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IN DAYS OF YORE

50 YEARS AGO - FEB. 2nd, 1888

Local and Other Items

Miss Edith Noble left on Monday last to join her father in Chicago.
Mr. John Shea sr. has returned to Markdale.

Mr. Ab. Hamilton left on Thursday for Albany, Mich.
Geo. White of Armesia is home on a visit from St. Thomas.

Misses Janie and Euphemia Burnett returned to Toronto last week.
Jubilee Lodge, I. O. G. T., have changed their lodge room and now occupy Haskett's hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKee are visiting friends in Simcoe County.

Bull and McDonald of Durham have been awarded the contract for building the new brick Methodist Church at Zion appointment, Glenelg.

Married

Taylor - White—By Rev. George Buggin, at the residence of the bride's parents, on February 1st, Mr. Thomas Taylor of Armesia to Miss A. J. White of Glenelg.

40 YEARS AGO - FEB. 3rd, 1898

Local and General

Mr. Will Noble of Owen Sound visited his parents here this week.
Miss Fannie Richardson of Owen Sound visited Markdale friends recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Theaker of Amaranth are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. John Bowers, here this week.

Markdale monster skating rink, which has been in vogue for the past three weeks, was formally opened on Thursday evening last with the accustomed masquerading. Our space will not allow individual mention but we were so delighted by the apparent ease, accompanied by gracefulness, of Miss Emma Swallow of Durham, who took first prize for the best lady skater, that out of justice to the lady, we mention her particularly. Following are the prize winners: Gent's costume, W. H. Drinkwater; lady's costume, Miss Caesar; negro dude, Geo. Dundas; lady skater, Miss Emma Swallow; autumn girl, Miss Allie Currie; fancy skater, A. Sproule; boy's costume outfit, W. Sarjeant; best costume girl, under 16, Miss Richards; Highland costume, Willie Currie; clown, W. Irwin; potato race, Geo. Dundas; boys' race Robt. Bush.

West Berkeley

With deep regret, we, this week, report the decease of Mrs. Frank Priel, which took place on the 25th ult. Interment was made in the R. C. Church yard, of which Church, she had been a consistent member.

Miss Madge and Mr. Peter Thibaudan of Markdale suburbs spent Sunday here.

Rocklyn

Wednesday, January 26, will long be remembered by many who witnessed the pleasant event at the home of Mrs. David Loughheed, being the marriage of her daughter, Miss Emma, to Mr. Robt. Henry Broadner, by Rev. Caswell of Meaford. The bride was assisted by her younger sister, Trefena, and Mr. William Broadner, brother of the groom, acted as groomsman.

Mr. Walter McCullough has purchased the house and lot next to Mr. J. W. Boyd from Mr. Rich. Gardner.

30 YEARS AGO - FEB. 6th, 1908

Local and General

Mrs. Speers of Ivy is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Bradey, in town.
Miss A. E. Varty left on Saturday to spend a month with relatives in Belleville, Deseronto, Napanee and Tweed.

Mr. J. E. Dixon, who has been with McFarland & Co. for five months, left on Thursday for Toronto, where he intends entering into business with his father.

Holland Centre

Miss Lillian Richard left on Friday to spend a few weeks with her sister in Hillsdale.
Miss Bernice Greenaway is visiting friends in Owen Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nesbitt of Chesley spent last week with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jackson.

Mrs. A. E. Guest returned last week after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dennett of Berkeley. Her sister, Miss Addie Dennett, returned with her.

Eugenia

Miss Georgina Smith, who has been the guest of her parents for

Religious Forum

THE GIFT

When Queen Victoria first came to the British throne the whole of India was not under British rule and it was only during her reign that the Punjab became her possession. At that time the Maharajah was a mere boy. In order to show his allegiance to the Empress of India he sent Queen Victoria the wonderful jewel known as the Koh-i-noor diamond. This magnificent offering was placed in the Tower of London, among other carefully guarded crown jewels. Some years later, when the Maharajah was a grown man, he paid a visit to England, and of course, went to Buckingham Palace to pay his respects to the Queen. He was taken to the state apartments, and after bowing to Her Majesty, he requested that he might be allowed to see the Koh-i-noor. Greatly wondering at his request the Queen, with her usual kindness and courage, gave orders that it should be brought under armed guard, and shown the Maharajah. After a little time the priceless jewel was brought in and presented before the young Indian Prince. Very reverently he took it in his hands and then walked over to the window where he examined it carefully. Then, while all the on-lookers gazed in wonder, he turned and knelt at the feet of the Queen, saying, with great emotion in his voice, "Madam, I gave you this jewel when I was a child, too young to know what I was doing. I want to give it again in the fullness of my strength, with all my heart, and affection and gratitude, now and forever, fully realizing all that I do."

What a beautiful parable we may read in this story! You, perhaps, have always heard about the Lord Jesus, who loved you and gave Himself for you. You have known of Him all your life—but will you, now that you are old enough to understand what you are doing, like the young Maharajah, kneel before Him and give Him your heart and life? The apostle Paul writing to the Romans, 12:1, says, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."
"O Thou who died on Calvary, Thou Lamb of God who died for me, I'll consecrate my life to Thee, My Saviour and my God.
I'll live for Him who died for me!
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!"

CEYLON

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart attended the funeral of the late Mr. Wm. Wilson near Markdale.
Miss Dorothy Snell has returned from Owen Sound after attending the Short Course, "Catering to Tourists," held there by the Department of Agriculture.
Mr. Alex. McKinnon of Toronto spent the week-end at Mrs. W. Whyte's.
Mr. Vernon Stewart of Bala is a visitor at his home here.
Misses Frances and Margaret Collinson were in Owen Sound the latter part of the week.
Miss Florence Copeland of Dundalk spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. J. R. Sinclair.
The Ladies' Aid held their first meeting in the new year at the home of Mrs. John Kennedy. The president, Mrs. Geo. Snell, occupied the chair, conducting the opening exercises and the general business of the meeting. The convener of the Program Committee had charge of the meeting and outlined the work for the year as planned by her committee. Among the interesting numbers will be a Grandmothers' meeting held during the summer. Mrs. Kennedy, assisted by some present, served lunch at the close of the meeting.

some time, has returned to the city.
Mrs. John Walker of Cremore, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Beecroft of "Edenvale", has returned home.
Miss Grace Jamieson has returned from the city after spending a pleasant visit with friends.
Mr. D. J. Jamieson, wife and son are the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Robert McMaster.

Rocklyn

Mrs. Falls sr. and granddaughter, Miss Hazel, returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit with the former's daughter, Mrs. T. Wallace, at Chippewa Hill.

Mr. A. N. Hartley, for the past three years proprietor of the Lorne House here, will hold a sale of household effects this week and will move immediately to Allenford in Bruce County. Mr. A. Hopkins, one of our own popular young men, with his estimable wife, will take possession of the house.

Mr. A. Secord has returned from a business trip to Toronto. He will soon return and commence building a comfortable residence for his family a few miles from the main part of the city.

SHOP IN MARKDALE

Up in the clouds
by Beulah Earle

SEVENTEENTH INSTALMENT

Monty Wallace has just arrived in California, having broken the East-West cross country airplane record. Natalie Wade, mistaken for 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 Marion, a wealthy airplane builder, who decides to build a record-breaking round the world plane for Monty. Marion'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, Marion announces a non-stop, round the world flight, with Monty piloting the new plane, "Sunny Marion."

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.

This time the flight is eminently successful although a false report makes Natalie, Jimmy and Mack uneasy for a few hours. With the news that Monty is flying straight for Vancouver without stopping at Nome, preparations are rushed for a welcome reception when Monty lands at the airport.
Natalie rushes home to rest a few hours before meeting Monty. Sunny and Jimmy call to drive her to the airport. Before they leave Natalie's apartment, Natalie discovers Sunny and Jimmy in each others arms. They announce their intention to wed. Dashing to the airport, Natalie is waiting when Monty lands but they are soon engaged in a tussle with autograph seekers.

"Monty" began Sunny, slowly, "there is something I must tell you."
Her serious manner brought Monty's eyes peering down at her. She walked to a chair at the further side of the room to be farther away from the man who must hear her strange confession.

"Go on," prompted Monty, seating himself opposite the girl.
Sunny seemed loathe to tell all. Her mind raced as her actions played for time. With true feminine instinct she decided on one last gamble. She must preserve her secret at all cost. Instantly her manner changed. The old seriousness gave way to something softer. Her next words held a world of meaning.

"Don't you think you care for me—a little, even after all that's happened?"
Monty was caught off guard.
"Why—why, yes—why not?" he faltered.

Sunny followed up her advantage without hesitation.
"You know, Monty, I really let you out of that engagement because I felt generous—I mean about Natalie."
Sunny's strategy was well mapped by now. She continued:
"But somehow I'm wishing now I'd never been such a fool!"

The note of flattery was not lost on Monty. Ever mindful of a certain masculine charm that could not be denied even by his enemies, Monty knew that many women had been attracted to him. Sunny's approach was a masterful stroke of psychology. She knew his Achilles' heel—and now she aimed directly

for it.
"Mont!" Her exclamation came as she slowly rose to her feet.
"Why couldn't we start all over again?" She was crossing to him now.
"Why couldn't we run away from here—from this whole ghastly business and have—just each other?"
She was before him. She knew that when Monty reached out his hand her triumph could not be far away. But victory was not to be won so hastily. Monty had had time to recover from the first surprise. Now he too was fencing. He made no move.

"Isn't this rather a face-about for us both?" he questioned.
"A woman's privilege" returned Sunny, lightly.
"But hardly a man's" came Monty's swift reply.
"You're going through with it—even if you care for me more?"
Sunny betrayed her own vanity and she knew it. She sought to cover it by forcing an affirmation.

"You admit you still care for me!" Sunny leaned toward Monty seated before her. His eyes met her gaze, faltered, dropped.
"Of course, I do care for you Sunny—but—" Monty could not find words to betray Natalie.

"If you care for me, why don't you show it?" Sunny demanded.
"What would you want me to do?"
Sunny was baffled, but not for long. She would force Monty to her will but it would be harder than she thought. She seated herself on the arm of Monty's chair.

"Mont," she said, "I didn't really realize until this moment how much I've wanted you. I can't give you up so easily—I don't care if I did promise!"
Monty was caught off guard. It would be hard to cast the girl aside and in all his being he couldn't find the will to do it even though his mind might so direct.

Sunny lowered her cheek against his hair. She was close to him now. Something inside told her she would have her way. Her hand rested against his and then closing fingers gave her the answer she had wanted.

The jangle of a telephone broke their moment of silence. Sunny gave a start. The jangle continued and she rose to pick up the receiver.
"Hello?—Nat?—where are you?"
Sunny listened, then covered the mouthpiece as she whispered, "It's for you, Mont—Natalie. Do you want to talk to her?"

"Of course!" said Monty, taking the instrument from her hand.
"Hello, Nat! What's that?—you're at the office?—and just found out that I was loose? When are you coming here—we have a date with the Mayor, you know. I'll be waiting! I'm running over to my place to get a change of clothes. I've worn these all the way from Siberia and they're getting out of press. Okay, see you soon!"

The phone in place, Monty sprang into action. There was no time to lose. Barely an hour would elapse before they would be riding in the Mayor's limousine to the testimonial party in his honor. The flight, the landing, the tussle at the airport—all seemed like a thousand years ago. Much had happened in the few hours since. Monty threw on his coat and was about to go when Sunny ran to him and threw her arms about him.

"Don't go!" she pleaded, "that woman will be there—she will use the occasion to expose you!"
"What makes you think she has anything to expose?" parried Monty.
"I know—I know it's all some terrible plot," cried Sunny, "but don't you see—she'll take any advantage to force you to pay her off! This would be playing right into her hands!"

"You don't think she'd try to make a public scene before I had a chance to pay off quietly, do you?" Monty reasoned.
"You don't understand—she'll be there, it only to be able to threaten you!"

Monty thought little of Sunny's argument. He turned again to go. Sunny fastened herself on his arm, attempting to drag him back. Her insistence made Monty wonder.

"Why shouldn't I let her make a scene?" he exclaimed. "She won't get anywhere. I could have her thrown in jail in five minutes because I know she hasn't any proof—phony or otherwise—of what she's trying to say!"
"But she'll tell about me!" Sunny shrieked. And in that instant she knew her secret was out.

Monty stared at her for a moment, then asked:
"Tell about—about what?" he demanded.
"Oh, I might as well tell you now—it's too late to cover anything up!" Sunny was sobbing. Monty led her back to a chair. There, seated together, he held her tightly as she sought to speak. Finding her voice, she continued:
"I know this girl—and she's a fake. She never married you and

she said as much to me right here this afternoon. But she does know me. She was in a gambling house in New York when I went slumming with a party of friends. We were hardly in the place when it was raided. She's always held it over me. She knew I'd give anything to keep father from knowing. Now she wanted me to get you to pay her some money to hush up a scandal. If I don't, she threatened to tell father and get all three of us mixed up in a dreadful mess!"

It was probably the most straightforward speech Sunny had ever made in her life. The simple, direct manner of her confession brought Monty quickly to her aid.
"You poor kid!" were Monty's words as he sought to comfort her.

"Why didn't you tell me all this in the first place instead of beating around the bush with all this 'I Love You Truly' stuff!"
"I'm sorry," was all Sunny could say. Monty knew she was.

Absorbed by their own situation, neither Monty nor Sunny had heard the door buzzer, nor its opening and closing. They became conscious of another's presence only when Natalie walked to the center of the room. Monty's arms still held the girl in close embrace. They both looked up into Natalie's surprised and horror-stricken countenance.

"Mont—Sunny!" was all Natalie could say. Her eyes welled with tears. Sunny lifted Sunny to her feet and they both ran to Natalie.

"Nat!" Monty called. "You must not—you can't think that—"
But Natalie had groped her way out to the front entrance. She opened the door only to find it barred by Jimmy who had just returned from a picture assignment far uptown.

"Why Natalie!" Jimmy exclaimed.
"What's the matter—why the weeps?"
"It's—they're—in there," Natalie sobbed, and pushing Jimmy to one side started for the elevator. Jimmy ran into the next room. One glance at Monty and Sunny and the awful suspicion clutched at his brain. His fists tightened in anger but he was and was even now fleeing, he knew not where, prompted him to waste no time.

"You cad!—and you—you said you loved me!" he hissed. He looked at them both, then strode from the room. Monty and Sunny were again alone, slightly bewildered for they had both been dumbfounded at the untoward turn of events.

Monty found himself first. Catching Sunny's hand he urged her forward.
"We must find them and tell them the truth!"
But Sunny sank to the couch, lost in a torrent of tears.
"Why bother?" she sobbed.
"They'd never believe us, ever!"
"But they must!" Monty insisted.
"They simply must!"

Sunny turned her face, eyes brimming.
"I guess we'll have to take each other now," she said, smiling weakly. Monty sat down beside her, he took her hand, then passed his arm around her.

"Maybe we aren't so unlucky after all" was all he could say.
The door buzzer again. Monty impatiently rose to see who the unwelcome intruder could be.
It was the Mayor's chauffeur. The car was downstairs.
"I'll be—well be with you in five minutes!" Monty promised. Then he ran back to Sunny.

"Come on, little girl," he shouted, gaily, "we're going places and do things. We're going to the Mayor's own party—and you'll be the queen bee of the evening!"
Sunny looked at Monty incredulously. She could hardly believe her ears. Then slowly the realization came that Monty had made the all-important decision. Happiness seemed to burst in her heart but there were no words to give it expression.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

BERKELEY

Mrs. Arthur Clayton of Toronto visited over the week-end with her brother, Mr. Thos. Anderson.
Mr. Reuben Sowarby of the West is visiting relatives around the vicinity.

Mr. John Gawley, who is staying at the home of his sister, Mrs. Alex. McTaggart, is improving.
Mrs. Wm. Kirk is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Muir, at Cayton. Congratulations to Miss Nettie Boyd for winning a prize in the Popularity Contest conducted by The Standard.

Messrs. Art Stafford, A. E. McConnell and H. B. David have had their houses wired for hydro recently.

Miss Bessie Beard spent the week-end at her parental home at Proton. Mrs. Thompson left on Tuesday for her home in Manitoba after spending several weeks here. She was accompanied as far as Toronto by her mother, Mrs. Thos. Boll.

Recipes for Standard's Cook Book

MACAROONS
whites of 3 eggs, beaten stiff
1 scant cup white sugar
1 level teaspoonful corn starch
Set in boiling water until corn starch is cooked. Add coconut till stiff. Flavor to taste.
Mrs. Ira Madill,
R. R. 3, Markdale

GINGER BREAD
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup Aunt Dinah syrup
½ cup butter
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cloves
flour enough to make a batter.
Mrs. Ira Madill,
R. R. 3, Markdale

OATMEAL CRISPS
4 cups oatmeal
2 cups flour
1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons sour milk
1 teaspoon soda.
Mrs. T. S. Kidd,
R. R. 3, Markdale

WALNUT CAKE
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup butter
½ cup sweet milk
2 eggs
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon cream tartar
1 teaspoon soda
1½ cups sifted flour.
Bake in a long pan. Ice and put walnuts on top.
Mrs. T. S. Kidd,
R. R. 3, Markdale

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7—
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W. J. COLGAN, Recording Sec.
HERB. WALKER, Financial Sec.
W. J. HOWARD, Treasurer

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DR. J. A. McARTHUR, Dentist. Office in the Artley Block, over Perkins Building, Entrance on south-west corner of building, Toronto St.

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

A. F. & A. M.—Hiram Lodge No. 499, G.R.C.—Markdale, meets in the Masonic Hall, Roburn 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 Proceprety No. 243 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. P.; A. E. Colgan, Registrar.

AUCTIONEER
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