

At Home

Come in & Chat
—Ruth R.

Thanksgiving

Thank you, God, for the little blue in the sky and wind of Of stubble fields and grain in And winter nights with peace For work-filled days and For feet of a neighbor and friend, For the hymn like the even- ing, That my tea-kettle sings at me.

Bright red fruit in a yellow Pantry shelves that a heart of Thank you, God, for making The pain that a dusty toy can

For my neighbors' barriers through, For love of a child between us, For all these things, my thine due From the full of my heart, to you. Edna

Thanksgiving Song

Praise God for seed time and spring, For autumn and the garnering For all the glorious harvest, The golden fields, the sun, the Praise God for home—the strong When skies are grey and night long; For loyal hearts and counsel For home and all home's tend

Praise God for losses and for The year's full joy, the year's pain; For tears to weep, and songs to For grieving and for comfort

Praise God, nor let a doubt a Seed time and harvest shall Nor patient love, nor stren stay; Praise God today! Praise God Jean

"We Thank Thee, Lord"

For the colors of a sunset, for lit night at sea, For the scent of flowers in for the droning of a b

For the little summer breezes, webs, wet with dew, For little fleecy cloudlets that skies of blue.

For the rivers, cool and shady, busy little streams, For a bog with waving cotta which the sunlight gle

For the hazy blue of distance stars that shine by night For the little children playing, a child's delight.

For music great and wond friendships proved and For thoughts of worth and be for the good we do.

For the sympathy and kind Thou hast spread abroad In the hearts of men and for these we thank Thee, K. M.

Thankful! Yes, I truly am— Thankful for each storm and Thankful as I backward look Through the pages of life's b Thankful for each joy and pa Thankful for each loss and g Thankful for each weal and Thankful for each friend and M. Jen

There are so many things in derful world To be thankful about each So greet life with a smile, not

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HUNTERS DEPARTING FOR DEER SHOOTING

That we believe is the lure. We regret that from the altar of this hearty, wholesome good fellowship the blood of deer should have to ascend.

THE ARCHITECT

Of old primal lightnings clave A sunless void unspanned, Then spake Thy word, and chaos felt The shaping of Thy hand.

From hissing caldrons high upheaved The monarch hills were planned: Thou gav'st a million patient years To grind the golden sand.

Now other worlds Thy unreposed Travelling spirit finds: Men feel Thee grapple in the deeps Of their benighted minds.

Pained in their pain, Thou sendest them Both summertime and snow:

Thou art the healing melody, The ruthless anvil blow.

So, Shepherd-Shaper, wilt Thou toll Till all Thy souls fulfil! The gracious, ordered, intricate Mosaic of Thy will.

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OVERCOAT OF DUST AROUND EARTH

A slightly colder winter than usual is to be expected this year, according to a writer in the American Weekly (New York). Mother Earth has put on one of her overcoats, and these garments, instead of keeping us warm, make us colder because they get between us and the sun. This overcoat for the world, the writer explains is a coating of volcanic dust. Ten or twenty or fifty miles above the ground there sometimes floats for months a vast collection of tiny particles of rock blown up there by some one of the world's great volcanoes. Such dust keeps the earth cooler. He proceeds:

"It is probable that such a dust layer is forming now, although the signs of it have not yet reached the United States. During the first week of August a volcanic mountain on a small island in the Dutch East Indies blew up. The explosion was one of considerable violence, probably able to drive uncountable billions of its dust particles high enough into the air to spread them entirely around the earth. Although by no means so violent as great eruptions of Krakatoa or Tambora, the explosion of Rokotinda is reported to have devastated the island on which the mountain is situated, to have created three successive tidal waves, and to have killed more than 1,200 natives, some of whom were drowned, and other suffocated by the dust. If accounts are true, it threw into the air ample volcanic dust to repeat on a somewhat smaller scale the weather effects that followed the explosion of Torboro and Krakatoa, and that have followed more than a score of similar explosive eruptions during the past two centuries.

"One of these effects is red sunsets and sunrises. Those which occurred in 1884 and 1885, following the Krakatoa eruptions, are still well remembered by everybody who was then old enough to notice them. One effect of the layer of volcanic dust high in the air is to take away the blue rays of sunlight, so that the sun looks red or orange, especially when it is rising or setting, and thus shining through a greater thickness of air.

"Another effect is the stoppage and reflection of sunlight altogether so that the earth's regular quota of solar heat is diminished and the planet is cooled. The distinguished American meteorologist, Dr. W. J. Humphreys, of the Weather Bureau, in his book 'Physics of the Air' presents a curve of the world's temperatures back to 1750, showing how the great, dust-scattering volcanic eruptions were followed in almost every instance by world-wide periods of unusually low temperature.

"The explosion of Krakatoa behaved as theory would suggest. For more than a year after it, world temperatures were exceptionally low. More recently still, the explosion of Mt. Katmia, in Alaska, in 1912, the last eruption until the recent Rokotinda one to drive much dust into the air, was followed by the usual lowering of world's temperature.

"Volcanic dust is only one of many things which make the earth warmer or cooler—only one of its overcoats to keep down the intensity of the sunlight. But that it constitutes one of them, the writer says, is no longer doubtful. If the dust haze from Rokotinda proves as thick and world-wide as advance reports lead one to expect, he is certain that the volcanic overcoat will be tried this year. He goes on:

"Several months will be required, of course, for the dust to spread as far as Europe, or the United States. When a porous, bubbly rock is pulverized by the enormous forces of the volcano, the fragments become tiny glassy silvers. After the explosion of Krakatoa, silvers like this were found in the dust on the roof of a laboratory in Holland.

"The thin, bubblelike nature of the dust particles explains why they remain so long in the air. It was four years before the dust of Krakatoa was entirely gone. Calculations show that the silvers of volcanic dust fall only a few feet a second, even in still air. Once shot twenty or thirty miles high, natural movements of the air currents are enough to keep the particles floating for many years.

"It is probably fortunate for man's comfort on earth that the greatest volcanoes of the earth's history really are extinct. Such explosions as Krakatoa or Tambora were mere penny firecrackers in comparison with explosions which must have been the rule in some past periods of earth history. When they were at work the earth must have had not merely a light, pleasantly cool overcoat like the one expected this winter from Rokotinda, but a layer of dust equivalent to a dozen overcoats and blankets. It is doubtful whether any sunlight got through.

"That may have been the cause of some of the ice ages and other periods of climatic spasm in the history of the earth before man arrived. No one is quite sure. In any event, it is well for man that they seem to be over, and that the earth's volcanic mantles consist today merely of those hazes that provide beautiful sunsets and cool the world only a little."

Missed Nothing

"So you remember way back to the Revolution, do you?"
"Yassa. De Revolution and Gin! Washington an' all them."
"Perhaps you were a witness of the fall of Rome?"
"Nossa, Ah didn' exactly see it, but Ah recollect hearin' something drop."

Poetically Speaking

The color scheme when Miranda wed Revealed her folks as patriots true; The groom looked red and the bride looked white, And her dad (who paid the bills) looked blue.

shall pay a fee of \$1 per day.—Elmira Signet.

A Carload of Horses
In the old days the farmers of Bruce sent horses to the West. This week Mr. Sam McLellan brought in a carload of fine horses and cattle from the West. Our farmers once sold their good brood mare and fine cattle to the Westerners, but it looks as if the tide had turned.—Kincardine Review.

Hit-and-Run Motorist
While driving on Highway No. 10, near Inistowe, Sunday night, a car owned by Charles Haw, of Proton, was struck by a car driven by people who were visiting in Markdale. One wheel of Haw's car was smashed and other damage done. The other parties left the scene of the accident without investigating the damage done.—Dundalk Herald.

Snow Birds at Collingwood
Thousands of snow birds, which annually come to Ontario for the winter months, arrived in this section on Tuesday. The lights on Hurontario Street had some fascination upon the small feathered folk with the result that hundreds remained on the street during the night. The birds, being attracted by the lights, flew against shop windows and were wounded or killed. It is not often that the main thoroughfare is visited at night by birds of any description and probably reliable weather prophets will now be enabled to predict whether the coming winter will be severe or mild.—Collingwood Enterprise.

Addressed Chatsworth Gathering
Mr. Cameron McIntosh, M.P., of North Battleford spent Sunday with Rev. W. A. MacWilliam and gave an address in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church on Sunday evening. The subject of his address was the condition of the church from Winnipeg to the coast. Mr. McIntosh is editor of a paper in North Battleford and has the ability of speaking with fluency, elegance and force, and delighted his large audience with his able and eloquent presentation of the facts regarding the situation, which he knows thoroughly. Mr. McIntosh was spending a few days at his old home at Dornoch on his way home from Montreal, where, on the previous Sunday evening, he addressed a gathering of six thousand people on this subject.—Chatsworth Banner.

A Peculiar Case
A short time ago the Massey-Harris Company gave instructions to mail a bonus cheque for \$54.00 to their agent at Windsor. The young lady in the Toronto office, whose duty it was to mail the cheque, made a mistake and sent to a farmer named W. J. Hunter living near Conn in Wellington county. Instead of returning the cheque, Hunter held it a few days and then went into Shelburne and had a Jew cash it for him. In due time the authorities ran down the cheque and got after Hunter, who was hailed before Magistrate Falconer in Shelburne on Tuesday. As Hunter had not been in trouble before he was let off on suspended sentence for two years upon making full restitution to the company and shouldering the court costs.—Orangeville Banner.

Snake Eggs Hatch in Window
Last week Mr. S. Henson, track foreman on the C. N. R. brought in three objects, which he told us were "eggs" of the milk snake, which were frequently found under ties, or planks at crossings therefore always in dark, damp places. In color they were white and about the size and shape of bantam eggs but here the resemblance ceased, for instead of being hard they were soft and leathery, at least so those who felt them said. Monday morning an opportunity offered to add to our knowledge of "snakeology" by having them dissected. The inside walls of these eggs were covered with minute blood vessels which lead to an embryonic sac in which was found a perfectly formed spotted snake 7 5-8

Factory Men Allege Fraud
Nine or ten factory men in Meaford were the victims Tuesday of a salesman of the extremely high pressure type for whom a search is now being made in an attempt to land him where he ought to be. He represented himself as selling an attractive group insurance proposition. He got in to see the factory men at their work and by a line of talk asked them to join his five hundred club of group insured men. He flourished a paper on which he asked signers "without obligation" so that he could make up his list. The men, he said, would pay later in small instalments. Meantime he simply asked for their names.

Peddlers Must Pay License
Protection for the business houses of Elmira was provided by the Town Council at its last meeting when it passed a new by-law regulating the activities of hawkers and peddlers in the municipality. The Peddler nuisance has been growing of late and the Council was a unit in believing that it was decidedly unfair to allow non-residents to ply their trade in town while escaping taxation. The license fees should help line the civic treasury while providing a check on the growing influence of itinerant peddlers.

The bylaw provides that no persons shall come into town from outside and engage in hawking, peddling, etc., without first procuring a license and paying a fee to a police officer or the treasurer. For a person travelling on foot and selling from hand or pack the fee was set at \$20. Any person not a resident using a horse or motor vehicle shall be required to pay a fee of \$40. A hawker of medicine only will be taxed \$25 while a peddler of fish will only have to pay \$2.00.

Agents for persons not residing in Waterloo County selling tea, coffee, spices, baking powder, dry goods, watches, silverware, furniture, rugs, carpets, millinery, spectacles, etc., or showing samples and later delivering goods to anyone not a wholesale or retail dealer will be taxed \$25 for a year's license. Any non-resident peddling on foot and selling from hand or basket such articles as flowers, tapes, laces, thread, pins, needles, combs, matches and other such small articles, no one article to exceed in value of 25 cents

\$150
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