

PEOPLE'S STORE

Always the Best

HATS AND SUITS!

Overcoats now in—black, gray, striped or checked, with
College Collar is a nice fitting Overcoat for young men.

Call and See Our Display of Winter Suits

Good lines in blue and brown striped—something extra.

Sweater Coats For Men

Special line from.....\$1.25 to \$5.00
Ladies'. Large variety for children

Boots and Shoes

A very nifty line for men. A good strong School Shoe for boys and girls. A full stock of Ladies' Shoes always on hand.



DERWEAR--A full stock now on display for men, ladies and children
Fresh Groceries always on hand, the best to be had.

BUTTER, EGGS AND FOWL WANTED

ROBERT BURNETT

Live Sales Small Profits

McKECHNIE'S WEEKLY NEWS

MID-WINTER SALE

of Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes and Clothing

Great Slaughter in Prices for Two Days Only
JANUARY 17th and 18th

- 1000 yards Fine Factory Cotton, worth 12½c., for 8c. per yd.
- Comforters, large size, worth \$1.50, for 98c.
- Pillows, size 20 x 26, worth per pair \$1.50, for 95c.
- Flannelette Blankets 10¼ 98c., 11¼ \$1.19, 12¼ \$1.30.
- Men's Sweater Coats, worth \$1.50, for \$1.00.
- Women's Sweater Coats, worth \$3.00, for \$2.29.
- 1000 yards Finest Table Linen, worth 75c., for 45c. per yd.
- English Flannelette, 1 yard wide, worth 15c., for 11c.
- Best 32-inch Print, in all colors, worth 12½c., for 8 1-2c.
- Men's Fine Blue Serge Suits, all sizes, worth \$15.00, for \$8.95.
- Men's College Overcoats, worth \$15.00, for \$9.50.
- Boys' Tweed Worsteds Suits, worth \$4.00, for \$2.98
- Lumbermen's Rubbers, one buckle, \$1.25.
- Lumbermen's Rubbers, Snag Proof, \$1.59
- Lumbermen's Rubbers, three lace, \$1.79.
- Men's Plain Overs.....59c.
- Women's Plain Overs.....55c.

G. & J. McKechnie

Birth of Aeronautics.
It was on Aug. 1, 1783, that the Scotchman Black of Edinburgh filled a little bag with hydrogen gas and watched it rise to the ceiling of his room, and it was right then and there that the science of aeronautics was born. Cavendish had only a little while before proved that hydrogen gas was about eleven times lighter than common air, and it occurred to Black that, such being the case, a light bag inflated with it would ascend. The experiment in his room in Edinburgh showed that his surmise was correct. It was not long after Black made his demonstration that Montgolfier sent a silken balloon up into the heavens and watched it careening through space, and the following year, 1783, the Montgolfiers—Joseph and Stephen—made a successful ascent in a balloon. The same year Charles ascended in a hydrogen balloon to the height of 9,770 feet. Ballooning was a success, and in an amazingly short time it became popular in all lands.—New York American.

Tennyson's Carelessness.
Tennyson, like Thackeray, seems to have been careless about his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote to Coventry Patmore from the Isle of Wight telling him that he could not find a "book of elegies—a long, butcher ledger-like book," and that he had some obscure remembrance of lending it to Patmore. "If so," he concluded, "all is well; if not, will you go to my old chambers and substitute a vigorous inquiry?" Patmore, not having the book, went to Mornington Place, but was assured by the landlady that no such article had been left there. He insisted, however, on going to his friend's old rooms, "up two pair of stairs," to search, and there in a small cupboard where Tennyson had kept bread and tea and butter he found the lost "book of elegies"—the manuscript of "In Memoriam."—London Spectator.

A Poet Who Dreaded Fire.
Thomas Gray, author of the "Elegy," had a weakness in the form of a nervous dread of fire. His chamber at St. Peter's college, Cambridge, being on the second floor, he thought it likely that in case of a fire his exit by the stairs might be cut off. He therefore caused an iron bar to be fixed by arms projecting from the outside of his window, designing by a rope attached thereto to descend in the event of a fire occurring. This excessive caution led to a practical joke by his fellows. One midnight a party of students thundered at his door with loud cries of "Fire, fire!" The nervous poet flew to his window and slid down the rope to the ground, where he was hailed with shouts of laughter. The window, with its iron apparatus, is still shown, it is said. Gray's delicate nature was so shocked by this rough joke that he changed his lodgings.

Practice With Wooden Legs.
Of the five cases in the accident ward that were pronounced cured at the same time three remained in the hospital more than a week after the other two had gone home. "They had to stay," said an interne, "to get used to their wooden legs. It takes some time to learn to manage wooden legs, and most men who will have to peg along with them for the rest of their natural lives stay in the hospital several days after they get well to practice stumping around on their new legs. Of course they can learn outside, but the man who has just acquired a wooden leg feels so awkward and is so likely to fall down and break the other leg or an arm or maybe his neck that we prefer to keep him here so he can take his first lessons under our supervision."—New York Times.

The Funny Penguins.
Of all the foreign birds to be seen in zoological collections it is the penguins that gain the most popularity with the least attempt to do so, says a writer in the London Graphic, who proceeds: They do not affably converse with the public like parrots or make grotesque grimaces like pelicans. Indeed, they studiously ignore the visitors whom they attract by their inimitably quaint caricature of humanity. No birds depart more in form from the usual bird type, and there is something about them which irresistibly suggests an overfed little boy in an overcoat with the sleeves very much too tight for him as they toddle about with their stiff wings hanging down or solemnly meditate a three inch jump.

A Dangerous Wound.
Senator Robert L. ("Fiddling Bob") Taylor told about a man in the backwoods of Tennessee who applied for a pension for a gunshot wound. An examining surgeon of the medical board stripped and examined him, ejaculating finally: "Old man, we cannot find a single blemish on your hide. Where were you shot during the war?" The old man said, "Well, gentlemen, I was shot in the substitute."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Real Smart Dog.
Mr. Brown—Is that dog of yours smart? Mr. Ridge—Smart? Well, I should think so. I was going out with him yesterday, and I stopped and said, "Towser, we've forgotten something." And bothered if he didn't sit down and scratch his head to see if he could think what it was.—Stray Stories.

Boswell and Johnson.
"I am sometimes troubled," said Boswell, "by a disposition to stinginess." "So am I," replied Johnson, "but I do not tell it."

Make your practice square with your profession.

When Surgery Was Cruelty.
The extreme clumsiness and cruelty with which operations were performed even subsequent to the fifteenth century would scarcely be credited had we not authentic descriptions of them by the operators. Thus Fabricius of Aquapendente (1537-1619), the eminent professor at Padua and preceptor of the immortal Harvey, describes what he considered an improved and easy operation in the following terms: "If it be a movable tumor I cut it away with a red-hot knife that sears as it cuts, but if it be adhered to the chest I cut without bleeding or pain with a wooden or horn knife soaked in aqua fortis, with which, having cut the skin, I dig out the rest with my fingers." When the surgeons of Edinburgh were incorporated it was required as a prerequisite that they should be able to read and write, "to know the anatomy, nature and complexion of everie member of humanis body and likewise to know all waynes of the same, that he may make fewbotemie in due time."

Buying a Dog.
Buying a dog is not so easy as it looks, there is so much "faking." A good Irish terrier, for instance, should have a stiff, wiry coat, a pronounced red color, a long, narrow head, small eyes and ears which hang down. The ears of a bull terrier, an Aberdeen terrier or a Yorkshire terrier should stick up. But be careful that the wily dealer has not produced this effect with cardboard. A bulldog should have a shovel shaped mouth, with the under jaw protruding upward, and a wide chest. There are one or two things to look out for in buying a dog. Some dealers try to palm off an old dog as a young one by scraping his yellow teeth, which show signs of age, and painting his gray muzzle. Bright eyes are often produced by a smear of vaseline and a cold nose produced by Stockholm tar. But you can detect the presence of these aids by smell.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Famous Welsh Fortress.
Carnarvon castle is the most splendid specimen of medieval military architecture surviving in Britain, not excepting Alnwick. Art and beauty were combined with strength by De Eifreton, the architect, who had been commanded to construct a palace within an impregnable fortress. Whether the mean little passage chamber in the Eagle tower was the birthplace of the infant prince whom Edward I. made the medium of such a grim practical joke upon the Welsh seems doubtful, but the main story may still be true. Every famous soldier who helped to make history in this corner of Britain has played some part within or without the walls of Carnarvon castle. It has been starved into surrender, but never captured by force of arms and can therefore claim to be considered a "virgin fortress."—Westminster Gazette.

Gloves and Kings.
Gloves have always been connected with royalty. When the tomb of King John was opened a century ago it was discovered that his hands were gloved. In France the gloves worn by the king at the coronation were consecrated by the officiating bishop, and at English coronations a glove is thrown down as a challenge to any one to dispute the royal title. When George II. was crowned an unknown Jacobite came forward and lifted the glove on behalf of the absent Stuart, and at the coronation of Edward VII. the Duke of Norfolk handed to his majesty a pair embroidered with the ducal arms because a manor connected with the duke's inheritance is held by the service of presenting the monarch with a right hand glove on the day of the coronation.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

A Battleship's Eyes.
In the design and equipment of Uncle Sam's newer battleships no feature is more noticeable than the facilities afforded for observation by the officers and men stationed on the bridge—observations of the beacons and other aids to navigation, but more especially observations of the movements of a supposed enemy. On the bridge and on the "fire control" tower overhead are to be found artificial aids for the "eyes of the battleship," ranging all the way from old fashioned glasses to the powerful telescopes and kindred annihilators of distance that are too large to be supported at arm's length and manipulated after the fashion of the spyglasses of the ancient mariner.—Detroit Free Press.

Saved Himself.
Uncle Mose, a plantation negro, was being asked about his religious affiliations. "I's a preacher, sah," he said. "Do you mean," asked the astonished questioner, "that you preach the gospel?" Mose felt himself getting into deep water. "No, sah," he said. "Ah touches that subject very light."—Success Magazine.

Brine.
Brine boils at 225 degrees F., and at this degree fine salt is formed. At 165 degrees F. common salt results and fishery, or large grained, at 110 degrees F. The salt crystallizes on the surface of the brine in the pans, floats a little and then sinks to the bottom, leaving it free from fresh crystals.

Pressed For Time.
Judge Knott—Why did you rob this man in broad daylight? Prisoner—I couldn't help it, your honor. I had an engagement every night that week.

Every man should keep a fair sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—Beecher.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.
On Saturday noon M. M. Man, a resident of Derby, was crushed to death by a large tree which fell on him. The tree was a large one, and the man was standing under it when it fell. He was killed instantly. The tree was a large one, and the man was standing under it when it fell. He was killed instantly. The tree was a large one, and the man was standing under it when it fell. He was killed instantly.

DIAGNOSING THE CONFED'S CASE.
The Harrison Review in one of its recent issues says: "Always inclined to be a bit peevish, the results of the two recent elections seemed to have entirely spoiled the temper of the Mt. Forest confederate. He needs a course of treatment. His liver is all bilged up and his other grorets are half stewed. The newspaper medicine men are prescribing for Brer. Wright do not seem to be able to diagnose the case right. The Pal. Spectator says cod liver oil, the Arthur Enterprise thinks blisters are good and proceeds to apply them. The Rep. opines its on his mind, and the Durham Chronicle says "rats." Well, we know his tongue is coated with vitrol anyway. "Stop 'chewing the rag' about the elections. It's no good and displays a narrow bigoted nature."

C P R BRANCH FOR COLLINGWOOD.
According to the report issued in Toronto regarding the 1912 program of the C. P. R. Collingwood to have a branch of the C. P. R. proposed line will be an extension from the Port Burwell-Ingersoll and will run through Embro, Stock, Sheakespeare, Linwood, and Dundalk, reaching Collingwood by Pretty River Valley. This line constructed will give very much improved railway transportation to Collingwood and other Simcoe points from here. Other proposed extensions include the alternate Toronto-Montreal route, from Toronto to Belleville, Hamilton to St. Catharines, St. Mary's to Lake Huron possibly at Simla, and St. Mary's to Goderich.—Owen Sound Sun.

GOLDEN WEDDING.
An event rather out of the ordinary took place on Jan. 1st at Hampden, when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Byers celebrated their golden wedding. They were surrounded by their family and their grandchildren, the following members being present: Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Byers, of Hampden; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lyons, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Little, of Ayr; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Collinson, of Dundas. It is seldom an occasion of this kind is celebrated, when they are surrounded by their family of children and grandchildren in such an unbroken chain as in the present case, there being but a single missing member of each. Mr. and Mrs. Byers are among the pioneers of Normandy, having settled away back in the early sixties on the farm on which they are at present living. Mr. Byers was born in Auld Scotia and came to this country when a young man, Harriet Carr, his wife, is a Canadian, being born in the city of Hamilton. In their journey through life they have witnessed many changes and have seen the companions of their early toil one by one pass to their reward. Mr. Byers being the only living member of a family of twelve. They have seen the township of Normandy change from a vast wilderness of forest into one of the finest farming sections of this fair province, and the old log shanties gradually disappear, and the palatial mansions which now adorn the landscape rise in their stead. At the close of a very interesting evening the following address was read by their son, Michael W. Byers, and the chairs were presented by Mrs. W. E. Lyons and Mrs. John H. Little. The guests all joined in congratulations to the bride and groom of fifty summers, and in hopes that they be spared to celebrate their diamond wedding at a future date.

Dear Parents:—It gives us great pleasure to be gathered together to celebrate this, the fiftieth anniversary, your golden wedding. It has pleased God to spare you and prosper you, and has again permitted us to be gathered together on this occasion, in an almost complete chain of relations, there being only one missing link. Doubtless the labor and trouble we caused you was often hard to bear, but you bore it with true paternal fortitude, and we trust you have the satisfaction of seeing the results of your care over us. Though we can never repay you for all your pains with us, we feel we would indeed be ungrateful if we were to allow this occasion to pass without in some way showing our gratitude toward you. We would ask you to accept these chairs as a gift from us, and we hope and trust you will long be spared to enjoy your comfort in them, and may the remaining years be golden bright like the pleasant days of autumn.

Michael M. Byers,
Mary J. Byers—Lyons,
Barbara Ann Byers—Little,
Anelia H. Byers—Collinson.