A YEAR

A year is like a loaf of bread,
All fresh and fair and new,
With every day a little slice
From off that loaf for you;

And sprinkled sometimes through the loaf,
To make the flavor good,
Are raisins—holidays that come
Exactly as they should.

The year is like a loaf of bread,
So fresh and new and fair,
And when it's nibbled all away
Another waits you there!

—Frances C. Hamlet

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

HOLIDAY SPECIALS

HOLIDAY LUNCHEON DISH

1 box sardines
1 lemon
1 bunch radishes
Parsley or watercress

Remove cover neatly and entirely from a box of sardines. Place on a platter, and surround with a wreath of parsley or cress. Cut radishes in the shape of flowers, and arrange in the parsley. Cut lemons in halves, crosswise, and then cut in deep points. Arrange at ends and sides of platter, in the parsley. Serve very cold.

RASPBERRY PARFAIT

1 package raspberry junket
1 pint milk
¼ cup each of dates, figs, nuts and raisins, chopped
½ cup cream
2 whites of eggs
¼ cup cocoanut

Put the chopped fruit, nuts, and cocoanut in the bottom of the dessert glasses. Beat egg whites stiff; warm the milk to luke warm—NOT HOT. Remove from stove, add junket; stir for one minute to dissolve, then stir in quickly the beaten egg whites. Pour immediately over the fruit and nuts. Let stand in a warm room until firm—about 10 minutes—then chill. Top with whipped cream flavored with 1 teaspoon maraschino cherry juice, sprinkle with cocoanut.

DISHES FOR DAD

Why not serve a special dish for dad—one like he enjoys at 'Ted's, Phil's or Max's? Here are two samples that will give you the idea and dad a real treat:

PHIL'S SPAGHETTI

½ pound spaghetti
½ pound hamburg steak
1 small onion, chopped
1 can tomatoes
½ cup sweet pickle relish
1 cup American cheese, grated

Cook spaghetti in boiling, salted water until tender. Brown meat and onion in a small amount of fat, in a large frying pan. Add tomatoes and sweet pickle relish and simmer ½ hour. Add cheese and simmer 10 minutes longer. Drain spaghetti and place on serving plates. Cover with sauce. Serves 4.

PETER'S POTATO SALAD

1 quart sliced cooked potatoes
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
2 tablespoons onion, chopped
¾ cup fresh cucumber pickle (made with vinegar from pickles)
Seasonings

Combine ingredients. Season to taste. Chill before serving. Serves 4.

For Catarrh.—It is one of the chief recommendations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it can be used internally with as much success as it can outwardly. Sufferers from catarrh will find that the Oil when used according to directions will give prompt relief. Many sufferers from this ailment have found relief in the Oil and have sent testimonials.

RESULTS IN BREEDING YORKSHIRE SWINE AT KAPUSKASING

If farmers are to get the best results in breeding swine, too much attention cannot be given to the selection of the breeding stock. Both the strain and the individual sows used within the breed selected have much to do with the success and profit of raising pigs.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, a number of purebred Yorkshire sows are kept each year for breeding purposes. In selecting these young sows, particular attention is paid to the type, quality and prolificacy of their ancestors, whether they have been thrifty and economic feeders and whether the dams have been good mothers. They are chosen individually for their smoothness of shoulders, thir strength, depth and reasonable length of body, and their reasonable spring with strength of loin and generous supply of well-balanced and well-developed teats.

When a really good sow is once obtained she should be kept in the herd as long as she retains her usefulness. Quite often only one litter is farrowed by these young sows, after which they are fattened and killed. While this method may save the expense of carrying over brood sows from one litter to another, it destroys the possibility of building up a good strain of breeding stock. The breeding records of this station bring out some very interesting information. Over a thirteen-year period 183 litters have been farrowed giving 1922 pigs, 1400 of which were raised to weaning age, making an average of 10.5 pigs born per litter and 7.7 pigs raised per litter. The average numbers of pigs raised per sow from one to seven years of age are as follows: 7.4 8.3; 7.3; 7.5; 6.3 and 5.6. These figures indicate quite vividly that the average sow is not at her best until she is three years of age and that she will continue to give very good results until she is five.

Another Short Story

THE PIE SQUAW

By Catha Wells

IT was Saturday before the last of college. Catherine Dalson was entertaining her three closest friends at luncheon. While she cleared the table and brought in the dessert, the girls talked over vacation plans. "The thing I mind most," said Pelice Moore, "is that we will hardly see one another until next fall. If we form a club—"

"Well, what kind of a club? Most clubs are so tiresome," Mignon Parker tossed her head like a restless young colt.

"But you want us to keep together, don't you?" asked Pelice. "And a club will help."

"I suppose so," responded Mignon, "but I am tired of study clubs where no one studies, of secret clubs that aren't secret, of fun clubs that aren't much fun. If we could hit on something different—"

Plump, easy-going Madge Kenton laughed. "The eternal quest with Mignon. Something different! I don't care what kind of a club, just so it gets us together once a week. Call it the Clover Leaf or Entre nous."

"That's just it," pointed Mignon, "we can't even think of a new name!"

"My word!" exclaimed Pelice, who had started on her dessert, "taste this pie, you'll admit it is something different!"

Mignon took a dainty bite of the pastry, the next instant she dropped her fork and faced her hostess. "You said you were going to try to cook this meal yourself, you didn't make this pie!"

Catherine's face, already flushed from her cooking, took on a deeper glow before the praise implied by Mignon's tone. "Yes, I did."

"Why, it's wonderful. It's a pie with a personality."

"It's more than that," laughed Catherine. "This pie has a historic background with, as grandma says, a moral to boot. The recipe came down from my great-aunt Kate, the pie squaw of the Apches."

"The pie squaw of the Apches?" Mignon leaned across the table and scanned Catherine's rosy face closer. "I don't see any trace, and you never said you had Indian blood."

"Nor have I," declared Catherine.

"Ha," hissed Pelice, "the plot thickens. I demand the whole story, including the moral."

"Well, finish eating and we'll get grandma to give it to you."

* * *

"You want the story of the pie squaw, including the 'moral,'" said Grandmother Dalson later as the four girls gathered about her chair. "I was just your age when I first heard it and heeded the moral. Aunt Kate could not have been much older herself when she, the gentlest of girls, met and subdued the fierce Apche chief, Feather Wolf. She must not have looked unlike Catherine at that time. She had the same blue eyes and pink cheeks, the same golden hair. Only her hair was not bobbed, but hung in long braids below her waist. Those braids must have made a tremendous appeal to the savages who delighted in dragging their victims about by the hair and in wearing scalps of the shimmering stuff at their belts."

A shudder ran over the girls at the picture grandmother drew.

"The death of both parents when she was about fifteen, left Aunt Kate with no living relative except her brother, John, who was my father. He had gone out from their New England home the year before with a party of neighbors to take up land on the frontier. Most of the party had grown discouraged and turned back or bought land already proved up; but he had persisted to the farthermost boundary of the white man's territory. Here he built himself a cabin. There was a military post twenty miles north of him and a trading post twenty miles east. These were of little avail when the range of the Apche came up to within three miles on the south and west of him. No, it was not a safe place for a man; much less for a girl, to live. Just the same it was to this home that Aunt Kate, overriding every protest of her brother and her friends, came.

"Before she had been on the place many months a business trip called her brother away for several days. He tried to persuade her to go with him, but she pointed out that the cows had to be milked, the chickens fed; and anyway, she was just as well off in the lonely cabin as riding with him through unexplored Indian territory where any turn of the road might bring them face to face with Feather Wolf, feared by every settler along the border.

" 'No one will know I am by myself,' she pointed out, 'and hidden as we are here by the timber, I'm sure I'll be safe.' Her brother realized there was some truth in her reasoning.

"The hours and days dragged by like so many weeks. It was not that she was afraid—it was just the loneliness, the unbroken solitude that she shrank from. She welcomed the cooing of the doves in the morning, the curfew's call at dusk, even the howling of coyotes as they went slinking along at night meant a bit of comfort. At last dawned the day when her brother had said he would come home. She rose early, determined to cook a regular feast to welcome him back.

"According to father, Aunt Kate was always an extraordinary cook. On this occasion she tried to surpass herself. She roasted a chicken, made corn pudding, fresh bread, mashed potatoes, put her greatest skill went into the making of a pie. She said it just seemed as though she wiped out every bit of loneliness with that pie. While it was baking she divided her time between watching the oven and the trail down which her brother would ride. She propped the door of the cabin wide open.

"At last the pie was done. Anyone within half a mile could have told that, for the atmosphere was heavy with a sweet, spicy fragrance. As she bent over the oven and drew forth—so rich and deep a brown, so flaky and crisp a crust—ah! a sigh of satisfaction slipped from her. Instantly she heard a sound like the smacking of lips, and she was conscious of a shadow across the kitchen floor. Some one was standing at the open door! Summoning all her control, she got to her feet, turned, and looked into the eyes of a great buck Indian.

"She had never been afraid of an Indian before; and strange as it seems, she was not afraid of one now. 'I guess,' she used to say, 'it was a sort of premonition of all that pie could do. I felt like I was armed.' She nodded at the Indian as though it were quite usual, this having uninvited callers. She set the pie on the table and then with a smile she said to that savage 'Hungry?'

" 'Ummumm', he grunted in reply. Of course, she was hungry too, and she knew her poor brother would come in half starved. Just the same she picked up the roasted chicken and handed it to her visitor. He ate without glancing away from the pie. The corn pudding followed, then the bread and potatoes, but all the time in his eyes there burned a desire for that pie. She tried to stand between him and it, but he kept moving to keep it in sight. Aunt Kate used to say any good cook would know how she felt, for there was downright flattery in the way he wanted that pie. She decided she was going to make him ask for it. As he finished all she had offered him, he gave a grunt. She stood quite unconcerned. His grunts increased in volume and ferocity. At last he pointed with his powerful bronze hand at the table. 'Oh', she said 'Pie? You want pie?' He repeated after her the word pie. She held it out and he bit into it. Across the face that had been sullen and cruel, streaked a smile like sunshine through a thunder cloud.

"He had just swallowed the last crumb when a crowd of Indians pushed into the room. From the way they approached her yelling and swinging their tomahawks, Aunt Kate knew theirs was not a visit of peace. Her heart pounded violently, she was afraid at last. Crowded back against the table, her long braids hanging down on either shoulder, she must have appeared a tempting prey to the Indians. The next minute the man she had fed sprang between her and the newcomers.

" 'No', he yelled above their noise, 'no kill—Feather Wolf's friend—her pie squaw.' At the word pie his eyes rolled in ecstasy. There ensued an angry colloquy between the Indians, but in the end Feather Wolf had his way and they rode off together. Before the sound of their retreat had died away, Aunt Kate lay in a faint on the cabin floor.

"In the meanwhile, father was riding at his topmost speed to reach home. He had heard on his trip that the Apaches were making raids. More than once he had come upon scenes of violence that they had committed, and he reproached himself for having left his sister alone for even a day. His one hope was that he was riding ahead of the raiders. This hope died when on the last mile of his journey he suddenly found himself surrounded by some twenty Apache warriors.

"It happened too quickly for him to draw a gun, anyway resistance was futile, outnumbered as he was. He sat motionless in the saddle as the leader approached. 'White squaw back there your?' asked the savage.

"Instantly caution fled, and whipping out his gun, father cried 'You beast of an Indian, what about her?'

" 'Her all right', the Indian said calmly. 'Pie squaw Feather Wolf's friend.' He dug his heels in his horse and loped off. The rest followed on his trail.

"Distraught, father watched them go. Their broad, bare backs, glistening in the sun, made tempting targets. Should he shoot? No that could wait until he had found his sister. He whirled his horse about and rode wildly for home.

"The sound of his step on the cabin floor aroused Aunt Kate. The next moment the two were clinging to each other. 'My poor little sister, what did they do to you? Why didn't I kill the whole bunch? Are you hurt?'

" 'No, no, John, not a bit. They never touched me. But your dinner—he—it was Feather Wolf—ate it all.'

"When he heard the whole story, father said, 'Well, your good cooking may have saved both of our lives.' Later, as tales came to them of atrocities committed on other settlers by Feather Wolf, they realized this was true. They seemed to live in a charmed circle, surrounded by warfare and crimes, and they came to know what the friendship of an Indian meant: Occasionally an Indian would saunter by the cabin. This was invariably on Aunt Kate's baking day. More and more she got in the habit of baking extra pies for these callers, and more and more she came to be know as the pie squaw.

"One time after peace had been established along the borders, Feather Wolf brought his wife over to learn to make pies. Aunt Kate taught her the best she could, but it takes something of the Yankee in one, she used to say, to make good pies. The extent that the Indian failed was gaged by the mournful tone of Feather Wolf when he said, 'Indian squaw good outdoor cook—no good stove cook—no make pie like pie squaw.' "

"And I suppose," said Pelice as grandmother finished the story, "the moral is 'you had better learn to cook, it might save your life.' "

"Girls," said Mignon excitedly, "I have it. Something different! Let's make ours a cooking club. Each hostess has to cook everything she serves." I shall learn how to make this pie. We might call ourselves the 'Pie Squaws,' unless," she deferred to grandmother, "that would show disrespect to your Aunt Kate."

"Disrespect?" exclaimed grandmother, "why, I think it wou'd be a tribute second only to the one paid her by the fierce Feather Wolf himself."

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS IN THE MINISTRY

Since celebrating my Jubilee on January 10th, 1925, I have written each year a brief sketch or review to record that which, to me at least, is interesting, and to give expression to gratitude for blessings vouchsafed. "Goodness and mercy have followed me."

I have been shielded from the heavier calamities and distresses of life by the divine goodness and by the kindliness of the people to whom I have ministered. I have enjoyed its chief blessings in the best and safest forms. I have been blessed with fairly good health, though in earlier years was subject to waves of depression but a sense of humour often served to take the edge off of any experiences of an unpleasant kind. Agur's prayer has been answered in my case to that I have not known the "perils of riches or the ills of poverty," and with much light as I have on the subject I am thankful to have been spared them both.

Methodist preachers used to preach more frequently than now, always three and occasionally four times on Sunday, and once during the week or conduct a Bible Class and lead one or two prayer meetings. With gratitude I record that I have preached more than 6,500 sermons, conducted about 200 weeks of revival services; delivered over 500 lectures and addresses, took part in many church anniversaries and laying of corner-stone services, married and baptized several hundred persons, attended many funerals, and had the repeated and varied experiences that come naturally into a preacher's life in 57 years.

I am sometimes asked "Do you think the former times were better than these?" That cannot be answered in a word. I do not contend that they were in every respect, but I am sure they were great and glorious days and a grateful memory sees them in a cloud of glory. It may be natural for the elderly to make disparaging comparisons between the golden past and the "neutral-tinted" present, yet I think we are justified when we lament a noticeable decline in standards of honor, religious experience, and enjoyment during recent years, and it is my unchanging conviction that the legalized liquor traffic is responsible for much of it. It is a grief, a heartbreak to thousands of our best citizens that it is allowed to hold legal protection. Divorce it from political partizanship and soon a brighter day will dawn when the "whiskey-devil" will no longer scorch and blast the lives and happiness of our people.

Fifty-seven years. Yes, time keeps pushing us relentlessly onward. I have reached the top of the hill and it will not require as many years to go down the shady side as it has done to get up the sunny side. A few more revolutions of the planet round its centre and we shall be done with all that has engaged and engrossed us all these years. And what then? All that has been revealed and much more—for "it doth not yet appear we shall be . . . but when He shall appear we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as he is."

"Our hope is full, O glorious hope, of Immortality,"
"Thrice blessed, bliss inspiring hope."

Grateful for health, friends and all the blessings of Christian fellowship and communion, I would humbly adopt the following lines written by Mrs. Kipling (Rudyard's mother).

"As from my window at first glimpse of dawn
I watch the rising mist that heralds day
And see by God's strong hand the curtain drawn
That through the night has hid the world away;
So I, through windows of my soul, shall see
One day, Death's fingers with resistless might
Draw back the curtained gloom that shadows life,
And on the darkness of Time's deepest night,
Let in the perfect day-Eternity."

D. ROGERS

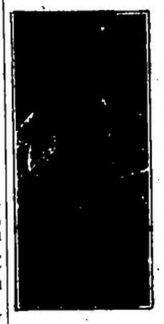
St. Thomas, December 31, 1931.

Freedom from Asthma. Asthma is one of the most distressing troubles, sudden in its attacks and prolonged in its agonies. Frequently many things are tried, but nothing seems to give hope of relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is the one help which can be depended upon. If you have tried other remedies without success, do not fail to get at once a package of this uniformly successful preparation.

TASTE AND TEMPERATURE

The sense of taste resides in little flask-shaped pockets embedded in the skin of the surface of the tongue and in the upper part of the throat. Each of these taste centres has a fibril of a nerve connecting it with the larger nerves of its region. Anything to be tasted must be in a dissolved or gaseous condition so as to reach the interior of the bulbs, and differences in taste depend upon the varying intensity with which the impression is transmitted through the nerves. It is not surprising, then, that taste is much influenced by temperature and may be temporarily stopped altogether by extreme heat or cold. The sense of taste is strongest at a temperature between fifty and sixty degrees Fahrenheit.

SLATS' DIARY
BY ROSS FARQUHAR



Friday—Mrs. Pritt witch's husbend dyed resently and left a bunch of ensurants says the 1st thing she is going to do is treat her self to a nice operashun for a pendiditis or sum thing but she wants the very Latest thing in operashins.

Saterday — well Cristmas is over and I no whut I am a going to get for pa nx yr. It is a nice little lectrick trane. I wood give him mine oney he broke it before I got a chance to use it enny.

Sunday — Ant Emmys neace was here at are house today and Ant Emmy sed to her. Lizzy when are you thinking of getting marryed and Lizzy replyed and sed to her. I am always thinking of getting marryed Ant Emmy.

Munday—the fourman down at the noosepaper office was bit by his dog yesterday and pa sed to him why dont you callock sum ensurance on it becuz it was an acksident and the fourman sed No it wassent a acksident becuz the little sum of a Gun done it on purpe I think.

Tesuday—Mrs. Blunt says this ropeshun has larnt her that it is not a good idea to have large famlys and she is very very glad they have just got the leven children dureing this depreshun.

Wesday—went to a party tonite and wile I was setting on the davingport with Jane I ast her if she wood be suppried if I klat her and she sed. Why I wood be even Horrifyed. so I let it go fer the time bean.

Thirsday—Pug Stevens stopped me today and ast me why did I cut in on him and the new girl at the party last nite and I got even with him I sed we'l since I see her in Day lite I wonder why I done it to.

An excellent protection against worms can be got in Miller's Worm Powders. They render the stomach and intestines untenable to them. They heal the surfaces that have become inflamed by the attacks of the parasites and serve to restore the strength of the child that has been undermined by the draughts that the worms have made upon it, and that their operation is altogether health-giving.

WHO KILLED KOVAL

On Thursday afternoon, October 1st, a tragedy occurred in East Windsor. Peter Koval shot and killed Mrs. Pauline Procw and then killed himself. Koval, who lived with his wife at 1300 Cadillac Street, appears to have been a kindly-hearted husband and neighborly man, but given to drink.

Mrs. Procw, who lived across the road, was a widow who, with her two children, a boy of 14 and a girl 12, has for some years lived with a Mr. Fred Bram. Mrs. Procw was addicted to liquor, and it is suggested that Koval resented her coming to the house and tempting his wife to drink.

It would appear that Koval had made up his mind to do away with himself. He had secured a revolver and cartridges, nobody seems to know how or where. He kissed his wife as she left him early in the afternoon to do some shopping, a thing which was not quite usual, and which she thought was in fun. It seems likely that Mrs. Procw came in incidentally before he had accomplished his plans. At all events, the indications are that he shot her, sending a bullet through her head. He then apparently entered the living-room and shot himself, the bullet passing through his brain.

He left a letter on the table. It is a public document intentionally so. Translated from Ukrainian, it runs as follows:

"I am giving to everybody's knowledge that on account of drunkenness I am taking my own life, and on account of which drunkenness I was sick for four years. I begged my wife to save me from drunkenness but there was no way out for me, and I am so much disgusted with drink that I want to say farewell to all. Wishing everybody a good success. Good bye.

(Signed) P. Koval.

This letter does not explain the double tragedy. It gives the primary motive for his doing away with himself. It is also most surely an implicit indictment of society in that it affords such men no adequate protection, but even provides means for inducing their trouble and abetting its power.

A TALL ONE FROM THE NORTH WOODS

A reader who lives in the Adirondack region of New York comes to the rescue of that part of the country, lest its reputation of producing "tall stories" should suffer from neglect.

She writes that a certain Mr. M—— once lived on the shores of an Adirondack lake. He was the fortunate owner of a waterproof boat of rubber, of which he was very proud. One night just as he was going to bed a neighbor rushed in and said one of his family was very sick. He begged Mr. M—— to take him to the village for the doctor. Mr. M—— consented, and he and his friend hurried down to the dock, stepped into the boat and began to row. They had not gone far before both men found they had to bend every effort to force the boat ahead. At last, pretty well exhausted, they reached the village, and both men stepped out. Immediately the boat snapped back to the home dock three miles away. Mr. M—— had forgotten to untie the boat before starting out.

FARMERS USE CATTLE TO MARKET GRAIN

The current issue of the Live Stock Market Report carries an interesting and significant reference to the movement of store cattle to country points. Up to date this year the movement from stockyards to country points total around 73,000 head as compared with 60,000 last year for the same period, while the movement of store calves is fully equal to last year.

For the forty-one weeks of the year to the end of October the total movement of western cattle to eastern feed lots is 100 per cent. ahead of last year, with over 22,000 head having come east. In addition to this there has been a tremendous increase in the movement from the west to stockyards in Ontario and Quebec, amounting to three times last year's volume.

It is easy to understand the significance of this movement in the light of figures supplied by feeding experts of the Federal Department of Agriculture as to the value of grains sold through feeding to beef cattle. With beef selling at 10 cents per pound, barley may be marketed at a value of $1.50 per bushel, while wheat can be made to realize a value of $2.22 per bushel. At current stockyard prices for best quality steers these grains may be made to realize prices of 83 cents per bushel for barley, and $1.19 per bushel for wheat.

It is not hard to understand why the feeding of beef cattle is receiving an increased amount of attention by farmers throughout Canada, particularly in the west. The demand for beef cattle of the right type and properly finished is far ahead of the domestic supply at the present time. As a matter of fact, officials of the Federal Beef Grading Service state that during August and September the supply of beef suitable for branding was 500,000 pounds below the market demand. Equally convincing and attractive is the fact that properly finished beef cattle of good beef type have commanded attractive prices in the British market during the past season, selling on a par with the best home-finished cattle coming onto that market.—Issued by Information Service, Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

UNIQUE FEATS IN RAILWAY ENGINEERING

Some remarkable feats in railway construction have been accomplished in the Rocky Mountain States. Passes that a few years ago were deemed insurmountable have been scaled, seemingly impassible canons have been threaded, and mountains have been tunneled to cut down heavy grades until the barrier of the Rockies has become no barrier at all.

A generation ago engineers pronounced Colorado hopeless from a railway standpoint. To-day there are several railways making daily climbs of the main range in Colorado, and a road built not so long ago from Denver toward Salt Lake climbs the barrier at a point where, thirty years ago, engineers said no roadbed could be successfully made.

This road crosses the main range at an altitude of 11,630 feet. This impressive climb is effected only by the most tortuous windings and numerous tunnels. At one point, Bow Knot, the train plunges through a tunnel, makes a sharp turn to the right, and returns over the very tunnel it entered a few minutes before.

At another point the train "loops the lake." It swings round a tiny body of water called Yankee Doodle Lake, and in so doing, it describes a complete circle. It then climbs up and up and makes another curve, and climbs again, enabling one to stand at the lake and count three tiers of tracks above him.

When the Denver and Rio Grande road company prepared to build through the Rockies, engineers contended that the canon of the Arkansas could never be penetrated in its entire length. There was one spot in this awe-inspiring chasm where there was not room for a roadbed on either side of the stream. The walls of the canon came down to the swift current of the Arkansas without foothold for a man on either side. An engineer suggested a hanging bridge suspended between the walls of the canon. The bridge was built with supports embedded in the solid rock, and across it the heavy transcontinental trains now flit daily, with nothing but the slender iron work between the river and the top of the canon.

Notice to Creditors

Of the Estate of James Erwin Stewart, late of the Township of Esquesing, in the County of Halton, Farmer, Deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the Estate of the late James Erwin Stewart, who died on or about the 18th day of October, 1931, at the Township of Esquesing, are required to send to the undersigned, solicitor for John Aberdeen Leslie, the administrator of the Estate of the said James Erwin Stewart, on or before the 17th day of January, 1932, full particulars of their claims.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the 17th day of January, 1932, the said John Aberdeen Leslie will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice, and that he will not be liable to any person of whose claim he shall not then have received notice for the assets so distributed or any part thereof.

DATED at Georgetown this 17th day of December, 1931.

KENNETH M. LANGDON,
Georgetown, Ontario.
Solicitor for John Aberdeen Leslie, Administrator.

35-3

Business Directory

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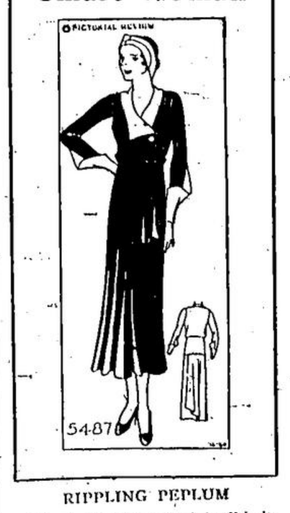

RIPPLING PEPLUM

The charm of this frock is all in its peplum, and a very clever peplum it is! It is cut in one with the right side of the skirt and ends in soft ripples at the left side, suggesting the Grecian influence. The back is elaborated in a similar manner with overdrapery included in the right side seam.

Contrast of fabric is knowingly introduced to accent the unusual cross-over collar and deep, flaring cuffs. The Paris original of this frock was made in black satin with turquoise flat crêpe, but it is equally smart in brown satin with pink crêpe.

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