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IN DAYS OF YORE

40 YEARS AGO - JAN. 20th, 1898

Berkeley

Mr. Sweeney is comfortably settled in the hotel in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Virtue spent a few days in Woodstock and Toronto.

Miss McCormick is filling the position of teacher in our public school.

Misses Bowler of Markdale spent Sunday in Berkeley.

Mr. Angus McKechnie has hired his nephew, Will McKechnie, to work his farm this year, he having secured a situation as implement agent from Mr. C. McKinnon of Durham.

Mrs. Grier is visiting friends in London this week.

Miss Nathalie Grier is spending a few days in Dundalk this week.

Mr. Lorne Hogarth left for Oshawa on Monday.

Maxwell

One of those interesting events, which usually come but once in a lifetime and frequently not even that, took place on the 11th inst. at the residence of Mr. Jonathan Hickling, 8th Line, when his daughter, Miss Maria, and the Anglican clergyman, Rev. Mr. Connell, of St. Mary's Church here were united in holy bonds. Rev. J. W. Jones of Tara tied the nuptial knot.

Miss Minnie Crosby from near Singhampton is visiting friends in the village.

Messrs. Brown, Wellar and Phillips left on Monday for their homes in Nobleton after visiting for a couple of weeks with friends here.

Flesherton

Miss Ada Armstrong is visiting in Toronto.

Miss Bartley of Owen Sound is the guest of Misses Gibson.

Mr. W. Proctor and Miss Vanzant spent Sunday with friends at Thornbury.

Mr. Fred. Dinwoody and sister and Miss Lyde Smith are visiting friends at Collingwood.

Miss Clinton of Osprey is the guest of Miss Cole.

30 YEARS AGO - JAN. 23rd, 1908

Local and General

Mr. James Gillespie of Berkeley returned from the West on Saturday.

Mr. Andrew Walker jr. and Mr. Willis McFadden returned Saturday from British Columbia.

Mrs. M. Fulford is home from Kingston and is visiting at the parental home.

Miss Mildred Turner of Stayner is visiting in town, the guest of Miss May Bansley.

Mr. Thos. Grainger has purchased the Wm. Sewell residence on the corner of Eliza Street and Victoria Ave.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. Geo. S. Dundas who was married today (Wednesday) to the girl of his choice, Miss Bamford of Lis-towel. Mr. and Mrs. Dundas will reside in Miss Kells' residence on Main Street.

One hundred and eighty-eight prominent barristers of Ontario have received the honor of being appointed members of the King's Counsel. Mr. I. B. Lucas, Q.F.P., of Markdale is among those who have been thus honored.

Died

Smyth—In Glenelg, on January 18th, 1908, William Smyth, aged 83 years.

McCarthy—In Glenelg, on January 19th, 1908, Daniel McCarthy, aged 78 years.

Blyth—In Chatsworth, on Sunday, January 19th, 1908, George Jackson Blyth, proprietor of The Chatsworth News, in his 63rd year.

Harkaway

Miss Minnie Williamson returned to Owen Sound last week to resume her studies at the Collegiate.

Mr. J. Lyons, employed with the Toronto Wind Engine Co., is visiting at the parental home here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Loughhead, Miss Leonie and Miss Pearl Hawken of Brooke were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hawken recently.

Master Harry Middleton is attending Business College at Owen Sound.

Priceville

Mr. S. McIntyre of Durham is preparing to open a hardware business here.

Mr. D. McRae has moved into the late Crown Hotel, building and several carpenters will start alterations on part of the house in order to fit it up for a store for the new owner.

Religious Forum

WHO IS GOD?

"And call ye upon the name of your Gods, and I will call on the name of Jehovah; and the God that answereth by fire, let him be the God." (1 Kings 18:24.)

See a land wasted by drought, through three years of rainless, withering weather. A wicked king and a more wicked queen have damaged the altar of the Lord and banished the worship of Jehovah. With the chanting priests and adulterous prophets the people are wilfully deceived. God has shut the heavens in answer to the prayer of a humble preacher of righteousness and holiness. Grass is dead; cattle are starving; people are thirsting and food is unavailable. And why this drought? Because the worship of God is forsaken and the reign of sin is supreme. There is a dearth in the land to-day. The withering blasts of criticism and frosty winds of "scientific" guessing have brought the church to a critical stage; death is in the pot; true prophets are in caves of ostracism; and the songs of the sanctuary seem to re-echo the dying cattle of Samaria. The churches are dry, peoples souls are shriveled; green pastures of truth are dead, and people are running here and there to find the water of life. The teachers of science and modernism wade through dry leaves, dead fossils, decayed rocks and ancient, dead ancestors until their very being is dried up with such lifeless visions. Why live in a desert of uncertainty when showers are available? Why doubt when the whole question of who is the God can be settled in a little while? Why all this hard work to repudiate error of Modernism and evolution by dry, stale argument? Let us go to the hillside of experimental certainty. Let us take the way of the ancient prophet. He repaired the broken altar. That is what is wrong with the church to-day, the altar of prayer is broken down. The stones of faith and the mortar of humility are crumbling down. The foundation is destroyed. These must be repaired. The foundation for fire is a justified life. When this is broken there is no use to pray for fire to fall. They leaped up and down on the altar, but that did not bring the fire. They cut themselves with knives to bring out their own blood, but man's own blood will not bring down fire. The stone of confession must be replaced, sins must be confessed and backslidings repented of, and then God says, "I will heal your land." The stone of reconciliation must be replaced. The stones of faith must be put in place. They can be replaced by prayer and supplication. And it is true that God still answers by fire, and the God that answers by fire shall be the God. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." He will bring the thunders that are "the sound of abundance of rain", but the foundation of justification must be repaired before the prayer for holy fire will be answered. Men may leap upon the altars of science, and cut themselves with the knives of self-worship, but they cannot bring down the fire of the Holy Ghost. What the world needs to see is a blazing fire of Holy Ghost revival, that is followed by the thunders of holy joy and accompanied by the shower of righteous living. Let us go then to the hillside for prayer, and to the churches, not as a duty, but to receive this fire from God.

What we need to-day is a sin-consuming fire, carnality-destroying fire, zeal-producing fire, the baptism "with the Holy Ghost and Fire". This fire of holy love is also the fire of healthy judgment, and blessed heart rejoicing.

The people who get the fire of God's presence down from heaven are God's people.

EBENEZER

Mrs. Harold Hutchinson spent a day recently with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wright, at Barrhead.

Miss V. Hill of Cherry Grove was a recent visitor with Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Sewell.

Mrs. Russell Freeman, June and Morris visited with Miss May Graham at Vandeleur.

Mr. Hugh Wyrill is the efficient caretaker of Vandeleur rink. Quite a number from here have enjoyed the skating there.

Mr. Jack D'Arcy of Walkerton was a recent visitor at his home here.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Newton Hutchinson on the arrival of a baby girl on Jan. 9th.

Mr. Dave Wyrill of Cherry Grove and Mr. Denny Wyrill of Goring were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wyrill and family.

Miss Harper and Mr. Harold Thompson of Harkaway were weekend visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Taylor.

Mr. Wm. Aldcorn of Swinton Park. Mr. Malcolm McDougall, who had been in failing health for the last two years, passed away on the 15th inst., aged 77 years.

BUY AT HOME!

Up in the clouds by Beulah Earle

FIFTEENTH INSTALMENT

Monty Wallace has just arrived in California, having broken the East-West cross country airplane record. Natalie Wade, mistaken by him for a newspaper reporter writes the exclusive account of Monty's arrival, and succeeds in securing a trial job with a paper in exchange for the story. Natalie becomes attached to Monty.

Although she discovers Monty's love for her is not sincere, Natalie admits that she loves him. She is assigned by her paper to report Monty's activities for publication. Jimmy Hale, the newspaper's photographer, becomes Natalie's co-worker.

Natalie interviews Jabe Marlon, a wealthy airplane builder, who decides to build a record-breaking 'round the world plane for Monty. Marlon's daughter, Sunny, exquisitely beautiful, is attracted to Monty. She invites Natalie to dine with her when they meet the aviator unexpectedly.

Natalie discovers that Sunny is jealous of her friendship with Monty, and that she is trying to prevent them from being alone. After driving to a mountain resort with Sunny and Jimmy, Monty again declares his love for Natalie.

Sunny attempts to drive Natalie from Monty's attention by climbing a high wall. She almost loses her balance and is pulled back by Monty. Jimmy later asks Natalie to consider his love for her if she refuses Monty. Natalie induces Monty to set out with her in an airplane search for two missing aviators. At dusk Monty lands the plane in the open country, where he and Natalie must spend the night.

Resuming the search in the morning they finally locate the fliers. Natalie wires the story to her paper. That night at dinner, Marlon announces a non-stop, 'round the world flight, with Monty piloting the new plane, 'Sunny Marlon'.

Monty's plan is to have ten refuelling stations along the route, where pilots are to go aloft to refuel his plane. Monty flies with Natalie to New York, where he will begin the flight eastward. They are followed by Jimmy and Sunny.

The day before the flight, Monty once more declares his love to Natalie. In spite of adverse weather reports, Monty takes off. Natalie returns by plane to California, where she hears that Monty has reached Moscow, and is continuing on to Siberia.

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"Mont," she said quietly, with none of her former manner, "I know what you are thinking—and fearing. But to put you at ease, let me tell you this. Jimmy and I love each other. We plan to be married. I never really loved you, as you know. I tricked you into the engagement only to please a foolish vanity. I'm sorry, but perhaps the future will help you to forgive me. In the meanwhile, I hope you and Natalie are very happy. Can you say the same for me?"

Monty paused for a moment, then sprang to his feet. "Sunny, Darling," he exclaimed, "of course I forgive you—and wish you happiness!"

He looked at her again, again at Jimmy.

"Does Natalie know about—about you?" he asked.

"She does," replied Sunny. "She knew it this morning before we left for the airport."

"This makes it perfect!", was all Monty could say. He started to pour another drink, then turned to the seated pair.

"Have another whiskey and soda—this time for Nat!", he said, gayly reaching for the glasses. In a trice the bubbling drinks were raised.

"A toast!", demanded Jimmy. "To Natalie," added Sunny. "To all of us!", corrected Monty. At that moment the door buzzer interrupted them. Their glasses aloft, they slowly lowered them. Said Jimmy, "I'll go see who it is—wait!"

Jimmy disappeared toward the foyer. His footsteps were heard to stop, followed by the click of the door being unlatched. To the ears of Monty and Sunny came a voice, low, throaty, intensely feminine. "Is this Miss Wade's residence?" the voice inquired.

"Why, yes," Jimmy was heard to say.

"And is Mr. Wallace here at the moment?", the voice inquired again. "You're right, but—" Jimmy's reply was broken by the voice's third query.

"May I come in?" Double footfalls could be heard in the foyer. An instant later Jimmy returned to the room accompanied by a tall, dark woman in silver fox cape whose face was indistinct behind a light veil. Her rich, contralto voice filled the room although she did not speak loud. She had not waited for Jimmy to speak first. "You are Mont Wallace?", she demanded.

"I am," replied Monty, "but who are you?"

"I am your wife," announced the woman, simply, "Vivian Wallace, nee Morgan."

A bombshell in the room could have done no more to astonish the three. But the woman who called herself Vivian Wallace remained strangely cool.

"This is an outrage!", protested Monty, recovering himself quickly. "Scarcely that now," the woman replied in an even tone. "The outrage was committed long ago—this is but the sequel!"

And as these words hung poised in the tense atmosphere, Natalie burst into the room.

"Did I hear the door buzzer?" queried Natalie, looking about the room. Her eyes widened at the sight of the strange woman.

She turned to Monty. "Won't you introduce us?" "Why—" Monty faltered, "This is Miss Morgan. Miss Morgan meet Miss Wade."

The dark woman held aloof, her brows arched. Again the throaty voice filled the room.

"Mr. Wallace has neglected to mention that I am also his wife!" Natalie recoiled. Her lips strove to form words but there was no sound. She fastened her gaze on the other woman, then turned.

"What is this—this trick!" she demanded of Monty. "Tell me, what is it?"

"Honey," began Monty, stepping forward and taking her hand, "this is a puzzle to me as much as to you. The woman claims that she is my wife."

"Your wife!—" Natalie cried "but that's impossible!" Her whole being fought against the thought. "I couldn't have married her," Monty asserted, then looking at the woman he added, half-humorously, "I could never have been that drunk!"

Up to now Jimmy had done little but watch. This latest sally from Monty seemed to relieve the tenseness all around. Jimmy turned to the woman.

"You're sure that I'm not the fellow?" he asked sarcastically. "I'm in no mood to jest!" was the sharp retort. The woman drew to the farther end of the room, lit a cigarette, exhaled slowly. It was a dramatic moment, silent, deadly.

The woman spoke first. Her tactics had the advantage of putting the others on the defensive. "I suppose you all wonder why I don't shriek and tear my hair," she began evenly.

"There's no need for histrionics," she continued without a pause. "Mont," she turned to face him, "you want to throttle me, but it would do you no good. Being nasty won't settle anything. I have good reasons for coming here. You know who I am—you must know what I came for."

Before other voices could break in, the woman faced Natalie and continued. "We have something in common—we love the same man—or do you?"

"What do you mean?" Natalie broke in suddenly. But her words were not enough to still the other woman.

"I loved him once—I still love him. And as for you—Give you three weeks with another public hero with a good copy slant and you'd fall all over again!" Sunny dashed her cigarette viciously to the floor.

"Let's not beat around the bush!" she fairly shouted. "Don't tell us what we're thinking and doing. What about you?"

"Yes—what's your explanation of this?" demanded Jimmy. Monty took charge of the situation and faced his accuser.

"Out with it!" he roared. "What is your game—what's your racket? I never saw you before in my life and you know it. If you don't start talking fast I'll turn you over to the police!"

Unruffled, undismayed, his self-admitted wife merely smiled. "Still the same old Mont," she countered. "When you have nothing to say, you just make a noise and try to bluff."

Monty clinched his fist. He lunged at the woman savagely. "If you weren't wearing skirts—I'd—"

Jimmy caught Monty by the arm. "Take it easy," he cautioned. "We'll never find out what she's up to that way."

In the midst of the din, a telephone had tinkled in the far corner. Natalie picked up the receiver. "Hello?" she asked. "Oh, hello, Mack. Yes—yes—"

Her face was toward Monty as she listened intently. Without further explanation she hung up. She motioned to Monty as she left the room.

Monty quickly followed into the small kitchen. Natalie closed the door.

"That was Mack on the wire—down at the news room," she said. "He just told me this Vivian. Somebody, was over to see him an hour ago. She handed him a sealed packet of papers with instructions to read them before the morning edition in case he didn't hear from her otherwise."

"What's Olack going to do?" Monty asked. "Not a thing, of course," Natalie reassured him.

"How'd he know it was about me?" Monty queried. "Mack didn't say—she probably told him," Natalie reasoned.

Monty offered a cigarette. As they both inhaled, he looked intently at the girl he loved. It was their first moment alone since the brief kiss of early morning.

"Sounds like old-time 'meller-drammer,' doesn't it?" Monty commented with a trace of a smile. He became more serious.

"You don't believe any of this stuff, do you, Nat?" His tone was more anxious now. "Of course not, Mont!" Natalie assured him. Catching him by the hand she continued.

"It's such an obvious fake!" Monty caught her in his arms. They embraced. He kissed her hungrily. It was so good to know she trusted him.

"Darling," he whispered, "every minute you're more wonderful than I could ever have hoped to deserve. I thought sure you'd at least demand an explanation."

"Poor boy," laughed Natalie, "scared of me—or of her?" "Well—not exactly."

"What then?" "You can't expect people to listen to such a yarn and not get even a bit curious, can you?"

"You can if the story is self-explanatory." Monty looked squarely into Natalie's eyes. He searched them for an answer but was compelled to ask. "What did you mean by that remark?"

Natalie gave a knowing glance. "Any girl with all those stock props couldn't be anything but a very amateur blackmailer. Mont—she's just a rank beginner!"

Monty whistled softly. "What if I tell her to go ahead—pull all the stops—see how far she gets?"

"She'll just get herself into a bad mess—and give you a lot of free publicity," was Natalie's quick reply. At that moment Jimmy strode into the room. He addressed Monty. "If you'll step inside," Jimmy explained in a slightly comic manner, "there's a delegation from the sheriff's office enclosed in the ante-room. And I think they're waiting to see you!"

"Looks like your amateur is rapidly becoming a professional," was Monty's dry remark to Natalie as the three started back.

"Don't worry, dear," Natalie reassured him, "this is just another part of the game."

Monty faced a trio of men, obviously not intent on social formalities. The stubbier of the three addressed him from the corner of his mouth not occupied by a cigar.

"Is youse, or ain't youse, Monty Wallace?" was the terse interrogation. "I'm Wallace," Monty admitted. "Okay, boys, take him outside."

"Wait a minute!" Monty commanded, drawing back. "What's the idea? You can't take me without a warrant!"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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Recipes for Standard's Cook Book

JITTERS

Me thinks dear neighbours you'll agree That little cakes are nice with tea. And jitters really taste so good You'll want to make a multitude. One cup of sugar in your bowl With half a cup of butter roll. Then add two eggs and beat it up With flour just a half a cup. Two squares of chocolate then you add;

One cup of nut meats too bead. Then mix and spread it on a pan And bake for half an hour span. Before it gets quite cool you cut Into squares. But, ah, tut-tut. Why tell you one sniff is enough To make your family treat it rough.

Mrs. Russell Byers, Dobbinton

GUMBLES

2 eggs 1/2 cup butter 1 1/2 cups brown sugar 3 cups flour 1 lb. dates (cut fine) 1/4 lb. walnuts 1 teaspoon vanilla 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1/2 cup hot water. Drop on buttered pan and cook till brown.

Mrs. Russell Byers, Dobbinton

FUDGE CAKE

1 1/2 cups flour (when sifted) 1/2 cup cocoa 1 teaspoon soda 1/2 teaspoon baking powder pinch of salt. Cream together 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup butter. Add 2 well beaten eggs, 1/2 cup sweet milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix with sifted ingredients and last of all 3/4 cup boiling water. Put in layer tins. Filling 1 cup white sugar 1 tablespoon cocoa

Mrs. Russell Byers, Dobbinton

BEET SALAD

1 quart cooked beets, chopped fine 1/2 cup horse radish 1 dessert spoonful mustard pepper and salt to taste 1 cup vinegar 1/2 cup sugar Use celery instead of horse radish, if preferred.

Jean Winterbourne, R. R. 3, Markdale

ROCKS

1 cup butter 1 cup brown sugar 2 1/2 cups flour 3 eggs 1 teaspoon soda 2 tablespoons hot water 1 teaspoon cinnamon 10 cents worth walnuts, chopped 1/2 lb. dates, chopped fine. Drop by teaspoonful on buttered pan and bake.

Jean Winterbourne, R. R. 3, Markdale

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Saugeen Lodge No. 327 Markdale, Ont.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17—REGULAR MEETING

All members are urged to attend these meetings—and be on time. F. A. YORKE, Noble Grand W. J. COLGAN, Recording Sec. HERB. WALKER, Financial Sec. W. J. HOWARD, Treasurer

1 tablespoon butter 1 tablespoon corn starch vanilla to taste Mix and add one cup of boiling water and pinch of salt. Jean Winterbourne, R. R. 3, Markdale

BEET SALAD 1 quart cooked beets, chopped fine 1/2 cup horse radish 1 dessert spoonful mustard pepper and salt to taste 1 cup vinegar 1/2 cup sugar Use celery instead of horse radish, if preferred. Jean Winterbourne, R. R. 3, Markdale

ROCKS 1 cup butter 1 cup brown sugar 2 1/2 cups flour 3 eggs 1 teaspoon soda 2 tablespoons hot water 1 teaspoon cinnamon 10 cents worth walnuts, chopped 1/2 lb. dates, chopped fine. Drop by teaspoonful on buttered pan and bake. Jean Winterbourne, R. R. 3, Markdale

LEGAL WALTER E. HARRIS, Barrister and Solicitor, Etc. Office on Main St., Markdale.

PHYSICIANS DR. R. B. MURRAY, Physician and Surgeon. Graduate Queen's University. Office in the Knott Block, Markdale. Phone 49 day or night.

DENTISTRY L. G. CAMPBELL, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dental Surgeon. Graduate of Ontario College of Dentistry and University of Toronto. Office over the Post Office. Office hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Appointments made by phone.

FRATERNAL L. O. L.—Markdale L.O.L. No. 1045 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m., the first Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Clifford Hutchinson, W.M.; L. E. Turner, Rec-Sec.

A. F. & A. M.—Hiram Lodge No. 490, G.R.C., Markdale, meets in the Masonic Hall, Reburn Block, at 8 o'clock p.m., on the second Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. E. Harris, W.M.; A. E. Colgan, Sec.

R. B. K.—Victoria Preceptory No. 332 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m., the third Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren always cordially welcome. G. W. Littlejohns, W. E. Harris, W.M.; A. E. Colgan, Registrar.

AUCTIONEER B. H. WALDEN, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. All sales promptly attended to. Farm sales a specialty. Arrangements for sale dates may be made at the Standard Office or with B. H. Walden, Markdale.

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