The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16, 1918. | $1.50 Per Annum, or $1.25 if Paid in Advance

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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AT THE
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GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.

Furnished on application.

Ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve lines to an inch.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.

J. M. MOORE,
Publisher.

G.T.R. Time Table.

GOING EAST.

Passenger	9.20 a.m
Passenger	11.00 a.m
Mail	11.59 a.m.
Passenger	3.45 p.m
Mail	7.15 p.m

GOING WEST.

Mail	7.57 a.m.
Mail	9.55 a.m
Passenger	2.03 p.m.
Passenger	5.35 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p m

SUNDAY ONLY

Passenger (going west)	9.55 a.m.
Passenger (going east)	6.35 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Passenger (Monday only)	7.50 a.m
Mail	5.20 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.

Mail	10.05 a.m.
Passenger (Friday only)	7.30 a.m.

TORONTO SUBURBAN RAILWAY

DAILY TIME-TABLE

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Goin East	8.10	2.20	6.40
Going West	8.55	2.55	7.47

SUNDAY TIME TABLE

	a m	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
Going East	10.20	12.50	4.15	6.10
Going West	10.40			6.10

DIRECTORY

Legal

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN
Office: Kennedy Block.
Le Roy Dale, in charge of Georgetown Office.

Medical

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
Physician and Surgeon
Medical Officer of Health
District Surgeon G. T. R.
Office hours—2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
Phone 58
Office and Residence Main St., South, opposite Presbyterian church.

Chiropractic

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy
A. M. NEILSEN, D.C.
Graduate of "The Palmer," the Original School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
Office over Rumford's Shoe Store
Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free
Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2 to 5 & 7 to 8p.m
PHONE 150a

Optical

L. L. PLANT, D.O. Oph., D.
GEORGETOWN
Eyesight Specialist.
Glass Eyes. Eyeglasses.
Office next to Library. Phone 199 for appointment.

Dental

FRANK R. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
DENTIST
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches
Over Bank of Hamilton.

F. L. HEATH L.D.S., D.D.S.
DENTIST
Office in Lane Block one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory. Hours 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

DR. L. L. BENNETT
DENTIST
Office at residence, Main St., north, first house over G.T.R. bridge. Phone 142, Georgetown.

Auctioneers

BENJ. PETCH
Licensed Auctioneer for Halton-and-Peel, Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the GEORGETOWN HERALD OFFICE will receive prompt attention.

WE WANT NOW!

A Reliable Agent in Halton County to represent PELHAM'S PEERLESS FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES during Fall and Winter months. Good pay, exclusive territory, selling equipment.

Over 500 acres of the choicest Nursery stock, including NEW varieties controlled by us. Handsome up-to-date selling equipment and a splendid Canadian stock to offer customers. We are growers.

Catalogue sent on request to applicants for agencies or purchasers of nursery stock.

We now for agency terms to

PELHAM NURSERY CO.
Toronto — Ontario

:: No Shovelling Required ::

STANDARD ANTHRACITE
SCRANTON COAL
in all sizes
Automatically Screened and Loaded

Coal & Wood

Select lump for Domestic and Threshing Purposes. Smithing and Cannel Coal. In fact I carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

JOHN McDONALD
Georgetown
Phone 12

J. W. KENNEDY

Hardware, Paints, Stoves, Tinware, Electric Fixtures, Sewer Pipe, and Cement
Tinsmithing and Plumbing
Hot Air and Hot Water Heating
Electric Wiring

J. W. Kennedy
PHONE 25
Georgetown, Ont.

Arthur B. Castell
T.C.F. COLLEGE OF MUSIC
LONDON, ENGLAND
CHIEF CHORISTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GEORGETOWN

Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing

Tuition Fee (in any branch) $6.00 per term of 20 lessons, at my residence Main St., Georgetown, or at pupil's home.

Pianos Tuned.

J. M. Buck
BUTCHER
Georgetown

Always has on Hand the Finest of
BEEF & PORK
SAUSAGE BOLOGNA ETC.
HOME-CURED HAMS & BACON
LAMB & VEAL
IN SEASON
STUFFED AND PLAIN OLIVES
HEINTZ SWEET PICKLES IN BULK

It pays to Attend the
ELLIOTT Business College
TORONTO, ONT.
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto.
All graduates and scores of our graduates of the past year have secured good positions and still the demand is far beyond our supply. Write for Catalogue. Enter any time.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

Mail Contract

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 18th January, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Hornby Rural Route No. 2 from the Postmaster General's Pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Hornby and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, Toronto.

A. Sutherland,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto, December 8th, 1917.

CUSTOM KNITTING

I am prepared to do custom machine knitting of all kinds of hosiery. Satisfaction guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

Mrs. T. J. Mitchell, Georgetown.

Rubber Boots

Our Rubbers are of Standard Makes and there are none better on the market.

Some stores buy poorly made composition rubber in boots in order to quote a low price. We handle none such quality. They only do injury to the store that sells them. Our stock is the Best—the Best or none here.

RUMFORD
THE SHOE MAN
"The Home of Better Shoes"

Therefore it is necessary for you to have your mounting or bridge properly adjusted so that the lens will be held in proper relationship to eye. Which we will be pleased to do for you without charge. Our service helps you to obtain the best results from your glasses.

DR. PLANT, Optometrist
Georgetown, Phone 199. Office next to Library

ESTABLISHED 1864

The Merchants Bank of Canada.

Paid-up Capital	$ 7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	7,421,992
Total Deposits	92,102,079
Total Assets	121,150,558

A GOOD BET—A Hundred-to-One Shot

Do you know that never in the past hundred years have the opportunities offered wage earners been so entirely in their favor and do you further know that it may be another hundred years before similar conditions prevail?

A hundred years is a long time to wait, so the wise man or woman will take advantage of the favorable chances within their reach to make the present last. The only way to do this is by putting aside in the Savings Bank a small portion of to-day's good luck. Remember this cannot last for ever.

A good chances are in the present. Those who depend upon future chances are betting against themselves and this is generally a very bad bet.

Safety Deposit Boxes to Rent.

G. W. Grandy, - Manager
Georgetown Branch.

PATTERSON'S
Meat Market

Special in Canned Goods
THIS WEEK

5 Cans of Peas for	.89c.
5 Cans of Corn	1.14
5 Cans of Tomatoes	1.19

Fresh Salmon by the fish 17c lb
Beef sold by the Quarter at Lowest Possible Price

Watch our Window
for extra good values on Fridays and Saturdays

Ground Bone for Chickens.

Any person having Veal Calves for sale, please phone or write us

W. J. PATTERSON
PHONE GEORGETOWN

A Comparison.

A German military critic said that Robert E. Lee was America's ablest soldier. But when Lee's army of invasion came up into Pennsylvania it didn't pick down a tree, trample a cabbage or steal a pig. Indeed, Lee was so good a soldier that he said the burning of Chambersburg was a military blunder for which he was not responsible.

The officer in all America's wars who did the most burning, hacking and robbing was Benedict Arnold after he had turned traitor to his country. But the chief effort of it was to solidify the colonists into an effort to win the Revolution.—Girard in Philadelphia Ledger.

A Real Providence.

Mr. Youngthirsty reached home late for dinner.

"I got pinched for speeding on the way home," he explained rather sheepishly. "I've to appear tomorrow morning and get $10 or fifteen days."

Mrs. Youngthirsty fervently clapped two blistered little hands. "What a providence!" she cried devoutly. "You must take the fifteen days, John! The cook has just left!"

Home Ground Cornmeal.

Clean up the old coffee grinder or buy a new one and grind your own cornmeal for griddlecakes, muffins and bread. If you do not like bread made of cornmeal alone use some wheat flour with it. Since home ground cornmeal does not keep long it is better to buy whole corn by the bushel and grind for meal as needed.

Not an Economist.

"Are you practicing food economy?"

"I tried it out, but it didn't work."

"What was the trouble?"

"My husband simply refused to eat the cold fried egg that was left over from the day before."

Its Uses.

"Pop, tell me one thing."

"What is it, son?"

"Is the line that ships have to cross on the sea where they hang the ocean's wash?"

LEARN SHORTHAND

J.C.CLARKE

I make Shorthand easy

Earn $50 to $100 A Month

The demand for stenographers has never been so great as it is to-day.

By utilizing your spare time, evenings, young people may qualify for highly-paid positions as stenographers or private secretaries, with short hours, pleasant work and splendid opportunities for advancement.

Join the class being formed for GEORGETOWN

Full Particulars by Applying to J. C. CLARKE, 355 College Street, Toronto.

SPECIALS

Choice Fruit

Call and see us this week and secure some of our Choice Goods.

A. RESTIVO
Fruit Specialist
Main Street - Georgetown

Mail Contract

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 25th January, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the route Oakville R.R. No 1 [via Trafalgar] from the Postmaster General's Pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Oakville, Trafalgar and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

A. Sutherland,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto, Dec. 15th, 1917.

Mail Contract

Sealed tenders addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 18th January 1918 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Hornby Rural Route No. 4 from the Postmaster General's Pleasure

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Hornby and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, Toronto.

A. Sutherland,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto, December 8th, 1917.

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers who white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem jointed to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers, as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;
Sweet mothers! as they pass one goes again
Old garden walks, old roses, and old loves.
Beecher. —The Century.

To-Day's Story

THE KISS STEALER

He Was Very Adroit In His Thefts

By F. A. MITCHEL

The railroad, like everything else, is a development. The first rails were strap iron on wooden beams. The first car was a stagecoach, then several stagecoaches together mounted on wheels. Then came the passenger car of the present day, only much smaller. When those cars were pulled through a tunnel the passengers were left in total darkness. Indeed, the lighting of railway cars passing through tunnels is a feature of recent years.

When Tom Arnold was about to return to college for his sophomore year he was asked if he would escort a little girl who was going in the same direction to boarding school. Tom didn't like being burdened with the care of a "little girl," but he couldn't very well decline. When he saw his charge he didn't mind taking care of her so much as he had thought he would. Lucy Atwood was fourteen years old, but tall enough for a girl of sixteen. She was very demure and appeared to be utterly devoid of conversational powers. Her protector, having reached the advanced age (to her) of eighteen, probably filled her with such awe as to prevent conversation with him.

But if Miss Atwood was tongue tied she was very pretty. There is nothing more delicate, to a young man especially, than a pair of pink coral lips. Lucy's complexion was as soft and downy as a peach, and her lips were a combination of beautiful curves. Tom couldn't keep his eyes off them. He was young and a sophomore in college, a combination that can occur but once in a man's life. His thoughts, his arguments, therefore were sophomoric.

"I have been burdened with the care of a tongue tied kid without recompense. It behooves me to look out for my own reward. I don't know any payment that would suit me better than just one kiss of those lips. In half an hour we'll get to the tunnel. It requires three minutes for a train to go through it, and one can do a great deal in three minutes."

This was the basis of a plan Tom formed. Before reaching the tunnel he would go into another car, first noting the exact position of his charge. As soon as the train plunged into darkness he would re-enter, make his way to where Lucy sat, take the kiss and retire. Some time after the train had emerged into the light he would go back to his seat, yawn, take up a newspaper and begin to read as if unconscious of anything eventful having happened.

It was a very pretty scheme, but more tempting to a youngster of eighteen than to a full fledged man. There was one thing about it, however, that Tom didn't like. The kid had been placed in his care, and he didn't consider it quite honorable to avail himself of the situation to take what didn't belong to him. But the more criminal the act, the more horror attached to being found out, the more attractive the scheme.

Tom sat looking sideways at those lips, before which every vestige of honor faded. Nevertheless as the train approached the tunnel his courage began to fail him. What an awful thing for him to do! But how nice! Suppose the girl should scream and some one should grab him! The very thought gave him the shivers. But he was at an age when the greater the risk the greater the temptation. He fell, and great was the fall thereof.

He had often been through the tunnel and knew the approaches well. Some ten minutes before the train reached it he told his charge that he would go into the smoking car for a while if she didn't mind sitting alone. She said she didn't, and Tom, having noted that the seat was the third one from the door on the right, left the car. He didn't smoke, fearing that the odor of tobacco would give him away. He sat looking out through a window, a prey to numerous emotions.

When the train entered the tunnel, summoning all his resolution, he hurried into the car he had left and counted the seats on the right by putting a hand on each till he came to the seat required. Folding Lucy in his arms, he took the desired kiss. There was a smothered cry, followed in a few moments by the sound of an opening and closing door, then no other than the rattling of the train.

When daylight came again several passengers who sat near Lucy looked in her direction for an explanation of the cry they had heard. She gave no indication of anything unusual. She was wiping the dust from her face with her handkerchief. She would remove a portion of it, look at the smudge it had made on her handkerchief, then rub off some more, scrutinizing it also, especially in one corner.

Some twenty minutes after the train had left the tunnel Tom Arnold came back and sat down beside his charge. And Lucy looked him in the face she would surely take upon some sign of guilt which, despite his efforts, he was unable to conceal, but she was looking out through the window and did not give him a glance.

Tom was delighted with the success of his scheme. It was not the kiss that pleased him, for to have enjoyed that he should have been intent upon it rather than on committing a robbery. It was the fact that he had carried out his scheme without having been detected. He wondered that Lucy made no mention of the stolen kiss, but a very young and delicate miss might feel abashed at communicating such a thing to a young man.

When the journey was ended and Tom left his charge at the door of her school he looked scrutinizingly into her eyes to see if he could detect any evidence of her suspecting him. She returned his gaze with a childlike simplicity that reassured him, and he left her feeling very comfortable.

* * * * * * *

One June morning, when the trees, the flowers and especially the roses were in bloom, a young man who had been invited to spend a week end at the country place of a friend sauntered out on the veranda in negligee summer costume, plucked a rose, sniffed it, put it in the buttonhole of his flannel coat, descended the steps and strolled about the grounds. Having examined the tennis court, the stables and other features of the place, he sauntered toward a hedge, which was just the height to enable him to look over it. In the adjoining grounds was a pagoda, in the pagoda a hammock and in the hammock a feminine figure. But whether the lady was old, middle aged or young he could not see. He thought he would like to satisfy himself on this point. Walking back and forth along the hedge, he looked for an opening. At length, finding a place where the hedge was thinner than at others and stooping, he wormed his way through, though when he reached the other side his costume was somewhat disarranged.

Brushing off the dirt and straightening the hang of his clothing, he sauntered toward the pagoda. There was no movement of the figure in the hammock, and, the morning being warm, he fancied the occupant might be asleep. He had no business in the grounds, but he was a venturesome fellow, with no end of resource and assurance, and had an excuse ready in case he met any one. Drawing gradually nearer to the pagoda, he finally reached a point near enough for him to see a lady asleep in the hammock.

She was young—about twenty—and fair to look upon. She seemed to be sleeping so soundly that the young man drew nearer, even to the steps of the pagoda. There was something in the face of the sleeper that seemed familiar to him. He thought that he had seen her before, then that he had not, vibrating between these two opinions, at last deciding that he had not. One feature especially charmed him—the lady had a very kissable mouth.

For a young man to stand looking at a young lady asleep with a kissable mouth is dangerous—not so dangerous to the young lady as the young man, for there is certainly no harm in one being kissed who doesn't know of the fact. But the young man taking that which does not belong to him is liable to the consequences of his rash act. Then suppose the lady is awakened by the process! Such a contingency would naturally strike terror into any sensitive man.

The watcher drew nearer and nearer on tiptoe till he reached the hammock, then, bending over the sleeper, in one of the alternate risings and bendings finally lightly touched the lips with his. The sleeper slumbered on. Not a muscle twitched. The young man was tempted to take another, but suddenly the abyss on which he stood occurred to him, and, turning, he tiptoed away to the opening of the hedge and passed through. Then he began to wonder at the recklessness, the folly, the awfulness of what he had done.

When he untied his scarf at dressing for dinner that same evening he missed a stickpin surmounted with a horseshoe that he had worn during the day. He wondered how and where he had lost it. Then he remembered working his way through the hedge. He must have dropped it there. He was tempted to go out and look for it, but he had barely time to dress for dinner, so he must needs put off the search till morning.

When he went down to dinner whom should he see but the girl he had kissed in the hammock. He was seized with a terrible fright, but on being presented to her she gave no evidence what ever of ever having seen, met or heard of him before. He was assigned to her for a dinner companion, and by the time they were seated at table he had regained enough of his equanimity to remark that it had been a very hot day, that he hoped it would be cooler tomorrow and that he feared the summer would be an oppressive one.

However, the lady made it easy for him by being agreeable, and he gradually forgot that if she knew how he had robbed her she would despise him. After dinner the company strolled out on to the veranda and spent the evening under the moonlight amid the fragrance of roses. The thief of the kiss quite recovered from any qualms of conscience and was glad he had done it, especially since the girl had not awakened.

On Monday the young man took an early train to the city. When the postman arrived during the afternoon he brought a small package addressed to Thomas Arnold, Esq. Opening it, the recipient took out a handkerchief, in one corner of which were his initials and a stickpin with a horseshoe mounting.

Arnold sank down in a chair, with a moan.

He saw it all. When he had kissed the girl in the tunnel she had snatched his handkerchief from his pocket. She had since grown to be a young lady, and after he had kissed her a second time she had found his stickpin under the hedge.

LABOR IS HIS JOY

Wealth Not Worth While, Declares Owner of a Gusher.

Riches, Minus Toil, Do Not Appeal to Man Whose Farm is Saturated With Oil.

Two men were sitting through one of the newly discovered oil fields of the Southwest. On each side of the train rose an ugly forest of derricks, covering the rolling prairie with an unnatural growth. The ground under those leafless timber trees was black with crude oil. Refuse oil was burning, and enormous clouds of black smoke rolled up into the sky.

Suddenly the train swept by a quarter-section farm that lay like a great white square between the blasting derricks and the black soil. The little farmhouse was surrounded by a cottonwood grove. Two men with a team at work, stacks of grain and alfalfa and a herd of quiet cattle completed the picture.

"Look!" one of the travelers exclaimed. "Isn't that queer! That must be a dry section!"

A man across the aisle who overheard spoke up:

"On the contrary, that quarter is perhaps the richest oil land in the field. See that one derrick close by the house? It was a gusher and ran more than eight hundred barrels a day. Philip Ross, his wife and two sons live on the White farm, as it is called. When the gusher was struck, Ross' older son rushed into the house with the news. Ross and his wife were there.

"'Father,' he cried, 'the oilmen say it's the biggest drill in the state! We can lease the whole farm for a million! Hurrah!'

"The father calmly looked at the son.

"'What of it?'

"'What of it! We are rich! We can go to New York or Chicago and live without working!'

"'Live without working?' said Ross. 'What sort of life is that?'

"They say Philip Ross brought his hand down on the kitchen table where he sat and said, 'Call in Duncan.' That is the younger son. Duncan came in, and the family sat there together.

"'I let the oilmen drill to test our farm because you boys asked it,' said Ross. 'The result will give us a million without a stroke of work. But it will ruin our quiet home and unfit us for life's real tasks. It has already spoiled scores of our neighbors, as you and mother know right well. I think too much of you boys to let you grow up with money you never really earned. We are healthy, and daily work is a joy. We can't afford to be rich.'

"He turned to his wife and said, 'Janet, thank God that we are able to work, and do not want to live without it.' And the wife and the boys bowed their heads while the sturdy old Scotchman prayed.

"The oilmen were frantic at his refusal to sell or lease. They offered fabulous prices. They threatened and tried to scare him into yielding. But the White farm is still there, and Ross and his wife and sons are working on it happily, surrounded by the forest of rigs and the black stretch of ruined prairie soil.

The train was again passing through the tangle of derricks and black soil. But in the memory of the two travelers the White farm dwelt, a picture of rare conscience and conviction and resistance to the prevalent desire to make a fortune and live without working.

There is no real life without working. When will Americans learn that lesson, and be content to live and work on the White farm?

Oldest Bank in Spain.

England has been the banking nation of the world for many years, and London, until very recently, was the world's financial center. That honor for more than a year has devolved upon New York. The first bank in England was established by Francis Child, a London goldsmith, who died October 4, 1713. This pioneer financial institution was opened in 1663, and a number of rival goldsmiths soon opened similar concerns. The mint in the Tower of London had been the depository for the cash of the merchants until Charles I seized the money as a loan. Then the traders began to deposit their cash with goldsmiths in Lombard street. The first bank in the world was established in Italy in 808 by Lombard Jews. The oldest existing bank is the Bank of Barcelona, Spain, which was founded in 1401.

Useful as a Snake.

Little Peter is a good boy as well as a boy of great originality in his notions, but he has the serious fault of being extremely forgetful. One day after having gone on an errand, and forgotten what he was sent for, he exclaimed bitterly to his sister:

"Oh, dear! I wish I was a snake!"

"You wish you were-a snake!" said his sister, horrified.

"Yes, and a great long one—as much as six feet long."

"Why, what for, Peter?"

"So I could tie knots in myself to make me remember things.'

Social Vaudeville.

"I'd dearly love to get into society, but I don't know how to make conversation."

"Conversation? What you want is a good monologue."

Rod and Gun

The January number of Rod and Gun with its list of contents depicting outdoor life, makes a special appeal to the sportsman. Among the contributors to this number are Bonnycastle Dale, H. C. Haddon, M. A. Shaw, Edward T. Martin, George R. Belton, Robert Page Lincoln and many others. The usual departments are well maintained. Under The Trap department appears a write-up of the Grand International Tournament at St. Thomas recently, while The Kennel section contains an illustrated record of the recent Canadian National Field Trials held at Ollibway. Rod and Gun is published at Woodstock, Ont., by W. [illegible] Limited.