

THE EQUITY.

No. 23, 43RD YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1925.

\$1.50 per annum in advance
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Where Wealth Starts

Delve into the history of every great fortune or enterprise and you will find someone who saved money.

THE ability to save money is a test of character. Moreover, it is a fascinating habit. Better still, it brings with it the ability to take advantage of business opportunities that always come to the man or woman with ready money. Start buying your independence today by opening a savings account with this Bank.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

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LOCAL NEWS

To insure ads. in this paper copy MUST be in hand Saturday morning.

Mr. T. Shore, of the Shawville Granite Works, has installed an electric motor to run his plant, and has now on hand a very good gas engine for sale at a bargain.

The cry of water scarcity will not be heard this Fall. The first half of November has certainly provided this section of Mother Earth with all the moisture it needs, and then some.

APPLES—Inspected graded fruit, best quality Baldwins, Spies, Pippins, Gaucos, Starks (not an orchard run or a Ben Davis in the whole car)—\$5.00 to \$7.00 per bbl.

THE W. A. HODGINS' STORE.
Say "Merry Christmas" with your photograph; and let us make it for you now. From now until the New Year my special offer will be 14 photos to the dozen. Make your appointment now. H. IMISON, Portrait Artist.

The editor's thanks are due to Mr. Garner Richardson, for a mess of nice trout. Mr. Richardson, it may be said, is one of the most successful trappers in this section of country, and he does the most of it around home. Scarcely a year passes that he does not net a tidy little sum from this pastime.

CHICKEN STEALING—Several farmers around this neighborhood have had their hen roosts seriously depleted by the nefarious operations of sneak thieves during the past three or four weeks. A rich haul was made at the Creamery one night, when about 30 birds, dressed for market, were taken from the cooling boards and made away with. These raids were evidently not made with the object merely of having "a feed" somewhere, as the quantities taken were more than sufficient for an enterprise of that nature. More likely the ill-gotten poultry was spirited off to some other locality for consumption, at a profit to the thieves.

Pontiac Boys Near the Top

In the annual inter-county judging competition held at the Montreal stock yards on Nov. 11th and 12th, Pontiac was represented by two teams of two boys each. Norris Brough and Hazelwood Elliott, of Shawville, composed one team, while Harvey Ross, of Wyman, and John Stanton, of Quyon, composed the other.

In all, 49 teams entered the competition and we are pleased to note that the Shawville boys gained 2nd money while the Quyon team gained 3rd.

This brings to a close the operations of the Boys' and Girls' Swine club organizations for 1925.—COM

No portrait is so completely satisfactory as one made by a professional photographer. This solves the problem for your Christmas Gift. Fourteen photos make fourteen presents. Make your appointments early.
H. IMISON, Portrait Artist.

ATTENTION—Will the party who took the wrong trace by mistake from the Harness Shop in October, please return and get the right one? H. SMITH.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Euella Turner is at present enjoying a holiday with Ottawa and Arnprior friends.

Mrs. M. D. McDowell and little son, Bobbie, of Ft. Coulonge, were guests of relatives in town for a few days last week.

Miss Hazel Cochrane, of Fort Coulonge, spent the week-end with Miss Olive Angus, at Charlevoix.

Mrs. J. M. Argue, returned last Friday from visiting her parents at Carthage, N. Y., accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Wm. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wilson, spent the week-end at North Gower, visiting his brother, the Rev. W. G. A. Wilson.

Mr. H. N. Anstiss, the well-known wholesale fruit dealer of Sparks Street, Ottawa, was in town on Saturday in connection with the disposal of a car-load of apples, consigned to Mr. A. F. Moore, local fruit dealer and grocer, whose ad. appears in this issue.

Dr. R. G. Docks, dentist, will be in Shawville, Hayes' Block, from now until Dec. 21st, 1925.

SALT—Two cars in for winter, Liverpool at \$1.75 and Canadian coarse at \$1.50 per sack.

THE W. A. HODGINS' STORE.

Thanksgiving Supper

The congregation of the United Church at Stark's Corners enjoyed a very happy Thanksgiving season.

The Sabbath service, which was conducted by Rev. Mr. Conn, was given over to a public recognition of all God's goodness and mercy during the past year.

In view of the near approach of Armistice Day, Mr. Conn also paid a very beautiful and touching tribute to those whose names are enrolled on our Memorial tablet, especially to the two who returned not.

On Monday evening a chicken supper was served by the Ladies' Aid and friends, in the Community Hall. Needless to say, it was bountiful and the social hours from 6 to 8 were enjoyed by large numbers. All then repaired to the church to listen to a very good program. A quartet from Shawville United, and a duet from Bristol Brick church were much appreciated.

Rev. Mr. Vickery spoke on a National Thanksgiving—its origin and its purpose, and Mr. Maitland gave a beautiful war poem in his usual happy way.

Altogether, with some local talent the program left nothing to be desired. Mr. Conn occupied the chair. Financial income was most satisfactory.

The congregation and pastor wish to thank all who contributed in any way to make the evening a success.—COM.

HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

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Students from this School captured premier honors for all Canada on the May, 1923, Civil Service Examinations, by taking the first place on Grade one, Grade two, Bilingual, Promotion, etc., and 37 successful candidates.

These records speak for themselves, and, moreover, emphasize a superior school. You may verify them by consulting the official list.

Send for circular, giving full particulars about our course.

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186 Sparks Street.

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"Ottawa's Greatest School of Business," Shorthand and Civil Service.

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Enter any time.

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JOHN E. C. ELLIOTT, B. C. L.

ADVOCATE
CAMPBELL'S BAY - - QUEBEC.

Mr. Elliott will be regularly at Campbell's Bay from Tuesday evening until Saturday at noon.

DR. H. KENNETH NEILSON

M. D., C. M.; L. M. C. C.
Physician and Surgeon
(Graduate of McGill University)
OFFICE: - - SHAWVILLE, QUE.
(Late Dr. Fraser's, Main St.)
Telephone.

DR. R. G. DOCKS

Surgeon Dentist
(Graduate McGill University)
Office—Hayes' Block, Shawville.
Phone 19.
Dr. Docks will be in Shawville from 1st to 21st (inclusive) of every month.

Coming Events.

The annual Xmas Bazaar, of St. Paul's Guild, will be held on Saturday, Dec. 12th. Watch for further announcements.

The Rev. H. H. Corey, M. A., missionary, home on furlough from Japan will give an address in St. Paul's Church, Shawville, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th.

Chicken Supper and Entertainment

A Chicken Supper and Entertainment, under the auspices of Yarm L.O.L. No. 730, will be held in the lodge room on Friday evening, Nov. 20th. Admission—35 and 25 cents.

Hunters Return

While some fared better than others, none of the several hunting clubs that went north from here on Oct. 31st, secured their full complement of deer, as conditions were not ideal for hunting on account of the depth of snow in the woods. The deer bagged, in the case of each club, were nearly all bucks, and some of very large size. The Murray Lake Club, composed mostly of Detroiters, included a bull moose in their kill—or rather that of their native guides, who, as was the case last year, did all the successful shooting. Pedan Wilson, first-year man with the Lake Dumont Club, varied the bag there, by knocking over a good-sized bear (it is whispered around that he had to use both sights on his rifle to accomplish this feat). True-man Tuck, at 400 yards, got a crack at a fine moose, but although badly wounded the animal got away—too bad!

The Kaznabazua Club, hunting on Lake Kegama, had the poorest luck in ten years' time, coming out with a count of only six deer and a bunch of sore-footed hounds.

Two Fires on Farms

Friday afternoon Louis James Carroll, Demers Centre, had all his outbuildings, crop and his residence destroyed by fire. He was threshing and there was a strong wind. The fire started, the supply of water was short, and it was impossible to control the flames. The loss sustained by Mr. Carroll is estimated at \$12,000 and there was no insurance.

Thursday morning last just at the completion of his threshing on the farm at Sheen known as the Slattery homestead, fire destroyed the barn and contents of Mr. Frank Morris, sr., and the threshing outfit of Mr. Berrigan. The flames originated in the blower and when they caught in the straw in the barn it was at once seen that the building was doomed. Mr. Morris' loss will be around \$2,000, partly covered by insurance, while Mr. Berrigan lost his entire outfit on which there was no insurance.

Gifts that please—Kodaks, albums, calendars, art corners, picture frames, Christmas and New Year cards and folders. H. IMISON'S Studio.

INSURANCE

FIRE
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LIABILITY
ACCIDENT
SICKNESS
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AUTOMOBILE
GUARANTEE BONDS
WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION
SUN LIFE
A. G. BROUGH, AGENT
Shawville, Que.

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VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST
(Graduate Ontario Vet. Coll., Toronto)
Office—Opposite Hardware Store, Shawville. Phone 61.
Care and treatment of all Domestic Animals.

JOHN J. O'DONNELL

Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Pontiac,
NORTH ONSLOW, QUE.
Post Office—R. R. No. 3, Quyon.

FOR SALE—A number of Barred Rock Pullets. Apply to J. Corrigan, McKee, Que.

FOR SALE—Six horse power Gas or Coal Oil Engine (International) in first class condition. Cheap to quick buyer. Apply to T. Shore, Shawville.

FOR SALE—Sideboard and Chairs. Good hardwood taken in exchange. Apply to Mrs. Donald Fraser, Shawville.

FOR SALE—White Wyandotte Cockerels, bred from Fisher's laying strain. Elwood Dale, Shawville.

FOR SALE—Fifty cords of mixed stove wood, (dry). Also one National Gang Plough. Apply Clarence Hayes, Shawville.

FOR SALE—One slightly used International Hay Press and three new Cream Separators, at very reasonable prices. Any of these machines may be seen by communicating with A. G. Brough, Shawville.

FOR SALE—Registered Holstein Bull, 2 years old. Will exchange for other stock. Apply to Herman Ballantyne, Maryland, Bristol.

Agents Wanted!

With the Watkins Line, you will make big money and establish your own business with absolutely no risk. 175 Family necessities from the Plant direct to consumer. THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY, 379 Craig West, Montreal.

Raw Furs Wanted!

I am now buying all kinds of Raw Furs. Prices for this season are very good. Bring in your collection and get the highest price. Phone or write for latest quotations. J. B. DOVER, Shawville.

Let your photograph carry Christmas cheer. Your friends can buy anything you can give them except your photograph. Fourteen photos to the dozen until the New Year. Arrange for an appointment soon.
H. IMISON, Portrait Artist.

BORN

At Radford, on Thursday, Nov. 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eades, a son—Henry Benson.

THE HARDWARE STORE

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

Westinghouse Receiving Sets

RADIOLA III—
Two Tubes and one set Brandies' Superior Head Phones, \$35.00
WESTINGHOUSE No. 53—
Three Tubes and 1 set Brandies' Superior Head Phones, \$59.00
RADIOLA III-A—
Four Tubes and 1 set Brandies' Superior Head Phones, \$66.00
RADIOLA REGENOFLEX—
Four Tubes, 1 set Brandies' Superior Head Phones, \$125.00
WESTINGHOUSE No. 55—
Five Tubes (tubes only) \$150.00
RADIOLA SUPER HETRODYNE—
Six Tubes (tubes only) \$190.00
WESTINGHOUSE Brandies' Loud Speaker \$24.00
" " Table Talker \$13.00
" " Superior Head Phones \$6.25
BATTERIES AND AERIALS always on hand.

C. J. CALDWELL.

W. A. HODGINS' STORE

SEASONABLE GOODS OF SUPERIOR VALUES FOR MEN

Overcoats . . \$18.00 and up
Mackinaws . . 6.50 and up
Mackinaw Pants . . . \$4.50
Heavy Pants 4.00

"Tiger Fleece"
By all odds the best fleece-lined underwear made
95c. a garment

Pure Wool Ribbed . . \$1.50
Combinations . . \$1.75 to \$5.00

Military Flannel Top Shirts
"Something Good," "Well made."
A Real Shirt—at—
\$2.00

Mackinaw Shirts
Big and roomy \$3.25

Superior Horse Hide Mitts,
. . . . \$1.00

Sweaters, Socks,
Gum Rubbers, etc.

THE W. A. HODGINS' STORE.

When Exposed to Air tea loses its strength and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

Why Do They Come?

During the past tourist season Canada was the holiday ground for many thousands of American tourists. They come from all portions of the southern republic, and they come in such numbers that the influx resembled the gathering for a great convention.

Why do they come? Because Canada has yet much of that which appeals to the real man or woman, natural scenery and natural beauty that have not yet been despoiled by the hand of industry, that have not lost their charm by the introduction of an artificiality deprecated by the lover of nature and the out-of-doors; Canada has restful and nerve-restoring conditions of life that enable one to return to duty with the vacation objective accomplished, namely, renewed energy and a feeling that one has gained something in education—for travel is education.

Why do they come again? This question has been answered times without number by our visitors. They come again because they are made to feel welcome—made to feel at home. This welcome was very clearly stated recently by Z. W. Cannon, Manager of the Glaciers to Gulf Motorway Association, whose home is in San Antonio, Texas. "So you would like to know how Canada has treated me?" said Mr. Cannon. "Well, I have never been treated better by any people of any state or nation. Within three minutes after crossing the international border they had me feeling just as much at home as though I were down in some Texas town." Great numbers of letters have been received by the Department of the Interior from tourists who are not only satisfied but delighted with their visit to Canada, and have expressed in no uncertain terms their intention to again spend their vacation in this country.

Canadians are proverbially courteous, and this has been fully recognized by our visitors. Little wonder then that they will come again. While the words of the dear old son, "There is no place like home," are intensely true, the next best is where one is made to feel at home, and Canadians have that faculty in large measure.

When hoarse use Minard's Liniment.



Better than a hot water bag. HEATS ITSELF. Stays hot 12 or 15 hours. Can't leak, scald, burn or burst. A tablespoon of cold water starts the heat. Works like magic. A great comfort at all times; a sick room necessity. Relieves neuralgia, lumbago, tooth ache, back ache, etc. For the home, traveling, camping, motoring, etc. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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Prompt Service. Carriage charges paid one way.

PARKER'S
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791 YONGE ST
TORONTO

ISSUE No. 48-25.

The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPER.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

Out in front the ranch defenders were slowly gaining ground on the rustlers. Under their steady gunfire the rustlers were rapidly falling back. "We'll have them on the run soon," said Bud to Miquel, riding next to him.

From the distance came the sound of the hoofs of the stampeding cattle let loose.

"They've opened the corral," cried Miquel.

At this moment, with the ranch cowboys pressing strongly forward, the ranks of Buck McLeod broke, and they started fleeing on the run. Buck, cursing, tried vainly to call them back and continue the battle, but with several of them wounded, and their courage breaking down, they headed their leader no longer. Disgusted, he turned and fled after them, the cowboys giving chase.

"Come," said Bud to Miquel, "we're not needed here any more. Let's chase back, close the corral, and save as many of the steers as we can."

They spurred off toward the corral. At the gates they found the two rustlers who were stampeding the milling herd through into the lane. They opened fire. Taken by surprise, the two rustlers fled precipitately without even returning the fire.

Laboriously Bud and Miquel slid the corral gate shut against the still oncoming steers, and finally had the balance of the herd locked in.

When the flying hoofs of the cattle ceased passing over them Mary and Terence breathed a sigh of relief. They waited a moment to make sure that no more would come, then rose to their feet.

"Well, dear, looks like your boys got them on the run," said Terence. "They've got away with part of the herd, but I'll trap them."

Mary looked at him pleadingly. "Oh, don't go back to them," she said. "Stay. They'll discover you if you rejoin them."

"No, Mary, I must—it's for your sake. I'm learning things about this gang, and the real chief behind their operations, that are important—to save your father, and the ranch."

He looked at her lovingly. Then he noticed Bud and Miquel coming down the lane toward them.

"The boys—they mustn't know about me—make believe you're struggling," he said.

He seized her with mock business, and she struggled. During the struggle he planted a kiss on her lips—tenderly—laughing—and for a moment she ceased to struggle while she returned it. "This won't do, Mary," he laughed under his breath, "fight me, fight me." She laughed too and resumed her struggle.

Bud and Miquel, running, were coming close.

"I'm going to throw you to the ground now, scale the fence, dash for your stable, steal one of your horses, and beat it—" Terence whispered. "Now—be ready so you'll fall easily and not hurt yourself."

He hurled his beloved to the ground and scaled the fence. Bud and Miquel, coming up, more concerned over Mary than the escaping rustler, bent over her limp body, giving Terence ample opportunity to escape. Mary, pretending unconsciousness, continued to lie still to hold the boys from pursuing him.

When she finally permitted them to "revive" her and escort her back to the house there was no more sign of the "rustler" who had "attacked" her. None of the boys returning from the running gun battle with the fleeing gang had seen him either.

"One thing puzzles me," said Bud, as the boys gathered together and discussed the fight, and those who had been wounded bathed and bandaged their hurts. "First these guys jump me and tie me up, and run off, then one of 'em cuts the ropes and frees me, and runs off after the rest of 'em. Now what do you make of that?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

HARD KNUCKLES.

Buck and his men, back at their camp early next morning, were counting the cattle they had stolen, and commiserating about the debacle of their raid.

"If some traitor hadn't let those ranch birds loose from the bunkhouse we'd have had the whole herd," growled Buck.

He looked over the men, then snarled: "Where's that road agent—Idaho Bill?"

They counted heads and discovered the new man was missing. At this moment Topaz Taggart rode into camp, and calling Buck said:

"Stella Montrose is coming to meet me. Leave some of the boys here for another little job. Send the rest of them over the border with those cows, pronto."

Buck told him about the disappearance of Idaho Bill. Taggart's eyes glared.

"We must find the double-crosser," he snapped, "before he can expose us. I have a way of dealing with skunks."

Back of the brush at the camp lay Terence, watching and listening intently. With him was Komi, whom he had met on his way. Terence hastily scribbled a note, and handed it to the Indian.

"Take this to Mary Marshall; then wait for her at your hut on Sierra Diablo," he said. "I'll come later."

The Indian mounted his horse and sped off. Terence leaped to his saddle and rode into the camp.

"Look—there he is," shouted one of the men as Terence appeared.

Two of the men jumped him, only to meet his bare knuckles and be knocked cold. As Buck came up shouting: "We'll give him a rope's end," and the other men crowded round, Terence drew a gun.

"Idaho Bill ain't in the habit of takin' rough jokes in the dark," Terence

said, calmly but menacingly. "Maybe you kin shed some light."

"Ye've been missing," Buck snarled accusingly. "Why?"

"I've been savin' your necks by throwin' them ranch punchers off your trail, that's what I been doin'," Terence answered derisively.

"Ye mean ye double-crossed us on the job," Buck hissed, "an—"

Terence leaped from his horse and grabbed Buck by the throat, cried, "You lie! I got good eyes—an' they're lookin' at the guilty snake now."

Buck answered with a staggering blow to Terence's jaw. Terence retaliated in a flash, and the two men closed in fierce combat. Two of the men made to interfere, but Taggart stopped them.

"Let 'em fight it out themselves," he said.

They did. For half an hour, Terence held the offensive almost throughout. They sloughed and punched each other mercilessly. Each hit the ground time after time, Buck more often than Terence. But both were game fighters, guttural for punishment, always coming back for more.

Until finally in one of his rushes, Terence plunged at Buck, hitting like a battering ram, registering iron blow after iron blow, till Buck fell crumpled upon the ground, cut, bleeding, battered, and completely done in.

He lay still, and Terence, facing about to the others, well battered upon himself, but grimly game for more, shouted:

"Any of you hombres got funny ideas about me?"

None responded.

"Then from now on Idaho Bill's running this gang," Terence yelled.

They exchanged looks of approval at this announcement, and Taggart stepped forward and looked him over with calculating half-suspicious eyes.

After a moment Taggart said: "Guess the right man won—you'll do for the job," and offered his hand.

CHAPTER XXV.

SEIGE.

At the Bar M that morning they were making plans for protection against further attacks, when Komi rode in and delivered the note from Terence to Mary. Excitedly, she read it aloud, to Stella and Bud:

"Rush word to sheriff at Pico he can trap rustlers with stolen steers at Coyote Pass near Mexico line. You ride to Komi's hut quick and await me there. I've found my wolf. If we can locate Laqui gold your troubles will be ended—Idaho."

"Who'n blazes is Idaho?" asked Bud.

Mary was on the point of revealing that it was Terence; then she remembered he asked that no one be told, and simply replied:

"A friend we can rely upon." She went on:

"The phone wires were cut last night—how shall we get word to the sheriff? Is the airplane in shape for use?"

Bud scratched his head, and said, "May be a little risky, but—"

"I'll go with you, Bud," Stella broke in. "If it's got wings we'll make it fly as we used to in the old flying circus days."

He hesitated a moment and finally agreed.

"Miquel and Komi can go with me," said Mary, "and the other boys will stand guard on the ranch until a posse comes."

Bud ran out, instructed the other boys, and got the plane ready. Miquel came with horses for himself and Mary. The plane flew off with Stella and Bud, and Mary and Miquel followed and followed Komi to keep the rendezvous with "Idaho."

Half an hour later, with the stolen cattle on the way to the border, in charge of several of the rustlers in command of Terence, alias Idaho Bill, Taggart and several others awaited Stella at their secret rendezvous.

Hearing a noise in the sky, they saw the plane hovering up above them.

"What in the hell does this mean?" growled Taggart, watching intently.

Up there in the sky, Stella, sitting behind Bud, had been gazing down over the side of the cockpit for some time. Finally, seeing what she wanted down on the ground, she deliberately jammed one of the steering wires which passed through her compartment.

Bud felt the flying machine leave his control. He grabbed desperately at the levers, then cried:

"The steering controls have jammed."

"If we fall with the machine it may cost our lives," Stella replied. "There's only one parachute, but one of us must reach the sheriff. I'll jump it." And she began to unfold the parachute.

Bud protested, but Stella ignored his pleas. He could not leave his place, trying to pilot the plane in the face of death. Before he could realize it, Stella leaped from the plane with the parachute, just as she had in the old circus days as a stunt.

The plane kept on. Bud could not regain control. He sought a safe spot to make an emergency landing. But there was none in sight, and the plane kept dropping—dropping—

Taggart and his men saw the daring leap from the plane, watched the parachute unfold, and rushed to the spot where it seemed likely to land.

Down through space Stella came falling, and finally landed, safely. She quickly disengaged herself from the parachute, and booted toward Taggart and his men. As Taggart came up he lifted her onto his saddle, faced about and rode back whence he had come.

The crippled plane fell into a clump of trees, a few minutes later. Bud emerged from the wreckage, miraculously unhurt. Looking about, he saw the parachute lying on the ground, not far off, and started toward it.

While he was staring at it, he be-

came aware of horses approaching. It was Mary, Miquel and Komi. They pulled up in surprise as he ran to greet them.

"The plane wrecked," he said. "But Stella dropped with the parachute before the fall. She must have gone to the sheriff."

"Then come with us, Bud—there is no time to lose," cried Mary.

Bud leaped up behind Miquel, and they were off.

"You chose a good way to come," laughed Taggart to Stella, as they rode into the camp.

"Well, I was in a hurry," she replied. "Wait till you hear what I've got to tell you."

She recounted to him what had transpired at the ranch, how by flying to him she had prevented word reaching the sheriff, and about the note from Idaho Bill, concluding:

"And the Marshall girl's on her way to the hut of this Indian, Komi, at Sierra Diablo, to meet this Idaho fellow, for some treasure hunt."

"Hmmm, this is serious," growled Taggart, fondling his topaz watch chain, as he realized the real reason for all his plotting was endangered.

"We must act at once."

"Mighta known he was a double-crosser, that Idaho," put in Bud.

As Taggart began making plans with Stella, one of his men broke in upon them.

"Just saw that Marshall girl and a couple of fellows riding like fury down the road there," he said. "They stopped and picked up the guy who fell in the plane, then beat it off."

"Give chase at once," shouted Taggart. "Seize them all."

Buck and the other rustlers mounted hastily, and led by the man who had seen Mary's party, dashed off on the chase.

Down in Coyote Pass, Terence, still disguised as Idaho Bill, was supervising another group of the rustlers driving the stolen cattle through the pass. They had run only a few through, when after looking at his watch, he called out:

"Boys, keep these steers in the pass until I return from—from the boss."

The men nodded, and Terence wheeled his horse and spurred off. (To be continued.)

Canada's Northern Outposts.

The Canadian government steamer "Arctic" has just returned from her annual northern cruise, reaching Quebec and docking without any fuss or feathers. This is in accordance with the customary Canadian way of doing things. The "Arctic" has been making the trip to the north country for a number of years, and police posts have been established on Ellesmere Island, at Kane Basin, 2,300 miles due north of Ottawa. At Craig Harbor, on the southern end of Ellesmere Island, another police post is established and buildings have been erected.

Canada has an enormous area in the islands to the north of the mainland. A glance at the map of this portion of the country will satisfy the most critical that there are great natural resources in that portion of the country, and while to-day they cannot be said to be of great commercial value, one never knows what a few years will bring forth, and it may be that these natural resources, in the form of minerals, will some day attract capital and industry. On Bylot Island, in Baffin Bay, the early explorers obtained coal supplies, and the Hudson's Bay Company at present uses coal from these deposits for some of its posts.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior has a good map of the northern territory that is very interesting to adult students of Canada and her resources.

The English of It.

This is probably why the English language is so hard for foreigners to learn:

"I've lost the links," said the soiled shirt.

"I've lost the links," said the golfer, as he wandered aimlessly through the woods.

"I've lost the lynx," said the hunter, as he saw tracks around his trap.

PUZZLE, Find SANTA CLAUS



First 4 Prizes each a Wrist Watch
100 Prizes of each a Fountain Pen

Hundreds of other Prizes

If you can solve this Puzzle and will send 24 Prizes (Perfumes at 10c each, you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do this? It is very easy. If so just mark Santa with an X and send it to us at once and if correct we will send you the Perfume to sell right away. Solist Specialty Co, Dep W Waterford, Ont.

WRIGLEYS

AFTER EVERY MEAL

affords benefit as well as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.

The World Famous Sweetmeat, untouched by hands, full of flavor.



King Tut's Beauty Secrets.

Beauty secrets have been found in some strange circumstances and in strange places, but no cosmetic can have a more romantic history than one which may in a few months' time be placed at the disposal of the young ladies of to-day.

It was recently stated by Mr. Howard Carter that among the objects found in the tomb of Tutankhamen was a cosmetic vase. The cosmetic it contained was still plastic and fragrant, and it was hoped that it could be reproduced.

Mr. Carter expressed his confidence that this 3,000-year-old beauty secret would be useful to the ladies of the present generation.

Among other discoveries made in the Valley of the Kings recently are some lamps made of translucent alabaster. So that the very latest in modern lighting luxury—the alabaster electric lamp—was in a measure anticipated by the Egyptians over a thousand years B.C.



His Charitable Act.

"Do you suppose that miserly summer resort proprietor ever does a charitable act?"

"Of course he does. Doesn't he supply the poor hungry mosquitoes with free food?"

Minard's Liniment for stiff muscles.

One part of borax to two of honey or glycerine is a splendid remedy for a sore throat.

COLOR IT NEW WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades of dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.



Every Woman Deserves One

The SMP Roaster is a fine time saver. You put the roast or fowl in the oven. The roaster does the rest, bastes, roasts to perfection. It roasts with very little shrinkage, thus saving dollars every year. None of the tasty meats are lost; all the rich flavor is retained. Besides you can buy cheaper cuts, for it makes cheap cuts taste like choice ones.

The close fitting cover keeps all the cooking odors and the grease inside the roaster—the smell of cooking doesn't fill the house, and the oven is kept sweet and clean. Best of all, it cleans out in a jiffy after the roasting. These are splendid vessels. Price 85c. to \$3.50 according to size and finish. Sold in all hardware stores.

SMP Enameled ROASTER



YOKES AND V NECK-LINES ARE SMART.

Women's fashions cling to the svelte lines of close-fitting modes, whose straight lines conceal the subtlest of flares. The V neck-line, and yoke extending from the front to the back are noteworthy features of this graceful frock of crepe, showing a bordered design at the lower portion of the skirt and the long, full sleeves. Inverted plaits at the side seams give a subtle suggestion of the new flare. Belt may be worn passing through bound buttonholes, or straight around above hips. The scarf collar is tacked to the dress at the back of the neck and tied in a bow at the left side. There are many graceful ways in which a collar of this type may be arranged. No. 1220 is in sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dress-maker. 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.

A Genius Without Knowing It.

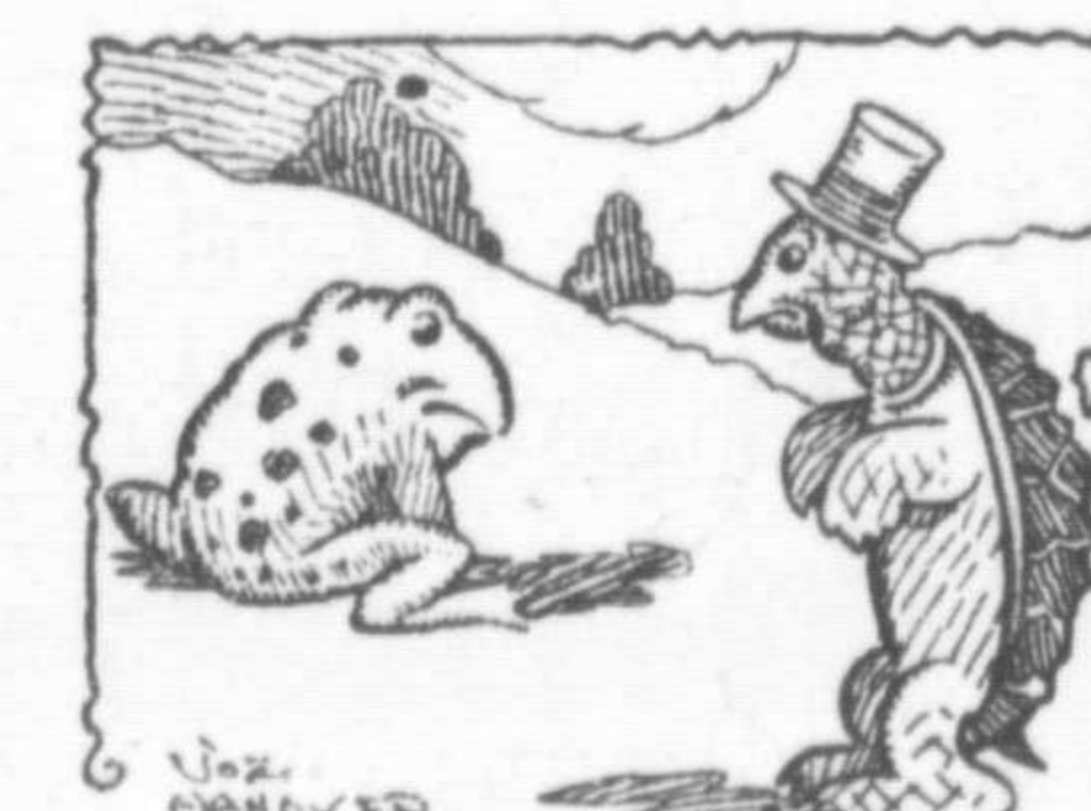
The finest violin in the world has been bought by M. Mischa Elman for \$50,000. It is a Stradivarius.

Antonio Stradivarius, of Cremona, lived from 1644 to 1737, and spent most of his life making stringed instruments. His master, Nicholas Amati, whose fame is generally swallowed up in that of the gifted pupil, had wrought fiddle-making near perfection. Stradivarius achieved that perfection.

He was a quaint figure of a man, tall and thin, caring for little except his home life and his work. In winter he wore a white woollen cap and a white leather apron; in summer a white cotton cap and leather apron. His industry was stupendous. He was frugal to a degree.

The fiddlers from the Cremona workshop came as from a factory to the chief towns of Europe. We are told that in London in the eighteenth century there was a musician who was also a music dealer, called Cervetto. To him arrived in the way of trade a consignment of Stradivarius violins. He returned the greater number of them, as he could not dispose of them at the price asked, which was four pounds apiece.

Stradivarius had no idea he was a genius. He looked upon himself as a maker of as good a fiddle as could be produced.



A Croaker.

Frog—"Everything's all wrong!"

Turtle—"Aw, quit your croaking."

Young Tender Leaves

and tips used in

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

are sealed in air-tight aluminum foil. Their fresh flavor is finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Try SALADA.

The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPER.

CHAPTER XX.

IDAHO BILL JOINS UP.

Hanging up the telephone receiver, Buck McLeod strode swiftly out of the Spear Ranch house, mounted a horse, and galloped off.

From a clump of bushes where he had been waiting a mysterious looking renegade type of man in rough clothes and a slouch hat, watched Buck riding off. When he seemed at a safe distance the stranger emerged from his hiding place, leading his horse. He mounted, and followed stealthily.

Buck rode up into the hills to the nest where his gang was encamped, the stranger trailing him cautiously. The lookout on guard, waiting alert, recognized Buck, and passed him in.

"We're making another raid of the Bar M. to-night," Buck called as he came up to the men, sitting on the ground, smoking and playing cards. "An' this time it's a clean sweep of the whole Marshall herd—don't forget that."

They were startled by the sound of a shot.

The mysterious stranger who had followed Buck had approached too close and the lookout had fired.

Buck and the others ran out to see what was happening. They saw the lookout running to a spot where the stranger lay inert on the ground. Then, as the lookout came up, the man on the ground suddenly rose up, knocked his gun out of his hand, and bowed him over. Buck and the others rushed up and jumped the stranger. After putting up a strong fight, he was finally overpowered. Buck tore his gun from his hands.

"This is sure a fine way to treat a friend," drawled the stranger, trying to grin affably.

"What d'ya mean, friend?" Buck asked.

"I'm Idaho Bill from the Three Forks country," replied the stranger. "I'm hidin' out from the sheriff."

Buck glared suspiciously at the man. He signalled one of his gang, and said: "Stokes, you came from Three Forks—is this the hombre?"

Stokes faced the man and subjected him to a close scrutiny. Finally he said:

"Well, I never seen Idaho Bill personally, but I know he's got a bad scar on his left shoulder."

They all turned to the stranger, and Buck said:

"S'posin' you identify yourself, stranger."

The man pulled open his shirt and exposed his left shoulder. There, sure enough, was a deep scar.

"I hope you're satisfied, boys," said Idaho Bill.

"Seems to be all right," Buck declared, and the others nodded approvingly.

"Wanta join our outfit, Idaho? We're just about to leave on a little rustlin' job."

"Sure thing, I'll join up," replied Idaho Bill.

"Fair enough," said Buck, and announced to the others that henceforth Idaho Bill was one of them.

Buck looked toward the setting sun. "Bout time we were getting started," he shouted. "C'mon, boys—let's go!"

All mounted their horses, and they moved off, Idaho Bill chatting and reminiscing with his new found comrades as if they were old friends.

CHAPTER XXI.

STELLA WAXES SENTIMENTAL.

"And so now, with father in prison, Mr. O'Rourke dead, and \$100,000 due the bank, there is only Mr. Taggart, the boys, myself, and that herd out there to save us from utter ruin," Mary concluded tearfully. She had been recounting her story, from the beginning when her father first fled into exile, to Stella, who had gained her entire confidence.

"Well, don't worry dear, it will all come out all right," said Stella sympathetically, coming over and sitting beside Mary on the piano bench, caressing her in motherly fashion, and wiping away her tears. "Come, child—won't you play some more music for me—it will rest your tired head."

Mary turned to the piano, and her fingers stroked the keys lightly, bringing forth sad, wistful notes.

"It's a song my father loves," she said. "My mother used to sing it to him here—years ago."

"It's lovely," said Stella with a sentimental air. "It stirs sweet memories in me."

Mary stopped. Then from beneath the window of the room stole the notes of a guitar, gently strummed, and a voice lifted in the words of a Spanish serenade.

"What a romantic night," said Stella, listening and going to the window with Mary. The sun was setting. They saw the serenader—it was Miguel.

Suddenly Bud Hughes came up, made a wry face, and menacing Miguel with his feet, chased him from the window.

"Yes, but see how reality boots romance out of life," said Mary laughing.

"But there was a time when Bud too was romantic," said Stella. "How well I remember—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Bud himself. He was resplendent in natty new clothes, his boots shining, his hair plastered down, and his beard shaved off completely. He smiled and winked to Stella to call attention to the transformation.

"The steers are all in the corral, Miss Mary—ready for to-morrow's drive," Bud reported.

"You look like o'd times, Bud," cried Stella.

He looked at her wistfully, and said:

"Wish I felt like o'd times."

Mary gave Bud his instructions. Stella lingered near the open window, leaned out, and saw sneaking up—Buck McLeod. She furtively took a prepared note from her waist, and casually dropped it out the window.

Buck, below, catching it, read, in a hasty glance:

"After nightfall when I drop my handkerchief the way will be clear."

Then, unobserved, he sneaked back the way he had come, and disappeared.

Stella's acted sentimental mood continued that evening after she and Mary had finished dinner.

"What a wonderful night it is," she exclaimed, coming to Mary. "It reminds me of so much—you know, Mary, it was just such a night as this that Bud—Mr. Hughes—and I quit the circus. The moon was—"

Mary, smiling, lifted a coquettishly reproving finger, and said:

"Stella, Stella—I think you're in love with your memories. And—if you want—you'll find Bud down at the ranch gate on watch—in the moonlight, too. We have to keep a watch

on, because we've had so much trouble with rustlers."

Stella, affecting a coy embarrassment, said:

"I think I will take a little run out and see him—I won't be long."

Mary picked up a book and settled down to read as Stella went out the door.

Stella found Bud at the gate, in wistful meditation. Her coming surprised him.

"Oh, Bud, on a night like this I couldn't resist the temptation to come and chat over old times with you," Stella told him.

She exercised all her most alluring wiles, and soon had Bud's heart going faster than it had in years, and his tongue gently rolling over soft words of sentiment.

Meanwhile Stella's eye was furtively watching something lurking in the brush just outside the gate. While Bud, oblivious to everything but Stella, poured out his heart to her, she let her handkerchief drop to the ground.

There was a crackle of breaking twigs, several forms leaped out of the darkness and rushed upon Bud, taken completely off his guard. Screaming, Stella fled, as one of the attackers started to tie Bud up with a coil of rope.

"Now then," said Buck McLeod "we'll lock the ranch hands in the bunkhouse and drive off the herd—we don't want any shootin' if we can help it."

They rushed off toward the cowboys' quarters. One lingered a moment, drew a knife from his pocket and slashed the ropes that bound Bud. It was Idaho Bill, the new member of the gang, but before Bud could catch a glimpse of him, he had hastened off in the dark to join his fellows.

The rustlers crept up on the bunkhouse, where the ranchmen were playing cards, and drew the heavy bar across the door, locking it. Then they sneaked back swiftly to get their horses. Again, unnoticed to the others, Idaho Bill lingered. He withdrew the crossbar, looked back cautiously, saw Bud running toward the bunkhouse, and disappeared in the direction of the ranchhouse.

Bud flung open the bunkhouse door, crying "Rustlers." Miguel and the other men jumped to their feet, whipped out their guns, rushed out to the stable, and mounted horses.

Buck McLeod and his gang, now remounted, were dashing back. The light shining from the open bunkhouse door showed them they had been fooled in the attempt to put over the job quietly. Then they saw the ranchmen come flying around from the stable on their horses.

"Gotta be shootin' after all," muttered Buck with a curse.

They opened fire. It was returned by the oncoming cowboys. A running battle was on.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARY MEETS IDAHO BILL.

At the sound of the shots Mary dropped her book, and jumped to her feet in frighted alarm. Uncertain what to do, she clutched a revolver in her hand and started for the door. Before she reached it, it was flung open, and a rough looking figure, his face half concealed by a huge sombrero, broke in and faced her.

"Stop—who are you?" Mary screamed, pointing the gun at the man.

"Don't shoot, lady," the man drawled, removing his hat and bowing with mock politeness. "Permit me to introduce myself—Idaho Bill."

He stared at her. Mary was still uncertain what to make of him, and continued to menace him with her gun. Outside the sound of shooting continued.

"Please explain yourself, sir, or I'll have to shoot," threatened Mary.

"Mary, Mary," said Idaho Bill, and his voice changed to one that was familiar to her, "don't you know me?"

Mary lowered her gun, stared wide-eyed, and gasped.

"Terence O'Rourke!"

"The same, alias Idaho Bill, cattle rustler," Terence replied, rushing toward her and enfolding her in his arms.

After a kiss which more than reassured Mary completely of his identity, he said:

"That old Komi sure did a good job on disguising me when even my own Mary doesn't recognize me."

He hastily explained his reported death, how Komi had saved him, and that he had adopted this disguise and

\$100.00 IN PRIZES FOR BEST LETTERS

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Offer Twenty-Eight Prizes in a Letter Writing Competition.

Some years ago the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., offered a series of prizes to residents of Ontario and Quebec for the best letters describing benefits obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Hundreds of letters were submitted in this competition, and yet there must have been thousands of other users of the pills who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to win a prize. To all these another letter-writing competition is offered. Thousands have benefited through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills whose cases have not been reported. These will furnish the material for letters to be written in this contest. There is no demand upon the imagination; every letter must deal with facts and facts only.

The Prizes.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award a prize of \$25.00 for the best letter received on or before the 21st day of November, 1925, from the residents of these provinces on the subject: "Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." A prize of \$15.00 will be awarded for the second best letter received; a prize of \$10.00 for the third best letter, and twenty-five prizes of \$2.00 each for the next best twenty-five letters.

The Conditions.

The benefit derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills described in the letter may be in the writer's own case, or that of some one in the writer's home.

More than one case may be described in the letter, but every statement must be literally and absolutely true.

Every letter must be signed by the full name and correct address of the person sending it. If it describes the case of some person other than the writer of the letter, it must also be signed by the person whose case is described, as a guarantee of the truth of the statements made.

The writer of each letter must give the name of the paper in which he or she saw this announcement.

Fine writing will not win the prize unless you have a good case to describe. The strength of the recommendation and not the style of the letter will be the basis of the award.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. shall have the right to publish any letter entered in the contest, if they desire to do so, whether it wins a prize or not.

The contest will close November 21st, 1925, and the prizes will be awarded as soon as possible thereafter. Do not delay. If you know of a good case write your letter NOW. Observe the above conditions carefully or your letter may be thrown out.

Address all letters as follows:—
The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont.,
Letter Contest Department.

joined the rustlers, the better to finally trap them into the hands of the law.

But I must stay with them as Idaho Bill until I have got more evidence, and run down the wolf who has caused all your trouble," he said, continuing rapidly. "Only yourself and Komi know I'm alive. Keep the secret."

She looked at him with implicit love and confidence.

"I knew all the time you had not deceived me, as they tried to make me believe," she said.

The firing of shots outside continued.

"But we must do something to stop them now and save the herd," said Terence. "They're going to open the corral and run the steers off. Quick, I must go out and do what I can to prevent them."

He started off. Mary, clutching her gun with one hand, and clinging to his arm with the other, cried:

"I'm going with you."

"No, no, Mary," he said, "Stay here."

She would not be thrown off. He tried to dart out alone.

"I shall, I shall," she insisted, following him. There was no time for argument, and Mary was not to be dissuaded.

They slipped out through the back of the house and toward the corral.

"I wish you wouldn't do this, Mary," he said.

"You can't hold the fort alone," she answered, "and I can shoot as straight as any man."

CHAPTER XXIII.

STAMPEDE AND BATTLE.

While Buck and the main body of his men kept the ranch defenders engaged by gunfire up front, two of the rustlers had slipped away in the darkness and back to the corral gates.

As Mary and Terence came up the fenced lane into which the corral opened, they were suddenly stricken with horror as a sound of many hoofs pawing the ground broke upon their ears, and they saw the stampeding herd rushing out from the corral toward them.

"We're too late," Terence cried in dismay. "They've already opened the gates."

"What can we do," screamed Mary. They were trapped between the two fences of the lane, and in a moment the steers would be upon them. They could only run back the lane ahead of the steers—but they would never be able to outrun the herd. They would surely be trampled to death. They

started running nevertheless, as there was no alternative.

Suddenly they tripped and stumbled. They found they had rolled into a small ditch crossing the lane. Mary started up. Terence held her back.

"Lie still—flat on the bottom," he cried. "This may save us. It's our only hope."

The thundering feet had reached them. The steers were leaping the ditch. Their hoofs passed through the air close overhead dangerously close to Terence and Mary, but did not touch them.

"I hope they're all sure-footed critters," laughed Terence, trying to inject a note of humor into their precarious situation to cheer Mary. Such thoughts come even in the face of death. "If none of them slip we'll be safe."

(To be continued.)



1207

SMARTLY SIMPLE.

A triumph of chic and slenderness, in navy microline. It is most essential that every smart wardrobe should contain at least one frock of this type. In every detail it illustrates the theory that the long line is the shortest route to slenderness. Two inverted plaits extend full length on either side of the front. A straight piece of the material is folded to form a trimming-band two inches wide, and placed beneath the edge of the outside plait before it is stitched. Flat bone buttons trim the band. The back is plain and extends over the shoulder fastening onto the front in yoke effect. The V-shaped neck opening is very becoming, and is finished with a tailored collar. The diagram pictures the simple design of No. 1207, which is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 38 requires 4 yards of 36-inch, or 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dress-maker. 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.

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REG. HODGINS, Secretary.

CRIMSON ARROW R. B. P. No. 852
meets at Charter's second Monday of each month.
SIR KT. F. W. BRAY, W.P.
SIR KT. JOSEPH STEELE, REG.

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Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Rebekahs meet on 1st and 3rd Mondays, same hour.
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Bristol—First Thursday.
Clarendon—Second Wednesday.
Elmside—Second Wednesday.
Ft. Coulonge—First Thursday.
Murrells—Third Wednesday.
Portage du Fort—Third Tuesday.
Starks Cor's—Second Thursday.
Shawville—First Thursday.
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Boys'	1.10 "	Misses'	75c. "
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DEATHS

At his late residence, Quyon,
Que., on Thursday, November 12,
1925, Rev. William Pimlott, Fun-
eral Saturday, November 14, at
10 a.m. from above address to
Norway Bay cemetery.

Prominent Mason Died At Beachburg

Tuesday afternoon the death oc-
curred of Mr. James Valliant in
Beachburg, following an illness of
only a week's duration. Mr. Val-
liant was in his 51st year. The
residents of Beachburg and vicinity
deeply regret the sudden pass-
ing of Mr. Valliant.

Born in Ross Township, the son
of the late Mr. and Mrs. George
Valliant, Mr. Valliant moved to
Beachburg some fifteen years ago
and has since been a resident of
that place. In Beachburg he had
made many friends and was well
liked by all who knew him. He
was a skilled mechanic and while
in Beachburg was in the employ
of the Canadian National. He
was always keenly interested in
the affairs of the village and was
Past Master of the Enterprise
Lodge, 516, A. F. & A. M., Beach-
burg.

Mr. Valliant is survived by his
wife, who was formerly Miss Mar-
garet Wilson, of Shawville and
one sister, Mrs. Thompson, of
Orillia and a brother, John Val-
liant, of Ross township.
The funeral was held last Thurs-
day to the United Church and
then to the United cemetery and
was held with Masonic honors,
the pall-bearers being past masters.

FLORAL OFFERINGS

Gates-a-Jar—Wife ;
Wreaths - Brother and sister ;
Enterprise Lodge A. F. & A. M.,
No. 516 ; C. N. R. staff, Beach-
burg ; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith,
Montreal ; Mr. and Mrs. Barber
and family, Shawville ; Mrs. Robt.
Hobbs, Shawville.

Spray - Wo's Institute, Beach-
burg.
Card of sympathy—W. M. S. of
the United Church.

The large gathering of sym-
pathetic friends in attendance at
the funeral, showed the wide-
spread sorrow occasioned by the
untimely death.

CARD OF THANKS

The family of the late Mrs. Margaret
Steele wish to thank their friends and
relatives for their sympathy, kindness,
and floral offerings during their recent
bereavement.

CARD OF THANKS

The friends at the home of Mr. David
Walsh desire to express their sincere
thanks to their many friends and neigh-
bours for their kindness and sympathy
shown them in their recent bereave-
ment.
JEMIMA HAMMOND.

Feeding Pullets for Winter Egg Production

(Experimental Farms Notes.)

For winter feeding of laying
pullets at the Experimental
Station, Lennoxville, Que., 1 part
wheat, 1 part corn, and 3 parts oats
is used as a scratch grain. The
corn should be cracked before mix-
ing with the wheat and oats,
otherwise the birds will eat a rela-
tively larger quantity of corn be-
cause of the difference in the size
of the kernels. This scratch grain
is scattered morning and after-
noon in litter about 6 or 8 inches
deep, so that the birds will have
to work for the grain in order to
get it. This is merely a compul-
sory form of exercise, without
which a satisfactory production of
eggs cannot be expected. A dry
meal mixture consisting of equal
parts, bran, middlings, cornmeal
and oatmeal, with 12 or 15 per
cent of beefmeal, is kept in an
open hopper where the birds may
help themselves. Grit and oyster
shells are also kept in open hop-
pers. At noon it is desirable to
feed some form of green feed,
such as mangels, cabbage, sprout-
ed oats, or clover hay. Green
feed must be provided to take the
place of grasses which the birds
pick for themselves while on
range during the summer. Mangels
are greatly relished, and clover
leaves, if they can be obtained,
are excellent. Give the pullets
sour milk to drink whenever
possible, if milk cannot be secured,
it will pay to get a small quantity
of green cut bone, or cooked re-
fuse meat.

Feed the pullets regularly, if
fed irregularly they are restless
and discontented, and will not
give the desired results. Knowl-
edge of the time and quantity to
feed, must be acquired by the at-
tendant, as the needs of the birds
must govern the amount of food
given to them.

To sum up, then, the following
points should be borne in mind.

1st—Well matured pullets of a
bred-to-lay strain.
2nd—A ration containing the
different elements necessary in the
maintenance of body and the pro-
duction of eggs.

3rd—The ration fed in such a
manner as to promote exercise
and activity among the birds.
4th—Good judgment and regu-
larity in feeding.

PEARL DIVERS.

Only Men of Exceptional Physique
Last Long at the Game.

It is estimated that 300 lives are
lost pearl fishing in the northwest of
Australia. This dangerous work is
invariably carried on by Malays who
use an ordinary diver's kit in per-
forming their task. This protects
them to a certain extent from several
minor dangers. The giant cod, cap-
able of tearing off a limb in a direct
rush, is their chief enemy.

In the Paumotu Archipelago, in the
Pacific, diving-kit is prohibited by
law, and the pearl diver descends
naked to the oyster-beds; sometimes
he attains depths which, according to
science, are impossible.

It is a rainbow-tinted wonderland
to which he fights his way through
the limpid waters, but death, in hid-
eous guise, lurks in almost every
nook and cranny of the coralline
formation.

Great multi-colored, poisonous sea
snakes, savage eight-foot conger eels
pass and repass; myriads of stinging
medusae float around. The very coral
if a menace; if the diver but scrapes
against it he will be laid up for
months with consequent poisoning.

Sometimes a long grey form steals
silently from the shadows of a dark
bank. It is the one thing in the
world the Paumotuans fear—the
shark. Sharks are not the cowardly
creatures most people seem to think
them; a hungry shark will stop at
nothing; large deep-sea species have
been known to attack canoes. On the
other hand, the diver has very little
to fear from the giant octopus, which
is accredited with great fierceness.
He is, in reality, very timid, and re-
treats at the slightest alarm into his
cavern under the reef.

The most curious and perhaps the
most horrible death the diver is li-
able to suffer is being trapped by a
giant furbelowed clam, weighing any-
thing up to 800 pounds. If it hap-
pens to close on a diver's leg or arm
it is almost impossible for him to
free himself.

When the diver has spent a minute
or so scouting around for shells, he
strikes for the surface with his find.
Arriving there, he clutches the out-
rigger of the canoe and for several
minutes suffers untold agonies while
his organs readjust themselves. The
quick transition from the lightness
of the atmosphere to the many tons
pressure of the sea-bottom and then
back again is devastating. Only men
of exceptional physique can hope to
last long at the game.

World's Largest Banjo.

The largest known banjo was built
by Roy Kearn of San Jose, Cal. The
head was taken from a 32-inch bass
drum. The length over all of the in-
strument is seven feet. The pegs on
the neck are eight inches long, and
in inch in diameter at their smallest
point. Piano wires are used for
strings. To play it the whole hand
must be used instead of one finger,
as on the ordinary banjo.

AN ODD EXPERIENCE.

Viscount Haldane Refused His Own
Request.

Viscount Haldane has had consid-
erable experience in Cabinets, and
once, while filling several different
posts for absent Ministers, he had
the odd experience of saying "No" to
himself. He thus told the story
recently:

"There are five Secretaries of
State—for Home Affairs, for For-
eign Affairs, for the Colonies, for
War, and for India. The Admiralty
has a different constitution. Each of
these five Secretaries of State has
the full authority of a Secretary of
State—that is to say, he can legally
do the business of any of the Secre-
taries; he is qualified by his position
to transact the business of other of-
fices if it is proper for him to do so.
I myself have had the honor of
fulfilling the duties of Home Secre-
tary several times, and I have ful-
filled the duties to relieve my proper
colleague. The peculiarity of such
occasions is that suppose you were,
as I was, Secretary of State for War,
and in communication with the
Home Office, you might find yourself
communicating with yourself in the
capacity of Home Secretary. At one
time my colleague at the Home
Office went away for a holiday, and
asked me to take over his work, and
I had just addressed a letter to the
Home Office for some powers. I had
written an official letter as Secretary
for War. But when I was at the
Home Office one of the first things
I was called upon to do was to re-
fuse my own request, and I wrote a
letter to myself, saying 'No!'"

The First Vaccinators.

Although vaccination is indis-
solubly linked with the name of Jenner,
there is ample evidence that it was
practiced by farmers and others in
the rural districts of England long
before his day.

It was common knowledge amongst
these people that an attack of cow-
pox immunized the sufferer against
smallpox, and it was quite usual for
farm workers to infect themselves
and their children with the former
complaint to protect them against the
latter.

Indeed, twenty-two years before
Dr. Jenner made his first vaccination
a farmer named Benjamin Jesty, of
Downshay, openly advocated the
practice; but, not being a medical
man, he was laughed at for his pains.

Attractive Overcoats

At Moderate Prices

By careful buying we can sell you an up-
to-date Overcoat at the reasonable
price of **\$20.00 and up**

There are 3-piece belted models, ulster styles
in Lovats, Blues, Grays and Heather shades.
You should see them.

Pure Wool Sweater Coats and Pull-Overs

In Maroon, Brown, Fawn and Fancy shades.

Underwear Mackinaw Coats and Breeches.

Murray Bros.,
The Tailors, Shawville.

CREAM WANTED

At Elmside Creamery

HIGHEST PRICES PAID

All tests subject to re-test by Quebec Government Inspector.
Ship to Bristol, Que.

Write for cans.

W. BYRON - - - PROP.

For Sale!

- 14 horse power Steam Engine—a good one,
- 36x50 S. & M. Separator,
- Top Buggies—like new,
- 3-tub Power Washing Machine,
- 1½ horse power Gasoline Engine,
- new Chatham Fanning Mill,
- Blue Bell Washing machine—second hand,
- Good Young Horses.

J. L. HODGINS, Shawville.

\$50.00 Reduction

To clean up present stock we will give
\$50.00 reduction on regular prices on
1925 model FORD Touring Cars and
Sedans.

At present time half year's license can be
purchased.

Used Cars for Sale

- | | |
|---|----------|
| 1 Light Delivery Truck . . . | \$75.00 |
| 1 model 1925 Ford Touring Car, used since July
15th, with Ruck steel axle, spare tire tube and
bumper. For quick sale . . . | \$552.00 |

Easy payments. Will take good young horses
weighing 1500 lbs. or better, on any of the above
Cars.

G. A. HOWARD - SHAWVILLE

DEALER IN

FORD and DODGE CARS

P. S.—Garage in connection.

Gas, Oil, Grease, Accessories.

FORTUNES MADE BY ACCIDENT

When the Prince of Wales visited Kimberley recently he was shown the grease-process of extracting the very last diamond from the sticky mess in which it is hidden. This used to be a hopeless job, but one morning an engine hand thrust his grease-smear fingers into the diamond paste, and thus accidentally discovered that an admixture of grease caused the diamonds to remain behind when the water washed away the waste material in which they were embedded.

It is possible that more useful discoveries and inventions have been made by accident than by design. The pointed spade or shovel was the result of a workman grinding off the corners of his square spade when digging clay. It brought him a fortune.

A Fortunate Fire.

The burning of a starch factory on the banks of the Liffey first revealed the adhesive qualities of scorched starch mixed with water, and introduced to the world a new and cheap gum.

To the upsetting, by William Murdoch, of a tool chest, we are indebted for cast-iron cement; and the accident of a child playing with a bottomless flask with his brother, a Swiss mechanic named Argand, placed over the flame of his crude oil-lamp, resulted in the invention of the lamp chimney. A Nuremberg glass-cutter accidentally let some aqua fortis drop on his spectacles, and etching on glass quickly followed.

The inventor of automatic signalling on railways got his idea of track-circuiting from a spirit-rapping seance. He found that the table stood on two brass rails running across the stage, and immediately suspected the use of electricity. Taking a piece of insulated wire, the ends of which were open, he laid it across the two rails and the spirit ceased to "rap."

Years afterwards, when he was a signal engineer, this early experiment recurred to his mind, and he used the idea for the protection of millions of railway passengers.

The First Telescope.

A traveller through the Yellowstone Park stumbled on a dead horse. The animal had been lying there for a long time, but was wonderfully preserved. On examining the carcass it was found to be covered with borax, hitherto used only in glazing linen, but destined to become one of the most useful chemical compounds in industry through this accidental discovery of its preservative qualities.

The placing together of two spectacle glasses by the children of a Dutch optician led to Galileo's construction of the first telescope, and a mere accident helped Senefelder to the invention of lithography.

One day, when he was polishing off a stone for etching, his mother asked him to write out a list of the linen that the laundress was waiting to carry away. No paper being available, he wrote the list on the stone in some printing ink.

What a Leak Revealed.

A few days later, when he was about to rub the writing off the stone, he thought he would try the effect of writing on stone bitten in with aqua fortis. He bit away one hundredth part of an inch, took several impressions of the writing, and discovered that he had invented the art of lithography.

A lucky accident laid the foundation of the Nobel fortune. Alfred Nobel was assisting his father in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, when in 1867 he discovered a cask leaking and some of the nitro-glycerine mingling with the siliceous sand used for packing. This trivial circumstance suggested a method of preparing a safe and manageable explosive, and the result was dynamite.

A young Bolton engineer, out for an evening stroll, noticed that the seeds of a sycamore falling to the ground acquired a rotary motion as they fell. He noticed, further, that the two wings were turned in opposite directions. This provided the first idea of the screw-propeller.

The Pacific cable is laid at an average depth of 2,640 fathoms, or three miles.

Dreamer.

You do not love my thirst for loveliness,
The urge and ecstasy of dancing blood.
You do not feel secure with me unless
I sit and dine with you on common food.

And I am sorry for you, since I, too,
Know how life's wine is bitter, drunk alone;

Its bread, unshared, for all the heart can do,
Turns hard upon the lips as any stone.

But be at rest. I will forswear delight,
Deny the dreams that shape your mind's repose,
Sit soberly beside you, for despite
All this, my wilderness shall bear the rose!

—Georgiana Thayer.

Minister Calls Religion Secret of a Carefree Life.

The secret of a carefree life is to put it in line with God's purposes, declared Dr Henry Howard, of Melbourne, Australia, in an address on "Don't Worry," opening the nineteenth season of the Sunday Evening Club. So says an "Associated Press" despatch from Chicago.

"Christ's cure for a worried life is explained in His words: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things (what you eat) and drink and wear) shall be added to you,'" Dr. Howard said. "Everyone who has stood up to life has felt its worry, stress and strain. But the way out from worry does not lie along the line of escape from work.

"The birds and flowers to which Christ referred as carefree, are among the busiest of God's creatures. The work translated 'toil' does not mean 'work,' but work plus worry. First of all stand right with Him. This will swing life into harmony by putting way, and everything life needs will come along the lines of fulfilled relations to Him as Master and Lord."

1925 Rye Crop Exceeds That of the Previous Year

Rye production in countries that produce 78 per cent. of the world crop, exclusive of Russia, is reported at 774,000,000 bushels this year, against 569,000,000 bushels in 1924, an increase of 36 per cent.

Germany's rye crop this year is the largest since the war, being estimated at 301,873,000 bushels, against 225,573,000 bushels last year. Pre-war production in the same territory was 368,000,000 bushels.

The German wheat crop is placed at 107,000,000 bushels, against 89,000,000 bushels last year; barley, 112,000,000 bushels, against 110,000,000 bushels, and oats, 378,000,000 bushels, against 389,000,000 bushels.

Although estimates for potatoes and sugar beets in Germany are not yet available, increases in acreage of both crops and favorable conditions are reported.

Via Caucasian Passes.

At least eight thousand years ago the white nations of the earth began to swarm through the awful passes of the Caucasians, stopping on their way for centuries, and arriving in Europe only to find other peoples there, peoples who were there to subdue or be subdued. Rome was not founded until 753 B.C., but two thousand years before that year the shores of the Adriatic swarmed with the millions of fierce Italians who had come through the Caucasian passes. Whence they came or what they expected to find in Europe no one knows.

Impossible.

"Yes," said the second mate of the tramp steamer, on his return home, "when I was in the Mediterranean I sailed through shoals of sardines."

"Nonsense!" said his maiden aunt. "How could they possibly swim in those small tins?"

Time and You.

Time that is measured by the years of your own life is the only Time that you can have for yourself out of all the endless stretch of it. So waste that Time and you are wasting Yourself. And wasting it you are, if you are not making the very most that you can out of it. And to make the most of it takes energy now and always.



Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family, Northamptonshire, England, which is to be built in replica at Richmond, Va.

PNEUMONIA

A "Catching" Disease Spread From One Person to Another By Germs.

Pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs is a germ disease spread by persons who have pneumonia and sometimes by those carrying pneumonia germs.

As each patient with pneumonia is a source of danger to others, care should be taken to prevent the spread of pneumonia by early diagnosis and especially by careful isolation. As far as possible the patient should be isolated from other persons. All washable articles of clothing and linen should be collected in a separate bag and sterilized by boiling before being sent to the laundry. Clothes which cannot be washed should be sterilized by steam whenever possible. If this cannot be done they should be thoroughly aired in the sunlight. The dishes used by the patient should be boiled. Such articles as bed rubbers, ice caps, hot water bags and thermometers should be soaked in five per cent. carbolic acid. The sputum should be gathered in covered paper cups. If these are not available, the sputum should be disinfected with five per cent. carbolic in the container and the cup should be thoroughly boiled. Gauze should be used for handkerchiefs and should be collected in paper bags and burned. Body wastes from the bowels and the bladder need not be sterilized because the germs of pneumonia are spread in the secretions of the mouth, nose and throat.

While attending a case of pneumonia the doctor and nurse should each wear a gauze mask and gown. Their hands should be thoroughly washed after leaving the bedside. Visitors should be provided with fresh gauze masks and gowns and warned not to come into too close contact with the patient. These precautions should be maintained during convalescence and until the patient is able to leave the hospital or his home. After the patient has recovered, the mattress, pillows and blankets should be sterilized. If this is not possible they should be given a thorough airing in the sun. All room utensils used in the care of the patient should be disinfected by boiling or with a five per cent. carbolic, or 1-1000 bichloride solution. The room should finally be given a thorough cleaning.

A healthy person may carry pneumonia germs in the nose and throat and pass them on to others, who may catch the disease.

A Dangerous Habit.

So long as healthy carriers are known to exist, the public should be educated in an attempt to lessen the present universal traffic in saliva. As saliva is not particularly abhorrent, there is not the same disgust towards it as there is to other human excreta. Who has not seen the apple pedlar spit on his apples before polishing them, or the street car conductor wet his fingers on his tongue before issuing transfers? In fact, as Chaplin remarks, if saliva were of an indigo color our whole surroundings would be stained blue. As the pneumonia germ gains entrance by the mouth or nose, the public should be cautioned against coughing, sneezing or careless spitting, especially in public places.

Possibly one of the most important means of prevention of pneumonia is

to pay due respect to the so-called insignificant common cold. Careful histories of patients with labor pneumonia show that about 40 per cent. of the cases give a history of common cold just before they have pneumonia. —Adapted from an article by Ernest G. Stillman, M.D., Rockefeller Institute.

Trapping Minks.

Minks are cunning; they avoid man as much as possible. As a rule, they prefer the small streams rather than the large ones. The reason for this is obvious: The former, as a rule, have the banks overgrown with weeds and brush; the current is clogged, here and there, with logs, limbs, etc. This gives protection from prying eyes, both for traveling and for the dens and runways. Further, concealment is offered in hunting food, and the shallow places in small streams furnish food in abundance, while larger ones do not. Do not understand from this, however, that it is useless to look for minks along rivers. Good catches are made along the banks, frequently, as they are near ponds and lakes. Marshes and swamps ought not to be passed by, either, for the animals frequent these.

Roots of old trees overhanging the water deserve attention. These are favorite places for dens. Stone bridges, especially if there is room between the rocks for the animals to enter, are excellent locations for dens. Look for tracks under overhanging banks, and runways near rocks in the water. Examine all hollow logs near streams. There are, in fact, so many likely spots to catch minks that one ought constantly to keep watch for them near water, no matter whether the place is but a tiny stream from a drain or spring, or a large lake or pond. Minks are extensive travelers, so far as the males are concerned, and seem to roam here and there, almost everywhere, as long as they are not molested.

Learned Pat.

An Irishman and his wife, on a visit to London, went to a theatre. The wife noticed the word "Asbestos" printed on the curtain.

"Faith, Pat, and what does 'Asbestos' on the curtain mean?"

"Be still, Maggie; don't show your ignorance. That's Latin for 'Welcome.'"

Don't worry over trifles. If you must worry, pick out something worth worrying about and get busy.



Surveyors of the Topographical Survey of Canada at work in northern waterways of Manitoba. The instrument to the left is a transit-theodolite, and that to the right is a ranger-finder.

Stories About Well-Known People

His "Poem."

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, probably the world's richest man, has lately spent much of his leisure, it is said, in writing verses.

Asked by a poetry society to attend a dinner in honor of his eighty-sixth birthday, he declined, sending the following lines in doing so:—

I was early taught to work as well as play;
My life has been one long happy holiday,
Full of work and full of play.
I dropped the worry on the way,
And God was good to me every day.

The Child Understood.

Like all people whose work brings them into intimate relation with the human side of things, Sir Herbert Barker, the famous manipulative surgeon, has a great liking for children, and many of his best stories are about them. Here is one.

"Daddy, is to-day to-morrow?" asked little Willie.

"No, my son, of course to-day isn't to-morrow," answered his father.

"But you said it was," objected Willie.

"When did I ever say that today was to-morrow?"

"Yesterday," answered Willie.

"Well it was. To-day was to-morrow yesterday but to-day is to-day just as yesterday was to-day yesterday but is yesterday to-day. And to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow which makes to-day yesterday and to-morrow all at once. Now run along and play."

Playwright Was Saved by Power of the Press.

If you should visit Mr. Israel Zangwill at his London home do not be surprised to find the following notice on the door:

"To Burglars.—You are cheerfully invited to enter as everything valuable has been taken away!"

The origin of this notice is an occasion when burglars actually broke in—without receiving, of course, the above invitation. He was insured, and the company were quite easy about their responsibilities, for Mr. Zangwill's rooms were immediately above those of the then solicitor-general. Despite this fact, Bill Sikes was not deterred.

The burglars made straight for a valuable old chest and broke it open in the expectation of a rich find of gold and silver. All they found was a huge collection of press cuttings. They

Good-bye on a Country Line.

"Good-bye."
"Good-bye. Come down and see us."
"I will. Good-bye."
"Good-bye. Now don't forget to come down."
"No, I won't."
"Be sure and bring Sarah Jane with you next time."
"I will. I'd have brought her this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awful."
"Did she now? That was too bad. Be sure and bring her next time."
"I will."
"And you be sure and bring the baby."

It is extraordinary to me that nobody is ever taught to speak well. At the age of eighteen young people should be able to stand up in public without fear or nervousness.—Mr. Henry Ainley.

Doing!

A pennyworth of "doing" is worth pounds of "talking big"; so if you can't paint pictures, then just take a spade and dig. And if you can't sing anthems, break the stones beside the way. And whistle as you break them. Just to show your heart is gay.

We may not build cathedrals. But we all can use some tools. With common sense and judgment. For we needn't think we're fools. No—each of us has something. He can do if he but tries; so let us get about it.

For life's little work-hour flies!

—Lillian Gard.

Walking on Springs.

Leaping through the air like a kangaroo is the exciting sensation offered to children by the recent invention of shoes with springs.

These novel exercising toys are strapped to the feet in the same manner as roller skates, and the wearer can walk, run, jump, or dance on them. The steel springs, while of unusual strength, are extremely elastic. The effect produced is said to be like walking on air.

Each shoe has two spiral springs (says a writer in "Popular Science"), and the lower end of each is fastened to a sole that prevents the springs from injuring carpets or polished floors. With a little practice, it is said, a child can make enormous leaps.

Whence "Satiated."

Teacher—"Robert, give me a sentence using the word 'satiated.'"

Bobby—"I took Mamie Jones to a picnic last summer and I'll satiate quite a lot."

Does Mutt Act Like a Blooming Founder? Well Brother!

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.





The Best thing for Cleaning Milk Cans

Use only "Snowflake." Dissolve one tablespoonful of "Snowflake" in a gallon of hot water. It will remove all grease and thoroughly sterilize the cans and bottles.

3 places for Snowflake
Kitchen, Bathroom, Laundry



Snowflake

Softens Water—Removes Grease

At all grocers 10c large package

HELPING BABY TO THINK

Education Starts Long Before Schooldays. The Really Important Time in Early Life is When Baby Begins to Think for Himself.

All mothers will tell you that their babies are very wise. They abound in an instinctive wisdom, which, being given to them naturally at birth, has as its main objective the obtaining of exactly what they want.

For this purpose in early days the lungs are employed frequently and fully, but gradually the little one begins to think and act for himself. It is sheer delight to all parents to watch this development, the stages of which can be marked by the baby's power to do certain things, and to puzzle out problems which, to the infant mind, are full of pitfalls.

Wise mothers will tell you that as soon as baby is born you can tell whether he is mentally perfect by putting some small round object—it used to be a half-sovereign in the old days—into the wee open palm. If baby immediately closes his chubby fingers tightly over the treasure—well, you have no further need to worry about the little one's mental powers; he is certain to be fully equipped in that respect.

Smiles and Tears.

A really healthy baby should begin to take an intelligent interest in things when about six months old. At this age, if a watch is put to his ear, he should smile, and as soon as the "tick-tick" is taken away his sound lungs should come into play.

Between the sixth and ninth months baby should be found trying to lift things for himself, and as the first anniversary of his birth comes round he should be able to lift quite heavy toys and other things, which were never intended to be toys at all, and quite

easily. Also he should be beginning to reason for himself.

At this age a child will copy a parent who sounds a note on the piano, and will begin to see the connection between the striking of the note and the "noise" which follows.

Then, again, his little mind should now be able to tackle problems. He should be able to understand that, if one of his small toys is put inside a box in his presence, and the lid closed down, the treasure is not irretrievable.

If the lid is not too heavy and does not stick, baby, after tinkering with it for a bit, during which time he is turning the problem over in his mind, should try to open it.

Learning to Talk.

Now, of course, comes the most interesting of all periods in baby's growth. He learns to speak, and copies everything that is said, selecting, if possible, the longest word in any sentence to repeat. Baby's mind is still keeping astride of his development in other directions, and at eighteen months he should begin to point out and name animals and so on, pictures of which are shown him in books.

At this stage the child memory is continually coming into use, and every week you find that baby remembers things for a longer period.

So the gradual development of the little brain goes on until the time comes for the child to go to school and learn terribly big things out of specially-prepared books. And who shall say that the earlier "education" of the home is not more important than the mere formal studies of the school.

Countries Out of Shape.

Modern map-makers regard the maps made a few hundred years ago as great curiosities—and so they are, yet every atlas published in the twentieth century borrows an idea from the fifteenth century. It is known as Mercator's projection.

As a rule, the map of the world is represented in our atlas in two forms—first the two hemispheres side by side, with America and the Pacific occupying almost the whole of one, and the rest of the continents and oceans nearly the whole of the other. But the two circles are difficult of mental adjustment, as they require to be placed back to back to represent the actual geography of the globe.

This difficulty was recognized by a famous geographer named Gerardus Mercator. He originated the system, still followed, of drawing the map of the world as though the globe were flat, having all the meridians of longi-

tude parallel and at right angles to the parallels of latitude.

Thus one gets a bird's eye view of the world, as it were, but only the part of the map adjacent to the Equator are correct to scale. As the map proceeds north and south towards the poles, oceans and continents expand more and more, and are thus out of proportion. Nevertheless, the advantages of this projection, named after Mercator, are obvious.

Saving the Buffalo.

Many people recall "Buffalo Bill." He got his name from his prowess as a hunter of the American bison. He, and others, almost exterminated this magnificent beast, which, within the memory of many now living, roamed the prairies of the United States and Canada in vast herds.

To-day the only buffalos left in the United States are preserved in Yellowstone Park; but in Canada, where there is more room, the buffalo is likely to become a national asset and a source of revenue.

It is estimated that there are in Canada 10,000 head of buffalo, and their preservation is due to the late Lord Strathcona, who, nearly fifty years ago, collected a small herd for his estate near Winnipeg. They flourished and increased, and were bought by the Government to stock the national park at Banff, in the Rockies.

When the herd had increased to about 700 it was removed to 160 square miles of territory in Alberta. Here the herd thrived, and now it is about 8,000 strong. The Dominion has established another herd in Alberta, at Elk Island Park.

We learn wisdom from failure more than from success.

Minard's Liniment for Chilblains.

Musician.

He could not keep a single tune Nor count upon a single note. The lilt came easy, and the rhyme. But something wayward in his throat Would spoil the music every time. The scantest air was sure to stray And somehow perish by the way. So, for he knew the humble art Of yielding, in his patient heart He wrought one little meagre line, Of love and supplication blent,— Four words, two bars, a simple thing, A fragment that a child might sing, And mastered that, and was content; At work, at rest, in storm and calm, His prayer, his psalm and his psalm. "O Lord, remember me!" it went.

Sometimes 'twould lapse for weeks and then

Come drifting down the stable lot Timed to a saunter, staid and slow, Familiar and serene again, Or sound across the garden plot, Tuned to the ticking of a hoe; And often in an hour of gloom We heard it like a bugle tone Calling to courage, high and lone In an old shabby upper room; Or else, some April morning long, At brief, contented intervals It filtered through the study walls, A low monotony of song Like droning of a happy bee—"O Lord, remember me!"

And so, when day was in the west But not one shade of gathering night Had dulled dear memories in his sight Or touched the things he loved the best, With life still sweet and hope still springing And peace his portion to the last, He took the summons, clear and late, And scarcely faltered in his singing, For almost as he sang he passed One evening through the open gate— Upon his brow a faint surprise, A quickening light, as though he caught

Old echoes in the fair new skies: His little lowly melody With unimagined music wrought, The broken beat, the halting bars, The wistful, "Lord, remember me!" In measure with the morning stars; The song that on and upward led, Sounding beyond earth's utmost rim, A part of Heaven.

"Ay," we said, "His Lord remembered him." —Nancy Byrd Turner in *Youth's Companion*.

A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

No Wonder Health Gives Out and She Becomes Weak and Despondent.

It is literally true concerning woman in the home that her work is never done. She starts with housework when she rises in the morning and is kept busy up to the time she retires at night. The work must be done whether she is feeling well or not. It is no wonder that she often breaks down under the strain. She becomes breathless at slight exertion, feels exhausted if she walks up stairs. Headaches and dizzy spells become frequent, and life seems a burden. Much of this trouble is due to the fact that her blood has become thin and watery, and to regain her good health she must take a reliable blood-enriching tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The great value of this tonic medicine is shown by the statement of Mrs. Mary Nolan, Lintlaw, Sask., who says:—"When I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was a physical wreck. It was with great difficulty that I could do light housework. I suffered from headaches, my heart would beat violently at the least exertion, and I always felt tired and depressed. I did not sleep well at night, and I had no appetite—my limbs would swell as in dropsy. It was at this stage that a neighbor advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had used the pills for some weeks before I began to feel their benefit, and thus encouraged I continued taking them for several months, when I was again as strong and well as ever I had been. I have no hesitation in saying that these pills are a remarkable blood builder and strength renewer and I shall ever be grateful for what they did for me."

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

Tit for Tat.

"The dealer made you pay more than this car is worth," commented the candid friend. "I know it," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'm selling him a piece of property, and I want to convey the impression that I am guileless and easy."

A Puzzle.

A little boy recently puzzled his mother with this query:—"What's the Miz?" "The Miz, dear? I'm sure I don't know. Where did you hear about it?" "At Sunday-school. The superintendent said God made heaven and earth and all that in the Miz!"

SHIP US YOUR POULTRY, GAME, EGGS, BUTTER AND FEATHERS —WE BUY ALL YEAR ROUND— Write today for prices—we guarantee them for a week ahead. P. POULIN & CO. LIMITED Established over 60 years 36-39 Boulevard Market—Montreal

Eve's Apple Tree.

Among the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon is a fruit supposed to bear the marks of Eve's teeth!

The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "Forbidden Fruit," or "Eve's Apple Tree." The blossom is pleasantly scented, and the fruit is orange in color outside and a deep crimson within. Each fruit has the peculiar appearance of having a piece bitten out of it.

This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led to the belief that it was the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and serves the useful purpose of warning such as might be tempted by its lovely appearance to imitate Eve and take a bite.

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 derangements of the stomach and bowels they are most satisfactory.

Mrs. Rose Voyer, 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.



Sad Sea Sounds.

She (to tourist):—"I suppose out on the great lonely ocean the crying of the seamans is very sad?" He—"Yes; but nothing like as affecting as the blubber of the whales."

A Tulchan.

In this seventeenth century—two hundred years ago—the dairymen of Scotland, when ever they had an unruly cow which refused to let down her milk to the milker, would bring out a tulchan, by means of which they completely deceived the animal, and induced her to give her milk to the dairymaid freely.

A tulchan was simply a calf-skin stuffed with hay in a rude manner. This imitation calf was brought, its head bent under the cow, and while the mother thought her young one was drawing off the milk, it was, in reality, the cunning milkmaid who was doing so.

In 1617, King James, as Carlyle, in his *Cromwell's Letters*, tells us, appointed certain men for certain duties in Scotland. The Scotch were very much opposed to these new appointments, for the object of them was to deceive the people and to drain the money away from them.

For this reason, the Scotch gave these new appointees the name of tulchans—pieces of political mechanism constructed by Parliament and the King's Council, to deceive the poor Scotch and "milk" them of their revenue.

In life, there are, alas, tulchan friends and tulchan friendships, even unto this day. Many a lad is decoyed into evil by tulchan promises and professions. What sort of friends are these? Real ones? A thousand times no. They are "tulchans"—false—a mere similitude of the truth. Beware of them, while they are beguiling you. Satan may step in and make you his prey.

When bad men try to win the hearts of others, they make all sorts of professions and use all sorts of specious arguments; but their words are tulchan, stuffed with falsehood and meant to cheat.

"Well, I hope this is my last lap in the matrimonial race," said Widow Smith as she married her fourth husband.

POLISHES FOR ALL PURPOSES

BRITISH MILITARY SHOE POLISH

SUNBEAM SHOE DRESSING

THE SHOE POLISH, L.L. HAMILTON

LESS WORK BETTER RESULTS

Order from your grocer his best tea and he'll usually send "Red Rose."

RED ROSE

TEA "is good tea"

The same good tea for 30 years. Try it!

A Poem You Should Know.

"The Ancient Mariner."

You might roll Shackleton, Scott, and Amundsen into one, and then fail to produce a combination of 'experience that would even begin to rival Coleridge's picture of the South Polar regions in his great poem, "The Ancient Mariner." Yet Coleridge had never been there and was writing purely from his imagination.

The following extract from the poem is interesting at the present time, for the Discovery, Captain Scott's Antarctic exploration ship, now known as the Royal Research Ship, recently sailed on a voyage of research in South Polar regions.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he Was tyrannous and strong: He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe And forward bends his head, The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,

And southward ay we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow And it grew wondrous cold; And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.

And through the drifts and snowy clifts Did send a dismal sheen; Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken— The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around; It cracked and growled, and roared and howled, Like noises in a woud!

Sentence Sermons.

There is Something Sad—About the man who has any serious moments. —About the show which must debase women to provide entertainment. —About the joke that leaves an evil memory. —About the home where cards are more important than children. —About the business which must wreck men to make money. —About the candidate who has won an election and lost his independence. —About the man who must choose between his friends and his conscience.

Keep Minard's Liniment handy.

A Poor Marksman.

"I thought you told me you were experienced!" a much-shaken old gentleman sputtered as he crawled from the wreck of his handsome new car, which his chauffeur had just wrapped around a tree.

"I am," asserted the chauffeur. "Why, I drove three years for an officer during the war and was wounded every year."

"Wounded; only wounded!" snorted his employer disgustedly. "By George, he must have been a rotten shot or he'd have got you the first year!"

It is ridiculous that man, who has established his empire over the whole world, should continue to die from such contemptible things as a cold in the head or a mosquito bite.—Sir Ronald Ross.

GENUINE ASPIRIN

PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told

in "Bayer" Package



Does not affect the Heart

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

Colds Headache
Neuritis Lumbago
Toothache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

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

The Origin of a Nursery Rhyme.

Scholars are always finding out that the most nonsensical nursery rhymes have a respectable ancestry and were in their infancy symbol to the popular mind of some striking happenings in politics, warfare, or social progress. Here is a man writing to the *London Times* about a similar meaning in one of the most familiar of such rhymes. Our readers will be interested if not convinced by what he says.

I was taught in my youth, he says, some sixty years ago, that "Sing a song of sixpence" arose as an occult fubilation over the first printing of the complete English Bible in the year 1635. The "four-and-twenty blackbirds" stood for the alphabet. They were "baked in pie" when set up by the printer in "pica" form. The "opening" of the "pie" was the publication of the volume, which, by its dedication in the preface to Henry VIII., "was set before the King."



DANDRUFF
Rub the scalp with Minard's. It stimulates the roots of the hair and removes dandruff.



NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN

Pains in Back and Legs Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ford, Ontario.—"I had a nervous break-down, as it is called, with severe pains in my back and legs, and with fainting spells which left me very weak. I was nervous and could not sleep nor eat as I should and spent much time in bed. I was in this state, more or less, for over two years before Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me by my neighbor. Before I had taken five doses I was sitting up in bed, and when the first bottle was taken I was out of bed and able to walk around the house. During my sickness I had been obliged to get some one to look after my home for me, but thanks to the Vegetable Compound I am now able to look after it myself. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine in turn with the Vegetable Compound, and I certainly recommend these medicines to any one who is not enjoying good health. I am quite willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. SHEPHERD, 180 Jos. Janisse Avenue, Ford, Ontario.

Nervousness, irritability, painful times, run-down feelings and weakness are symptoms to be noted. Women suffering from these troubles, which they so often have, should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. All druggists sell this medicine.



Use Cuticura Soap daily to keep your skin clear, Cuticura Ointment to relieve and prevent irritation. Shampoo the scalp healthy by shampoos with Cuticura Soap, assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment when needed.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Cuticura Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 50c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

SHAWVILLE BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Rubbers

The Rubber season is now here and we are prepared to meet the demand with a complete stock of LIFE BUOY RUBBERS.

We can fit any Shoe, whether large or small, with Fine Rubbers, and have a large assortment of Heavy Rubbers.

We were very fortunate and had a large placing order in before the advance in prices, and are giving our customers the benefit.

We do not sell SECONDS, and every pair is guaranteed.

SOMETHING SPECIAL:
A Woman's and Growing Girl's
4-buckle Overshoe at \$3.00
C. L. DALE.

GIBSON'S GROCERY

Just Arrived

Shipment of
Robin Hood Flour

98 lbs. cotton bags \$4.35 per bag
98 lbs. jute bags 4.15 " "

This is No. 1 Grade and is guaranteed by the maker.

Perrins' and McCormick's Fancy Biscuits

Regular 40c. Sale price—3 lbs. for \$1.00
3 lbs. bulk Cocoa 25 cents
4 bars P. & G. Soap 25 cents

This is all fresh Stock, just in.

W. G. J. GIBSON.

GIBSON'S GROCERY

MARRIED

BURMAN—HOWARD

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Howard, of Davidson, Que., on Wednesday, Nov. 11th, when their only daughter, Marion Margaret Ellen, became the bride of Mr. Frederick Wm. Burman, jr., also of Davidson, Que., the Rev. W. A. Morrison of the United Church, Ft. Conlonge, officiating.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, looked lovely in a gown of white flat crepe, with veil and orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of rose buds and lily of the valley.

Miss Violet Thornton, of Rockland, Ontario, was bridesmaid. The groomsmen were Mr. Gordon L. Howard, brother of the bride.

The wedding march, from Lohengrin, was played by Mrs. W. E. Sharpe, sister of the groom.

After the ceremony dinner was served to the guests, only the immediate friends being present.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Allan and son, Seagar, of Ottawa, Ont., and Miss Winnifred Hamilton, of Shawville, Que.—Com.

Pontiac Boys Honored

At the big annual medical congress held recently in Philadelphia, Dr. D. T. Smith and Dr. Stuart Evans, both of Ottawa, were awarded the degree of Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. Quite a number of Canadian doctors attended the congress and they have returned praising the hospitality of their American hosts. The Canadian visitors were entertained at dinner by the Canadian Society of Philadelphia. Dr. Ross, a Canadian now living in that city, was in the chair and the toast to the guests of honor was replied to by Dr. Michael

James, of Mattawa, Ont., and Dr. George S. MacCarthy, of Ottawa.

Ottawa Winter Fair

Nothing finer in live stock and horse show exhibitions has been held in Canada than the Ottawa Winter Fair of this year. Howick Hall, Ottawa, has been entirely renovated this year and the week of November 23 to 28 promises to be outstanding for the farmers in Eastern Ontario and Western Quebec. A visit to the show will be more than worth the trouble.

Entries already on hand indicate that the buildings will be overflowing with the best stock available. Special attention is being paid this year to the cattle exhibits and \$1,500 additional prize money had been allotted to this department. The night horse show has been greatly improved and thrilling rides will be provided by the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

A feature of this show this year will be the seed exhibit. A silver cup has been donated by Senator Haydon. There will be a junior competition, seed cleaning demonstration daily and a special prize of \$25 for the best barley shown. The seed prize list is the most generous of any shown in Canada.

No farmer in the Ottawa Valley should miss this opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the newest and best in his industry.

Billy Garland's majority in Carleton County is 2009. It was a safe bet at big odds.

The inner coffin of King Tutankhamen's sarcophagus, containing the body, or mummy, was removed last week for examination. The coffin is of solid gold, and is said to be a marvellously beautiful piece of work. Tut evidently belonged to the billionaire class.

Just Arrived !

Flour and Feed

Buy now as they are at bottom prices.

Ask for **PURITY FLOUR.**

Groceries at Special Prices

"Our Own" Brand Baking Powder in 1-lb. tins at 20 cents per lb.

Cream Tartar, 36 cents per lb.

Cocoa, 3 lbs. for 25 cents.

Extracts—Regular 10c, now selling at 8c. per bottle.

Small quantity of Special Japan Tea to clear at 46 cents per lb.

Corn Syrup, in sizes 5, 10 and 20 lb. pails, at lowest prices.

LEO KRONICK
MAIN STREET (East) SHAWVILLE.

Come to **DALE'S**

For Stoves and Ranges

Stove Furnishings

Cooking Utensils - all sorts

And if you require a **NEW ROOF** we can put it on at a reasonable figure.

GEO. W. DALE - - - SHAWVILLE.

INSURANCE

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Fire
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We have a Special Auto Accident Policy

With a premium of \$5.00 annually; pays \$25.00 per week disability, and \$1500.00 total disability or accidental death, as well as other special features.

You Should Have One.

We handle Insurance of all kinds on the most attractive and advantageous terms

TRUEMAN TUCK - SHAWVILLE
Agent For **CONFEDERATION LIFE**

SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

R. G. HODGINS, PROPRIETOR.

That's The Name to Remember
When You Need

Rough and Dressed Lumber,
Laths, Shingles, etc.

Prompt Service
SHAWVILLE, QUE.
Lowest Prices

Get Your
Printing

At this Office

Bad railway accident reported from Plainsboro, N. J., on Wednesday last. Thirteen people killed as the result of one passenger train telescoping another on the Pennsylvania Railroad, both bound for New York.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TIMETABLE.

OTTAWA—WALTHAM—
Daily ex. Sunday—Eastbound 7.41, a. m. Westbound 6.07, p. m.
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—1.34, p. m. Westbound 10.10, a. m.

OTTAWA—MONTREAL—
Leave Ottawa daily—5.15, a. m.; 5.55, a. m.; 8.35, a. m.; 3.35, p. m. Daily ex. Sunday, 6.55, p. m.

OTTAWA—TORONTO—
Leave Ottawa daily—10.40, a. m.; 11.00, p. m. Daily ex. Sunday—12.30, p. m.

C. A. L. TUCKER.
Agent, Shawville.

NO TRESPASSING

On Lot 12, Range 10, Township of Bristol; also hunting, trapping and fishing strictly prohibited.
ALBERT YOUNG,
RICHARD ARMITAGE.
Bristol, Nov. 7, 1925.

SHEEP ESTRAY

Strayed off my premises October 29, two sheep. Information regarding same will be thankfully received.

EDWIN PIRIE,
R. 1, Shawville.

HOLSTEIN BULLS FOR SALE.

One Four-year old.
One ten months old.
Both animals are registered and T. B. tested and can be exchanged for good young heavy horse. Apply to
O. B. CUTHBERTSON,
Maryland, Que.

FOR SERVICE

Poland China Boar. Service fee—\$1.00. Apply to
HIRAM LATHEM,
Caldwell, Que.

FOR SERVICE

Pure Yorkshire Hog. Service fee—One dollar. Apply to
JAS. McLARNON,
R. 3, Shawville, Que.

FOR SERVICE

Yorkshire Hog, bred by Alex. Dynes, Ottawa. Fee—\$1.00; Club members free.
R. J. WILSON,
R. R. No. 3, Shawville.

Overcoats !

Now is the Overcoat season, and now is when you should buy, for just as sure as you're alive we are going to have colder weather before it gets warmer.

The selection is just about complete, and it is a good time to get your choice.

This season our range comprises the latest in shades and materials being shown by the best mills of England and Canada.

Blues, Fawns and Lovats

Are the leading shades, made up in smart models for young men, while for the more conservative dresser we have the larger make in ulster models, flannel lined, rubber interlined, and some leather lined. Youths' and Boys' Coats also in a variety of shades.

See our Blue Serge Special Suit

For men and young men, in "FOX'S" Pure Wool Serge. Well tailored, with a good serge lining. Very specially priced for a short while

At \$18.00

Mackinaw Coats and Pants Our Specialty

Several good grades to choose from.

All the Heavier Clothes you will need for the Winter at—

J. B. DOVER'S.