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Xmas Gifts Worth While

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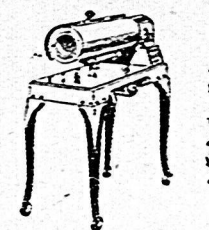
Mother deserves the BEST Give her a BEATTY.

Liberal terms can be secured from the local Beatty Dealer, or direct from the makers at the address below:

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FERGUS, ONTARIO

1. Washes clothes fast and clean. Saves money. Easy to operate. You sit down to it and let it do the work. See it today.



2. Irons the clothes in one-third the time. Easy to operate. You sit down to it and let it do the work. See it today.

3. Keeps your rugs and carpets like new. Gets all the dirt. Nice attachments. Anticlimax all other cleaning machines.



4. Just the combination you need to keep your floors like new. The best waxing and polishing outfit made.

His Highness's Ears

Mortimer Bland's Knowledge of Ears Made Him Buy the Flaming Eye of Hindustan

BY GARSTIN BEGGIE.

Mr. Mortimer Bland leaned back in his long cane chair with a grateful sigh, and raised his glass.

"India may be very wonderful," he announced, addressing his very attractive daughter Betty, "but personally I consider this drink the most wonderful I've struck in the East."

His daughter, who had been lazily surveying the gaily chattering throng that crowded the palm court of the Taj Mahal Hotel, turned outraged eyes upon her parent.

"How can you say that after all the things we've seen?" she cried.

"Well, I'm glad you've enjoyed it," Bland said gently. "It's been an expensive holiday, and I haven't even had a chance to pay expenses, let alone make a profit."

"Then it really has been a perfect holiday," smiled Betty. "Why, how curious, there is Major Blount! I thought he'd gone shopping."

"When an Assistant Commissioner of Police," said her father, "follows a man and his charming daughter from England to Delhi, Agra, Calcutta and Benares—well, then the conclusion is obvious. It isn't my pretty face he is after."

Betty blushed and remained silent. Then Major Trevor Blount, who had been inspecting the crowd eagerly, almost wistfully, suddenly saw them. He beamed and walked up to them. He had barely greeted his friends, however, when a servant arrived and tendered a salver to Miss Bland.

Betty took the slip of pasteboard from the salver and examined it with a surprised and faintly puzzled look.

"The Nawab of Joghulpur," she read aloud. "Now who—Oh, I know! That nice man we met in Calcutta. D'you remember, Daddy? Show him to, please."

Major Blount frowned.

"He's a very charming man who was educated in England and is, except for color, as English as you are," Betty informed him.

"Can the leopard change his spots?" asked Major Blount of the punkah.

"And what exactly is a Nawab?"

"I don't know precisely," replied

Betty. "What is a Nawab, Daddy?"

"Couldn't say, for sure," her father answered, shaking his head thoughtfully. "But I've a sort of an idea he's a kind of minor rajah that is not quite swell enough to be one, if you get me."

Further discussion was made impossible by the arrival of the visitor himself.

It appeared that his Highness had had to visit Bombay on business, and hearing from an acquaintance that the Blands were staying in that city awaiting the arrival of the ship that would take them back to England, he had at once hastened to ask them if they would honor him by lunching at his humble establishment.

Betty Bland, having glanced covertly at Blount and noting his evident annoyance, promptly accepted for her father and herself.

The Nawab's house on Malabar Hill, that very fashionable and exclusive residential quarter of Bombay, proved to be a palatial edifice, and that lunch was something to be remembered.

There occurred only one small thing, and that of apparently no significance, regarding her host's ears; moreover, she saw, too, that the Nawab was not unconscious of that keen scrutiny.

"Daddy! What on earth are you doing?" she exclaimed.

"—er—well, to tell the truth, I was looking at his Highness's ears. You see, your Highness, ears are, so to speak, a hobby of mine. Now, your ears are rather pointed at the top and the lobes are practically non-existent, so closely do they join the jaw."

"And what does that tell you?" inquired the Nawab, with a smile that failed to disguise his uneasiness.

"Well, I may be wrong," Mr. Bland told him, "but I gather from them that you have the acquisitive instinct of the collector."

The Nawab's smile broadened.

"Now that is very remarkable!" he announced. "My ears have given me away. I am a collector—of precious stones. But the regennes brought in by my estates now do not amount to one-tenth of what I handled annually before the war. Indeed, so serious has been the fall in my fortunes that I have at last, alas, to resort to selling some of my treasures."

"I told you that I had come to Bombay on business. That is the business; that is called 'The Flaming Eye of Hindustan.'"

He clasped his hands and a servant appeared, to whom he gave some order.

When the servant entered, he was bearing a lacquer tray on which reposed a quaintly chased silver casket. Taking it from the man, the Nawab drew a small silver key from his waistcoat pocket, unlocked the casket and threw back the lid to expose a soft bed of velvet in the centre of which, gleaming redly, lay the Flaming Eye of Hindustan.

Betty Bland caught her breath sharply as she gazed at the beautiful stone. It was not of great size, being only slightly larger than a hen's egg, but it was flawless and of an amazingly rich color.

Mortimer Bland, too, eyed it with a warm interest. "Some stone!" he murmured at length.

"Pick it up and have a good look at it," insisted the Nawab benignly.

Mr. Bland complied readily.

"And what do you expect to get for it, if it isn't a rude question?" he inquired.

"A difficult question," smiled his host. "That stone, considered purely and simply as a ruby, is worth, in my opinion, five thousand pounds. Considered as the Flaming Eye of Hindustan, it is probably worth ten thousand all told. Actually, the dealer will tell me that the history of the stone does not enter into the transaction. In the end we shall agree that the ruby changes hands at three thousand. At least, I think it will be like that, for, as you see, I am not a good business man."

Mr. Bland stared thoughtfully at the jewel.

"Well, I guess three thousand would be a pretty fair price," he said softly at length. "I feel more than a little inclined to bid that myself."

"You!" The Nawab was plainly astonished.

"Yes, I'd give that for the stone," said Mr. Bland definitely. "The point is, will his Highness accept me as a purchaser?"

The Nawab looked grave.

"I dislike very much doing business with my friends," he announced. "But then—I have seen the look on Miss Bland's face. I wish that I could give her The Flaming Eye. Since I cannot, however, and you wish to give it to her, I can only acquiesce."

"That's fine," said Mr. Bland. "I'll go along to my bank this afternoon and make arrangements with them. You'd like this money in notes, wouldn't you? Quite. Well, we board our ship tomorrow morning, fairly early. If you could call at the hotel at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, bringing the casket with you, we could conclude the deal then."

"That will suit me admirably," accepted the Nawab. "I shall be charmed."

A few minutes before ten o'clock the following morning the Nawab of Joghulpur was ushered obsequiously into Mr. Bland's sitting room. He bowed smilingly to Betty and her father.

"I have brought The Flaming Eye of Hindustan," he said.

He opened the casket, and Mr. Bland took out the ruby, inspected it and returned it to the casket.

"Well, here's the three thousand," he said, and producing a bundle of notes, proceeded to count a hundred.

When he had finished the count, he pocketed the wad of notes without attempting to check the count and picked up the ruby. For a long moment he gazed at it, then with a sigh replaced the jewel, made his farewells and disappeared from the room—his departure was a trifle abrupt for one so courteously, Mortimer Bland reflected.

Twenty minutes later Bland was looking at the casket in his stateroom on the S.S. Ventura when Blount and Betty burst in on him.

"I say, Mr. Bland," burst out Trevor Blount, "Betty tells me that Nawab fellow has sold you a ruby. I wouldn't mind betting he's sold you a pup. He looked a real crook."

"You don't say," said Mr. Bland. "Dear me. Let's have a look and see."

He opened the casket and inspected the stone.

"You're right," he announced quietly.

"Quick!" cried Blount. "You've just time before we cast off, if you hurry, to put the police on his track."

"Perhaps you're right, but I don't think I will," said Mr. Bland, adding suavely: "for, you see, here is the real stone."

With that he produced from his pocket a stone that to an untrained eye would appear an exact replica of the one in the casket. Closer inspection, however, was sufficient to show that it possessed a virtue completely lacking in the other.

"You see," explained Mr. Bland quietly, "I knew he was a crook straight off. Just look at his ears. So I made a few inquiries. First I found out that there is no such title as the one he assumed. Then that house and the car were only temporarily hired."

"So last night while you and Betty were dining at the Yacht Club I visited a friend of mine, a Paris jeweller, and obtained from him a practically worthless garnet of the same dimensions, as near as I could judge. Then, when the Nawab brought me the casket just now, I picked up The Flaming Eye, did a bit of sleight of hand and put back in its place the garnet. The Nawab then picked up the garnet, thinking it was The Flaming Eye, and not on their pursa."

APHORISMS FROM EMERSON

Man is a stream whose source is hidden.

Every reform was once a private opinion.

Great men are always willing to be little.

Without action thought cannot ripen into truth.

Our dreams are the sequel of our waking thoughts.

Foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Genius and virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set.

The great depend on their heart, and not on their pursa.

160 Tree Species

In Canada there are approximately 160 different species and varieties of plants reaching tree size. Only 31 of these are coniferous, but their wood forms 80 per cent. of standing timber and 95 per cent. of sawn lumber. While the actual number of species of deciduous-leaved trees seems large in comparison with the conifers. The total area covered by existing forests has been estimated at 1,151,454 square miles, of which about 82,260 square miles is land which, if cleared, would be suitable for agriculture.

Treasured Sounds

Long have I loved the thunder of the sea
Booming at night around an island shore;
And I have learned to treasure more and more
The beat and surge within a symphony;
I have loved, too, the murmur of the bee
Garnering sweets: in a honeyed store;
The dulcet music of warm rain before
The dawn, a bird's full-throated melody.
But I have loved more than any of these,
Out of the darkness falling on my ear,
Playing on my name, escaping to words
Softer than the stir of wind in the trees
Or else resonant and deep-toned and clear.
Your voice like a tense fingering of chords,
—Sally Bruce Kinsolving, in "Grey Heather."



lan S. Macpherson of Toronto, winner of the Gold Medal in Toronto in 1930 as Champion Baby of Canada, returning from a visit to the Old Land on board the "Athens".

The Calm Shade

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience—that the world
Is full of guilt and misery—and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
To tire thee of it — enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature . . .
The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance,
Shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart! — Bryant.

Muscle and Pluck

Muscle and pluck for ever!
Muscle invigorates life invigorates
And the dead advance as much as the death
living advance,
And the future is no more uncertain
than the present,
And the roughness of the earth and of
man encloses as much as the
delicateness of the earth and of
man,
And nothing endures but personal
qualities.

SELF EXAMINATION

Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes
till thou hast thrice examined the
transactions of the past day. Where
have I turned aside from rectitude?
What have I been doing? What
have I left undone, which I ought to
have done? Begin thus from the
first act; and proceed; and in conclusion;
at the ill which thou has
done, be troubled, and rejoice for
their good. — Pythagoras.

Schoolboys Wear Overalls

Raleigh, N.C.—Twenty-five male students of the Nashville, N.C., High School, recently appeared at school clad in neat blue overalls, made of cotton, and informed the principal, Professor Gray R. King, that it was their intention to carry on a campaign designed to stimulate the increased use of the South's staple. The boys urged the girls to join them in this movement, especially in the matter of wearing cotton hosiery.

Every action, every thought, every feeling contributes to the elevation of the temper, the habits, and the standing, and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future life. Thus character is undergoing a constant change for better or for worse—either being elevated on the one hand, or degraded on the other.—Samuel Smiles.

Each Spoonful Means Health Insurance

Take regularly

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil

Builds Resistance
Easy to Digest

COULD NOT TURN IN BED

Held by Unseen Hands

LOCKED JOINTS THAT KRUSCHEN RELEASED

Unseen hands held this woman in her bed. They held her limbs and her joints, so that she was scarcely able to move. They were the hands of the uric acid fiend—and their grip became tighter and tighter every day.

She had almost despaired of ever loosening their hold—when she made what she describes as "a wonderful discovery." She found Kruschen. Read how it helped her: "I have suffered terribly for a very long time with rheumatoid arthritis. The pain I've suffered I cannot explain to you! I commenced taking Kruschen six months ago, following directions, and I am thankful to say in less than a week I was able to get a night's rest and sleep. That was something I had not had for a very long time. My joints seemed completely locked and I could not turn in bed for pain. Now I'm able to sleep well, turn with ease, and get about fine, and my joints seem to be quite different. It was one day when I was reading in the newspaper about Kruschen that I decided to try it. And now I shall never be without it. I consider Kruschen is a very wonderful discovery."—Mrs. E. L. The system of the rheumatic subject is a producer of that dangerous body known as uric acid, which is composed of knive-edged crystals. It is bred in accumulated waste matter which the organs of elimination have failed to expel. Kruschen is a powerful solvent of these flat-hard crystals. It swiftly dulls their sharp edges, it flushes them out of the system. Your pains ease; swellings subside; knotted joints become loose.

Better still, Kruschen eliminates the root cause of the evil. Taken regularly, it keeps your liver and kidneys in perfect tune, so that these eliminating organs free your inside from all poisonous, waste products.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Drug Stores at 45c. and 75c. per bottle.

MACDONALD'S

Fine Cut

Canada's Finest Cigarette Tobacco

with ZIG-ZAG papers attached

In 10¢, 15¢, and 20¢ Packages

Complimentary

The chairman rose to introduce Mr. Wise, the lecturer.

He found it necessary to mention that during the preceding year the membership of the society had fallen off considerably. This, he continued, had resulted in a depleted treasury, making it necessary to depart from their usual high standard and secure a very much inferior type of speaker for the current year, "the first of whom" he beamed innocently, "I now have pleasure in introducing."

The Prophet

North Berwick golf course was visited by a well-known social figure who was engaged to an equally well-known woman.

One day he said to his usual caddy, "Well, John, I'm afraid this will be my last round here for a long time. I'm going back to London tomorrow to be married."

The caddy scratched his head in surprise.

"Is that so, sir? Oh, well, you'll soon get used to marriage. You're mostly in the rough, anyway."

Keeping it Dark

Two barges on a canal were approaching each other. Although separated by a hundred yards, the respective owners recognized each other and began long-distance greetings.

The vessels passed and were almost out of hearing range when one barge suddenly roared, "How's that daughter of yours, Bill?"

"Oh!" replied Bill in his bull-dog voice, "she's gone and eloped, but we're keeping it quiet."

HE KNEW

"The teacher was giving her class of mixed pupils a lesson in grammar.

"Here's a sentence," she commented. "My father buys a theatre." She paused and, looking round the class, asked, "What do Tommy Green and give me the past, present, and future of it?"

Tommy, the son of a theatre owner, got slowly to his feet.

"My father did not know what to do with his money—he buys a theatre—he will go bankrupt," said the boy.

THE WRONG WAY ROUND

Wilson was nothing if not well-meaning. Usually, however, he got into hot water.

One day he met Mrs. Martin and they stopped to talk.

"Do you know, Mr. Wilson, my husband is forty today," she told him. "You wouldn't believe it, but there is actually ten years' difference in our ages."

Wilson smiled.

"Impossible," he exclaimed. "I'm sure you look quite as young as he does."

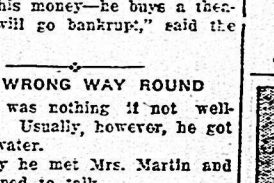
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Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Suffered Bad Cramps

Agony every month! Splitting headache... bad backache... those terrible cramps... Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieves this unusual suffering.



When PAIN Comes

WHAT many people call indigestion is often means excess acid in the stomach. The stomach nerves have been over-stimulated, and food sours. The corrective is an alkali which neutralizes the acids instantly. And the best alkali known to medical science is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this harmless, tasteless alkali in water neutralizes instantly many times that much acid, and the symptoms disappear at once. You will never use crude methods when once you learn the efficiency of this. Go get a small bottle to try.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. 50c a bottle—a very drug store. (Made in Canada.)



Radios \$29.50

Battery operated, beautiful walnut-finished floor console, with built-in speakers. De Forest Crosleys, Westinghouse Marconi, up-to-date, wonderful distance-casters, sweet tone, including tubes, speaker, instructions how to install and operate. Tested, well-crafted, express sold, bargain price \$29.50. Money back guarantee if not satisfactory.

Z. A. SOVERBAIGN SALES, Toronto
60 Roseneath Gardens.

For Quick Relief from COUGHS & COLDS TAKE

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

The very first sip of this potent, pungent, penetrative mixture gets results.

ACTS LIKE A FLASH—A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT!

COULD NOT TURN IN BED

Held by Unseen Hands

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Each Spoonful Means Health Insurance

Take regularly

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil

Builds Resistance
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Certain winds will make men's temper bad.—George Elliot.

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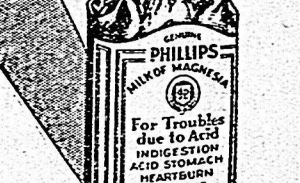
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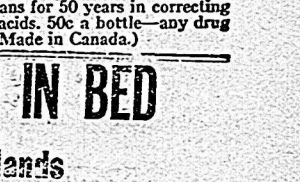
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A simple but WONDERFUL REMEDY for Rheumatism, Neuritis and "acid" complaints. Not a drug nor medicine, but a tropical plant called HERVEA. A beverage is made of the tiny leaf, which you prepare and drink like ordinary tea. No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home. The RELIEF IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day. Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant.

Drink a cup of HERVEA each morning and you will feel a different person. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS their ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

Over in England, where so many people suffer with rheumatism, HERVEA has given such wonderful results that today every mail brings a sheaf of letters asking for trial packages, which are gladly sent by the importer of HERVEA. So many Canadian depots had been established and the same offer of a trial package free is now made to every sufferer from rheumatism or neuritis.

Mr. Lee, the importer of HERVEA "tea," offers to send you, through his Canadian representative, a trial package of this "tea" free. If you feel you are getting benefit, he will supply you with a further quantity at a small charge. From his own most effective for rheumatism, he states that this "tea" is plain—and what it did for him in a few weeks it should do for you—if you will give it a fair trial. Just send your name and address and you will receive, free of charge, a trial package of Hervea for rheumatism. If you wish you may send four cents in stamps to help pay postage and distribution costs.



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