Government Con[illegible]

Opinion of Judge of [illegible]berta: Mrs [illegible]tion of C[illegible]ly, [illegible]

[illegible]Y OF JOSEPH MARTIN

FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN SINCE TAKING "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

MR. JOSEPH MARTIN

The story of Mr. Joseph Martin of St. Ursule, P.Q. reads like a modern miracle. His was an unusually bad case of indigestion. In his own words he writes. "For about ten years I could not digest my food. For a year I could not work. I had no strength and I could hardly eat. I was like dead. Now I work and eat as much as I like and feel like a new man. Your "Fruit-a-tives have relieved me completely, and I would have died without your remedy. I am thankful to you, as you have saved a martyr of dyspepsia." (Signed) Joseph Martin.

"Fruit-a-tives" are different from any other medicine, being made of the intensified juices of fresh apples, oranges, figs and prunes combined with tonics. They will give you prompt relief. 25c. and 50c. a box at all dealers.

OBITUARIES.

MRS. E. BEAUMONT.

Mrs. Emma Beaumont widow of the late Samuel Beaumont, was buried on Monday afternoon in Greenwood Cemetery, Georgetown, having passed away on Saturday last after an illness of four months, caused by a broken hip. She was formerly Emma Harpin and was married in Burnley, Yorkshire, where she was born, coming to Canada 40 years ago. With her husband, who was a woollen manufacturer, she lived in Galt, then came to Glen Williams, where Mr Beaumont founded the woollen mills bearing his name. He died many years ago. For 33 years Mrs. Beaumont was president of the auxiliary of St. Georges Church, Georgetown, and taught in St. Albans Sunday School, Glen Williams, after she was eighty. She lay in state in that church, members of St. Georges Aux. acting as a guard of honor. She is survived by six sons, five of whom live in Georgetown, the eldest, Joseph, carrying on the mills. Deceased, who was 86 years of age, was warmly attached to the Conservative party, and took a great public interest in the Church.

ROD AND GUN.

The December issue of Rod and Gun has a stock of reading matter appropriate to the season. "The Old Gray Buck," by Thos. I. Stocks, appears in this issue. Rennyson Duke also hunts deer in Nova Scotia, but with a camera. Henry A. Bradshawatte, well known eastern guide, tells of his experience with moose while Martin Hunter tells a typical story in "The Well Cab at the Labrador." James Price has a timely full page cartoon in the December number. In Outdoor Talk, W. C. Medley has another interesting woodcraft article, while the Guns and Ammunition Department has some good dope for the man interested in guns, as Fishing Notes has also for the angler, and Kennel Notes for the dog lover.

Rod and Gun is published monthly by W. N. Taylor Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

POLICE COURT.

(Acton Free Press.)

For driving recklessly on Main St. Georgetown, on Monday night, Howard Ramsey was fined $10 and costs by Magistrate Measures Tuesday.

Austin Adams, of Orangeville was arrested by Chief Jackson at Georgetown, on Thanksgiving night, for being intoxicated. He came before Magistrate Moore Tuesday morning, and was fined $10 and costs. He swore that he was intoxicated with liquor he had purchased from a Toronto Government Vendor on a set pressed by an orange vine bottle.

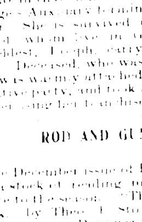
MARRIED

Neville Vanfleet—On Saturday, Nov. 13, 1926, Florence, youngest daughter of Mr. Vanfleet and the late Mrs. Vanfleet, of Milton, to John Edward Neville, youngest son of Mrs. Neville and the late Mr. Neville, of Hamilton. Rev. Mr. Sexsmith officiated.

RESTORED TO GOOD HEALTH

Mother of Eleven Children Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Her Interesting Experience



Buckingham, Quebec.—"I am the mother of eleven living children, and my baby is five months old. I am only 38 years old and I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and my nerves. I knew of it from my sister, Dame Eduard Bellefeuille of Ramsayville. For five years I was in misery and was always ready to cry. Now I am so happy to have good health. My daughter, who is 18 years old, has also taken it and will be happy to recommend it to all young girls."—Dame WILLIAM PARENT, Box 414, Buckingham, Quebec.

Why suffer for years with backache, nervousness and other ailments common to women from early life to middle age, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will give you relief?

In a recent country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, over 250,000 replies were received, and 98 out of every 100 reported they were benefited by its use.

FRIDJOF NANSEN.

First Man to Have Picture on an International Stamp.

To Dr. Fridjof Nansen, Norwegian explorer and hero of innumerable Arctic adventures and subsequently one of the world's greatest humanitarians, has gone the honor of having his face on the first "international stamp," which has just been issued by the League of Nations, International Labor Office and High Commission for Refugees.

A bas-relief of the celebrated explorer, who was responsible for the repatriation of a half million German and Austrian war prisoners buried in Siberia, and who subsequently engineered the exchange of populations between Turkey and Greece, thereby saving additional thousands of Christians from massacre and starvation, decorates the five gold franc stamp which will be placed on the Nansen passports to be given to around 1,000,000 refugees now drifting about Europe.

Nansen is one of Europe's most picturesque characters and is a well-known figure around international circles in Geneva, where he is an ardent supporter of the league. In fact, he has been one of the pillars of the organization since its founding, rankling with Woodrow Wilson, Leon Bourgeois, Hjalmar Branting and Gen. Jan Smuts.

Tall, weather-beaten Viking that he is, Nansen resembles nothing so much as a lumbering polar bear among which he spent so many years of his early life while seeking the North Pole. His hair is snowy white and grizzled, with head partially bald, disclosing a massive dome. Beneath shaggy brows his eyes are piercing like an eagle's and his chin and jaws are like those of a prize-fighter. But despite his rugged and even bellicose appearance he is as gentle as a woman, and has a heart big enough to hold the entire world. At least big enough to have led him to his task of salvaging more human derelicts than any other man in history.

Getting the half million German and Austrian prisoners out of Russia was no small task, especially in the days when the Bolsheviks looked upon all Europeans and Americans as blood enemies. But Nansen went unmolested into Moscow, talked face to face with Lenin and Trotzky and won them over so far as the humanitarian objectives of the league were concerned. He not only brought the ex-enemies of the Russians out of the trackless Siberian wastes, but he turned around and extended aid and comfort to a million area-en rales of the Bolsheviks who were marooned in Europe without incurring the enmity of the rulers in the Kremlin.

To Nansen there is no such thing as "Red" and "White" an "enemy," or a "friend." Anyone in need is a friend to him, be he monarchist or communist, Moslem or Christian, Aryan or Turk.

To-day there are more than a million derelicts wandering around Europe. Russians who cannot or will not call Russia as their country; Armenians who cannot return to the Caucasus, Greeks marooned in Asia Minor and Bulgaria and a million driven from Dardanelles and Pale-Greece, Turkish citizens of that country in which they are located, they cannot move across a border in search of work because of lack of identification papers. Nansen, the Refugee Commission originated the "Nansen Passport" which is now recognized by nearly forty countries. The Nansen passport the only assistance made out to one who apply for them identification cards, and the money raised by donations will go into revolving fund to be used in solving the refugees who cannot take advantage of the laws, or in transporting colonists to Canada, the Argentine or more favorable parts of Europe. The stamps are to be affixed to "passport" yearly, thereby bringing in a revolving fund of around $1,000,000.

HAS TWO LEGAL HUSBANDS.

This Is Implication of Mrs. Andrew McNair's Case In Calgary.

That a woman legally may have two husbands at the one time is the implication in a decision handed down recently by Mr Justice Ives of the Supreme Court of Alberta, but this deadly can only exist under certain circumstances, such as those obtaining in the case of Mrs. Andrew H. McNair, whose case was before the Alberta court. Mrs. Edith Isabel McNair got a divorce from her husband, a Canadian citizen and resident, in the state of Oregon and remarried there. McNair subsequently applied to the Alberta courts for a divorce and obtained an order to this effect, the judge holding that Mrs. McNair's Oregon divorce was not to be recognized by the Alberta courts. At the same time Mrs. McNair's second marriage was quite legal in Oregon, so that at the one time she had one husband recognized by the American court and another recognized by the Canadian courts.

Here are the circumstances.

An American divorce in order to be valid and binding must be granted by a court having jurisdiction, that is a court in the domicile of the parties, and mere residence in any one of the States of the union for a required time does not in itself constitute domicile. This is the important effect of a judgment handed down by Mr Justice Ives.

The judgment practically settles the question that divorces procured by persons of Canadian domicile in American States have no effect in Canada.

The husband on hearing of his wife's marriage commenced action for divorce in Alberta and the trial came on for hearing some months ago. At the conclusion of the evidence judgment was reserved by the trial judge on the question as to whether the wife, being apparently complied with the laws of the State of Oregon as to residence and obtained a divorce there, was in a position to contract a legal marriage with her second husband.

Argument and authorities were submitted by counsel for the plaintiff husband, that the State of Oregon, not being the matrimonial domicile of the married pair, the courts of that State had no jurisdiction according to British laws to dissolve the marriage and that the wife's American divorce, even though valid in that State, could have no effect insofar as the courts of this Province are concerned, and that the husband was accordingly entitled to the dissolution of his marriage on his action taken in this Province.

The trial judge granted a decree nisi dissolving the marriage, to become absolute in three months, and granted the custody of the one child to the plaintiff husband.

A Royal Privilege.

While the ex-Kaiser, who is unable to find a publisher for his sermons, is a mere layman, our own King, says Tit-Bits, holds a clerical appointment entitling him to preach. His Majesty is a Prebendary of St. David's Cathedral, receives one pound per annum in respect of that office, and is entitled thereby to preach in the cathedral—but only once a year.

A HONEYMOON TANGLE

SOLDIER-MUSICIAN LOOKS BACK AND LAUGHS.

Lieut.-Col. J. Mackenzie-Rogan Tells Some Funny Stories In His Book, "Fifty Years of Army Music" — A Lover In Disguise.

Seeing a soldier at work on a regimental garden in India and wishing to get first-hand information as to the popularity of gardening among his men, a certain general went over to him and began chatting in a casual way.

The "Tommy" had not the least suspicion who his questioner was, and when asked if the men liked gardening replied quite candidly: "Well, I can't say as they do, sir. But the general here is a funny old chap, and we do it to please him. Y'see, if the gardens be all right he never finds fault with other things!"

This story is told in "Fifty Years of Army Music," a witty book of reminiscences by Lieut.-Col. J. Mackenzie-Rogan, who was once referred to as the "Tipperary Highlander," because his father was Irish and his mother Scottish.

He enlisted as a band boy in 1867, rose to be Director of Music to the Coldstream Guards and Senior Director of Music to the Brigade of Guards, whilst he is the only soldier-musician honored by the rank of Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.

At an hotel in the West Country the author retired to bed at about 9.30 p.m., after a long day's journey, and was soon fast asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a lady pulling at his arm. "Jack!" she cried (his name is Jack), "what do you mean, leaving me downstairs and going to bed? I don't believe you love me a bit. It's all a sham." In a deep-toned voice the musician managed to falter: "Madam, what do you want in my room?" There was a wild shriek, and, tearing open the door, the lady bolted out.

The hotel manager explained afterwards that a honeymoon couple had that morning given up the room he occupied and had gone on to an adjacent town. Failing to get a room there they had returned and, by mistake, the booking clerk told them that the room they had given up in the morning was still vacant.

Another good story concerns the punishment of "drumming out" of the army, which has now been abolished. In "drumming out" the defaulter, after being stripped of his stripes and decorations, even his buttons, was marched round the ranks with a rope round his neck held by a drummer-boy. On one occasion a defaulter, when he reached the last man in the parade, turned to the colonel and called out in a loud voice, "You have a very fine battalion, colonel! Dismiss them, please, and let them have a drink all round at my expense!" What the colonel said is not recorded.

The musicians of a certain regiment once gave a performance of a well-known Irish drama in which the "leading lady" — a good-looking drummer—played the part of an Irish colleen. Kathleen was bidding her lover Terence a last farewell, he being in a prison cell and under sentence of death.

It was a pathetic scene and, up to this point, admirably acted. But when Terence was about to embrace Kathleen, the latter broke away from him, exclaiming: "Ah, sure, don't be a fool, but just go and find the rale thing to kiss, and don't be after throwin' it away on the likes o' me!" This fairly brought down the house.

A happy-go-lucky ensign once joined Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie-Rogan's battalion and was allotted an old soldier as his servant. The young officer constantly forgot his duties and, to save his master, the old servant frequently dressed in his uniform, turned out the guard at night, and even collected reports at "tattoo" without being detected. The servant became enamored of the daughter of a well-to-do farmer living nearby, dressed up in his master's uniform, and secured a footing in the farmer's household.

One day he was ordered to a musketry camp at a distance, and the sudden cessation of his visits caused the young lady to send a note to the barracks addressed to the happy-go-lucky ensign, who, always ready for an adventure, answered the appeal in person. The servant got the sack, but the officer became friendly with the maid, and it looked like matrimony until the matter came to the knowledge of his senior officer who speedily ended the romance.

Illustrating Tommy Atkins' love of dog-fighting, the story is told of a fire in a thatched bungalow in the lines of a regiment in India. The men turned out and, by mounting the roof and tearing away the thatch, localized the fire and prevented it from spreading.

The Commissioner of the District was on the spot admiring the fine work of the men—when two dogs began to fight. To a man the soldiers stopped to watch the fun. Meanwhile the fire started again, and not only destroyed the bungalow but five others as well.

A regiment was leaving a Mediterranean station for India, and the colonel commanding, who had an aversion for popular tunes but knew them only by name, gave orders that the band must only play "God Save the Queen." The first lieutenant of the ship, however, instructed them first to play "Rule, Britannia!" which was done, and the colonel instantly stood to attention and saluted. Noticing that he was the only one to do so, he called the adjutant and said: "Why the divil are the men not standing to Attention and why are the officers not saluting when the National Anthem is being played?"

Wood as Auto Fuel.

A motor truck that uses waste wood as fuel was exhibited recently at a meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science. Gas was generated on board the motor from small blocks of wood and was used in an engine that can also run on liquid fuel if it is necessary. The vehicle is thus its own gas plant. Its manufacturers claim that it runs fifty miles on a quarter's worth of fuel.

War Monument Destroyed.

The gigantic monument at Eberhahn, in the Westerwald mountains, which was erected to commemorate the farthest point reached by the United States troops during their advance into Germany, has been blown up with dynamite. Permission was given for the destruction of the monument when the Rhineland Commission were notified that the site was required for building purposes.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOODS MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, LONDON, ONT.

WORLD'S OLDEST SWANNERY.

Are Devoted to Locality Rather Than to Those Who Feed Them.

For almost a thousand years there has been a swannery on one of the wildest sections of the Dorsetshire coast, England, about half way between Bridport and Weymouth, at the ancient village of Abbotsbury.

On a hilltop are the remains of a Benedictine chapel, though of the great Abbey of which it was part, the Abbey that owned the swannery nearly a thousand years ago, there is no trace other than a gateway, a vast tithe barn and a few ruins.

But throughout the centuries the swans have remained faithful to the land that belonged to the Order, probably because the long fleet that is separated by Chesil Beach from the sea affords in its brackish waters an ample store of the grasses on which they live and thrive, and the fleet is fed by runnels of fresh water at which they drink.

To-day the swannery is the property of Lord Ilchester, and the number of adult birds engaged just now in domestic operations is over 800. How many cygnets will be added to the flock when the year's final reckoning is taken none can say, because the mortality among the young is very high, but the numbers remain round about four figures, in spite of the sales of adult birds, which fetch $25 a pair.

Swans are said to live almost as long as ravens, and the record among the marked birds shows that they live for over forty years. Swans that come to an untimely end are skinned, and the skin when dry is sold for the swans' down.

To study the swan in domesticity at Abbotsbury is to realize the extraordinary devotion of the couples. They are monogamous; the same birds pair year after year. The females lay half a dozen eggs, and while she broods them by day her companion is often by her side and broods them through the night, when his mate feeds.

The young are supplied with a mixture of boiled wheat, maize and barley but the grown birds can fend for themselves, save when the fleet is frozen in severe winters, and then they, too, have corn. The cygnets do not breed before their third year.

Old swans fly to a great distance, and it is a fine sight to see a score or more rise from the fleet. They have been recognized by their markings as far away as Poole and Bournemouth, and they pass unmolested over large tracts of country, for the swan is still a royal bird, and a heavy penalty attaches to its destruction.

It may be doubted whether there is in all England a swannery that can rival Abbotsbury in its situation and in the faithfulness with which the birds maintain a tradition. Yet their devotion is to a locality rather than to those who tend them, and in spite of the fact that there are two keepers in attendance all the time they remain aloof and unfriendly, ready to attack and intolerant of strangers.

Abbotsbury swannery draws many strangers, chiefly from Weymouth, while a few venture the rough coast road from Bridport and are rewarded with a view of miles of golden sand quite innocent of visitors, stretching to a sea whose summer coloring could shame the Mediterranean.

At the corner of the swannery is a decoy, one of the very few that are at work in England to-day. The wildfowl that alight on the centre pond are attracted down the pipes by means of corn which is thrown over the surrounding pallisades and so lured under the netting to their death. As many as 1,500 birds are taken to a season by this method.

GOAT RAISING IN B. C.

Herds Are Steadily Increasing In Numbers.

Goat raising in British Columbia may now be considered as permanently established, writes A. A. MacMillan, of the Sheep and Goat Division, Ottawa. Herds are steadily increasing in numbers, methods of management and feeding are improving, housing accommodation is much better and market demand for goat stock and goat's milk is growing in volume from year to year.

Any one who has taken the time and trouble to study the extent of the goat industry in the province cannot help but be impressed with the quality of the stock and the revenue which goat breeders are making from their herds.

There are always several main reasons why any industry flourishes. In the case of goats the province is admirably suited to their habits. The climate is not severe and there is abundance of shrubs and underbrush which provides ample browsing at all seasons of the year. Combined with these natural attributes of the province a supply of good alfalfa or clover hay is readily obtainable. Oats, bran and oilcake which comprise the basic grain and meal ration for milking does or growing stock are also available at market prices. To the casual observer goat raising just seems to fit into British Columbia conditions.

Another reason for the popularity of goats on the coast, in fact anywhere, is their docility and the fact that they can be easily handled by children. Wherever there are children they are loyal supporters of the milking does. The boys and girls take them out to browse and pasture. They know their likes and dislikes. They do the milking and feeding. Milking does and kids seem to respond equally as well to the attentions which they receive from their youthful owners, and are inevitably boon companions. The goat develops in the children a love for animals quickly and more permanently than any other animal.

Adaptability to conditions and likeable qualities, while very excellent in themselves, would not likely stand the test of time unless supplemented with revenue-producing qualities. There are good and poor milking strains of goats, but by a rigid process of selection British Columbia goat breeders are selecting does that milk well.

Was Invented by a Barber Over Two Thousand Years Ago.

The organ was invented over two thousand years ago when a barber in Alexandria discovered that in moving his mirror air was forced through the tubes which were common in mirrors at that time. This caused a curious sound to be emitted.

So struck was the barber by this peculiarity that he set about making an instrument that proved to be the foundation of the modern organ. In 951 an organ was erected at Winchester. It had twenty-six bellows and ten pipes to each key. The two men who sat at the keyboard "blew and sweated enoramously."

Later, a firm of organ-makers in Germany succeeded in erecting the first really big instrument. The primary stops did not differ much from those of to-day, although various novelties were introduced. These included such innovations as the nightingale and cuckoo stops, whilst others represented cock-crowing and goat-bleating. It was not until the nineteenth century that the problem of the regulation of air pressure was solved.

"JANEY CANUCK'S" COURAGE

It is one of the strongest traits of human nature that once a stand has been adopted on a controversial question only those things which are favorable to that stand are considered to be important. Having weighed the pros and cons of a debatable matter and having arrived at a conclusion on it it is considered the proper, as perhaps it is also only the natural, thing to become the advocate of that conclusion and, in the partiality thus engendered, to fail to see any good in the side which has been rejected. Of course, looked at coldly we all see the error of this and perhaps each of us, while recognizing the failing in others, considers himself or herself free from it; but take any controversial subject and then see how we stand. Further, the more interested we become in the controversy the stronger will grow our partiality adn the greater our prejudice.

That much of the truth is thus lost is undeniable; but, perhaps, the greatest harm of all comes from this source, which in most cases is absolutely honest and sincere, but from what is really a form of cowardice: namely a determination not to admit that one is wrong when one knows very well that he is. How seldom, even in private affairs among friends, is there that generous willingness to admit that the facts are against us and that our friend was right, but when it comes to public affairs how very, very much more seldom does this occur. "What I have said I have said" is the usual attitude, and while for a moment that may look a brave and bold attitude to adopt only a little reflection is needed to show how intrinsically base and mean it is. All credit to the person who, having seen the error of his statements, has the courage publicly to say so. The change of opinion denotes not weakness but strength.

These thoughts are engendered by an article which a contemporary has been carrying containing an interview with the well-known "Janey Canuck."

"Janey Canuck" in private life is Mrs. Emily I. Murphy, of Edmonton, Alberta, and she has for long had distinction and authority among the women of Canada. Her books are widely read, she has been active in many moral, social and patriotic movements and as Police Magistrate and Judge of the Juvenile Court for the Province of Alberta has won a reputation for sound judgment and wise but sympathetic treatment of offenders.

Mrs. Murphy has been president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada and of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and vice-president of the National Council of Women, of the Social Service Council of Canada, of the Canadian Association of Child Protection workers, and of the Canadian Committee on Social Hygiene. Because of her experience as a magistrate, her connection with so many healing and reforming agencies, and her proved courage and independence, I sought an interview with Mrs. Murphy in order to discover her attitude towards the system of Government Control of Liquor in Alberta.

In considering the interview in question we are not of course primarily concerned with whether Mrs. Murphy is now right or not. The subject is one which, with all respect to Mrs. Murphy's new opinions, is for each individual to settle for himself or herself, and for that reason we are not going to reproduce the whole article, but the following extract will probably furnish ground on which the majority of people can meet:

"So long as liquor is manufactured, it cannot be eliminated. Every quart distilled or brewed under Government inspection or control will find a consumer. It is meant to find a consumer.

"The same is true of the illicitly distilled or compounded stuff, unless it be found by the police.

"Personally, I am one who claims that neither whiskey nor beer are hygienic drinks. We would be vastly better without them—better physically, mentally and morally."

There will also be general agreement with Mrs. Murphy when she says: "There is no doubt that education along temperance lines is having an immensely powerful effect, and that one day the gospel of abstinence will gain a vastly greater hold upon our Canadian people." The utterances to which she commits herself later on, however, will not be received with so little question, but there is no gainsaying the transparent sincerity of "Janey Canuck," and while we may not agree with her conclusions there will be no desire to withhold our admiration for the frank honesty and courage which characterize her views. Telling her own story, Mrs. Murphy says, "Before Government Control became the law of Alberta, I opposed it vigorously, both on the platform and by my pen. I was fearful that our last state would be worse than our first. It seemed only logical that if the restrictions were removed there would be more drunkenness and crime. No living person could persuade me to the contrary. I had a fine line of arguments on the subject, too.

"After a period of several years, in which I have been called upon to enforce the present Liquor Control Act, both as a city and provincial magistrate, I am bound to acknowledge that my fears were largely unfounded. There was not even a rush of inebrity as I had predicted, the people showing a remarkable degree of restraint. The condition has steadily improved—again I saw, not from any degree of spiritual enrichment on the part of our people, but because the law was well conceived, and is being well enforced."

We suppose in this matter Mrs. Murphy would be the first to say that she was speaking for herself alone, and we are content to leave her views at that; but we feel refreshed at encountering a person of her prominence with the courage she shows herself to possess.

Camera as Detective.

An interesting discovery in photography is now being used by the French police in their work of criminal investigation. It has been found useful to impregnate the skin of the fingers of criminals, or other suspected persons, with a preparation containing a lead compound. This remains on the lines of the skin.

When an X-ray photograph is taken, not only is the finger-print shown in detail, but also the structure of the bones. The bones of the fingers furnish even more possible clues to the identification of criminals than finger-prints. Police official of other countries are taking an interest in this new discovery.

Walking-Stick Collector.

Collecting walking-sticks is the hobby of a New York man. He has 880 sticks of different woods or different colors or markings, and sometimes spends months in finding just the right handle for a new specimen.

How's This For Reception

Read these two unsolicited [illegible] Rogers Batteryless Radio Sets [illegible] *aerials*. Just "plug in" [illegible] same satisfaction and certainty [illegible]

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From W. A. Phipps, Grimsby, Ont.
"Last Saturday we logged [illegible]
Los Angeles. We have found [illegible]

From Mr. J. S. Howard, 30 Queen St. South Kitchener, Ont.
"Here's a good one for the Rogers [illegible]
"The other night, Sunday, Oct. [illegible]
Rogers Radio Batteryless Set, [illegible]
dial. Just half a point further [illegible]
both of these stations WITHOUT [illegible]
"So you see, if anybody tries [illegible]
Rogers Set, we have evidence [illegible]

Cavell Battery Service
PHONE 245 MILTON.

THIS IS A BATTERYLESS YEAR — UNIFORM EVERLASTING POW

A DRAMA OF THE MOORS

Eagle Lost Its Grouse and Hunters Their Stag.

It was a perfect day for deer-stalking as the men made their way over the moors. The head stalker was scanning the surrounding country, and up on the side of the mountain he saw several fine stags. One, a little apart from its companions, had a specially fine head, and it was this animal he intended to stalk.

For several hundred yards the stalker and one companion had to crawl over the rough ground. If they had shown themselves in any way the herd would have been off, and it would not have been possible to come up to them again that day. So, if these wild stags of the mountains of Scotland once see an enemy, or obtain scent of him, it is as well to give up stalking them and try another herd, writes Oliver G. Pike, F.Z.S., in Tit-Bits.

The two hunters were endeavoring to reach a large boulder, and, as there was a stretch of open land to negotiate, they had to lie full length on the ground and drag themselves very slowly through the heather, which gave little shelter. However, they accomplished their task, and before attempting to fire at the stag they had a well-earned rest to steady themselves.

Up on the crags above a great bird was sitting. He was searching the moor beneath for food. His keen eyes took in all that vast wasteland, but he had failed to see the stalkers. As the latter made their way to the boulder they roused a grouse, but fortunately it did not fly directly towards the stags, otherwise all their stalking would have been in vain.

As the grouse made its way down the moor, the eagle above saw it. He left his perch with a glorious dive, and a few sweeps of his powerful wings brought him nearer to it. The stags lifted their heads for a moment or two and watched the chase, then went on with their grazing, for with them these dramas of the wilds were a daily occurrence. Before the grouse could reach shelter it was struck down, and the eagle, picking up its prey, flew leisurely back to a knoll near the stags.

The hunters had not seen this moorland drama, and now decided to try for their stag. The rifle was prepared, and carefully and slowly the two men raised their heads. The sight that presented itself to them was astonishing. The magnificent stag that they hoped to obtain was galloping over the moor, with a great bird, its wings raised, riding on its back! The stag, with its feathered jockey, travelled several hundred yards; then the eagle rose and glided gracefully back to the spot where the hunters had hoped to find their stag. Directly it settled, they jumped up and drove the bird off. While the eagle had been in the act of plucking its prey, the stag had no doubt approached too closely, and the eagle, not trusting it, had decided to drive it off. It was successful in doing this, but it lost its grouse, and the men lost their stag!

RED ROSE TEA
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Order your grocer's best, he'll usually send Red Rose

Little Girls' Game Causes Heartache To Lonely Mother

Two little girls sat at a window playing a game they make believe playing a game. They see coming up the street a lonely woman coming home to an empty house. They watch her until she turns in at the gate and then open gets almost [illegible] the one they their hopes it is really the one they long to see. They firmly believe that some day their wonderful dreams will come true. Mother knows of this game, and she is doing her best to make it come out right; but just at present she is having no small struggle to stay on this earth at all. She is taking the rest cure at the Muskoka Hospital, but has allowed herself to become so greatly run down that there isn't much left of her for the kindly nurses and doctors to work upon. The wonderful quiet of the great hospital, and the care she is getting, are so [illegible] to her worried mind and body. Some day she longs to be with her little daughters again. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

HAPPY FAMILY REUNION

A very pleasant event took place Sunday of last week when Mr. [illegible] King, of Campbellville, surrounded his four sons and six daughters [illegible] their husbands and wives, twenty [illegible] grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, held a family reunion at the home of his eldest daughter, Mrs. G. T. Wilson, of Knatchbull, and enjoyed a real Thanksgiving dinner. The family circle includes Mr. J. King, Midland; Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Hancock, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Coulson, Milton; Mr. and Mrs. Harry King, and Mrs. Ernest Jay, Lowville, Mr. and Mrs. Charles King, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace King, Campbellville, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Darby and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Wilson, Knatchbull.

DIED

Littley—At Actor, on Nov. 8th, Ada Lucy Littley.

Newton—At Sarnia, on Oct. 30, Isaac Newton, formerly of Limehouse, aged 72 years.