The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1931.

### THE HAPPINESS OF A WINTER'S FIRESIDE

Winter, thou daughter of the storm,
I love thee when the day is o'er,
Spite of the tempest's outward roar;
Queen of the tranquil joys that weave
The charm around the sudden eve;
Thy thickening footsteps through the gloom,
Telling of those we love come home;
The candles lit, the cheerful board,
The dear domestic group restored;
The fire that shows the looks of glee,
The infants standing at our knee;
The busy news, the sportive tongue,
The laugh that makes us still feel young;
The health to those we love, that now
Are far as ocean winds can blow;
The health to those who with us grew,
And still stay with us tried and true;
The wife that makes life glide away,
One long and lovely marriage day,
Then music comes till round us creep
The infant listeners half asleep;
And busy tongues are loud no more,
And winter, thy sweet eve is o'er.

## Neighborhood News

### ERIN

Mr. Fred Teeter, of milestone, Sask., left last week for home, after spending a few weeks with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Griner arrived home from their month's trip to California last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Cameron left for California, where they will spend some time, returning by Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, and Winnipeg.

Mr. Richard Medley left on Friday evening, for Detroit, Mich., where he will spend a couple of weeks with his brother, who is ill.

At the annual meeting of the United Church, Hillsburg, the following officers were elected for the year: Elders—Isaac Stauffer, Alex. Gray, Wallace Young, Archie Reid. Stewards—Alex. Perry, Bert Dyer, Wm. Orr, H. E. Tate. The trustees of the church elected some time ago are: Henry Wheeler, Wallace Young, Stanley Booth.

Mr. R. H. Gibson, of Carbon Hill, Alabama, U. S., and Dr. Graham, of Detroit, attended the funeral of the late Sara May Gibson, at Cheltenham. They also called on many old friends while here.

At a meeting of the Erin Village council Mr. A. C. McMillan was appointed treasurer for the village. Mr. W. A. Burchill, who has been treasurer for some time handed in his resignation on account of certain regulations set by the Royal Bank, of which he is manager of the local branch.—Advocate.

### GEORGETOWN

Mr. Anthony has been elected chairman of the Public School Board.

The Baptist Church celebrated anniversary services last Sunday. Rev. Prof. Parker, of McMaster University, was the preacher for the day. Rev. Dr. Dickie, of the United Church, and Rev. A. McLean, of Knox Church, assisted at the evening service.

An enjoyable C. G. I. T. banquet was held in the United Church on Tuesday evening. Miss Jessie McPherson, Provincial Secretary of the Girls' Work Board, gave a stirring address on the subject: "I would be True."

The Arena Company appreciate very much the co-operation of the public in refraining from smoking at the Arena during the hockey game last Friday evening. The atmospheric condition was much better for the players, and more pleasant for the ladies.

Mrs. Elmer C. Thompson had the misfortune to fall on the icy pavement on Sunday morning and fracture her arm.

Miss Lily McCann, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at Guelph Hospital has returned home and is convalescing nicely.

Master Gordon Hale, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Hale, underwent two operations at Guelph Hospital during the week. He is reported to be progressing favorably.

Mr. Robt. H. Gibson, of Carbon Hill, Alabama, was in town on Monday for a short time. He had been called home owing to the death of his sister, Miss Sarah May Gibson at Cheltenham.

Among the friends from out of town who attended Mrs. Mason's funeral were: Mrs. Penny and Mrs. Cannon, Hamilton; Mrs. Bailey, Toronto; Mrs. Ramshaw and Mrs. Tandsborough, of Acton.

Mr. Jack Thompson was at Deepdale Hall, Toronto, last Thursday attending the ceremonies in connection with his call to the bar. Jack's many friends extend congratulations and wish him every success in his profession.—Herald.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

*From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, February 7, 1907*

Another spell of zero weather. This winter has spasms of this kind frequently.

A number of premises in town have been examined with a view to location for the proposed branch of the Farmers' Bank.

The house on the Johnstone & Co. property at the corner of Mill and John Streets has been vacated. It will be moved off so that operations on the new block may commence.

Acton Citizens' Band will hold a promenade concert in the Town Hall next Tuesday evening.

Harry Swankhagser has received samples and prices of street signs to indicate the names of all the streets. The matter is worthy of the consideration of the Council.

The population of the towns of Halton is growing, according to the assessment rolls of 1906 they are: Oakville, 1,661; Acton, 1,251; Georgetown, 1,229; Milton, 1,067; Burlington, 1,054. Acton's is an all-the-year-round population. Oakville loses hundreds when the autumn comes each year.

While at work on a splitting machine in the tannery of the Acton Tanning Co. last Friday morning, Mr. R. L. Gregory had the first three fingers of his right hand painfully lacerated.

### MARRIED

CLEMENT—TWEDDLE—At the residence of Mr. Sunderland Taylor, Acton St., Acton, on Wednesday, February 6, by Rev. Geo. W. Barker, Russell L. Gregory, to Sarah Alice, daughter of Edward Tweddale, all of Acton.

CARROLL—McCARTHY—At St. Joseph's Church, Acton, on Tuesday, February 5, by Rev. Father Feeny, James Carroll, of Preston, to Mary McCarthy, of Massagaweya.

When Asthma Comes Or Not Depends. Turn it once to the help advertised. Dr. J. H. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This wonderful remedy will give you the aid you need to quickly. Choking ceases, breathing becomes natural and without effort. Others, thousands of them, have obtained all the relief but have wisely turned to this famous remedy and remain in health. Get a package this very day.

Sold everywhere. Information concerning asthma and its treatment, sent free on request. The Kloeing Asthma Remedy Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

### THE BARTER OF THE OLD FARM

I have sold the farm where my youth
was spent,
And my days of wisdom and glad contentment,
And my friends, have come to rejoice
with me,
For at last, they say, I am truly free.
But I know, full well, though I may
not tell
I have sold the beauty that fed my
heart.

I have sold the spaces of azure sky
Where the winged clouds went in cohorts by,
I have sold the fields that the sunshine blest,
And the wild wind played with the
grasses' crest.
I have sold the groves, and the fairy
coves,
And the placid pond where the lilies
grew.

I have sold the flowers of a thousand
hues
That have welcomed me in the morning
dews,
And the tender music of bygone days
When the sweet birds sang me their
roundelays.
I have sold the oak that memories
woke
And the trustful love of my creatures
dumb.

I have purchased cake for my weary
hands,
And the way before me hath no quicksands,
But my eyes are seeking the scenes
they know,
And my heart is sick for the long ago
When across the sheen of my sweet
green
Were inscribed in beauty the thoughts
of God.

—Elma C. Wildman.

### MOTHERS "RESTING" AFTER BUSY LIFE

The barter of the old farm means much to the old farmer who loved his broad acres, and the open spaces of azure sky, and the placid pond where the lilies grew, and the wild flowers in the spring and the good old summer time, and the oaks, and the maples and the beeches of the wood lot, and the singing of the birds, and the waving fields of golden grain in the autumn days. No wonder his heart was sick after the dispersion sale, and the good-byes to the faithful horses and the collie dog and all.

But what about the farmer's wife; the mother of the home. Everywhere there were memories of the years spent in the home to which she went a happy bride. The busy life of the farmer's wife; her household duties, her hours with the chickens; her work in the kitchen garden and flowers in front; her joy with the babies as they came from time to time, and her sorrows as they by and by flitted to homes of their own. The dear farm mother's busy employments from sunrise till sunset, day after day through all the years.

And then father and mother reached the allotted span. The old family bible revealed the fact that they had reached seventy years.

This fateful discovery is followed by the usual decision after hours of meditation, usually accompanied by tears, to sell the old farm. The sale is finally over, a home is found in town and then comes the days of loneliness and mother's longing for something to do with her hands. Father chores about, and goes for the mail, and meets old neighbors who come to town, and chats in the blacksmith shop; but mother is denied these little friendly breaks in life's monotony. And this is especially true if she is living with one of the married daughters in town, who in her kindness of heart is always solicitous in seeing that mother who is now seventy, you know, "doesn't overdo" herself.

Many sermons have been preached, editorials and fiction written, about the selfish girl who plays the piano in the parlor while her mother washes dishes in the kitchen. No doubt she needs a good talking-to as often as she gets it, perhaps oftener; yet any one may well question whether such a girl makes her mother more uncomfortable than the girl who goes to the other extreme, and is always alert to see that "mother doesn't overdo."

Every family has its own opinion as to what things mother must avoid. Most often the dangerous things for her to do are the household tasks that she has performed all her life.

Washing is bad, because it exposes her to changes of temperature; ironing keeps her in an overheated room; sweeping is hard on her back; sewing strains her eyes. And so, one after another, the occupations that have made her life on the old farm, are taken from her, and she is asked to sit with folded hands and look on.

She may be fond of walking; yet, because she was seventy on her last birthday, son or daughter insists on getting a carriage for her when she wants to make a few calls. As for her going out in a snow-storm, that is quite absurd, mother must be losing her mind to think of such a thing! She does seem to be showing signs of mental incompetency, for only yesterday daughter came home unexpectedly and found her on the top of a step-ladder nearly four feet high taking down the lace curtains to do over; and last fall, just because daughter had to be away for a day or two, mother took advantage of her absence and put up twenty pots and jars of jelly and preserves.

Poor mother! And poor father, too, in many households. Are not their lives still their own, even though they are over seventy? Might they not, indeed, to be doubly their own, because of their age? Let them do the things they want to do. When you rob them of their accustomed homely duties you drive home to them the sad consciousness that they have passed their prime. Freedom is the best preservative in the world, let them have it.

*The Old Man*

The Friend of All Sufferers—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a valuable remedy to all those who suffer pain. It holds out hope to everyone and realizes it, for it does marvellous work in relieving pain. It is unequalled for burns, blistering or bruises, and is a positive relief for earache and sore throat. Sold everywhere.

## Free Press Short Story

## THE MINISTER'S SURPRISE

By F. E. ROBBINS

"DON'T you notice anything new, Eleanor?" asked Mrs. Amelia Bates, pausing in preparations for church, and watching her niece narrowly.

"Why, no, I don't know that I do, except the things you showed me when I first came," replied the young lady, as she quickly ran her eye over the familiar furniture of the room.

"Oh, it isn't anything in the house," said Aunt Amelia, "or on the place, either," she added, following her niece's glance out the window and toward the barn, where Uncle Andrew was engaged in "harnessing up."

"I was in hopes you would notice it the first thing," she went on, in a tone of disappointment. "I've kept it for a kind of surprise. Of course you are kind of used to them in the city, and not having been here lately over Sunday, I suppose you've forgotten about our old one.

Still I should have thought—"

"Come, Aunty," interrupted Eleanor, with a laugh, "hadn't you better tell me what you are talking about?"

"Well I, will if you will give me a chance," replied Mrs. Bates. "To begin at the beginning, it happened that I was spending an afternoon with Mrs. Tyler, who is the minister's wife, when he came home with that letter from Mr. Perkins. Mr. Perkins? Why, he is that New York gentleman that was boarding at Pike's last summer. Well, in the letter he said that he should not be able to come to Greenhill again for some time, if ever, but he ventured to show his appreciation of Mr. Tyler by a little enclosure. This is a personal gift, he went on to say, and I want you to use it in the way that will give you most satisfaction.' The little enclosure that I spoke of turned out to be a check for three hundred dollars.

"The minister took it as quiet as if three-hundred-dollar checks were every-day affairs, but Mrs. Tyler she bubbled right over. That money is going into the travel fund, says she. Then she explained that they had been putting by a little extra change that came in, wedding fees and the like, hoping that some day Mr. Tyler could go abroad. It almost seemed as if she wanted to begin to pack his valise right off.

"But the minister calmed her down. He said she should have to think of it a little. In the meantime, Sister Bates,' says he, 'perhaps we will say nothing about it outside.'

"Well, I can keep a secret as well as the next one, but I guess Mrs. Tyler must have dropped a word to somebody that lent us close-mouthed as I am, for somehow a story did get around that the minister had a windfall and was going abroad. But I heard nothing definite until last Thanksgiving day. I was hurrying my work that morning, and was just thinking it was about time for me to change my gown for church, when all at once—now, Eleanor, do you mean to say that you haven't noticed anything yet? Don't look, but listen!"

"Why, Auntie," cried the niece, in sudden recognition of a fact that had been vigorously present in her consciousness, "it's the church-bell! It it sounds different."

"I guess it does," said Mrs. Bates, complacently, and she stood listening in very rapt attention. "I guess it does," she repeated, "and it didn't take me so long to sense it that Thanksgiving morning. I didn't know just how to account for it, but the minute I heard it I connected it in my mind, with that three-hundred-dollar check. You see, Mr. Tyler never could get reconciled to our bell. He said that the ring of a church-bell on a Sunday ought to be the sweetest of music in the people's ears—an invitation and a song of praise. And he allowed that our bell didn't sound like either. I doubt if it would have pleased him even when it was new, and it was cracked long before he came here."

"Well, there was about the biggest congregation that I ever saw on a Thanksgiving day, and of course everybody was wondering. Just before the sermon Mr. Tyler said, in his quiet way, that the generosity of a friend—Mr. Perkins of New York—had enabled him to provide a surprise for his people, in the shape of the sweet-toned bell that had summoned them to the Thanksgiving service. It seemed that Mr. Tyler had bought the bell and arranged for a couple of men to drive over with it from Cushnoc the night before and hang it unbeknownst to anybody except John Miles, the sexton. There is considerable of the boy to our minister, you see, and he is quite a hand to plan surprises.

"Of course the people generally were pleased, and if it hadn't been in church I guess there would have been some applause. As it was Andrew was twisting and pitching all through the sermon, and he said as it was over he happened up and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Perkins for his generous and timely gift. When that was done he looked as satisfied as if he had given the bell himself.

"But when we started for home, and he began to talk about having one more thing to be thankful for on that Thanksgiving day, I just freed my mind.

"Thing to be thankful for! You'd better say it's a thing to be ashamed of!' I said. 'The money that bought the bell was a present to the minister and not to the parish, and it ought to have gone into his travel fund,' I said. 'And if you men that hold the purse-strings had done as you ought about the bell there would not have been any need for him to make such a sacrifice. And now that he has made it, if you had the least sense of the sness of things,' I said, 'you'd find some other way of showing your appreciation than by passing a vote of thanks to the man that didn't give the bell,' I said.

"Well, at that Andrew never opened his head. But I knew well enough what he was thinking. The next day he harnessed up and drove off without mentioning where he was going; but I heard of him all over town, taking down the lace curtains to do over; and last fall, just because daughter had to be away for a day or two, mother took advantage of her absence and put up twenty pots and jars of jelly and preserves.

"Poor mother! And poor father, too, in many households! Are not their lives still their own, even though they are over seventy? Might they not, indeed, to be doubly their own, because of their age? Let them do the things they want to do. When you rob them of their accustomed homely duties you drive home to them the sad consciousness that they have passed their prime. Freedom is the best preservative in the world, let them have it.

"Well, says she, 'I don't suppose anything of the kind!' And no wonder, for just then Andrew had picked up a good-sized parcel that had been hidden under the table, and was making the awkward piece of work that he always does undoing the wrappings.

"'Ho,' Andrew says, winding up his speech, we trust that you will be pleased to accept at our hands this handsomely illustrated book of travels, and as in the future you turn its pages, he says, 'we hope that you will be pleasantly reminded of your loyal parishioners of the Greenhill Society, and of the affection and esteem with which they regard you.'

"Abby Ellen looked at me out of the corner of her eye as the minister took the book. Seems to me that's quite a come-down from foreign travel' says she. Not having any husband of her own to feel responsible for, of course she was quite free to make remarks.

"As for me, I said nothing, though I felt as if somebody had thrown a wet blanket over me.

"But the minister was as smiling as could be, and he made a beautiful speech, though Abby Ellen kind of snickered when he said he should prize the gift not so much for its intrinsic value as for the spirit that prompted it.

"After he had finished speaking, he left the book on the table and went to mingling with the people as usual. But Abel Hayes spoke up, and says he, 'Brother Bates, in his remarks said something about Elder Tyler's feelings in the future when he should turn the leaves of that book. I think that some of us would like to see him turn the leaves a little now.'

"The minister flushed a little at that perhaps taking a hint that he hadn't shown enough interest in his present; but he stepped up to the table and opened the book, and began telling us what the first chapter was about. Then all of a sudden a queer look came over his face, and he was holding up a twenty-dollar bill that he had found at the end of the chapter.

"'Keep on turning, elder!' says Abel. 'The book is handsomely illustrated, just as Brother Bates said.'

"And if you will believe me there was a twenty-dollar bill at the end of every chapter. There were twenty-four chapters in all, and besides one bill was tucked into the index. When the minister had taken them all out he tried to make another speech; but it was no use this time, though he had been glib enough before.' All he could say was, 'Again I thank you, friends!'

"Well, Andrew is ready to come into the house at last, and here I've been standing before the glass and doing nothing but talk for the last ten minutes. Yes, the minister is going abroad next fall, and I hope that the way will be provided for Mrs. Tyler to go, too.

"We must make haste now. The second bell will be ringing soon. Yes, it is a sweet-toned bell, as you say, and we all take lots of comfort with it."

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*How Many Objects Beginning With the Letter "C" Can You Find in This Picture?*

There is no catch in it. There is nothing hard to do. There is nothing to risk. And there is three thousand dollars to win. Turn to the picture below. Within its borders are a number of objects and articles, the names of which begin with the letter "C". You will find all sorts of things that begin with the letter "C"—there is a "Cat", there is a "Cow", there is a "Crow", a "Calf" and a "Cigar", and "Cabbage", etc. None of them are hard to find. None of them are unusual words. Easy words. Waiting right on this page with $7,000 buried in them ready for you. See how many you can find. We publish this picture to-day only to start you on your road to riches. It is a large picture. All the objects starting with "C" are there and easy to find. And that is the key to the SEVEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR GOLD MINE.

Fifty cash prizes will be given for the 50 best lists of words submitted in answer to this puzzle. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of visible objects and articles in the picture that start with the letter "C" will be awarded First Prize; second best, Second Prize, etc.

YOUR ANSWER TO THE "C-WORD" PUZZLE MUST BE MAILED NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH

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The greatest opportunity of your life is what The Mail and Empire is offering you in this Picture Puzzle Game to "play and learn" while earning a fair cash prize. You can't help enjoying the hunt for "C-Words" in this Picture Puzzle. All you need is an observing eye. Let's all join in and have a jolly good time. Give Mary a pencil, and Bobby a pencil, and the wife a pencil, and the oldest son a pencil. Make it a game. See who can find the most "C-Words" in ten minutes. You'll find it's fun. It's easy to do. It's educational, it's amusing, and it's WORTH THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

When you have made up your list of "C-Words" send it in along with one or three yearly subscriptions to The Mail and Empire at $6.00 per year each or $8.00 if delivered in Hamilton or London, which will qualify your answer for the Big Cash Prizes to be awarded promptly after the close of the Puzzle Game, March 1st.

50 CASH PRIZES—How Prizes Will Be Awarded

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Here you are—the big prize awards. Winning answers will receive cash prizes according to the table below. Remember—of qualified winning answers wins the larger amounts. Aim for the big $3,000 award.

| 50 GRAND Prizes | Prize if No Subscriptions Are Sent | Prize if One Subscription is Sent | Prize if Three Subscriptions Are Sent |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Prize | $50.00 | $1,000.00 | $3,000.00 |
| 2nd Prize | 25.00 | 500.00 | 1,500.00 |
| 3rd Prize | 20.00 | 300.00 | 1,000.00 |
| 4th Prize | 10.00 | 65.00 | 200.00 |
| 5th Prize | 10.00 | 65.00 | 200.00 |
| 6th Prize | 5.00 | 30.00 | 100.00 |
| 7th Prize | 5.00 | 30.00 | 100.00 |
| 8th Prize | 5.00 | 30.00 | 100.00 |
| 9th Prize | 5.00 | 30.00 | 100.00 |
| 10th Prize | 5.00 | 30.00 | 100.00 |
| 11th to 50th Prizes inclusive | 5.00 | 5.00 | 15.00 |

In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be paid to each tied participant.

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The Mail and Empire anywhere in Canada by mail, $6.00 per year. (Delivered by carrier may be obtained in Hamilton or London, $8.00 per year.)

No payment will be accepted that will advance subscriptions more than three years from March next.

The "C-Word" Picture Puzzle Game is a campaign to increase the popularity of The Mail and Empire. It costs nothing to take part, and you don't have to send in a subscription to win a prize. If your list of "C-Words" is awarded First Prize by the judges you will win $50.00; we are making the following special offer whereby you can win greater cash prizes by sending in ONE or THREE yearly subscriptions to The Mail and Empire.

Here's How Big Prizes Will be Awarded

$1,000.00 instead of $50.00 will be awarded to the answer winning first prize, provided ONE yearly subscription to The Mail and Empire at $6.00 per year has been sent in. Second Prize, $500.00; Third Prize, $300.00; etc. (See second column of figures in Prize List.)

$3,000.00 instead of $50.00 will be awarded to the answer winning first prize, provided THREE yearly subscriptions to The Mail and Empire (by mail at $6.00 per year each, or $8.00 each if delivered in Hamilton or London) are sent in. Second Prize, $1,500.00; Third Prize, $1,000.00; etc. (See third column of figures in Prize List.) In qualifying for the $3,000 prize at least one new subscription must be sent in.

And that's not all. We will give extra amounts on all prizes in the same manner. If your answer is qualified by THREE yearly subscriptions and you win Fourth prize, you will receive $200, and so forth down the prize list.

Your own subscription will count, or subscriptions to start at some future date. Just write on the order when you want the paper started and it will start promptly on that date. You will find it easy to get subscriptions to The Mail and Empire to qualify your answer for the $3,000 Prize. It is by far the best daily newspaper published in Ontario.

Rules of The Mail and Empire "C-Word" Picture Puzzle Game

THESE MANY RULES TELL YOU WHAT WORDS TO USE AND WHAT WORDS NOT TO USE.

1. Any man, woman or child who lives in Canada, and is not a resident of Toronto, and who is not in the employ of The Mail and Empire or a member of an employee's family, may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.

2. Prize winners in former picture puzzle games conducted by The Mail and Empire winning $50.00 or more, are not eligible to participate in this game.

3. All answers must be mailed by Saturday, February 19, 1931, and addressed to Puzzle Manager, Room 206, The Mail and Empire, Toronto, Canada.

4. All lists of names should be written on the side of the answer only, and words numbered consecutively. Be sure to write your full name and address on each page in the upper right-hand corner. If you desire to write anything else on a separate sheet, do so.

5. Words of the same spelling cannot be used more than once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once; the object so named, however, may contain as one or more of its parts other objects which may also be named.

6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible concrete objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "C", with the least or lowest number of errors, will be awarded first prize. The second largest list of correct words with the least or lowest number of errors, will be awarded second prize, and so on through the list until all prizes have been awarded. The prizes will be decided and awarded on a percentage basis. Misspelled words will be counted as errors. Neatness, style of handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.

7. Any number of people may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household, nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group where two or more have been working together.

8. In case a tie results from two lists having the same number of correct words, the list of those two having the fewest words wrong will receive the prize. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, where two or more answers contain the same number of correct words, and the same number of wrong words, the full amount of such prize will be paid to each tied participant.

10. Subscriptions, both new and renewal, paid in advance at $6.00 per year by mail, or $8.00 per year delivered by carrier boy in Hamilton or London, will be accepted. However, in qualifying for the $3,000 prize at least one new subscription must be sent in. No subscription for delivery in the City of Toronto will be accepted to qualify answers.

11. All new subscriptions will be carefully verified by the Puzzle Manager. Candidates making old subscriptions do not will positively forfeit the credit of such subscription as qualifying for prizes.

12. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not a subscription to The Mail and Empire is sent in.

13. Three prominent Toronto citizens, having no connection with The Mail and Empire, will be appointed to act as judges to select the winners and participants by sending in their answers marked "C" against the numbers on the lists as finally constructed.

14. The judges will meet on March 2nd, and announcement of the prize winners and correct list of words will be published in The Mail and Empire as quickly thereafter as possible.

Mail Your Puzzle Answers and Qualifying Subscriptions to

W. J. LATIMER, PUZZLE MANAGER, THE MAIL AND EMPIRE, TORONTO, CANADA, ROOM 206