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Oyster Stews,
Fried Oysters
Lunches, Etc.

Also Christie Brown's PLUM PUDDING for sale for Christmas Dinner.

We have a large assortment of Candy and Bon Bons for the Christmas Trade.

CALL AND SEE US BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

E. A. ROWE : Confectioner and Grocer

Spring! Spring!

OUR SPRING GOODS are now arriving and as we have selected our stock from some of the leading Canadian factories, we have no doubt the most up-to-date lines that money can buy:

We are the sole agents' for the Relindo Shoe, formerly known as the J. D. King Shoe, which is the leading shoe for ladies' in style and quality, made on the stage last, short vamps, high heel, Good-year welt in

**Gun Metal Calf,
Tan Calf,
Pat. Calf and Vici Kid**
in blucher or buttoned styles.

We have also a new line for men, known as the "Monarch" Shoe, ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Misses', boys' and youths' fine and heavy shoes at lowest prices. Now is your time to buy cheap rubbers. We have a full stock on hand for spring. Don't fail to see our trunks, suit cases, and travelling bags. All we want is a call at the Big Shoe Store near the bridge.

TERMS—CASH or EGGS.

Come to the Big Shoe Store **THOS. McGRATH** Near the Bridge



A MINUTE'S TIME and a two-cent stamp is all it will cost you to get our big, beautiful Catalogue of everything that is good in Seeds, Plants, Fruits, Implements, Bee Supplies, Poultry Supplies, etc. It contains so much that is good we cannot tell you here, send for it, and judge for yourself. We have twelve big pages of the latest and best introductions, the Cream of the Whole World, and every variety is well worth twice the price we ask. Valuable Premiums also given. You cannot afford to miss the opportunity of seeing what we have to offer you for 1912. **Darch & Hunter Seed Co., Limited,** Dept. 32 London, Ont. 12

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WHEN YOU SWEEP
absorbs the dust, brightens the floor, and cleans your carpet.

One week free trial.
Yours for health,
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ALL GROCERS

"NO MORE DUSTY FRIDAYS"

Packed in Barrels, and Kegs for Stores, Schools and Public Buildings. Sold by

Sold by **W. BLACK.**

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said Capt. Bowsprit. "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues." "Mercy!" cried one of his listeners

of the fair sex, "How could they talk?" "They couldn't!" snapped the old salt, "That's what made 'em wild."—Judge.

TEN SHIPS PERISH TO ONE THAT SURVIVES AFTER HITTING ICEBERG

The Titanic Only One of Many to Founders off the Grand Banks

The appalling disaster to the Titanic emphasizes the fact that the iceberg is an ever-present terror to the mariner of the Atlantic Ocean. One of the most frequent and fruitful causes of accidents is due to the submerged section of an iceberg being caught in the grip of a current, the whole mass moving steadily against wind and sea and crashing into the craft before she can escape. The same circumstance is also not seldom accountable for the remarkable sight, which is sometimes witnessed, of flocks driven one way by the wind, while icebergs cut a wide swath through them in another direction impelled by the currents. It is probable that, where the Titanic sank, the trackless, viewless deep was dotted by icebergs both big and small. And one cannot help realizing what an enormous benefit both to the shipping world and to humanity at large would be some contrivance which would give timely warning of the proximity of these perilous monsters of the sea. Bells, whistles, lights, rockets, and other contrivances, including wireless telegraphy, have done much to obviate the danger of ships colliding with one another. But the peril of the icebergs still remains. And until this has been eliminated, the passage of the Atlantic Ocean must be attended always by a greater or less element of danger—a danger which calls for the greatest care and caution on the part of the navigators of vessels, and which must occasionally, even in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of officers and crews, be responsible for accident and loss of life, such as that at which the whole world stands aghast to-day.

The Immensity of Icebergs

Those people who have never seen an iceberg can form but a faint idea of the grandly impressive splendor of these floating sea castles, endowed with every conceivable grace of outline. When viewed from some vantage point of safety, they excite our awestruck admiration. But fearsome, indeed, are they in the inky blackness of night, or amid the blinding fury of a snow squall, or the ghastly shroud of a sudden fog. Woe to the ship, however staunchly and stoutly built, which tests her strength against these towering crystal cliffs! Icebergs are frequently 500 feet high and half a mile long—indeed there is an authentic record of one which was observed by Dr. Kane's Arctic expeditionary party, and was found to be two and a half miles wide and two and a half miles in length. And the really amazing feature in connection with them is that they show so little of their real bulk—only one-eighth above water. Hence, even when a colossal one is seen, the mind fails to grasp its real significance—the vast bulk concealed below the ocean level. It is only when an iceberg turns turtle, as it is often apt to do, that one gets an idea of its awful immensity. This occurrence is usually the result of one iceberg colliding with another.

The Fatal Shot

Certain it is that for one wounded ship that survives collision with an iceberg there are ten that perish. As long ago as 1841, the steamer President, with a hundred and twenty people aboard, crossing from New York to Liverpool, in the month of March, vanished forever from human ken. In March 1854, the City of Glasgow left Liverpool for Philadelphia with four hundred and eighty passengers, and was never heard of again. In February 1856, the Pacific left Liverpool for New York, carrying a hundred and eighty-five souls, and completely disappeared. A similar fate befell the City of Boston, which left New York for Liverpool in May, 1870, with nearly two hundred souls aboard. It has always been considered practically certain that all the ships mentioned were sunk by collision with icebergs. And as shipping traffic has expanded, the losses have grown more frequent. To give some instances: In February 1892, the Naronic, from Liverpool for New York; in February 1896, the State of Georgia, from Aberdeen for Boston; in February 1899, the Huronian, from Liverpool

for St. John's—all disappeared without leaving a trace of ship, passengers or crew. The same thing can be said of any other ships whose loss, in more recent years, is fresh in the public mind. Between February and May, the North Atlantic is most infested with icebergs, and therefore collision with such is the most feasible explanation of the loss of the above-named steamers, all well manned and in splendid shape, and encountering—apart from icebergs only storms which scores of other ships, not so well found, braved without the slightest injury.

This theory is supported by the accounts given by many crews whose ships have collided with icebergs. For it is noteworthy that while in a real collision of the kind, the ship nearly always perishes many crews have cheated death whose ships have gone under from contact with icebergs. The Polaris, with sixteen persons aboard, was crushed by an iceberg off North Greenland in October 1871. And in the following April the survivors of these sixteen were rescued from an iceberg on the Grand Banks by the Newfoundland sealer Tigress, after having been adrift six months, and having traversed sixteen hundred miles of ocean, on this island of ice. In March 1893, the steamer Diana, rescued the crew of the steamer Castlegate, from Dundee for New York. They were adrift on an iceberg, their ship having been sunk by collision with another iceberg the previous night. In May 1897, the crew of the steamer Windsor Lake, which had also met disaster among the bergs, were taken off by the sealer Labrador, from their perch on an iceberg. In 1900, the steamer Iceland struck a berg, and had the narrowest possible escape of foundering, her bow being completely stove in. When the large cargo boat Concordia was plowing her way out of Belle Isle Strait for Liverpool, she hit a large berg bow on, and tore a gaping rent in her forepart big enough to drive a street car through. Only the very hardest of hard work kept her afloat to reach St. John's.

The Arizona's Wonderful Escape

The Arizona was, in her day, the greyhound of the Atlantic, and the largest ship afloat. Leaving New York for Liverpool in November, 1879, with over five hundred passengers, she was coursing across the Banks with fair weather, though dark, when, near midnight, about two hundred and fifty miles east of St. John's, and going at full speed, she ramméd a monster iceberg. The impact was terrific, and death for all seemed inevitable. But it was found that the forward bulkhead was safe, and the boat she arrived some thirty-six hours later. That little port—which is called the "crippled ship's hospital"—has seen many a strange sight from the sea, but never, it is said, a more astounding spectacle than the Arizona presented. Her deck and forepart were covered with ice weighing over two hundred tons, shattered from the iceberg with which she had collided, and her bows were completely stove in, the gaping wound being more than twenty feet wide, while her massive plates and ribs were crumpled up like so many pieces of cardboard. Her ironwork was twisted into fantastic forms, and her beams and stanchions were shattered. People wonder to this day how it was that she was not ripped apart and sent to the bottom.

The Portia Climbed a Berg

But the story of the Portia is stranger still. She was a steamer that plied between New York and Newfoundland, and her captain was an experienced navigator from St. John's. In June, 1893, while off the Newfoundland coast, a huge iceberg was sighted, and, at the request of the passengers, some of whom were anxious to photograph it, the skipper slowly advanced close to it. Suddenly a jar was felt, the ship grated heavily, a low, rumbling sound was heard, the berg quivered and split asunder, and to the horror of those aboard, the submerged base of the berg, being tossed upwards, caught the Portia as in a cradle, and lifted her clear out of the water. For a moment or two the situation was critical in the extreme. The ship lay, nearly upright in a shelving section of the berg, and if this collected its somersault, she and her company

must meet instant destruction. Fortunately, the weight of hull and cargo checked the upward motion, and sent the berg settling back again. A huge wave caused by the cleavage swept over the berg, and launched the Portia back into her proper element, with bottom scarred and bruised, but otherwise uninjured. Her escape was miraculous.

The Terror of the Atlantic

The weird and ghastly drama, which has lately thrilled the world may always, at any moment, be reenacted. For the danger of encounter with icebergs is the special risk which must ever attend the navigation of the Atlantic Ocean. No other great trade route suffers from this peril—the most awesome which the mariner has to reckon with. These silent foes of those who go down to the sea in ships are so terribly hard to detect. They are fragments from the huge Greenland glaciers, forced out by the currents. The largest of them ground on the Newfoundland coasts and on the Grand Banks, and they often stick fast for weeks. Hence, in this area, they linger the whole year round, and form an ever present source of danger. And they are thickest in the path of the steamers—unwarning in their approach and deadly in their contact.—Toronto Star Weekly.

THE SECRET of PAUL FARLEY

Continued from page 6.

"I can't stay here in the cold answering silly questions."
"You will stay here until you have told me. To whom were you speaking, Agnes?"
"How tiresome you are, Felix! It was Paul Farley."
"Farley! What on earth brought him down?"
"He thought you were seriously ill; he had an idea you were worse."
"What made him think so? Did you infer it when you wrote that card for me?"
"Gracious, no! Mr. Farley is very foolish; he has always some crochets or other in his head."
"I don't agree with you. He has always struck me as particularly free from—"
"He walked across to the table, stooped and picked up the telegram Paul had dropped and forgotten in his anguish, and in the violent reaction it had sustained. He unfolded it and read—'Felix worse; dying. Come at once.'—Agnes."
The squire's face was a study in consternation.
"This brought him! Where is he?"
"Gone," she faltered, beginning to feel frightened at the steely glint she saw coming into his eyes.
"Gone! Gone where?" he demanded, his face colorless.
"To Werberne Hall. He said he could easily awaken James, and I said I thought he had better not stay here, as there was no accom—"
"You fool!" he exclaimed, with distended nostrils, catching her by the arm and shaking her; "Agnes, you fool! Do you want the lad butchered?"
"No, I don't; you know I don't. What do you mean?"
"I mean you have gone the right way to work to bring about an atrocious tragedy. Don't you see what you have done? Mrs. Wycherly sent this," tapping the telegram form, "and you—you have gone and played into her hands; you have driven the boy straight into that mad devil's arms. Why didn't you keep him? Why didn't you come and tell me he was here? You know the trouble and pains I've been at to prevent the issue your quittance of thoughtlessness has now brought about."
"I was not thoughtless; I thought too much. If there had been less to consider I might have thought of this. I did it all for the best. Felix, I—"
"Bah! You women are all alike. You commit the most egotistical follies, and then say you did it for the best. It was the best possible worst you could have done, and why in the name of common sense did you tell him there was no accommodation here? You could have had a fire lit in this room if you were afraid of his coming upstairs in the middle of the night. It seems to me you have become remarkably prudish and audaciously untruthful all in the twinkling of an eye, and I should like to be made acquainted with the reason of this undue haste to eject Farley and the worse than prevarication—deliberate lie you told? What's it all about, and whether does it end?"
"I had no idea it was prudish not to ask him to stay when there was nowhere for him to sleep; and the lie, Felix, was on your account. He was gone then, and I did not want you upset. Jack said you were not to be excited or worried, and I meant to carry out his instructions to the letter. I was thinking more of your health than of Mr. Farley's comfort."
"You could have considered both had you the wit, as I remarked before. If you were bent on not disturbing me, an easy chair by the fire down here would have been preferable to turn-

Mr. Land Hunter Look Here

H. H. MILLER
The Hanover Conveyancer
O F F E R S

325 ACRES close to Proton Station brick dwelling, fine large out-buildings windmill &c.; hay, 2 tons to acre, only \$5,500. Knocks the sunshine off Alberta bargains.

538 ACRES near Proton Station in Saugeen Junction, fine brick residence splendid barns, splendid soil, good water orchard &c. Will sell less than \$25 an acre. A bargain surely.

A HARDWARE and Tinsmith Business Grey County, post office in connection. Less than \$10,000 will buy 40 acres of land store and dwelling, barn, other frame dwelling and \$4,000 stock.

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five miles from Durham; very cheap.

Large number of cheap farm properties Money to Lend at Low Rates. Lands bought and sold. Debts collected All kinds of writings drawn.

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THE People's Mills



A small or large bag of a fine grain white, nutritious flour, is sold as our brand. Have you ever tried it? Get your grocer to give you our kind next time and see the superior baking qualities it possesses. Better and more wholesome, because of a secret process that we put the wheat through. Don't forget.

ECLIPSE

A blend of 1/2 Manitoba and 1/2 Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour.

SOVEREIGN

Our pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat for either bakers or domestic use.

PASTRY FLOUR

Is made from selected winter whe and is a superior article for making pastry, etc.

Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots.
Goods delivered anywhere in town.

Chopping Done Every Day

All up-to-date flour and feed and grocers keep our flour for sale. Your grocer does not keep it come to the mill and we will use your right. Call us up by telephone No. 8.
All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price.

John McGowan

"I wonder when he had anything to eat. I suppose you—there's no use in crying, Agnes; that won't amuse it. There only remains now to get all our things what lies in our power to litter up, if possible, or, failing to do so, the consequences. You had better dress and by that time I shall be ready for you to help me with my coat. I expect it will be weeks before I can get this arm back without assistance."
"Are you going out?" she asked, wiping her eyes.

Continued next week.

DOCTORS COULD NOT HELP HIM BUT GIN PILLS DID

"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in the Bladder. He decided to operate but said the stone was too large to remove and too hard to crush. I returned home and was recommended by a friend to try Gin Pills.
They relieved the pain. I took two boxes and went back to the specialist. He said the stone was smaller but he could not remove it although he tried for two hours and a half. I returned home and continued to take Gin Pills—and, to my surprise and joy, I passed the stone. Gin Pills are the best medicine in the world, and because they did me so much good, I will recommend them all the rest of my life."
J. ALBERT LESSARD, Joliette, P.Q.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—at all dealers, and money back if they fail to give relief. Sample box free. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. A Toronto. 89