

TRAVERTON.

Twenty new members were added to the Home Department of Zion Sunday school on Sabbath last. More to come in yet.

Rev. J. Ward's sermon in Zion on Sunday was much appreciated. There's a striking originality about him, and an earnestness and enthusiasm that wins favor.

Some of our young people attended the party at Mr. George Ritchie's on Friday evening, and report a most enjoyable time.

Mr. J. J. Peart is having more than his share of bad luck with stock. Last fall he lost a valuable thoroughbred Shorthorn cow. On Sunday morning he found a well-bred Clyde colt, rising two years, dead from blood-poisoning, caused by a kick from a horse some two weeks ago.

The frost had got into the wound before Mr. Peart was aware that it had got injured. It was a beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Timmins are wearing smiles these times, that denote tenderness and pride.

A baby girl has come into the home and it is making a wondrous happiness.

Miss Bessie Smith spent the past week in Durham with Mrs. T. E. Blair.

Mrs. J. J. Peart received the sad news in the beginning of last week of the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Geo. Hudson, who passed away in the Winnipeg General Hospital on January 12 after a brief illness.

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

We got "crowded out" last week. In our last budget we omitted to state a second misfortune to Mr. John Swanston of the Orchard chopping mill, by the bursting away of a large part of his mill dam. Truly Mr. Swanston has experienced a great amount of vexation since entering into the milling business.

Brown and Tribe shipped three car loads of live stock, mostly cattle, from Holstein, on Saturday. The price paid was 8 cents a pound.

The young people of Knox church purpose having an entertainment in the church on Thursday evening, February 12. The Dromore choir will be in attendance and a good program is being prepared. A good time may be expected. We are not exactly sure what the admission is, but it will at all events be very moderate.

On Thursday evening, January 29, the members of Varney Grange will hold an open meeting, at which a spicy program will be given under the management of a live committee. Bro. Morrison of Arthur, secretary of the Dominion Grange, will be present, and give an address, together with other local speakers. Lunch will be served. Admission free. Come one and all and enjoy a treat.

It is the intention through the aid of Mr. Morrison for a day or two to organize a number of sub-Granges in the surrounding neighborhood. Farmers are wakening up to the fact of the value of organization, and we are proud that Grey county is not going to lag behind in the matter.

Sunday next, February 1, pastor Kendall will preach his farewell sermon in Knox church, previous to his departure for his new field at Dundalk and Ventry.

Credit Auction Sale

Of Farm Stock and Implements The undersigned Auctioneer has received instructions from Mr. James Matthews, to sell by Public Auction at Lot 1, Con. 3, Egremont, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1914

the following: 1 horse rising 9 years, 1 mare rising 6 years, 1 aged mare in foal, 1 colt rising 2, 1 colt rising 1 year, 1 colt rising 2 years, 5 cows supposed in calf, 1 cow due to calve, 1 steer 2 years old, 2 steers 1 year old, 3 heifers rising 2, 4 calves, 1 Tamworth boar 6 months old, 1 sow due to pig 1st of March, 70 hens, 1 Deering binder, 1 Frost & Wood mower nearly new, 1 land roller, 1 seed drill, 1 ten-foot horse-rake new, 1 long plough new, 1 set spring-tooth harrows, 3 sets iron harrows, 1 scuffer, 1 root pulper, 1 fanning mill and bagger, 1 lumber wagon, 1 single buggy, 1 set bob-sleighs, 1 cutter, 1 stoneboat, 1 set double harness, 2 sets single harness one nearly new, 1 set plough harness, 1 pair horse blankets, 1 robe, 1 boring machine, 1 grain cradle, 1 hay rack, 2 logging chains, 1 Daisy churn, and a number of other articles too numerous to mention.

SALE AT ONE O'CLOCK SHARP

TERMS.—All sums of \$5 and under, cash; over that amount, 12 months' credit on approved joint notes, 5 per cent. discount off for cash in lieu of notes.

ROBT. BRIGHAM, Auctioneer

NOTICE

To All whom it may Concern:

I hereby certify that whereas I had been informed by certain persons that Mr. David Brown had a stove belonging to me in his possession; that such is not the fact, and that he is perfectly innocent of having anything whatever to do with the same; and further, that Mr. Brown has acted a gentlemanly part in the matter. Dated January 28, 1914.

THOMAS MAYNE.

MEAFORD BARS MUST CLOSE.

Meaford is now barless. An ultimatum to that effect was recently issued by Hon. W.J. Hanna and the three hotels in the town had to quit.

The Minister's decision is based upon an agreement made months ago between the temperance people and the liquor interests. A year ago local option was defeated by a fraction of one vote, and a fight in the courts resulted. It was settled finally by an agreement between the parties that a new vote would be taken at the municipal elections this year, and that if local option carried the bars would be shut up at once.

Local option did carry in the last contest, but the liquor people it is stated, came along with an injunction to restrain the council from putting the by-law into effect. The two weeks allowed under the local option law for an application for a recount expired, and the Provincial Secretary put an end to further argument by ordering the closing of the bars.

Action has again been started to upset the by-law on the ground that the vote this year was not legal, as the local option law requires three years to elapse before another vote can be taken on the question in municipalities where the by-law has been previously voted on.

The Diamond Block

A Case of Too Strong a "Detective Instinct"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It happened in Chicago. The Diamond block stands on a corner formed by two principal thoroughfares, a tall building with buff stone walls rising above the crowded streets until the upper floors are a blur to the eye below.

Up on the twentieth floor are the offices of John Diamond, owner of this building and many others of the same kind in the big metropolises. Many and varied are the interests of this rich man and the transaction of his affairs requires the reservation of the entire twentieth floor for his offices.

All day long dozens of clerks pore over ledgers, typewriters and adding machines.

Mr. Diamond was seldom seen about the building. Most of his business was transacted through competent executives, of whom Henry Robinson was the chief. The Diamonds lived in a magnificent house on the lake front and went in for society. Helen Diamond, the beautiful daughter of the multimillionaire, had drifted through the offices once or twice to



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE DEMANDED, see her father, and her coming and going had blazed a trail of fire in the heart of George Brown, the newest clerk on the force.

It was a singular fact that Mr. Diamond's rare visits to his offices were invariably on the eve of his departure for Colorado and Arizona, where he had extensive mining interests.

It was immediately after one of these periodical visits of John Diamond that young George Brown, the new accountant, did a bit of detective work that brought him to the personal notice of the great John Diamond himself.

Young Brown was a slim, dapper youth, who did not hate himself in the least and who was not in love with work of any sort. He read detective stories and knew positively that he was one of the chosen few. He possessed the "detective instinct." He believed himself quite fascinating enough to win his employer's daughter, Helen Diamond, flatterer himself that he was capable of becoming general manager of the whole business and so would be an acceptable son-in-law.

One morning young Brown entered the elevator and was sped up aloft with other workers. The car stopped at the eighteenth floor to let off passengers and again at the nineteenth to drop Trowbridge, who worked in the Dover insurance offices. Up it shot to the twentieth floor, where Brown got off with a puzzled frown marring his innocent brow.

The empty car dropped down and as it went he watched it intently. Then he walked to another elevator and rode it down to the ground floor, counting each floor as he passed. When he again mounted to the twentieth floor there was a strange light in his eyes and excitement tingling every nerve of his sensitive frame.

He was on the verge of a mystery, the solving of which would place him in the limelight of publicity and bring down upon his talented head the eternal approval and friendship of John Diamond.

Over his ledger Brown pondered the facts as he had stumbled upon them. Between the nineteenth and twentieth floors of the Diamond block there was an expanse of white wall quite unaccounted for—why, that blank wall was the height of any of the other floors in the building and yet there appeared no door to mar its surface. The elevators were of special construction, with walls of solid metal plates and a grill door, and the passing of this fifteen feet of unaccounted for space might be quite unnoticed unless one was sharp eyed and sharp eared, like young Brown. Why should there be such a waste of space in this great

building, where every foot of roof was valuable?

That was the mystery, and George Brown resolved to solve it.

At noon, as he waited for the elevator, he saw the roof of the ascending car stop just below his floor level, and he distinctly heard Mr. Robinson's voice. When the elevator reached the twentieth floor it was empty.

"I thought Mr. Robinson was on the car," said Brown curiously.

The middle aged operator shook his head negatively.

Henry Robinson, the manager of the Diamond interests, was a martinet in discipline. George Brown despised him accordingly and knew with unerring certainty that he could fill Robinson's job with one hand tied behind him.

Brown argued thus: Henry Robinson had supervised the building of the Diamond block—what more natural than he should connive to have one of the floors sealed to public knowledge, yea, even the knowledge of his guileless employer, and use it to his own advantage? What sort of work was carried on secretly there? George Brown had it all figured out to a nicety: counterfeiting, of course.

Robinson, the counterfeiter! What a morsel for the amateur detective to roll under his tongue.

But George Brown wanted to be very sure that he was right before springing his information upon the unsuspecting John Diamond. Just at this time Mr. Diamond was in the west.

So George Brown entered the tall building across the street and surveyed the Diamond block from the outside and studied the Diamond block from an upper floor whose windows were on a level with the windows of the mysterious unnumbered floor of the Diamond block.

Counting carefully he found the nineteenth floor, gold lettered windows of the Dover Insurance company quite distinct—then another set of windows unlettered, closely curtained, then above them the wire screened windows of the Diamond offices, known as the twentieth floor.

At last he decided to consult a detective.

So one evening at 6 o'clock the elevator carried up five passengers—George Brown, Allen, the detective, and two policemen in plain clothes and a reporter from the Daily Dishup, for Brown did not want his triumph to pass unnoticed.

When they had risen several stories Allen placed his hand on the arm of the elevator man and showed a revolver.

"You are my prisoner," he said coolly. "Now, my man, no fuss. Just stop at that unnumbered floor between the nineteenth and twentieth."

White of face and with muttered protests the man brought the car to a standstill before that mysterious, unnumbered space that had attracted the attention of keen young Brown. In stead of opening the usual door, the man turned and slid back a door in the rear of the elevator, disclosing a corresponding doorway in the wall.

That was the entrance to the unnumbered floor.

George Brown was a-tremble with exultation.

The five entered the door and found themselves at once in a narrow passageway, softly lighted and thickly carpeted. As they passed from one luxuriously furnished room to another Brown pictured the downfall of the guilty manager when his secret should be disclosed to Diamond.

Handsome library, luxurious smoking room, billiard room and then the murmur of voices from an adjoining room brought the five to a standstill before a closed door.

Then with one movement the five pushed into a small, lighted study, where sat Robinson, the manager, in intimate conversation with—John Diamond himself!

The millionaire sprang to his feet and stared angrily at the invaders.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

The detective, Allen, was quite unwilling to share the honor alone. He grasped George Brown by his coat collar and pushed him to the front. In picturesque words he explained the situation.

"And this young pinhead"—he ended in a gasp of rage as he shook George Brown as a terrier shakes a rat.

Mr. Diamond was smiling austerely. "Gentlemen," he said at last, "this private suit of rooms is the only refuge of a man weary of the noise and clatter of the world and the hollow thing called 'society.' Here I can hide for weeks at a time, absorbed in my books and in my experimental work in the laboratory yonder. Now that you have spied me out I can no longer remain unless I have your word of honor that my secret shall remain unpublished."

Freely they gave the promise, all save George Brown, who was too crushed for utterance. He merely nodded his head in a broken hearted way and was glad that he knew of another job that he might have for the asking, a job where there was so much work to be done that there was no time for the development of the detective instinct.

But the reporter of the Daily Dishup yielded to temptation one day and published the whole story, and to the end of it he appended the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Diamond to Henry Robinson, general manager of the Diamond interests.

And George Brown, sticking manfully to his new job, smiled bitterly when he read the announcement and took to his breast the one crumb of consolation it afforded him.

He had been right in his argument that a millionaire's daughter sometimes marries her father's general manager.

TALES OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD

On the old homestead by the log cabin door

A sweet briar bush did grow, In summer 'twas filled with sweet-scented flowers.

In winter covered over with snow.

And every summer, for years and years,

A little bird's nest could be seen

In among the thorns of the sweet briar bush.

With the wee birdies peeping out between.

As much as to say "Take care, Hush! Hush!"

Do not come too near the sweet briar bush!"

The saucy young birds on the thorns would sit,

While they sang with might and main.

Till all other sounds would be forgot

While we listened to the strain Of the dear little birds in the sweet briar bush.

From spring until the fall, So happy were they in the sweet briar bush.

With the watchful Eye over all, So well they knew no harm could touch

Their home in the heart of the briar,

For that sweet-scented bush was their own family tree,

And they never need nest any higher.

So old papa bird and old mamma bird,

With a nestful of birdies three For ever and ever are welcome to stay

In the heart of their family tree.

—Phoebe.

LISTOWEL BARTENDER SOLD TO MINOR.

Fred Smart, bartender at the Grand Central Hotel, appeared before Magistrate Terhune last week on a charge of having supplied liquor recently to a minor, Stanley Kaufman, who is a porter at the Arlington.

Smart pleaded not guilty, but admitted that he had served Kaufman with creme de menthe, and said he thought Kaufman was 21 years old.

Kaufman in a previous case swore that he was 19. He was out of town on the day of the trial and a warrant was issued for his arrest, charging him with being drunk and disorderly.

SANATORIUM FOR PETERBORO.

At the adjourned annual meeting of the Peterboro Health Association last week, E. A. Peck, M. P., was chosen president, and it was decided to ask the city for \$15,000 to erect a sanatorium for consumptives in Peterboro. The association undertakes to raise enough additional to gain a Government grant of \$4,000.

PRICEVILLE.

The weather has changed twice during the past week. On Friday night it rained, followed by hard frost on Saturday. Sleighing is fairly good, with few drifts this winter so far. Everyone with a stock of timber of any kind is busy drawing logs, telephone poles, ties, and such like. The yard here is nearly full.

Priceville is always there, but we are not, so we are at a loss what to say about the doings in the town. As we get the mail now posted at our gate, and also delivered, it makes us lazier than usual to go to town.

The annual meeting was held in the Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening of last week, and was fairly well attended, considering the condition of the roads and weather.

The Rev. Dr. McGillivray of Toronto preached very acceptably in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, the 18th inst., to a crowded house. Mr. McGillivray was student in Priceville in 1875-1876, when a very young man, and not many that attended his meetings then of those who were in the prime of life were to be seen at the service.

Mr. Donald Campbell was appointed representative to the Grand Lodge A.O.U.W., to be held in Toronto in March, and Arch. McKinnon alternate.

The Traverston scribbhaka or writer says he traded horses with Dugald McDugald of this town, and that he is at a loss to tell him how to get on in Gaelic. Tell him: Suais, e suais, e tslearlach cha neai an loid cho trom; or 'git up, git up, Charlie, the load is not so heavy.' How is Dugald to tell the Irish horse how to get along, in Irish? 'Git up, git up Paddy, or else I'll give yez a good batin'.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hunter of Durham, attended the Presbyterian church here on Sunday, and were guests of Mr. Aldcorn.

Miss Bertha McIntyre, who spent a month with her uncle, Norman McIntyre, south line, returned to Toronto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mather, south line, entertained some thirty or forty of their friends and neighbors one evening some ten days ago, when all enjoyed themselves till the small hours of the morning, returning when the thermometer was 20 below, to find a cold reception at their different homes.

We hope there isn't anything the matter more than usual, with the Flesherston correspondent, as we haven't seen his contribution for the last two or three weeks.

The county officials will be all going to Owen Sound this week. Mrs. Heppburn of Durham visited old friends in the vicinity of Top Cliff and Swinton Park during the past week.

Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Williams attended the funeral of their uncle, Mr. Chas. Fisher of Listowel, on Thursday of last week.

FUEL SAVED MONEY SAVED

STORM SASH, with its attendant nuisance and imperfections fails to stem the tide of progress, and capitulates when confronted with

All-Metal Weather Strip

which is far more effective, costs less, lasts a lifetime, and being a permanent institution, requires no removal.

Entry of all Draught, Rain, Snow, Sleet, Soot or Dust of anykind effectually prevented, thereby ensuring perfect comfort and an even temperature.

The Up-to-Date Method

now generally adopted, Schools, Hospitals, Libraries, and Public Buildings of all kinds in large centres are equipped with it, Architects specify it.

See Us for All Kinds of Carpenter Work

For further particulars apply to

C. J. FURBER & CO.

Manufacturers, Durham, Ont.

"The Most Important Thing in the World"

says Elbert Hubbard

"IS THE ABILITY TO MAKE A LIVING"

How much is your ability lessened by poor eyesight?

How much would your ability be increased if you had glasses that improved your eyesight?

We have the answer!



HOT-WATER BOTTLES

and

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES

From \$1.00 up

See our Blue Rubber Syringes and Rexall Bottles absolutely guaranteed by us for 2 years.



A Rexall Remedy for Every Ill with our positive guarantee behind each one.

No Relief - Money Refunded.

Macfarlane & Co., Druggists and Booksellers

C.P.R. Town Office - Buy Your Tickets Here