



As an entertainer, the Edison Phonograph is a wonderful thing. It brings the talent of the world's greatest artists into the home and places it at the disposal of whoever cares to listen. The

## Edison Phonograph

has every improvement and advantage which the genius of Thomas A. Edison has been able to suggest. Put one in your home. Your whole family will welcome the new songs, the good stories and the bright music. There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit every purse. There are new records of all the new music and songs every month. Any Edison dealer will demonstrate and explain this greatest of all home entertainers.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Complete records from your dealer or from:

Thomas A. Edison  
INCORPORATED  
100 Lakeside Avenue  
Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

A complete line of Edison Phonographs and Records will be found at

J. H. STEPHENSON

## MATTHEWS' BREAD

Is made from the finest unbleached and unadulterated flour in the world, thoroughly kneaded and perfectly baked with a delicious crisp, golden brown crust. Its UNIFORM GOODNESS has made it a household necessity.

J. G. MATTHEWS,  
"THE OLD BAKER IN THE NEW STAND"  
OPPOSITE THE OLD STANDARD OFFICE.

### Decalogue for Husbands

Pastor Gives Them Ten Don'ts—Minister Who Framed Code for Wives Tells Men How to Keep Home Happy.

Brockton Mass., Jan. 4.—The Rev. Albert Marion Hyde, who framed a decalogue for wives a few weeks ago, gave ten "don'ts" for husbands in his sermon in the Porter Congregational Church.

Here is the decalogue for husbands. Mr. Hyde guarantees it will keep happiness in the home:

1. Don't forget and leave your little courtesies and general kindnesses at some hotel on your wedding trip. You will need them in the rest of life's journey.

2. Don't unbosom yourself about your family troubles to your neighbor, to your partner, to your partner's wife, to your stenographer, to your college friends; to a male member of your club; or even to a brother or sister in your church; fight it out with your wife alone even if it takes all winter. Only those in high society can afford to give their family troubles to the multitude.

### Housework Drudgery

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, or is on her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, her nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Some times rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

#### It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

This "Prescription" removes the cause of woman's weaknesses. Heals inflamed tissue and cures those weaknesses so peculiar to women. Tranquillizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful sleep.

Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any unscrupulous druggist persuade you that his substitute or unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cures Every Ill.



### CLEVER AND CAPABLE.

French Women Easily Manage Home and Profession at Same Time.

French women who go in for professions are numerous and highly successful, but in France the cheery "bachelor girl" so often met with in Anglo-Saxon countries, who wants no other husband than her work, is very rare. Perhaps the reason for this is that the French are a feminine rather than a masculine race, and that whereas one type of English and American girl often a very good type—has a certain manly element in her character, the French girl is womanly to her fingertips, and cannot be perfectly happy except as a wife and mother. Moreover, she does not as a rule have to choose between her profession and marriage. In nine cases out of ten her situation stands in place of a dot to the professional girl, and it is taken as a matter of course that she should continue in it after marriage.

On the whole, this is a pity, for it is, of course, a strain to a woman to be an effective house-mother and to carry on a profession at the same time; but Frenchwomen are so quick and capable that they often manage to combine the two sets of duties with extraordinary success. "But how on earth do you do it?" asked an English girl of a teacher, who was, of course, busy in school all the morning, but yet contrived to do all her own cooking. An Englishwoman similarly circumstanced would have probably tried to subsist on a midday bun and cup of tea; but here was a delicious and substantial meal prepared as if by magic. "Ah, we French have clever fingers!" was the laughing answer.

The suffrage movement, as a force to be reckoned with, hardly exists in France as yet, although at least one spirited lady did offer herself as a Parliamentary candidate during the last general election. Still, the cause cannot be said to have made much headway so far with the average progressive-minded Frenchwoman. Perhaps it is because of a serene conviction that she has all the power she wants already, or perhaps she is simply waiting. "We French are watching England," said a Frenchwoman to an English suffragette. "And when you have won the vote we shall certainly follow your example."

### You Never Can Tell."

An amusing story is told in a foreign newspaper of the recent production in Budapest by Prof. Max Reinhardt of the tragedy King Edipus.

At the most thrilling point of the play, when the king is discovered sitting alone in the plague-stricken city, a dog suddenly began barking furiously at the back of the stage. It was an animal trainer's Great Dane, which was howling at the moon from a shed adjoining the back of the theatre.

Reinhardt fumed and raged at this interruption at the critical moment, sent messages to the stage manager and finally went himself to stop the row. There was much running to and fro, but the barking didn't stop until a scene shifter had a bright notion.

"Moral: To conduct a business successfully everyone should work for one common end, "SUCCESS."

**Thoughts for Workers.**  
Be alive all the time, and especially when you work. Enthusiasm creates energy.

The honest worker demands more of himself than his employer ever expects of him.

However poor your work is, it is never hopeless. You are a success if you make it a little better each day. The best remedy for failure is plenty of hard, conscientious work.

Think success, but that is not enough; think it so hard that it becomes preventable.

A hearse also commemorates the many virtues and long reign of Queen Victoria. This is at Burghersdorp in Cape Colony, where the natives bought a gorgeous hearse to carry to the cemetery, the vehicle bearing its plate with the inscription, "Queen Victoria Memorial Hearse."

**Very Distant.**  
Hogan—I think Miss de Blank is very rude.

Jones—What causes you to think that? I never thought her so.

Hogan—I met her out for a walk this afternoon and asked her if I might see her home. She said yes, I could see it from the top of the High School building, and that it wasn't necessary to go any further.

**Playing Safe.**  
"You seem to be rather fond of swiss cheese," remarked the dyspeptic, "I always thought cheese with holes in it was indigestible."

"The holes ate" rejoined the man who had just finished his fourth sandwich, "but I never eat the holes."

**The Coming Generation.**

Teacher—Arthur, I shall be obliged to detain you again to-day after school.

Arthur—Of course you understand that if any gossip comes of your keeping me in every day you are responsible for it.

**His Acknowledgment.**

"Just remember," said his rich wife, "that I am the goose that lays golden eggs."

"You're the first goose I ever saw that cracked every time she laid."

**Queer.**

"Funny thing about my wife."

"What?"

"She can't walk three blocks without getting tired, but she can pump a piano player for hours without pausing to rest."

**Sails on Trains.**

In Chile, where the wind is dependable, there are two or three small railways, the cars of which are fitted with sails for propulsion.

**Tommy Knew.**

"Tommy" said the teacher, "how do they ascertain the measurement of a vessel?"

"I guess they measure it with a navy yard,"

was the unexpected reply.

### NOT TO BE RELIED UPON.

Are Our Senses the Last Thing in the World to Be Believed?

While it is a fact that nine persons out of ten place, or think they place, the utmost faith in the testimony of their senses, when it comes to the more important affairs of life, few of us accept this testimony. For instance, we do not believe that the sun moves around the earth, although we see it; and the flatness of the earth is evident to our un instructed physical sight is refuted by the understanding. We do not believe our senses, but our reason, in these premises, though we do rely upon them in many matters where we should know better. We have for guidance such truisms as "Don't trust in appearances" and "Believe nothing that you hear and only half of what you see," but still we are often deceived. Illusions and delusions afflict us from the cradle to the grave.

We think that we see and hear great deal that we do not see or hear at all. On the witness stand and under oath we testify to things that we imagine to have taken place only to have our testimony contradicted by that of other witnesses, equally reliable and conscientious, who describe minutely things and occurrences as being evident to them at the same time and place as those we have described, yet materially different in every important detail. It is contended by many able men and with much reason that the much derided "circumstantial evidence" is after all, more reliable than that of so-called "eye-witnesses."

A celebrated professor recently staged a mimic "holdup" in the lecture room, having his actors especially rush in engage in a pretended fight and suddenly depart. There were some 50 members of the class and each was requested to write an accurate description of the occurrence. The result was about 50 different versions. One man had seen an assault committed with a knife, another with a pistol, another with a club and so on. None of the descriptions of the persons engaged tallied with the facts. Yet each man was willing to swear to what he had seen.

This is all natural when it is considered that no two persons have the same sense of color, form, or sound. And whose senses are reliable? No one's!

**The Snake's Head and Tail.**

The Hindus have more proverbs than any other race. One that especially applies to modern business runs as follows: The snake's tail had a quarrel with the snake's head about who was to walk in front. The head said, "You cannot walk in front, because you have no eyes and nose."

The tail said:

"Yes, but I have strength. I move you; if I want to, I can wind myself around a tree, and you cannot get off the spot."

The head said:

"Let us separate."

And the tail tore himself loose from the head and crept on; but the moment he got away from the head he fell into a hole and was lost.

The next day the papers printed enthusiastic accounts of the really brilliant bit of stage management: the fearsome howling of the ownerless dogs in the deserted city! Reinhardt put down his paper with a whimsical smile and sent for the stage manager.

"Give the scene shifter an extra tip," he said, "but tell him to make that confounded dog howl like mad tonight."

### Queer Memorials.

Except to call attention to the fact that we are all mortal, a hearse seems a very queer memorial to the famous dead; but it was recently stated that one village in England had decided to keep the memory of King Edward green by the purchase of such a vehicle.

A hearse also commemorates the many virtues and long reign of Queen Victoria. This is at Burghersdorp in Cape Colony, where the natives bought a gorgeous hearse to carry to the cemetery, the vehicle bearing its plate with the inscription, "Queen Victoria Memorial Hearse."

**Alpine Fatalities.**

The foolish lad of Alpine climbing has caused the deaths of 115 persons during the present year. Of these the majority were Germans—38—while there was only one American victim.

A considerable number lost their lives in their search for edelweiss and other Alpine blooms and nearly all of the tragedies were preventable.

In not one instance did the climber provided with a guide lose his life. The victims were the inexperienced, who dared fate and lost.

**Praiseworthy Self-Control.**

"What makes you so sure you have a right to consider yourself a good trust?"

"The fact," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "that we have been kind and patient and forbearing. For a while everybody was yelling 'down with the trusts!' But we never retaliated by saying down with anything—not even prices."

**Never Fired.**

"Cook, did you stay long in your last place?"

"I never stayed nowhere long enough to be discharged. I'm one of these here fireless cookers."

**Sartorial Finance.**

Mrs. Knicker—It isn't who you pay for clothes that make you well dressed.

Mrs. Bocker—No, indeed. It's what you owe.

**Helps Some.**

"The professor says that mucus over a great deal to Rossini."

"What's Rossini?"

"That's probably Italian for 'rosin.'"

**Women and Money.**

An expert says that if a woman worries too much about money she cannot be beautiful. There may be men enough to call the attention of their wives to this doctrine.

**Tommy Knew.**

"Tommy" said the teacher, "how do they ascertain the measurement of a vessel?"

"I guess they measure it with a navy yard,"

was the unexpected reply.

### PILES CURED at HOME

by New Absorption Method.

If you suffer from bleeding piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 849 Windsor, Ontario.

### EUGENIA

(Special to The Standard.)  
Having very cold weather, 15 below zero Friday night.

Skating is the order of amusement for young people, as Mr. Graham has the rink in splendid shape.

Mr. J. Latimer has been in Mission on a visit for a couple of weeks. Centre Grey Farmers' Institute are holding their winter meeting in Eugenia on Jan. 19th. The Ladies will be addressed by Miss Powell of Whitchurch, in the afternoon in the Methodist Church. All ladies of this locality are requested to be present.

Mr. Alex. Macmillan, of the Sault, is visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Alex. Carruthers.

Mrs. D. Jamieison of Toronto, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. McMaster.

Mr. Rob. Purvis, of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. John Williams.

Mrs. Boyce, of Durham, and Miss Genoe, of Markdale, are the guests of Miss Bella Genoe, of this place.

Mr. Geo. Paul is home from the West for the winter.

Miss Moran, of Woodbridge, has accepted the position as teacher of our public school. She has already won the favor of the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haist and son, of Grindstone, Mich., were guests of the former's cousin, Mrs. Jake Williams, the past week.

Mr. Jake Williams had a successful wood-beetle hunt yesterday.

A sleigh load of young people from Vandalee came over to have a skate on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Frank Thompson has gone on an extended visit with friends in Chatsworth.

The annual congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church was held on Friday evening to elect officers and transact other matters of business for 1912. Rev. Mr. Milligan presided. Mr