

HANOVER'S "POOR" PROBLEM.

The attention of Hanover citizens is drawn to the matter of our poor. and the mayor is asking for help to feed and clothe women and children. It only needs this little reminder, we feel sure, to make the way easier for those who are unfortunately in need.

We have on hand a number of History Charts for professional nurses. They are indispensable for keeping records in the sick room. Get them while they last at a dollar a hundred, large size.

OVER 65 YEARS EXPERIENCE PATENTS. A large advertisement for patent services, including a list of services and contact information for J. J. & Co. 351 Broadway, New York.

SPECIAL. This week at the "RED FRONT" HARDWARE we have some special bargains to offer you in Trunks, Travelling Bags, Suit Cases and Telescopes.

Baskets. We have just received a large sleigh load of Indian Baskets, all hand made from the best materials.

Washing Machines. We have a large stock of these such as the Cyclone, New Century, New Idea, Ideal and Champion.

The Leading Hardware W. Black. A Little Royal Purple Poultry Specific in the Hens Mash every morning will work wonders with the egg basket.

Dan McLean LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Grey. I wish to notify the Public that I have taken out an Auctioneer's License for the County of Grey.

BELGIUM RELIEF FUND

Previously acknowledged \$297 26 Baptist Sunday School 12 50 Class No. 3, Methodist S. S. 1 00

GREY COUNTY COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1915.

The County Council for 1915 for the County of Grey will consist of the following reeves and deputy reeves from the various municipalities which constitute the county: Artemesia—T. R. McKenzie; Bentinck—G. Brown, W. Lunney; Chatsworth—W. Bressie; Collingwood—J. McLennan, A. McColeman; Dundalk—J. Sinclair; Durham—W. Calder; Derby—J. C. Smith; Euphrasia—J. T. Miller, J. Murray; Egremont—J. McArthur; Flesherston—D. McTavish; Glenelg—Thos. Nichol; Holland—A. G. Chisholm, J. McAvoy; Hanover—J. S. Wilson, J. Froom; Keppel—J. Johnston; Meaford—W. H. Sing; Markdale—R. W. Ennis; Neustadt—J. Weber; Normanby—W. H. Ryan, R. Whiteford; Osprey—J. Thompson, I. Morrison; Owen Sound—J. K. Leslie, J. F. Thompson, R. D. Little, R. B. Miller; Proton—J. Goodfellow, R. Cronin; Shallow Lake—A. E. Cordingley; St. Vincent—J. Lemon; Sullivan—T. Hatten, H. Carson; Sydenham—J. G. Campbell, J. L. Boyd; Sarawak—S. Agar; Thornbury—R. Best.

JUST LIKE DURHAM WALKS.

Without reflection on any person in particular but the town in general it might be remarked that the sidewalks around town are highly suggestive of what might be expected in the nearest settlement hugging the north pole. Slippery trails where the ups and downs and the slues and slides would make pedestrians enjoy life if they could commit murder, when at some exasperatingly conspicuous point a sitting or reclining posture is assumed involuntarily. It is up to the works department to get busy with the ridge cutter and snow plows. It is also up to the citizens to either make a cleaning to the concrete or leave the snow a uniform depth on the walks. Their present conditions make the drop crossing nuisance a positive luxury.—O. S. Times.

AS AMY SAW IT.

Amy was a dear little girl with big, serious blue eyes and a dainty lisp in her speech. She loved to help her mother and took great pride in saving her all the steps she could. Now, in the hall in Amy's home, stood a big old-fashioned Grandfather's clock, which tick-tocked, tick-tocked all day long, as the long pendulum swung to and fro. One day the clock was ticking along very softly, and Amy's mother did not hear the ticking at all. "Run out into the hall, dearie," said mother, "and see if the clock is running." Amy ran quickly out into the hall, but returned in a moment wearing a most disappointed look on her sweet little face. "No, mother," she said, "it isn't running at all. It is a standin' still a waggin' its tail.—Child's Sun.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

"Susanna!" said the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the questions, "does you take dis man to be your wedded husband for better or wuss?" "Jes as he am, pahson," said the colored lady "jes as he am. Ef gets any better Ah'll know de good Lawd's agwine to take him, en ef he gets any wuss Ah'll tend to him myself."

Farmer's Institute

Meetings of South Grey Farmer's Institute will be held in

Ayton and Dromore

JANUARY, 16th and 18th respectively

The Delegates are MR. MURPHY, of Alliston and MR. C. SCHUYLER, of Brantford.

Addresses in the Afternoon on "Dual Purpose Cattle" and the "Cultivation of Corn and the Silo." Evening the "Choice of Occupation" and "Fruit Growing and the Management of an Orchard."

All are invited to attend the Meetings at 1.30 and 7.30

Agricultural Society

The Annual Meeting of the South Grey Agricultural Society will be held in the

Town Hall, Durham

WED., JANUARY 20, '15 at 1.30 p.m.

Besides the Presentation of the Business and Financial Reports of the past year and the Election of Officers for the present year, Matters of Great Importance to the Society will be laid before the meeting.

Every member should endeavour to be present, and assist in the work of the Society. WM. CALDER, President. GEO. BINNIE, Secretary.

PRINTING SHOP STANDS

PLANTIN'S SHOP IN ANTWERP ESCAPES DISASTERS OF WAR.

Celebrated Establishment From Which Gems of Sixteenth Century Printing Were Issued Is To-day as It Was In 1576—Type Cases Like Modern Ones Are Intact After 400 Years.

The muddy-booted soldiery of Germany, tramping through the Low Countries, the ruins that have been battered by their thundering artillery, the very fogs and mists through which the red blaze of battle glared, all stir up memories of that time, four centuries ago, when all Europe was waking from the sleep of ages to a new life, the time that is called, convenience's sake, the renaissance. It was in the closing years of the 15th and the opening years of the 16th centuries, when, from the morasses of the Low Countries, sprang the new learning as in spring the tulips blossom from the mud. All Europe had felt the magic touch. It was as when the genial warmth of the April sun sends the sap to the tree tips and warms the dead brown earth to new verdure. In the very joy of newly found facilities literature blossomed with a race of writers whose work have not been surpassed; artists laid on colors whose warmth has been the despair of artists ever since; artisans produced cathedrals, composers produced music and all the earth seemed to find itself.

In the midst of such an awakening came printing. The laborious copying of monkish hands, which illuminated many a missal and saved for humanity the learning of the dim classic past, was too slow for an age in whose veins leaped the blood of reawakened Europe. Such impulses could no more be restrained than can the throbbing sap in the trees be stopped from putting forth buds. The demand for words and books was too great, and ingenious minds in the Low Countries, in Italy and England were racking their resources to make reading a common possession. Aldus in Venice, Caxton in London and Plantin in Antwerp were giving the world its first books.

It was about the print shop of plantin in Antwerp that the devastation of war has raged. Works of art more pretentious than this have been razed, but the mediaeval printery seems to have escaped destruction. It is one of Antwerp's greatest joys. If war's deadly hand has not laid it low, you may yet walk through it, you may still see the type cases as they have stood there 400 years in all essentials like the type cases of to-day, you may still take hold of the levers of the old hand presses, the presses that ground out all the books of the world even up to modern days, presses the like of which Ben Franklin, the apprentice printer in Philadelphia, toiled over and whose counterpart may be found in many even of the most modern print shops. To this day, when eichers want a particularly good proof of their work, they have recourse to an old hand press, the same in all its principles as you may find in the print shop of Plantin in Antwerp.

For, until the type-setting machine and the cylinder press came, the art of printing remained in all its essentials the same art that Plantin and Aldus and Caxton developed, with movable types slowly assembled by hand, locked in a chase and inked and paper pressed down by a screw press arrangement worked by hand or power.

This man Plantin was one of the most interesting men of his day, as old Antwerp, of antiquity passing written history, was one of the most interesting cities. Rubens lived there and was a friend of Plantin and his son-in-law, Moretus, Rubens whose colors we may not excel. Painter and printer, the art decorative and the art preservative, two of the great agencies for the uplifting of mankind, for the diffusion of those crafts and graces that lifted men from the bogs of savagery to the light of humanity, toiled side by side, each intent on his own work. And when Moretus died his friend Rubens painted one of his masterpiece, his Resurrection, for the tomb of his friend and placed it in one of the chapels of the wonderful cathedral at Antwerp.

Christopher Plantin was the learned name of the early printer of Antwerp. Latin was the tongue of learning and men's names, as well as tomes of knowledge, were inscribed in his characters. Up to 1865 the printing house he founded had a continuous existence from the day he started it in 1576. It stands to-day, the accretions of ages, simply having added building after building to the original, until the whole has been bought by Antwerp and made into the Plantin-Moretus museum. Travelers to Antwerp have seen in the ancient bookshops users attired in 16th century costumes, clothes that were in fashion when Columbus discovered America, and have felt the magic of that age, just emerging from the reign of copyists, when folios were printed from blackfaced type of crude design.

Plantin, as his name is generally spelled, was born near Tours, France. He set up his first print shop in Antwerp in 1549 in the midst of the era that was marked by much religious discussion. At a time when doctrine and dogma were matters of moment equaling questions of state, books on religious topics were in great demand and the most noted of the publications that he turned out was a polyglot Bible in five languages and eight volumes, a prodigious work that occupied four years. Plantin was a patron of learning, if not actually learned himself. He was the first publisher to employ men of erudition at high salaries to produce copy for his 20 presses. Men of the profound learning corrected his proof sheets. So highly did he prize accuracy that he offered prizes for the discovery of errors in his books.

CHINA'S AWFUL FLOODS.

Yangtse on a Rampage Is Like the Mississippi.

China has many floods. Along the Yangtse river there is oftentimes a tremendous overflow, just as occurs in America along the Mississippi. A recent account by a missionary well describes a typical devastating flood in China.

This missionary, writing from Wuhu, one of the largest ports on the river, located 60 miles above Nanking, says: "The rains have swollen the river tremendously in the high plateau of Tibet, and the melting snows from the western mountains have made the Yangtse rise with fearful rapidity. High water mark has been growing higher day by day. The water finally came over the dykes in the lower rice fields. It rose to the floors of the houses located along the river, and the people began to lay plank walks along the streets, elevated to such height as to enable them to get about. These elevated plank walks soon were necessary inside of the houses. Still the water rose. Still higher did the natives elevate their plank walks. The poorer Chinese men and women and children, dwelling in their mud huts, saw the mud which comprised the walls of their homes washed away, and there was nothing for them to do but gather together their household effects and move to a higher part of the city. There they would build another mud house. Perhaps, instead, they would erect on cross poles, like an American Indian tepee, a house built of thick matting. This at least would serve as a temporary shelter from the cold and rain. Still the river was rising. The natives worked day and night. There was no rest for anyone.

"Every effort was being made to strengthen the support of the river's dykes, in much the same manner as along the Mississippi in America. When a break occurred in the dyke that hitherto had been kept intact, groups of highly excited Celestials would gather as the water poured into their fields. One gang of natives set up a furious beating on their gongs to call the neighbors to help repair the break in the dyke before it was too late. Other natives, combining faith with work, would burn great bunches of incense and firecrackers, kow-towing to the gods presiding over that district to 'save the rice fields.'

"One by one, however, the dykes gave way. The Yangtse still climbed upward on the high water mark register, and the fields had to be abandoned. Thousands of natives, reluctant to abandon all their earthly possessions, remained until the very last hope had disappeared, and finally could be seen fleeing for their lives before the onrushing flood."

Wear and Tear on Uniforms.

War plays havoc with soldiers' uniforms. Already reports are coming from the scenes of hostilities in Europe that the fighters' clothes are beginning to show wear and tear. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, German soldiers were seen plodding along the miry roads in the depth of winter barefoot, while many had only wooden shoes and linen trousers. When the Tenth Corps marched into Le Mans in January, 1871, scarcely a soldier was clothed in the regulation manner. Civilian garments, even French red breeches, were common.

As is well known, during the South African war the Boers stripped the dead for supplies, and the British soldiers developed quite a fancy for boots secured in this way. It was not callousness, but necessity developing a matter-of-fact habit of mind.

Queerest Street In the World.

Canton, in China, possesses the queerest street in the world in spite of the fact that in nearly all the big towns in this country there are some remarkable streets. The chief thing of interest attaching to this eccentric thoroughfare is the fact that it is roofed in with glazed paper fastened on bamboo and contains more signboards to the square foot than any other street in any other country. The next interesting fact about this Canton byway is that, though a business street, it contains no other shops than those of apothecaries and dentists' parlors, no professional men but doctors. It is a sick man's paradise and a physicians' Klondike. They call it Phisic street.

Herself Before Her King.

In the great war at the beginning of the last century the British public was asked to subscribe not merely for relief funds, but for the actual raising of forces. And by no means everybody subscribed even for that. Dean Ramsay reckons as the best of his stories of the old women of Montrose the one concerning the old maid who was canvassed for funds to organize a volunteer corps for the King's service. "Indeed," she replied, "I'll dae nae sic thing. I ne'er could raise a man for myself, and I'm no gaen to raise men for King George." — London Chronicle.

Consolation.

He came home and found his young wife dissolved in tears. "What do you think has happened?" she cried. "I left the cage open and our canary has flown away." He undertook to give what consolation he might and took the distressed poor lady in his arms. As she nestled against his shoulder a new access of sobs convulsed her. "Ah, George," she murmured in a choking voice, "now I've only you left."

Some Facts About Water.

It covers about two-thirds of the earth's surface to an average depth of about 12,500 feet. It forms 75 per cent. of the human body. When distilled to absolute purity it is almost a nonconductor of electricity. In freezing its volume increases by one-eleventh that of the liquid.

NEWS OF OLD ONTARIO

A Hepworth hunter shot wildcat recently

Millbrook has organized a patriotic association. Fergus has raised \$3,050 for different patriotic funds. The village of Brighton raised a patriotic fund of over \$1,000. Action wanted an electrician, and 51 applications were received.

Ed. Anderson of Mulmur went to see a doctor and while driving home died in his cutter.

Eight-year-old Harvey Hallman, of Hanover, had a finger cut off in a sausage grinder.

Robt. Walker, an Owen Sound man, lost \$150 in a mysterious manner one night recently.

Amy Savers, a waitress of Elora, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. She was 19 years old. Collingwood police magistrate imposed fines amounting to \$2,588 during the past twelve months.

Major Wm. Pantou has been clerk of Halton county for 50 years. He succeeded his father in 1865.

The Acton Tanning Co. is running day and night on orders for saddle, bridle and army harness leather.

Fire Chief Geo. G. Smith, of Barrie, died suddenly just after he had been in attendance at a fire.

A Peterboro magistrate has decided that it is not unlawful for a bank clerk to work at his books on Sunday.

The Petrolia Wagon Works Co. are at work on a contract to supply 80 wagons to the war department.

The village of Thamesville is free from debt, the last \$2,000 having been wiped out at the last council meeting of 1914.

Port Hope Poultry Association offers a reward of \$25 for the apprehension of chicken thieves in that district.

The town of Cobourg sent a sovereign and Christmas card to every volunteer from the town with the several contingents.

One hundred cars of stone are being shipped from Owen Sound to Goderich for use in the breakwater which is being constructed there.

Geo. Allan, an old man residing near St. Vincent, drank carbolic acid in mistake for beef, iron and wine and died about half an hour later.

Stumbling backward into a pail of boiling water, the two-year-old son of Clinton Traxler of Dresden, suffered burns from which he died shortly afterward.

The Renfrew Cream Separator Co. has a contract with the British War Office to manufacture shells that will keep them running night and day for six months.

Reeve J. M. Wilson of Wyoming, was painfully burned about the head and face recently when, after filling a can with gasoline he struck a match. A sheet of flame enveloped his head, singeing his hair and scorching his face.

PLAYING SCHOOL

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried. "No one knew." "And yet," said the school inspector, "all of you eat many apples in the course of a year, and see the fruit every day probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and they earnestly discussed the matter until recess time.

Next day the teacher overheard this conversation. A little girl getting some of her companions around her, gravely said: "Now children, just s'pose that I'm the Inspector. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't you'll all grow up to be fools. Now tell me," she went on, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers has a hen?"

Cornering Righteousness. The world is full of suspicion, which in nearly every case is unfounded. An unbounded and universal trust should take its place. I can give you an instance of what I consider this unhappy state of things when I say that two strangers can seldom speak casually to each other without a mutual caution and suspicion. We all trust ourselves. Our weak point is that we don't trust our neighbor. We each think, as it were, that we're made a corner in righteousness.—H. M. Edginton in "Oh, James!"

Lost Case Raised. A wound in the right arm, which Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, has sustained when fighting in the Austrian army, may raise an interesting question of insurance law. All great instrumentalists now insure their hands, arms, etc. Paderewski, for instance, has insured each finger separately for \$25,000. Kreisler, no doubt, has taken similar precautions. The question is whether wounds received in battle can be regarded as accidents and come under the cover of general insurance.

PERSONAL

Mr. Bert Paull, representing the Stephenson Blake Co., Toronto, was in town Monday on business.

Miss Ada Banks returned last week after a three months' visit with friends in the west. She enjoyed the trip very much.

Miss M. Twamley, professional nurse, of Buffalo, N.Y., has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity for the past three or four weeks.

Miss Kathleen Bunce of Hamilton visited over New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. E. Bunce. She also spent a very pleasant evening, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bunce, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Giles.

NEW YEAR TIPS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Here is some advice from one of America's greatest house-keeping experts. Says she: What a fine thing it would be for this land of ours if even one-half of our housewives would, on the last day of this dying year, make a few simple "resolves"!

Think how much it would mean to all of us if the New Year, now at hand, would bring into action just these three good resolutions: To pay more personal attention to the selection of food. To serve plainer, better-cooked food. To keep calmer and more cheerful all the time.

The first of these is important because so many housekeepers lose much by following a sort of happy-go-lucky plan in selecting their eatables. They think they are saving time by taking the first things that come along, and they never think of doing any "food shopping" or reading food advertisements.

As a matter of fact, these women lose in every way. To begin with, much food that is not fit for use is worked off on them. As a result, their tables are not well provided and this is a frequent cause of family rows and unpleasantness.

They lose money because they pay for so much waste, and by not keeping track of the markets as set forth in advertisements, they constantly are paying more than they need to for staples and other foods.

The second resolution is needed in thousands of homes. How many tables are laden with fancy foolish food which serves little more than to please the palate. And what a short-sighted way of doing things this is!

In many homes the most nourishing foods, such as whole wheat, cornmeal, hominy, rice and such—are seldom served. Why? Because they do not "sound" good enough for "our table."

There could be no more harmful foolishness than this. These plain foods are the very best that can be served, and the tables of rich and poor alike should abound in them. Where there are children and young folk they should be used all the more.

Now for resolution number three. I know it isn't easy to keep calm and cheerful. I've been a house-keeper for a good many years, and I know it's one of the hardest things in the world. There are so many things constantly coming up to ruffle one's temper and make one sour-faced and grouchy.

But nothing ever is to be gained in these ways, and we always find in the end that we have lost. And not only do we lose, but everyone around is affected. There is nothing which causes so much unpleasantness in the home than a wife who has not learned to bear patiently her unavoidable burdens.

THE RECRUIT.

Only a raw recruit, trying to learn his drill: Left, right and 'shun, the instructor works his will. Quickly being moulded into a fighting machine, From city and town he comes, from where the fields are green.

Only a raw recruit, his country calls to him, Leaving home and mother, whose eyes are dim with tears. And often he will be homesick for the ones beyond the sea, Whose hearts are aching for him, and praying silently.

Only a raw recruit, yet fearless and strong of heart; We need not be afraid, but what he will do his part. Eager to go to the front, to fight for his country and king, To hear the hiss of the bullets, maybe to feel their sting.

Only a raw recruit, can he offer more than his life? Can he do any more than suffer on the fields of stress and strife? He is more of a man than we are, he bears for us our share Of the burden of the conflict and little enough we care.

Only a raw recruit, but the spirit is high within; He will not flinch nor falter, in midst of the battle's din. When the fighting shall be over and our men come from the war, Among the heroes we may find him, a raw recruit no more.

HOW IS THIS FOR PROPHECY?

As to the Germans they will reap what they have sown. Now they are at the pinnacle of power; they have made all Europe tremble, and they are foolish enough to rejoice at it. It is very dangerous to frighten everyone; we learned this at our own expense; they will learn it in their turn. Because Bismarck succeeded in his enterprises they look upon him as a kind of god; they will not see that he employed only dishonest means; strategy, lies, espionage, corruption, and violence. Nothing is ever firm that is erected on such a foundation. But to tell all this or nothing to the Germans would come to the same thing; they are intoxicated by their victories, and they will awake only when Europe, wearied by their ambition and by their insolence, will rise to bring them to reason. Then they will be forced to acknowledge, as we ourselves have acknowledged, that it might sometimes overwhelm right, justice is eternal.—Eckmann-Clairin—written more than forty years ago.