

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1912.

Flour and Coal

Table listing prices for various flour and coal products, including Rose Flour, Royal Household, and Best Scranton.

JOS. T. BEATTY OMEMEE

AN INVESTMENT

Advertisement for an investment opportunity, mentioning a 119% return and the Lindsay Business College.

Everlasting Memorials

Advertisement for ever-lasting memorials, including white bronze and granite, with contact information for Arthur Graham.

White Bronze

Advertisement for white bronze memorials, highlighting their durability and artistic effects.

GUN REPAIRING

Advertisement for gun repairing services, listing various types of guns and repairs offered.

NOMINATION MEETING

Advertisement for a nomination meeting in the Township of Mariposa.

OAKWOOD

Advertisement for Oakwood, mentioning a meeting on Friday, Dec. 22.

Monday, Jan. 1

Advertisement for a meeting on Monday, Jan. 1, 1912, regarding nominations.

PRISM BRAND

Advertisement for Prism Brand paint, featuring an image of a paint can and text describing its quality.

FRANK TALK. 'What we have got to come to in this is to recognize either that we want arbitration and a peaceful settlement of disputes or that we don't. And we have got to mean business when we go into arbitration.'

Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. R. G. A. M. WILLIAMSON. Copyright 1911 by McChure, Phillips & Co.

Fortunately for my peace of mind we didn't stop very long in that street, but cut across again and came out in Fifth avenue, of which one seems to be born knowing a little more than of other streets in America.

At our rate of speed I hadn't to wait many minutes for the grand Fifth avenue houses, and oh, poor London—poor dear London! I wanted to fly back and tear down Buckingham palace.

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ent girl; quite merry and so friendly toward Mrs. Ess Kay. I had never thought her such a nice woman. I laughed at almost everything that she said and I said some rather funny things myself. Still, I'm not sure that as a regular thing I wouldn't rather have her.

We sat resting for some time, though I wasn't tired at all now. I could have run a mile, but suddenly I felt a little sleepy, and I was glad when Mrs. Ess Kay proposed to go to our rooms. Leaving the fountain court we came into a hall, hung with tapestry, and from it a wide stairway led us up to a gallery, lighted from the top, which runs all round the house, with the doors of the bedrooms opening off from it.

Mine is so gorgeous that I haven't known one thoroughly comfy moment in it since I came, except at night when I'm asleep.

One would think, as Battlemead is ranked among the finest old Tudor places in England, and people come on Thursdays and give shillings to see it (a very good thing for us, though it's extremely inconvenient, as it pays for all the gardens and all the servants' wages) that it would be grander than quite a new house, in a country like America. But Battlemead, even in its palmy days, must have been shabby beside Mrs. Ess Kay's "home" in New York.

Our grandest bedroom, the one where Queen Elizabeth slept, is quite a dull old one compared to Mrs. Ess Kay's splendid room. Mine, at home, has all the furniture covered with faded chintz, and the curtains are made of plain white dimity. But I love the deep window seats where I can curl up among cushions, with a cataract of roses velling the picture of the terrace with its ivy covered stone balustrade.

It's pink and white and silver. The carpet is pink and feels like moss, as you step. The wall is covered with pink and silver brocade, except where there are panels with Watteau-like pictures. The curtains are foamy lace, with the pink and silver brocade falling over them. The furniture looks as if it were made of ivory; there's a mirror in three parts, reaching from the floor half way to the ceiling, so that you see yourself in front and two profiles, like astral bodies, things which I've always wanted to cultivate as they would be so nice for trying on dresses, or making calls on dull people.

On the dressing table, framed with pink roses, each of its heart, and the bed light hidden in of pink and silver brocade to match the hangings, with a large, hard roll like an ossified bolster, at the top.

I believe it's that bed more than anything else which makes me feel that it's always Sunday in my room at Mrs. Ess Kay's. I'm used to old fashioned, ruffy pillows and a plain white coverlet smelling of lavender, on which I can flop down whenever I like, to read a novel or to have a nice little "weep." But there's no flopping on this gorgeous pink and silver expanse, and it's such consolation to know that no queen of England ever had one as handsome.

Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally escorted me to my room when I came to it first. After I'd admired everything enough to satisfy them, I was taken to see the bathroom adjoining, and then a kind of wardrobe room opening out of that. I was almost prostrated by the magnificence of both, which pleased Mrs. Ess Kay very much, and in the grand wardrobe room, smelling deliciously, though faintly, of cedar, my poor boxes—already arrived—looked mean and insignificant. Mrs. Ess Kay's and Sally's huge "innovations" would have been much more appropriate than my dress baskets, which had been squashed into lopsided deformity under heavier things in the hold.

Louise was on the scene armed with my keys and Mrs. Ess Kay wouldn't hear of letting me do anything myself. "Now, I'll explain why I had to desert you on the deck," she said. "Or perhaps I needn't explain. If you watch Louise unpacking for a few minutes you'll see for yourself. And I do hope, sweet child, that you'll excuse my taking a liberty."

This made me curious. Louise opened one of my boxes which had had been labeled "Not Wanted," and I could hardly believe my eyes when she lifted out an exquisite poppy colored chiffon, embroidered with sprays of golden holly and berries made of some gleaming red jewel.

might have been crossed; but, fortified by that, I lived up to my reputation as a dear friend the half hour of the unpacking.

When my frocks all hung in a row like Bluebeard's wives, in the cedar wardrobe, and I was left alone with them at last, my first thought was to change my imprisoned roses in water; my second, to do the same with myself.

The hope of tea (which hadn't been fulfilled) and a bath had kept me alive through those two hot hours on the deck, and now I could choose between several kinds of bath, each one more luxurious than any I had ever known. At home there's either the big bath, in the bathroom, or there's a tub in your bedroom, so it doesn't take you long to make up your mind which you will have. But here there were so many things I could do that I grew quite confused among them.

There was the big bath, so big that two of our big ones at Battlemead could have gone into it, and instead of climbing ignominiously in in the ordinary way you walked down several glittering white marble steps. It was very alluring, but as the marble tank was so vast I feared I might have to spend all the rest of the afternoon in getting it full of water. It seemed impertinent to make a convenience of such a splendid, early Roman sort of receptacle for a mere five minutes' splash. A bath of such magnificence ought, I felt, to be what Americans call a "function," a ceremony for which you would prepare with perfect neatness and ambergis and retract for half a day at least, not to be wasteful. Then there was the vapor bath, which you took in a kind of box with a hole for your head to stick out; a porcelain sitz bath and a mysterious shower bath into which you secretly retired behind canvas curtains shaped like a sentry box.

I dared not try the vapor for fear I should be steamed like a potato, the sitz seemed as inadequate as a thwarted ambition, and to turn on the shower without knowing how much it could do or how soon it could be stopped appeared a desperate adventure. After all, I thought, it was less worrying with us. Here, whichever thing you chose, you would probably wish you had had the other, whereas at home you did what you could and were perfectly satisfied.

I decided that I would toss up a coin; heads the big marble tank, tails the shower. It came tails, and I had a dreadful qualm, but, noblesse oblige one must be sporting. So I was, only the hot water wouldn't come and apparently there was ice in the cold which wouldn't stop coming, and it was very violent. I screamed once and Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally and Louise ran to the door, which was embarrassing, but fortunately I'd locked it, and they told me how to stop the cold water. When it was all over I felt like a marble statue for hours.

Dinner was at half past 7, which seemed odd in such a grand palace of a house, because of course at home, for some extraordinary reason unless you are in the middle classes, you never have an appetite before 8 at the very best. If you're in France or other countries on the continent you can be hungry sooner, and evidently it is the same in America. Perhaps, if I were scientific, I should be able to classify these differences as natural phenomena.

I had dressed myself early and was ready a little after 7, because I thought it would be nice to sit in the fountain court, but just as I was going down Louise knocked at the door.

"I have come to help miladi and to bring her these flowers," said she. "They are with a million compliments from monsieur the lieutenant Parker, the brother of madame."

"But I have never met him," I said, gazing with wonder upon a group (bunch) of pink roses, with thickly leaved stems longer than walking sticks. There were at least a dozen of these splendid creatures, loosely held together by trails of pink satin ribbon, wide enough for a sash. I had never dreamed of such roses. I almost expected them to speak.

"Miladi and the lieutenant will meet at dinner," explained Louise. "It is an American custom that the messieurs send always flowers to the ladies. Mme. and Mlle. Woodburn have received bouquets also, but these roses for miladi are the most beautiful. Is it miladi's wish that I untie the ribbon and take out one or two for her to carry?"

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W. H. CRESSWELL MONUMENTS Cemetery Work

YELVERTON. Yelverton, Jan. 5.—Quite a number of our young people attended the basket social at Lotus on Friday night last. All report a good time. Miss H. Headers and her friend Miss Mathol has returned to the city again, after spending a Merry Christmas with Yelverton friends. Mrs. George Page left here on Thursday to visit her mother who resides in Toronto. Miss May Calver, of Toronto, is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. M. Potter at present. Mr. J. Evans is busily engaged repairing his windmill which the high winds took from its perch on Wednesday last. Mr. R. B. McGill is in Woodville district at present in the interest of Squier & Flavell. Mr. E. and R. Henry visited with friends at Blackwater over Sunday. Mr. E. Stacey was in Postypool Thursday on business.



Almost immediately a footman came. Had supported me for hours. But when I tasted the stuff in my glass I wasn't disappointed any longer. It had two or three strawberries, some bits of pineapple, and a white grape bobbing about on top, and it was full of chopped ice. I don't know what it was, for nobody mentioned its name, and I was ashamed to ask, lest it might seem too ignorant; but it was good, and tasted as if it might have a little wine in it, mixed with icy water and other things. When I had drunk mine, I felt a differ-

Shiloh's Cure. Stops Coughs. Price 25 Cents.