Winter Tours to California, Florida, Etc.

At this season of the year many are planning their winter tours. Considerable numbers annually visit the ever popular California resorts, while many choose the flowers and sunshine of Florida together with the very even climate.

Numerous people in comfortable circumstances, well able to afford a winter tour, have the mistaken idea that e trip of this nature is most expensive. This is not so. Thanks to modern railway facilities, an extended trip, both interesting and educational, may be made with speed and comfort at a comparatively small cost. Why not investigate?

The Canadian Pacific railway offers particularly good service to Detroit, where direct connection is made for Florida, via Cincinnati, Ohio and Atlanta, Ga. Jacksonville, Florida, is reached second morning after leaving Detroit. Excellent connections for Florida can also be made via Buffalo.

The Canadian Pacific-Michigan Central route (via Michigan Central twin tubes between Windsor and Detroit) will be found the ideal line to Chicago, where direct connection is made for the southern States. New Orleans is reached second morning after leaving Toronto.

Direct connection is also made at Chicago for points in California, Texas, Arizona, etc.

The dining, parlor and sleeping car service between Toronto, Detroit and Chicago is up to date in every particular. Connecting lines also operate through sleeping and dining cars.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature will receive full information from any C. P. R. agent; or write M. G Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

ROLL OF HONOUR

Several thousand officers and employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company enlisted for active military duty with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and the majority of them are now in Europe, bravely battling for Canada and the Empire.

As particulars of Army Reservists are not available, these lists of those who have given up their lives for their country, or been wounded in action, are necessarily incomplete, and do not therefore indicate fully the extent to which the Company's officers and employees have participated in the great struggle.

NAME	IN COMPANY'S SERVICE As	At	NATURE OF CASUALTY
Atton, Richard W.	Checker	Winnipeg	Killed in action
Beach, James W.	Storeman	Winnipeg	Died of wounds
Bennett, W. H. D.	Clerk	Sortin	Wounded
Carr, Percival	Tapeman	Calgary	Wounded
Coombe, Philip	Fitter's Helper	North Bay	Wounded
Cowling, W. S.	Loco. Fireman	Vancouver	Killed in action
Cummings, Daniel	Brakeman	Cranbrook	Wounded
Dingle, Percy	Stenographer	Regina	Killed in action
Edwards, Wm. J.	Operator	Moosomin	Wounded
Gabbe, A. E. G.	Wiper	Smift Current	Killed in action
Grant, Leonard A.	Messenger	Vancouver	Died of wounds
Gravestock, J. W.	Stenographer	Moose Jaw	Wounded
Jarman, Jas. S.	Machinist	McAdam	Wounded
Logan, Byron G.	Wiper	Moose Jaw	Died of wounds
McKay, James	Checker	Fort William	Gas poisoning
March, William	Loco. Fireman	Medicine Hat	Suffering from shock
Moore, James A.	Pumper	Verner	Wounded
Morrison, Wm. C.	Constable	Montreal	Wounded
Paterson, B. M.	Draughtsman	Montreal	Died of wounds
Pavey, Walter G.	Watchman	Shuswap	Wounded
Perodeau, E. D.	Labourer	Calgary	Suffering from shock
Preston, Roy	Fitter	Calgary	Wounded
Richardson, Richard	Porter	Moose Jaw	Wounded
Smylie, Robert	Watchman	Bassano	Wounded
Stage, Joseph B.	Boilermaker	Outlook	Wounded
Stickland, Stanley	Machinist	Angus	Wounded
Taylor, Russell W.	Clerk	Winnipeg	Wounded
Thomson, John	Truck Repairer	Vancouver	Killed in action
Townsend, Gordon J.	Constable	Fort William	Wounded
Ward, Walter A.	Clerk	Montreal	Killed in action
Woodward, Frederick	Car Repairer	Cranbrook	Wounded
Woonton, Geo. S.	Truck Fitter	McAdam	Killed

Montreal, December 14th, 1915 (Fifth List).

SLEIGHS --- SLEIGHS

Be sure that you get your next sleigh at
McTAVISH'S
There are none better and few will give the same service.

D. McTavish - - Flesherton.

Do Some of Your Xmas buying With me.

Here is a Concise List of Gift Suggestions.

Automobile Skates, Cold Meat Forks, Shaving Brushes, Hockey Sticks, Pocket Knives, Razor Strops, Berry Spoons, Baby Spoons, Silverware, Razors, Pucks

Rodgers Knives and Forks, (sets), Cut Glass Cream and Sugar sets, Teaspoons in sets, Butter Knives, Dessertspoons, Table Spoons, Carving sets, Pickle Forks, Toilet sets, Berry setts, Teaspoons

An Assortment of Japanese and English China and many other useful and acceptable Christmas Gifts.

Would be very pleased to have you call.

F. W. DUNCAN
Hardware Merchant Phone 30 r 2
FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

NEW SUITINGS

New Suitings just to hand—some of the nobbiest weaves to be found anywhere.

Leave your order now for that new suit. You will never regret it. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Don't forget that we do cleaning, pressing and repairing. Our prices are right and our workmanship is the very best.

S. J. BOWLER
Sole Agent for the Hobberlin Tailoring.

Presentation and Address

A large gathering of the citizens of Ceylon convened at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Radley on Friday evening of last week, and presented their son, Will, who has enlisted in the Grey Battalion with a wrist watch, fountain pen, pipe, military mirror and a supply of tobacco, together with the following address:—

Dear Will,—It is with feelings of sincere regret that we learn of your proposed removal from our midst, and we have availed ourselves of the present opportunity to spend with you this social evening and by our presence to manifest our deep interest in your welfare. We all realize with feelings of admiration mingled with sorrow for your noble self-sacrifice in the interest of your country. You are willingly surrendering for the good of others, many of the pleasures and comforts of social life to assume the trials, risks and dangers of military life. We sincerely trust that wherever you are and whatever the circumstances may be you will realize that our sympathies go with you, and we trust and hope that after you have done your duty and this horrible war is ended, you will return to your friends safe and sound in mind and body. As a small token of our interest in your welfare, please accept this memento of our friendship. Signed in behalf of your friends and neighbors, T. A. Gilchrist, R. J. Brodie, G. Collinson.

Obituary

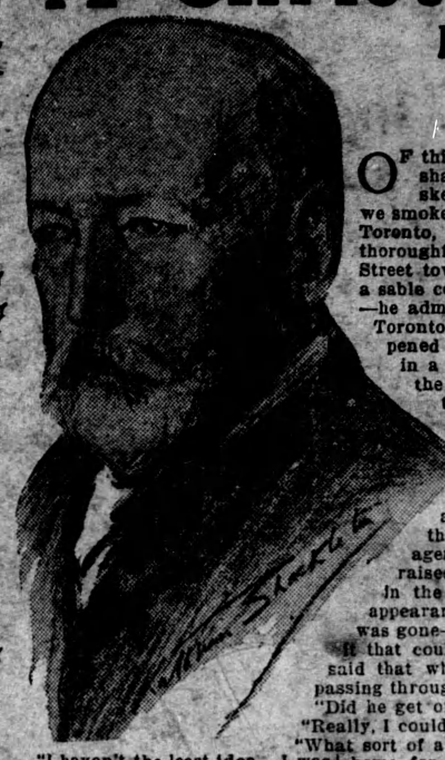
A gloom was cast over this neighborhood on Wednesday, Dec. 15, when Mr. Wm. John Lever, a resident of the East Back Line, passed peacefully away from this earth to the beautiful land beyond, Mr. Lever has been ill since last spring. During this time he suffered severely. He was only 59 years, 9 months and 29 days old. Mr. Lever was the second son of the late Roger Lever, who was one of the pioneers of Artemesia, and grandson of the late venerable and very excellent Father James Lever of Toronto, who established the Methodist religion in that place and built the first Methodist church in Toronto, where the Globe office now stands. Father Lever's son, Rev. John Lever, who was a minister in the Belleville Methodist conference for many years, is the man whom Will was named after. The funeral was on Saturday following to the family plot in Flesherton cemetery, the service being conducted by Rev. A. McVicar, assisted by Revs. Dudgeon and Kerr. Beautiful and many were the floral tributes. Among these were a pillow from the family, an anchor from brothers and sisters, a spray from his sister, Mrs Moorehouse of Toronto; a spray from Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, Toronto; a spray from Mr. and Mrs. Randels and family, Owen Sound. The pall bearers were six nephews of the deceased—Messrs. Clifford Blakeley, David Adams, Lanson White, Harold Lever, Harold J. Lever and Edward Lever. Mr. Lever leaves behind a sorrowing wife, three daughters—Ella, Etta and Ruby—one son, Roy, at home, and another, Fred, who has been at the war ever since it commenced. We all extend our deepest sympathy to the family in their sad bereavement.

One day last week when Mr. N. Medley, an Erin Township farmer went to his barn he discovered one of his pigs lying with its throat cut clean around and almost dead from loss of blood. Investigation showed that it had got a piece of binder twine around his neck, the end of which had caught in one of its feet. The animal was so badly injured that it had to be killed.

A Christmas Story

By Order of the President

(Reprinted from Herald-Press Graphics)



OF this story the late Sir William Van Horne is the hero, and I shall endeavor to reproduce the scenes as he so cleverly sketched them to me in his home one winter night, the while we smoked the after-dinner cigar. Picture then a Christmas eve in Toronto, crowds of shoppers abroad in the brilliantly illuminated thoroughfares, and Sir William Van Horne walking down Yonge Street towards the station in a magnificent fur-lined overcoat with a sable collar. Yes, he was proud of the figure he cut in that coat—he admitted it. It was one he had bought within the hour in a Toronto store. He was going back to Montreal and, as often happened in those days, he travelled with the passengers instead of in a special car. When he got on the train, prior to going to the smoking-room, he threw off his new coat and threw it over the back of his seat. There he left it.

There ends Act. I. And there began the troubles of the evening.

All alone the C. P. R. president's overcoat occupied the president's seat. Sir William did not come near it until the train pulled up at Burketon Junction, and then he only gave it a passing glance as he rushed through the car, in a hurry to get out and see the station agent. When he returned the overcoat was gone. Sir William raised a rumpus. He cross-examined the conductor, and called in the trainmen. They could give no explanation of the disappearance. Sir William was inconsolable. His beautiful coat was gone—the handsomest coat he had ever had! The only clue to it that could be discovered was that supplied by a passenger, who said that when the train stopped at Burketon Falls he saw a man passing through the carriage with a coat on his arm.

"Did he get off the train?" asked the president.

"Really, I couldn't say."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"I haven't the least idea. I was reading at the time and didn't take much notice of him."

By the president's orders, the train was pulled up at a wayside station, and a wire was sent back to Burketon Falls to put the police on the track of any man seen wearing a black, fur-lined overcoat with a sable collar.

Then Sir William, in his democratic way, strolled forward to the baggage car to hunt out another coat from his baggage. As he passed through the third-class coach, he saw a man sitting there wearing an overcoat remarkably like the one he had lost. But the collar was turned up and he could not be sure. He scrutinized the man carefully and passed on to the end of the car. Then he turned back through the car and gazed intently into the man's face.

The man turned troubled eyes to the president and quickly averted his gaze from the piercing scrutiny. In that glance the president knew him to be guilty. He leaned over the man and said in a low voice: "Come forward with me to the baggage car."

"What for?" asked the man obstinately.

"Because I say you've got to," replied the president, "unless you want a fuss made before the other passengers?" The man got up and followed the president without another word. The conductor, at a sign from the president, also followed.

"Now," said the president, sternly, when the baggage car was reached, "where did you get that overcoat?"

The man looked at his questioner sheepishly.

"I don't see that I'm bound to tell you," he answered.

He was evidently a laboring man, and was overshadowed and subdued by the president's manner. His face was bronzed and weather-beaten; it was by no means the face of a criminal. He looked like one of the great army of workers who, by labor with pick and shovel and axe spend their lives in conquering the wilderness for their fellow-men.

With a quick movement the president slipped his fingers into the breast pocket of the coat and pulled out a silk handkerchief. On one corner of this were his own initials.

"Do you know to whom that belongs?" asked the president, shaking the handkerchief threateningly in the man's face.

"No."

"That handkerchief belongs to me, and that overcoat you've got on belongs to me. Now do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to hand you over to the police at the next station."

"Oh, for God's sake, don't do that, sir!" exclaimed the man, almost in tears.

He stripped off the overcoat and held it out.

"Here's your overcoat. I didn't mean to steal it. I saw it lying on the seat, and I thought some passenger had got out and forgotten it. Really, sir, I never meant to steal it!"

"If you didn't mean to steal it, why didn't you hand it to the conductor?"

"I thought if I didn't take it somebody else would. I looked on it as a stroke of luck, that's all."

"Well, you'll find it a stroke of bad luck for you, my man!" "Get a policeman as soon as we get into Bethany Junction," he said to the conductor. "I'll look after this man meanwhile."

"My God, sir! don't do it!" pleaded the man. "It'll drive my poor wife crazy. I haven't been home for six months—been railroading back in the bush. She and the little ones are expecting me for Christmas."

"Where do you live?"

"At Peterborough."

"What's your name?"

"Kennedy."

"I suppose you've got four or five little ones looking forward to your coming home Christmas?" asked the president, sarcastically.

"Yes, sir." Tears came in the man's eyes; a choking sob burst from him.

"Shut up, you snivelling coward!" roared the president. To see the man actually in tears angered him beyond measure.

The brakes were already grinding on the wheels. The man put his hand on the president's arm, "Don't do it, sir," he said. "I don't ask it for myself, but for my wife and youngsters. There's no harm done. You've got your coat."

The president shook him off roughly. "You common thieves," he said—and the words cut the laborer like a knife—"you common thieves are always afraid to face the music. You always snivel about your 'wife and family at home' when you're found out. But I've made up my mind to stop your little games on this railroad and by Gum, I'll do it?" "Jump out and get a policeman," he said to the conductor, as the train came to a standstill.

A few minutes afterwards the conductor returned with a policeman, and the man, silent and dejected, was marched off into the dark night in custody.

When the train started off again for Montreal the president rode in the baggage car. He sat on the top of a pile of boxes, quietly smoking a cigar and dangling his feet. His gaze was fixed on a new perambulator, but it was a long time before he really saw it. When the conductor came in he nodded toward the perambulator, and remarked: "Seasonable present, eh?"

"Yes, sir, a very useful sort of article," replied the conductor.

"But what I want to know," replied the president, "is why anybody should buy a wheeled baby carriage at this time of the year. A man bought that, for sure. A woman would have bought one with runners at this time of the year.

"Of course she would," replied the conductor. "But the man must have had a busy time shopping, mustn't he? There's a rocking horse in the baby carriage; there's a toboggan; there's a turkey, and, oh—dozen of things. It'll be a pretty happy Christmas wherever that baby carriage and its load is going."

"Yes, a carriage for the new baby, and lots of presents for a pretty healthy little family, by the look of it."

The label on the baby-carriage caught the eye of the conductor. He lifted it with his thumb and forefinger, and bent over to look at it. Then he dropped it as though it burned his fingers, and turned to the president with something like consternation in his face.

"What does it say?" asked the president. "Why man, anybody would think 'twas dynamite with a live fuse attached to look at you. What's on the label, anyway?"

"It says 'John Kennedy, Peterborough.'"

"Holy Caesar!" exclaimed the president, springing to his feet. "Why that's the man who took my overcoat—the man I had arrested!"

"Yes, sir."

The president stood for a long time looking at his cigar. He recalled the pitiful pleadings of the man—his pale, agonized face, the unmanly tears.

"It'll drive my poor wife crazy," the man had said. "I haven't been home for six months—been railroading back in the bush. She and the little 'uns have been expecting me for Christmas."

Sir William thought of his own wife and family in his luxurious home in Montreal. They were waiting for him this Christmas eve, he knew, waiting and counting up the hours before he would return. Yet he had only been away two weeks. As a contrast he pictured some humble little home in Peterborough where a poor woman, who had not seen her husband for six months, was waiting this Christmas eve for his arrival. She would have scrubbed up the house till it looked as clean as a new pin. She would have a dainty meal ready for her husband and the president's imagination added the domestic touch of a kettle singing on the stove. She would have put clean clothes on the little children, and probably at this moment, was telling them for the hundredth time, "Your father's coming home!" And the little children! Surely they were dancing about the house and saying, "Daddy's coming! Daddy's coming!" He knew what little children were! Lastly came a stinging thought. The baby carriage was probably meant for a new baby that the father had never seen.

The president began to repent. After all, what had the man done! Probably he really thought the overcoat was lost, and had picked it up just the same as a man might pick up a ten-dollar bill on the floor of a hotel, feeling he might as well have it as anybody else.

When the train got to the next station, Sir William jumped out and walked into the little station house.

"Give me that key," he said to the astonished operator. The president had been an operator in his early days, he at once sat down at the telegraph instrument and gave the call for Bethany Junction. When he got through to that place he sent a message that considerably surprised the operator at the other end.

"Get Kennedy, the man arrested this evening, released immediately. His arrest a regrettable mistake. Get out an engine and one car and immediately run a special through to Peterborough. Kennedy must get there to-night."

"By whose orders?" asked the operator at the other end.

"By order of the president, William Van Horne," was the reply.

At Peterborough station that night a woman named Kennedy, with a baby in her arms, and three or four little ones flocking around her, was considerably astonished to hear an important looking gentleman, who stepped from the train on which she had expected her husband, inquiring for her by name.

"Is Mrs. Kennedy here?" roared Sir William.

"Yes, sir," said the woman timidly. "I'm Mrs. Kennedy."

"Your husband is coming along on the next train," said Sir William.

"He'll be here in a couple of hours. Here, let me shake your hand and wish you a Merry Christmas. God bless you, ma'am! God bless you!"

He jumped on the train and was gone.

And in the hand that the president had shaken Mrs. Kennedy found a Christmas present. It was a twenty dollar bill!—

For Service

For service on lot 12, con. 9, Osprey, one purebred Shorthorn Bull. Terms $1.50. Also one pure bred Yorkshire Boar, Terms $1.00. All accounts must be paid to FRED TYLER, Manager, or G. H. BURKE, Proprietor. —1 Sep.

Boar for Service

The undersigned has a thoroughbred Yorkshire Boar for service on lot 37, con. 6, Artemesia. Terms—$1.00
—J. Hargrave.

FARM FOR SAEE

Part lot 2, con 5, Euphrasia, containing 50 acres, good frame house, cellar full size of house, good barn 34x55, wall all round; good stabling, large orchard of first class fruit, hen house, pig pen, etc. One mile from the village of Kimberley. Will sell cheap to right man. For terms, etc., apply to the undersigned
—CHARLES WICKENS
1 Nov Kimberley P.O.

Bull For Service

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull, "Hillcrest Governor," No. 85408, for service on lot 27, con 14, Artemesia. Terms—$1.50 for grades, $3 for thoroughbreds.
—ALEX. CARRUTHERS.

BULL FOR SERVICE

The undersigned has a Pure Bred Shorthorn Bull for service on Lot [illegible] Con. 2, S. W. T. & S. R., Artemesia. Terms $1.00. All cows served must be paid for by 1st March, 1916.
Sept —E. [illegible]