breathe deeply and slowly, and when you settle to sleep at night breathe deeply and slowly.

To Fit the Occasion.

As a disciplinary measure, it was customary in one household to make the offending member eat alone at a small table in the corner and repeat a verse from the Bible.

On one occasion, while the other members of the family were assembled at the dinner table, the little boy in the corner was asked for his Bible quotation. He solemnly offered the following: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

KING AND QUEEN ARE HOSTS AT YULETIDE

SPECIAL DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

The Royal Servants Receive Dresses and Pieces of Solid Silver-Plate.

The best of employers at all seasons, King George and Queen Mary outdo themselves at Yuletide. They treat their servants to festivities such as are enjoyed by the servants in no other household in the kingdom, perhaps in the world.

The Christmas of the royal servants really starts a week before the actual day, when there is a distribution of special gifts from their majesties to all those in their employ. These gifts consist for the most part of dresses for the female servants and pieces of solid silver-plate for the male servants. Every female can go to a well known firm of modistes and order whatever kind of gown she chooses; it may be an evening or afternoon gown or a two piece suit.

The same firm of modistes has executed this order for the king and queen for many years. The pieces of silver-plate given to the men-servants are all solid and substantial, and servants who have been a long period in the royal service have accumulated quite valuable collections of silver.

The two chief items in the program of the Christmas entertainments for the royal servants are the time-honored Christmas tree and the servants' ball. The former is always held at Sandringham, the latter usually at the Mews at Buckingham Palace.

The ceremony is held in the great servants' hall at Sandringham at eight o'clock in the evening. The royal men-servants on duty for the night are clad in their full state livery of scarlet and white, but they attend the Christmas tree as guests. The other servants, male and female, wear ordinary evening-dresses.

The tree is an immense one and on its branches is a gift for every person present, including royalties. The royal party, with the guests, enter the servants' hall at eight o'clock and the distribution of gifts begins at once.

Six Servants at Tree.

Six servants stand by the tree and dispense the gifts at a very rapid rate. Each person—royalty or servant—on entering the room receives a red ticket bearing a number and the words "Sandringham Christmas Tree" and the figure denoting the year.

Every gift on the tree has attached to it a number corresponding to a number on the ticket. When all is ready for the distribution of the gifts to begin the servant standing by the tree calls out a number and the holder of the ticket bearing that number—it may be the king or queen or the Prince of Wales or a servant—at once walks to the tree and receives his gift.

The royal party sits about the tree, but there is no ceremony of any kind observed at this entertainment. There is, for example, no curtsying or bowing to the royal party by anyone going to the tree to receive a gift.

Roast turkey and Christmas pudding are the chief items at the supper which follows.

After supper come speeches and songs, the evening ending with the drinking of the health of their majesties.

The servants' ball is generally held on Twelfth Night (January 6), in the spacious Royal Mews—the stables—at Sandringham Palace, where there is a hall which makes a splendid ballroom. Sometimes it has been held at Sandringham.

All the royal servants are invited and the king and queen are always present. The king opens the ball by dancing with the housekeeper at the palace while the queen dances with the head of the men-servants' staff.

Thought and Care.

Of the thought and care members of the royal family have at all times, and especially at Christmas, for their servants much could be written, but one story will suffice. It was told to the writer by William Church, a royal servant at Buckingham Palace for many years, in the employ of the late king.

Church was deputed to pack up and address the various presents Queen Alexandra was sending out to her relations and friends, a week or so before Christmas one year.

Church began his work at ten o'clock in the morning and was still hard at work at eleven o'clock at night. The room where he was engaged on his task adjoined Queen Alexandra's private apartments.

A little after eleven o'clock the door of the room opened and Queen Alexandra appeared, bearing a tray on which were a pile of freshly cut sandwiches and a bottle of champagne.

"I thought you might be hungry," she said, "so I have brought you a little supper. When you have finished it go to bed—you must be tired—and you can finish packing to-morrow."

The festivities and entertainments now provided for the royal servants were in the main first instituted by the late King Edward, in Queen Victoria's reign there was no special entertainment for the servants at Christmas. The season was celebrated at Windsor Castle by the sovereign with somewhat gloomy solemnity, the religious aspect of it being more emphasized than any other.

The Steading.

Day slowly passes from the hushed grey world That sinks, with gloaming, to a deeper dream. On the brown fields the mist, unstriving broods; The highway puddles lose their silver gleam. In all the woods, in all the wayside trees, Sounds not one whisper of a restless leaf, Or tap of falling raindrop; all is hushed. Yet gloaming has two voices: there the stream Murmurs its tale of silence; there the owl Greets his old melancholy friend the night. But here the steading has its quiet stir, Where two great horses, weary from the plough, Pace, steaming, to the trough to quench their thirst; A dog springs out; a heavy booted hind Moves with a swinging lantern in the byre, Where lows some hidden beast in warm content; Within the house there laughs a happy child. The kitchen window, crimson-curtained, glows, Calling to warmth and comfort and repose. —W. Kersey Holmes, in "In the Open."

The Northern Lumber Town.

All day the whirring of the sawmills, And the sun shining on the town in the valley, Gleaming along the wooded hills beyond, And dancing on the blue river filled with logs.

Lumber is heaped in towering, state-like piles For miles along the curving of the river. The sharp, resinous fragrance of the sawdust Mingles with the warm odor of the pine trees.

Three bridges span the gleaming, sun-filled river; And dandelions glow along its border. Church bells sound faintly from the Indian village And mingle with the murmur of the sawmills.

I have seen violets, blue and small and tender, Forcing their way through icy snows in April, On a little winding path among the pine trees On the hill that leads into the Indian village.

At nightfall, walking in the quiet valley, I see the mills ablaze with lighted windows, And watch the pines with their green, pointed turrets Burn in the dying orange fires of sunset.

—Beatrice Mary Billing.

Explained.

Farmer (using telephone)—"Send me over a bushel of oats." Clerk—"Surely. For whom?" "Don't try to joke with me—for my horse."

"IDEAL FASHIONS" by Jeanette Hamilton



A SMART RAGLAN COAT FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

Soft woolen material makes this girl's raglan-sleeve coat. The comfortable armhole is always a joy to the growing girl. The tailored collar, which is convertible, may be fastened closely about the neck as illustrated, or left open. The large patch-pocket and wide turn-back cuffs, together with the smart cut, make No. 1074 a practical and easily fashioned style. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch, or 2 1/4 yards 54-inch material. 20 cents. The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Following.

I will bend myself to Thy will, at last, and follow Thy direction— Oh, carry me forward to my task, and to worship lift me up! —Marguerite Wilkinson, in "Citadels."

The housekeeper who wants to make both ends meet might start the dinner with beef broth and end with mince pie.

THE SHORTEST PRIZE ESSAY

By David Kerr.

One fine evening, about two hundred years ago, just as the sun was setting over London, a crowd of idlers might have been seen gathered around the door of WH's Coffee-house, which was then a kind of fashionable club, where all the wits and fine gentlemen of the town were wont to meet.

These loungers were evidently waiting for someone of special note, for every now and then all heads were turned eagerly toward the corner of the street, and each man whispered to his neighbor:

"Isn't he comin' yet?"

Suddenly there was a buzz of "Here he comes!" and a fat little man, in a rather shabby suit of black, with an eye as clear and bright as a hawk's came slowly through the crowd, which opened respectfully to let him pass.

And well it might, for this old man was no other than John Dryden, the most famous poet of his time, or (as many people then said and thought) of any other time either.

Little did they dream how small the name of John Dryden was one day to look beside that of another English writer, also called John, who had died in an obscure lodging only a few years before, old, blind, racked with gout and glad to get twenty-five dollars for the grandest epic poem ever written—a poem of which some of us have heard under the name of "Paradise Lost."

"Hurrah for Mr. Dryden!" roared a brawny fellow with a butcher's blue apron; "and long may he live to pitch into the Dutch lubbers as they deserve!"

The crowd heartily applauded the sentiment, for the war between England and Holland was just over, and Dryden's satires upon the Dutch were more popular in England than anything else that he had written.

"They said he was a gittin' old," cried a porter, looking after the poet as he entered the coffee-house; "but to my mind he looks just as fresh as ever!"

"Who d'ye say that stout gentleman is?" asked a light-haired lad, whose ruddy cheeks and countrified dress betrayed that this was his first visit to London.

"Who's he, do you say, Chawhacon?" answered his neighbor. "Why, wherever can you have been livin' all your life, not to know him? That's Mr. John Dryden, the great poet, as dines with the king every day."

"Dines with the king every day!" echoed the countryman, in amazement. "Eh, but I wish I was he."

"You needn't do that, my boy," said a sharp-looking little journeyman tailor; "for he's as poor as a rat, and owes a hundred guineas into the bargain. He'll see the inside of a debtor's prison afore long, or my name's not Timothy Smithson!"

"Is that really so?" asked a tall, handsome man, in a very rich dress, who had just got out of his carriage at the door of the coffeehouse. "Are you certain of what you say?"

"Quite certain, if it please your lordship," answered the tailor, doffing his cap respectfully—for Charles Sackville (Lord Dorset) was as well known in London as the dome of St. Paul's itself, being, in truth, the most generous as well as the richest of English nobles. "It's our people he owes the bill to, and master says he means to get his money one way or another."

The earl made no answer, but walked

ed into the coffee-house, murmuring to himself:

"I could pay the debt easily enough, but it wouldn't please my old friend to know that his difficulties are public talk. I must find some other way."

The group assembled within was one which any painter would have loved to copy, for every man in it bore a name which will live as long as the history of England itself.

There was the brilliant, witty, heartless Sir Charles Sedley, many of whose sayings are still quoted by men that have forgotten who said them. There were the smooth-tongued Arlington, and the boisterous Etherage, and the ever-laughing Montague.

There, too, was the wild Duke of Buckingham, upon whose handsome features the mad career that destroyed the largest fortune and the strongest constitution in England had already stamped the impress of premature age and untimely death.

And there, somewhat wan and haggard from long excess, but still beautiful and graceful as ever, sat the wildest and wittiest, and most reckless of them all—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

"Welcome, my illustrious namesake!" cried Sedley, with his little twinkling laugh. "You come, as usual, just at the right moment. We are discussing which of us is the best at writing an impromptu, and we cannot agree."

"I'll settle it for you, then," cried Dorset, struck with a sudden thought. "We will each write a piece of impromptu verse or prose, and Mr. Dryden, whose judgment no one can question, will honor us by naming the successful one."

"Agreed!" cried all, with one voice. And to work they went at once, while Dryden, turning his chair around watched them with a smile which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the post assigned to him.

Among the most famous wits of the day, one might well have expected a very close and sharp contest, but to everyone's amazement, Dorset pushed his paper across the table to Dryden almost before any of the others had well begun theirs.

"Our friend must have thought," whispered Etherage to Rochester, "that the prize was the quickest piece, not to the best. His contribution must consist of nothing but date and signature, judging from the time he's taken over it."

"He looks pleased enough, however," answered Rochester, in the same tone. "Depend upon it, he has hit on some good idea."

It certainly appeared as if he had, for when all the impromptus were finished and handed in, Dryden, after a very brief examination of them, astonished every one by deciding in favor of Dorset.

Rochester, who had fully expected the first place himself, eagerly snatched up Dorset's paper, and instantly broke into a shout of laughter, echoed by all the rest, as they read the prize composition, which ran as follows:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas.—Dorset."

Window Gardening for Winter.

Those who have flowers and grow them outside in summer time must, in winter, resort to the cultivation of house plants, make purchases from the florist or go without. It is therefore a good time to resort to window gardening and in this field of amateur work there is opportunity for much pleasure and profit if one will give a little attention to a few important particulars. Every person can have at least one small plant in the window, thus becoming, on a small scale, a landscape gardener. A few plant trimmings in the winter help to make a picture.

The usual difficulties in "growing plants in houses, especially in the winter time, are those of too little light, extremes in temperature, too much gas from coal fires and gas burners, and crowded conditions in the house. However, all of these difficulties can usually be overcome to the extent that plants will tolerate and grow with satisfaction if a little care is exercised in regard to the preliminaries of house management.

To succeed with plants in the home, it is best to select a room with much sunlight and one which is ventilated but which has no strong drafts. Use shallow pots for the plants and use a liberal supply of sandy loam or a bushel or two of mixture from the florist's. Repot the plants each year with fresh earth, firming it well around the roots. Trim off all withered or dead leaves and prune back the plants to keep them in good shape. Give them plenty of water and access to light and they will thrive. It is important not to crowd the plants as they do no look as well in a crowded condition and do not grow as well. They need lots of room and plenty of sunlight. West windows furnish too intense a light for some plants, hence south or southwest windows are better. Bay windows are ideal. Avoid hot, dry air. Keep the room air moist from an open pan of water, or spray the leaves each day with tepid water.

To begin with, one may grow geraniums, coleus, begonias, ferns, especially the Christmas, Boston and Maiden Hair and some of the smaller palms and many bulbous plants such as tulips, hyacinths, asparagus fern, Christmas cherry, petunias, hellebores, and verbenas.



THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY FAR NORTH OF EDMONTON

This is King Wheat's new empire, at the left of the map, is a great district which includes four prairies which promise to be particularly fertile. These produce high grade export wheat. The sweetest wheat and

oats at Chicago exhibition, held in November, came from Wembley. The Peace River is shown on this map from Hudson Hope northeasterly, but it rises in the mountains west of the territory included here.

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The best of employers at all seasons, King George and Queen Mary, outdo themselves at Yuletide. They treat their servants to festivities such as are enjoyed by the servants in no other household in the kingdom, perhaps in the world.

The Christmas of the royal servants really starts a week before the actual day, when there is a distribution of special gifts from their majesties to all those in their employ. These gifts consist for the most part of dresses for the female servants and pieces of solid silver-plate for the male servants. Every female can go to a well-known firm of modistes and order whatever kind of gown she chooses; it may be an evening or afternoon gown or a two-piece suit.

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The two chief items in the program of the Christmas entertainments for the royal servants are the time-honored Christmas tree and the servants' ball. The former is always held at Sandringham, the latter usually at the Mews at Buckingham Palace.

The ceremony is held in the great servants' hall at Sandringham at eight o'clock in the evening. The royal men-servants on duty for the night are clad in their full state livery of scarlet and white, but they attend the Christmas tree as guests. The other servants, male and female, wear ordinary evening dress.

The tree is an immense one and on its branches is a gift for every person present, including royalties. The royal party, with the guests, enter the servants' hall at eight o'clock and the distribution of gifts begins at once.

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All the royal servants are invited and the king and queen are always present. The king opens the ball by dancing with the housekeeper at the palace while the queen dances with the head of the men-servants' staff.

Thought and Care. Of the thought and care members of the royal family have at all times, and especially at Christmas, for their servants much could be written, but one story will suffice. It was told to the writer by William Church, a royal servant at Buckingham Palace for many years, in the employ of the late king.

Church was deputed to pack up and address the various presents. Queen Alexandra was sending out to her relations and friends, a week or so before Christmas one year.

Church began his work at ten o'clock in the morning and was still hard at work at eleven o'clock at night. The room where he was engaged on his task adjoined Queen Alexandra's private apartments.

A little after eleven o'clock the door of the room opened and Queen Alexandra appeared bearing a tray on which were a pile of freshly cut sandwiches and a bottle of champagne.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Following.

I will bend myself to Thy will, at least, and follow Thy direction—Oh, carry me forward to my task, and to worship lift me up! —Marguerite Wilkinson, in "Citadels."

The housekeeper who wants to make both ends meet might start the dinner with beef broth and end with mince pie.

THE SHORTEST PRIZE ESSAY

By David Kerr.

One fine evening, about two hundred years ago, just as the sun was setting over London, a crowd of idlers might have been seen gathered around the door of WHI's Coffee-house, which was then a kind of fashionable club, where all the wits and fine gentlemen of the town were wont to meet.

These loungers were evidently waiting for someone of special note, for every now and then all heads were turned eagerly toward the corner of the street, and each man whispered to his neighbor:

"Isn't he comin' yet?"

Suddenly there was a buzz of "Here he comes!" and a fat little man, in a rather shabby suit of black, with an eye as clear and bright as a hawk's came slowly through the crowd, which opened respectfully to let him pass.

And well it might, for this old man was no other than John Dryden, the most famous poet of his time, or (as many people then said and thought) of any other time either.

Little did they dream how small the name of John Dryden was one day to look beside that of another English writer, also called John, who had died in an obscure lodging only a few years before, old, blind, racked with gout and glad to get twenty-five dollars for the grandest epic poem ever written—a poem of which some of us have heard under the name of "Paradise Lost."

"Hurrah for Mr. Dryden!" roared a brawny fellow with a butcher's blue apron; "and long may he live to pitch into the Dutch lubbers as they deserve!"

The crowd heartily applauded the sentiment, for the war between England and Holland was just over, and Dryden's satires upon the Dutch were more popular in England than anything else that he had written.

"They said he was a gittin' old," cried a porter, looking after the poet as he entered the coffee-house; "but to my mind he looks just as fresh as ever!"

"Who'd ye say that stout gentleman is?" asked a light-haired lad, whose ruddy cheeks and countrified dress betrayed that this was his first visit to London.

"Who's he, do you say, Chawbacon?" answered his neighbor. "Why, where-ever can you have been livin' all your life, not to know him? That's Mr. John Dryden, the great poet, as dines with the king every day."

"Dines with the king every day!" echoed the countryman, in amazement. "Eh, but I wish I was he."

"You needn't do that, my boy," said a sharp-looking little journeyman tailor; "for he's as poor as a rat, and owes a hundred guineas into the bargain. He'll see the inside of a debtor's prison afore long, or my name's not Timothy Smithson!"

"Is that really so?" asked a tall, handsome man, in a very rich dress, who had just got out of his carriage at the door of the coffee-house. "Are you certain of what you say?"

"Quite certain, if it please your lordship," answered the tailor, doffing his cap respectfully—for Charles Sackville (Lord Dorset) was as well known in London as the dome of St. Paul's itself, being, in truth, the most generous as well as the richest of English nobles. "It's our people he owes the bill to, and mister says he means to get his money one way or another."

The earl made no answer, but walked into the coffee-house, murmuring to himself:

"I could pay the debt easily enough, but it wouldn't please my old friend to know that his difficulties are public talk. I must find some other way."

The group assembled within was one which any painter would have loved to copy, for every man in it bore a name which will live as long as the history of England itself.

There was the brilliant, witty, heartless Sir Charles Sedley, many of whose sayings are still quoted by men that have forgotten who said them. There were the smooth-tongued Arlington, and the boisterous Etherege, and the ever-laughing Montague.

There, too, was the wild Duke of Buckingham, upon whose handsome features the mad career that destroyed the largest fortune and the strongest constitution in England had already stamped the impress of premature age and untimely death.

And there, somewhat wan and haggard from long excess, but still beautiful and graceful as ever, sat the widest and witziest, and most reckless of them all—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

"Welcome, my illustrious namesake!" cried Sedley, with his little twinkling laugh. "You come, as usual, just at the right moment. We are discussing which of us is the best at writing an impromptu, and we cannot agree."

"I'll settle it for you, then!" cried Dorset, struck with a sudden thought. "We will each write a piece of impromptu verse or prose, and Mr. Dryden, whose judgment no one can question, will honor us by naming the successful one."

"Agreed!" cried all, with one voice. And to work they went at once, while Dryden, turning his chair around, watched them with a smile which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the post assigned to him.

Among the most famous wits of the day, one might well have expected a very close and sharp contest, but to everyone's amazement, Dorset pushed his paper across the table to Dryden almost before any of the others had well begun theirs.

"Our friend must have thought," whispered Etherege to Rochester, "that the prize was the quickest piece, not to the best. His contribution must consist of nothing but date and signature, judging from the time he's taken over it."

"He looks pleased enough, however," answered Rochester, in the same tone. "Depend upon it, he has hit on some good idea."

It certainly appeared as if he had, for when all the impromptus were finished and handed in, Dryden, after a very brief examination of them, astonished every one by deciding in favor of Dorset.

Rochester, who had fully expected the first piece himself, eagerly snatched up Dorset's paper, and instantly broke into a shout of laughter, echoed by all the rest, as they read the prize composition, which ran as follows:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas.—Dorset."

Window Gardening for Winter.

Those who have flowers and grow them outside in summer time must, in winter, resort to the cultivation of house plants, make purchases from the florist or go without. It is therefore a good time to resort to window gardening and in this field of amateur work there is opportunity for much pleasure and profit if one will give a little attention to a few important particulars. Every person can have at least one small plant in the window, thus becoming, on a small scale, a landscape gardener. A few plant trimmings in the winter help to make a picture.

The usual difficulties in "growing plants in houses, especially in the winter time, are those of too little light, extremes in temperature, too much gas from coal fires and gas burners, and crowded conditions in the house. However, all of these difficulties can usually be overcome to the extent that plants will tolerate and grow with satisfaction if a little care is exercised in regard to the preliminaries of house management.

To succeed with plants in the home, it is best to select a room with much sunlight and one which is ventilated but which has no strong drafts. Use shallow pots for the plants and use a liberal supply of sandy loam or a bushel or two of mixture from the florist's. Repot the plants each year with fresh earth, firming it well around the roots. Trim off all withered or dead leaves and prune back the plants to keep them in good shape. Give them plenty of water and access to light and they will thrive. It is important not to crowd the plants as they do not look as well in a crowded condition and do not grow as well. They need lots of room and plenty of sunlight. West windows furnish too intense a light for some plants, hence south or southwest windows are better. Bay windows are ideal. Avoid hot, dry air. Keep the room air moist from an open pan of water, or spray the leaves each day with tepid water.

To begin with, one may grow geraniums, coleus, begonias, ferns, especially the Christmas, Boston and Maiden Hair and some of the smaller palms and many bulbous plants such as tulips, hyacinths, asparagus fern, Christmas cherry, petunias, heliotrope, and verbenas.



THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY FAR NORTH OF EDMONTON

This is King Wheat's new empire, at the left of the map, is a great district which includes four prairies which promise to be particularly fertile. These produce high grade export wheat. The sweet-potatoes wheat and oats at Chicago exhibition, held in November, came from Wembley. The Peace River is shown on this map from Hudson Hope northeasterly, but it rises in the mountains west of the territory included here.

SOME POULTRY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WINTER MONTHS

BY R. G. KIRBY.

Judging from the amount of sunshine in December, the discovery of cod liver oil as a sunshine substitute did not arrive any too soon. Many poultrymen feel that they are already buying about all they can afford to feed to the hens. But if the pocket-book can be stretched a bit this month to provide a little chicken New Year's present in the form of a few gallons of cod liver oil, it will be a paying investment.

One handy way of serving the cod liver oil is in a grain mixture. Add a quart of oil to about twenty-five pounds of scratch grain and mix thoroughly. Do not throw the sticky mixture in the poultry litter to pick up dirt, but place it in a clean trough long enough so that all of the flock can obtain some of the oil and grain. A quart of cod liver oil each week for 100 hens is considered enough by many poultrymen.

PREVENTING SCALY LEG.

The scaly leg parasite which burrows under the scales of a hen's leg makes the bird an inferior market fowl. When you call the flock and sell hens for meat, the dealer will want clean, smooth-legged birds, and not the kind with rough, crusty legs.

This mite spreads from one bird to another along the roosts, and when the roosts are treated often with oil to kill the red mites, it seems to retard the spread of the scaly leg mite at the same time.

Individual hens with scaly legs can be rapidly improved in appearance by washing the legs in warm, soapy water to loosen the crusty material. Then take an old tooth brush and rub kerosene oil or coal tar disinfectant up under the scales. When treating hens for lice with a mixture of equal parts of blue ointment and lard, a bird may occasionally be found with rough legs. Rub a little of the lard and blue ointment mixture up under the scales and see if it does not improve the appearance of the legs in a short time. Do not leave any of the mixture where it can be picked off by the hens.

Young hens are less apt to show scaly legs than old birds, and some buyers seem to judge the age of a hen by the appearance of the legs, although it may not be an accurate way to judge. But scaly legs on hens will not give a poultryman the reputation for selling high quality poultry.

DAMP POULTRY HOUSES.

When a poultry house is damp, the floor construction promptly receives the blame. There are other common causes of damp walls and tough, moist litter. Sometimes the house is overcrowded. The straw receives more moisture each day than it has the capacity to absorb readily. If the litter is not changed often, it is soon very damp, even on the best of concrete floors.

A lack of ventilation causes damp floors. Too much glass in a poultry house makes the house very warm on a sunny day. At sundown the outside

air cools rapidly and the moisture in the warm house gathers on the walls and ceiling. The next day the moisture drips into the litter.

A house with no other ventilating system than a partially open front can often be kept dry by keeping enough of the front open to permit the dry outside air to absorb a lot of the moisture in the poultry house. Sometimes the opening of one more window in the front of the house will almost immediately dry off the side walls and absorb a lot of the moisture from the litter.

Promptly removing the droppings is a help in keeping poultry houses free from excess moisture. Just lift a metal bushel basket of fresh poultry manure and compare it with the weight of a bushel of dry manure. The difference in weight is due to the moisture which has evaporated into the air beneath the roosts, and helped to make the house damp. If the dropping boards cannot be scraped every day during the winter, try and do it as often as possible, and never let a thaw arrive with much manure on the dropping boards. The more cleaning a poultry house receives, the greater the chances of keeping the birds healthy.

A poultry house on the general farm is often neglected because the cattle and horses have to come first. Hang a metal bushel basket and a scraper just inside the poultry house door and see if it is not helpful in keeping the dropping boards clean. When you have to hunt for the tools to do a job, it is always easier to put off the job until another day.

PROVIDE AMPLE HOPPER SPACE.

The amount of dry mash hopper space per 100 birds has an influence on the amount of laying mash consumed each day. A heavy consumption of dry mash is necessary to keep egg production at about fifty per cent. Some houses will have only one small hopper for 100 hens. Some pullets are shy, although of good laying ability if they receive the raw material. Such birds may remain away from a small hopper rather than take the pecks of cross old birds. A few hens with mean dispositions can almost control the mash hoppers during the best part of the day.

About eight or ten feet of dry mash hopper space for 100 birds seems to give good results. Even then, it often pays to keep a crock or small, low box in each section of the laying house. Every day fill this small measure with mash from the large hopper. Many hens will see the mash readily and immediately start eating from the small dish, although they have not been feeding from the hopper. A long wooden trough can be used to make the laying mash visible to all the flock.

If you have no time to make a moist mash for the flock, try pouring a little water from the drinking pail over the dry mash in a crock. The hens will immediately begin eating the moistened mash and that method also stimulates the consumption of egg-making materials.

Spotty Walls—and What to Do.

Sometimes after a plastered wall has been painted, portions of it will have a lighter or duller appearance than the rest. This is because some spots of plaster are more porous than the rest and therefore absorb more oil from the paint.

In some cases this uneven absorption can be prevented by painting the plaster with a priming coat made by adding to 25 pounds of white lead one and three-fourths gallons of pure boiled linseed oil and one quart of turpentine. However, it is sometimes impossible to seal porous spots with either a glue or varnish size. You can buy the size, or make it by dissolving one-half pounds of glue in four gallons of water to which has been added one-fourth ounce of powdered alum. This size can be applied to the plastered wall first, but it is a better practice to give the plaster the priming coat of paint first, in order to see if the size is necessary. The priming coat may be enough, in which case the cost and trouble of putting on the size will have been saved. Should the size be needed it is just as effective applied over the priming coat. Even where three paint coats have been applied before the porous spots are discovered, the size can be put on without removing any paint, and then more paint coats applied to cover and remedy the trouble.—E. H.

Our Little Smokehouse.

The farm we were renting had no smokehouse. We turned an empty grocery box upside down, nailed a strip over a couple of cracks to prevent escape of smoke and dug a tunnel about 6x8 inches from just inside under the box to a pit about three feet away.

The pit was about the size of an ordinary wash basin. Here we made a corn-cob fire, which produces the very best flavor next to hickory. We turned a tin basin over the pit and put tin and then a piece of old canvas over the tunnel.

Through tiny holes in top of the box we drew twine and slipped a nail through the loop to hang the meat. It worked like a charm.—J. H.

Treating Beans.

My recipe for treating beans to keep bugs from getting in, one that I have used for years and which has never failed me, is very simple: I put the seed beans in a tight tin box after they are perfectly dry and put a few camphor balls in. I have never had bugs get into the beans. Those for table use, I put in a dishpan and cover with boiling water, let them stand four or five minutes, then spread them out thin on the attic floor to dry. After they are dried thoroughly I put them away in paper bags until I am ready to use them.—Mrs. W. H. M.

He Was His Own Miller.

Earl Daughterman had a buckwheat crop that he was offered 75 cents a bushel for. That wasn't enough to make him any profit. He had it ground into pancake timber, jumped into his car and went down the road selling it. It brought five cents a pound and farmers want real genuine buckwheat flour if they can get it.

After figuring out all grinding and selling expenses Mr. Daughterman found he had realized better than \$1 a bushel for his entire crop.

Look Pretty When You Work.

It is surprising how much a pleasing costume helps, especially when there are long, sometimes tiresome tasks to be done. A dainty, cheerful-looking apron is sure to make one feel attractive, and feeling attractive is a long step toward making the day worth while. And we all know how much easier it is to work when we feel this pleasing glow. Here is a little apron, of unbleached cotton with a border of pretty chints, that any girl handy with a needle could make with little trouble.

Date Stones for Camel's Hump. Algerian natives save the stones of the dates to feed their camels as they return, weary from their long marches in the desert, the idea being to fatten and strengthen the hump.

The best law: The Golden Rule.

IDEAL Fashions by Lenora Bailey



A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE JUNIOR MISS

The smart little frock pictured here will be found very attractive if fashioned of either velvet, flannel, or other soft material. The long-waisted bodice is joined to a circular skirt, while the long sleeves extend into the neck and are gathered at the lower edge into narrow wrist-bands. Of special interest is the convertible collar having long ends which may be tied in a chic bow as illustrated, or left open. Contrasting material is effectively used for the collar, wrist-bands and patch pockets. No. 1259 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch, or 2 1/4 yards 54-inch material, and 1/4 yard contrasting 20c.

Our New Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Saves All the Ensilage.

I have learned of two ensilage-saving methods that have been used for several years. Instead of filling the silo with corn to the very top, use straw for the last layers, wetting it the same as the corn. When opening the silo it will be found that the corn beneath the straw is in fine condition.

Another farmer had the courage to put new ensilage on top of old. He was careful to see that there was no spoiled ensilage on top of the old before beginning to put in the new corn. He has done this with complete success for several years. When asked if the ensilage in the bottom was not rather strong after three or four years, he said, "Sure it is a little stronger than usual, but the cattle can smell it farther and they kick up their heels and come running."—A. C. S.

Something New.

Something new in the barn today—Warm and soft and curled, Old as the hills and fresh as May. Something new in the world.

Three wet noses sniff the breeze,
Six sharp ears unfurled,
Twelve brave legs on wobbly knees—
Something new in the world.

Black-and-whites in a box of hay—
Only pups to you;
Three adventurers bold and gay
In an old world ever new.

—Harriet Edgar Davis.



A Monkey Fight.

"While, can you tell us what guerilla warfare is?"
"Yes'm—ain't it a monkey fight?"

DO YOU LAUGH AT YOUR CHILDREN?

BY LENORA BAILEY.

"If you please, Mother, may I please have some jelly on my toast, please?" ceremoniously asked little Billy at the breakfast table.

It was an unusually long speech for him but he was very much in earnest about it. Mary, Billy's cousin, giggled. Billy's big blue eyes opened wide in surprise, then filled with tears.

"Indeed you may, Son, here it is all nice and thick. Don't you think that fine?"

But the little fellow said nothing before he again turned to look across at Mary. She had in the meantime received a message from his mother's eyes and was also serious. So he finished his breakfast contentedly.

"Mary," said his mother after Billy had gone to play, "you are preparing to be a teacher and I can give you a helpful suggestion. Never laugh at little children. Laugh with them but never at them."

"Why, Aunt Lenora? Will laughing hurt? What Billy said was very funny."

"It was, indeed, and we can have a good laugh about it now that he is not here. We should not do it before him. He was trying to learn to say 'please'. I may have some trouble now to get him to try again."

"We always laugh at William Bailey and Juanita when they did funny things. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have the best time imaginable laughing at the mistakes of Dot and Eddie."

"I know all that but because of that very laughing, William Bailey is convinced he is slow to learn, which is not true, while by the same method you have made Juanita think she is extra brilliant, which she is not. You have handicapped your brother for years to come and started the little sister on a path that will result in many hard bumps before the conceit is taken out of her. Few people love a conceited child."

"What about the Edwards children, then?"

"You can plainly see the effect there in the way both children love to 'show off' continually. They are never satisfied unless they are the centre of an admiring, laughing, applauding group. They make things disagreeable when they are not."

"Well, that is true, but I never thought about it before. Can we always keep from laughing?"

"Yes. It may be a little hard but when you remember how much is at stake you can exercise the proper amount of self-control."

"You think, then, that children are affected in one of two ways by older persons laughing at them. Either they are made very timid—sometimes morbidly shy—or they immediately begin to perform all sorts of ridiculous actions upon the slightest notice."

"Exactly right, Mary. Both are equally harmful. Children need to be watched carefully but not laughed at. As I said before, laugh with them all you wish. There's a great difference."

No Man is Interesting—

—Who has nothing to talk about but himself.
—Who sees nothing that is right with the world.
—Who is interested only in those who can do him favors.
—Who resents the time that other people take in the conversation.
—Who has nothing to say and insists on saying it.
—Who has not learned to appreciate other people's jokes.
—Who always agrees with you.

Healing Animals.

The study of the diseases of animals was never more of vital interest than it is to-day. The financial loss from these diseases is enormous. If ever a specific is found for the so commonly fatal malady of distemper in dogs, not only will a vast amount of suffering be saved to the sad victims of the sickness, but multitudes of men, women and children will be saved the sorrow that comes from the loss of their cherished pets.

Died From Fasting.

The death of a woman, Marya Golubova, as a result of prolonged fasting, has called public attention to the existence of a new religious sect in Russia. The sect is named after its founder, Ansem; and its devotees believe that by fasting they can acquire a new body and a new soul. It is feared that other members of the sect may also fall victims to an over-literal interpretation of their theories.

Tiger Takes 125 Lives.

A man-eating tiger was shot recently in the Madras Presidency of India after it had terrorized a village for seven years and had been responsible for the loss of more than 125 lives.

Children and Colors.

Children do not develop color sense until about two years, a psychologist finds.

Beats the Sun for Light.

Strius, the dog star, gives off about forty-eight times as much light as our sun.

Sugar is bleached by finely ground carbon.

PIPING HOT AND ICY COLD

BY ANNE KILBORN COLE.

Many a good meal is spoiled in the serving rather than in the making. Delicious food loses 50 per cent. of its appeal when it is not served at the right temperature. Nothing, for instance, can atone for a cupful of lukewarm coffee or a plate of wilted salad. Meals served haphazardly discount any cook's ability.

It takes just a little thought to get everything on the table piping hot or nicely chilled, as the dish requires. The wise cook has a routine that she follows rigidly, setting her table, preparing relishes, jellies and anything that does not depend upon temperature to be appetizing, while her meal is cooking, so that at the last minute she has nothing to do but get her hot dishes on the table together.

In cold weather, butter and cream can be placed on the table with the silver and linen, but in warm weather they should be the last things to be taken from the refrigerator. Butter for the table can be cut into squares or made into butter-balls and kept that way in a covered dish ready for serving at the last minute on chilled plates. Slice the bread, wrap in a damp cloth and stand in a cool place until needed. Salads can be arranged on individual plates and kept waiting in a cool place; or the salad ingredients can be prepared, mixed with the dressing and put on ice; lettuce can be cleaned, wrapped in a wet cloth and left in a cool place, or with the plates (placed in a pile) left in the refrigerator to chill.

Many cold desserts are better for standing a whole day or more in a cool place, and are therefore time-savers for the company dinner, as they can be prepared a day or two in advance.

VARIOUS METHODS.

When the range has a warming-oven, there is less difficulty in serving foods hot, but many small kitchens do not have this kind of range. Then the wise cook resorts to other methods. She uses her oven frequently, both as a warming-oven, with just enough heat to keep plates and platters warm without cracking, and for cooking a great part of her meal. (This is where oven glass plays such an important part, for things cooked in such dishes can be served in them also, and the heat is retained for some time at the table.) Such a cook plans her meals so that there will not be too many elaborate things to be prepared at the last minute, not too many sauces, gravies or garnishings to be done at once.

Warmed plates and serving dishes

are also indispensable for having the meal piping hot when the family sits down to dinner. Some cooks let their plates and platters stand in a pan of hot water while they are preparing the last stages of a meal, or merely let hot water from the faucet run over them in the sink. This is more or less trouble, but it adds immensely to the success of the meal. A radiator top makes a good dish-warmer if something is laid over it to provide a flat surface. The space under the burners on a gas stove is a splendid place to warm things, provided they are not left too long and scorch. This is usually wasted heat and can be utilized for crisping rolls, crackers and potato chips, and for melting cheese and crisping bacon. It is a handy place to warm the breakfast plates or the platter-plates for the popular one-dish dinner.

A HARD TASK.

One of the housewife's hardest tasks is to "hold the dinner" for a latecomer. Nothing is more discouraging. It is far better to make the family or guests wait ten minutes longer than to prepare omelets, scrambled eggs, souffles or sauces before every one is ready. Many things can be kept warm in a double boiler over hot water, or by merely setting the pan in which the food was cooked in a larger pan of hot water. This is the principle of cafeteria service. Most vegetables are better kept this way or in a tepid oven than if they are allowed to cook away in water. The flat-top gas range as well as the old-fashioned coal range will provide indirect or diffused heat for keeping things warm. The oven regulator is a modern method of controlling heat that is a boon to the cook of to-day.

Table cookery by electricity solves the problem in another way. Percolators, grills, toasters, hot-plates, and waffle-irons insure hot food when it is wanted. Nothing is more discouraging than a plate of damp toast, flat waffles or soggy biscuits. It is a mistake to place a quantity of such things on a plate and cover them with a cloth to retain heat. They should be timed to be taken from the oven or griddle when the family is ready to eat them.

Cocoa is insipid when cool, and it cools quickly after a certain temperature. To serve it "just right" never let it boil after the milk has been added. Boil the water first, add cocoa and sugar mixed and let this boil thoroughly, then add milk and merely let it reach the boiling point. By the time it is served it will be comfortably hot for drinking.

Red Raspberries in the Orchard.

For the first five or six years of their life, the young trees of an orchard have a considerable open space between the pairs of trees. In time, of course, this space will be filled over, but until it is it can be used by planting therein a small bed of raspberries. Recently I saw a novel scheme for growing raspberries. It appears new, and its success has apparently been proved. The arrangement I saw was as follows:

A space 5 x 5 feet was carefully prepared between two young apple trees. Heavy boards were sunk around the plot to keep the plants within limits. The soil within the boards was deeply spaded and enriched. Then about eight or ten strong red raspberry canes were planted in this plot. The orchard I saw was a small one. There were in it 20 raspberry plots, all made as described. When I asked the owner of the orchard why he used this plan, he said:

"It uses waste space; it does not interfere with the normal cultivation of the orchard rows in one direction; it gives us fine fruit with little trouble, after the beds are once made; the boards are convenient for keeping the suckers under control, but they are not perhaps essential; when the trees get large, the raspberry canes can be removed. I have found that from these 20 plots I can get as much fine fruit as the family can use, and enough over to sell to 'carry' the orchard itself until the trees come into bearing."—A. R.

Draw a Map of Your Trap-Line.

When I set my first trap I make a note of the surrounding scenery, jotting it all down at the top of the first page of my notebook. This is set No. 1. From set No. 1 I draw a line to represent the route I take to the next set, which is set No. 2; and I again make note of the landmarks. I do this at every set, numbering them 1, 2, 3, and so on.

In this way it is easy to keep tab on all my traps. All I have to do is follow the line on the map from set to set.

It looks odd to me to see a man take good milk from his cow, turn it all into the can and cart it away for somebody else to use and then go to the store and buy a lot of bogus butter to set on his own table. Every man who does that ought to know that he is selling health for a mess of pottage. We can't afford it. If butter is good for anybody it is good for the folks on the farm.

Give Spuds Air.

Potatoes live and breathe, and if we forget this fact when storing our winter potatoes, we may smother them. If you care to see what will happen when the potato smotherers, it is easily accomplished. Fill a quart jar as tightly with potatoes as possible, then screw the lid down so that no air can get to the tubers. Leave the jar in the room for about two weeks or more. At the end of the time take out the tubers, cut them open and you will find that the heart is either black or else it quickly turns pink and finally black.

In the jar the potatoes can get no air, and deep down in the bottom of a pile the same thing is happening. Of course, it takes a longer time in the pile than in the jar, but when potatoes are piled too deep, smothering is bound to occur. This is the reason why late in the winter or in the spring we begin to find the black hearts in potatoes.

Obviously, the solution of this trouble is to use a little care in storing potatoes. Do not make the piles too deep, or if this cannot be avoided then arrange for ventilation in the bottom of the pile. A false bottom in the bin to permit the circulation of air will be beneficial. Keeping the potatoes in sacks and piling the sacks to permit the circulation of air is sufficient.

There is one other fact concerning the development of black heart that needs consideration. Potatoes breathe faster in high temperatures than when they are cold. Hence a cool cellar will retard the development of the trouble. In a heated room or a car the potatoes near the stove may develop black heart, though they are freely ventilated. So keep the storage at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Black-heart-affected potatoes will usually rot quickly in the soil and will not produce strong sprouts. So from all points of view it pays to give potatoes plenty of fresh air.

Leaky concrete cisterns, tanks, etc., can be made entirely new by giving them a new coating of Portland cement mortar. To make a good job of it, thoroughly clean and roughen the old surface by scrubbing with wire brushes and chipping pieces out with a chisel. It is very important that the old surface be clean and rough in order to make the new coating stick. The mortar used consists of one part Portland cement and two and one-half parts clean sand; use five pounds hydrated lime with each bag of cement. The mortar coat should be at least one-inch thick. When the old concrete is not in very bad shape a waterproofing treatment, made by applying one of several commercial waterproofing materials, will bring results.

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IT'S A POSITIVE FACT!!

Purina Chow Feeds are not guess work. You don't feed on faith alone—keep close tabs on results and you'll be amazed at the increased profits you make by feeding Purina scientific balanced rations. If Purina doesn't make more money for you, don't use it—BUT IT WILL.

Now Ready, VALUABLE PURINA BOOKS

Worth many dollars—your for 10¢ each to cover postage, etc. Mark this "X" under feed interested.

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COW PIG HORSES POULTRY

The Chisholm Milling Co. Ltd., Toronto

COW CHOW

Means more milk—keeps the cows in longer milking period.

CALF CHOW

A real substitute for mother's milk—sell the milk and raise the calf on Calf Chow.

PIG CHOW

The best feed for growing hogs and mother pigs.

O-MOLENE

It's not what the horse eats, it is what he digests—O-Molene keeps horses fit.

CHICKEN CHOWDER

More eggs—better eggs—cheaper birds.

STEER FATENA

No better ration for insuring profitable market returns.

CHICK STARTENA

Brings 25% of the little chicks to maturity.

Purina Distributors
J. D. CAMPBELL

PAINKILLER

Cramps · Sprains · Chills

SPECIAL PRICES IN CLOTHING

Now is the time to take advantage of the Special Reductions we are offering on all our

READY-MADE SUITS
PANTS AND OVERCOATS

We have a full line of splendid serviceable materials for suits to order. All work is of the best and prompt attention is given to every detail.

This is a real change to Save Money

GEO. LICOP
TAILOR, Main St. LACHUTE.

Sugar! Wholesale Sugar!

5 Roses Flour

All Kinds Hay & Feed

ROBERT HAMILTON

Phone 240.

Lachute.

Your Money's Worth

Is always assured when you make your purchase at our Store.

We carry very large assortments of every line and appreciate all orders entrusted to us. Phone No. 2.

Robert McFaul,

Main St., - Lachute.

20 p.c. off all Suits and Overcoats during January

Buy your Suits and Overcoats from the

SEMI-READY STORE

You will find your style, your particular fabric and color you desire at this store

Mufflers, Neckwear, Sweaters, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Hosiery, Mocassins, Boots & Shoes.

W. G. STANFORTH, LACHUTE

TELEPHONE 65.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE
Published at Lachute every Friday,
J. S. Giles, Editor & Proprietor.

FRIDAY, FEB. 11th, 1927.

Subscription Rate per annum.
In Canada—\$1.50.
In United States—\$2.00

Notices of Entertainment, Concerts
Announcements etc., 10 cents per
count line. Minimum, 50,—if billed
60c.

(Note:—All locals advertising any
event from which there are financial
proceeds will be charged at the above
rate.)

Card of Thanks, In Memoriam
Notices, Births, Marriages and Deaths
50 cents.

With each verse additional—25c.
Want and For Sale advertisement.
10 cents per count line, minimum 50c.
—if billed 60c.

Note:—When estimating, count
every six words or fraction thereof
as one line.

Legal Advertising—\$1.68 per inch
Subsequent insertions—\$1.12 per
inch.

EN PASSANT.

Gladstone, the Great
and Good.

RECENT proceedings in London
under the English Laws of Libel have
ended in the complete vindication of
"The Grand Old Man's" reputation.

This is gratifying to all who value
the purity of public life and who de-
sire to see the great traditions of
British honour and service upheld.

Comparatively speaking, nobody
ever heard of Capt. Peter Wright un-
til he wrote and published a book of
"Portraits and Criticisms" in which
he made allegations against the moral
character of William Ewart Gladstone,
who died twenty six years be-
fore, and was interred in Westminster
Abbey—the British Valhalla—
this being the highest honour with
which the empire could invest its
mighty dead.

Many of us have a profound ad-
miration for Justice, and a firm belief
in the Law, but in these days when
so much irresponsible scandal is writ-
ten and thrust upon our notice in the
form of Reminiscence, Criticism, or
"Alleged" Fact, it would not take
much to convince us that there should
be something in the Law that would
deal with such digressions from good
taste, without having to put in motion
the ponderous machinery of Libel
proceedings and flooding the public
prints with reports of unsavory and
irrelevant details.

This gallant Captain, we are told,
is a writer of repute, whose past re-
cord as a publicist gave his criticisms
an anticipatory value: Whatever he
wrote now would be read because of
what he had already written. But he
took it into his head to sling mud, and
to revile the memory of a distinguished
and popular statesman,—a thing
offensive to the British mind—with
the result that his picture has ap-
peared in all the papers and his ful-
minations broadcast all over the
world, by reason of his appearance
as plaintiff in a libel suit.

It is an unenviable notoriety that
he has achieved, and it makes us all
the more inclined to think that there
ought to be some way of preventing
both the publication of such fame,
and the publicity which its refutation
entails.

The present procedure is clumsy.
After Wright had published what was
judged to be an unfounded lie about
the dead statesman, Lord Gladstone,
the elder son, now seventy two years
of age, wrote a letter to the author
calling him a liar, a coward, and a
fool. It was intentionally an open
letter, which means that it was sent
to the newspapers, and put Wright
in the position of having to take pro-
ceedings for libel, unless he took the
castigation lying down. Then the
lawyers got busy.

The modern method of cross-exami-
nation needs pruning, in fact there is
such an overgrowth of irrelevancy
around it that pruning would be too
heavy a task; it needs cutting off at
the roots. Things foreign to the case
are imported into it, filling whole
columns of the public prints, and hav-
ing as little bearing upon the subject
at issue as the price of eggs has upon
the colour of a horse. That
famous raconteur, T. P. O'Connor, as
a witness for the defence, had to go
over the political significance of
Kitty O'Shea's antics, and to testify
after about forty years, that she had
no secret influence upon the public
policy of the Irish Nationalists of her
period.

THERE were other redundancies in
the case, equally as far fetched, but
the jury were not rattled. They
brought in a sane verdict, and added
the rider—"We wish to add that it
is our unanimous opinion that the
evidence placed before us has com-
pletely vindicated the high moral
character of the late Hon. W. E.
Gladstone."

YET, WITHAL, it seems a pitiful
reflex of our social condition when
the wholly unnecessary vindication
of Gladstone's character, or anybody's
character for that matter, should
have to be made a cause celebre at
the whim of any irresponsible writer
with a fancy for sensational scandal-
mongering, or whose moral balance
is so unsteady that he records, as
solid facts, the frothy vapourings of
his own frivolous imagination.

Speaking for myself, I do not sup-
pose that it would be any infringem-
ent upon the rights of the British
Subject, nor any contravention of the
Magna Charta, if parliament were
asked to enact a law providing a
"Dark Room" for the development of
such Memoirs, "Portraits," and Criti-
cisms, as are produced by the Peter
Wrights of the time. Careful exami-
nation in the Dark Room before the
issue of the finished product would
prevent complications. In the present
instance the publishers disavow any
knowledge of the offensive passages,

and in the recent case of "The Whis-
pering Gallery," (which was with-
drawn from circulation) a similar
plea was set up. It is a poor excuse
for allowing books of questionable re-
miniscences to slip into publicity.
The "Dark Room" would ensure a
controlling scrutiny. If the "Por-
trait" comes up clear and sharp in
the developer, and the plate is not
fogged, then the picture may go for-
ward,—but if it shows distortion or
other defects due to "Improper Light"
or injudicious handling, then it could
be scrapped right away and a whole
lot of annoyance saved — to say
nothing about the offence against public
decency.

IT IS HARD to imagine a less
suitable object for scurrilous vitu-
peration than the memory of the great
statesman, W. E. Gladstone.

In his lifetime he had many bitter
political opponents. What great
man was ever without them? But
the whole world lost a true friend
when he died. His voice — a power-
ful one — was always raised on be-
half of the oppressed, and in stern
reproof of the oppressor. His whole
life was an object lesson of true
hearted and convincing earnestness,
combined with an honesty of motive,
which endeared him to all. His stal-
wart consciousness made him an ex-
ample of manly uprightness which
will live large in the eyes of future
generations. There is only one better
ideal, in public or private life, that
I know of, and it dates back to Anno
Domini.

THE LINKMAN.

BROWNSBURG.

Mr. J. Murphy left Brownsburg for
Toronto last week-end.

Mrs. Geo. McAllister is on the sick
list, a victim of La Grippe.

Mr. Kenneth McGibbon, of McGill
University, was a week-end guest at
his home here.

At Hockey practice on Friday eve-
ning, Colin Martin had the misfortune
to dislocate a shoulder.

Miss Edith Hall, of Lachute, spent
last week-end the guest of her mother
Mrs. C. A. Hall of Dalesville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lepine were in
Montreal on Saturday; Mrs. Lepine
remaining for treatment from Dr.
Byers, Eye specialist.

Mr. Wallace Wilson, of McGill,
spent the week-end at his home here.
A record winter with cars running
between here and Lachute.

Mrs. W. J. Fletcher, was at St.
Annes last week, accompanying Miss
Ida, who is taking the 4½ months'
Teachers' course at MacDonald Col-
lege, she also visited Miss Alma, who
is training in the Montreal General
and has successfully passed her
exams, and has been accepted.

The Brownsburg Wolf Cubs held
their first hockey match on Saturday,
at the Brownsburg rink. A fair sized
crowd attended. The Cubs and
officials had a feed of milk and cake,
after the game. The Cubs, A. C. M.
and C. M. wish to thank all that
helped to make this first match a
success. The match was between the
Grey and Red sixes, and was won by
the Grey six with the score of 5 to 2.
The team were as follows:

Grey	Goal	Red
W. White	Defence	R. Martin
C. Devine	Defence	R. Todd
A. Beekingham	Defence	S. Seary
G. Lonsdale	Wing	D. Prosser
C. Fletcher	Wing	A. Connelly
H. White	Centre	D. Golphind
J. Ardill	Sub.	L. Beecroft

BROWNSBURG BOWLING.

C.X.L. TELEGRAPHIC LEAGUE

Brownsburg "A"			
J. Hazel Sr.	178	163	174
J. Martin	184	170	194
J. Reid	148	165	182
P. Proulx	152	190	152
H. Gardiner	210	119	161

	872	807	863	2542
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Brownsburg "B"			
E. Lavoie	164	162	145
D. Mailhot	155	151	184
F. Brunelle	139	188	135
J. Ketylle	140	178	174
E. Dagenais	162	223	138

	750	902	730	2432
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"Arlington"

J. L. Lamberton	142	141	150	439
C. E. Richardson	195	176	194	505
G. D. Jenkins	113	119	143	375
A. J. Winslow	140	164	113	417
C. Harding	178	127	124	429

	763	727	670	2165
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HOW TO MAKE

MONEY FROM SHEEP

Valuable new Booklet issued free
by Bank of Montreal.

We have just received from the
Bank of Montreal a copy of a booklet
entitled "Sheep for Mutton, Wool and
Money," which is being issued for
free distribution to all who are inter-
ested in the subject.

The Booklet is intended mainly for
the farmer who wishes to keep a small
flock of sheep as a profitable side
line, and for this purpose it consti-
tutes a reliable and handy guide to
the various breeds and types, and to
the most approved methods of rear-
ing them and making them pay.

Something like 150 photographs,
with diagrams and descriptions cover-
ing every phase of the subject, are
comprised within the 50 pages of the
booklet. The introduction is written
by the Dominion Animal Husband-
man, Mr. G. B. Rothwell, of the Roth-
well, of the Central Experimental
Farm at Ottawa. He summarizes the
essentials of profitable sheep keep-
ing, and incidentally remarks that at
the present time there is possibly no
more profitable line of livestock or
one in which less labour or equip-
ment is involved, than sheep raising,
particularly as it applies to the small
farm, or as part of a mixed farm.
The booklet was originally issued by
the International Harvester Company
for distribution in the United States.
Recognising its value the Bank of
Montreal secured the rights for Can-
ada, and had a new edition revised
and prepared by Canadian experts to
make it suitable for Canadian condi-
tions. Copies of this edition are
available to all, whether customers of
the Bank or not, upon application at
the local branch of the Bank.

Let Us Do Your Baking!

We are able to supply your wants
in the baking line, no matter how
large or small the order. Our chef is
an expert in fancy baking, so give us
a trial.

Orders promptly executed.

All kinds of Wedding Cakes and Pastries for Sale at
J. MAITLAND'S, BROWNSBURG.

J. P. MACKIMMIE & SONS

Phone us.

Uptown at No. 81,

Lachute Mills at No. 80.

CARILLON.

Mr. Robert Halsey, of Montreal,
was the guest of his mother, Mrs. J.
Halsey recently.

Mrs. Rodden and family, of Pt. St.
Charles, have returned home, after
spending two weeks in Carillon.

Mr. T. O. Paquette, T. G. Paquette
Mr. and Mrs. W. Paquette, of Mont-
real, also Miss Edith Melish, of Pt.
St. Charles spent the week-end at
Cottage.

DALESVILLE.

(Too late for last issue.)
Miss Ada Murdoch spent Sunday the
guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. Dixon.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Jno.
Titly who has been ill, is recovering.

Miss Muriel McPhail spent Sunday
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mor-
row.

Miss Anna Poitras spent the week-
end the guest of Misses P. and R.
Campbell.

Mrs. Jas. Bigelow spent the week-
end the guest of her sister, Mrs. G.
Townsend.

Mr. H. & Miss E. Dixon spent Sun-
day the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas.
Walker, of Lachute.

Mr. Laurence Tomalty, of Lachute,
spent the week-end the guest of his
parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tomalty.

Miss C. Murdoch and Misses Elsie
and Elizabeth Cregeen spent the lat-
ter part of the week visiting friends
here.

Mr. Robert MacArthur, of Lachute,
spent the week-end the guest of his
parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. MacAr-
thur.

A farewell party in honour of Miss
Ethel Dixon, who leaves for MacDon-
ald College, on Tuesday, was held at
her home on Saturday evening. A
good time being reported by all.

GUNS

SPORTSMEN'S GUN FLIES
Change or Better
Write for Catalogue
T. W. BOND & SON
27 Rue Duquesne St. W., MONTREAL

Radios and Electrical Supplies

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for rent by day or week.

All kinds of Radio supplies. A. B. & C. Batteries. Special prices
on B. Batteries. Atwater Kent and De Forest Crosley Radios.

Up-to-date winter storage station for automobile batteries.

JOHN McFAUL & SON.

Main St.,

Lachute.



Distinctive Job Printing

It pays to be "individual" and distinctive
in the use of printed matter. To use only
such letterheads, bill heads, envelopes, win-
dow cards, etc., as reflect attractiveness &
typographical neatness in production.

We maintain a fine assortment of paper
stock, type, and illustrations to satisfy
your every printing need, at prices that will
appeal to you as reasonable.

The Watchman

Publishing and Printing House,
Lachute, Que.

WHEN CHILLED TAKE PAINKILLER

PERRY DAVIS

COLDS WARD OFF GRIPPE

LACHUTE ACADEMY EXAMS

Grade XI, Algebra.
Honours—A. Kelly 95, K. Squire 94, H. Doig 93, B. Morrin 90.
Class I—M. Bain, D. Golpin, A. Rodger 84, G. Smith 82, R. Leishman 77.
Class II—W. Stanforth 69, E. Ben nett, R. Jones 67, E. McCoy 62, E. MacGibbon 61, P. Squire 61.
Class III—E. Morrison 52, R. Boyd 1. Westgate 51.

Grade X, Algebra.
Honours—Mansel Wilson 92, Alex MacGibbon 90.
Class I—Gordon McQuat 83, Janet McQuat 82, R. Lamb 78, Jas. Logan 77, A. Stewart 77, Helen Cassidy 76.
Class II—Albert Laurin 72, Ivan Menk 65, Annie Miller 65, James Yel land 62.
Class III—Laura Noble 59, Roy Cruise 55, Lizzie Hay 52.
Honours—Reta Boyd 91, Freda Mason 91.

Grade IX, E. Grammar.
Class I—Lois Cooke 83, Gwen MacKinnon 83, Beattie Morrison 75.
Class II—Alice Whinfield 74, Herbie Gordon 71, Shirley Hamilton 71, Janet Morrison 69, Eric Middleton 68, Sybil Morrow 68, Edith Boyd 65, I. Jackson 65, Florence Hay 64, Doris Prophet 64, Eileen McPaul 61, Gladys Cruise 60, Laurence McQuat 60.
Class III—Helen Heatlie 59, Jessie Murdoch 59, Myrtle Patterson 58, K. MacKintosh 51, Alma Boa 50, Annie Black 50.

Grade VII, History.
Honours—G. Drysdale 94, M. Lan gille 91.
Class I—G. Clark 85, H. Gall 78, Class I—E. Goldworthy 72, B. Rashevsky 69.

Grade Hygiene.
Honours—L. Canning 97, L. Wal ker 97, E. Jousse 92.
Class I—D. McPaul 83, A. Doig 80, D. Boyd 80.
Class II—A. MacNewn 73, S. Lan gille 65, M. Robinson 65, D. MacKintosh 65.

Grade IV, French.
Honours—F. Stephens 97, J. Mac kintosh 90.
Class I—G. L'Abbe 89, B. Clunie 85, S. Roberts 85, M. Walker 84, S. Milnes 79.
Class II—J. MacKenzie 72, L. Mac Vicar 68, S. Morrison 65.

Grade III, Writing.
Honours—Alice Berninger 95, E. Aitkin 93, Mira Robinson 93, James Clark 92.
Class I—Gertrude Cunningham 88, Lloyd Graham 87, Edith McQuat 86, K. Morrison 84, Isabel McKimmie 84, Jean Picken 83, Leonard Dion 82, L. Cox 82, Bernice Langille 81, George Combie 80, E. MacNaughton 77, L. Creswell 75, Viola Hammond 75.
Class II—Bernice Roberts 74, C. MacNaughton 72, Irene McPaul 71, Bernard Jenkins 70, Peter Massie 70, Cyril Drew 68, Murray Lyster 66.

"ARE YOU A MASON"

There is more truth than poetry in the anonymous couplet.
"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."
Man wants to laugh so much that it doesn't take much to make him laugh, but when he hears of a play that will make him laugh for more than two hours, he usually desires to see it, because there must be a great deal in it to make him laugh. "Are you a Mason?" is just such a play, and when the offer was made to present it in Lachute, it was immediately seized upon.

This play, written by the pen of Leo Ditrichstein, enjoyed a long run in both London and New York play houses, and by dramatic critics it is placed in the same category as the well known farces "Charlie's Aunt" and "Abie's Irish Rose." The critic of the New York Herald says of it, "To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole collapses. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act, how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain."

The play will be presented under the auspices of the Lachute Presby terian Church, in the Auditorium, on Saturday evening, February 19th. This date has been chosen to con venience the artists from Montreal con cerning whom something will be said in a later article. The price of ad mission will be fifty cents and tick ets may be procured at Mr. Robert McPaul's.

Meet me at Joe's!

The popular place
for Choice Meats

Jos. Speight, Meat Market
Main Street, Lachute. - Telephone 136.

The Better Things in Life



LEISURE!

Comfort in your old
age depends largely
upon your foresight in
providing for it now.

This Bank will welcome your
Savings Account—deposits may
be made by mail when desired.

The BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$10,000,000 Reserve \$19,500,000
Resources \$245,000,000

NOTICE THE SEIGNIORY OF TERREBONNE

CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

The undersigned, ERNEST S. MATHIEU, notary, domiciled in the town and district of Terrebonne, said province gives notice in conformity with the article 1571C of the civil code, that according to a judicial deed of sale, consented in his favor by the prothonotary of the Superior Court of the said district, on the 8th. Octo ber 1926, in virtue of a judgment ren dered in a cause, bearing the No. 449 of the said Court, he has purchased from the heirs of the late Mrs. MARIE GENEVIEVE SOPHIE RAY-MOND, in her lifetime seigneresse of the said seignory, and widow of the late Honorable JOSEPH MASON:

1. The capital of the seigniorial rents of "The Seignory of Terrebonne" payable annually on the 11th November till their redemption, and also all arrears of the said rents ac crued to the 21st January 1926, and those to become due in the future by the 950 censitaires, according to the "cadastre seigniorial" of the said seig nory, which comprises:

The town of Terrebonne and the parishes of Terrebonne, Ste-Anne des Plaines, Ste-Sophie and New Glasgow 20. The constituted rents, created in favor of the said Dame Masson, by 28 purchasers of emplacements, situated in the said parishes, and which are payable annually and till their redemption, partly on the 11th November and partly on the 29th September, and also the arrears of the said rents.

That a duplicate of the said deed of sale and annex authenticated, and bearing a certificate of registration of the registrar, has been delivered to the said prothonotary, before this day and has remained there on deposit, since that time, for all purposes;

Terrebonne, February 7th., 1927.

ERNEST S. MATHIEU, Notary.

SOOTFOE

"A FOE TO SOOT"

The Modern
Chimney Cleaner.

A small amount will
clean your Flues and
Prevent Fires
Save Fuel
Give More Heat.

50c

PER PACKAGE

FOR SALE BY

J. D. CAMPBELL,
R. McARTHUR & SON.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Montreal — Toronto
Trains leave Montreal 10.00 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; 11.00 p.m. daily; also 12.30 p.m. daily except Sunday and 10.00 p.m. daily except Saturday.

Montreal Buffalo Detroit Chicago
Trains leave Montreal 10.00 a.m. and 11.00 p.m. Daily through coaches and parlor cars and sleepers on day trains also through sleeping cars for Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago on night trains.

Montreal Cochrane Winnipeg Vancouver
Leave Montreal 10.15 p.m. daily for North Bay, Cobalt, Cochrane, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Ed monton and Vancouver.

Through coaches, also through standard sleeping cars Montreal to Winnipeg Regina, Edmonton, Van couver, also through tourist car Mon treal to Vancouver.

J. M. Roby, Station Agent, Phone 14; S. Goldworthy, Town Agent, La chute, Que., Phone 191 r 3.

"Rex" Theatre

Lachute

WEEK OF 13 to 19 FEBRUARY

SPECIAL KNOCKOUT PROGRAM

SUNDAY & MONDAY 5 ATTRACTIONS

In the best of his career

Harold Lloyd in "FRESHMAN"

of Colligian Riot of laughter Don't fail to see it.

II. ED. COBB in STORM KING

III. BILLY SULLIVAN in FIGHTING TERROR

IV. GENE TUNNEY in FIGHTING MARINE

V. Comedy: THIRTEEN MEN

TUESDAY ONLY

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY

SENSATIONAL PROGRAMME "BUCKING the TRUTH"

It combines story, gags, action and good acting

LOVEY MARY

Western: TWO FISTED

Serial: 6th. Chap. Radio Detective

Comedy: MIDNIGHT FOLLY

Comedy: Wife Shy

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

AT LAST IT'S HERE

Martin Harvey in "THE ONLY WAY"

The famous English Player in isonly moving picture production.

PATHE REVIEW

Comedy: Wait a Bit

Ralph's

Ladies' Men's & Boys Winter
Coats and Suits at the
very Lowest Prices
A Full Line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
Main Street, - Lachute.

CREAM WANTED for EATON Montreal Creamery

We now make butter at our Creamery adjoining
the Store.

We pay express charges from your nearest express
shipping station and pay you promptly for each in
dividual shipment.

For further information, write to
Creamery Department

T. EATON CO LIMITED
OF MONTREAL



After a drawing by V. C. Andrews in "Life"

The Little Breadwinner

THIS little chap of twelve, hawk ing papers in the midst of the city's maelstrom, his clothes in tatters, his eyes eager and shifty, his voice hoarse with shouting—can you see the tragedy of his life? He left school at ten to help earn bread for his mother and brothers.

Yet, Daddy had great hopes for him. Looking down at the wee baby face he had said: "I'll give the lad a good start in life—a lift on to the first rung of the ladder."

That was eleven years ago. Daddy had not counted on dying, you see. But he did die—died at the wrong time before his plans had worked out. Are you willing to take a chance like that with your wife and little ones? An Imperial Monthly Income Policy will safeguard them from a danger you dare not ignore.

Just write your name and ad dress on the coupon and mail it to us. Then we'll send you our booklet which tells all about it.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY of CANADA
HEAD OFFICE :: TORONTO, ONTARIO

E. M. Jones, Agent
LACHUTE

COUPON

Please send me
your Booklet about
Monthly Income
Policies.

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CANADA'S TRADE WITH FRANCE

According to reliable report from overseas, negotiations are under way in London and Paris for the organization of two new steamship services from France to Canada, this enterprise being attributable in some measure to the efforts of the Quebec agent-general in England, who has interested in the project a group of French-Swiss capitalists who are forming the new shipping concern. According to Dr. Lomieux, the company will begin operating a line of steamers to carry freight and passengers in the very near future, and ports of call will include Montreal, Quebec, and points in the Gaspé region and on the Saguenay River, as well as New Brunswick ports.

The efforts of the Quebec office in England are directed, naturally, towards the development of Canadian export trade with France rather than increased purchasing from that country. There is urgent need of this, in spite of increased sales in the post-war period, to adjust the balance of trade. Every facility to effect this is afforded by the Franco-Canada treaty arranged a few years ago under which agreement Canada granted to France, the French colonies, possessions and protectorates, intermediate tariff and favored nation treatment generally, whilst France accorded Canada an equally preferential treatment with advantages equal to the most favored nation.

Canada's Purchases from France Heavy.

This trade treaty, together with the advertising effected by the Canadian exhibition train, which toured the Republic in a very thorough manner, exhibiting at every centre of any size, has tended to elevate the value of Canadian exports to France and approach nearer a point of a balance of sales and purchases. In a representative year before the war, 1913, Canada sold to France only to the extent of \$2,564,603 while purchasing from that country to the value of \$15,522,144. The Dominion's purchases from the Republic in the last three twelve-

months periods ending July have been respectively \$16,984,103; \$18,020,674; and \$20,664,047. In the same three periods Canada's sales to France have been \$17,173,782; \$3,367,043; and \$14,907,268.

Canada consistently purchases goods from France to a heavier extent than from any other country after the United Kingdom and United States. As a buyer of Canadian goods however, France has not held her position and is now exceeded in value of imports by Japan, Germany, China, Netherlands, Belgium, New Zealand and Australia. With the amicable relations existing between Canada and France, the advantageous trade treaty arranged between the two countries and the excellent advertising which has been effected for Dominion goods in the Republic, there should be no great difficulty in further increasing Canadian exports to that country with a more efficient transportation service.

Products to be Carried.

The products especially mentioned, which the new line will carry to France, are fish, timber, prepared pulpwood, and furs. France is a heavy importer of Canadian canned salmon, having in the past fiscal year taken 173,693 cwt. worth \$1,912,015, and also imports quantities of canned lobsters. Importations of wood pulp have increased heavily of recent years, growing from nothing in 1924 to \$54,296 in 1925 and \$53,094 in 1926. Importations of all kinds of furs are large and certain kinds of lumber are purchased to a substantial extent. In addition, France last year purchased 2,852,430 bushels of Canadian wheat worth \$4,324,855, but bought no Canadian manufactured flour. An important item of imports is Canadian agricultural machinery, France being the largest purchaser of harvesters and binders, mowing machines, and hay rakes. Other important imports in point of value are wrapping paper, clover seed, bacon and hams, condensed milk, hard, and rubber tires and inner tubes for vehicles.

The Marriage Hold.

Among many misleading generalizations needing to be nailed to the mast of falsehood, one of the most pernicious is that married folk are not continuing to live together. True, some may not be, and, indeed, are not, and of these so much fuss is made that little is heard of the millions who neither court nor receive publicity.

No, the hold marriage has upon us as a people is not weakened by exposure of the exceptions to the rule. These may excite our pity, our sympathy, and sometimes our aversion, but cannot threaten the majesty of the social custom that is the common rite of all. It is inviolate, tenable so long as the Anglo-Saxon conception of civilization prevails. It is the respected commonplace in daily life that familiarity does not asperse. And it is expressed, perhaps most felicitously, in those over-recurring instances in which wedded couples on these prairies have lived together, have toiled for one another, and often fought with each other, have drunk together out of the same cups of joy and sorrow, but yet remained together, content, mated, indissoluble in their immersion of each other's complements, till with mutual pride and probably not a little to forgive, they proclaim the celebrations of their silver, golden, or diamond wedding anniversaries. One such matrimonial occasion proves far more the permanency of our marriage custom than a thousand accounts of dissolutions foreshadow its decline.—*Manitoba Free Press.*



Right.

Spool of Cotton—"I'm glad I'm not a pin cushion."

Thimble—"Why?"

Spool of Cotton—"They get so stuck up!"

Almost time to start thinking about your New Year's resolution.



Sir Samuel Hoare

British Air Minister, who predicts big strides in Empire aviation development as result of Imperial Conference discussion.

The Three Buttons.

A school teacher said to her class of boys:

"I am going to give each of you three buttons. You must think of the first as representing Life, the second Liberty, and the third Happiness. In three days I want you to produce these buttons, when I shall expect you to tell me what they stand for."

On the appointed day she asked one of the boys for his buttons.

"I ain't got 'em all," he said. "Here's Life, and here's Liberty, but mother has gone and sewed Happiness on my trousers."

Very Dead.

The Dead Sea is 47 miles long and ten miles wide. Its surface is approximately 1,300 feet lower than sea level and at its deepest point, its bottom is another 1,300 feet down. A friend of ours, who visited there recently, said: "I don't know when it died, but it is certainly dead now." We guess he is right.

A microscope capable of magnifying an object 12,000,000 times is being used in the detection of disease germs.



Rafael Sabatini

Who has been said to write the best screen stories, studies small ship models of 17th and 18th century craft for the details he needs. He is shown at his desk in London, where he wrote *Captain Blood*, *Sea Hawk*, etc.

Above the Heavens.

Above the gold sunbeams fling
With bird-songs drifting through,
God's glory is a richer thing,
And sweeter singing too.

Above the azure wide and high,
The steady, candid blue,
God's glory is a vaster sky,
Inimitably true.

Above the faintest, farthest star
In distant chaos wrought,
God's glory, infinitely far
Transcends our feeble thought.

Yet God's rich glow, and God's great song,
And God's vast heaven of blue;
And God's far starlight ages long,
Comes down to me and you!
—*Amos R. Wells.*

Another Use for a Hairpin.

Who has not at some time raised an umbrella and seen one of the short ribs unexpectedly fall out of place? If the rib is broken, this probably means a job for the umbrella mender; frequently, though, there is no break, but the little rivet which holds the two ribs together has come out. When this happens, it is quite easy for anyone to put the umbrella into good condition in a few minutes. There are two holes in the end of the short rib and one in the long rib where they join. Put the short piece over the long one with an edge on each side of it so the holes are in line, and insert a fine invisible hairpin. Twist the ends of the hairpin around the ribs so no points will be left loose to rub holes in the covering. The writer repaired an umbrella in this way over a year ago and has had no more trouble with the rib. If a hairpin is not at hand, any kind of fine wire will answer the purpose.

'Twas She.

The prosperous looking man was a stranger to the neighborhood. You could tell that by the way he kept pausing uncertainly to look at the names painted on the gates of the houses in the street.

Presently he mounted the steps of one of the houses and rang the bell. The door opened and a smart maid appeared.

"I am trying to find a woman whose name I have forgotten," he began, "but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, glorious eyes like stars on a summer night, and hair which outshines fine gold in quality and lustre."

"I'm afraid I don't know her," replied the servant.

"Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute," said a voice from the head of the stairs.

Elephant's Appetite.

An elephant weighing five tons will eat 100 pounds of hay and twenty-five of grain a day.

Seeing London at Home.

We are sometimes told that the American visitor sees more of London than the people who live in it. This, I think, is true only in a superficial sense. The American sees more of guide-book London, but the Londoner sees more of the London that is worth seeing. He sees his own house and his friends' houses—building, that contain far more of the things . . . interesting to him than cathedrals and palaces and museums of the arts. He sees his own garden, which contains more pleasures for him than the greatest of the parks, and he sees his own cat, which surpasses the King's horses or the lordliest beast in the Zoo as the paragon of animals.

And do not think that he does not see as many novelties as if he were taxiing from church to church and from museum to museum in a foreign city. The seasons alone should give a man all the novelty he needs. The very street in which he lives changes from hour to hour. It is one street when the sun is shining, another street in rain, and another under the full moon. Foreign travel is pleasant chiefly because it makes us realize that we are among novelties, but when we are sufficiently awake to see the constant flow of novelties in the world at our doors, we can enjoy all the excitement of foreign travel along with the pleasure of being at home. . . . If I were offered a free trip around the world, I might accept the offer through weakness, but I do not wish to go round the world. Have I not been round the sun once a year ever since I was born? That seems to have satisfied any cravings I may have had for distant travel, or at least to have made a jaunt round this pigmy earth a matter of small importance.—*From "The Money Box," by Robert Lynd.*

That Was All.

Vast clouds of smoke and big tongues of flame began to issue from the top windows of a house. A man ran over to it and pressed the electric bell.

"The door was opened by a woman who suffered from deafness.

"Madam, your house is on fire!" exclaimed the man.

"What's that?"

"Your house is on fire!" he repeated.

"What's that? House on fire? Oh, is that all?"

"Well," replied the man, abashed, "that's all I can think of at present!"

Got It At Last.

A patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where are you going?" read Johnny laboriously, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher.

"Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment, and an idea seemed to dawn upon him. Then he read, triumphantly:

"Where are you going, little button-hook?"

A Canny Child.

Uncle Jim had given his small nephew a dime; but not long afterward the child appeared, long of face, to report: "That dime you gave me slipped through a hole in my pocket."

"Well, here's another," said Uncle Jim. "Don't let this one get lost too."

The youngster looked thoughtful.

"Perhaps half a dollar would be safer, wouldn't it, uncle?" he said.



A Needed Tool.

"Well, if you're afraid of this here job, here's a screw-driver."

"What I want that for?"

"To screw up your courage with—see?"

Keeps the Heat In.

Aluminum paint is used on oil tanks, boilers and steam pipes to reduce heat losses.

Surnames and Their Origin.

MASSEY.

Variation—Massee, Demassy, Demasse.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Norman and French.
Source—A locality.

With the exception of those instances in which this family name is traceable to Gaelic sources, it should be classed, according to its form, as French, or else English and of Norman origin. England and America to-day are full of family names which are but changed forms of place names in Normandy. These names are relics of the Norman invasion of England.

At the time of that invasion most men, in England as well as among the Normans, bore but a single name. When something more than this name was needed to differentiate between individuals, the speaker would make use of some convenient surname, referring either to a man's trade or the place from which he had come, to show which "John" or "Roger" or "Hugo" he was speaking of.

The need for these surnames was particularly strong among the Normans after their invasion of England. Gathered from all sections of France, the Norman host had spread out in a strange country. Conditions were unsettled. There was much moving about from place to place. It was natural, therefore, that these surnames, referring to the place from which a man had come, were particularly convenient.

Massey was a town and feudal holding near Bayeux, Normandy. The forms prefixed by "de" represent forms of the family name developed in France. The others are English developments.

ORMES.

Variations—Ormesby, Ormeson, Ormskirk.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A given name.

Here is a group of family names founded on a given name which is nothing unusual. Our directories today contain a very heavy percentage of family names which would be just as plain to us as Jackson, Richardson and Davidson, had the given names of which they are composed remained as popular with succeeding generations as have the names of John, Richard and David.

Yet at one time the name of "Orm" or "Orme" was extremely popular among the northern Teutonic races, including the Anglo-Saxons, and Danes (who also have left the impress of their nomenclature in both the languages of England and Scotland) and the Normans. The last named, it must be remembered, were a Teutonic race, though they had adopted the French tongue. (It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that they had themselves formed a variation of the French tongue). But their nomenclature remained predominantly Teutonic. History shows that in all cases where one race adopts the language of another, it retains, however, very much of its original language in its names.

So it will be seen that there are several explanations of the existence in England of this given name.

Ormes is but a shortening of Ormeson. Ormesby and Ormskirk were place names compounded of the given name plus the words for "village" and "church." From place names they became surnames.

Magic Colors.

The part played by color in our daily lives is only just beginning to be understood by science. Hitherto we have always taken colors for granted.

Recently Lord Chudleigh claimed that in the range of the spectrum lay the secret of happiness—a somewhat startling assertion, but one which is supported by many scientists.

So it seems quite possible that the physician of the future will, instead of writing out a prescription for some combination of drugs, give us a color prescription to cure our ills.

Some colors, say these discoverers, act as irritants, others as sedatives.

For instance, repeated experiments have proved that yellow is soothing to tortured nerves. Violet light causes bone to develop; blue is claimed to stimulate the growth of muscle tissue; green adds to our store of energy.

Already these facts are being enlisted in the task of curing the sick. There are now several nursing homes which specialize in distinctive colorings for the bed-rooms of various types of sufferers. The faded will be stimulated by skyblue, the excited quieted by yellow, and so on.

The truth is, that most people, although they may be unaware of it, are influenced and affected by colors. Take, for example, the impression a room makes upon you when you enter it. What causes that impression? Setting aside the taste of the furnishings, there is but one thing: color.

In cities, where there is none too much sunlight, the object should be to procure the maximum of sunlight effect. This is now generally recognized. Hence the growing popularity of golden tints in mural decoration. They induce a feeling of freshness and happiness, just as browns and violet crimsons depress and distress the sensitive.

Width of Ploughing.

Comparisons that have been made for four years at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, between narrow and wide plowing—that is, between 8 and 16 inches, have shown that the latter gives as large yield as the former. With furrows 8 inches in width the yield of corn after sod on light soil has averaged 22.71 tons and of oats also after sod 64.9 tons. At 16 inches the yield of corn has averaged 21.70 tons and of oats 66.9 tons. Drawing his conclusion, the Dominion Field Husbandman in his report for 1925 remarks that inasmuch as the wider furrows usually make possible the plowing of a larger acreage per day, it will be observed that it is more economical than plowing narrow furrows.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



For the Boys and Girls

A FORTUNATE HIDING PLACE

BY R. M. HAWTHORNE.

Some twenty years ago, Rev. Oscar Hughes was a missionary in India. He had labored hard in that burning country, with its wealth of animal and vegetable life, rarely seen in any other portions of the globe.

He was stationed in the Province of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, and at no great distance from the town of Dowuronda, which lies about fifty miles to the south of the city of Hyderabad.

The most terrible wild beast of India, if not of the world, is the Royal Bengal tiger. It is fully a fourth stronger than the lion, as has been proven by actual test, while its self-confidence, courage and prodigious activity are unsurpassed by any creature that roams forest or jungle.

Mr. Hughes' family consisted, besides his native servant, of his wife, a son named Oscar, after himself, and Minnie, his daughter, six years of age—the brother being slightly more than ten.

The Hugheses went to India immediately after the Sepoy mutiny, in 1858, and their experience was comparatively pleasant. The section in which they were located had been disturbed only very slightly by the whirlwind of fire and blood which swept over that fair land, and the natives treated them with more kindness than Europeans had a right to expect.

Those who live on the edge of the volcano become accustomed to the mutterings of the awful forces deep down in the earth, knowing that at any hour the flaming river is likely to burst through the crater, and, pouring down the sides, envelope everything in its consuming channel. Thus it is that the dweller in the land of earthquakes, of deadly serpents and wild beasts, acquires a certain familiarity with them, which to us of the more favored climes is incomprehensible.

Several cobras had been killed in the vicinity of the missionary's house, and a terrible tiger—a regular man-eater—was shot by a famous English hunter within a fourth of a mile.

The parents looked serious when this startling fact was announced, as well they might, but it caused them nothing like the consternation which the appearance of a bear or panther excites in any neighborhood of our own country.

Mr. Hughes was a fine shot himself, and he always kept his rifle loaded and ready for instant use, hoping at the same time that many a week and month might pass before the cartridge would be discharged from the barrel.

One day, while his servant was absent, the missionary rode off a couple of miles to visit a sick native, leaving the rest of his family at home. It was during the hot season, when the whole atmosphere of India seems to be literally aflame, and in Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, men die from excessive heat, while panting in their beds in the middle of the night.

The missionary was not gone long, returning when the sun was low and the air was slightly cooler. He reached home while it was yet light, and was scarcely halted when he was met by the most appalling news.

When the family were left to themselves they attempted to do little more than to keep cool. Mrs. Hughes, who was prostrated somewhat by the heat, reclined in a hammock under the shade of the trees, while Oscar did the same just across the road, on the edge of the wood.

Minnie, the little girl, was the only one of the family who did not seem to be distressed by the torrid temperature. She ran hither and thither, and played with her doll, sang and teased her brother, who was reading a book, as he lay on his side in the hammock and slowly swung back and forth.

All at once, Minnie ran up to him, and said:

"Oh, what do you 'spose I've found?"

"Give it up."

"A place where I can hide, and you can't find me."

"You'd better go there for a while, so I can get a chance to read this book."

"Will you look for me?"

"What's the use of looking, if I can't find you?"

"Just for the fun of the thing—won't you, Oscar?"

"I will, if you'll promise not to disturb me any more if I find you. What do you say?"

"All right—I'll do it. Now hide your head, and don't you dare look, and when I call out you must come and hunt for me."

"Very well—off with you!"

Oscar crouched down in the hammock so that the meshes came up all about him, and he put his hands over his eyes. But it must be confessed that he was so much like other boys that he slyly peeped through his fingers and the cord of the hammock and watched every movement of his sister.

Little Minnie walked away on her tip-toes, often looking back to make sure her brother was not observing her. She could just discern the outlines of his figure, lying so still and motionless, and the innocent little girl never suspected how her big brother was cheating her, and laughing to himself over his success.

Oscar saw Minnie walk in this manner for a hundred yards, when she stood still for a minute or so, stooped down and disappeared.

But he understood how it was. There was a mass of boulders and rocks, with an entrance large enough to admit an ordinary man.

He himself had penetrated it to a distance of several yards, but withdrew through fear of some noxious reptiles within.

The boy was not pleased to see his sister enter so unhesitatingly this forbidden cavern, and he came to a sitting position in the hammock, with the intention of calling to her to come back, when he heard the faint "Whoop! come!" from the interior.

Oscar meant to go right straight to the spot, bring out Minnie, and forbid her ever going there again. With this purpose, he swung himself out of the hammock and started in the direction; but he had only gone a few steps when he was paralyzed by a most terrible sight.

He caught the gleam of something through the trees, saw a body moving and heard a rustling that told him some wild animal was at hand.

Immediately after, he observed an enormous Bengal tiger stride forward, lashing its tail and growling as though it snuffed danger.

It was first seen in advance of the boy, and slightly on his right, while, as it was walking in the same direction, its head was turned away, and it did not observe the lad.

While the latter stood, hardly breathing, he saw the tiger walk directly to the boulders, and then, with scarcely any hesitation, force itself into the passage through which little Minnie had vanished but a few seconds before.

The ferocious beast had, doubtless, seen her enter, and had gone in after her.

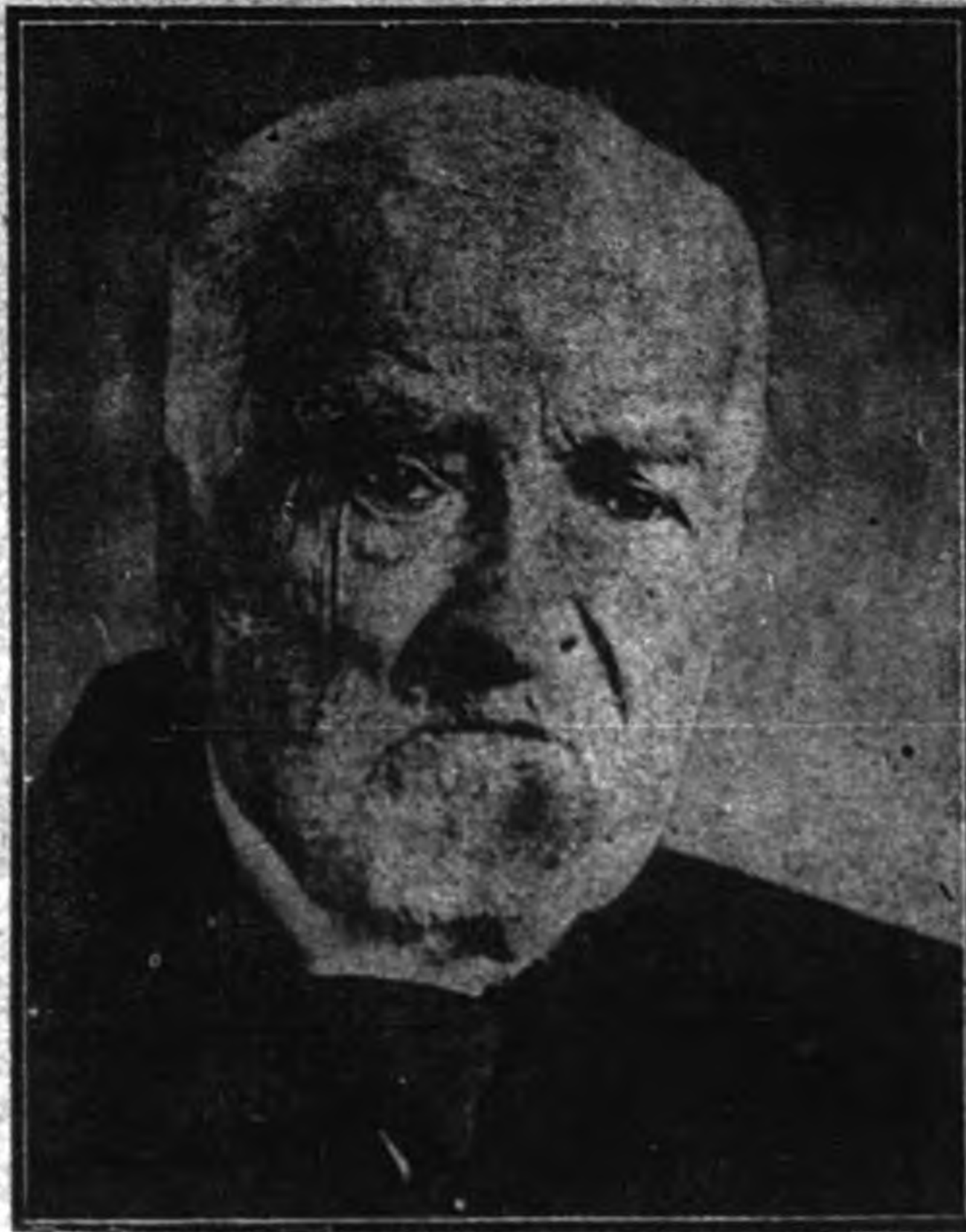
The horrified Oscar did not stir until he heard a few agonized screams from within, then he rushed to his mother with the awful tidings that a tiger had killed and was devouring Minnie.

The mother was frantic, and began running back and forth, wringing her hands, moaning, and asking where the beast was, that she might go to the rescue of her darling, while the lad, seeing how great the danger of both was, refused to tell her, and began hastily closing up the house.

The Bengal tiger is so daring that he does not hesitate to dash into a building after a person, and it was more than likely that he would make for the mother and son when through devouring poor little Minnie.

It was at this dreadful moment that the missionary, Mr. Hughes, rode up and dismounted.

Hastily taking down the rifle, Oscar



ANCIENT MARINER OF NOTRE DAME DE GRACE
Nazaire Dero, retired sea-captain, recently celebrated his 100th birthday. Captain Dero is in good health and has a remarkable memory.

ran out in the road and uttered the same fearful words that had crazed his mother. His father turned pale, but in all other respects he was calm and self-possessed.

"Tell me the particulars," he commanded, in a low, quick voice, at the same time reaching out and taking his rifle.

Pointing to the open entrance, Oscar quickly told how he had seen Minnie enter it, followed, a moment later, by an immense tiger, and he had scarcely vanished from sight when the screams of Minnie reached his ear.

"My poor, dear baby!" wailed the parent, without shedding a tear, but with a perceptible tremor in his voice. But the tiger shall give up his worthless life for this—

"There he comes!" exclaimed the terrified Oscar, running back toward the building.

Sure enough, the dreaded beast at that moment came out of the dark cavern, and still lashing his tail and uttering growls, began advancing upon the man and boy.

"Go into the house with your mother," said the missionary. "I'll attend to him!"

He raised the rifle to his shoulder, as he spoke, and, holding it at a full cock, pointed it straight at the beast. The man was as cool and collected as if he were made of iron.

The tiger, dreadful in his beauty and strength, advanced until at the right distance, when he paused and, crouching down, gathered his muscles for the tremendous spring that was to land him directly on the head and breast of the man who was standing like a statue, with the rifle pointed toward him.

At that very moment, when the beast was on the point of leaping, Mr. Hughes fired. The bullet, like that fortunate one of the great East Indian hunter, Shakespeare, went directly through the heart of the tiger, who rolled over on the ground, and, after a few furious struggles, died, unable to reach his destroyer to do him the slightest harm.

The horrified mother, white and trembling, was peering out of her house, her great fear for the safety of her husband crushing down her other emotions for the moment.

Oscar was sobbing as if his heart was broken, and the father was still standing where he stood when he fired his gun, when a vision of light suddenly appeared at the mouth of the cave, in the person of little Minnie, who called out:

"Daddy, did you shoot that ugly animal?"

"God be thanked!" exclaimed the parent, throwing down his gun and running forward and catching his little girl in his arms. "Heaven be praised! you are unharmed! How did it happen?"

Mother and brother rushed out, wild with joy and wonder.

When matters became quieted somewhat, Minnie had no difficulty in making clear how it was she escaped. There could be no doubt that the tiger went into the cavern after the little girl who, in her anxiety to get beyond discovery by her brother, had forced her body in among the boulders until she was squeezed into a space where it was impossible for the huge tiger to get to her.

When she heard the growling of the beast and knew he was after her, she uttered the scream which reached her brother's ears, but she knew enough to shrink back as far as possible.

The tiger made a ferocious attempt to reach her with his needle-like claws, and almost succeeded; but the massive stones prevented it. He then turned about and went out again, with a view of making his meal on the rest of the family.

As soon as he was gone, Minnie began working her way out again, and came upon the scene of action just after the tiger perished.

Old Walls and New.

In old-Havana colors come to rest
On aged walls that welcome the soft stream
Of rainbows captured in a sunlit dream.
Holding them close like children to their breast.
Sienna turns to rose—fresh green is pressed
Against a smiling square of ivory cream—
A shadow reaching toward an orange gleam.
Is dimmed to blue-gray where it ends
Its quest.

Once travellers who saw the prism break,
Gathered the lovely fragments for a gift
To carry to a far-off northern land.
Now under their home skies young daffies take
The hues of old Havana, as they lift
New walls to feel the warmth of color's hand.

—Jesse Humes.



Reduced to a Flat.

"She thought him rich and the owner of mansions and she'd be sharp in marrying him."

"And now she finds herself reduced to a flat."

If there were only three persons in the world one of them would be leader.

THE DANISH SETTLEMENT

Of all the agricultural settlers who have come to Canada, none are more desirable than the Danish. In Denmark, agriculture is an industry of prime importance. The Danish people, due to the limited area of agricultural land in the country of their birth, are keenly appreciative of the value of land and its proper cultivation, and are devoted to the best of all farming—mixed farming. They are good judges of soil and agricultural conditions and make few mistakes in selecting locations for settlement, and where they settle together and follow agricultural pursuits a prosperous farming country soon develops. Individual Danish farmers have settled in various parts of Canada, and in cases where first families colonized together, very fine settlements of these thrifty agriculturists have sprung up.

According to the Census of 1921, there were in Canada at that time 7,193 Danes, to which must be added, coming in since that date, 4,619, making in all, without counting the natural increase, 11,811.

First Record of Danish Settlement.

The first record of Danish settlement in Canada was in the year 1872 when an agreement was entered into between the Government of the Province of New Brunswick for the introduction into that province, from Scandinavian countries, of some 500 persons. The agreement set forth that each family should be given 100 acres of good farming land, a clearing of 2 acres to be made on each lot at the expense of the Government, the immigrant being employed to do the work. Temporary buildings, which would later be converted into schools, were to be provided for the early housing of the new-comers, and other necessary buildings and work would be carried out at the expense of the Government. A three years' actual residence entitled the settler to a grant of ownership. A further clause provided that the Government would provide employment for the settler at certain periods for which he was to receive a wage of \$1 per day for a period not exceeding 3 years.

The colony, known as "New Denmark," was located on the Salmon River, in the vicinity of Grand Falls, and was mostly wooded land covered with birch, maple and beech, spruce, fir, and cedar, well watered.

Progress on the Settlement.

In 1882, only ten years after the Settlement had been started, there were about one hundred families in the

New Denmark settlement, two schools had been established; a resident clergyman had been installed in the Colony and a church had been almost completed. At this time every farm was cultivated to the extent of from five to sixty acres, and this work has been going ahead until, at the present time, the greater part of the land is under cultivation. With all of the settlers so interested in farming, it is not odd that an Agricultural Society had been in existence for a few years and an annual exhibition had been held. In another five years larger barns had to be built to take care of the increased crops, and the original houses were discarded for better, new-type ones.

The Danish people, knowing the advantages of dairy farming, soon had a butter and cheese factory erected, which also means that better livestock was being introduced, for which good prices could be had. Potato raising had also played an important part with the settlers, and with the beginning of the war, and high prices obtainable for livestock, herds were so reduced that it was found impossible to run the factory any longer, so that the colonists have gone in more and more for potato raising, until at the present time it is the main revenue producer.

Potato Crop Brings \$500,000.

It is stated that last year's potato crop brought \$500,000 into the colony. At present there are 700 people in the colony. Buildings are solid, spacious and wellkept, houses are comfortable and the people well satisfied with their lot. Newcomers are made welcome and assisted in their work. Some, who arrived only two years ago, and who possessed sums from \$50 to \$100 now have their farms practically paid for, comfortable and well furnished homes, machinery, equipment and automobiles.

The success of the New Danish Settlement is due to the fact that the Danish people are an industrious and progressive one in every way, and they appear eager to develop all the resources of complete and successful citizenship. The climate of New Brunswick, where the Colony is situated, being not unlike that of Denmark, also has bearing on their agricultural success. Most of the families came out with practically no capital, but they have attained their ambitions of owning their own comfortable homes in a splendid crop producing district.

Vancouver Judge Extols World Court.

That righteous public opinion is the greatest force in the universe and is mightier than the sword, were the conclusions reached by Mr. Justice M. A. Macdonald, an eminent jurist of British Columbia and a close student of international affairs, in an address before the Vancouver Bar Association, referring to the World Court of International Justice, the speaker said:

"To-day a court of international justice is established, so far as the machinery is concerned, even the United States adhering to it with, however, some embarrassing reservations. These reservations are designed more to satisfy an unsettled public opinion within its own borders, the outcome of a policy of isolation, rather than to offer practical obstacles to the functioning of the Court.

"We have to develop the same confidence in the World Court as our courts in the domestic forum enjoy. As time goes on and international law becomes more clarified and a controlling public opinion compels the members of a World Court to recognize that they are representatives, not of the nations selecting them, but of the civilized opinions of mankind, it will receive the same sanction in a world sphere as our local courts enjoy in the domestic sphere. Therein lies the hope of permanent peace."

An Easy One.

"What's the greatest question of the age?"
"How to get a new car on the old income."

Druse's Weapons.

The curved sword or scimitar is the favorite weapon of war of the Druses. The knife comes next. All warriors wield the scimitar with tremendous skill and strength.



"The cook says she is going to leave."

"Nothing will change her mind."

"Nothing."

"All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her."

Seven Seeds of Failure—

- To believe that the world owes you a living.
- To believe always that you are doing more than you are paid for.
- To believe that all your failures are caused by something outside your self.
- To allow your visions to become mere dreams.
- To allow your friends to substitute for your conscience.
- To allow your temper to go unmastered.
- To be satisfied with getting by when you might be making good.

Then He Was Good.

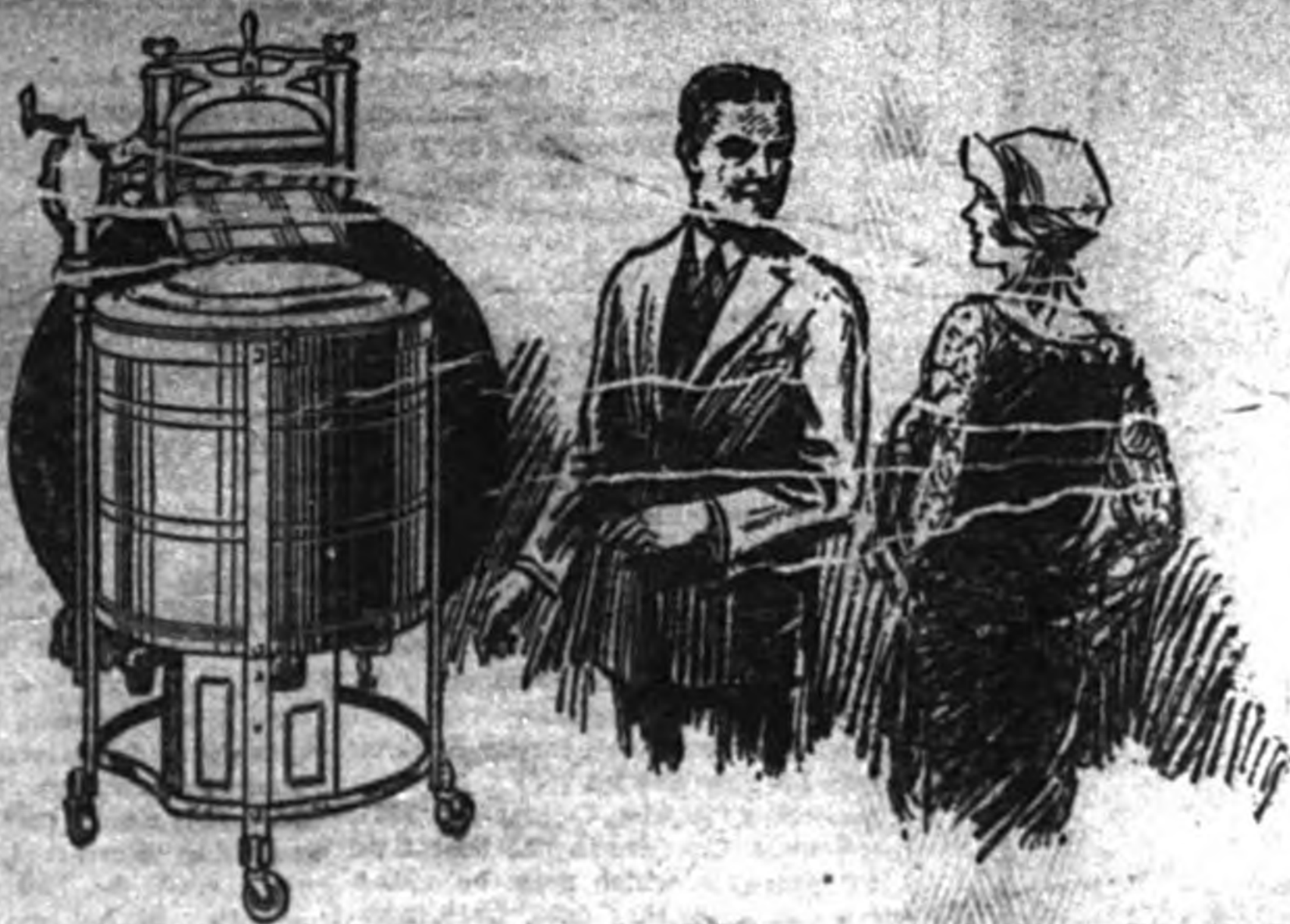
After spending a weary hour trying to persuade our bull to leave the farm, and go cityward, a neighbor suggested blindfolding him. I tied a cloth over his head and eyes and led him easily.

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



Copyright, 1926, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

The Grocer Probably Owes Miss Kiljoy.



Last Week of this GREAT SALE of **A.B.C.** ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHERS

A Year's
Supply of
SOAP CHIPS
FREE

As a special inducement we are giving each purchaser, 50 packages of Soap Chips and a Clothes Rack as well.

Tuesday, February 15th, is your last chance to profit by this wonderful opportunity to own a compact, big-capacity, time and labor-saving A.B.C. Double A Electric Clothes Washer and

Pay Only \$2.00 a Week

for it. Arrange now to have this marvelous machine demonstrated right in your own home. You are under no obligation. Let it do a week's washing at our expense. Then make your decision.

Ottawa-Montreal Power Company Limited



ST. ANDREWS EAST.

The C. G. I. T. met at usual Friday afternoon after school.

The Women's Auxiliary met on Thursday at the home of the Rev. Mr. Windsor.

The St. Andrews Hockey Team defeated the Pointe Fortune's in their match Wednesday night.

Miss Harvey spent the week-end in Montreal, having gone there to visit her sister who is ill in the hospital.

The Young People's Club held their meeting on Thursday evening in the new Church. It was "Guest Night." Only 15 were present owing to the storm, and the meeting will be held again shortly. Some good music and a merry time rewarded those who braved the storm.

On Thursday, during the heavy storm, Mr. Lavoie went to Rigaud, and his failure to return at night

caused much apprehension. Stories got around that in crossing the Ottawa with his load he must have gone through some weak spot in the ice. However there was great relief when he turned up the next day — in time to present his seeing what his obituary would be like. He is congratulated on his good fortune.

Opportunity is a great thing.

We are ready to admit, that there are many printing jobs which owing to special process, we are unable to do, but for the average man, we are able to turn out the very best of printing. Price is another proposition that we are up against. Ours are made as consistent as possible, and although we do not expect to "Get it All," we do like the Opportunity of quoting you prices. A fair chance to meet competition is all we ask.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

GOING EAST

No. 426 daily, due at Lachute 8.40 a.m.
No. 422, daily, due at Lachute 10.40 a.m.
No. 430 Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute at 7.54 p.m.
No. 424, daily, due at Lachute 8.18 p.m.

GOING WEST

No. 421, daily, due at Lachute 9.44 a.m.
No. 423, daily, due at Lachute 11.12 p.m.
No. 425, daily, due at Lachute 12.34 a.m.
No. 427, Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute 2.47 p.m.

For further particulars apply to J. S. GILES, Agent.

SCOUT NEWS.



On Saturday last the Wolf and Bull-dog Patrols were conducted through the woollen and cotton mills of Ayers, by A. S. M., Mr. Leggett and by Mr. Milnes.

First, the Scouts were taken to where the wool is sorted, washed and dyed. Then they were shown where it was dried, and then blown from one building to another by a huge blower.

Next they went to where the wool was spun into yarn and wound onto spools, then to the looms, and after that saw where the blankets went through the processes of bleaching, washing and drying. Finally the boys were shown where the blankets were brushed to put "fluff" on them and then packed according to the different grades.

The cotton mills were very much the same, except that cotton was used instead of wool. It took almost two hours to go through both mills, but it was an experience that any boy would go through again, even though they were kept moving all the time they were in the mills.

H. Jones has been transferred from the Bull-dog Patrol to the Crow, and V. Thompson from the Wolf to the Bull-dog.

A Camp Fund has been started in the Troop. This is a sort of savings bank. A Scout who has any surplus money, during the week hands it over to the Treasurer of this fund. It is deposited to his account, so that on the camping trips the Troop expects to make next summer the Scout will have that much less to pay as his share.

Tests passed this week were: — Tenderfoot.
Wolf Patrol.—S. Boyd, S. Armstrong.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE GEORGE ROGERS.

A large congregation assembled in Trinity Church, Lakeside, on Sunday Feb. 6th, at 2.30 p.m., to pay the last rights of respect and affection to the mortal remains of one, who, for nearly a century had lived in this district.

The late Mr. Rogers was the last of his generation in a family of long lived and honourably known members of the community, and, with the exception of sight enjoyed all his faculties in spite of his venerable age of 92 years. A man of integrity, he was respected in the various activities of his busy life; as councillor; S. S. Superintendent, church warden, and veteran of the Fenian Raid, of 1866 he served to the best of his power his God, his King and his fellowmen.

The pall-bearers were his three sons, Benjamin, of Lakeside; Watson of Montreal and Norman of Morin Heights; Albert Stewart, grandson; George S. and Ben Rogers, of Lachute, nephews.

Those from Montreal were Mr. and Mrs. Watson Rogers and Mrs. Tucker niece; while a large number came from Lachute and neighboring places.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO THE LEGISLATURE

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that application will be made to the Legislature of Quebec at its next Session by Donald M. Mowat, Reverend Daniel J. Fraser, D.D., George B. Fraser, John Alexander Cameron, Alexander Bassett, Reverend George W. Mingle, Purvie McDougall, Farquhar Robertson, William J. Morrice, J. Stuart Rayside, Reverend Malcolm M. Campbell, D.D., and Robert Stewart, in their quality of members of the Legal Committee for the Province of Quebec of the Church of the non-concurring Congregations of The Presbyterian Church in Canada, for the passage of an Act respecting The Quebec Church Property Commission, and providing for the carrying out of certain recommendations of said Commission, more particularly respecting Lachute, Valleyfield and New Carlisle, and for other measure of relief for Presbyterian minorities, especially in the case of Melville Church, Westmount.

Montreal, December 21st, 1926.
GEO. A. CAMPBELL,
Attorney for Applicants.
2-11-4.

AVIS DE DEMANDE A LA LEGISLATURE

AVIS est, par les présentes, donné que demande sera faite à la Législature de Québec, à sa prochaine session, par Donald M. Mowat; Révérend Daniel J. Fraser, D.D.; James G. Felton; Révérend Allan S. Reid; James Rodger; George B. Fraser; John Alexander Cameron; Alexander Bassett; Révérend George W. Mingle; Purvie McDougall; Farquhar Robertson; William J. Morrice; J. Stuart Rayside; Révérend Malcolm M. Campbell, D.D.; et Robert Stewart, en leur qualité de membres du Comité Legal pour la province de Québec de "the Church of the non-concurring Congregations of The Presbyterian Church in Canada," pour la passage d'un Acte concernant "The Quebec Church Property Commission," et pourvoyant à l'exécution de certaines recommandations de ladite Commission, et concernant plus particulièrement Lachute, Valleyfield et New Carlisle, ainsi que pour d'autres mesures d'assistance pour les minorités presbytériennes, spécialement dans le cas de "Melville Church," à Westmount.

Montréal, le 21 décembre 1926.
GEO. A. CAMPBELL,
Procureur des requérants
2-11-4.

Notices of Entertainments, Concerts, Announcements, etc. 10 cents per count line. Minimum 50 cents, —if billed 60c.

Business and Professional.

L. L. LEGAULT, K. C.
Advocate,
Telephone No. 60.
LACHUTE, P. QUE.
GAETAN VALOIS, L. L. L.
Notary
Money to loan on security
Depositor of the late J. E. Valois,
notary's papers.
LACHUTE, P. QUE.

J. F. LAVIGNE, B.A.
notary Public
Municipal, Provincial and Victory
Bonds Handled
Telephone 178.
Opposite Post Office
Main Street, Lachute, Que.

Z. N. RAYMOND, L.L.B.
Notary Public
Bell Telephone No. 166 w.
Money to loan. Farms for Sale.
Main Street, Lachute, Que.

DR. W. M. HOOPER,
Dental Surgeon
Office in the Raymond Bldg.
Main Street, 'Phone 209.

DR. J. O. TOUCHETTE,
Veterinary Surgeon
Box 62, Phone 206.
Prompt and Efficient Service
is always ours.
LACHUTE, P. QUE.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
Surgeon Dentist
Office over Banford's Store
Here Every Day.
Main Street, Lachute, Que.

Before taking out Insurance
of any kind,
Don't forget to see
J. D. LEPINE,
Insurance Agent.

LIFE INSURANCE
E. M. JONES
Representing
The Imperial Life Assurance Co.
of Canada
Phone 292 J. LACHUTE, QUE.

CONSULT
CHAS. CALDER & CO.
COURT HOUSE, LACHUTE.
Concerning
Insurance of any kind.

DR. J. E. CHRISTIE,
B. Sc. M. D. C. M.
Physician and Surgeon,
In office of late Dr. G. H. Christie,
Main Street, Lachute, Que.

BERNARD DESLAURIERS
Life, Accident
Fire and Automobile
INSURANCE
Tel. 189w. Lachute Mills.

MISS M. V. SLATER
JEWELLERY, SILVERWARE
WATCHES & CLOCKS
CUT GLASS & FRENCH IVORY
Wedding Gifts of Taste
Watch, Clock and Jewellery repairs
Main St., Lachute.

DRUGS



Our Store is now splendidly equipped with full and complete lines of all that is contained in a real up-to-date Drug Store. Prescriptions of any kind made up on shortest notice. In addition to our Drug Department we have a very nice line of Toilet Requisites, Fancy Soaps, Perfumes, Papeteries, etc. Also choice boxes of special confections at all price.

G. J. CHARLAND
Main Street - Lachute



WANT ADS.

Here is your chance for a
Real Bargain!

BUILDING TO RENT.—Suitable for any purpose. Good cement cellar, and splendid location. For further particulars, apply to Manager of "Rex" Theatre.

FOR SALE.—A Brick house, on Robert St., six rooms, with water near Electric light. Apply to Miss D. Lattreille, Lachute.

AGENTS WANTED.
Ambitious men anxious to establish their own business in their town or county by selling Watkins Famous Line of Products. The opportunity of your life if you are after big money. Exclusive territory. Write for complete details.

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY,
379 Craig West —20
Montreal.

WANTED.—Two men boarders. Apply to P. O. Box 38, Lachute Mills.

FARM FOR SALE.—On the 4th. range of Chatham, in the vicinity of Ogdensburg, Que., comprising of 150 acres of land, about 50 acres under cultivation, good sugar bush of about 1000 trees, an abundance of fire wood, also bush, contains some logs, good barn with stable connected to some other building in good conditions; R. R. Mail passes the door, about 1 1/4 miles from C. N. R. Station, Magistrate. Terms made easy to purchaser. For particulars, apply to W. E. Villeneuve Grenville, R. R. No. 1, Co. Argenteuil.

Auction Sale.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

J. R. PARRIS.

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12th, 1927

Consisting of Household Furniture, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Tools, Large Cabinet, Victrola, and records, Horse, Carriages, Sleighs, Mule Ox Robes, Baby Carriage and Sleigh, a number of Pictures, a large lot of Books, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1.30 p.m. sharp. TERMS: \$10.00 and under cash, over that amount six months credit, on furnishing approved joint notes. 6 per cent discount per annum off for cash.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

CHURCH NOTES

Lachute Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hollingsworth, will preach. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Services in Lachute at 11 a.m.; in Brownsburg at 3 p.m.

Baptist Church Services on Sunday next will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. J. McLaren, at Brownsburg at 11 a.m.; Daleville at 8 p.m.; Lachute 7 p.m.

Lachute United Church. Rev. A. George MacKinnon, B.D., Minister. Sunday, Feb. 13th. Lachute 11 a.m., Rev. T. C. Cassidy; 7 p.m., Rev. R. Strange, of Ste. Therese; East Settlement 3 p.m., Rev. John MacAskill; Sunday School and Bible Class 10 a.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 7.15 p.m. All welcome.

Brownsburg United Church. Rev. T. C. Cassidy, Pastor. Sunday, Feb. 13th. Services, 11 a.m., Rev. Robert Strange; 7 p.m., The Pastor; 10 a.m., Sunday School; 7.15 p.m., Wednesday Prayer and Praise; 8.15 p.m., Wednesday, Young People's Club; Thursday evening, Annual Tea-Meeting. A welcome to all.

SAILINGS Europe

WHITE STAR LINE
Halifax-Queenstown-Liverpool
Celtic Feb. 28
Regina Mar. 21 Doric Mar. 30x
Regina Apr. 30x Megantic Apr. 20x
x Direct to Liverpool.

N.Y.-Queenstown-Liverpool
Celtic Feb. 26 Mar. 26 Apr. 23
Baltic Mar. 5 Apr. 2 Apr. 30
Adriatic Apr. 18 May 14 Jun. 11
Cedric Mar. 12 Apr. 9 May 7
Regina Mar. 19x

*Via Boston. Via Halifax
N.Y.-Cherbourg-Southampton
Olympic Mar. 4 Mar. 26 Apr. 16
Majestic Apr. 2 Apr. 23 May 21
Homerio Apr. 9 Apr. 30 May 21

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
N.Y.-Cherbourg-London
Minnewaska Feb. 26 Apr. 9 May 7
Minnetonka Mar. 12 Apr. 23 May 21
Minnehaha Mar. 19 Apr. 30 May 28
Minnesota Jun. 11 July 9 Aug. 6

RED STAR LINE
N.Y. Plymouth Cherbourg Antwerp
Pennland Mar. 5 Apr. 2 May 7
Arabia Mar. 19 Apr. 16 May 14
Lapland Apr. 23 Jun. 11 July 7
Belgeland Apr. 30 May 26 Jun. 26

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES
Adriatic Feb. 23
Lapland Mar. 5

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE
New York Havana California
Manchuria Mar. 3 Apr. 21
Mongolia Mar. 17 May 5
Finland Mar. 31 May 26

Call, phone or write
J. S. GILES, Agent, Lachute.
211 McGill St., Montreal.



French-Canadian Chanson Has New Lease of Life



1. Charles Marchand, well known French-Canadian folk, song singer in typical pose.
2. Chansons have kept the spirits of log-jam breakers high at many a difficult task.
3. Singing and paddling went well together.

created by the lumbermen and habitants; for music is a living art in French Canada.

Only within recent years have we begun to realize how rich is the treasury of lovely melodies associated with the folk songs of Canada. Thanks to men like Charles Marchand, interpreter of the French-Canadian "chanson" of these folk songs have taken on new life, and before long they will be available for the English speaking population of Canada, owing to the efforts of John Murray Gibbon, whose translations will be published in book form early in the year.

With the idea of popularizing the English versions and thereby bringing about a closer understanding between the French and English elements of Canada, Mr. Marchand is at present making transcontinental concert tour under the auspices of the National Council of Education.

Perhaps the only part of the North American continent that possesses an authentic collection of folk-lore songs is the province of Quebec. Four hundred years ago when the first French explorers and settlers came to the shores of the St. Lawrence many of these songs were on their lips and in their hearts and they have never died out. It is to the honor of the French-Canadian race that they have

never been allowed to fade from the remembrance of the people, nor has the flood of ephemeral and rubbishy popular songs of the day overwhelmed them. Originally sung at the court of the French monarchs, they were passed on from father to son, and were brought with the early settlers from France to Canada. And as the years have passed the old ballads have been supplemented by new ones

Printing of all Kinds.

If you are needing anything in the Printing Line, just ring up Phone 27, and the Watchman will be right at your service.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

We are Agents for all Steamship Lines

Sailings and Bookings made known on application.

J. S. GILES, Lachute.

VOL. LII.

LACHUTE, QUE., FEBRUARY 18, 1927.

NO. 5.

HEADQUARTERS For Lumbering Tools

Cant Hooks, Handles, Clamps, Chain & Hooks.
Snow Shovels, Cross Cut & Circular Saws.
Axes, Wedges & Handles.

T. McOUAT & SON

General Hardware Store.
Phone No. 12. Lachute Mills, Que.

COMING EVENTS

RATE.—10 cents a line, each insertion. Minimum 50 cts; or 60 c. if billed. Note when estimating, count every six words or fraction thereof as one line.

—We do all kinds of Printing, to meet every requirement, and also handle a complete line of Calendars. We will be pleased to show you samples and quote prices on your requirements. A fair chance is all we ask.

The United Church are holding their Annual Tea-meeting on March 16th. See Posters and tickets for further particulars, but keep the date open.

CHURCH NOTES

Lachute Presbyterian Church, Rev. Henry Cousens B. A., Minister, Sunday School at 10 a.m. Service in Lachute at 11 a.m., in Brownsburg at 3 p.m.

Baptist Church Services on Sunday next will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. J. McLaren, at Brownsburg at 11 a.m.; Dalesville at 3 p.m.; Lachute 7 p.m.

Lachute United Church. Rev. A. G. MacKinnon, B.D., Minister. Sunday, Feb. 20th. Lachute 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Mr. MacKinnon will preach at both services. East Settlement 3 p.m., Rev. John MacAskill; Sunday School and Bible Class 10 a.m.; Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:15 p.m.; Choir practice, Saturday 7:15 p.m. Sunday evening, subject: "Essentials and Non Essentials."

Brownsburg United Church. Rev. T. C. Cassidy, Pastor. Services on Sunday, Feb. 20th. 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The Pastor will preach at both services; Sunday School 10 a.m.; Prayer and Praise on Wednesday evening at 7:15 p.m.; Young People's Club on Wednesday evening at 8:15; Choir Practice Thursday at 7 p.m. A welcome to all.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to express our deepest gratitude, for the many acts of kindness shown during our dear Mother's illness and for sympathy extended in our sad bereavement.

J. T., W. H., and E. F. AYERS.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all kind neighbors and friends for floral tributes and kindness extended to us during our recent sad bereavement.

Mrs. W. J. MacNaughton and family

Mr. John Butters, of Louisa, wishes to express his heartfelt thanks, for those who so ably assisted in his recent trouble.

CARILLON.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Morrison spent Sunday in Lachute visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Paquette, of Montreal, were visitors at Maple Cottage on Sunday.

Mrs. Dale, of Ottawa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. P. Hodgson.

Hemstitching and Pekoe Edge, properly done. Quick service.

MRS. A. HABIB, Brownsburg, Que. Telephone 71 ring 2-4.

DIAMOND AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS COMPLETE STOCK

Our stock is a very complete one, the range of goods covers, China, Leather goods, Jewellery, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, in fact everything for gifts. Please come and see our assortment.

JOS. BELANGER, Jeweller, near C. P. Station, Bethany St. Lachute.

J. W. COTTINGHAM, Reg'd

Dealers in

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

SINCE 1865

Tel. 29 - Lachute P.Q.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. W. Fraser spent Monday in Montreal.

Mrs. R. Miller spent the week-end in Montreal.

Mrs. Wm. Doig left on Sunday to spend a few weeks in Toronto.

Miss Doris Campbell, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town.

Misses A. and M. Smith were week-end guests of their mother.

The Misses Donaldson and Arthur were week-end guests of Mrs. H. McFaul.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Simpson, of Montreal, were visitors in town, on Saturday last.

Miss Ruth Greig, of Westmount, was the week-end guest of Miss Margaret Jones.

Miss Gladys Stevens, of Montreal, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. H. McFaul for a few days.

Mr. Roy McPhail, of Oxbow, Sask., arrived home on Monday evening for a visit with his parents.

Miss Rose Lockwood, Mr. Jas. Lockwood, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. K. S. Massiah.

Mr. H. C. Massiah of Maisonneuve, was the guest of his mother, Mrs. K. S. Massiah, on Thursday last.

Mr. Edwin Bampton is spending a short visit in town in the interests of the Sun Life Insurance Co'y.

Miss Jeannette MacArthur, of Dalesville, Masters W. Dancy and E. Parsons, of Hudson, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Yelland.

Miss Minnie Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Richardson and Miss Ruth Todd were in Montreal on Saturday last, attending the funeral of the late John S. Buchan, K.C.

—Miss Amy Boa wishes the ladies of Lachute and vicinity to know that she will be unable to resume her work for a few months, having to undergo treatment in the General Hospital.

The many friends of Mrs. Leslie Morris will be sorry to learn that she is an inmate of the Montreal General Hospital, having been removed there on Monday last.

Miss Amy McOuat, of Montreal, is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. W. A. Morrison, who has been very ill, but who we are pleased to hear is now improving.

A Special Matinee is being held in the Rex Theatre, on Saturday afternoon at 3:15 p.m., when will be shown Martin Harvey in "The Only Way." It is a most appealing picture and worth your while to see.

At a meeting of the National Dairy Council held in Edmonton recently, Mr. A. Bothwell, the well-known and popular agronomist of this County, was elected as secretary to succeed D'Arcy Scott. We extend our congratulations.

—Whatever you do, Don't forget that the Auditorium is open to receive you on Saturday evening, and you will have the time of your life as you listen to the screaming skit of "Are You a Mason" which is to be put on by fourteen artists from Montreal.

It is a treat that you can't afford to miss so get ready and prepare for an evening of rare enjoyment. The play is being given under the auspices of the Lachute Presbyterian Church. The tickets may be procured at Robt. McFaul's store on Main Street.

—The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings—

and really there is so much doing around the town, what with concerts and curling, presentations and prayer meetings, that a quiet evening at home would be quite a novelty. But just the same we don't intend to miss seeing "Daddy Long-legs" even if it's only for the fun of watching our local talent and at the same time supporting a "home industry." The time is 8 p.m., Friday, March 11th, the place is in the new Auditorium, and the price is well - not half big enough.

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and really there is so much doing around the town, what with concerts and curling, presentations and prayer meetings, that a quiet evening at home would be quite a novelty. But just the same we don't intend to miss seeing "Daddy Long-legs" even if it's only for the fun of watching our local talent and at the same time supporting a "home industry." The time is 8 p.m., Friday, March 11th, the place is in the new Auditorium, and the price is well - not half big enough.

FAREWELL SUPPER AND PRESENTATION TO MR. AND MRS. J. R. PARRIS.

McArthur's Hall was filled to its utmost capacity on Thursday evening last, when a Farewell Supper, accompanied by a Presentation with an address, was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Parris by the Congregation of St. Simon's Church, of which they both are members. Following the most enjoyable repast, furnished by the ladies of the church, who on this occasion excelled themselves in the matter of delicacies provided. Rev. Mr. Lackey (Rector), read the address expressing the deep esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Parris were held at the same time conveying to them the best wishes of all, that they, with their little son, might enjoy a long life of happiness in the "Old Land" for which they were so soon departing.

The presentation consisting of a beautiful solid silver fruit dish, suitably engraved, was presented by Mr. Bothwell, one of the wardens of the church, after which Mr. Parris, in his usual genial way thanked all for the kind wishes extended, whilst Mrs. Parris delighted everybody by adding a few words, in her most charming manner. Rev. Mr. Mount, of Lakesfield, Mrs. K. Massiah, (one of the oldest members of the church), Mr. B. Stead, and Mr. H. Slater, with others also spoke emphasizing the good wishes which Mr. and Mrs. Parris would carry with them to the "Old Land."

MEN'S CURLING.

The Curling Club has been a very busy spot of late, and the week has brought out many surprises not the least of which was the victory secured by T. McRobie over J. McGibbon on Wednesday when it was necessary to play an extra end with the honors passing to "Tom" in the score of 12-10.

The four MacKimmie's also won out over Roy Fraser's rink in an extra end with the score of 10-8.

Tonight will see Dr. Drew and Rev. A. G. MacKinnon and T. McRobie and J. P. MacKimmie pitted for honors in the semi-finals of the Mackie Cup.

LADIES' CURLING.

The finals for Mrs. Wilson's Spoons were played on Friday, Feb. 11th.

Lila Giles Miss Parsons
Mrs. Bothwell Mrs. Rice
Mrs. H. Deacon Mrs. H. McFaul
Mrs. Drew (Skip) Mrs. W. Fraser (Skip)

Mrs. Drew's rink winning. A challenge game for the Wilson Cup was played on Thursday. Mrs. Drew defending and Mrs. Wilson challenging. Mrs. Drew's rink won 12-10 and an extra end was played:

Mrs. MacNeill Mrs. Christie
Miss H. MacGibbon Miss E. Mackie
Mrs. Middleton Miss A. Riddell
Mrs. Drew (Skip) Mrs. Wilson (Skip)

On Tuesday the Lachute Ladies Club entertained two rinks from Hawkesbury when friendly games were played in the afternoon. Lachute being up on both rinks:

Lachute Hawkesbury
Miss B. McOuat Mrs. Wilson
Miss G. McOuat Miss Johnston
Miss K. Barron Mrs. C. Pattee
Mrs. Wilson (Skip) Mrs. Moyle (Skip)

Mrs. Brennan Mrs. McCrae
Mrs. M. Gall Mrs. A. Rutherford
Mrs. W. Deacon Mrs. Kirby
Mrs. W. Fraser Mrs. McAllister (Skip)

IN MEMORIAM.

GORDON.—In ever loving memory of our dear sister, Hattie E. Gordon, who passed away, Feb. 21st, 1922. God takes our loved ones from our home, But never from our heart.

Bella and Archie.

BARLEY.—In fond and loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. John Barley, who passed away Feb. 19th, 1923.

She was such a dear good mother, So patient kind and true, There never was a cloud so dark But she saw the sunlight through Sometimes when we think of mother, She seems to be so near That we can hear her dear voice saying,

Don't grieve children I am here Death cannot divide us from mother Nor sever the cords of love, She is just resting sweetly with Jesus In that beautiful home above, Sadly missed by her children.

STEWART.—In loving memory of my father, Joseph Stewart, of Mount Maple, Que., who passed away on February 19th, 1923.

This day brings back to memory fresh One that has gone to rest, But those who think of him to-day, Are those who loved him best, Worthy of true respect was he, From those he left behind, A better father never lived, Nor one more true and kind.

Inserted by His loving daughter, Helen.

I am pleased to inform the readers of the "Watchman" that I have taken up insurance, and I am now in a position to write Life - Accident and Sickness - Fire and Automobile Insurance. I represent only the most reliable companies, and your encouragement will be highly appreciated.

Telephone 103 F.

E. Deslauriers, Lachute Mills.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

Ladies' Coats to clear from \$5.00 up.
Men's Overcoats from \$10.00 up.
Ladies' Dresses from \$5.00 up.
Blue Serges to clear at very low prices, from one yard to one and a half yards wide.
Men's Heavy Sweaters and Boys' heavy Sweaters at low prices.
A fine assortment of Crochery fancy and plain. Some Dinner Sets, 97 pieces.

W. BANFORD & SON

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Spring weather kills more stock than winter storms. To bring your stock through in good health, give them a good tonic now.

Pratts' Animal Regulator; Pratts' Conditioner for Horses, Cows, Sheep and Hogs; Pratts Calf Tonic; Pratts Poultry Regulator; Pratts Lice Killer; Pratts Worm Powder; International Stock Tonic; Royal Purple Poultry Specific; Herbage-mn for poultry.

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W. D. McOuat

Phone 66. Lachute, Que.

Westinghouse!

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Geo. Y. Deacon

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Builders' Supplies Ford Sales

WELCOME RELIEF TO YOUR EYES.

Eyes weak - strained - smart so at times that you want to rub or cover them with your hands? It's a sign you need Glasses. Glasses that not only bring you happy visional relief, but which lend character to and harmonize with your features. We'll fit them correctly at a very low cost!

Eugene Jousse - Optician

MAIN ST. JEWELLER LACHUTE.

CANADA'S TRADE WITH FRANCE

According to reliable reports from overseas, negotiations are under way in London and Paris for the organization of two new steamship services from France to Canada, this enterprise being attributable in some measure to the efforts of the Quebec agent-general in England, who has interested in the project a group of French-Swiss capitalists who are forming the new shipping concern. According to Dr. Lemieux, the company will begin operating a line of steamers to carry freight and passengers in the very near future, and ports of call will include Montreal, Quebec, and points in the Gaspé region and on the Saguenay River, as well as New Brunswick ports.

The efforts of the Quebec office in England are directed, naturally, towards the development of Canadian export trade with France rather than increased purchasing from that country. There is urgent need of this, in spite of increased sales in the post-war period, to adjust the balance of trade. Every facility to effect this is afforded by the France-Canada treaty arranged a few years ago under which agreement Canada granted to France, the French colonies, possessions and protectorates, intermediate tariff and favored nation treatment generally, while France accorded Canada an equally preferential treatment with advantages equal to the most favored nation.

Canada's Purchases from France Heavy.

This trade treaty, together with the advertising effected by the Canadian exhibition train, which toured the Republic in a very thorough manner, exhibiting at every centre of any size, has tended to elevate the value of Canadian exports to France and approach nearer a point of a balance of sales and purchases. In a representative year before the war, 1913, Canada sold to France only to the extent of \$2,564,603 while purchasing from that country to the value of \$15,532,144. The Dominion's purchases from the Republic in the last three twelve-

months' periods ending July have been respectively \$16,984,103; \$15,020,674; and \$20,654,047. In the same three periods Canada's sales to France have been \$17,173,783; \$8,367,043; and \$14,907,368.

Canada consistently purchases goods from France to a heavier extent than from any other country after the United Kingdom and United States. As a buyer of Canadian goods however, France has not held her position and is now exceeded in value of imports by Japan, Germany, China, Netherlands, Belgium, New Zealand and Australia. With the amicable relations existing between Canada and France, the advantageous trade treaty arranged between the two countries and the excellent advertising which has been effected for Dominion goods in the Republic, there should be no great difficulty in further increasing Canadian exports to that country with a more efficient transportation service.

Products to be Carried.

The products especially mentioned, which the new line will carry to France, are fish, timber, prepared pulpwood, and furs. France is a heavy importer of Canadian canned salmon, having in the past fiscal year taken 173,693 cwt. worth \$1,912,015, and also imports quantities of canned lobsters. Importations of wood pulp have increased heavily of recent years, growing from nothing in 1924 to \$56,296 in 1925 and \$533,094 in 1926. Importations of all kinds of furs are large and certain kinds of lumber are purchased to a substantial extent. In addition, France last year purchased 2,833,420 bushels of Canadian wheat worth \$4,324,865, but bought no Canadian manufactured flour. An important item of import is Canadian agricultural machinery, France being the largest purchaser of harvesters and binders, mowing machines, and hay rakes. Other important imports in point of value are wrapping paper, clover seed, bacon and hams, condensed milk, lard, and rubber tires and inner tubes for vehicles.

The Marriage Hold.

Among many misleading generalities needing to be nailed to the mast of falsehood, one of the most pernicious is that married folk are not continuing to live together. True, some may not be, and, indeed, are not, and of these so much fuss is made that little is heard of the millions who neither court nor receive publicity.

No, the hold marriage has upon us as a people is not weakened by exposures of the exceptions to the rule. These may excite our pity, our sympathy, and sometimes our aversion, but cannot threaten the majesty of the social custom that is the common rule of all. It is inviolate, tenable so long as the Anglo-Saxon conception of civilization prevails. It is the respect of commonplace in daily life that familiarity does not asperse. And it is expressed, perhaps most felicitously, in those over-recurring instances in which wedded couples on these pinnacles have lived together, have toiled for one another, and often fought with each other, have drunk together out of the same cups of joy and sorrow, but yet remained together, content, mated, indissoluble in their immersion of each other's complements, till, with mutual pride and probably not a little to forgive, they proclaim the celebrations of their silver, golden, or diamond wedding anniversary. One such matrimonial occasion proves far more the permanency of our marriage custom than a thousand accounts of dissolutions foreboding its decline.—*Manitoba Free Press.*



Spool of Cotton.

"I'm glad I'm not a pinhead." "Why?" "Spool of Cotton—They get so stuck-up!"

Almost time to start thinking about your New Year's resolution.



Sir Samuel Hoare

British Air Minister, who predicts big strides in Empire aviation development as result of Imperial Conference discussion.

The Three Buttons.

A school teacher said to her class of boys: "I am going to give each of you three buttons. You must think of the first as representing Life, the second Liberty, and the third Happiness. In three days I want you to produce these buttons, when I shall expect you to tell me what they stand for."

On the appointed day she asked one of the boys for his buttons. "I ain't got 'em all," he said. "Here's Life, and here's Liberty, but mother has gone and sewed Happiness on my trousers."

Very Dead.

The Dead Sea is 47 miles long and ten miles wide. Its surface is approximately 1,300 feet lower than sea level and at its deepest point, its bottom is another 1,300 feet down. A friend of ours, who visited there recently, said: "I don't know when it died, but it is certainly dead now." We guess he is right.

A microscope capable of magnifying an object 12,000,000 times is being used in the detection of disease germs.



Rafael Sabatini

Who has been said to write the best screen stories, studies small ship models of 17th and 18th century craft for the details he needs. He is shown at his desk in London, where he wrote *Captain Blood*, *Sea Hawk*, etc.

Above the Heavens.

Above the gold the sunbeams fling
With bird-songs drifting through,
God's glory is a richer thing,
And sweeter singing too.

Above the azure wide and high,
The steady, candid blue,
God's glory is a vaster sky,
Illimitably true.

Above the faintest, farthest star
In distant chaos wrought,
God's glory, infinitely far
Transcends our feeble thought.

Yet God's rich glow, and God's great song,
And God's vast heaven of blue;
And God's far starlight ages long,
Comes down to me and you!

—Anos R. Wells.

Another Use for a Hairpin.

Who has not at some time raised an umbrella and seen one of the short ribs unexpectedly fall out of place? If the rib is broken, this probably means a job for the umbrella mender; frequently, though, there is no break, but the little rivet which holds the two ribs together has come out. When this happens, it is quite easy for anyone to put the umbrella into good condition in a few minutes. There are two holes in the end of the short rib and one in the long rib where they join. Put the short piece over the long one with an edge on each side of it so the holes are in line, and insert a fine invisible hairpin. Twist the ends of the hairpin around the ribs so no points will be left loose, to rub holes in the covering. The writer repaired an umbrella in this way over a year ago and has had no more trouble with the rib. If a hairpin is not at hand, any kind of fine wire will answer the purpose.

'Twas She.

The prosperous-looking man was a stranger to the neighborhood. You could tell that by the way he kept pausing uncertainly to look at the names painted on the gates of the houses in the street.

Presently he mounted the steps of one of the houses and rang the bell. The door opened and a smart maid appeared.

"I am trying to find a woman whose name I have forgotten," he began, "but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, glorious eyes like stars on a summer night, and hair which outtrials fine gold in quality and lustre."

"I'm afraid I don't know her," replied the servant.
"Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute," said a voice from the head of the stairs.

Elephant's Appetite.

An elephant weighing five tons will eat 100 pounds of hay and twenty-five of grain a day.

Seeing London at Home.

We are sometimes told that the American visitor sees more of London than the people who live in it. This, I think, is true only in a superficial sense. The American sees more of guide-book London, but the Londoner sees more of the London that is worth seeing. He sees his own house and his friends' houses—building, that contain far more of the things . . . interesting to him than cathedrals and palaces and museums of the arts. He sees his own garden, which contains more pleasures for him than the greatest of the parks, and he sees his own cat, which surpasses the King's horses or the lordliest beast in the Zoo as the paragon of animals.

And do not think that he does not see as many novelties as if he were taxiing from church to church and from museum to museum in a foreign city. The seasons alone should give a man all the novelty he needs. The very street in which he lives changes from hour to hour. It is one street when the sun is shining, another street in rain, and another under the full moon. Foreign travel is pleasant chiefly because it makes us realize that we are among novelties, but when we are sufficiently awake to see the constant flow of novelties in the world at our doors, we can enjoy all the excitement of foreign travel along with the pleasure of being at home. . . . If I were offered a free trip around the world, I might accept the offer through weakness, but I do not wish to go round the world. Have I not been round the sun once a year ever since I was born? That seems to have satisfied any cravings I may have had for distant travel, or at least to have made a jaunt round this pigmy earth a matter of small importance.—From "The Money Box" by Robert Lynd.

That Was All.

Vast clouds of smoke and big tongues of flame began to issue from the top windows of a house. A man ran over to it and pressed the electric bell.

"The door was opened by a woman who suffered from deafness."

"Madam, your house is on fire!" exclaimed the man.

"What's that?"

"Your house is on fire!" he repeated.

"What's that? House on fire? Oh, is that all?"

"Well," replied the man, aghast, "that's all I can think of at present!"

Got It At Last.

A patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where are you going?" read Johnny laboriously, with no accent whatever. "Try that again," said the teacher. "Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment, and an idea seemed to dawn upon him. Then he read, triumphantly: "Where are you going, little button-hook?"

A Ganny Child.

Uncle Jim had given his small nephew a dime; but not long afterward the child appeared, long of face, to report: "That dime you gave me slipped through a hole in my pocket." "Well, here's another," said Uncle Jim. "Don't let this one get lost too." The youngster looked thoughtful. "Perhaps half a dollar would be safer, wouldn't it, uncle?" he said.



A Needed Tool.

"Well, if you're afraid of this here job, here's a screw-driver." "What I want that for?" "To screw up your courage with—see?"

Keeps the Heat In.

Aluminum paint is used on oil tanks, boilers and steam pipes to reduce heat losses.

Surnames and Their Origin

MASSEY.

Variation—Massie, Demassy, Demasse.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Norman and French.
Source—A locality.

With the exception of those instances in which this family name is traceable to Gaelic sources, it should be classed, according to its form, as French, or else English and of Norman origin. England and America to-day are full of family names which are but changed forms of place names in Normandy. These names are relics of the Norman invasion of England.

At the time of that invasion, most men, in England as well as among the Normans, bore but a single name. When something more than this name was needed to differentiate between individuals, the speaker would make use of some convenient surname, referring either to a man's trade or the place from which he had come, to show which "John" or "Roger" or "Hugo" he was speaking of.

The need for these surnames was particularly strong among the Normans after their invasion of England. Gathered from all sections of France, the Norman host had spread out in a strange country. Conditions were unsettled. There was much moving about from place to place. It was natural, therefore, that these surnames, referring to the place from which a man had come, were particularly convenient.

Massey was a town and feudal holding near Bayeux, Normandy. The forms prefixed by "de" represent forms of the family name developed in France. The others are English developments.

ORMES.

Variations—Ormesby, Ormeson, Ormskirk.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A given name.

Here is a group of family names founded on a given name which is nothing unusual. Our directories to-day contain a very heavy percentage of family names which would be just as plain to us as Jackson, Richardson and Davidson, had the given names of which they are composed remained as popular with succeeding generations as have the names of John, Richard and David.

Yet at one time the name of "Orm" or "Orme" was extremely popular among the northern Teutonic races, including the Anglo-Saxons, and Dances (who also have left the impress of their nomenclature in both the languages of England and Scotland) and the Normans. The last named, it must be remembered, were a Teutonic race, though they had adopted the French tongue. (It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that they had themselves formed a variation of the French tongue). But their nomenclature remained predominantly Teutonic. History shows that in all cases where one race adopts the language of another, it retains, however, very much of its original language in its names.

So it will be seen that there are several explanations of the existence in England of this given name.

Ormes is but a shortening of Ormeson. Ormesby and Ormskirk were place names compounded of the given name plus the words for "village" and "church." From place names they became surnames.

Magic Colors.

The part played by color in our daily lives is only just beginning to be understood by science. Hitherto we have always taken colors for granted.

Recently Lord Chudleigh claimed that in the range of the spectrum lay the secret of happiness—a somewhat startling assertion, but one which is supported by many scientists.

So it seems quite possible that the physician of the future will, instead of writing out a prescription for some combination of drugs, give us a color prescription to cure our ills.

Some colors, say these discoverers, act as irritants, others as sedatives. For instance, repeated experiments have proved that yellow is soothing to tortured nerves. Violet light causes bone to develop; blue is claimed to stimulate the growth of muscle tissue; green adds to our store of energy.

Already these facts are being enlisted in the task of curing the sick. There are now several nursing homes which specialize in distinctive colorings for the bedrooms of various types of sufferers. The faded will be stimulated by skylblue, the excited quieted by yellow, and so on.

The truth is, that most people, although they may be unaware of it, are influenced and affected by colors. Take, for example, the impression a room makes upon you when you enter it. What causes that impression? Setting aside the taste of the furnishings, there is but one thing: color.

In cities, where there is none too much sunlight, the object should be to procure the maximum of sunlight effect. This is now generally recognized. Hence the growing popularity of golden tints in mural decoration. They induce a feeling of freshness and happiness, just as browne and violet crimsons depress and distress the sensitive.

Width of Ploughing.

Comparisons that have been made for four years at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, between narrow and wide plowing—that is, between 8 and 16 inches, have shown that the latter gives as large yield as the former. With furrows 8 inches in width the yield of corn after sod on light soil has averaged 22.71 tons and of oats also after sod 64.9 tons. At 16 inches the yield of corn has averaged 21.70 tons and of oats 66.9 tons. Drawing his conclusion, the Dominion Field Husbandman in his report for 1925 remarks that inasmuch as the wider furrows usually make possible the plowing of a larger acreage per day, it will be observed that it is more economical than plowing narrow furrows.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



For the Boys and Girls

A FORTUNATE HIDING PLACE

BY R. M. HAWTHORNE.

Some twenty years ago, Rev. Oscar Hughes was a missionary in India. He had labored hard in that burning country, with its wealth of animal and vegetable life, rarely seen in any other portions of the globe.

He was stationed in the Province of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, and at no great distance from the town of Dowuronda, which lies about fifty miles to the south of the city of Hyderabad.

The most terrible wild beast of India, if not of the world, is the Royal Bengal tiger. It is fully a fourth stronger than the lion, as has been proven by actual test, while its self-confidence, courage and prodigious activity are unsurpassed by any creature that roams forest or jungle.

Mr. Hughes' family consisted, besides his native servant, of his wife, a son named Oscar, after himself, and Minnie, his daughter, six years of age—the brother being slightly more than ten.

The Hugheses went to India immediately after the Sepoy mutiny, in 1858, and their experience was comparatively pleasant. The section in which they were located had been disturbed only very slightly by the whirlwind of fire and blood which swept over that fair land, and the natives treated them with more kindness than Europeans had a right to expect.

Those who live on the edge of the volcano become accustomed to the mutterings of the awful forces deep down in the earth, knowing that at any hour the flaming river is likely to burst through the crater, and, pouring down the sides, envelope everything in its consuming channel. Thus it is that the dweller in the land of earthquakes, of deadly serpents and wild beasts, acquires a certain familiarity with them, which to us of the more favored climes is incomprehensible.

Several cobras had been killed in the vicinity of the missionary's house, and a terrible tiger—a regular man-eater—was shot by a famous English hunter within a fourth of a mile.

The parents looked serious when this startling fact was announced, as well they might, but it caused them nothing like the consternation which the appearance of a bear or panther excites in any neighborhood of our own country.

Mr. Hughes was a fine shot himself, and he always kept his rifle loaded and ready for instant use, hoping at the same time that many a week and month might pass before the cartridge would be discharged from the barrel.

One day, while his servant was absent, the missionary rode off a couple of miles to visit a sick native, leaving the rest of his family at home. It was during the hot season, when the whole atmosphere of India seems to be literally aflame, and in Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, men die from excessive heat, while panting in their beds in the middle of the night.

The missionary was not gone long, returning when the sun was low and the air was slightly cooler. He reached home while it was yet light, and was scarcely halted when he was met by the most appalling news.

When the family were left to themselves they attempted to do little more than to keep cool. Mrs. Hughes, who was prostrated somewhat by the heat, reclined in a hammock under the shade of the trees, while Oscar did the same just across the road, on the edge of the wood.

Minnie, the little girl, was the only one of the family who did not seem to be distressed by the torrid temperature. She ran hither and thither, and played with her doll, sang and teased her brother, who was reading a book, as he lay on his side in the hammock and slowly swung back and forth.

All at once, Minnie ran up to him, and said:

"Oh, what do you suppose I've found?"

"Give it up."

"A place where I can hide, and you can't find me."

"You'd better go there for a while, so I can get a chance to read this book."

"Will you look for me?"

"What's the use of looking, if I can't find you?"

"Just for the fun of the thing—won't you, Oscar?"

"I will, if you'll promise not to disturb me any more if I find you. What do you say?"

"All right—I'll do it. Now hide your head, and don't you dare look, and when I call out you must come and hunt for me."

"Very well—off with you!"

Oscar crouched down in the hammock so that the meshes came up all about him, and he put his hands over his eyes. But it must be confessed that he was so much like other boys that he slyly peeped through his fingers and the cord of the hammock and watched every movement of his sister.

Little Minnie walked away on her tip-toes, often looking back to make sure her brother was not observing her. She could just discern the outlines of his figure, lying so still and motionless, and the innocent little girl never suspected how her big brother was cheating her, and laughing to himself over his success.

Oscar saw Minnie walk in the manner for a hundred yards, where she stood still for a minute or so, and then disappeared.

But he understood how it was. There was a mass of boulders and rocks, with an entrance large enough to admit an ordinary man.

He himself had penetrated it to a distance of several yards, but without drawing through fear of some noxious reptiles within.

The boy was not pleased to see his sister enter so unhesitatingly this forbidden cavern, and he came to a sitting position in the hammock, with the intention of calling to her to come back, when he heard the faint "Whoop! come!" from the interior.

Oscar meant to go right straight to the spot, bring out Minnie, and forbid her ever going there again. With this purpose, he swung himself out of the hammock and started in the direction; but he had only gone a few steps when he was paralyzed by a most terrible sight.

He caught the gleam of something through the trees, saw a body moving and heard a rustling that told him some wild animal was at hand.

Immediately after, he observed an enormous Bengal tiger stride forward, lashing its tail and growling as though it snuffed danger.

It was first seen in advance of the boy, and slightly on his right, while, as it was walking in the same direction, its head was turned away, and it did not observe the lad.

While the latter stood, hardly breathing, he saw the tiger walk directly to the boulders, and then, with scarcely any hesitation, force itself into the passage through which little Minnie had vanished but a few seconds before.

The ferocious beast had, doubtless, seen her enter, and had gone in after her.

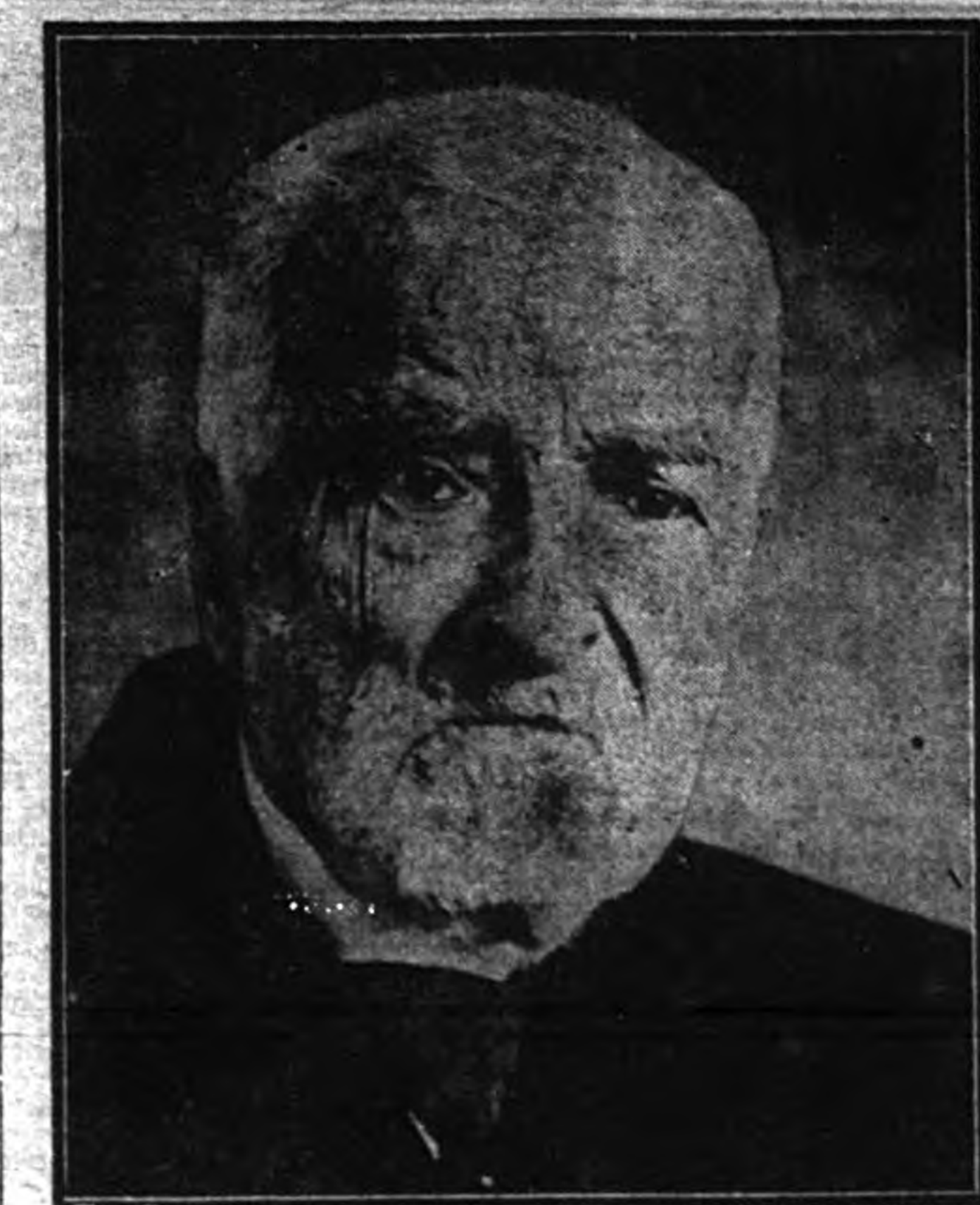
The horrified Oscar did not stir until he heard a few agonized screams from within, then he rushed to his mother with the awful tidings that a tiger had killed and was devouring Minnie.

The mother was frantic, and began running back and forth, wringing her hands, moaning, and asking where the beast was, that she might go to the rescue of her darling, while the lad, seeing how great the danger of both was, refused to tell her, and began hastily closing up the house.

The Bengal tiger is so daring that he does not hesitate to dash into a building after a person, and it was more than likely that he would make for the mother and son when through devouring poor little Minnie.

It was at this dreadful moment that the missionary, Mr. Hughes, rode up and dismounted.

Hastily taking down the rifle, Oscar



ANCIENT MARINER OF NOTRE DAME DE GRACE

Nazaire Dero, retired sea-captain, recently celebrated his 100th birthday. Captain Dero is in good health and has a remarkable memory.

ran out in the road and uttered the same fearful words that had crazed his mother. His father turned pale, but in all other respects he was calm and self-possessed.

"Tell me the particulars," he commanded, in a low, quick voice, at the same time reaching out and taking his rifle.

Pointing to the open entrance, Oscar quickly told how he had seen Minnie enter it, followed, a moment later, by an immense tiger, and he had scarcely vanished from sight when the screams of Minnie reached his ear.

"My poor, dear baby!" wailed the parent, without shedding a tear, but with a perceptible tremor in his voice. But the tiger shall give up his worthless life for this—"

"There he comes!" exclaimed the terrified Oscar, running back toward the building.

Sure enough, the dreaded beast at that moment came out of the dark cavern, and still lashing his tail and uttering growls, began advancing upon the man and boy.

"Go into the house with your mother," said the missionary. "I'll attend to him!"

He raised the rifle to his shoulder, as he spoke, and, holding it at a full cock, pointed it straight at the beast. The man was as cool and collected as if he were made of iron.

The tiger, dreadful in his beauty and strength, advanced until at the right distance, when he paused and, crouching down, gathered his muscles for the tremendous spring that was to land him directly on the head and breast of the man who was standing like a statue, with the rifle pointed toward him.

At that very moment, when the beast was on the point of leaping, Mr. Hughes fired. The bullet, like that fortunate one of the great East Indian hunter, Shakespeare, went directly through the heart of the tiger, who rolled over on the ground, and, after a few furious struggles, died, unable to reach his destroyer to do him the slightest harm.

The horrified mother, white and trembling, was peering out of her house, her great fear for the safety of her husband crushing down her other emotions for the moment.

Oscar was sobbing as if his heart was broken, and the father was still standing where he stood when he fired his gun, when a vision of light suddenly appeared at the mouth of the cave, in the person of little Minnie, who called out:

"Daddy, did you shoot that ugly animal?"

"God be thanked!" exclaimed the parent, throwing down his gun and running forward and catching his little girl in his arms. "Heaven be praised! you are unharmed! How did it happen?"

Mother and brother rushed out, wild with joy and wonder.

When matters became quieted somewhat, Minnie had no difficulty in making clear how it was she escaped. There could be no doubt that the tiger went into the cavern after the little girl who, in her anxiety to get beyond discovery by her brother, had forced her body in among the boulders until she was squeezed into a space where it was impossible for the huge tiger to get to her.

When she heard the growling of the beast and knew he was after her, she uttered the scream which reached her brother's ears, but she knew enough to shrink back as far as possible.

The tiger made a ferocious attempt to reach her with his needle-like claws, and almost succeeded; but the massive stones prevented it. He then turned about and went out again, with a view of making his meal on the rest of the family.

As soon as he was gone, Minnie began working her way out again, and came upon the scene of action just after the tiger perished.

Old Walls and New.

In old Habana colors come to rest
On aged walls that welcome the soft stream
Of rainbows captured in a sunlit dream.
Holding them close like children to their breast.
Sienna turns to rose—fresh green is pressed
Against a smiling square of ivory cream—
A shadow reaching toward an orange gleam
Is dimmed to blue-gray where it ends its quest.

Once travellers who saw the prism break,
Gathered the lovely fragments for a gift
To carry to a far-off northern land.
Now under their home skies young cities take
The hues of old Habana, as they lift
New walls to feel the warmth of color's hand.

—Jesse Humes.



Reduced to a Flat.

"She thought him rich and the owner of mansions and she'd be sharp in marrying him."

"And now she finds herself reduced to a flat."

If there were only three persons in the world one of them would be leader.

THE DANISH SETTLEMENT

Of all the agricultural settlers who have come to Canada, none are more desirable than the Danish. In Denmark, agriculture is an industry of prime importance. The Danish people, due to the limited area of agricultural land in the country of their birth, are keenly appreciative of the value of land and its proper cultivation, and are devoted to the best of all farming—mixed farming. They are good judges of soil and agricultural conditions and make few mistakes in selecting locations for settlement, and where they settle together and follow agricultural pursuits a prosperous farming country soon develops. Individual Danish farmers have settled in various parts of Canada, and in cases where first families colonized together, very fine settlements of these thrifty agriculturists have sprung up.

According to the Census of 1921, there were in Canada at that time 7,122 Danes, to which must be added, coming in since that date, 4,619, making in all, without counting the natural increase, 11,741.

First Record of Danish Settlement.

The first record of Danish settlement in Canada was in the year 1872 when an agreement was entered into between the Government of the Province of New Brunswick for the introduction into that province, from Scandinavian countries, of some 500 persons. The agreement set forth that each family should be given 100 acres of good farming land, a clearing of 2 acres to be made on each lot at the expense of the Government, the immigrant being employed to do the work. Temporary buildings, which would later be converted into schools, were to be provided for the early housing of the new-comers, and other necessary buildings and work would be carried out at the expense of the Government. A three years' actual residence entitled the settler to a grant of ownership. A further clause provided that the Government would provide employment for the settler at certain periods for which he was to receive a wage of \$1 per day for a period not exceeding 2 years.

The colony, known as "New Denmark," was located on the Salmon River, in the vicinity of Grand Falls, and was mostly wooded land covered with birch, maple and beech, spruce, fir, and cedar, well watered.

Progress of the Settlement.

In 1882, only ten years after the Settlement had been started, there were about one hundred families in the

New Denmark settlement, two schools had been established; a resident clergyman had been installed in the Colony and a church had been almost completed. At this time every farm was cultivated to the extent of from five to sixty acres, and this work has been going ahead until, at the present time, the greater part of the land is under cultivation. With all of the settlers so interested in farming, it is not odd that an Agricultural Society had been in existence for a few years and an annual exhibition had been held. In another five years larger barns had to be built to take care of the increased crops, and the original houses were discarded for better, new-type ones.

The Danish people, knowing the advantages of dairy farming, soon had a butter and cheese factory erected, which also means that better livestock was being introduced, for which good prices could be had. Potato raising had also played an important part with the settlers, and with the beginning of the war, and high prices obtainable for livestock, herds were so reduced that it was found impossible to run the factory any longer, so that the colonists have gone in more and more for potato raising, until at the present time it is the main revenue producer.

Potato Crop Brings \$600,000.

It is stated that last year's potato crop brought \$600,000 into the colony. At present there are 700 people in the colony. Buildings are solid, spacious and wellkept, houses are comfortable and the people well satisfied with their lot. Newcomers are made welcome and assisted in their work. Some, who arrived only two years ago, and who possessed sums from \$50 to \$100 now have their farms practically paid for, comfortable and well furnished homes, machinery, equipment and automobiles.

The success of the New Danish Settlement is due to the fact that the Danish people are an industrious and progressive one in every way, and they appear eager to develop all the requisites of complete and successful citizenship. The climate of New Brunswick, where the Colony is situated, being not unlike that of Denmark, also has bearing on their agricultural success. Most of the families came out with practically no capital, but they have attained their ambitions of owning their own comfortable homes in a splendid crop producing district.

Vancouver Judge Extols World Court.

That righteous public opinion is the greatest force in the universe and is mightier than the sword, were the conclusions reached by Mr. Justice M. A. Macdonald, an eminent jurist of British Columbia and a close student of international affairs, in an address before the Vancouver Bar Association. Referring to the World Court of International Justice, the speaker said: "To-day a court of international justice is established, so far as the machinery is concerned, even the United States adhering to it with, however, some embarrassing reservations. These reservations are designed more to satisfy an unsettled public opinion within its own borders, the outcome of a policy of isolation, rather than to offer practical obstacles to the functioning of the Court."

"We have to develop the same confidence in the World Court as our courts in the domestic forum enjoy. As time goes on and international law becomes more clarified and a controlling public opinion compels the members of a World Court to recognize that they are representatives, not of the nations selecting them, but of the civilized opinions of mankind, it will resolve the same sanction in a world sphere as our local courts enjoy in the domestic sphere. Therein lies the hope of permanent peace."

An Easy One.

"What's the greatest question of the age?"

"How to get a new car on the old income."

Druse's Weapons.

The curved sword or scimitar is the favorite weapon of war of the Druses. The knife comes next. All warriors wield the scimitar with tremendous skill and strength.



"The cook says she is going to leave."

"Nothing will change her mind."

"Nothing."

"All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her."

Seven Seeds of Failure.

—To believe that the world owes you a living.

—To believe always that you are doing more than you are paid for.

—To believe that all your failures are caused by something outside yourself.

—To allow your visions to become mere dreams.

—To allow your friends to substitute for your conscience.

—To allow your temper to go unmastered.

—To be satisfied with getting by when you might be making good.

Then He Was Good.

After spending a weary hour trying to persuade our bull to leave the farm and go cityward, a neighbor suggested blindfolding him. I tied a cloth over his head and eyes and led him easily.

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.



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Also large assortment of ready-made clothing at low-est prices.

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All Kinds Hay & Feed

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Robert McFaul,

Main St., - Lachute.

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Buy your Suits and Overcoats from the

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You will find your style, your particular fabric and color you desire at this store

Mufflers, Neckwear, Sweaters, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Hosiery, Mocassins, Boots & Shoes.

W. G. STANFORTH, LACHUTE
TELEPHONE 65.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE
Published at Lachute every Friday.
J. S. Giles, Editor & Proprietor.

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EN PASSANT.

The name "Babson" is a household word. At the age of twenty three Roger W. Babson set up a statistical organization which has become an indispensable factor in the world of finance, while now, at the age of fifty-two, his frequent lectures on statistics and economics command universal attention and form an accurate record of business life in various fields.

The uncanny and weird accuracy of his dark-garbed pronouncements together with the frequent fulfillment of his rosy forecasts of optimistic prediction, make of him a commercial barometer whose readings no business community can afford to ignore. He is found to be so reliable in his special field that "What Babson says, goes" may be taken as the epitome of all criticism, and a striking proof of this may be recognized in the fact that during the World War he was appointed as Special Statistical Adviser to the U. S. government.

His latest column in the business page of the Star is so crisp and vitalizing that I had to read it twice, and I anticipate with real pleasure the reading of the articles he promises to follow up this one with, during the next few weeks.

His classification of the various lines of business is convincing. He gives retelling the place of honour and states his reasons for so doing. "I put Retailing first on this list," he says, "because it is of the greatest importance. Few realise the magnitude of the retail business. The retailers of the U. S. sell \$200,000,000 worth of goods each day. This supplies all the money to run all the industries of the country, which ultimately pays all wages, interest, taxes, freight, charges, public service income and a billion dollars annually for advertising—in fact, runs the country and keeps fifty millions of people employed. In other words, the retailer collects the money to run practically all other industries. Hence the retail business is of vital importance and should command respect and co-operation from all."

THIS naturally leads Mr. Babson to discuss salesmanship, and his advice to young men seeking employment in this branch of industry is practical and candid.

The first job should be house-to-house canvassing, for a few months, as a test of ability to sell. It is easy to sell something over the counter to a person who comes to the store with the express purpose of buying it, but it is a test of salesmanship to call at a house and sell a thing to a person who resents to call, and who opens the door with the intention of curtly slamming it shut again in the face of the unwelcome caller.

Again, Mr. Babson's comments on the importance of getting into a "repeat" business are to the point. He says:—"If possible get your son and your money into a repeat business. I would much rather work or invest in an electric light company which supplies the power daily, than in an electric fixture concern which must be dependent upon one sale to a household. Grocery is a repeat business. Every family buys groceries daily, but buys shoes only once in three months, and furniture perhaps only once a year!"

"Advice is cheap and very few take it," Mr. Babson goes on to say, but he throws in three telling pieces of advice as makeweight. Two of the three we may take or leave, at our discretion, but the third is too important looking to leave un-noticed, so we must needs turn it over and examine both sides before passing on.

He says:—" (3) Get a job in your home town. Next to your mother you owe more to your home town than to anything else. Don't stay in your home just to get an education and then beat it to some other town or city. Don't kick down the ladder by which you climb up. Distant fields always look the greenest, but they are really no greener than where you are. Don't waste the fifteen or twenty years of your early life spent in developing friendships by later going to a strange city where you know no one. Stay in your home town and help build it up. It will reciprocate by building you up also."

This is a fine piece of rhetoric, but I do not quite agree with the advice it contains. All home towns are not progressive enough to warrant keeping its upgrowing sons at home. In a rapidly growing place it might be well enough to stay and help to build up the fortunes, but there are numerous places where it would be wrong to induce the boys to remain, especially the brighter ones. It is a well known fact that the cities are improved by the importation of "country material." In this respect I am confronted with what I once wrote on this subject, and, with all

due reference to Mr. Babson, I am not taking any of it back. This is part of the passage:—"I look for common sense among people with common interests and aptitudes. From the look of things I judge that this continent is for all who can climb on to it.... Anyone who is not deaf and dumb, and who knows a dollar when he sees it, can come into our towns and compete with us, on their merits; therefore, I say, every man is perfectly justified in selling the labour of his hands, or his head, to the best buyer in an open market.... It is a natural instinct to migrate: It has been done ever since mankind started to follow his food.... We desire to possess and we go out after it."

IF THE Babsonian theory of sticking around the home town were followed up, there would be a dead flatness everywhere. Prime Ministers are not all born in the immediate vicinity of Sparks Street Ottawa, and I venture to say that ninety per cent of the foremost business men in our large cities were country bred, or left the old home town before they were twenty one.

I wish Mr. Babson would investigate this assertion, and I rather think he would find that, as a rule, the best men to be found anywhere, in any line of business originally came from somewhere else.

Think it over, Mr. Babson.

If the mountain will not come to Mahomet,
Mahomet must go to the mountain.

THE LINKMAN.

PROVINSBURG.

Mr. C. A. Monk spent a few days in Montreal last week.

Miss Eleanor Hanson, of Montreal was a week-end guest of her home.

Miss Mona Monk, of the Montreal General Hospital, was home for the week-end.

A lively game of Hockey on Friday night between Calumet and Brownsburg, resulted in a score of 5-4 in favor of Calumet.

Brownsburg and St. Therese met in a lively game of Hockey on Tuesday night, with a good crowd, and a score of 4-3 in favor of Brownsburg. All the goals were scored in the first half of the game.

The Brownsburg Wolf Cub committee held a meeting at the Social Club on Feb. 10th, to elect new members. Mr. E. Smilie was elected as Chairman; Mr. G. Todd, Secretary. The others on the committee are Messrs. F. Kettie, J. Martin, and W. Pettley. Mr. J. Connelly is assistant Cub Master. Mr. W. Prosser is Cub Master.

BOWLING.

C. X. L. Telegraphic League
Brownsburg "A" Team
J. Hazel Snr. 173 202 148 523
J. Martin 201 197 183 581
J. Reid 165 142 169 476
P. Proulx 147 176 166 489
H. Gardiner 196 150 226 572

Brownsburg "B" Team
E. Lavoie 147 133 160 440
A. Galbraith 127 169 184 480
D. Mailhot 149 181 181 511
J. Kettie 199 147 150 496
E. Dagenais 162 140 179 481

"Arlington"
J. L. Lambertson 163 192 174 529
C. E. Richardson 162 161 136 459
G. D. Jenkins 200 160 136 496
A. J. Winslow 143 123 165 431
C. Harding 149 163 166 483

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ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Miss Elizabeth Walsh spent the week-end at her home here.

Mrs. Jeffry and Miss Hendry were in Montreal for a few days this week.

Miss Hilda Wilson and three girl friends spent the week-end in Mrs. Murray's cottage. They came with their skis and enjoyed the sports of St. Andrews.

The C. G. I. T. held their meeting at the home of Miss Hilda Shaw. Dr. Shaw read a paper on Health Rules.

The married members of the St. Andrews Hockey Club played a match with Point Fortune men—result, one game for each.

We are glad to note that the Government is taking over more interest in the project for development of the Carillon Power. St. Andrews is very much interested. A great industry like that may restore some of our vanished importance as a business and residential town.

The Young People's Club of the United Church held a social in the Sunday School room, Thursday evening. After a musical program, recitations and a humorous one-act play, a supper was enjoyed—beans, cake, coffee, etc., and those young ladies certainly know beans. It is hoped that they will repeat this sort of entertainment often.

Miss Freda Wales (aged 6) was preparing to take a slide with some of her companions, when Argenteuil County seemed to tilt up, and lurch over towards Ontario. Little Freda came down on her left arm and suffered some injury. Her mother took her to Dr. Smith's Hospital in Hawkesbury in have the arm X-rayed. No bones were found to be broken, but Freda came home with her arm in a sling. She has not been to school since, but she is doing well and may have to return in a few days.

CUSHING.

Mrs. T. Boyle has been spending the past week in Montreal.

Mr. C. Dobbie, of Lachute, was the week-end guest of Mr. Roy Dobbie.

Miss R. V. Dobbie, of St. Chrysostome, spent the week-end at her home in Cushing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Watson, of Pt. Fortune, were guests on Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Gaston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham were the guests on Wednesday last of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bradford, of Little Rideau, Ont.

Mrs. A. Graham spent Saturday & Sunday visiting friends in Lachute & North River.

Miss Muriel Jobb was the guest of Mrs. H. Kirby, of Hawkesbury on Friday night last.

Mr. W. Canning and Miss Margaret Canning were Sunday guests of Mr. Frank and Miss Lizzie Clark, of Mt. Maple.

Miss Helena Graham, Mr. Arthur Roberts, of Montreal, Mr. Jas. Graham, of St. Philippe, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Graham.

Miss A. Davidson returned on Saturday from a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Weir, of St. Annes.

Mrs. Fred Wilson and Mr. Sidney Wilson, of North River, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Smith on Sunday.

Sgt. Major and the Misses Florence and Dorothy Holmes were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Gaston.

The Sincere sympathy of the entire community is extended to Mrs. C. McFaul, and Mrs. O. Woods, in the recent loss of their father.

A cross-country race, open to all will be one of the features of the Hawkesbury Ski Club Field Day on Saturday, Feb. 19th. Race starting from their Club House, on Mr. Geo. Reeve's Farm.

LAKEFIELD.

Mrs. Wm. Evans is in Montreal, visiting there.

There are quite a few mild cases of "Flu" in our vicinity.

Mrs. Arthur Hingley spent a week-end visiting her Lakefield friends recently.

Mrs. W. E. Richards, President of Trinity Church W. A. is in town, attending the annual meetings of the Diocesan W. A.

Mr. Hodge, in charge of Mr. E. Ward's portable saw-mill, is busy making the round of his various customers in this locality.

On Friday, Feb. 11th, the Ladies of the Q. W. I. held a most enjoyable tobogganing and skiing party at the residence of Mr. Albert Tomalty, all present report a good time with appropriate refreshments and a sociable time; about 58 were present.

Monday, St. Valentine's day, was observed by the ladies of the W. A. serving a supper in the Gibb Parish Hall. A heavy storm did not prevent about 30 people gathering to enjoy the good things, and a pleasant evening passed in games, etc.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE WM. CURRAN.

In spite of heavy roads and threatening weather, St. Aidan's Church, Lachute, was filled to overflowing on Saturday, Feb. 12th, at 2:30 p.m., by a congregation of earnestly sympathetic friends and relatives of the late Wm. Curran, who had assembled to lay to their earthly rest, the remains of one, who for many years was the venerated survivor of by gone years.

In spite of his great age, Mr. Curran was in possession of all his faculties until the end; with the exception of being somewhat deaf. He was in his 92nd year. He passed peacefully away at the home of his son, Mr. Wm. Curran, at Newton Centre, near Boston, Mass., U. S. A. The body was brought to his old home Lachute, by his children Mr. Robert Curran, Mrs. McAskill and Miss O. Curran, all of Newton Centre. The funeral taking place from the home

of his daughter, Mrs. Thos. Morrison, The Glen.

The pall bearers were Messrs. G. Tomalty, George Creswell and Albie Tomalty, nephews; and Messrs. Wilfred, Leonard and Ernest Morrison, grandsons.

The service was taken by the Rev. Allan E. Mount; an old friend. Many and beautiful were the boral offerings testifying to the affection and respect in which the aged deceased was held. The late Mr. Curran was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him as husband, father, neighbor or friend; and his genial presence will be greatly missed.

CALUMET.

Miss Estelle McGibbon is visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss D. T. Hingley spent the week-end at the home of her sister.

Mrs. Young, of Pointe au Chene, spent Sunday the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. Morrow.

Miss Smith, who has been the guest of Mrs. R. Seagrave for the past week returned to Montreal Sunday evening.

Riordan Office Staff, Hawkesbury, vs. Riordan Office Staff, Calumet, at Calumet, Feb. 19th. Broom and Football Game.

Mrs. Dakin, Misses Edna Foreman, Mildred Bridgen and Janet Whinfield are in Montreal attending the Annual W. A. Meetings.

A Supper and Concert in aid of the Calumet Union Church will be held in the Hall, on Friday evening, Feb. 18th. Admission 50 cts.

GRENVILLE BAY.

Miss Gladys Grey and Mr. A. Proud foot, of Montreal, visited Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Grey.

Miss Keegan who was in Montreal for a visit, returned on Monday night and is at present staying at Alfred Cottage.

The Ladies of St. Giles' will meet this week at the home of Mrs. J. Carson on Saturday.

Mrs. Fred Morrow and Mrs. J. Young spent Sunday afternoon with Miss J. McMichael.

We are pleased to see our friend Mr. Fred Morrow occupying the Mayor's seat for another term.

HOLSTEIN MEETING.

The Lachute Branch of the Holstein Friesian Association held their Annual meeting on Tuesday, Feb. 14th, at 2:30 p.m. in the Victoria Hall. There was a good attendance. Mr. Bothwell and his assistant being among those present.

The annual report was given by the Secretary. The meeting resulted in the following officers being chosen for the coming year:—Pres., J. MacKenzie; Vice-Pres., G. Walker; Sec.-Treas., Albert D. Stewart; Directors, George Murdoch, A. McGibbon, L. Boa, M. Maisonneuve, G. MacAdam, G. Arnold, C. Richards and G. Clarke.

The meeting was also featured by an explanation given by our demonstrator, Mr. Bothwell, with an effort to help the branch procure a sire from the government.

—:—

"Mamma, who's that poor man running around there that every one is yelling at?"
"Hush, child, that's the cheer leader."—Cynic.

Radios and Electrical Supplies

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for rent by day or week.

All kinds of Radio supplies. A. B. & C. Batteries. Special prices on B. Batteries. Atwater Kent and De Forest Crosley Radios.

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LACHUTE ACADEMY EXAMS

Grade XI, Latin.
Class I.—A. Kelly 79, D. Golphin 77.
Class II.—H. Doig 71, E. MacGibbon 71, A. Rodger 69, E. Bennett 65, E. Morrison 63, M. Bain 62, G. Smith 61, E. McCoy 60, M. Clifford 54, R. Jones 50, I. Westgate 50.
Grade X, History.
Honours.—J. Logan 94.
Class I.—A. Laurin 82, A. MacGibbon 81.
Class II.—A. Stewart 69, I. Monk 68, J. Yelland 66, M. Wilson 63, H. Cassidy 62.
Class III.—G. Rodgers 53, L. Hay 53, R. Cruise 53, A. Miller 52, J. McQuat 51.
Grade IX, British History.
Honours.—Freda Mason 96.
Class I.—Gwen MacKinnon 81, E. Boyd 78, Reta Boyd 76.
Class II.—Kathleen Mackrith 74, Herbie Gordon 72, Eric Middleton 69, Doris Prophet 68, Lois Cooke 67, C. Cruise 66, Alice Whinfield 62, Bessie Morrison 61.
Class III.—Janet Morrison 58, M. Patterson 57, Shirley Hamilton 56, L. McQuat 55, Annie Black 52.
Grade VIII, E. Literature.
Honours.—Janet Berry 91, Stuart Jones 91, Norma Jackson 90, Raymond Underhill 90.
Class I.—Jessie Leishman 87, Marion Mathews 86, Lena Combie 85, Gavin Walker 85, Mildred Kelly 84, Mary Barclay 81, Helen Bradshaw 80, Nellie Laurin 80, C. MacKenzie 80, Marjorie Kettyle 73, James Black 75, Margaret Neill 75.
Class II.—Marion MacVicar 72, H. Hamilton 69, Irene Doig 68, Stuart Armstrong 65, Hazel MacKiddie 65, Lila Scott 62.
Class III.—Bertan Prophet 57, W. Robertson 52, Doris Stanley 52.
Grade VII, Literature.
Class I.—E. Jousse 85, G. Drysdale 81, H. Gall 80, G. Clark 69, B. Rash-covsky 69.
Grade VI, Composition.
Honours.—S. Anderson 96, Gilbert Black 96, Andrew Fulton 96, Doris Dion 95, Amy Morrison 95, M. Bernier 92, Wilson Gall 92, Clyde Laurin 92, Katherine Giles 90, R. Stephens 90.
Class I.—Carl Demerise 89, Elsie McFaul 89, Winston Drew 88, Lulu Miller 88, L. Goldworthy 87, E. Armstrong 86, Howard Jones 86, Gordon McFaul 84, T. Wert 83, Clayton Boyd 82, Hannah Rogers 79, H. MacKinnon 77, M. Morrison 77, J. Bernier 77, V. Thompson 72, Kenzie Cowan 67.
Grade V, Spelling & Dictation.
Honours.—Lloyd Canning 99, Leona Walker 98, Minnie Robinson 97, S. Langille 95, Dorothy McFaul 95, Melvin Scott 95, Dorothy Mackrith 93, Alice MacNown 91.
Class I.—Doris Boyd 89, Elsie MacVicar 89, Willie Davis 88, Ephyse Jousse 87, Ethel Stansfield 85, Allan Doig 81, Harold Combie 80.
Grade IV, Spelling & Dictation.
Honours.—J. MacKenzie 97, M. Walker 97, J. Mackrith 94, E. Stephens 93, S. Roberts 92, B. Clunie 90.
Class I.—R. Miller 89, S. Milnes 88, S. Morrison 88, G. Scott 87, K. Falconer 86, G. Morrison 85, E. Rodgers 79, Alvin Ward 75.
Grade III, French.
Honours.—Myra Robinson 97, Alice Bernier 96, Eleanor MacNaughton 96.
Class I.—Leonard Dion 88, Gertrude Cunningham 88, Edna Aitkin 82, K. Morrison 82, Irene McFaul 82, Bernice Roberts 78, Peter Massie 76.
Class II.—Jean Picken 74, Leslie Cox 70, George Combie 69, Murray Lyster 69, Lloyd Graham 68, Edith McQuat 67, Bernice Langille 67.
“Mrs. Wiggins, your Willie's clothes is in the river!”
“The young varmint! I'll larn 'im! Where is 'e?”
“E's in his clothes!”

BROWNSBURG SCHOOL EXAMS.

Grade IX, Algebra.
Class I.—Pearl MacKenzie 83, F. Honours.—Dorothea MacDonald 90, Morrow 79.
Grade VIII, Arithmetic.
Honours.—H. Tomalty 93.
Class I.—Ruth Campbell 88, Edgar Jackson 86, Phyllis Campbell 83, J. MacArthur 81, Walter McQuat 80, R. Morrow 78, Willie Woods 75.
Class II.—Annie Morrow 72, E. Brown 65.
Class Audrey Monk 57, Agnes Elliott 54, Lorne Ball 54, Geo. Connelly 53, Anna Poitras 50, Willie Mason 50, Morrow 79.
Grade VII, Agriculture.
Honours.—Agnes Duncan 91.
Class I.—Gladys Gilmour 83, Gordon Anderson 83, George Stewart 82, Wyman Hazel 75.
Class II.—Jack Seary 74, Frank Kettyle 73, Alice Lupien 72, Herbert Graves 68, Lillian White 67, Kenneth McAllister 66.
Class III.—Wilma Tomalty 59, H. Morrow 55.
Grade VI, Agriculture.
Honours.—C. Murdoch 90.
Class I.—Jean McQuat 85.
Class II.—Earle McGibbon 69, D. Golphin 66, Stanley Seary 66, Elra Roberts 66, Mildred Cooper 63, Geraldine McQuaig 63, Alfred Lupien 62.
Class III.—Stanley Jackson 53, C. Kennedy 56, Ethel Kettyle 53.
Grade V, Scripture.
Honours.—Edith Gilmour 98, Clinton Murdoch 96.
Class I.—Gilmour McLeod 87, Mona Roberts 83, Margaret Galbraith, Eric Jorie McQuat 77.
Class II.—Herbert Graham 81, Mar- King 82, Erwin Martin 74, Eva Jackson, E. Campbell 70, David Ken- nedy 69, Pat Seary, Elva McFaul 67, Lloyd Roberts 65, Norman Becking- ham 64, Harry White 62.
Class III.—Margaret Murdoch, H. Gunn 58, Chris Devine 55.
Grade IV, Scripture.
Honours.—Doris McQuat, A. Dixon 92, Annie Williams 90.
Class I.—Willie Hazel 85, Violet Hewitt 84, Fred Leedham 77, Alvin Connelly 76.
Class II.—Eva Hazel, Ida Stewart 74, Hilda Townsend 73, D. Bourne Sidney Seary 72, Archie Morrow 65, Stella Tomlinson 63, Violet Kettyle 60.
Class III.—Gilbert Wilson 58, Ernest Leedham 57, Cecil Carpenter 56, George Castle 55, Chester Fletcher Dolly Steere 50.
Grade III, Writing.
Honours.—Joyce Clark 92.
Class I.—Beryl Stewart 89, A. Bee- kingham 89, Emma Dixon 82, Ena Williams 82, Louis Becroft 81, Mil- dred MacAllister 79, Ernest Kettyle 77, George Hazine 77, Russell Todd 78.
Class II.—Lorne Clark 71, Eugene Racine 71, Winnie Seary 71, Frank Steere 69, Willie White 67, George Leroux 67, Elsie Turney 64, Charlie Golden 63, Edith Bradford 62, June Morrow 60, Ernest Castle 61.
Class III.—Cuthbert Marshall 58.
Grade II, Arithmetic.
Honours.—Russell Martin 100, Jno. Ardill 98, F. Castle 98, John Graham 97, Colin Hardie 97, Elsie Hewitt 97, Helen Mason 97, Dougal Kennedy 94, F. Racine 94, Lillian McQuat 94, Douglas Prosser 91, Ruth Anderson 91, Alex. Brown 90, Margaret Low 90.
Class I.—Wesley Wilson 89, All- son Galbraith 78, Mary Devine 75.
Class II.—Gresham Lonsdale 68.
Grade I, Part II, Arithmetic.
Honours.—Florida Leroux 100, E. Gunn 89, Ada Morrow 99, Silina Lu- pien 98, Thelma Hardie 98, Douglas Dixon 98, Gladys Mott 98, Gerald Vowles 97, Willie Campbell 97, Colin King 97, Lorne Stewart 96, Yvonne Gagne 93, Laura Stewart 93, Enid Campbell 90, Victor Cooley 90, Arthur Bourne 90.
Class I.—Jane Hardie 89, Hilda Morrow 88, Amy McQuaig 86, Maud Cleland 85, Arvon Williams 83, Mil- dred Tilsley 82, Lucienne Leroux 80, Margaret Gibson 77, Gerald Vary 75.
Class II.—Christie Cleland 61.
Class III.—Helen MacAllister 50.

ARUNDEL.

Church Services for Sunday, Feb. 20th.
Church of England.—Weir 10.30 a.m.; Arundel 7.30 p.m.; S. School at 2.30 p.m.
United Church.—Rockway 10.30 a.m.; Arundel 7.30 p.m.; S. School at 10.30 a.m.
Rev. A. B. Hubley paid a visit to the city of Montreal on Wednesday last.
Mr. Roy Cooke, hove over the week- end for a visit to his family and leaving again Sunday night.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smart, who paid a short visit to Montreal last week; are again in residence at Grace Cot- tage.
Miss B. Dolly Gagnon guest of her parents, at the Rectory for the week- end.
Mrs. Geo. H. Gagnon and Mrs. Jos. Boyd were in Montreal this week, as delegates to the Annual Convention of the Diocesan W.A. Society. The sessions are held in the Synod Hall and last three days.
There is every prospect of another good Hockey Game, this week, be- tween the teams representing Weir and the local Athletic Club. It is to be hoped that the weather will be favorable, and that a large crowd will turn out to patronize the Clubs, who are putting up a good brand of Hock- ey and doing much to afford health- ful recreation and entertainment this winter.

Rev. Geo. H. Gagnon, M.A., and Mr. Percy Stanforth were in Mon- treal last Wednesday and Thursday, attending the Meetings of The Grand Lodge of Quebec. They were pre- sented as the Representatives of Laurentine Lodge, No. 81, G.R.Q., Wor. Bro. Stanforth, being the pre- sent master of that Lodge, and Wor. Bro. Gagnon, a past master of the same. During the elections of Grand Lodge, Wor. Bro. Gagnon had the honor of being elected as District Deputy Grand Master for the Ottawa

The local branch, Grace Church W. A. met at the Rectory on Thurs- day last, 9th inst., and there was a large attendance of members and visitors. The meeting was opened and held in due form. Much useful routine business was done and the Monthly Financial Statement was presented and found to be very satis- factory. After the business meeting a splendid tea was served by Mrs. Geo. Marshall, the hostess for the oc- casion. After spending an agreeable intermission in conversation and music, the meeting dispersed with votes of thanks to Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Gagnon for their kind hospita- lity and entertainment.

Though the weather was not very propitious, quite a number of the Little Helpers of the W. A. turned out for their Annual Snowshoe Tramp on Saturday afternoon. Starting from the Rectory they enjoyed a tramp through adjacent woods and fields; returning after a couple of hours, with rosy cheeks, shining eyes and appetites that did ample justice to the Lunch that had been provided for them. After lunch some time was spent in music and singing, con- cluding with the National Anthem. Then, they went home, tired but happy.

Grade I, Part II, Arithmetic.
Honours.—Florida Leroux 100, E. Gunn 89, Ada Morrow 99, Silina Lu- pien 98, Thelma Hardie 98, Douglas Dixon 98, Gladys Mott 98, Gerald Vowles 97, Willie Campbell 97, Colin King 97, Lorne Stewart 96, Yvonne Gagne 93, Laura Stewart 93, Enid Campbell 90, Victor Cooley 90, Arthur Bourne 90.
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Class II.—Christie Cleland 61.
Class III.—Helen MacAllister 50.

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NOTICE

THE SEIGNIORY OF TERREBONNE

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

The undersigned, ERNEST S. MATHIEU, notary, domiciled in the town and district of Terrebonne, said province gives notice, in conformity with the article 1571C of the civil code, that according to a judicial deed of sale, consented in his favor by the prothonotary of the Superior Court of the said district, on the 8th. Octo- ber 1926, in virtue of a judgment ren- dered in a cause, bearing the No. 449 of the said Court, he has purchased from the heirs of the late Mrs. MAR- RIE GENEVIEVE SOPHIE RAY- MOND, in her lifetime seigneuresse of the said seigniorie, and widow of the late Honorable JOSEPH MASON:

1o. The capital of the seignior- ial rents of "The Seigniorie of Terre- bonne" payable annually on the 11th November till their redemption, and also all arrears of the said rents ac- crued to the 21st January 1926, and those to become due in the future by the 950 censitaires, according to the "cadastre seigneurial" of the said sei- gniorie, which comprises:

The town of Terrebonne and the parishes of Terrebonne, Ste-Anne des Plaines, Ste-Sophie and New Glasgow 2o. The constituted rents, created in favor of the said Dame Masson, by 28 purchasers of emplacements, situated in the said parishes, and which are payable annually and till their redemption, partly on the 11th November and partly on the 29th September, and also the arrears of the said rents.

That a duplicate of the said deed of sale and annex authenticated, and bearing a certificate of registration of the registrar, has been delivered to the said prothonotary, before this day and has remained there on deposit, since that time, for all purposes; Terrebonne, February 7th, 1927.

ERNEST S. MATHIEU, Notary.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Montreal — Toronto
Trains leave Montreal 10.00 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; 11.00 p.m. daily; also 12.30 p.m. daily except Sunday and 10.00 p.m. daily except Saturday.

Montreal Buffalo Detroit Chicago
Trains leave Montreal 10.00 a.m. and 11.00 p.m. Daily through coaches and parlor cars and sleepers on day trains also through sleeping cars for Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago on night trains.

Montreal Cochrane Winnipeg Vancouver
Leave Montreal 10.15 p.m. daily for North Bay, Cobalt, Cochrane, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Ed- monton and Vancouver.

Through coaches, also through standard sleeping cars Montreal to Winnipeg Regina, Edmonton, Van- couver, also through tourist car Mon- treal to Vancouver.

J. M. Roby, Station Agent, Phone 14; S. Goldworthy, Town Agent, La- chute, Que., Phone 191 r 3.

"Rex" Theatre

Lachute

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
MARTIN HARVEY in
"THE ONLY WAY"

The famous English Player in his only production.

SUNDAY ONLY
HOOT GIBSON in
Chip of the Flying "U"

A real wholly wild West Story with action
FIGHTING MARINE and other attractions

MONDAY & TUESDAY
"BLACK PARADISE"
A Society Drama of Merit.

Comedy: Dodging Troubles
Western: Hen-Puncher Piperoot

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
"TEMPTRESS"

Antonio Morena and Greta Garbo, the great new beauty of the screen, will win your heart, too, in this mag-nificent all-star production of Ibanes

Comedy: Buster Help's Dad
Pathe Review

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Pathe Review

Ralph's

Ladies' Men's & Boys Winter
Coats and Suits at the
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A Full Line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
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SEASONABLE PASTRIES!

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All kinds of Wedding Cakes and Pastries for Sale at
J. MAITLAND'S, BROWNSBURG.

J. P. MACKIMMIE & SONS

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Uptown at No. 81, Lachute Mills at No. 80.



The Little Breadwinner

THIS little chap of twelve, hawking papers in the midst of the city's mael- storm, his clothes in tatters, his eyes eager and shifty, his voice hoarse with shouting — can you see the tragedy of his life? He left school at ten to help earn bread for his mother and brothers.

That was eleven years ago. Daddy had not counted on dying, you see. But he did die—died at the wrong time before his plans had worked out. Are you willing to take a chance like that with your wife and little ones? An Imperial Monthly Income Policy will safeguard them from a danger you dare not ignore.

Yet, Daddy had great hopes for him. Looking down at the wee baby face he had said: I'll give the lad a good start in life—a lift on to the first rung of the ladder."

Just write your name and ad- dress on the coupon and mail it to us. Then we'll send you our booklet which tells all about it.

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HEAD OFFICE : TORONTO, ONTARIO
E. M. Jones, Agent
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DIRECT FROM THE PLANTATIONS

LAPORTE MARTIN LIMITEE

Meet me at Joe's!

The popular place for Choice Meats

Jos. Speight, Meat Market
Main Street, Lachute. Telephone 136.

Gent's Overcoats.

Nothing fits like a tailor-made Suit. We have all kinds of clothes from which to choose. Step in to- day and let us take your measure. We also have a splendid assortment of Gent's Overcoats and Neck Ties.

R. Deslauriers.

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ASSURANCE COMPANY of CANADA
HEAD OFFICE : TORONTO, ONTARIO
E. M. Jones, Agent
LACHUTE

COUPON

Please send me your Booklet about Monthly Income Policies.

INCIDENTS IN COLOR

The lakes, like three blue beads, were strung at the throat of the hill. They were round and pellucid under the laced fingers of the trees, and as calm as the sky arched far above them. Everything there was held in a lovely stillness—the slender birches whitely streaked against green woods beyond, the tattered sprays of russet maple leaves, the broad scribbling of mauve shadows along the dim and curving lines of the shore. Everything was quiet and tranquil, with the quietness and tranquillity that belong to early dawn and early dusk when things are scarcely awake and barely asleep.

Now and then a bird veered low, and its shadow, faint and minute, slid like a grey leaf across the blue water. And once the pines on the top of the hill moved suddenly and restlessly—tapering pines cut sharply into the sky and rooted deep to stand against the tearing winds from the sea; a little ragged and a little old, but proud in their solitude. And twice the honk of flying geese stabbed the silence and drew long threads of echoes from behind the hill. The sun dropped lower and lower, until the silver fingers of the birches were warmed to the faintest coral, and a fleet of high, thin clouds in the north were tinged and seared with crimson and the flaring yellow of autumn leaves. Shadows were streaked down the hill, like grey pencilings on a brown and crumpled parchment; and all the western sky behind the pines was burning excitedly with color. The massed clouds grew darker, the shadows heavier; crimson was dimmed to purple, and blue to a lovely dove-wing grey. The lakes were delicately pink in the middle, but shadows were swimming out slowly, darkly, to sap them of their warmth, to blur their radiance, and draw the shores together.

A fragment of the moon blew in with the evening winds, a frail and shining arc against the heavy blue of the sky; and a scattering of stars glittered like polished pebbles where a while ago the sun had sent up vermilion flames and clouds of purple smoke. The hill loomed black and silent now, with its crest of ragged trees; and far below it, by the slim, still birches, three little lakes repeated the stars in silver and the moon in silver-white.

Life and Breath.

The majority of people never give breathing a thought until they are what is called "out" of breath. They regard it as a natural function that takes care of itself, and so it usually does. At the same time there is nothing in life that gives such generous return for a little thought and labor as does that act of breathing by which we live. To begin with, it is the duty of each one of us to discipline our breathing. We let ourselves go on from year to year breathing with a tiny fraction of our apparatus till by and by comes the "cold that settles on the lungs," the attack of pneumonia or of bronchitis, some crisis when it is a life and death matter that we should be able to control our power of breath, and it is too late—we have never been its master and we cannot be its master now.

You need only watch people as you see them in the shops, at the motion pictures, on the cars, on the pavement, to recognize that the world is full of people who are half alive for want of proper breathing. You can see them walking with half-opened mouths, slouching in their seats, lop-sided, round-shouldered, with no color in cheeks or lips unless it be from the rouge pot, vacant, undervalued in expression. Then listen to them talk: "The winter is one cold after another," or "If I could only get through one winter without grippe," or "I seem to be a little below par all the time." If you dared to reply, "Ah, but you probably never do five minutes' honest breathing from month's end to month's end," they would be offended but not converted.

This matter of breathing does not mean a lot of apparatus, trained instructors, special gymnasia; it only means standing erect, throwing the shoulders back and remembering to breathe. Breathing is a matter of the will; the breathing muscles are voluntary muscles and are controlled by the will. You cannot have too much oxygen, and the only way to get it is to learn to breathe. If you have always been a slimmer in this regard, you probably often catch cold, suffer from indigestion, are habitually constipated, have a stooping walk and a muddy complexion. To you we say, "Go and wash in clean air." Stand in your open window often and breathe deeply and slowly, stand and sit erect through the day and breathe deeply and slowly, and when you settle to sleep at night breathe deeply and slowly.

To Fit the Occasion.

As a disciplinary measure, it was customary in one household to make the offending member eat alone at a small table in the corner and repeat a verse from the Bible.

On one occasion, while the other members of the family were assembled at the dinner table, the little boy in the corner was asked for his Bible quotation. He solemnly offered the following: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

KING AND QUEEN ARE HOSTS AT YULETIDE

SPECIAL DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

The Royal Servants Receive Dresses and Pieces of Solid Silver-Plate.

The best of employers at all seasons, King George and Queen Mary outdo themselves at Yuletide. They treat their servants to festivities such as are enjoyed by the servants in no other household in the kingdom, perhaps in the world.

The Christmas of the royal servants really starts a week before the actual day, when there is a distribution of special gifts from their majesties to all those in their employ. These gifts consist for the most part of dresses for the female servants and pieces of solid silver-plate for the male servants. Every female can go to a well-known firm of modistes and order whatever kind of gown she chooses; it may be an evening or afternoon gown or a two-piece suit.

The same firm of modistes has executed this order for the king and queen for many years. The pieces of silver-plate given to the men-servants are all solid and substantial, and servants who have been a long period in the royal service have accumulated quite valuable collections of silver.

The two chief items in the program of the Christmas entertainments for the royal servants are the time-honored Christmas tree and the servants' ball. The former is always held at Sandringham; the latter usually at the Mews at Buckingham Palace.

The ceremony is held in the great servants' hall at Sandringham at eight o'clock in the evening. The royal men-servants on duty for the night are clad in their full state livery of scarlet and white, but they attend the Christmas tree as guests. The other servants, male and female, wear ordinary evening dress.

The tree is an immense one and on its branches is a gift for every person present, including royalties. The royal party, with the guests, enter the servants' hall at eight o'clock and the distribution of gifts begins at once.

Six Servants at Tree.

Six servants stand by the tree and dispense the gifts at a very rapid rate. Each person—royalty or servant—on entering the room receives a red ticket bearing a number and the words "Sandringham Christmas Tree" and the figure denoting the year.

Every gift on the tree has attached to it a number corresponding to a number on the ticket. When all is ready for the distribution of the gifts to begin the servant standing by the tree calls out a number and the holder of the ticket bearing that number—it may be the king or queen or the Prince of Wales or a servant—at once walks to the tree and receives his gift.

The royal party sits about the tree, but there is no ceremony of any kind observed at this entertainment. There is, for example, no curtsying or bowing to the royal party by anyone going to the tree to receive a gift.

Roast turkey and Christmas pudding are the chief items at the supper which follows.

After supper come speeches and songs, the evening ending with the drinking of the health of their majesties.

The servants' ball is generally held on Twelfth Night (January 6), in the spacious Royal Mews—the stables at Sandringham Palace, where there is a hall which makes a splendid ballroom. Sometimes it has been held at Sandringham.

All the royal servants are invited and the king and queen are always present. The king opens the ball by dancing with the housekeeper at the palace while the queen dances with the head of the men-servants' staff.

Thought and Care.

Of the thought and care members of the royal family have at all times, and especially at Christmas, for their servants much could be written, but one story will suffice. It was told to the writer by William Church, a royal servant at Buckingham Palace for many years, in the employ of the late king.

Church was deputed to pack up and address the various presents Queen Alexandra was sending out to her relations and friends, a week or so before Christmas one year.

Church began his work at ten o'clock in the morning and was still hard at work at eleven o'clock at night. The room where he was engaged on his task adjoined Queen Alexandra's private apartments.

A little after eleven o'clock the door of the room opened and Queen Alexandra appeared bearing a tray on which were a pile of freshly cut sandwiches and a bottle of champagne.

"I thought you might be hungry," she said, "so I have brought you a little supper. When you have finished it go to bed—you must be tired—and you can finish packing to-morrow."

The festivities and entertainments now provided for the royal servants were in the main first instituted by the late King Edward. In Queen Victoria's reign there was no special entertainment for the servants at Christmas. The season was celebrated at Windsor Castle by the sovereign with somewhat gloomy solemnity, the religious aspect of it being more emphasized than any other.

The Steading.

Day slowly passes from the hushed grey world That sinks, with gloaming, to a deep or dream. On the brown fields the mist, unstirring broods; The highway puddles lose their silver gleam. In all the woods, in all the wayside trees, Sounds not one whisper of a restless leaf. Or tap of falling raindrop; all is hushed. Yet gloaming has two voices: there the stream Murmurs its tale of silence; there the owl Greet his old melancholy friend the night. But here the steading has its quiet stir, Where two great horses, weary from the plough, Pace, steaming, to the trough to quench their thirst; A dog springs out; a heavy booted hind Moves with a swinging lantern in the byre, Where lows some hidden beast in warm content; Within the house there laughs a happy child. The kitchen window, crimson-curtained, glows, Calling to warmth and comfort and repose.

—W. Kersley Holmes, in "In the Open."

The Northern Lumber Town.

All day the whirling of the sawmills, And the sun shining on the town in the valley, Gleaming along the wooded hills beyond, And dancing on the blue river filled with logs.

Lumber is heaped in towering, state-like piles For miles along the curving of the river. The sharp, resinous fragrance of the sawdust Mingles with the warm odor of the pine trees.

Three bridges span the glistening, sun-dappled river; And dandelions glow along its border. Church bells sound faintly from the Indian village And mingle with the murmur of the sawmills.

I have seen violets, blue and small and tender, Forcing their way through icy snows in April, On a little winding path among the pine trees On the hill that leads into the Indian village. At nightfall, walking in the quiet valley, I see the mills ablaze with lighted windows, And watch the pines with their green, pointed turrets Burn in the dying orange fires of sunset.

—Beatrice Mary Billing.

Explained.

Farmer (using telephone): "Send me over a bushel of oats." Clerk: "Surely. For whom?" "Don't try to joke with me—for my horse."



A SMART RAGLAN COAT FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

Soft woolen material makes this girls' raglan-sleeve coat. The comfortable armhole is always a joy to the growing girl. The tailored collar, which is convertible, may be fastened closely about the neck as illustrated, or left open. The large patch-pocket and wide turn-back cuffs, together with the smart cut, make No. 1074 a practical and easily fashioned style. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material. 20 cents.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Following.

I will bend myself to Thy will, at last, and follow Thy direction— Oh, carry me forward to my task, and to worship lift me up! —Marguerite Wilkinson, in "Citadels."

The housekeeper who wants to make both ends meet might start the dinner with beef broth and end with mince pie.

THE SHORTEST PRIZE ESSAY

By David Kerr.

One fine evening, about two hundred years ago, just as the sun was setting over London, a crowd of idlers might have been seen gathered around the door of Will's Coffee-house, which was then a kind of fashionable club, where all the wits and fine gentlemen of the town were wont to meet.

These loungers were evidently waiting for someone of special note, for every now and then all heads were turned eagerly toward the corner of the street, and each man whispered to his neighbor:

"Isn't he comin' yet?"

Suddenly there was a buzz of "Here he comes!" and a fat little man, in a rather shabby suit of black, with an eye as clear and bright as a hawk's came slowly through the crowd, which opened respectfully to let him pass.

And well it might, for this old man was no other than John Dryden, the most famous poet of his time, or (as many people then said and thought) of any other time either.

Little did they dream how small the name of John Dryden was one day to look beside that of another English writer, also called John, who had died in an obscure lodging only a few years before, old, blind, racked with gout and glad to get twenty-five dollars for the grandest epic poem ever written—a poem of which some of us have heard under the name of "Paradise Lost."

"Hurrah for Mr. Dryden!" roared a brawny fellow with a butcher's blue apron; "and long may he live to pitch into the Dutch lubbers as they deserve!"

The crowd heartily applauded the sentiment, for the war between England and Holland was just over, and Dryden's satires upon the Dutch were more popular in England than anything else that he had written.

"They said he was a-gittin' old," cried a porter, looking after the poet as he entered the coffee-house; "but to my mind he looks just as fresh as ever!"

"Who'd ye say that stout gentleman is?" asked a light-haired lad, whose ruddy cheeks and countrified dress betrayed that this was his first visit to London.

"Who's he, do you say, Chawbacon?" answered his neighbor. "Why, where-ever can you have been livin' all your life, not to know him? That's Mr. John Dryden, the great poet, as dines with the king every day."

"Dines with the king every day!" echoed the countryman, in amazement. "Eh, but I wish I was he."

"You needn't do that, my boy," said a sharp-looking little journeyman tailor; "for he's as poor as a rat, and owes a hundred guineas into the bargain. He'll see the inside of a debtor's prison afore long, or my name's not Timothy Smithson!"

"Is that really so?" asked a tall, handsome man, in a very rich dress, who had just got out of his carriage at the door of the coffeehouse. "Are you certain of what you say?"

"Quite certain, if it please your lordship," answered the tailor, doffing his cap respectfully—for Charles Sackville (Lord Dorset) was as well known in London as the dome of St. Paul's itself, being, in truth, the most generous as well as the richest of English nobles. "It's our people he owes the bill to, and master says he means to get his money one way or another."

The Earl made no answer, but walked

ed into the coffee-house, murmuring to himself:

"I could pay the debt easily enough, but it wouldn't please my old friend to know that his difficulties are public talk—I must find some other way."

The group assembled within was one which any painter would have loved to copy, for every man in it bore a name which will live as long as the history of England itself.

There was the brilliant, witty, heartless Sir Charles Sedley, many of whose sayings are still quoted by men that have forgotten who said them. There were the smooth-tongued Arlington, and the boisterous Etherage, and the ever-laughing Montague.

There, too, was the wild Duke of Buckingham, upon whose handsome features the mad career that destroyed the largest fortune and the strongest constitution in England had already stamped the impress of premature age and untimely death.

And there, somewhat wan and haggard from long excess, but still beautiful and graceful as ever, sat the wildest and wittiest, and most reckless of them all—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

"Welcome, my illustrious namesake!" cried Sedley, with his little twinkling laugh. "You come, as usual, just at the right moment. We are discussing which of us is the best at writing an impromptu, and we cannot agree."

"I'll settle it for you, then!" cried Dorset, struck with a sudden thought. "We will each write a piece of impromptu verse or prose, and Mr. Dryden, whose judgment no one can question, will honor us by naming the successful one."

"Agreed!" cried all, with one voice. And to work they went at once, while Dryden, turning his chair around, watched them with a smile which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the poet assigned to him.

Among the most famous wits of the day, one might well have expected a very close and sharp contest, but to everyone's amazement, Dorset pushed his paper across the table to Dryden almost before any of the others had well begun theirs.

"Our friend must have thought," whispered Etherage to Rochester, "that the prize was the quickest piece, not to the best. His contribution must consist of nothing but date and signature, judging from the time he's taken over it."

"He looks pleased enough, however," answered Rochester, in the same tone. "Depend upon it, he has hit on some good idea."

It certainly appeared as if he had, for when all the impromptus were finished and handed in, Dryden, after a very brief examination of them, astonished every one by deciding in favor of Dorset.

Rochester, who had fully expected the first place himself, eagerly snatched up Dorset's paper, and instantly broke into a shout of laughter, echoed by all the rest, as they read the prize composition, which ran as follows:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas—Dorset."

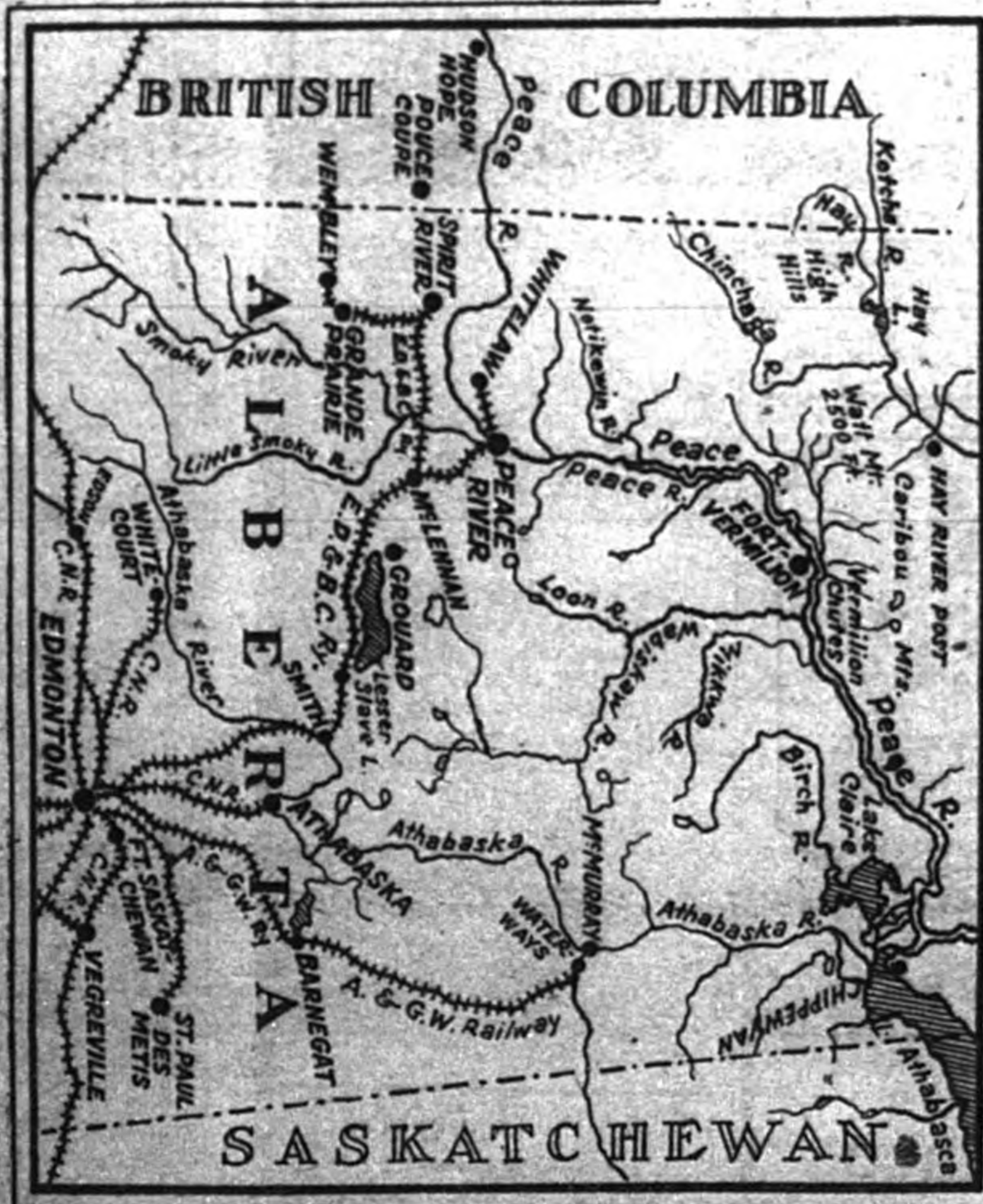
Window Gardening for Winter.

Those who have flowers and grow them outside in summer time must, in winter, resort to the cultivation of house plants, make purchases from the florist or go without. It is therefore a good time to resort to window gardening and in this field of amateur work there is opportunity for much pleasure and profit if one will give a little attention to a few important particulars. Every person can have at least one small plant in the window, thus becoming, on a small scale, a landscape gardener. A few plant trimmings in the winter help to make a picture.

The usual difficulties in growing plants in houses, especially in the winter time, are those of too little light, extremes in temperature, too much gas from coal fires and gas burners, and crowded conditions in the house. However, all of these difficulties can usually be overcome to the extent that plants will tolerate and grow with satisfaction if a little care is exercised in regard to the preliminaries of house management.

To succeed with plants in the home, it is best to select a room with much sunlight and one which is ventilated but which has no strong drafts. Use shapely pots for the plants and use a liberal supply of sandy loam or a bushel or two of mixture from the florist's. Repot the plants each year with fresh earth, firming it well around the roots. Trim off all withered or dead leaves and prune back the plants to keep them in good shape. Give them plenty of water and access to light and they will thrive. It is important not to crowd the plants as they do not look as well in a crowded condition and do not grow as well. They need lots of room and plenty of sunlight. West windows furnish too intense a light for some plants, hence south or southwest windows are better. Bay windows are ideal. Avoid hot, dry air. Keep the room air moist from an open pan of water, or spray the leaves each day with tepid water.

To begin with, one may grow geraniums, coleus, begonias, ferns, especially the Christmas, Boston and Maiden Hair and some of the smaller palms and many bulbous plants such as tulips, hyacinths, asparagus fern, Christmas chery, petunias, bell-tropes, and verbenas.



THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY FAR NORTH OF EDMONTON

This is King Wheat's new empire. At the left of the map, is a great district which includes four prairies which promise to be particularly fertile. These produce high grade export wheat. The sweetpotatoes wheat and

oats at Chicago exhibition, held in November, came from Wembley. The Peace River is shown on this map from Hudson Hope northwesterly, but it rises in the mountains west of the territory included here.

SOME POULTRY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WINTER MONTHS

BY R. G. KIRBY.

Judging from the amount of sunshine in December, the discovery of cod liver oil as a sunshine substitute did not arrive any too soon. Many poultrymen feel that they are already buying about all they can afford to feed to the hens. But if the pocket-book can be stretched a bit this month to provide a little chicken New Year's present in the form of a few gallons of cod liver oil, it will be a paying investment.

One handy way of serving the cod liver oil is in a grain mixture. Add a quart of oil to about twenty-five pounds of scratch grain and mix thoroughly. Do not throw the sticky mixture in the poultry litter to pick up dirt, but place it in a clean trough long enough so that all of the flock can obtain some of the oil and grain. A quart of cod liver oil each week for 100 hens is considered enough by many poultrymen.

PREVENTING SCALY LEG.

The scaly leg parasite which burrows under the scales of a hen's leg makes the bird an inferior market fowl. When you cull the flock and sell hens for meat, the dealer will want clean, smooth-legged birds, and not the kind with rough, crusty legs.

This mite spreads from one bird to another along the roosts, and when the roosts are treated often with oil to kill the red mites, it seems to retard the spread of the scaly leg mite at the same time.

Individual hens with scaly legs can be rapidly improved in appearance by washing the legs in warm, soapy water to loosen the crusty material. Then take an old tooth brush and rub kerosene oil or coal tar disinfectant up under the scales. When treating hens for lice with a mixture of equal parts of blue ointment and lard, a bird may occasionally be found with rough legs. Rub a little of the lard and blue ointment mixture up under the scales and see if it does not improve the appearance of the legs in a short time. Do not leave any of the mixture where it can be picked off by the hens.

Young hens are less apt to show scaly legs than old birds, and some buyers seem to judge the age of a hen by the appearance of the legs, although it may not be an accurate way to judge. But scaly legs on hens will not give a poultryman the reputation for selling high quality poultry.

DAMP POULTRY HOUSES.

When a poultry house is damp, the floor construction promptly receives the blame. There are other common causes of damp walls and tough, moist litter. Sometimes the house is overcrowded. The straw receives more manure each day than it has the capacity to absorb readily. If the litter is not changed often, it is soon very damp, even on the best of concrete floors.

A lack of ventilation causes damp floors. Too much glass in a poultry house makes the house very warm on a sunny day. At sundown the outside

air cools rapidly and the moisture in the warm house gathers on the walls and ceiling. The next day the moisture drips into the litter.

A house with no other ventilating system than a partially open front can often be kept dry by keeping enough of the front open to permit the dry outside air to absorb a lot of the moisture in the poultry house. Sometimes the opening of one more window in the front of the house will almost immediately dry off the side walls and absorb a lot of the moisture from the litter.

Promptly removing the droppings is a help in keeping poultry houses free from excess moisture. Just lift a metal bushel basket of fresh poultry manure and compare it with the weight of a bushel of dry manure. The difference in weight is due to the moisture which has evaporated into the air beneath the roosts, and helped to make the house damp. If the dropping boards cannot be scraped every day during the winter, try and do it as often as possible, and never let a thaw arrive with much manure on the dropping boards. The more cleaning a poultry house receives, the greater the chances of keeping the birds healthy.

A poultry house on the general farm is often neglected because the cattle and horses have to come first. Hang a metal bushel basket and a scraper just inside the poultry house door and see if it is not helpful in keeping the dropping boards clean. When you have to hunt for the tools to do a job, it is always easier to put off the job until another day.

PROVIDE AMPLE HOPPER SPACE.

The amount of dry mash hopper space per 100 birds has an influence on the amount of laying mash consumed each day. A heavy consumption of dry mash is necessary to keep egg production at about fifty per cent. Some houses will have only one small hopper for 100 hens. Some pullets are shy, although of good laying ability if they receive the raw material. Such birds may remain away from a small hopper rather than take the pecks of cross old birds. A few hens with mean dispositions can almost control the mash hoppers during the best part of the day.

About eight or ten feet of dry mash hopper space for 100 birds seems to give good results. Even then, it often pays to keep a crock or small, low box in each section of the laying house. Every day fill this small measure with mash from the large hopper. Many hens will see the mash readily and immediately start eating from the small dish, although they have not been feeding from the hopper. A long wooden trough can be used to make the laying mash visible to all the flock.

If you have no time to make a moist mash for the flock, try pouring a little water from the drinking pail over the dry mash in a crock. The hens will immediately begin eating the moistened mash and that method also stimulates the consumption of egg-making materials.

Spotty Walls—and What to Do.

Sometimes after a plastered wall has been painted, portions of it will have a lighter or duller appearance than the rest. This is because some spots of plaster are more porous than the rest and therefore absorb more oil from the paint.

In some cases this uneven absorption can be prevented by painting the plaster with a priming coat made by adding to 25 pounds of white lead oil and three-fourths gallons of pure boiled linseed oil and one quart of turpentine. However, it is sometimes impossible to seal porous spots with either a glue or varnish size. You can buy the size, or make it by dissolving one-half pounds of glue in four gallons of water to which has been added one-fourth ounce of powdered alum. This size can be applied to the plastered wall first, but it is a better practice to give the plaster the priming coat of paint first, in order to see if the size is necessary. The priming coat may be enough, in which case the cost and trouble of putting on the size will have been saved. Should the size be needed it is just as effective applied over the priming coat. Even where three paint coats have been applied before the porous spots are discovered, the size can be put on without removing any paint, and then more paint coats applied to cover and remedy the trouble. —E. H.

Our Little Smokehouse.

The farm we were renting had no smokehouse. We turned an empty grocery box upside down, nailed a strip over a couple of cracks to prevent escape of smoke and dug a tunnel about six inches from just inside under the box to a pit about three feet away.

The pit was about the size of an ordinary wash basin. Here we made a corn-cob fire, which produces the very best flavor next to hickory. We turned a tin basin over the pit and put tin and then a piece of old canvas over the tunnel.

Through tiny holes in top of the box we drew twine and slipped a nail through the loop to hang the meat. It worked like a charm. —F. H.

Treating Beans.

My recipe for treating beans to keep bugs from getting in, one that I have used for years and which has never failed me, is very simple: I put the seed beans in a tight tin box after they are perfectly dry and put a few camphor balls in. I have never had bugs get into the beans. Those for table use, I put in a dishpan and cover with boiling water, let them stand four or five minutes, then spread them out thin on the attic floor to dry. After they are dried thoroughly I put them away in paper bags until I am ready to use them. —Mrs. W. H. M.

He Was His Own Miller.

Earl Daughterman had a buckwheat crop that he was offered 75 cents a bushel for. That wasn't enough to make him any profit. He had it ground into pancake timber, jumped into his car and went down the road selling it. It brought five cents a pound and farmers want real genuine buckwheat flour if they can get it.

After figuring out all grinding and selling expenses Mr. Daughterman found he had realized better than \$1 a bushel for his entire crop.

Look Pretty When You Work.

It is surprising how much a pleasing costume helps, especially when there are long, sometimes tiresome tasks to be done. A dainty, cheerful-looking apron is sure to make one feel attractive, and feeling attractive is a long step toward making the day worth while. And we all know how much easier it is to work when we feel this pleasing glow. Here is a little apron, of unbleached cotton with a border of pretty chints, that any girl handy with a needle could make with little trouble.

Date Stones for Camel's Hump. Algerian natives save the stones of the dates to feed their camels as they return, weary from their long marches in the desert, the idea being to fatten and strengthen the hump.

The best law: The Golden Rule.

IDEAL Fashions by J. B. H. H. H.



A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE JUNIOR MISS

The smart little frock pictured here will be found very attractive if fashioned of either velvet, flannel, or other soft material. The long-waisted bodice is joined to a circular skirt, while the long sleeves extend into the neck and are gathered at the lower edge into narrow wrist-bands. Of special interest is the convertible collar having long ends which may be tied in a chic bow as illustrated, or left open. Contrasting material is effectively used for the collar, wrist-bands and patch pockets. No. 1259 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material, and 1/4 yard contrasting. 20c.

Our New Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each pattern as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Saves All the Ensilage.

I have learned of two ensilage-saving methods that have been used for several years. Instead of filling the silo with corn to the very top, use straw for the last layers, wetting it the same as the corn. When opening the silo it will be found that the corn beneath the straw is in fine condition.

Another farmer had the courage to put new ensilage on top of old. He was careful to see that there was no spoiled ensilage on top of the old before beginning to put in the new corn. He has done this with complete success for several years. When asked if the ensilage in the bottom was not rather strong after three or four years, he said, "Sure it is a little stronger than usual, but the cattle can smell it farther and they kick up their heels and come running." —A. C. S.

Something New.

Something new in the barn today—Warm and soft and curled, Old as the hills and fresh as May. Something new in the world.

Three wet noses sniff the breeze. Six sharp ears unfurled. Twelve brave legs on wobbly knees—Something new in the world.

Black-and-whites in a box of hay—Only pups to you; Three adventurers bold and gay In an old world ever new. —Harriet Edgar Davis.



A Monkey Fight.

"Willie, can you tell us what guerilla warfare is?" "Yee'm—ain't it a monkey fight?"

DO YOU LAUGH AT YOUR CHILDREN?

BY LENORA BAILEY.

"If you please, Mother, may I please have some jelly on my toast, please?" ceremoniously asked little Billy at the breakfast table.

It was an unusually long speech for him but he was very much in earnest about it. Mary, Billy's cousin, giggled. Billy's big blue eyes opened wide in surprise, then filled with tears.

"Indeed you may, Son, here it is all nice and thick. Don't you think that fine?"

But the little fellow said nothing before he again turned to look across at Mary. She had in the meantime received a message from his mother's eyes and was also serious. So he finished his breakfast contentedly.

"Mary," said his mother after Billy had gone to play, "you are preparing to be a teacher and I can give you a helpful suggestion. Never laugh at little children. Laugh with them but never at them."

"Why, Aunt Lenora? Will laughing hurt? What Billy said was very funny."

"It was, indeed, and we can have a good laugh about it now that he is not here. We should not do it before him. He was trying to learn to say 'please.' I may have some trouble now to get him to try again."

"We always laugh at William Bailey and Juanita when they did funny things. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have the best time imaginable laughing at the mistakes of Dot and Eddie."

"I know all that but because of that very laughing, William Bailey is convinced he is slow to learn, which is not true, while by the same method you have made Juanita think she is extra brilliant, which she is not. You have handicapped your brother for years to come and started the little sister on a path that will result in many hard bumps before the conceit is taken out of her. Few people love a conceited child."

"What about the Edwards children, then?"

"You can plainly see the effect there in the way both children love to 'show off' continually. They are never satisfied unless they are the centre of an admiring, laughing, applauding group. They make things disagreeable when they are not."

"Well, that is true, but I never thought about it before. Can we always keep from laughing?"

"Yes. It may be a little hard but when you remember how much is at stake you can exercise the proper amount of self-control."

"You think, then, that children are affected in one of two ways by older persons laughing at them. Either they are made very timid—sometimes morbidly shy—or they immediately begin to perform all sorts of ridiculous actions upon the slightest notice."

"Exactly" right, Mary. Both are equally harmful. Children need to be watched carefully but not laughed at. As I said before, laugh with them all you wish. There's a great difference."

No Man is Interesting—

—Who has nothing to talk about but himself.
—Who sees nothing that is right with the world.
—Who is interested only in those who can do him favors.
—Who resents the time that other people take in the conversation.
—Who has nothing to say and insists on saying it.
—Who has not learned to appreciate other people's jokes.
—Who always agrees with you.

Healing Animals.

The study of the diseases of animals was never more of vital interest than it is today. The financial loss from these diseases is enormous. If ever a specific is found for the so commonly fatal malady of distemper in dogs, not only will a vast amount of suffering be saved to the sad victims of the sickness, but multitudes of men, women and children will be saved the sorrow that comes from the loss of their cherished pets.

Died From Fasting.

The death of a woman, Marya Golubova, as a result of prolonged fasting, has called public attention to the existence of a new religious sect in Russia. The sect is named after its founder, Ansem; and its devotees believe that by fasting they can acquire a new body and a new soul. It is feared that other members of the sect may also fall victims to an over-literal interpretation of their theories.

Tiger Takes 125 Lives.

A man-eating tiger was shot recently in the Madras Presidency of India after it had terrorized a village for seven years and had been responsible for the loss of more than 125 lives.

Children and Colors.

Children do not develop color sense until about two years, a psychologist finds.

Beats the Sun for Light.

Sirius, the dog star, gives off about forty-eight times as much light as our sun.

Sugar is bleached by finely ground carbon.

PIPING HOT AND ICY COLD

BY ANNE KILBORN COLE.

Many a good meal is spoiled in the serving rather than in the making. Delicious food loses 50 per cent. of its appeal when it is not served at the right temperature. Nothing, for instance, can atone for a cupful of lukewarm coffee or a plate of wilted salad. Meals served haphazardly discount any cook's ability.

It takes just a little thought to get everything on the table piping hot or nicely chilled, as the day requires. The wise cook has a routine that she follows rigidly, setting her table, preparing relishes, jellies and anything that does not depend upon temperature to be appetizing, while her meal is cooking, so that at the last minute she has nothing to do but get her hot dishes on the table together.

In cold weather, butter and cream can be placed on the table with the silver and linen, but in warm weather they should be the last things to be taken from the refrigerator. Butter for the table can be cut into squares or made into butter-balls and kept that way in a covered dish ready for serving at the last minute on chilled plates. Slice the bread, wrap in a damp cloth and stand in a cool place until needed. Salads can be arranged on individual plates and kept waiting in a cool place; or the salad ingredients can be prepared, mixed with the dressing and put on ice; lettuce can be cleaned, wrapped in a wet cloth and left in a cool place, or, with the plates (placed in a pile) left in the refrigerator to chill.

Many cold desserts are better for standing a whole day or more in a cool place, and are therefore time-savers for the company dinner, as they can be prepared a day or two in advance.

VARIOUS METHODS.

When the range has a warming-oven, there is less difficulty in serving foods hot, but many small kitchens do not have this kind of range. Then the wise cook resorts to other methods. She uses her oven frequently, both as a warming-oven, with just enough heat to keep plates and platters warm without cracking, and for cooking a great part of her meal. (This is where oven glass plays such an important part, for things cooked in such dishes can be served in them also, and the heat is retained for some time at the table.) Such a cook plans her meals so that there will not be too many elaborate things to be prepared at the last minute, not too many sauces, gravies or garnishings to be done at once.

Warmed plates and serving dishes

are also indispensable for having the meal piping hot when the family sits down to dinner. Some cooks let their plates and platters stand in a pan of hot water while they are preparing the last stages of a meal, or merely let hot water from the faucet run over them in the sink. This is more or less trouble, but it adds immensely to the success of the meal. A radiator top makes a good dish-warmer if something is laid over it to provide a flat surface. The space under the burners on a gas stove is a splendid place to warm things, provided they are not left too long and scorch. This is usually washed heat and can be utilized for crisping rolls, crackers and potato chips, and for melting cheese and crisping bacon. It is a handy place to warm the breakfast plates or the platter-plates for the popular one-dish dinner.

A HARD TASK.

One of the housewife's hardest tasks is to "hold the dinner" for a latecomer. Nothing is more discouraging. It is far better to make the family or guests wait ten minutes longer than to prepare omelets, scrambled eggs, souffles or sauces before every one is ready. Many things can be kept warm in a double boiler over hot water, or by merely setting the pan in which the food was cooked in a larger pan of hot water. This is the principle of cafeteria service. Most vegetables are better kept this way or in a tepid oven than if they are allowed to cook away in water. The flat-top gas range as well as the old-fashioned coal range will provide indirect or diffused heat for keeping things warm. The oven regulator is a modern method of controlling heat that is a boon to the cook of to-day.

Table cookery by electricity solves the problem in another way. Percolators, grills, toasters, hot-plates, and waffle-irons insure hot food when it is wanted. Nothing is more discouraging than a plate of damp toast, flat waffles or soggy biscuits. It is a mistake to place a quantity of such things on a plate and cover them with a cloth to retain heat. They should be timed to be taken from the oven or griddle when the family is ready to eat them.

Cocoa is insipid when cool, and it cools quickly after a certain temperature. To serve it "just right" never let it boil after the milk has been added. Boil the water first, add cocoa and sugar mixed and let this boil thoroughly, then add milk and merely let it reach the boiling point. By the time it is served it will be comfortably hot for drinking.

Red Raspberries in the Orchard.

For the first five or six years of their life, the young trees of an orchard have a considerable open space between the pairs of trees. In time, of course, this space will be arched over, but until it is it can be used by planting therein a small bed of raspberries. Recently I saw a novel scheme for growing raspberries. It appears new, and its success has apparently been proved. The arrangement I saw was as follows:

A space 5 x 5 feet was carefully prepared between two young apple trees. Heavy boards were sunk around the plot to keep the plants within limits. The soil within the boards was deeply spaded and enriched. Then about eight or ten strong red raspberry canes were planted in this plot. The orchard I saw was a small one. There were in it 20 raspberry plants, all made as described. When I asked the owner of the orchard why he used this plan, he said:

"It uses waste space; it does not interfere with the normal cultivation of the orchard rows in one direction; it gives us fine fruit with little trouble; after the beds are once made; the boards are convenient for keeping the suckers under control, but they are not perhaps essential; when the trees get large, the raspberry canes can be removed. I have found that from these 20 plants I can get as much fine fruit as the family can use, and enough over to sell to 'carry' the orchard itself until the trees come into bearing." —A. R.

Draw a Map of Your Trap-Line.

When I set my first trap I made a note of the surrounding scenery, jotting it all down at the top of the first page of my notebook. This is set No. 1.

From set No. 1 I draw a line to represent the route I take to the next set, which is set No. 2; and I again make note of the landmarks. I do this at every set, numbering them 1, 2, 3, and so on.

In this way it is easy to keep tab on all my traps. All I have to do is follow the line on the map from set to set.

It looks odd to me to see a man take good milk from his cow, turn it all into the can and cart it away for somebody else to use and then go to the store and buy a lot of bogus butter to set on his own table. Every man who does that ought to know that he is selling health for a mess of pottage. We can't afford it. If butter is good for anybody it is good for the folks on the farm.

Give Spuds Air.

Potatoes live and breathe, and if we forget this fact when storing our winter potatoes, we may smother them. If you care to see what will happen when the potato smothers, it is easily accomplished. Fill a quart jar as tightly with potatoes as possible, then screw the lid down so that no air can get to the tubers. Leave the jar in the room for about two weeks or more. At the end of the time take out the tubers, cut them open and you will find that the heart is either black or else it quickly turns pink and finally black.

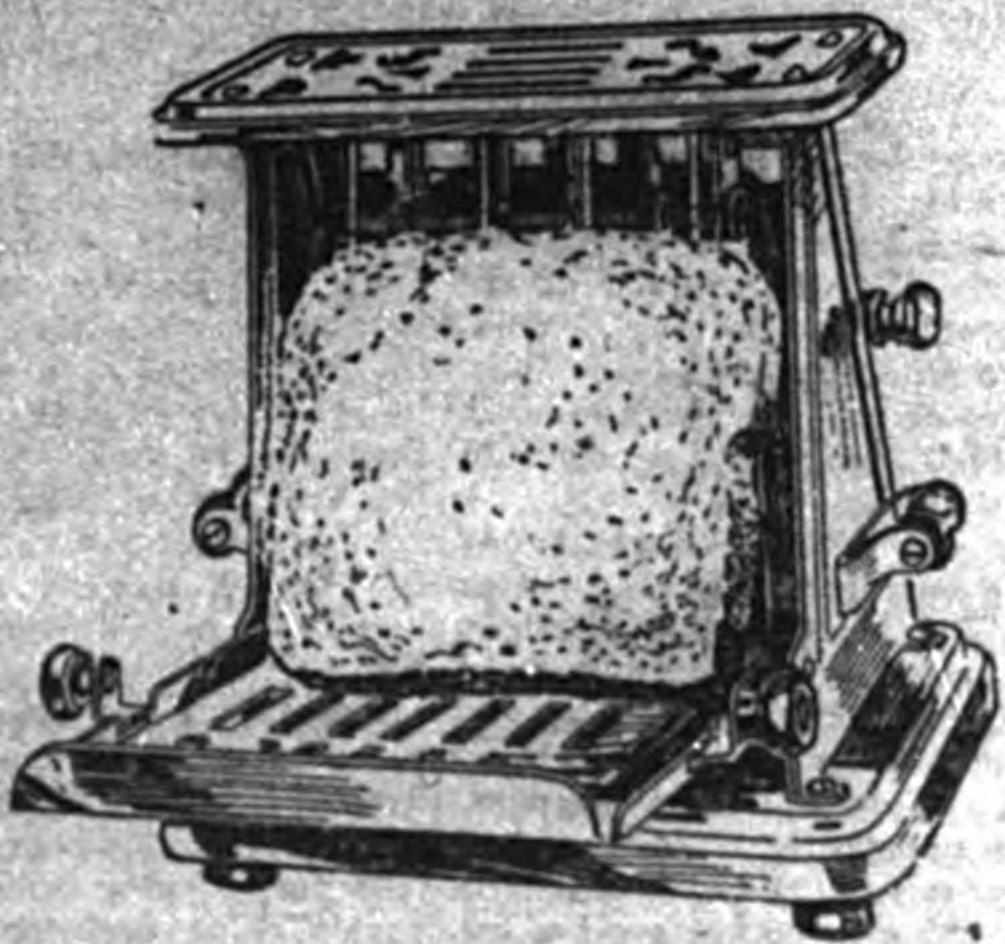
In the jar the potatoes can get no air, and deep down in the bottom of a pile the same thing is happening. Of course, it takes a longer time in the pile than in the jar, but when potatoes are piled too deep, smothering is bound to occur. This is the reason why late in the winter or in the spring we begin to find the black hearts in potatoes.

Obviously, the solution of this trouble is to use a little care in storing potatoes. Do not make the piles too deep, or if this cannot be avoided then arrange for ventilation in the bottom of the pile. A false bottom in the bin to permit the circulation of air will be beneficial. Keeping the potatoes in sacks and piling the sacks to permit the circulation of air is sufficient.

There is one other fact concerning the development of black heart that needs consideration. Potatoes breathe faster in high temperatures than when they are cold. Hence a cool cellar will retard the development of the trouble. In a heated room or a car the potatoes near the stove may develop black heart, though they are freely ventilated. So keep the storage at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Black-heart-affected potatoes will usually rot quickly in the soil and will not produce strong sprouts. So from all points of view it pays to give potatoes plenty of fresh air.

Leaky concrete cisterns, tanks, etc., can be made entirely new by giving them a new coating of Portland-cement mortar. To make a good job of it, thoroughly clean and roughen the old surface by scrubbing with wire brushes and chipping pieces out with a chisel. It is very important that the old surface be clean and rough in order to make the new coating stick. The mortar used consists of one part Portland cement and two and one-half parts clean sand; use five pounds hydrated lime with each bag of cement. The mortar coat should be at least one inch thick. When the old concrete is not in very bad shape a waterproofing treatment, made by applying one of several commercial waterproofing materials, will bring results.



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THE LATE JOHN S. BUCHAN, K.C.

John Stuart Buchan, K.C., aged 76, well-known in Montreal legal circles, died on Thursday night last at the Prevost Sanatorium, Cartierville. Born in Lachute, Argenteuil county, he graduated from McGill Law School. He practiced law for forty years and several times crossed the Atlantic to plead before the Privy Council. Although Mr. Buchan was a staunch Liberal and a very dear friend of the late Sir Wilfred Laurier, he declined to take an active part in politics, having several times refused the Liberal candidature for the federal riding of Argenteuil.

Mr. Buchan retired four years ago as a result of ill-health. He is survived by two sons, Huntley H. and J. Stuart. One son was killed in the War.

Hotel Clerk—"Just in from Chicago, I see, Mr. Smith."
Mr. Smith—"No; that's a moth hole."

CANADIAN PACIFIC

GOING EAST

No. 426 daily, due at Lachute 8.40 a.m.
No. 422, daily, due at Lachute 10.46 a.m.
No. 430 Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute at 7.54 p.m.
No. 424, daily, due at Lachute 8.18 p.m.

GOING WEST

No. 421, daily, due at Lachute 9.44 a.m.
No. 423, daily, due at Lachute 7.12 p.m.
No. 425, daily, due at Lachute 12.34 a.m.
No. 427, Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute 2.47 p.m.

For further particulars apply to
J. S. GILES, Agent.

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Miss Lebbie Walsh spent the week-end at her home here.

Miss Strumm, of Montreal, spent last Thursday guest of the Misses MacMartin.

Dr. W. Aylem, of Montreal, spent Thursday here guest of Mr. Hugh Walsh.

Miss Broch, of Montreal, returned home Monday night, after a pleasant week's visit to the Misses MacMartin.

The Misses Windsor returned to Montreal Sunday night, having spent the week-end with their father at the Rectory.

The Misses Doris Bain, Gertrude Scott, Janet Patterson and Hilda Wilson, of Montreal, returned home on Sunday night after spending the week-end skiing.

On account of Monday's storm the Valentine Social was held Tuesday night instead at Mrs. MacDonnell's. The house was nicely decorated for the occasion. Quite a crowd gathered from far and near, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

"ARE YOU A MASON"

There is more truth than poetry in the anonymous couplet.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Man wants to laugh so much that it doesn't take much to make him laugh, but when he hears of a play that will make him laugh for more than two hours, he usually desires to see it, because there must be a great deal in it to make him laugh. "Are you a Mason?" is just such a play, and when the offer was made to present it in Lachute, it was immediately seized upon.

This play, written by the pen of Leo Dietrichstein, enjoyed a long run in both London and New York playhouses, and by dramatic critics it is placed in the same category as the well known farces "Charlie's Aunt" and "Alibi's Irish Rose." The critic of the New York Herald says of it, "To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole collapses. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act, how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain."

The play will be presented under the auspices of the Lachute Presbyterian Church, in the Auditorium, on Saturday evening, February 19th. This date has been chosen to convenience the artists from Montreal concerning whom something will be said in a later article. The price of admission will be fifty cents and tickets may be procured at Mr. Robert McPaul's.

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SCOUT NEWS.



Next Saturday the Scouts will meet at the Scout Hall, Methodist Church, at 2 p.m. Scouts will be examined for signalling, Kims Game, Points of Compass and Tenderfoot Tests, after the examinations, there will be gymnastic exercises on the parallel bars.

The standing in points in the Patrol competition is as follows:—
Wolf Patrol, 105.
Crow Patrol, 100%.
Fox Patrol, 98.
Bull dog Patrol, 107%.

Many of the Scouts are very nearly finished the Second Class Tests; and as soon as they are, work will be afterwards the boys will have a started on the First Class Sets, and chance to earn some of the numerous proficiency badges.

Here and There

During the year 1926 about 3,500 live foxes of an average value of \$300 each were reported by six farmers of Prince Edward Island. They also sold about 20,000 fox skins at an average price of \$100 each, so that the fox-farming industry in the province has yielded a revenue of about two million dollars.

The Forest Service of the Department of the Interior, through the forest nursery stations at Indian Head and Sutherland, sent out 5,512,245 little trees for planting on the prairie farms, during the season of 1926. Since the beginning of this work in 1901 the total number of trees so sent out has been a little over 87,500,000.

The Canadian Pacific liner S.S. "Montroyal" sailed from New York recently on her eleventh cruise to the West Indies, carrying about 350 passengers from all parts of Canada and the United States. The cruise will occupy four weeks, with the liner stopping at fourteen ports in the West Indies, the Mainland of South America and the Panama Canal zone.

Announcement was made at Canadian Pacific Railway headquarters in Montreal to the effect that Charles Edward Phelps, formerly city passenger agent of the company at Washington, has been appointed general agent passenger department, rail and steamship lines, Washington, D.C. Mr. Phelps has been serving the Canadian Pacific from Washington since 1916.

Fifty Hebridean and Northern Irish families will be established in a new colony at Saddle Lake, early this spring. This will be the second settlement of its kind in this province—the first having been established north of Vermilion. Buildings are now being erected on fifty farms at Saddle Lake and it is expected that new arrivals will take over holdings there just as soon as necessary arrangements can be made.

Thirty members of prominent industrial, social and athletic groups in Detroit, travelling C.P.R. under the auspices of the Detroit Athletic Club, took a week's winter trip to Quebec for the purpose of enjoying the seasonal sports. They stopped at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City and stopped at Montreal and Ottawa to see their N. H. L. hockey team play Montreal Maroons and Ottawa Senators.

Donald B. McMillan, noted Arctic Explorer, gave his first Canadian lecture on the North Pole and regions adjoining, at Montreal recently. Mr. McMillan showed some remarkable slides of brilliant Arctic flowers which grow during the brief Polar summer. He also exploded the common belief that Eskimo women are not beautiful, showing pictures of some that might have posed for the movies.

Quick work on the part of the C.P.R. investigation department and the honesty of a Red Cap recovered an American \$500 bill for its loser, B. S. Nauer, public accountant of New York, recently. Mr. Nauer pulled it out of his pocket in getting some small change and it fell to the floor of the concourse of the Montreal C.P.R. station. The Red Cap picked it up and handed it to the station master. When Mr. Nauer made enquiries, a few minutes later, it was handed to him. He gave the Red Cap the handsome tip of \$100.

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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 Terrebonne,
No. 469.

L. L. LEGAULT, Plaintiff; vs. J. LEMAY, defendant.

As belonging to said defendant, the following immovable, to wit:
A farm situate at Chatham, township of Chatham, known and designated on the official plan and book of reference for the township of Chatham, under number 474 of the said township of Chatham—with buildings thereon erected.

To be sold at the door of the Catholic parochial church of Saint Philippe d'Argenteuil, said district, in the township of Chatham, on the NINETEENTH day of MARCH, nineteen hundred and twenty seven, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

J. W. CYR,
Sheriff's Office, Sheriff.
Saint Jerome, February 9, 1927.

LAKEFIELD.

A most enjoyable sliding party was held Friday night by the Lakefield Branch of the Women's Institute from the home of Mrs. Tomalty in Lakefield. Nearly sixty were present. The sliding was excellent and a much appreciated bean supper was served. Many comments were heard on the good time which was had by young and old. After supper dancing and cards were indulged in until a late hour. The thanks of the gathering are extended to Mrs. Tomalty for the use of her home and to Miss Mildred Sherritt for the organization of the party.

Miss G. Gilmour was the guest of Miss Rita Tomalty last week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Miles Copeland were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Dawson on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Peet were the guests of Mr. Lorne Dawson Sunday. Dawson Brothers have finished hauling.

The roads are almost impassable, owing to a heavy storm in this community.

Absent minded Professor: "Waiter half an hour ago I ordered some lamb chops. Have you forgotten them—or have I had them?"

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Celtic Feb. 26 Mar. 26 Apr. 23
Baltic Mar. 5 Apr. 2 Apr. 30
Adriatic Apr. 16 May 14 Jun. 11
Cedric Mar. 12* Apr. 9 May 7
Regina Mar. 13
Regina Mar. 19x

*Via Boston. Via Halifax

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Lapland Apr. 23 Jun. 11 July 7
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MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES

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Lapland Mar. 5

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Feature of Ontario Winter Carnival



1. Entries in the Dog race.
2. Figure Skaters in action.
3. Ski-joring at Preston Springs, Ontario.

Reports of thrilling dog derbies from Banff, Quebec City and other winter sports centres in Canada, have had their effect upon the boys of Preston Springs, Ontario. The three lads in the above photograph spent many days training their collies to run between the traces in preparation for the winter carnival which was held at that popular resort recently. If the boys lacked in real huskie dogs they had been reading about, they lacked nothing in enthusiasm for their big race.

Upon the eventful day at the carnival, a rumor was circulated among the three that a real huskie was entered. The afternoon proved the rumor to be true, but the jealousy of the collies was greater than the

annoyance of the boys. The only huskie entry was rendered 'hors de combat' and relegated to obscurity as far as the race was concerned, by the peaceful-looking collies in the centre.

The annual winter carnival at Preston Springs provided the utmost in snow-shoeing, skating, skiing and all kinds of winter sports. Prominent speed and figure skaters gathered for the events from many parts of Canada and from across the border.

Preston Springs' proximity to Toronto has made it popular as a winter sports gathering place. Many clubs in Ontario sent representatives to compete in the events including the well-known Toronto Skating Club. A camp fire pow-wow concluded the festivities of the annual carnival. The grounds of the Preston Springs Hotel were thrown open to the merry-makers, who availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded for outdoor fun.

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VOL. LII.

LACHUTE, QUE., FEBRUARY 25, 1927.

NO. 6.

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COMING EVENTS

RATE—10 cents a line, each insertion. Minimum 50 cts; or 60 c. if billed. Note when estimating, count every six words or fraction thereof as one line.

The Jerusalem-Bethany Women's Institute intend holding a Taffy Social, with dancing and music, on Saturday, March 5th., at McArthur's Hall. All are invited. Come and have a good time. Admission 35 cts.

FIRE BRIGADE DANCE

The Lachute Fire Brigade invite you to "An Old Time Dance" in the Auditorium, on the night of Friday, Feb. 25th. Quadrilles, Waltzes, Scotch Dances and Scotch Music intermixed with the present day dances. Everyone will have a good time so come along. Gents \$2.00. Ladies free.

The Annual Business meeting and Pie Contest of the Argenteuil branch of the Quebec Women's Institute will be held at the home of Mrs. Gordon Smith, on Tuesday evening, Mar. 1st, at 8 p.m. There will be 2 classes of pies, single and double crust. Contestants may compete in one or both. A good attendance of members is requested.

OLD TIME DANCE!!

In the
**AUDITORIUM
LACHUTE**
Friday Night
Feb. 25th, 1927

The Annual Tea-Meeting of the Lachute United Church, is being held on Wednesday, March 16th. As usual there is to be a read good time, and a splendid program has been prepared consisting of Organ Recitals by Mr. D. M. Herbert, Vocal Selections by Miss Mary B. McIvor, and Mr. Herbert, and Elocution by Mrs. T. Crosbie. Tickets are now on sale and the Posters will give you full detail.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY DIRECTORS MEET.

The directors of the Argenteuil Agricultural Society met in the Windsor Hotel on Saturday last and re-elected Mr. J. T. Ayers as President and Mr. J. H. Black as Vice-President with Mr. Jas. W. Gall as secretary and manager.

The dates of the Annual Fair were set for June 22-23-24 & 25.

The acquisition of the new land at the grounds will prove a great benefit and help as the capacity of the grand stand is to be doubled and the racing stables will be moved to the rear of the grounds where ample room will be given for this purpose.

The Women's Institute of the County are talking of taking over the top part of the building for an exhibition of their work.

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CUSHING.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Mungo's United Church are holding their February meeting on Thursday at the home of Mrs. Frank Gaston.

Mr. S. Whelehan, of Montreal, spent last week-end with his friends in Cushing.

Mr. A. C. Pinkerton is spending the week with friends in New Glasgow. Miss Whelehan is a victim of la grippe, being confined to the house with an unusually severe case at present.

Mrs. Geo. Nicholls arrived home last week from Montreal where she recently underwent a somewhat serious operation in the General Hospital, and her many friends are glad to learn that she is now on a fair way to recovery.

Mrs. R. Funchon, of Monalea, is spending the week with her brother, Mr. E. Whelehan.

Mrs. Henderson Weir who has spent the past six weeks here, owing to the illness of her mother, Mrs. George Nicholls, left on Friday last with her two little daughters for her home in Thorold, Ont.

Mrs. S. O. Hartley was summoned to Montreal, on Friday last, owing to the critical condition of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Paynton, of Knowlton, who is a patient in the R. V. Hospital.

THE LATE MISS M. McARTHUR.

On February 10th. there passed away at Greece's Point, after a long life of service to God and her fellow-creatures, Mary McArthur, who for the greater part of her life was a member of this community, and of whom it can be said with truth that there was no individual more worthy of the respect in which she was held by young and old.

Born in Grenville Township, the daughter of John and Elizabeth McArthur, in the year 1836, she had attained the great age of 91 years, but except for a slight deafness her faculties were as keen and her mind as clear as a person in the prime of life.

When a very young girl Mary came to live with the family of the late Mr. George Kains, of Grenville, and it is somewhat of a coincidence that she passed away in the home of a member of the same family, Mr. C. F. Kains of this place. She first entered this community as a valued member of the household of the late Mr. Donald MacVean, where she lived for many years and on the death of Mrs. MacVean in 1894, she came to live with the family of the late Rev. and Mrs. Jas. Fraser at St. Mungo's. Where she assisted to dispense the hospitalities of that abode of love and kindness.

Possessed of a refinement of mind and manner, which made her a most pleasant companion she made friends of everyone and like the Master whom she loved and served she was content to walk the humbler paths of life. Surely her reward will be the greater for He has said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

The funeral took place on Friday afternoon from the residence of Mr. C. F. Kains, service at the house being conducted by Rev. Mr. Jobb assisted by the Rev. Jas. M. Fraser, of Ivanhoe, Ont., who came down for the funeral. Mr. A. Kains, of Ottawa, was also present and other distant friends who were unable to attend sent floral offerings. The deceased's only surviving sister, the aged Mrs. Archibald Skelly, of Grenville, was absent in Arundel and was unable to be present.

After the ceremony the remains were conveyed by a large concourse of friends and neighbors to St. Mungo's Cemetery, where they found and honored resting place beside those of Rev. and Mrs. Fraser.

—Just read Whissell's Advertisement on last page. You can be well covered at small cost.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Herbert Kettyle spent the week-end in Montreal.

Mrs. I. Arnold, of Grenville, is the guest of Mrs. E. H. McCoy this week.

Miss Evelyn Creswell, of Montreal, spent the week-end guest of her parents.

Miss Louise Parker, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mrs. A. Beers.

Mrs. A. Morrison, of Outremont, was in town the early part of this week.

Miss Mary Hope, of Montreal, was the guest of her mother, for the week-end.

Mrs. H. Beaumont, of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. H. Slater over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Baillie, of Buffalo, were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Banford.

Mrs. R. S. MacArthur, of Dalesville, spent the week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Yelland.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnson, of Montreal, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Stead, for the week-end.

Miss Maria Westgate, of Lochaber Bay, spent the week-end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Westgate.

Miss Ethel Morrison, of the Glen, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Morrison, for the week-end.

Mr. J. T. Ayers and Major Mitchell are leaving this week for the Ruyon District to look over the field and inspect the mines in which Mr. Ayers is deeply interested.

Mrs. Dr. Mason and Mrs. F. McGibbon, accompanied by five girls of the Amasika Group, C. G. I. T. of the United Church, attended the Annual Conference in Montreal on Saturday last.

Misses Shirley Hamilton, Elinor McCoy, Gwen MacKinnon, Janet McOuat, Freda Mason and Grace Rodgers were in Montreal on Saturday last, attending the annual C. G. I. T. Conference.

Friday, March 4th. is set aside by the women of the Missionary Societies for a day of "Universal Prayer." A meeting of all denominations will be held in the United Church, Lachute at 3.30 p.m.

A cable message has come to Miss Alice MacKinnon in Montreal, of the safe arrival in England of her sister, Marjorie. Miss Marjorie expects to spend five or six weeks in London with Mr. and Mrs. E. Grenville Hampson and their daughter Mary.

The citizens of Lachute are tendering a Banquet to Mr. J. R. Parris on the 1st. of March, just prior to his departure for the Old Land. A large attendance is expected from all over the County. Tickets may be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. J. S. Giles.

An Excursion Train, Lachute to St. Jerome. The Lachute Hockey Club, Argenteuil Motor Sales, will play at St. Jerome, on Sunday, Mar. 8th., Train Hour 12.30 p.m. C. P. R. Buy your tickets in advance and don't miss this game. Train stops at Lachute, St. Herma, St. Scholastique, and Ste. Therese. Tickets \$1.00. Special price from St. Therese 75 cents return. Children up to 12 years 50 cents. Refreshments served on the train. Information:—S. Malackel, Tel. 174 F. ring 2 between 7.30 and 10 o'clock.

The Amasika C. G. I. T. Group of the United Church are pleased to report \$57.00 as the proceeds of their Valentine Tea and Gift Sale held on Feb. 12th. We wish to thank all friends for their hearty co-operation. On Feb. 19th., five members of the Group attended the Senior C. G. I. T. Conference, held in St. James United Church, Montreal.

At our regular meeting on Monday a very interesting account of each feature of the day's programme was given. They all enjoyed a wonderfully helpful day.

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy."

After working hard all day on the farm or in the store or office—or over the cook-stove—you really owe it yourself to relax a little. Remember, it is your duty for the sake of your loved ones—or of society, if you haven't any loved ones to keep fit. Besides, if you don't keep in trim you may lose your sunny disposition which now makes you so deservedly popular and become grouchy and a pest and all that. All this is leading more or less directly to the point, that you simply have to see "Daddy Long-legs" on March 11th. There is plenty of fun in it and more than a little pathos—and positively not a dull moment.

TO OUR ICE CONSUMERS.

It has been rumored that an exorbitant price is to be charged for the delivery of ice during the coming summer. This rumor is entirely unfounded but having been now 17 years delivering ice in Lachute, and in fairness to my Customers and also to my business, it will be necessary to raise the prices slightly over those of last year. As has always been our aim in the past we will conform with the lowest prices in the Province and guarantee Pure Clean Ice and Entire Satisfaction.

Trusting your future patronage and thanking you for past business.

Yours truly, V. A. PAQUIN,

Mrs. Muir left this week to visit her son in East Angus.

Mr. A. Bothwell has declined the acceptance of the secretarial duties of the National Dairy Council held in Edmonton recently.

An exchange from Wetaskawin, shows that our old townsboy Owen Todd is still interested in musical circles as the Wetaskawin United Church put on a very nice musical concert recently in which Owen was the baritone soloist.

Mr. George Brennan, who has been quite seriously ill for several weeks, was taken to Montreal Hospital on Tuesday last, where it is hoped he will make a speedy recovery.

LADIES' CURLING.

Play for the doubles was finished on Monday. The players were: Mrs. W. McArthur Mrs. C. Walker Mrs. J. Gall Mrs. Drew (Skip) (Skip)

An extra end was played and Mrs. Drew and Mrs. Walker were winners. Tea was served during the afternoon.

Play for the Christie Cup began on Monday.

A game for the Wilson Challenge Cup was played on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Wilbur Fraser challenging and Mrs. Drew defending. Mrs. Drew was again successful in defending the Cup.

Miss G. C. McOuat Mrs. MacNeill Mrs. M. Gall Miss H. MacGibbon Mrs. J. A. McGibbon Mrs. Middleton Mrs. H. Fraser Mrs. Drew (Skip)—7 (Skip)—14

We were treated to a real old-time blizzard on Sunday last with a fierce wind that blew the full twenty-four hours and those who had taken the Calumet local to the city managed to get through with little inconvenience. Those who availed themselves of the Ottawa, which gives the travellers twenty minutes longer of a stay here were out of luck, for the train was stalled at St. Herma and failed to make the city until 8 o'clock in the morning, while the local returning was held up at St. Louis crossing and the passengers only landed at 7.30 a.m. having spent a pretty lonesome night.

"ARE YOU A MASON" WAS WELL RECEIVED

The offering of Leo Detrichsteins Play "Are You a Mason" proved a great drawing card on Saturday evening last, when the Auditorium was packed to the doors with a very appreciative audience that were kept in roars of laughter, as the players became complicated in the mystical signs of the Masonic fraternity of which they were posing as members. The situations in which they found themselves at times was most embarrassing, and the players ably sustained their parts, but failed to furnish any real assistance to those who eagerly sought to know more of the Lodge workings. Everyone who saw the play was delighted with the rendering, but there were doubtless many who inquisitorially had failed to secure the information they thought might be divulged.

It was a financial success and thanks are due the Montreal talent for furnishing such a pleasant evening.

CURLING.

The finals of the Mackie and Houston Cups were played off on Monday evening and created considerable interest. In the Mackie finals Mr. McRobie was playing against the Rev. A. G. MacKinnon's team and suffered a bad defeat. "Tom" gamely carried on although odds seemed very much against him and the Cup is now carried by Mr. MacKinnon.

The Houston Cup finals proved real exciting as Mr. McGibbon pitted his strength against the MacKimmie quartette. In the first rounds it looked anything but healthy for John, but he gradually turned the tables on his opponent, who had considerable of a lead, and climbed up to evening the score until the last end where he scored the winning points that gave him the privilege of claiming the Houston Cup in the fifth successive win.

Two rinks of Lachute Curlers drove to Hawkesbury on Saturday for friendly games with that town and succeeded in pulling out with 9 points to the good. Before leaving the visitors were treated to a splendid supper, which stood them in good stead for their long drive home. A return match is expected to be played in the near future.

THE LATE MARY M. CLARKE.

It is with deep regret we record the death of little Mary Clark, which occurred on Friday morning last, Feb. 18th., at the home of her father, Mr. Geo. Clarke, of Mabel. After a weeks illness death came as a terrible shock.

Little Mary was only nine years old, but she was the affection of all who knew her by her loving and kind disposition. She leaves to mourn her loss a loving father, four brothers, and two sisters, having lost her mother, just two years ago.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, service being conducted by the Rev. Mr. McLaran; the remains being interred in the Dalesville Cemetery.

The sympathy of the community is extended to the family in their bereavement.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

Ladies' Coats to clear from \$5.00 up.
Men's Overcoats from \$10.00 up.
Ladies' Dresses from \$5.00 up.
Blue Serges to clear at very low prices, from one yard to one and a half yards wide.
Men's Heavy Sweaters and Boys' heavy Sweaters at low prices.
A fine assortment of Crockery fancy and plain. Some Dinner Sets, 97 pieces.

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Eyes weak - strained - smart so at times that you want to rub or cover them with your hands? It's a sign you need Glasses. Glasses that not only bring you happy visional relief, but which lend character to and harmonize with you features. We'll fit them correctly at a very low cost!

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FEEDING FOR WINTER EGGS

Some Practical Suggestions.

BY W. F. TAYLOR.

The system of feeding should be uniform, and during the short days, where lights are not used, all possible daylight should be utilized. Again, during the short days, plenty of hopper space is important. The sooner the hens can breakfast after coming off the roost in the morning, the better; and the chance for the last hungry bird to be satisfied upon going to roost at night, is equally necessary. Something to drink and plenty of it, is equally important. During the very cold weather it requires extra effort to provide warm drink, but it will pay. If either the water or the milk be too cold, the birds will not drink enough of it, and what they do drink will tend to chill them.

RATION NEEDS EGG-PRODUCING FACTORS.

The average farm flock lays but few eggs during the winter, usually for two reasons: First, it contains a small percentage of pullets, and it is hard during December and January to secure high production from old hens that have laid well during the year.

Second, the ration fed the average farm flock in winter will not produce eggs in paying quantities. This is true because it is not a balanced ration; in some cases corn is fed almost exclusively. Here and there is one who feeds nothing but wheat. I have in mind one man who told me last spring that his hens had eaten nearly half a bushel of wheat a day. They get wheat to eat and water to drink, and March 1, they were not producing a dozen eggs a day.

ANIMAL PROTEIN NEEDED.

There is a very general lack of animal protein in the ration fed the farm flock. This lack can be very easily supplied by feeding a dry mash containing the necessary proportion of meat scrap. There are several kinds of prepared poultry mash on the market. Many of the local dealers are mixing and selling very good poultry mash at reasonable prices. If farmers, generally, would buy this feed and use it, the production of these small flocks

would be greatly increased. If one desires to mix the mash at home, the formula put out from our college should be consulted. Equal parts of bran, cornmeal, middlings and ground oats, with anywhere from ten to twenty per cent. of meat scrap, according to the amount of milk the hens are getting. This is the formula, and it is hard to improve on. Usually one per cent. of salt is added, and from one to two per cent. of ground limestone (calcium carbonate).

A PRACTICAL MASH.

The writer has one bunch of Leghorns in which he is getting interested. In this flock are 170 pullets. They were hatched June 8. We bought this bunch, cockerels and all, when they were seven weeks old. To begin with, there were 400 of them, but we fed the weasels pretty well on two occasions, and the number was reduced. The birds never ate a kernel of scratch feed after we got them, until they were four months old. We fed a mash made practically as follows: Seven hundred pounds of yellow cornmeal, 300 pounds of good middlings, sixty pounds meat scrap, ten pounds of salt, and twelve pounds of calcium carbonate. We had it mixed at the mill, which saved some time and labor.

As the hours of daylight shortened and the nights grew long, we gave the pullets a feed of corn just before they went on the roost. They began laying shortly before they were five months old. They were five months and nineteen days old yesterday, and we gathered seventy-five eggs from the 170 birds.

There are several good methods of feeding hens. They will consume a variety of grains. In fact, all the grains commonly known on the farm except rye, can be fed with profit. There are many ways in which a good poultry mash can be made, but the principle of the balanced ration must be kept ever in mind, and for growing chicks yellow corn is preferable to the white variety.

IDEAL Fashions
by J. J. Kelly-Hamilton



A SMART DRESS WITH SLENDERIZING LINES.

Dignity and grace are combined in the attractive daytime dress shown here. The bodice is slightly gathered to the skirt in front, while the back is in one piece. Slenderizing lines are accentuated by means of the deep V front, shawl collar extending to the waist, and the plaited front tunic. The sleeves are in two sections, the lower part being of contrasting material to match the vestee. No. 1461 is for ladies and is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch material and 5/8 yard 36-inch contrasting for sleeves and vestee. Price 20c the pattern.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Speeding Up the Bearing Age.

Though it is perfectly natural to want to get our orchards into bearing as quickly as possible, and though we are justified in putting more or less pressure on the trees to bring that about, yet we frequently overdo it.

The principal factors which influence early bearing are the following: Setting precocious varieties, summer-pruning the trees while young, setting the orchard on soils which are not overfertile, and being conservative in our use of cultivation and fertilizers which promote growth.

Now, any one of these is legitimate if kept within bounds. We might easily justify setting McIntosh, which comes into bearing in five or six years, in preference to Northern Spy, which takes ten to fifteen years; and we might well be cautious enough in our use of nitrogenous fertilizers so that our trees do not overgrow.

But on the other hand, we ought always to keep in mind the fact that for the first ten years at least we are building up our manufacturing plant which will yield us returns for many years; to build a good one should be our first concern.

The writer once saw an experimental orchard in which part of the trees had been summer-pruned and part had been pruned during the dormant season, and the former, at eight years of age, had produced several times as many apples as the latter. But they showed it, and I would far rather have had an orchard of trees like the dormant-pruned.

Do not be afraid of making the tree grow vigorously for the first four or five years. Get eighteen inches to two feet on the leaders if you can, for it requires a big tree to carry a big crop.

To get customers, an Iowa farmer who ships eggs, has the ends of the crates neatly stenciled. This plan advertises his goods to those who see his shipments on depot platforms. Fastened by a short string to one corner of each box he puts a number of detachable tags, each bearing his name and address, and the current price of his eggs by parcel-post. Painted on the box, near the string, are the words "Take One," as a hint to travelers who see the shipments and wish they could obtain similar fresh eggs for their own tables.

Breeding for Quality Eggs.

There is a growing feeling among poultrymen and the trade alike that the average size of market eggs is decreasing. The feeling is that this is especially the case on large commercial egg farms, where strenuous efforts are made to breed high producers. It is a recognized fact that if a bird lays more eggs, and one continually breeds for high egg production, especially in the naturally heavier breeds, there is a tendency for each succeeding generation of birds to become smaller in size and to lay smaller eggs. It would seem, therefore, that we must give serious attention to the maintenance of egg quality. This can be done only by careful selection and mating, and by careful breeding. The answer should be to hatch only eggs of normal size from birds of good size and weight, and to hatch only eggs of normal color for their respective breed or variety. When short of eggs the tendency is so often to put small eggs in the machine. Research studies tell us that these small eggs hatch small chicks, which grow into small pullets, which again lay small eggs. If nothing but two-ounce eggs are set, poultrymen need have no fear about the quality of the eggs, in reference to size at least, from the forthcoming pullets.

Pay-Day Selling.

A young farmer and his wife, whom I know, have shrewdly worked out a marketing plan whereby they get rid of their surplus products at good prices, and get cash for them. They sell on "pay-day" in nearby factory towns.

First, this man has his meats cold and fresh in pieces of convenient size. He does not encourage small sales, as they take too much time. The women have the pay cheques and can buy quantities, so everything is arranged in 10, 15 or 20-pound parcels. A good chunk of beef or pork at from five to eight cents less per pound than the butcher asks is always attractive, while eight or ten pounds of fresh sausage will not go far in a large family. The meat is the very last thing prepared, so it will be perfectly fresh. Scrapple, pigs' feet, hearts, livers and all the scraps are used.

Then there are kraut, vinegar, cottage cheese, live chickens, eggs, late vegetables, pears, apples, dried corn and dozens of other things. Frequently he has to run home for a second and third load. The more perishable things go first, then the canned stuff and the vinegar and fruit. He stays mostly in the district where factory workers live, finding them excellent patrons on pay-day. They have the money and lay in a supply of cheaper food than they can get down town. He gives them good measure and first quality stuff.

By taking a whole day and getting out a large quantity, he does much better than to break up a number of days going the rounds. His patrons know when to look for him, and have the money ready.—H. R.

Scrub poultry may serve a good purpose in the pot, but should not be permitted to occupy space in the breeding-pens.

Corn Excels Barley for Laying Hens.

In an effort to find a cheap home-grown food for laying hens that could be substituted for imported corn, the Lethbridge, Alta., Experimental Station made a test comparing barley with corn in the grain ration. Four hundred and fifty pullets were used for the experiment. To half the number the ration consisted of one part cracked corn, one part crushed oats and two parts wheat as scratch-feed, and equal parts of bran, shorts, middlings, oat-chop, meat meal and corn meal as a dry mash. The other half of the flock received a similar ration, differing only in the substitution of barley for the corn both in the scratch-feed and the mash. The usual additions of salt and charcoal were added to the mash in each case. In the summer a slightly higher proportion of wheat was used than in the winter. Both pens had access to alfalfa runs in the fall, spring and summer and in the winter were given cabbage, alfalfa leaves and mangels in liberal quantities. Only water was given for drink.

The results of the test were greatly in favor of the corn-fed lot both as to egg production and vitality of the birds. The average egg production in the pullet year was 201 eggs for the corn-fed pen and 174 for those receiving barley, and while the corn ration was higher in price, the feed cost per dozen was 3 per cent. less where corn was fed. A serious objection to barley was brought to light in the higher mortality of the birds given this feed.

Many other useful experiments were carried on at the Lethbridge Station and are reported in the annual report of the Station for 1925, available at the Publications Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Mulching Berries With Fertilizer-Bags.

Old fertilizer sacks come in handy on our farm. We lay the sacks along each side of the rows of strawberry plants, with edges close to the plants and parallel to the rows. The sacks are more easily placed if they are wet. To hold the sacks in place, use galvanized wire, bent into "U" shaped pieces, with the opening about two inches across and five inches long. These are inverted and run into the soil, using one in each corner of the sack.

The fertilizer sacks serve several purposes. They keep down weeds; they tend to prevent the production of runners between rows; when it rains they lessen the amount of mud splashed on the berries; and if sacks are used immediately after they are emptied, the soil receives the fertilizer that is washed out by rains. This method of caring for strawberry plants seems to us ideal for use on a small scale where straw is unavailable.

If there are only a few hundred plants in the garden plot, the use of burlap is more desirable than bothering with straw, we find.—A. D.

Hungry hens, those ever ready for their food, lay the most eggs, and make the best brooders. Such hens come first at feed time, and linger till the last; and yet, while they eat the most, they do not become overfat.

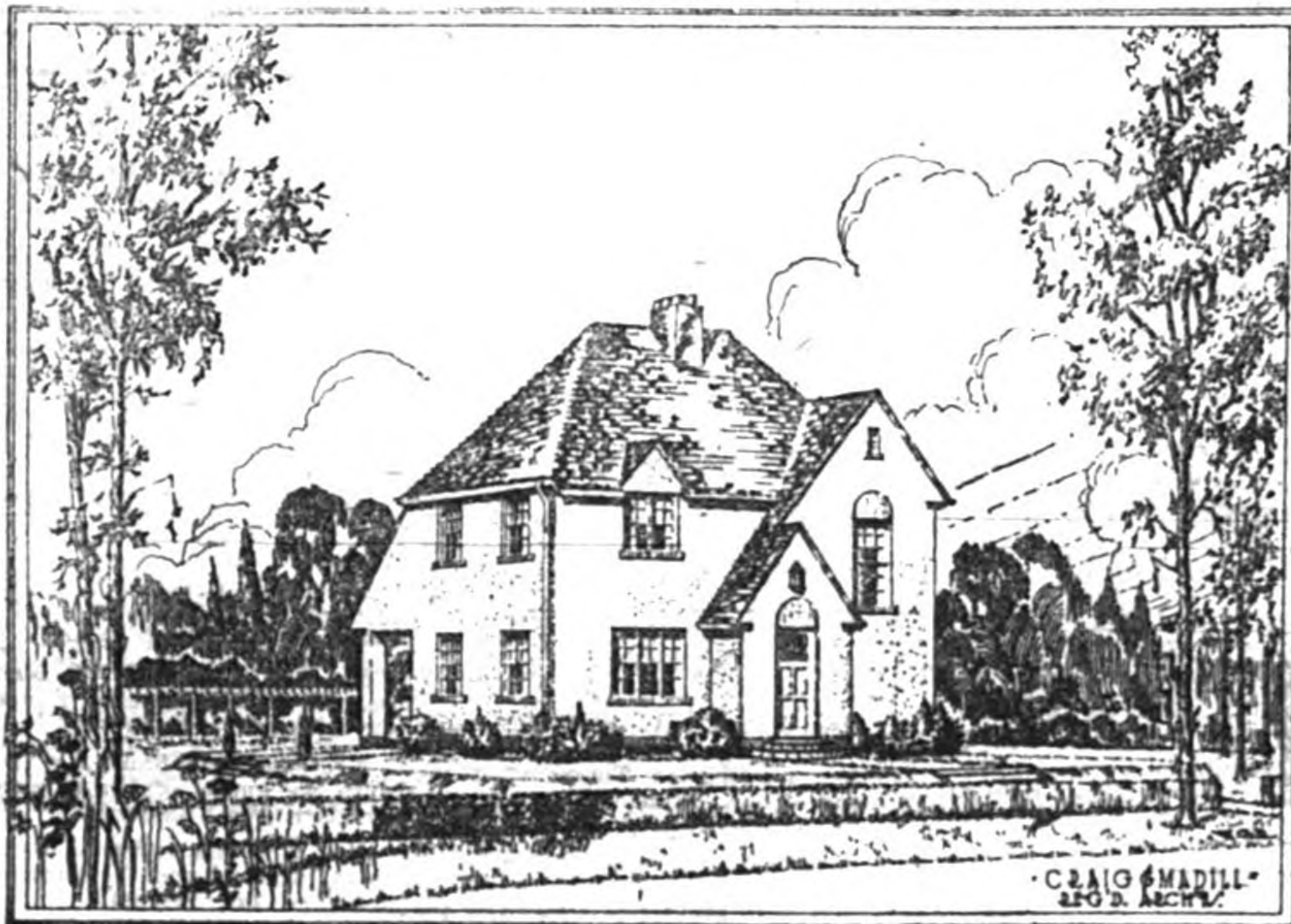


THE CANADIAN HOMEMAKER

A series of weekly articles covering

PLANNING . BUILDING . FINANCING
DECORATING . FURNISHING . GARDENING

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AN ENGLISH DOMESTIC DESIGN FOR A SOUTH-SIDE LOT

By Craig & Madill, Architects.

A residence should be designed to suit the lot on which it is to be built and be so arranged as to give the best outlook and the greatest amount of light to the more important rooms. Often we find the rooms so arranged as to give consideration to the public highway only regardless of the real advantages possessed by the lot.

The design illustrated here is for a lot located on the south side of a street having a desirable view or garden in the rear. The spacious living room has a view on three sides. In its planning the natural advantages of the site are utilized to the utmost. French doors at one end lead to the verandah and garden to the south, while a group of three casement windows look toward the street. French doors give access from the living room to the dining room. The dining room, like the living room, has exposure on three sides. Windows on either side of the buffet look to the west while a group of three casements face south and a pair of French doors lead to the verandah on the east.

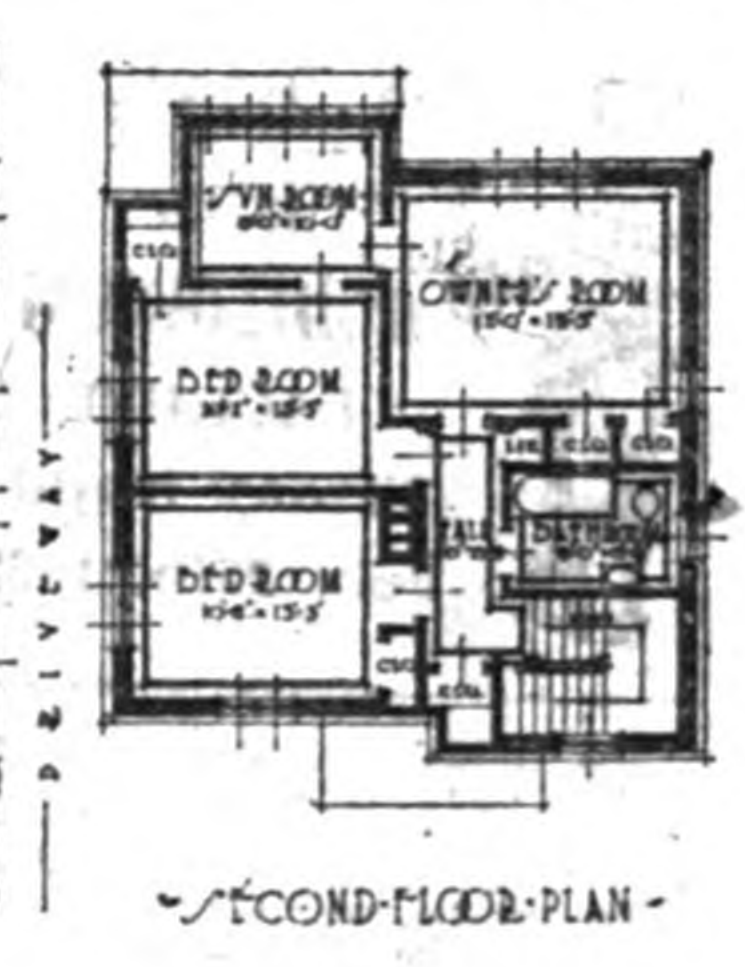
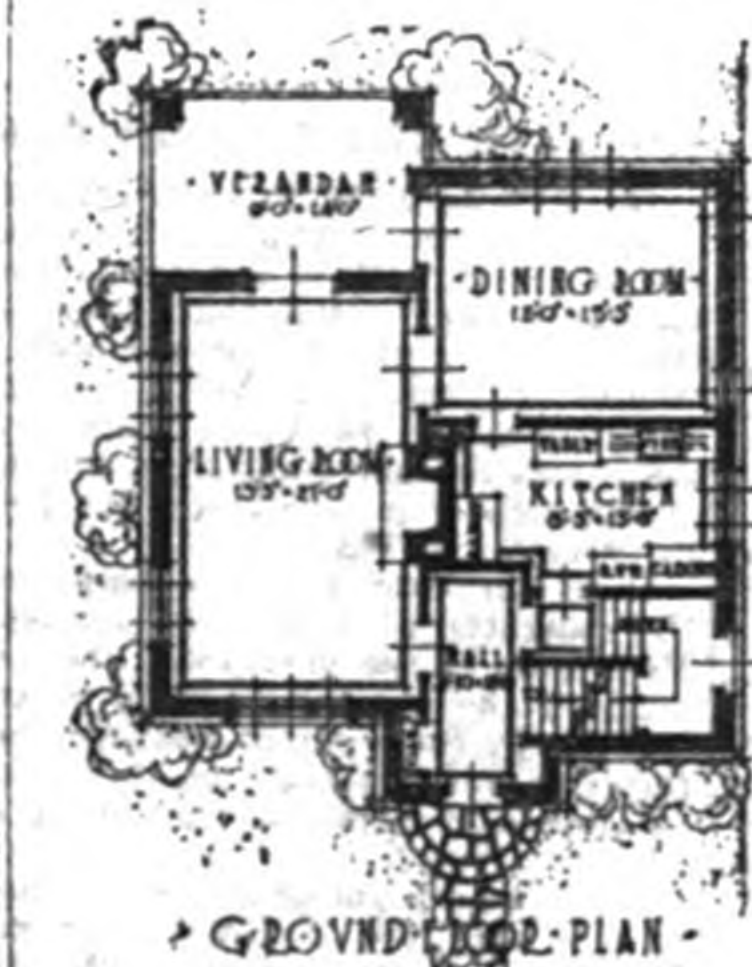
There is no waste space in hallways in this design and the stairway is conveniently arranged at the front of the house with the basement stairs under it. The trades entrance to the kitchen is placed at the basement stair landing and also provides an entrance from the side drive to the front hall. The kitchen is of ample size, well equipped with cupboards, broom cupboard, electric range and refrigerator. The same considerations have been

given to the arrangement of the rooms on the second floor as on the ground floor. There are three bedrooms of convenient size with generous closet space. The owner's bedroom, which has the preference in outlook is the largest and is provided with two wardrobes. Where possible two groups of windows have been provided in the bedrooms to give cross-circulation of air. The sunroom, which faces south and has three exposures, opens off two of the bedrooms and may be used as a sun sitting room or as a sleeping porch. The bath room is ample in size and is equipped with a built-in tub and pedestal basin. The

stucco exterior is relieved by red brick base, sills and trimmings. The roof is in keeping with the general design and is carried down with pleasing effect over the front entrance. English cottage casement sash and shingles and woodwork stained brown complete the effect.

The cost of the building exclusive of land would be in the neighborhood of \$9,500.

Readers desiring further information regarding the plans and specifications for this house should communicate with the architects direct. Address, Craig & Madill, 98 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ont.



A HEARTLESS VALENTINE PARTY

BY BEATRICE PLUMB.

Could anything be more original than a heartless Valentine Party? Here is the invitation:

Although a Valentine affair, My party is a heartless one! The girls will give the men the air—Of course I only mean in fun!—We'll show no heart at all, but then You'll meet some cultured girls who sing, And lots of promising young men—In fact, they'll promise anything!

Hearts have no place at your party. Cooing doves, lovers' knots, cupids and bows and arrows may be used instead. You could have an ice-cold atmosphere by a liberal use of white crepe paper cut into a fringe of icicles, with cotton batting for snow.

When the girls are upstairs taking off their wraps hang strings over the banister. Leave one end of each string where the boys downstairs can reach it. To the top ends fasten doll-size gloves.

These are illustrations cut from a glove catalogue and pasted on cardboard. Explain to the boys that some girl has each one of them on a string and that the heartless one will shortly walk downstairs and hand him the mitten. He must immediately attempt to propose to her and continue these attempts throughout the evening whenever an opportunity occurs. Warn him that the heartless one will do all in her power to prevent him from completing any proposal. A prize will be given to the boy who first succeeds in popping the question to his partner, another to the one who manages to propose the most times during the party.

Now explain the game to the heartless ones. Assure them that a lovely prize awaits the girl who succeeds in averting the threatened proposal. On the signal each heartless one walks downstairs following her string till she finds her "beau" to hand him the mitten.

Love stories is a game to start

with. Two players, boy and girl, stand in front of the group and at the word "Go!" both start talking. The boy's subject is "My Girl Friend"; the girl's subject is "My Boy Friend." The one who can talk the longest wins a gas balloon.

Just before refreshments usher your guests out with an all-pop relay. Give each a paper bag and line up your two teams facing the doorway. On the word "Go!" the first player of each team rushes through the doorway, stops, blows up his paper bag, "pops" it and sits down upon the floor. The next two players rush to the doorway and repeat the performance. This continues until all of one team are seated. Pass popcorn balls to the losing team. The winners think this a heartless procedure until they discover that the losers must eat the balls without touching them with their hands.

BLIND CUPID.

Although Blind Cupid is a simple game, it is more fun than you can imagine until you have tried it, and the Valentine decorations of cupids make it appropriate. Give numbered slips to the guests as they arrive, even numbers to the men and odd numbers to the girls. No. 1 and No. 2 will be the first to play the game, which should start before all have arrived. Both players are blindfolded. They are placed at opposite ends of a long table and told to keep one hand upon the table while "Blind Cupid" tries to catch his victim and she tries to escape. Each one must keep one hand on the table, but can move in either direction. The fun lies in the fact that neither knows which way the other is moving unless one has excellent hearing, and after dodging back and forth successfully for a time, they are very likely to turn and have a head-on collision. When "Cupid" catches his victim, he becomes the pursued and the girl who has been given slip No. 3 is "Blind Cupid." No 3 then pursues No. 4, and so on indefinitely.

"An Endearment Contest" comes next. Secure partners thus: Give to the men slips calling for some laughable stunt such as "Snoring," "Do an esthetic dance," "Smile sweetly upon some maiden," "Give an exhibition of cake-walking," "Dance the Charleston," and so on. The girls are given slips of paper telling what kind of stunts are to be done, and each girl claims her partner when she recognizes his stunt as the one called for on her slip. When all have secured partners, pencils and papers are passed and the players told to write down as many terms of endearment as they can think of. Later these lists are read aloud and each couple must scratch off every term thought of by anyone else. Ten points are awarded for every word no one else thought of, and the couple having the most points is given a box of candy. If a humorous prize is desired, fix up a dainty box with a cake of mush inside.

Serve fruit cup, sandwiches filled with finely chopped ham, celery salad in red apples, strawberry ice cream, date cookies, cocoa with whipped cream and peppermints.

Be Firm With Yourself.

What is the useless thing you save? Nearly everybody has something—string, or bottles, or left-over pieces of material, or crooked old nails, or something like that.

May we offer a piece of advice? Thank you. Throw 'em out. Sell the stuff if you can, but get rid of it. You think maybe you will need it sometime, but you won't.

Or put it this way: If you are not sure whether to keep it or scrap it, scrap it. You will be right twenty times for every once you are wrong.

A Shovel Beats a Knife.

When cutting rutabagas, turnips or carrots for the stock or horses I always use a sharp square shovel.

I made a good strong box from lumber about three feet long by two feet wide, where I put the vegetables while cutting them.

This is a much quicker way than to cut by hand.—A. G.

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IRISH SUSPICIOUS OF ITALY'S DICTATOR

"Physical Expansion" May Cause International Complications.

Italy's crying need for more room in the world for her people is voiced every so often by Premier Mussolini, and some wonder whether in his emphatic manner of speaking he does not consciously or unconsciously assume a menacing shape. The utterances of men who have power to commit their country to war or otherwise upset the peace of the world, remarks The Irish

Statesman (Dublin), are always heard with nervous interest. This is particularly true, it is claimed, about Mussolini, who has "made his own character his country's character, the law of his own being the law of its being." Since Lenth died, it is asserted by this weekly, no statesman has had anything like this "complete identity between personal will and national will." We read then:

"Naturally what he says is brooded over. Political philosophers have often commented on the inevitable consequences of the biological expansion of races, but philosophers have not the direct use of power, and people sleep sound o' nights whatever they say. But when Mussolini gives an interview to a correspondent of the Associated Press, and dilates upon rapidly expanding national organisms like Italy, and upon the necessity of providing for Italy's crying need, not only for moral and spiritual, but for physical expansion, foreign statesmen will be concerned mainly about the interpretation to be given to the phrase 'physical expansion.' Nations may expand morally and spiritually without troubling other countries, indeed only exciting admiration or envy. But a physical expansion proclaimed to be a necessity is another matter, and it is doubtful whether the nervous anxiety



Canadian Farmer Tells His Experience

"Les" Booth, widely known Ontario farmer, and a sick man for 20 years, suffered daily, only half alive. Now strong, robust, vigorous, credits new found health to Tanlac

Though popularly known as "Les," Mr. Booth's correct first name is George. His home is at 271 Perth St., Brockville. For the past three years he has enjoyed vigorous health but what he endured before then is best told in his own words. "For twenty years my arms, shoulders, back and hips, ached with rheumatism," said Mr. Booth. "Often I had to quit work entirely and I remember one bad spell that kept me in bed for six months. 'My case got to be so chronic that the help ran the farm. I was practically helpless. Even my wrists and hands would swell up so that I couldn't write my name. I dreaded bedtime, for I got no rest, but lay there in agony, waiting for morning. Nervous spells would seize me and I would tremble all over like a leaf. I couldn't get any benefit from my food and had to force myself to eat. My weight was far below normal. 'Three years ago I decided to give Tanlac a good trial, for nothing else had helped me. I could scarcely believe such results were possible as those Tanlac soon showed. The aching stopped, my appetite came back and I could eat heartily. My nights became more restful, too, and I slept



soundly. I gained 16 pounds which I still retain, and I now work hard outdoors from 5 to 10 hours a day. I never have an ache. It's hardly believable if folks want to know what Tanlac can do, tell them to write to Les Booth, or to come and see me. I'll tell 'em.' If your health is broken from overwork or neglect, profit from Mr. Booth's experience. Try Tanlac, nature's own body builder, made from roots, herbs and barks. Your druggist has it. Over 52 million bottles sold.

as to what that implies exactly will be allayed by the statement that it does not mean that Italy is ready to jump at the throat of the first passing nation in order to tear a colony from her, when it is followed by the statement that while the policy is pacific it is not exactly pacifist."

Endangers Peace.

At the same time this Irish weekly gives credit to Mussolini for having pointed out one of the dangers to the peace of the world. Some nations, it notes in passing, remain stationary in population, while others, such as Italy or Japan, increase their populations so that they press upon the means of subsistence. As long as the United States opened its gates to emigrants from Europe almost without limitation, it is recalled, there was no great European danger as the overflow was not checked, but—

"Now the United States feels it can expand from within, and more and more limits the number of immigrants. India, Japan, and China, with their teeming populations find it more and more difficult to get rid of their overflow. In Australia, in South Africa, in Northern America, the Asiatic is either not admitted, or if admitted, only with such limitations that they amount to a practical denial. It would be interesting if Mussolini would put before the League of Nations suggestions for a pacific settlement of this problem. Italy is keeping Europe in a state of perturbation, because of its need for expansion, and we all know that the still more obvious need of Japan for an overflow has alarmed the United States, and also Great Britain, as guardian of a white Australia. The expounding of a pacific settlement of this problem would interest the whole world. The statement of the problem with reference to Italy and without the pacific policy elucidated will not help in the allaying of suspicion."

Asiatics Not "Niggers."

One thing Mussolini said, which The Irish Statesman believes to be altogether true, is that the Asiatic peril will disappear whenever Europe ceases to think of Asiatics as barbarians, and breaks down this mental barrier between the European and the Asiatic mentality. In Asia are the "ancestral civilizations," it is recalled, and we read:

"Asia gave birth to all the great religions — Christianity, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Tao, Islam, and many others. Alike in the arts and in literature, in everything except science, the intellect of Asiatic races has been demonstrated to be equal to that of Europe, and in science, as Sir Jagadis Bose and others have shown, the capacity for fine and original investigation is there. Yet many Englishmen will refer to Indians as niggers in conversation, as if a different tinting of the skin implied an inferiority of intellect or imagination."

CHILDREN LIKE THEM

Baby's Own Tablets Are Effective and Easy to Give.

You do not have to coax and threaten to get the little ones to take Baby's Own Tablets. The ease with which they are given, as compared with liquid medicines, will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted; you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. As a remedy for the ills of childhood arising from derangement of the stomach and bowels they are most satisfactory.

Mrs. Rose Veyer, Willimantic, Conn., says:—"I used Baby's Own Tablets in the Canadian Northwest and found them a wonderful medicine for children's troubles, especially indigestion and constipation. I have also given them to my children for simple fever and the restlessness accompanying teething and they always gave relief. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers."

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

SELF-WILLED BOY

Cannot Be Reformed by Prison Bars—Must be a Higher Appeal.

"No use sending this boy to the Shelter—bars not strong enough to hold him." Thus wrote one of our Magistrates in referring to a lad who had committed two or three offences against the law. He was probably right if the Shelter is considered from the standpoint of a prison, but entirely wrong if he thought prison bars the only way of subduing and controlling a lively boy. Too many deal with the young offender from that viewpoint—hence this comment on the futility of such methods of reformation. Our appeal is to the heart, to the intelligence, the sympathy, the affections, the spirit of service, to all those finer elements in life and character that boys in common with all humanity possess in a more or less highly developed degree. Lack of faith, effort and enthusiasm on the part of the worker accounts for many of the failures and the lost opportunities that are so tragic in their later consequences. What might have been and what we might have accomplished is one of the sad reflections that come to us all when we look over the past. —J. J. Kelso.

Some men are so fond of an argument that they won't even eat food that agrees with them.

Doctors vouch for Minard's Liniment.

Something to Remember.

One thing they have learned in cold Alaska is to make no attempt to clean a silk or woolen garment in gasoline in the winter time.

Writing in Scribner's Magazine, Mary Lee Davis, the wife of an engineer, says that two women of her acquaintance were burned to death in so doing.

"Just the friction," she says, "of lifting the material from the gasoline bath produces such sparks in the electrified air that an explosion almost invariably occurs."

Although there isn't quite so much electricity in the air in this section of the country, there are few indoor sports more dangerous than washing articles in gasoline.

If you must wash things in gasoline, do it outdoors.

A WEAK STOMACH

Can Be Strengthened Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Wonderful is the process by which the chemistry of the body changes the food we eat into blood. And the whole of our well-being depends upon this being maintained day after day, year in and year out. Sometimes the process becomes faulty, and then food begins to poison the blood instead of feeding it. This is followed by all the pangs of indigestion, such as gas on the stomach, pains around the heart, often nausea after eating, and a dislike for all kinds of food.

The only way to overcome these troubles is to tone up the digestion so that you can assimilate all your food. To do this you have only to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A short course of these pills will quickly tone up the stomach and banish indigestion. Here is a bit of convincing proof given by Mrs. Chas. Ladner, Ellerslie, P.E.I., who says:—"For some years I was a sufferer from stomach trouble. Everything I ate caused distress, sour stomach and belching. I could not eat meat or potatoes, and I grew weak and nervous. No medicine seemed to help me until I was persuaded to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these simply worked wonders. I took the pills faithfully for a couple of months by which time every symptom of the trouble disappeared, and there has not since been the slightest symptom of stomach trouble. No wonder I praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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

Garden Medicine Chest.

A well-known doctor recently declared that the old malt-and-hops beer of England prevented a large part of the country's manhood from being killed off in the days when scurvy was rampant in winter because of insufficient supplies of fruit and vegetables.

Many people do not know that their gardens may be made to supply them with an ideal dietary. Celery is good for rheumatism. Spinach contains iron to an important extent.

The countryman gives his horse carrots to improve its coat, and we should take a leaf out of his book, for carrots improve the complexion, the nails, and the hair. Apples, which contain malic acid, act on the kidneys and tend to retard old age.

Lettuce contains quantities of vitamin "C," and is therefore a highly important item in the daily diet. Oranges and lemons, though regarded as a hot-weather food, are invaluable during winter for reducing inflammation and as a medicine in cases of influenza.

Already Has It.

She—"I'll never marry a man whose fortune hasn't at least five ciphers in it."

He (exultingly)—"Oh, darling! Mine's all ciphers."

Those old enemies, gas, acidity, pain and discomfort are soon knocked for a fore-thee-well by Seigel's Syrup. Any drug store.

To Birds.

Go if you will and must. Your round, bright eyes Will look on many marvels Without surprise.

And you will rest in jungles And peer down craters And see slow ant-eaters And alligators.

Then you will come some morning To your old tree And set your old example Of domesticity.

—Elizabeth Coatsworth.

The Deduction.

Sister—"What is an autobiography?" Brother—"Well, auto means car and biography means a story. I guess it's a story about a car."

Don't get so interested in what you're going to do to-morrow that you don't do anything to-day.



ISSUE No. 6-27.

In clean, bright Aluminum

RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea" 102
When you serve RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE to your family you are giving them the best tea you can buy.

Trick Flyers.

The aesthetic pleasure of watching the flight of trained birds has somewhat lapsed in courtly circles, though it lives among our few falconers, and is manifest in London, where citizens are found in winter standing, as if entranced, while watching the flying feats of the gulls that haunt the Round Pond or the river's bridges. As dusk is falling over the Serpentine, many mark how the gulls on the water turn their heads to the west, and in company after company rise to wing westward to spacious Thames-side meadows, and such open spaces as football grounds. At the same time companies of starlings pass eastward, flock upon flock, to their roosting-places about Nelson's head in Trafalgar Square, St. Paul's, the Post Office, and other city buildings, where their evening incantations must bring wistful memories to many citizens of Norfolk reed-beds and autumn evenings.

And so the country laborer, coming home by twilight, marks the homeward flight of the rocks to their roost-trees, contingent upon contingent, all flying on the same plane.

We have many trick-flying birds, from the sparrow-hawk that threads its way at full speed through an intricate maze of tree stems and branches, to famous hoverers, like golden-crested wren, kestrel, and kingfisher; soars like eagles and buzzards; and the divers; and our native woodpecker has some tricks almost the equal of the tumbler-pigeon. As spring draws on, his pleasant crooning is heard among the earliest songs, and he is seen sailing away from his chosen bride to show himself off as a master of flight, soaring to hover and then glide gracefully down to renew his wooing on a tree branch. But the supreme master of trick flying among British birds may be the round-winged lapping . . . like the Persian king's pigeons, he sometimes actually flies on his back.—Marcus Woodward, in "Country Contentments."

Minard's Liniment for animal ailments

Phoebe.

A word like Phoebe brings to me A whiff of rare antiquity. I sniff it curiously and then I place it on the shelf again; For, I would never care to choose A vintage word like that to use In speaking of my friend—the sun! —Mildred Weston, in "The Singing Hill."

A lump of camphor stored with silver will help to preserve its brilliancy.

INDIGESTION, GAS,

UPSET STOMACH

Instantly! "Pape's Diapepsin" Corrects Stomach so Meals Digest

The moment you eat a tablet of "Pape's Diapepsin" your indigestion is gone. No more distress from a sour, acid, upset stomach. No flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, or misery-making gases. Correct your digestion for a few cents. Each package guaranteed by druggist to overcome stomach trouble.



Genuine **ASPIRIN**

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. 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 Monoclonal-acetic acid of Salicylic acid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). 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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FARMERS, PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO profitable use during the winter months by representing "The Old Reliable Fertilizer Service." Highest commissions paid, exclusive territory, handsome free outfit. Send list of new and opened land. Send for list and full particulars. Stone & Wellington, Toronto 2.

FOR SALE.

VICTROLA STYLE, FULL CABINET, PLAYS all records, 45 selections automatic. Value \$25.00 for \$12.00. Repaired. Phone 340. Mount Royal East, Montreal.

PILEPSY—FITS PERMANENTLY STOPPED by French's Remedy. Simple home treatment. 25 years success, thousands of testimonials. Write at once for free book. French's Remedies Limited, Dept. W., 19 Adelaide East, Toronto, Canada. (Out this out.)

A Film of Copper Industry.

The United States bureau of mines is making a movie of the copper industry of that country and Canada.

Ward off Flu and Pneumonia

Neglected bronchial colds are dangerous. Stop them instantly with Buckley's Mixture. Its action in relieving the cough and clearing the tubes is amazingly swift—and sure. All druggists sell Buckley's Mixture. Write at once for free book. Buckley's Mixture, Dept. W., 19 Adelaide East, Toronto, Canada. (Out this out.)

W. K. Buckley, Limited, 143 Mutual St., Toronto 2

122 Auto like a flash—single slip proves it

IF BILIOUS, SICK OR CONSTIPATED TAKE "CASCARETS"

No headache, bad cold, sour stomach or costive bowels by morning

Get a 10-cent box now.

You're bilious! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, with dark rings under your eyes; your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean and ill-tempered. Your system is full of bile not properly passed off, and what you need is a cleaning up inside. Don't continue being a bilious nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physics that irritate and injure. Remember that most disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels are cured by morning with gentle, thorough Cascarets—they work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet, and your head clear for months. Children love to take Cascarets because they taste good and never gripe or sicken.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

A sneeze is nature's warning of a cold—Forestall it with Minard's.



BIGGER PROFITS WHEN YOU KNOW HOW



Purina Balanced Rations

—COW CHOW
—CALF CHOW
—O-MOLENE
(For Hens)
—PIG CHOW
—CHICKEN CHOWDER

Tons of convincing evidence awaits the man who really wants to know about Purina Chow Feeds—fortunes have been spent in preparing Purina Books and thousands bless the day they started feeding Purina. Get facts at your dealer, or fill in coupon and mail.

I want Purina Books quick, which you say are worth many dollars. Am enclosing 10c for each book which I have marked (X) in the coupon below.

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COW _____ PIG _____ HORSES _____ POULTRY _____

The Chisholm Milling Co. Ltd., Toronto

GET IN READINES FOR SPRING

We have just received our new goods for the Spring trade. They are of the newest shades and designs and we shall be glad to show you what we can do in fitting you out with a nice Spring Suit. Special range of all wool suitings at \$30. and \$35.00 Also large assortment of ready-made clothing at low-est prices.

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All Kinds Hay & Feed

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Tailored Clothes.

Tailored to your own individual measurements in styles of your own. Choice 300 Cloth Patterns to choose, imported from England.

Guaranteed Satisfaction.

The Choicest Novelties of the Season in Men's Felt Hats and Caps.

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TELEPHONE 65.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE
Published at Lachute every Friday.
J. S. Giles, Editor & Proprietor.

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Notices of Entertainment, Concerts, Announcements etc., 10 cents per line. Minimum, 50,—if billed 60c.

(Note:—All locals advertising any event from which there are financial proceeds will be charged at the above rate.)

Card of Thanks, In Memoriam Notices, Births, Marriages and Deaths 50 cents.

With each verse additional—25c. Want and For Sale advertisement. 10 cents per count line, minimum 50c.—if billed 60c.

Note:—When estimating, count every six words or fraction thereof as one line.

Legal Advertising—\$1.68 per inch. Subsequent insertions—\$1.12 per inch.

EN PASSANT.

"From th' noospapers," as Mr. Dooley would say, we learn that there is a boy in Paddington, London, England, who cannot write any other way than backwards.

Several explanations of this freakish mirror-minded peculiarity have been advanced but none of them are quite convincing. Perhaps there is something Jewish in the boy; some ancient, semi-lying trait of a long forgotten ancestry struggling to develop itself and finding an outlet in the boy's calligraphy.

It would only be running true to form, for Hebrew is written backwards, a method as strange to us as the Chinese way of writing, which begins at the bottom and goes up.

It would have been quite as easy for us to write backwards as it is forward, if we had started that way. With a little practice anybody can do it. If a person who knows his writing to be slovenly, were to write a line backwards and then hold it up to a mirror, he would be surprised at the improvement shown over his ordinary handwriting. Try it and see.

Probably this Paddington boy has reverted to the style of his forefathers, or mothers, subconsciously; either that, or his brain is left-handed, so to speak.

There is also another case of this form of reversal reported: a girl of Colford, Kent. This maid of thirteen South-of-English summers, which Eden Philpotts teaches us to love, reads a book held upside down as easily as when she holds it right end up. It is said of her, in what I think to be an unnecessarily apologetic way that she is quite normal and bright.

I should say that she is away above the average to be able to read like that, and this is borne out by the added fact that she can write backwards as quickly and neatly as she does in the usual way. The Kentish maiden is also said to be left-handed in every thing except sewing, but this should not discourage her. Needles are made so that they may be used by either hand, (they are not like golf clubs,—made only for right-handed folks, unless you pay three times their value, and then wait a month to get a left-hander.) and I would warrant that with a little practice she could patch her little brother's pants without him ever knowing the difference.

READING upside down is really an accomplishment if one is careful that the meaning of what is read is not reversed. I would not object to people standing on their heads to read, if they would but take the right sense out of what they read. It is really astonishing how some people deduce upside-down meanings from right-side-up reading. But they do not err alone. There are many others to bear them company who agilely reverse the plain meaning of the plainest talk.

I suppose it depends upon the nature of the soil upon which the seed drops. Some of us are "Stoney Ground." I am inclined to be that way myself sometimes, especially on the subject of what is termed "The Chinese Question." A man said to me the other day, "What do you think about the war in China? Do you think Japan will go into it?" Then he added, with a hint of malicious emphasis which was not wasted upon me. "Do you think the States will get into it, eventually?"

I ignored his ungenerous innuendo and stolidly said, "War in China? What war?"

"Man alive!" cried my friend testily, "What jail have you just come from, that you have not been reading the papers?"

But he was wrong in two places. I had not been in jail: Only at home and the office; and I had been reading the papers. In fact I have just finished going over a week's accumulation of them, for the second time.

Unless I have been reading them upside-down, there will not be a war with China. I do not reckon the clashes which are staged by rival Chinese generals, and which are a usual feature of Chinese history in the making. "For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese's peculiar," says Bret Harte, and that's why there is not going to be any war. Eugene Chen has a few acres up his sleeves, so also have Chu Chao-Hsin, Sun Chuan-Fang and the other participants in the game of Chinese Bluff, but the show-down will be "child-like and bland" if the bystanders don't butt in and will stop shouting through the megaphones.

IF HE ever sees it, I wonder which way A. J. Cook will read the report of a speech made to the

Knights of Columbus by the Hon. Peter Heenan, our Federal Minister of Labour. I will be remembered that "Emperor" Cook, secretary of the British miners' Federation was the author of the slogan "Not a minute on the day; Not a penny off the pay." He has been to Russia, and has now returned to England bearing his blushing honours thick upon him—having been elected an honorary member of the Leningrad Soviet. On his leaving Russia, whence he had gone to find inspiration and sympathy from the contributors to his fund for prolonging the Coal strike and humbling England to the dust, he was escorted to the frontier, like a victorious general, by several of his Bolshevik hosts, and he is now in England trying to engineer a Russian replica of the upside-down system of reading social conditions.

Cook is evidently "standing on his head" to do this, and if he has any good friends or forgiving enemies who think he might be restored to normal eyesight and an upright position, they should contrive for him a trip to Canada, to meet Mr. Heenan, whose slogan is "A SQUARE DEAL."

As a sample of straight talk with a vertical meaning Mr. Cook should have read to him the following extracts from Mr. Heenan's speech:—"One of the most important functions of a Labor Department is to promote industrial peace, and I, as its head, will certainly see that this policy is followed out. Although I have been many years connected with organized labor and have been at the head of nearly every labor organization to which I belonged, I have never been on strike one day in my life. I have always favoured peace and I am going to advocate that in all matters brought to my office."

"I firmly believe that there are other ways, better ways, to secure the desired ends, than by striking. It is my aim to bring labor and capital together and, by arbitration, eliminate industrial strife."

"I know many people will say, 'What's the use of talking, it is impossible to get labour and capital together.' I am one of those who have not given up hope. If we get people to be brought to realise that there is a square deal coming to everyone, we may settle all industrial difference."

THE LINKMAN.

BROWNSBURG.

Mr. St. Onge spent the week-end in St. Jerome.

Mr. W. J. Fletcher was a recent visitor to Montreal.

Mr. Willis Jackson has gone to Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

Mr. Ernest Zimmers, of Montreal, was home for the week-end.

Miss Hattie Hawkins, of Montreal, spent the week-end at her home here.

Miss Grace McKiddie, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guest of her parents.

Mr. Geo. Morris, of New York, spent the week-end, guest of his uncle Mr. John Mason.

Mr. Alex. Laugh, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stewart.

The Hockey Match on Tuesday night, Brownsburg vs. Point Fortune resulted in a score of 7-2, in favor of Brownsburg.

The "Vickers" Scout Hockey team paid a visit on Saturday last for the purpose of playing the Brownsburg Juniors. The Scouts were outclassed completely but put up a stubborn fight with the result in favor of the home team by 14 goals to 0. After the game the teams partook of supper and the visitors finished the evening at the C. C. Co. Social Club where dancing and bowling were indulged in. The game was finely handled to the satisfaction of everybody by Mr. W. McGibbon.

Before departing for home the Scouts expressed their thanks to those who so kindly billeted them and will try to renew acquaintances shortly in Montreal and reverse the verdict.

The Brownsburg Wolf Cubs and Canadians met in a hockey match on Saturday. The match was won by the Canadians, the score being 6 to 0. After the match both teams were given a bean feed by the Cub committee. Mr. J. Mason gave the use of his restaurant for the feed. The Cubs wish to thank Mr. Mason for his kindness. They also wish to thank the ladies who helped with the feed. Through the generosity of Mr. A. Carriere the Cubs have the use of the rink for one hour on Saturdays for Hockey practice.

The teams were:—
Cubs: C. Devine, Goal; M. Danis, A. Beckingham, Def.; M. Daoust, A. Connelly, Def.; J. Daoust, H. White, Centre; R. Hebert, D. Golpin, Wing; L. Paquette, C. Fletcher, Wing; A. Charron, Cub Subs:—G. Lonsdale, D. Prosser, R. Todd, W. White, J. Ardill, L. Beecroft, S. Seary, R. Martin.
Canadiens subs:—P. Danis, J. C. Hebert, J. Paquette, G. Clement.
Referees:—Mr. Mansiel Wilson, & M. E. Hebert.

BOWLING.

C. X. L. TELEGRAPHIC LEAGUE			
Brownsburg "A" Team			
J. Hazel Sr.	235	202	199 636
J. Martin	152	194	146 492
J. Reid	168	143	173 494
P. Proulx	170	142	764 476
H. Gardiner	177	155	166 499
902 842 853 2597			
Brownsburg "B" Team			
A. Mailhot	161	190	142 492
A. Gelbraith	147	222	156 525
A. Brunelle	199	168	153 520
J. Kettyle	180	194	169 543
E. Dagenais	174	201	188 563
861 975 808 2641			
Arlington			
Mr. Lamberton	177	173	151 501
J. Hazel Jr.	157	173	167 497
G. Jenkins	146	127	123 396
J. Winslow	145	107	129 381
C. Harding	225	174	145 544
850 754 715 2319			

ANOTHER BOOKLET for FARMERS

In pursuance of its policy of friendly co-operation with the farming interests of this country, the Bank of Montreal is now issuing a new text book for farmers, entitled "Sheep for Mutton, Wool and Money." This booklet is a practical guide to the breeding and feeding of sheep, and its value is greatly increased by photographs illustrating every point that is made. A copy may be obtained, without charge, on application at our nearest Branch.

Previous booklets distributed by the Bank are—

"Diversified Farming"
"The Cow, the Mother of Prosperity"
"Poultry for the Farm and Home"
"Hogs for Pork and Profit"

The Bank has distributed tens of thousands of these booklets throughout Canada, and numerous farmers have expressed their appreciation to our local Managers.

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No. 422, daily, due at Lachute 10.46 a.m.
No. 430 Saturday and Sunday only, due at Lachute at 7.54 p.m.
No. 424, daily, due at Lachute 8.18 p.m.

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No. 421, daily, due at Lachute 9.44 a.m.
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For further particulars apply to J. S. GILES, Agent.

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The Watchman
Publishing and Printing House,
Lachute, Que.

WHEN CHILLED TAKE PAINKILLER

PERRY DAVIS

COLDS WARD OFF GRIPPE

LACHUTE ACADEMY EXAMS

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Class I.—P. Squire 87, K. Squire 85, E. Morrison 85, A. Kelly 75.
Class II.—H. Doig 73, E. Bennett 70, E. McCoy 67, I. Westgate 64, W. Stanforth 64, E. MacGibbon 62, R. Jones 61, D. Golpin 60.
Class III.—B. Morrin 59, R. Leishman 58, G. Smith 51, R. Elliott 51, A. Rodger 50.

Grade X, Oral French.
Class I.—A. Laurin 86, J. Yelland 78, I. Monk 77, R. Lamb 76.
Class II.—A. MacGibbon 73, James Logan 70, G. Rodgers 70, A. Stewart 69, R. Cruise 69, L. Cruise 66, J. McQuat 62, H. Cassidy 60.
Class III.—A. Miller 69, M. Wilson 51, L. Noble 50.

Grade IX, Oral French.
Class I.—K. Mackrith 86, F. Mason 84, R. Boyd 82, G. Cruise 80, A. Boa 78, J. Morrison 78, B. Morrison 76.
Class II.—S. Hamilton 72, L. McQuat 74, G. MacKinnon 74, E. Boyd 70, D. Prophet 70, S. Boyd 70, L. Cooke 68, H. Gordon 68, E. Middleton 66.
Class III.—I. Jackson 56, J. Murdoch 52.

Grade XI, History.
Honours.—A. Kelly 90.
Class I.—H. Doig 85, D. Golpin 76.

Class II.—R. Elliott 74, K. Squire 72, M. Bain 62, E. MacGibbon 62, G. Smith 61, A. Rodger 60.
Class III.—M. Clifford 57, P. Squire 57, I. Westgate 55, W. Stanforth 52.

Grade X, Spelling & Dictation.
Honours.—James Logan 96, Rosamond Lamb 90.
Class I.—Annie Miller 88, James Yelland 88, Alex. MacGibbon 83, A. Stewart 82, Helen Cassidy 83, Roy Cruise 78, Ivan Monk 76, Albert Laurin 75, Janet McQuat 75.

Grade IX, Geometry.
Honours.—Gwen MacKinnon 96, A. Whinfield 94, Edith Boyd 92.
Class I.—Eric Middleton 88, Lois Cooke 87, Bessie Morrison 84, Reta Boyd 83, Freda Morrison 82, Shirley Hamilton 81, Janet Morrison 79, A. Black 78, Herbie Gordon 78, Myrtle Patterson 76, Laurence McQuat 75.
Class II.—Florence Hay 72, Doris Prophet 70, Gladys Cruise 69, Kathleen Mackrith 68, Alma Boa 62, S. Boyd 61.

Class III.—Jessie Murdoch 58.
Grade VIII, Arithmetic.
Honours.—Stuart Jones 100, Janet Berry 98, Marjorie Kettle 90.

Class I.—Mary Barclay 88, Irene Doig 86, Norma Jackson 85, Walter Robertson 84, George Barclay 83, H. Hamilton 82, Nellie Laurin 80, Jessie Leishman 79, Marion MacVicar 78, Helen Bradshaw 76.
Class II.—Lila Scott 71, M. Mathews 68, Raymond Underhill 64, Bertan Prophet 60.
Class III.—Lena Combie 59, Mildred Kelly 55, James Black 51, Christina MacKenzie 50.

Grade VII, Scripture.
Honours.—B. Cunningham 94, E. Goldsworthy 90.

Class I.—V. Falconer 86, G. Drysdale 86, G. Clark 84, C. McPaul 84, H. Gall 82, D. Armstrong 82, Kathleen Clunie 80, R. Rashovsky 78, M. Langille 76.

Class II.—E. MacNown 74, O. Stanforth 72, H. Paul 68, R. Cruise 66.
Grade VI, Arithmetic.
Honours.—Kenzie Cowan 96.
Class I.—M. Berniquer 85, G. McPaul 83, L. Miller 80, A. MacKenzie 77.
Class II.—R. Stephens 70, Clyde Laurin 69.

Grade VI, Scripture.
Honours.—S. Anderson 93, G. Black 92.

Class I.—Elsie McPaul 85, Lulu Miller 84, Winston Drew 83, Carl Demerise 81, Andrew Fulton 81, H. Jones 81, Doria Dion 77, Wilson Gail 76.
Class II.—Kenzie Cowan 74, Thelma Wert 72, H. MacKinnon 71, K. Giles 69, V. Thompson 68.

Grade V, Geography.
Honours.—L. Canning 98, M. Robinson 94.
Class I.—D. Mackrith 88, S. Langille 88, A. Doig 84, Doris Boyd 83, E. Stansfield 83, D. McPaul 78, L. Walker 76.
Class II.—W. Davis 67.

Grade IV, Mental & R. Arithmetic.
Honours.—M. Walker 92.
Class I.—J. MacKenzie 89, E. Stephens 88, B. Clunie 86, S. Roberts 84, S. Morrison 83, J. Mackrith 79, G. Scott 78, S. Milnes 77, G. L'Abbe 75.
Class II.—G. Morrison 74.

Grade III, Geography.

Honours.—Lloyd Graham 99, Erna Aitkin 96, Lloyd Creswell 94, Cyril Drew 94, Bernard Jenkins 93, Jean Picken 92, Alice Berniquer 90, James Clark 90.
Class I.—Eleanor MacNaughton 88, Leslie Cox 84, Murray Lyster 84, B. Roberts 79, Bernice Langille 76, Mira Robinson 75.

BROWNSBURG SCHOOL EXAMS.

Grade IX, History.

Honours.—Dorothea Macdonald 92
Class II.—Pearl MacKenzie 76, F. Morrow 76.

Grade VIII, Latin.

Honours.—Russell Morrow 93, H. Tomalty 91, Phyllis Campbell 90, R. Campbell 87, Walter McQuat 81, J. MacArthur 80, Lorne Ball 79, Audrey Monk 74, Bessie Murdoch 73, Willie Woods 71, Emma Brown 70.
Class I.—Edgar Jackson 69, Annie Morrow 66, Geo. Connelly 62, Agnes Elliott 53, Willie Mason 52, Janet Stephenson 50.

Grade VII, Scripture.

Honours.—Agnes Duncan 95.
Class I.—Gordon Anderson 89, W. Tomalty 87, Gladis Gilmour 86, Frank Kettle 83, Kenneth McAllister 82, H. Graves 80, George Stewart 77, Lillian White 75, Wyman Hazel 75.
Class II.—Alice Lupien 70.

Grade VI, Scripture.

Honours.—Clinton Murdoch 94.
Class I.—Mildred Cooper 87, Jean McQuat 85, Eira Roberts 82, David Golpin 79, Alfred Lupien 77, Edith Gilmour 76.
Class II.—Earle McGibbon 71, S. Seary 67, Stanley Jackson 67, Ethel Kettle 64, Winnie White 64, Geraldine McQuaig 60.
Class III.—Charlie Kennedy 57.

Grade V, Hygiene.

Class I.—C. Murdoch 88, E. Campbell 85, H. Graham 80, G. McLeod 78.
Class II.—E. Jackson, David Kennedy 74, H. Beckingham 73, Erwin Martin 72, Elva McPaul, Mona Roberts, Lloyd Roberts 71, M. Murdoch 60, Galbraith 70, H. White 69, Patsy Seary 67, M. McQuat, Mabel Monk Eric King 66, Chris Devine 60.
Class III.—N. Beckingham 59, H. Gunn 57.

Grade IV, Hygiene.

Honours.—A. Dixon 92, Doris McQuat 91.
Class I.—G. Wilson 86, A. Williams 84, V. Kettle, W. Hazel 83, Ida Stewart 81, Sidney Seary 80, Violet Hewitt, Doris Bourne 79, H. Towns- end, Cecil Carpenter 78, Eva Hazel 77, George Castle 76, C. Martin 75.
Class II.—A. Morrow 74, R. Bradford 72, S. Tomlinson, G. Wilson 71, A. Connelly 69, R. Jackson, E. Leed- ham, Fred Leedham 67, D. Steere 61.
Class III.—C. Fletcher 53.

Grade III, Nature Study.

Honours.—B. Stewart 92.
Class I.—Mildred MacAllister 80, R. Todd 78, June Morrow 76, Elsie Turney 71, Ena Williams 70, Joyce Clark 68, Lorne Clark 65, E. Dixon 63, Willie White 62, Winnie Seary 61, Ernest Kettle 61, E. Castle 61, A. Beckingham 60, L. Beecroft 60, Frank Steere 57, George Racine 53.

Grade I, Part II, Reading.

Honours.—Ada Morrow 97, Enid Campbell 96, Lorne Stewart 95, D. Dixon 95, Willie Campbell 94, Laura Stewart 92, Jane Hardie 92, Thelma Hardie 91, Maud Cleland 91, Silina Lupien 90, Arthur Bourne 90, Colin King 90, Christie Cleland 90.
Class I.—Amy McQuaig 89, Y. Gagne 85, Florida Leroux 85, Hilda Morrow 84, Margaret Gibson 82, G. Vary 80, Elden Gunn 80, Gerald Vowles 79.
Class II.—Helen MacAllister 70, L. Leroux 65.

DAVID ELLARD MARSHALL LAID TO REST.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of David Ellard Marshall.

Deceased had been in good health until two weeks ago, while on a business trip to Winnipeg, Man; he contracted a cold, to which he succumbed on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 15th.

When only a boy, David went West with his brothers, who reside in Mc-Auley and Manson, Man. David bought a property in Manson, and continued buying land until he owned 1120 acres, and also an Equipment. In that locality they are known as, and called "The Marshall Bros." It is often remarked by the people in that district, how these Brothers have "stuck and pulled" together without ever having a disagreement or dispute.

The Better Things in Life



LEISURE!

Comfort in your old age depends largely upon your foresight in providing for it now.

This Bank will welcome your Savings Accounts—deposits may be made by mail when desired.

The BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$10,000,000 Reserve \$19,500,000
Resources \$245,000,000

David was a keen worker and one who has crowded the work of a life time into his short forty-three years, having been born in Dalesville in the year 1884.

He leaves to mourn his loss a loving and devoted wife; two daughters and one son; four brothers, Robert, of McAuley; Peter, Jim and George, of Manson, Man.; three sisters, Mrs. Salter Clark and Mrs. David Clark, of Lachute, also Mrs. Thomas Cousins, of Grenville.

ST. ANDREWS EAST.

Mr. Dawson, of Montreal, paid a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Jas. Burwash, here, last week-end.

Mr. Gordon Hopper, of Moncton, N. B., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Charman, in St. Andrews East.

The C. G. I. T. and Mission Band held meetings on Friday and Saturday afternoons at the United Church Manse.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rodger are to be congratulated on the arrival of a second grandson this winter—a son to Mr. and Mrs. George Gagnon, of Shawinigan Falls, on Feb. 19th.

The Young People's Society held their regular meeting in the Sunday School room. A special feature was a debate on the question "Resolved that Educational work on the Mission Field has contributed more largely to the progress of Christian Missions than Medical work. Mr. Piche for the affirmative, Mr. Snowdon negative.

CALUMET.

The Supper and Concert held in the Hall, on Friday, Feb. 18th, under auspices of Union Church, were a success. Receipts amounted to over \$65.00. The Concert was enjoyed by all. Miss Jobb, pianist. The Cushing Trio. Mr. McLachlin entertained with interesting recitations; Mr. Johnson, of L'Orignal, Comedian; ten boys and girls gave a short dialogue.

The Broom and Football game resulted in Victory for Hawkesbury. Score 1-0.

Miss L. Smith, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. R. Seairight.

Several members of Cliffside Ski Club were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Higginson.

There is to be a Masquerade at Calumet Rink on Tuesday, March 1st. Prizes will be given for Best Costumes.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKI RACE

Reeves' Farm, Calumet, Que. February 19th, 1927

- (Distance — 8 miles)
1. I. Phophet, Calumet, Que. 1 Hr. 21 1/2 min.
 2. R. Whinfield, Calumet, Que. 1 23
 3. G. Hamilton, Cliffside Ski Club, 1 25
 4. H. Kjerulf, Hawkesbury Ski Club 1 26
 5. L. Groegaard, Hawkesbury Ski Club 1 28
 6. C. Bennett, Calumet, Que. 1 28 1/2
 7. C. McRae, Hawkesbury Ski Club, 1 29 1/2
 8. H. Reeves, Hawkesbury, Ont. 1 33
 9. L. Reeves, Calumet, Que. 1 40
 10. K. McHardy, Calumet, Que. 1 44 1/2
 11. C. Wright, Cliffside Ski Club, 1 47

It has now been proved that the little lamb that followed Mary to school was no lamb at all. Probably, it was just some young goat to whom she threw the glad eye.

Gent's Overcoats.

Nothing fits like a tailor-made Suit. We have all kinds of clothes from which to choose. Step in today and let us take your measure. We also have a splendid assortment of Gent's Overcoats and Neck Ties.

R. Deslauriers.
MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

If you want anything or have anything for Sale, advertise them in the Watchman. It brings results.

"Rex" Theatre Lachute

Week of Feb. 27 to Mar. 5 - 1927.

ADVICE

Owing to an accident to the film "Temptress" we are obliged to change the date of this production. The Regal Film Co. offer us the big surprise of 1927, before Montreal.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
Jackie Coogan in "JOHN GET YOUR HAIR CUT"
His latest and biggest creation. Extraordinary and Comical. Comedy: Buster Helps Dad

PATHE REVIEW

For Young and Old

SUNDAY ONLY
DOLORES COSTELLO in "BRIDE of the STORM"
A first class production with a story that you'll enjoy.

FIGHTING MARINE, Ep. 7.
Comedy: WIVES & WOMEN

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY
JACK HOXIE in "Looking for Trouble"
A snappy Western

RADIO DETECTIVE
Comedy: CRAZY LIKE A FOX

MONDAY & TUESDAY
GEORGE SIDNEY in the "Prince of Pilsen"
A Humorous Farce with sixty laughs a minute.

Larry Semon in SOLID CONCRETE
Western: FIGHTING STRAIN

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
MARIE PREVOST in "HIS JAZZ BRIDE"
PATHE REVIEW
Comedy: HER AMBITION

Ralph's

Ladies' Men's & Boys Winter
Coats and Suits at the
very Lowest Prices
A Full Line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

Main Street, - Lachute.

SEASONABLE PASTRIES!

And High Class Confectionery for your Socials and Parties. Let us make your cakes for special occasions.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

All kinds of Wedding Cakes and Pastries for Sale at
J. MAITLAND'S, BROWNSBURG.

J. P. MACKIMMIE & SONS

Phone us.

Uptown at No. 81, Lachute Mills at No. 80.



After a drawing by V. C. Anderson in "Life"

The Little Breadwinner

THIS little chap of twelve, hawking papers in the midst of the city's maelstrom, his clothes in tatters, his eyes eager and shifty, his voice hoarse with shouting—can you see the tragedy of his life? He left school at ten to help earn bread for his mother and brothers.

Yet, Daddy had great hopes for him. Looking down at the wee baby face he had said: "I'll give the lad a good start in life—a lift on to the first rung of the ladder."

That was eleven years ago. Daddy had not counted on dying, you see. But he did die—died at the wrong time before his plans had worked out. Are you willing to take a chance like that with your wife and little ones? An Imperial Monthly Income Policy will safeguard them from a danger you dare not ignore.

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us. Then we'll send you our booklet which tells all about it.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY of CANADA
HEAD OFFICE :: TORONTO, ONTARIO

E. M. Jones, Agent
LACHUTE

COUPON

Please send me your Booklet about Monthly Income Policies.

Meet me at Joe's!

The popular place
for Choice Meats

Jos. Speight, Meat Market

Main Street, Lachute. - Telephone 136.

You Cannot Buy "SALADA" TEA

in bulk. Sold only in sealed packages.



PART I—"THE AWAKENING."

CHAPTER I GROPPING IN THE DARK.

The convict gang had a pleasant place to work to-day. Their road building had taken them some miles from the scattered outskirts of Walla Walla, among fields green with growing barley.

The convicts themselves were in a genial mood, easily moved to wide grins; and with a single exception they looked much like any other road gang. Curiously enough, whenever the warden's thought dwelt upon the inmates of his prison, there was always one wind-tanned vivid face, one brawny, towering form that seemed to demand individual consideration. The man who was listed on the records as Ben Kinney was distinctly an individual.

"That's the queerest case we ever had here at Walla Walla," Sprigley told his fellow guard, as they watched the man's pick swing in the air. "Sometimes I wonder whether he ought to be here or not. Look at that face—he hasn't any more of a criminal face than I have."

The other guard, Howard, scanned his companion's face with mock care.

"Now let me tell you how they happened to catch him. Maybe you heard—he and Dago Frank were in the act of breaking into the Western-Danish Bank. They were in the alley, in the act of jimmying a window, and all at once Kinney straightened up as if something had hit him and let the jimmy fall with a thump to the pavement. He put his hands to his head, like a man with a headache. And the next instant a cop came running from the mouth of the alley."

"Kinney was heeled, but he didn't even pull his gun. Now let me tell you another queer thing. You know, the chief has started a system here to keep track of all the prisoners. He has them all fill out a card. Well, when this man Kinney turned in his card, he had written 'Ben' on it, but the rest was absolutely blank."

"Mr. Mitchell thought at first that the man couldn't write. It turned out, though, that he can write—an intelligent hand, and spell good too. Then Mitchell decided he was just sulking, but I'm confident I know the answer. The reason he didn't fill out that card was because he couldn't remember."

"He couldn't remember where or when he was born, or who were his folks, or where he had come from, or how he had spent his life. Amnesia—

that's what the doctors call it—amnesia following some sort of a mental trouble. In the end you'll see that I'm right."

There had been quite a northern migration lately, these late spring days. The last of the waterfowl had passed by now, but the northern migration was not yet done.

Ben thought about them as birds of passage, and the thought amused him. And at the sight of a small, stooped figure advancing toward him up the railroad right-of-way he paused, leaning on his pick.

Because Ben had paused, for the first time in an hour, his two guards looked up to see what had attracted his attention. They saw what seemed to them a white-haired old wanderer of sixty years or more; but at first they were wholly at a loss to explain Ben's fascinated look of growing interest.

As he paused to scrutinize the convict gang neither insolence nor fear, one of which was certainly to be expected, became manifest in his face.

Both guards were held and amazed by the apparent fact that at the first scrutiny of the man's outline, his carriage and his droll, wrinkled face, the prisoner Kinney was moved and stirred as if confronted by the risen dead. The old man himself halted, returning Kinney's stare. Kinney's mind seemed to be reaching, groping for some astonishing truth that eluded him.

The old man ran, in great strides, toward him. "My God, aren't you Ben Darby?" he demanded.

The convict answered him as from a great distance, his voice cool and calm and with an infinite certainty. "Of course," he said. "Of course I'm Darby."

For the moment that chance meeting thrilled all the spectators with the sense of monumental drama. The convicts stared; Howard, the second guard, started absurdly, rather guiltily, when the old man whirled toward him.

"What are you doing with Ben Darby in a convict gang?" the old wanderer demanded.

"What am I doing?" Howard's astonishment gave way to righteous indignation. "I'm guarding convicts, that's what I'm a-doin'."

The old man had turned his eyes again to the tall, trembling figure of Ben.

"Ben, Ben!" he said, evidently Forest asked him quietly, indicating Ezra Melville.

Again Ben's eyes studied the droll,

struggling with deep emotion. "What are you doing here?"

"Five years—for burglary," he answered simply. "Guilty, too—I don't know anything more. And I can't remember—who you are."

"You don't remember me?" Some of Ben's own bewilderment seemed to pass to him. "You know Ezra Melville—"

Sprigley stepped quickly to Melville's side. "He's suffering loss of memory," he explained swiftly. "This is the first time he ever recalled his own name."

Melville gazed at him in incredulous astonishment, then turned to Sprigley. "May I talk to you about this case?" he asked quietly. "If not to you, who can I talk to? There are a few points that might help to clear up—"

Many and important were the developments which arose from their conference. Melville's northward journey was postponed for some days, and within a week this same white-haired, lean old man was pleading his case to the governor of the State of Washington. It came about, from the same cause, that a noted alienist, Forest, of Seattle, visited Ben Darby in his cell; and finally that the prisoner himself was taken to the capital at Olympia.

The brief inquisition that followed, changing the entire current of Ben Darby's life, occurred in the private office of McNamara, the Governor. The alienist from Seattle conducted the examination.

"You don't remember this man?"



The old man ran in great strides toward him.

gray face. "With the vaguest kind of memory. I know I've seen him before—often. I can't tell anything else."

"He's a good friend of your family. I should say he was a very good friend, to take the trouble and time he has, in your behalf."

Ben nodded. The explanation was beyond him.

Forest leaned forward. "You remember the Saskatchewan River?"

Ben straightened, but the dim images in his mind were not clear enough for him to answer in the affirmative. "I'm afraid not."

Melville leaned forward in his chair. "Ask him if he remembers winning the canoe race at Lodge Pole—or the time he shot the Athabaska Rapids."

Ben turned brightly to him, but slowly shook his head. "I can't remember ever hearing of them before."

"I think you would, in time," Forest remarked. "They must have been interesting experiences. Now what do these mean to you?—Thunder Lake—Abner Darby—Edith Darby—MacLean's College."

Abner Darby! It was curious what a flood of tenderness swept through Ben as, whispering, he repeated the name. Since his own was Darby, Abner Darby was, in all probability, his father; but his reasoning intelligence, rather than his memory, told him so.

The name of Edith Darby conjured up in his mind a childhood playmate—a girl with towed yellow curls and chubby, confiding little hands. . . . But these dim memory-pictures went no further; there were no later visions of Edith as a young woman, blossoming with virgin beauty. The third name of the three, MacLean's College, called up no memories whatever.

"They'll strengthen in time, I'm sure," Forest told him. "Put them out of your mind, for now. Let it be blank." The alienist again leaned toward him, his eyes searching. There ensued an instant's pause, possessing a certain quality of suspense. Then Forest spoke quickly, sharply. "Wolf Darby!"

In response a curious tremor passed over Ben's frame, giving in some degree the effect of a violent start. "Wolf Darby," he repeated hesitantly. "Why do you call me that?"

"The very fact that you know the name refers to you, not someone else, shows that that blunted memory of yours has begun to function in some degree. Now think. What do you know about 'Wolf Darby'?" Ben tried in vain to find an answer.

NURSES

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

188UE No. 6—27.

Fifty-Eighth Annual Meeting of The Royal Bank of Canada

The fifty-eighth annual general meeting of The Royal Bank of Canada, held at the head office, marked the close of a very successful year and was attended by a large gathering of shareholders.

Several announcements of special interest were made both by Sir Herbert Holt, president, and C. E. Neill, general manager. In his address, Sir Herbert Holt gave a complete review of the outstanding features of the growth in Canada's trade and industry and took the view that during the past year there had been steady and substantial improvement in almost every department of Canada's business life.

Discussing the necessity of the reducing of all taxes, Sir Herbert said: "What Canada needs is to follow the example set by the United States in the reduction of all taxes and in the cost of government, so that by economies due to the efficiency of administration we may secure a substantial reduction in the total burden of taxation rather than a change of incidence. Canada has frequently shown that she is not without courage in facing her economic problems, and there are indications that a bold co-operative policy of administrative economy on the part of all governments would meet with strong public approval and support."

C. E. Neill, general manager, gave a number of interesting particulars of

the Bank's growth and expansion during the year. Of special import was the increase of \$6,904,587 in commercial loans in Canada. This reflected business activity arising from the country's growing prosperity.

Referring to the constructive co-operation the Bank had been in a position to give towards the development of Canada's foreign trade, Mr. Neill said in part:

"Since this bank first commenced to establish branches abroad over twenty-five years ago, we have acquired an intimate knowledge of many foreign markets. We have done our utmost to use this knowledge for the benefit of Canadian trade by placing foreign buyers in touch with our exporters and locating advantageous sources of supply for Canadian importers. The Managers of our foreign branches are familiar with Canadian products, and it goes without saying that our opportunities to be of service have been numerous, more particularly since the majority of our foreign branches are located in countries which are not competitors of Canada, but rather buyers of our products and suppliers of our necessities. I know that during this past quarter of a century we have been able to facilitate the movement of Canadian goods to the extent of many millions of dollars."

"The Victoria Cross, of course," he said slowly, brokenly. "I won it, didn't I—the day—that day at Ypres—the day my men were trapped—"

His words faltered then. The wheels of his memory, starting into motion, were again stilled once more. Again the great darkness dropped over him. Yet to Forest the experiment was an unqualified success.

"There's no doubt of it!" he exclaimed. He turned to McNamara, the Governor. "His brain is just as sound as yours or mine. With the right environment, the right treatment, he'd be on the straight road to recovery."

(To be continued.)
Athletes use Minard's Liniment.

A whole world of meaning lingered just beyond the reach of his groping mind; but always it eluded him. Forest suddenly spoke to old Ezra Melville; and the latter put a small, cardboard box into his hands.

"I want you to see what I have here," Forest told Ben. "They were your own possessions once—you sent them yourself to Abner Darby, your late father—and I want you to see if you remember them."

Evidently this was the climax in the examination. Forest opened the box, taking therefrom a roll of white cotton. This he slowly unrolled, revealing two small, ribboned ornaments of gold or bronze.

Ben's starting eyes fastened on them. No doubt he recognized them.



TIE-COLLAR AND CUFFS ADD A NONCHALANT AIR TO A SIMPLE FROCK.

Charming indeed is this dainty frock suitable for many occasions. The two-piece skirt is shirred to a bodice having shirring at each shoulder. The V neck may be simply bound, or the tie-collar of contrasting material added and gracefully knotted in front to correspond with the tie-cuffs finishing the long dart-fitted sleeves. The novel patch-pockets are both attractive and useful adornments. No. 1523 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. View A size 18 (36 bust) requires 3½ yards 39-inch material, or 2½ yards 54-inch, and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting. Price 20c the pattern.

The garments illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Knows His Brother.

Teacher—"If I gave you an apple and you gave your brother seven-eighths of it, what would you have?" Willie—"The core."

At the Dinner.

"Oh, John," she was saying, "you are a most inattentive host. I do wish you'd keep an eye on poor Mr. Smith. He's helping himself to everything."

How Dimples Come.

Have you a dimple? If so, do you know what it really is?

A dimple is actually nothing more than a dent or depression in a part of the body where the flesh is very soft. Dimples are not confined to the cheek alone, and babies frequently have dimpled elbows and knees. Plump children usually have several dimples on their backs and shoulders.

Dimples usually accompany a smile, and when they appear on other people's cheeks we seldom think of their cause. Underneath the outside skin on the face are fibres of varying length, which run in all directions. Occasionally these fibres are too short in a certain spot, and so pull the skin which forms the dimple.

Who Disagrees?

"What is a detour?"
"The roughest distance between two points."

GOOD NEWS For the Radio Fan, Dealer or Professional Set Builder.

We are now ready to place on the market a complete new 1927 line of Low-Loss Coils, Condensers, Transformers, Varier Units, Vacuum Tubes and Complete Sets.

All are Quality Products, but at a remarkably Low Price.

We are convinced that we can save you money. FREE—Our New Bulletin No. 2. Send for it, also for copy of Blueprints of Standard Circuits.

We make Edison Type Storage "B" Batteries and Kits, also Short Wave Coils.

COMET RADIO PRODUCTS

Earlscourt and St. Clair Aves.
Toronto, Ont.



Dainty Underwear for 15 cts!

Those delicate, true tints the fabric had when new! You can do such tinting if you use real dye. Soft, but perfect shades for all your underthings, stockings, etc.

And don't stop with tinting! You can Diamond dye dresses, even your old suit. The true tones in Diamond dyes make home dyeing just as perfect as any professional could do. Any material, any color—right over the old. Diamond dye your drapes and curtains, too. So easy, it's fun—and how economical!

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Make it NEW for 15 cts!



The Fathers of Confederation

They Breathed Life into Confederation and Behold . . . a Nation was Born

Out of the separate Colonies of British America, they created a powerful Dominion, forming what is now an important part of that great Empire upon which the sun never sets.

Shoulder to Shoulder with the Progress of the Canadian Confederation Marches the Record of Confederation Life

Sound, conservative, avoiding the spectacular, but building a structure of enduring strength, Confederation Life Association records another year of progressive achievement in 1926.

1867
Confederation of
Canadian Provinces

1871
Confederation Life Incorporated
by Act of Parliament

1927
60th Anniversary
Confederation of Canada

The Association enters the sixtieth year of the Confederation of Canada with
INSURANCE IN FORCE - - - - - \$230,747,937
ASSETS - - - - - 50,660,858
INCOME, 1926 - - - - - 12,334,566
NEW INSURANCE WRITTEN AND REVIVED 45,076,775

Paid and held for benefit of policyholders since 1871 - \$107,169,778

Full Annual Report sent upon request

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION

A GROWING COMPANY IN A GROWING COUNTRY
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, CANADA

THE CHICADEES' CAFE

A Hint for Young Bird-Lovers About Winter-Feeding.

"Oh, Jack, look here! Come quick, but don't make a noise."

Evan, at the kitchen window, had just discovered a handsome old blue-jay, making a meal of the piece of suet the two brothers had tied to a limb of the apple-tree, in the garden, a few days before.

Excitedly the two boys watched that skillful beak chisel its way into the meat as it plunged, first from one angle, then from another. Once in a while the wary jay would pause, look around, and reassured would continue his meal.

Well might the boys feel elated, because this was their first attempt to attract these feathered friends to a festive board near the house, and now their efforts were crowned with success.

"We must tell mother and Helen about this," said Jack. So off he ran to bring them to the window, too, and soon all four were enjoying the sight. "It was very thoughtful of you, boys, to put your feeding stations up where I can enjoy your birds while I am baking the pies and biscuits for dinner," was mother's first remark.

Not many days later, a pair of chickadees came along, singing their merry "chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee-dee-dee." The first winter snow covered the ground, and the weed seeds were not so easy to find as they were in September. So the chickadees were very glad when they found that somebody was providing a convenient meal for them. One at a time they would hop down to the piece of suet and help themselves, standing now head up, now head down, but always active, always cheerful. The suet course over, off would go the chickadees to the apple tree to vary their diet with a few codling moth larvae, hidden under the scales of bark.

Soon the nuthatches found the festive board. With their trumpetlike nasal "Yank! Yank!" they came, al-

ways one at a time, climbing down the tree trunk head first, or flying directly to the meat. They never stayed long, but they came often and the boys found them very friendly little fellows. It was difficult at first to distinguish the nuthatches from the chickadees, but Helen soon discovered that the chickadees had black throats, while the nuthatches were white or reddish on both throat and breast.

One Saturday morning, early in February, Jack ran into the house very much excited. "Oh, mother, a chickadee lit on my hand," he shouted. "Well, I declare," said mother; "how did you ever bring it so close to you?"

"It was just this way. I went out to tie up the new piece of suet to the tree, and a chickadee came down. There was no meat left there and the first thing I knew he was on my hand pecking the suet. I got such a surprise I guess I scared him. But, gee! I wish he'd come again. He's as light as a feather."

Evan thought he would play a joke on a pair of chickadees, one day, when he tried to imitate their plaintive whistle "phe-be-be." To his amazement, one of the birds came to a branch beside him and repeated the call. Evan had solved the problem of calling the chickadees.

The birds continued to come as long as the snow covered the ground. Every morning, about eight o'clock, one old, hairy woodpecker paid a shy breakfast call. And usually, about eleven o'clock, a pair of downy woodpeckers came. Whenever anybody would go out to see them at closer range, "Downie" would simply turn around, although shyly keeping an eye on his observer, or would move a few hops higher up to tree, if the intruder came too close for comfort.

Everybody was agreed that it was the best winter sport imaginable.

"We are going to feed the birds again next year," said Evan.

Three Great Desires.

Man is swayed by a thousand dreams
Of pleasure and pomp and pride,
An honored name, that is known to fame,
But many a dream's denied.

And there is the lure of a woman's smile,
And the lure of a merry hour,
He is urged to rise, with the great and wise,
He is eager to come to power.

Life dazzles his eyes with endless charms
And never his longings cease,
But his great desires, till his body tires,
Are laughter and love and peace.

For his own must share in the joy he wins,
And their laughter must urge him on,
And their love increase, or his dream of peace
And his reason to fight are gone.

For never can victory thrill his soul
Or his fortune be worth its cost
If he throws to the wind his peace of mind
And laughter and love are lost.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Politeness.

Bill Collector—"I suppose I'm not so very welcome."
Tenant—"On the contrary, I want you to call again."

What Are Charades?

One of the most popular pastimes at social gatherings is acting charades. A number of young people "dress up" and act various scenes, in each of which a certain word is introduced.

The first scene, perhaps, shows two boys seated at a table, reading a verse of poetry aloud. They repeat it once or twice until they get it by heart. In the second a young lady tells her fiancé that her father has been ruined as the result of unlucky speculations, and releases him from his engagement. He replies that money does not matter and refuses to accept his freedom. She then confesses that the story of her father's ruin was a pretence; she merely wanted to test him.

Finally, the compound word, made up by the two hidden in the scenes already given, is represented. A number of young people are shown shooting at a target with bows and arrows. The winner is acclaimed. By this time those accustomed to charades have guessed Scene 1 means "con"; Scene 2, "test"; and the whole, "contest." These words have actually been spoken in the appropriate scenes.

Trout Have Scales.

This spring when you whip your favorite stream and land your first speckled beauty, we want you to make a close examination of your catch to discover whether or not a brook trout has scales. We venture to say there are thousands of anglers who have fished for trout for years, yet have never taken the trouble to settle this question for themselves. So we will settle it here and now.

A trout has scales. They are microscopically fine, and you will have to look hard to see them. In a fresh fish they are scarcely visible, but in one that has been in alcohol, where the skin shrinks the scales are more easily observed.

Happy Howgli.

It was a perfectly white night, as they call it. All green things seemed to have made a month's growth since the morning. The branch that was yellow-leaved the day before dripped sap when Mowgli broke it. The mosses curled deep and warm over his feet, the young grass had no cutting edges, and all the voices of the Jungle boomed like one deep harp-string touched by the moon—the Moon of New Talk, who splashed her light full on rock and pool, slipped it between trunk and creeper, and sifted it through a million leaves. Forgetting his unhappiness, Mowgli sang aloud with pure delight as he settled into his stride. It was more like flying than anything else, for he had chosen the long, downward slope that leads to the northern marshes through the heart of the main Jungle, where the springy ground deadened the fall of his feet. A man-taught man would have picked his way with many stumbles through the cheating moonlight, but Mowgli's muscles, trained by years of experience, bore him up as though he were a feather. When a rotten log or a hidden stone turned under his foot, he saved himself, never checking his pace, without effort and without thought. When he tired of ground-going, he threw up his hands monkey-fashion to the nearest creeper, and seemed to float rather than to climb up into the thin branches, whence he would follow a tree-road till his mood changed and he shot downward in a long-leaved curve to the levels again. There were still, hot hollows surrounded by wet rocks where he could hardly breathe for the heavy scents of the night flowers and the bloom along the creeper buds; dark avenues where the moonlight lay in belts as regular as checkered marbles in a church aisle; thickets where the wet young growth stood breast-high about him and threw its arms round his waist; the hilltops crowned with broken rock, where he leaped from stone to stone.

So he ran, sometimes shouting, sometimes singing to himself, the happiest thing in all the Jungle that night, till the smell of the flowers warned him that he was near the marshes, and these lay far beyond his furthest hunting-grounds. —From "The Spring Running," by Rudyard Kipling.

It Is Slow Work—

—Training a child to use good judgment.
—Changing the mind of a majority of the people.
—Living down a bad reputation.
—Building a character that will last through eternity.
—Ridding the world of the war mind.
—Saving the first thousand dollars.
—Creating respect for law while law-breaking is profitable.

Good Laws—

—Have seldom made good men, but they often restrain bad men.
—Need the support of good citizens to be good laws.
—Can never be written by a degraded citizenship.
—Will only work their best among a free people.
—Always work some injustices upon a few.
—Cannot succeed without faithful administrators.
—Are the noblest work of any government.

Hosts to Duke and Duchess of York in Australia.



LORD AND LADY STONEHAVEN
Lord Stonehaven is the governor-general of Australia. The Duke and Duchess of York sailed from England on January 6 for their Australian trip. They will inaugurate the new capital of the dominion, Canberra. A session of the Australian parliament is expected to be held at Canberra next May.

Tranquillity.

The moonbeams draw me
To my window:
Can it be frost
Upon the ground?

Lifting my head, I gaze
On the moon;
And bending low
Think of my Fatherland.

—Gonoske Komal.

What They Are Saying.

There are no two words "a" all the English language more wretchedly misrepresented in current debate than income and capital, none more widely misunderstood. —William Graham, M.P.

In my view, the whole progress of civilization in this world is bound up with the capacity that the white races have and will have to help the races of the world to advance. —Stanley Baldwin.

Character is power, and do not forget that character is capital. —Sir John Ferguson.

Deflation robs all those who owe money; inflation robs those to whom money is due. —H. G. Williams, M.P.

The worst cricketer is generally the most enthusiastic player. —Sir Roland Bladen.

If all manufacturers would treat their workers well, they would not alone have happiness, but they would make more money. —Bernhard Baron.

Many a bachelorship has been wrecked on a permanent wave. —Lord Dewar.

When Things Went Wrong.

Conjuror—"Now, to help me with this trick I want the services of a boy. Just any boy in the audience—yes, you will do, my little man. Come along. Now, you've never seen me before, have you?"
Boy—"No, father."

Sneeze, But Don't Sniff, English Doctor's Advice

London. —Sneezing one's way to health is the latest fad as advocated by Dr. Octavia Lewin and other physicians. "Never stifle a sneeze," she advised health visitors and school nurses at Bedford College.

"Remember, the fundamental fact of health is sound, healthy breathing through the nose," cautioned Dr. Lewin, who continued: "Never sniff. Here is a verse to keep in mind: 'Sniffing's bad for brain and head. Sniff not—blow your nose instead.' 'Lack of nasal hygiene is very largely responsible for defects of the eyes. It will be found that nearly all the children in our schools who wear spectacles have clogged heads.'"

"Humans should take a lesson from the animals. Take the elephant. If he, with a yard and a half of nose, can keep his head clear, surely we ought to be able to do something with our children. Even the little mouse and the canary know how to sneeze."

"Silver Ship on Silver Sea" For Duchess of York's Table

London. —A feature of the Duchess of York's dining table decoration in the battle cruiser Renown is a "silver ship sailing on a silver sea." The beautiful wrought ship is a model of H. M. S. Endeavour, in which Captain Cook first visited Australia.

The plate was the property of the battleship Commonwealth, and since the latter was scrapped has been in store. The plate has been loaned to the Renown for the world voyage of the Duke and Duchess, who will return home in June.

Contained Starch.

Chemistry Professor—"Name three articles containing starch."
Student—"Two cuffs and a collar."

Piano as Loud-Speaker.

There appears to be no end to the ingenuity of the radio enthusiasts, and it is truly amazing how many remarkable inventions in connection with wireless have been produced by amateurs.

The very latest is an attachment for converting an ordinary piano into a loud-speaker, which is said to be unequalled for purity of tone. It can be adapted to fit any make of piano, and eliminates all harsh and indistinct notes both in speech and music. "Low frequencies," which have been liable to distortion in the ordinary methods of reproduction, are now made as clear as crystal by the wide register of the piano and the immediate expansion of the sound over its full compass.

How Long to Hang Curtains.

It is always better to make the curtains to hang to the floor where the structure of the window permits. In a room which depends for its chief charm on quaintness it is often better to make the curtains to hang six inches below the sill. In making them long enough to hang six inches below the sill one should allow for tying back—which, besides, prevents the curtains from blowing out so easily.

Johnnie Knew.

Teacher—"Can any of you tell me how stove pipe is made?"

Johnnie—"Well, Teacher, you just take a big long hole and put tin around it."

Yes, Send It!

Dealer—"Shall I send the clothes-horse you ordered?"

Customer—"Send it! Did you think I intended to ride it home?"

Parrot Jail Breaker.

An Australian parrot in the London Zoo has gnawed his way out of eighteen cages in three years.

COAST TO COAST

Vernon, B.C.—The Kelowna Fruit Growers' convention unanimously adopted the Board plan for handling the 1927 crop. The Board will consist of three members, one representing the Associated Growers, one the Independents and one the Provincial Government. The Board will have absolute control over the fruit movement with legislative authority to regulate shipments to the different markets, to fix prices and exercise an all-round supervision.

Edmonton, Alta.—Fifteen hundred homesteads were filed at the Edmonton Land Office last year, the largest number since before the war. The applicants represent 257,760 acres of potential cultivation.

Moose Jaw, Sask.—The Harris Abattoir (Saskatchewan) Limited has been incorporated, according to the Gazette, and registered under the company's Act. Its present capital is \$100,000 and its headquarters in Moose Jaw.

Winnipeg, Man.—During 1926 the Canada Colonization Association settled 734 families on 163,994 acres in Western Canada, 59,978 acres of which were in the Province of Manitoba, according to T. O. F. Herzer, Manager of the Association. Since the Canadian Pacific Railway took over the Canada Colonization Association on January 1, 1925, a total of 1,561 families have been settled, taking up 402,566 acres of land, worth, with equipment, between \$18,000,000 and \$19,000,000. Forty-five per cent. of this land is in Manitoba, 30 per cent. in Saskatchewan and 25 per cent. in Alberta.

Toronto, Ont.—Tourists left \$50,996,816 in Ontario last season according to Provincial calculation; of which auto parties contributed \$30,779,586. Approximately 75 per cent. of the tourists coming to Canada in 1926 visited Ontario.

Quebec, Que.—Under the jurisdiction of the Lands and Forests Dept., a Forestry Research Bureau will start to operate from the first of February, with its headquarters here, under the direct control of the Forest Protection Service which is headed by Gustave Pice, Chief Forestry Engineer.

A Field of Plovers.

A flock of plovers in an English field in January is a sign of hope. They may be making no music, just quietly working in the field. The field may be but a part of call, but to see them is to know that spring happenings are once again on the wing. The last flock seen may have been in November. That was the end of a season. This is the beginning. At the turn of the year, with the shortest day left behind, there is a movement toward those places where presently they will nest. That time is not yet. They are still in flocks, and flocks are a sign of winter. That is how birds spend the winter. They club together, and forage together. A little later the flock will break up and here and there over the hillside, fields and uplands, pairs of birds will be seen and heard, much noisier than they are on a January day.

In flight a flock of plovers is a lovely vision, their white underbodies gleam in the sunlight, then they wheel and show pairs of dark wings strongly beating. The heart leaps up to see them in January dawn. One feels better for a sight of them, especially in view of the fact that they are a diminishing race. The trouble is that the plover's egg is supposed to be a delicacy. The writer once had two, his farmer landlady reminding him that gentlemen in the west end of London would pay anything from half a crown to seven and six for such delicacies. Perhaps plovers' eggs are an acquired taste. Possibly the price paid constitutes them a delicacy. Were the domestic fowl's eggs as rare and as high priced, doubtless they would receive the gourmet's attention.

Hardly any bird takes so little trouble with its nest. Often it is but the frost-hardened delf of a cow's hoof, a tangle of bent, or the hollow of a misplaced stone. It prefers a small ridge, so that the water can drain off on all sides. The nests are so completely in keeping with their surroundings that only the practiced seeker discovers them.

The eggs are usually four in number, placed in the nest point to point, so that the bird covers them more completely and hatching is thus made the more sure. As soon as hatched the young, being clothed at birth, run off in all directions and cause much trouble to the anxious parents who have to keep constant watch over them. Fortunately they are obedient to their parents' call. After hatching the nest is not used, as is the case with many other birds. That is doubtless one reason why a more elaborate nest is not made.

Plovers are erratic and loose jointed in flight, tossing and tumbling in the air and excitedly crying "pee-wee." Light of body it has difficulty in flying against the wind. The meaning of its name Lapwing is "one who turns about in running or flight."

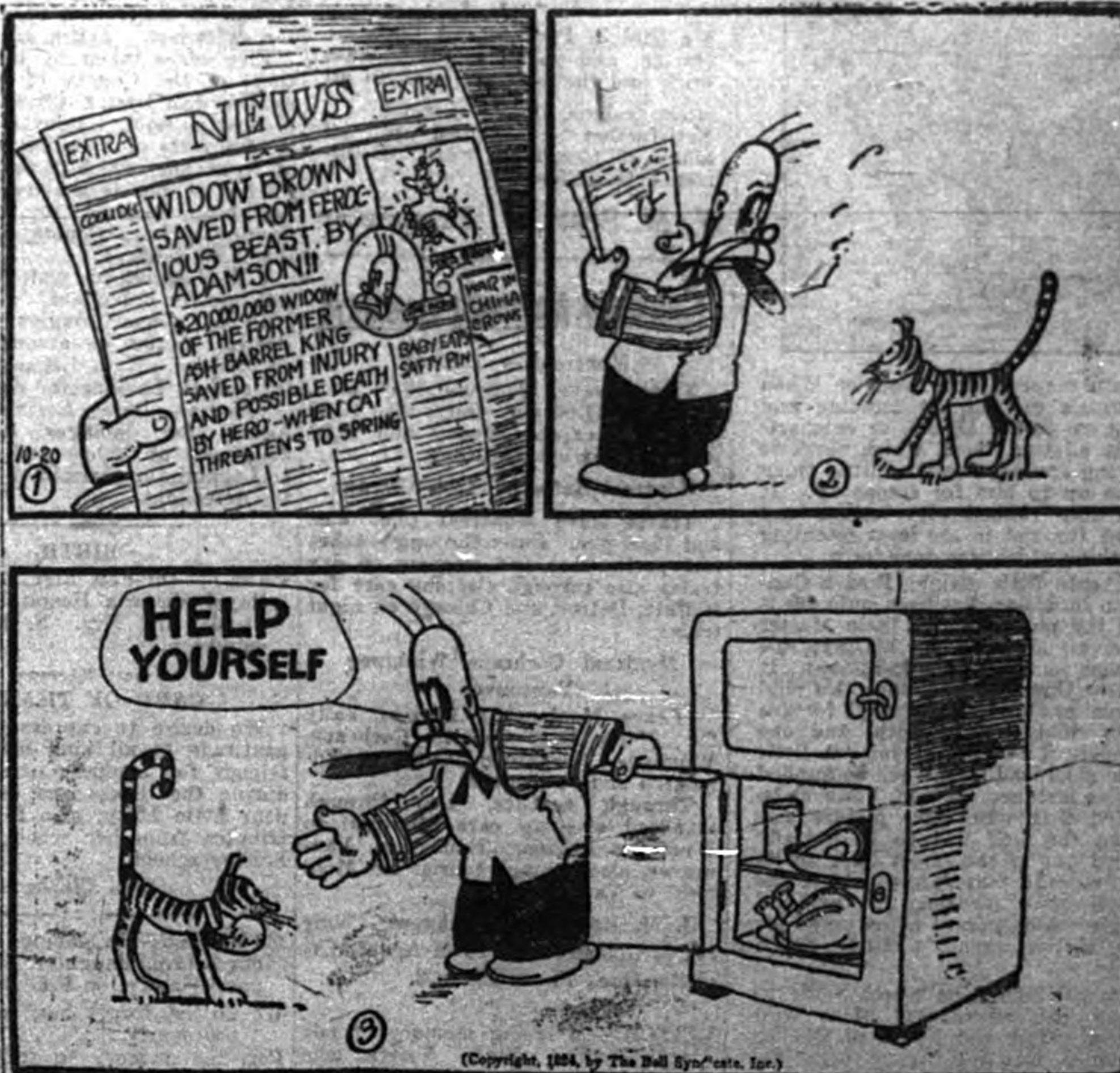
She Appeared Stupid.

Horace was sent to his room for taking forbidden cake from the cupboard. His mother, thinking to make his punishment more impressive, went to his room and, after all was forgiven, said: "Now Horace, what did I punish you for?"

"Well, ma, I like that! I've been kept in bed all the afternoon, and now you don't know what you did it for."

Oak trees take so long in attaining any profitable size that it is not a business proposition to grow them.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.



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Just Friendly—That's All.



Enjoy the Convenience of An ELECTRIC TOASTER

Make toast, right on the table, this clean, convenient way. Have it piping hot — just when you want it. Breakfast takes on new delights this way. Wonderfully handy for afternoon teas and late evening refreshments, too. As little as

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is all it costs for one of these attractive, handy toasters. No burned fingers. Toasts two slices at once.



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for its
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PACKED IN AIR TIGHT TINS

LAPORTE MARTIN LIMITEE

Where Wolves Will Run With Huskie Dogs



An entirely new and unique test will soon be made at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, by Arthur Beauvais, driver of the Frontenac dog team. He has three wolves which he has reared from babyhood. These have been kept in a kennel in the same building with his huskies. They are shy little things and appear as aliens among the dogs. They are not as playful as pups, and to overcome their shyness Beauvais often puts three little huskie pups in for playmates when they forget themselves and seem less homesick for their parents and the great outdoors.

These little creatures are now only eight months old, yet in this short time have learned much of mortals, and they have already had one trip to Boston where they were exhibited by the Canadian Pacific Railway at the Sportman's Show.

One morning a brand new sporty looking collar was placed on one, and the dignity this wild animal suddenly acquired was amazing. It was like a child with new shoes. It turned its little head first one side, then the other and sat down in a sedate manner, all four feet together and held its head high haughtily and said with its eyes "now look at me". Do wild animals understand? Yes indeed, that wild beast was as self-conscious as any human decked out in a new regalia.

Shortly after the return of the wolves from Boston, one of the little

creatures sprained its shoulder. When Beauvais entered the building and went up to the kennel, or compartment allotted them, which has wire netting around, the poor little thing came up to him for sympathy. It was duly rubbed with lotions and cared for, not in the least resenting anything which was done for it.

A cute little sleigh, French-Canadian in design, has been built for it and the picture shows little Master Beauvais all ready for his first ride as soon as the wolf is harnessed. It is now three months since this wild animal has been tame enough for this little child to play with, and one wonders if the old saying "A little child shall lead them" can be applied in this instance. It can, however be stated that when this picture was taken the wolf had to be literally pulled out of the street back to its kennel. It was interested in the people around, the dogs, the taxis and sleighs which passed as he posed for one of his many pictures taken lately.

It will indeed be worth while to follow the adventures of a wild creature from the woods of Quebec province, into the biggest organization of its kind in the world, a frequenter of the Chateau Frontenac, one who has already taken trips, and who will in time know the hearts and kindness of people it will come in contact with.

CUSHING.

Miss Olive Gwynne of Hawkesbury, was the Sunday guest of Miss Olive Hartley.

Mr. Levi Leroy returned on Tuesday from a week's visit to L'Annonciation.

Rev. Jas. Fraser, of Ivanhoe, Ont., visited friends and relatives in this vicinity this week.

Mrs. R. Funcheon of Monalea, is the guest of her sister, Miss M. Wheelan this week.

Mr. S. Pinkerton is spending the past week as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Harcourt, of New Glasgow.

The Ladies' Association of St. Mungo's Church meet at the home of Mrs. Frank Gaston on Thursday of this week.

Mrs. S. Hartley was called to Montreal, last week, owing to the illness of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Paynton and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. B. Cutten.

Cushing has again suffered a loss by the death of Miss Mary McArthur, who has for many years, lived with Rev. Jas. and Mrs. Fraser, Sr., and at her death was laid to rest in the church yard beside them. The funeral was well attended and the floral tributes beautiful. Friends from a distance who were noticed, were Rev. Jas. Fraser, of Ivanhoe, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kains, of Ottawa, Mrs. M. Cale, of Montreal.

The Monthly meeting of the W.M.S. is being held in conjunction with the world wide day of prayer on March 4th, at the home of Mrs. W. Y. King. All Ladies are requested to remember their dues for the coming term so that it may be added to the amount already gathered for our budget allotment. The Thank-Offering will also be welcome at that meeting instead of Easter as usual.

This meeting is also to be a special one to which every person is welcome to attend, particularly the members of the home helpers. A lady speaker from Montreal is expected to give an address which will be instructive and enjoyable.

EAST END SCHOOL.

Grade VII, Spelling & Dictation. Honours.—Leola Belanger 92.
Grade VI, Spelling & Dictation. Honours.—Nora Jackson 94.
Class I.—Mac Walker 84, Violet Belanger 80.
Grades IV & V, History. Class I.—Colin Copeland 83, Dorothy McFarlane 75.
Grade III, Geography. Honours.—Hugh Jackson 90.
Class I.—Eddie Pollock 78.
Grade II, Geography. Honours.—Ernest Copeland 97, W. Black 93.
Class I.—Howard Morrison 89.
R. GRAHAM, Teacher.

STALLED.

Brown—I hear Jones is letting the rest of the world go by.
Greene—Retired, eh.
Brown—No, bought a used car.

I am pleased to inform the readers of the "Watchman" that I have taken up insurance, and I am now in a position to write Life - Accident and Sickness - Fire and Automobile Insurance. I represent only the most reliable companies, and your encouragement will be highly appreciated.

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W. M. Scott, Proprietor

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Montreal — Toronto
Trains leave Montreal 10.00 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; 11.00 p.m. daily; also 12.30 p.m. daily except Sunday and 10.00 p.m. daily except Saturday.

Montreal Buffalo Detroit Chicago
Trains leave Montreal 10.00 a.m. and 11.00 p.m. Daily through coaches and parlor cars and sleepers on day trains also through sleeping cars for Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago on night trains.

Montreal Cochrane Winnipeg Vancouver
Leave Montreal 10.15 p.m. daily for North Bay, Cobalt, Cochrane, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver.

Through coaches, also through standard sleeping cars Montreal to Winnipeg Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, also through tourist car Montreal to Vancouver.

J. M. Roby, Station Agent, Phone 14; S. Goldworthy, Town Agent, Lachute, Que., Phone 191 r 3.

VEITCH.—In loving memory of our dear brother, James Veitch, who passed away Feb. 20th., 1926.

God takes our loved ones from our homes, But never from our hearts. Ever remembered by his Sister and Brothers.

SCOUT NEWS.



Tests passed on Saturday last were

Tenderfoot.—
Bull dog Patrol.—S. Roberts.
Him's Game, 2nd Class.
Fox Patrol.—S. McQuat.
Bull dog Patrol.—S. Roberts.
Points of Compass, 2nd Class
Crow Patrol.—E. Jousse.
Bull dog Patrol.—S. Roberts.
Signalling, 2nd Class
Fox Patrol.—G. McQuat, C. McFaul.
Bull dog Patrol.—S. Roberts.

Following is the programme generally followed out at the weekly meetings of the Troop:—

7.30 Fall In.
Flag Break.
Prayer.
Roll Call.
Inspection.
Announcements.
7.45 Game.
8.00 Signalling.
8.15 Game.
8.30 First Aid.
8.45 Parallel Bars.
9.00 Flag Down.
Announcements.
Dismiss.

GRENVILLE.

Miss Perry Cooke, of Ottawa, was a recent guest at her home here.

Miss Lois Cooke, of Lachute, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mr. Wesley Dodd, of Chelsea, spent the week-end with his family.

Mrs. Isaac Arnold is visiting in Lachute, the guest of Mrs. McCoy.

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. W. MacNaughton and family in the loss of a devoted husband and father.

Miss Vera Gauley who is teaching in Lachute, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gauley.

Miss Helen Bradshaw who is also attending school in Lachute, spent the week-end with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Pickett here.

BROWNSBURG.

The Second Annual Tea-meeting and Concert given by the Ladies Auxiliary of the United Church, Brownsburg, was held on Thursday evening, Feb. 17th. Owing to the extremely spring like weather, the church was able to be filled to capacity. Supper was served in the church parlors, the three long tables being artistically decorated with flowers and brass candlesticks, pretty pink shades on the lights had a subduing effect. The Concert started shortly before nine, the programme being opened with a male quartette, composed of Messrs. Anderson, Butler, Hazel and Osgood, followed by a reading by Mrs. Bissell, of Montreal. Miss Roberts, soprano, was next, followed by Miss Jobb, pianist of Cushing, who quite charmed the audience. A male duet by Messrs. Anderson and Butler was next, followed by a short address by the Rev. Mr. Jobb, who was most entertaining and humorous. This completed the first portion of the programme, the second half being similar. The Rev. Creighton Cassidy, Pastor, was chairman, and complimented Mrs. McGibbon (as president of the Auxiliary), on her very capable manner with which everything was manifested, and on the splendid success of the evening.

The Magistrates Court was held on Wednesday the 23rd inst., and was presided over by Arthur Godbout, of Beauce Judgment was rendered in the following cases:

A. Dubé vs. Pilon, judgment by default.
Habib vs. Jones, McQuaig tiers-saisit.
Bertrand vs. Allard, judgment for plaintiff.

Corporation of Lachute vs. the Tidouste Co'y. This was an action for license to sell gasoline in town, L. L. Legault, K.C., for plaintiff. Jacques Senical of the firm of Casgrain & Co. for defendant. Taken en delibere.

Five cases taken by the Corporation of the County of Argenteuil against Jos. Lyster, Chas. Lyster, W. J. Beatty, Robt. Gauley and H. Lyster for costs of breaking winter road on front road which deviated into the Parish of St. Jerusalem and which had been declared by the County Council to be a County Road. Case taken en delibere.

L. L. Legault for plaintiff & Donat Lalonde for defendant.
Dame Anne Douglas vs. David Brown. Action on account. Taken en delibere. L. L. Legault for plaintiff and D. Lalonde for defendant.

Roy vs. Dame Corinne Delorme. Action for damages for slander. Judgment of \$20.00 and costs. L. L. Legault for plaintiff & D. Lalonde for defendant.

BIRTH.

VASEY.—On Feb. 21st., 1927, at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, to Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Vasey, a daughter.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to express our deepest gratitude to all kind neighbors and friends for kindness extended to us during the illness and death of our dear little Mary, also for the floral tributes from her school mates and Sunday school.

Geo. Clarke and family.

CAMPEAU.—In loving memory of our beloved daughter, Suzanne, who passed away, on Feb. 28th., 1926.

We do not forget her, we loved her too dearly.
For her memory to fade from our life like a dream,
But the lips need not speak when the heart mourns sincerely,
For grief often dwells, when it seldom is seen.

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OLD HOME WEEK.

Pembroke, Ont., is holding an Old Home Week from August 5 to 11 in 1928. Although quite a long way ahead the Committee is anxious to get a list of the former Boys' and Girls. Send in your name to us or direct to The Citizens Committee.

Mayor J. P. Duff, Chairman.
C. M. Rattray, Sec.,
Pembroke, Ont.

CHURCH NOTES

Lachute Presbyterian Church, Rev. Henry Cousens B. A., Minister, Sunday School at 10 a.m. Service in Lachute at 11 a.m., in Brownsburg at 3 p.m.

Baptist Church Services on Sunday next will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. J. McLaren, at Brownsburg at 11 a.m.; Dalesville at 3 p.m.; Lachute 7 p.m.

Lachute United Church. Rev. A. Geo. MacKinnon, B.D., Minister. Sunday, Feb. 27th. Lachute 11 a.m., Mr. MacKinnon will preach; East Settlement 3 p.m., Rev. John MacAskill; Lachute 7 p.m., Rev. T. C. Cassidy; Sunday School and Bible Class at 10 a.m.; Choir practice Saturday 7.15 p.m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7.15. All welcome.

Brownsburg United Church. Rev. T. C. Cassidy, Pastor, Services on Sunday, Feb. 27th. 11 a.m., The Pastor; 7 p.m., Rev. A. G. MacKinnon, B.D.; 10 a.m., Sunday School; Wednesday 7.15 p.m., Prayer and Praise; Wednesday, 8.15 p.m., Young People's Club; Thursday, 7 p.m., Choir Practice. All welcome.

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