A SON OF COURAGE

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Billy Wilson, who lives with his father and stepmother and her son Anson, is the leader among the boys of Scotia, a pioneer settlement near Lake Erie. Cobin Keeler, one of the trustees, tells the new teacher, Mr. Johnston, about his predecessor, Frank Stanhope, who was blinded while trying to save horses from a burning stable. A will made by a wealthy hermit, Scroggie, in Stanhope's favor, could not be found. Scroggie's namesake and apparent heir takes possession. Twin Oaks store is robbed. Harry O'Dule finds the stolen goods in old Scroggie's cabin, known as the haunted house. Hinter, middle-aged and well-to-do, goes wooing Erie Landon, loyal sweetheart of Stanhope, and daughter of the invalid lighthouse keeper. Two strangers make a fruitless search of O'Dule's hut. Billy meets Heir Scroggie and Hinter with the drivers of wagon loads of timbers and pipes. Billy falls in love with Lou Scroggie. The new teacher is unpopular. Billy questions his brother about Hinter's boring outfit. Billy's crow brings a twenty-dollar gold piece to Mrs. Wilson, and following Croaker in the hope of finding the miser's hoard, Billy comes to the haunted house. He fails to discover the gold, but meets Lou Scroggie instead.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

Billy caught his breath quickly and a glad smile drove the shadow from his face. "Canvasbacks!" he murmured. "They've come early. I bet anythin' the flocks I heard comin' in through the night was canvasbacks, too— an' redhead! I must go right over after breakfast an' tell Teacher Stanhope; he'll be sure to say 'Let's go get 'em.' Oh, gee!"

He turned back toward the house, then paused as the mellow "whirt-o-whirt" of a quail sounded from the sumach which bordered the meadow across the road. "Old Cock quail," he cautioned softly, "I wouldn't give that covey-call too often if I was you. Joe Scraff jest might hear you. Only note safe fer you to whistle is 'Bob White' but you won't be whistlin' that till spring comes ag'in."

It may be that the white-throated leader of the brown covey in the stubble sensed the murmured warning of his friend, for he did not whistle again. The smile still on his lips, Billy vaulted the rail fence and sought the path to the house.

He found his father, mother and Anson seated at the breakfast table and as he took his place he was conscious of a foreboding of impending storm. The conviction was strengthened when his father's foot, reaching sympathetically underneath the table, touched his ever so gently. With perfect sangfroid he speared a strip of bacon with his fork and held his breath as he waited for the worst. Two taps of that foot meant "On your guard," three taps "Watch out for dodging."

He received two taps and sighed relievedly; then as his mother arose to bring the coffee-pot from the stove he felt three quick and distinct pressures and ducked his head just in time to miss a swinging, open-handed slap from Mrs. Wilson's heavy hand.

Anson, sitting slit-eyed and gleeful close beside him, received the slap with a force that knocked his face into his porridge bowl.

As Mrs. Wilson recovered her balance and squared away for a surer stroke, Croaker swooped in through the open door and, with many muffled croaks, alighted in the centre of the table. In his black beak he held another glittering gold piece, which he dropped in front of Mrs. Wilson's plate. Then picking up a fat doughnut from the platter he hopped to the motto "God Bless Our Home" and perching himself on its gilt frame proceeded to appease his morning's hunger.

Silence fell upon the family after the first gasp of surprise at sight of the gold piece. Even Anson checked his wailing to sit with his pale eyes wider open than ever they had been before and it was he who broke the silence which had fallen—broke it with a husky, fear-ridden voice as he cried.

"For goodness sake, Ma, don't touch that gold! It's bewitched, I tell you!"

His mother glared at him. "Humph!" she snorted, "you're bewitched yourself, you poor coward you! Now then, another word out o' you—and you get the strap. Ain't I told you, Anson, time and ag'in, that this dear crow has found old Scroggie's pile? You git up from this table at once; go out and stay within callin' distance; I'll want you back here presently."

She picked up the gold piece and, fondling it lovingly, waited until Anson had passed outside. Then with characteristic deliberation she placed it safely away beneath her saucer, thereby signifying that the incident was closed for the time being.

It was not until Billy had finished his breakfast and was about to slip quietly out that his mother spoke again. Then fixing him with cold, accusing eyes, she said: "I want 'a know what you had to do with scarin' the new teacher so he won't never come back to the Valley School ag'in, Willium."

Billy, who had anticipated what was coming, gave a well-feigned start.

"Why, Ma," he cried in amazement, "you don't mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, he's gone an' I s'pose you're satisfied, you and your outlaw companions in crime. Cobin Keeler stopped by this mornin' and he told us the teacher left his writ' resign in his hands. He declares he won't risk his life among a lot of young savages."

"I think that Mr. Johnston went a little too far there," Wilson ventured.

"You shet right up, Tom!" commanded his wife. "Ain't it nuthin' to you that your son grows up wild and uneddicated?"

"But he had no right to call us savages, Ma," protested Billy.

"Oh, hadn't he then! Well, who up and deliberately stole his horse, I'd like to know?" Mrs. Wilson held her breath waiting for the answer.

"Nobody stole his horse," replied Billy. "The poor thing was so lean an' hungry that it weaved when it walked; all we did was sneak it out o' the school-yard an' hide it where there was good pasture."

"Well, maybe that ain't stealin' it, but if it ain't what would you call it, Willium?"

"I'd call it bein' kind to dumb animals," spoke up Wilson, his eyes meeting the angry ones of his wife.

"Listen, Ma," said Billy gently. "That old Johnston was awful mean to us kids, there's no mistake about that. He whipped us fer nothin', an' what's worse, he was always sneerin' at us fer being low-born an' ignorant, an' that meant sayin' things ag'in our folks. But we was willin' to stand all that, cause we'd promised Teacher Stanhope that we'd do our best to put up with the teacher in his place. But, Ma, if you could a' seen that poor ol' horse, so starved that every rib showed like the ridges in your wash-board, lookin' over that school-yard fence at the long grass an' beggin' with his hungry eyes fer jest a bite—"

Billy paused and rolled a bread crumb. When he looked up his eyes were dark. "Anse has told you that it was me who sneaked him out o' the yard, an' led him away where he could feed an' rest an' get the sores made by the hard saddle an' hickory healed, an' Anse didn't lie fer once. I did do it, an' I'd do it ag'in.

"What's more, Ma, that ol' horse is goin' to stay right where he is, belly-deep in clover, till it gets so cold we'll have to stable him. Then he's goin' to have all the good hay an' oats he wants."

Mrs. Wilson could scarcely believe her ears. "You don't mean that havin' took him you had any thoughts of keepin' him, Willium?" she managed to say.

"Yes, Ma'am; I mean jest that. You see, Ma, that ol' horse don't belong to Teacher Johnston any more. We bought him."

"Bought him!" exclaimed man and woman in a breath.

Billy nodded. "Me an' Jim Scroggie bought him from Mr. Johnston, an' we got a receipt provin' our ownership, too, you bet. This is how we did it. 'Long 'bout the second er third day after ol' Thomas disappeared me an' Jim met up with Johnston walkin' home from school to Fairfield where he boards. Jim had fifty dollars, all his own, an' we'd planned jest what we'd say to the teacher.

"First off when he sees us, he asks us if we'd happened to find any tracks of his horse. It was funny to see his snaky eyes callin' us liars at every polite word we said to him. Finally he comes right out flat-footed an' tells us that he knows we had somethin' to do with ol' Thomas wanderin' off, an' he says he's goin' to make our fathers pay fer his loss."

"Course we got real scared then—leastwise Johnston thought we was—an' Jim he ups an' tells him that we fergot to latch the gate an' let the horse out. Then Johnston got real mean—meaner than I ever see him get, an' that's sayin' quite a lot. He said he would turn back with us an' interview—that's the word he used, whatever it means—interview our fathers.

"Then Jim begged him net to do that. 'We'll pay you whatever's right fer your horse sir,' he says, but Johnston jest snorted. "Where would you get fifty dollars?' he says, but Jim, he nudged me to keep quiet, an' said: "I've got fifty dollars of my very own right here, sir. We'll buy your horse an' take chances on findin' him, if you'll sell him to us.'

" 'Gimme the money,' says Johnston.

"So we give him the money but we made him give us what Jim calls a regular bill o' sale receipt fer it. An' so, you see, Ma, we've got Mr. Johnston there, an' he won't ever lay the rod on poor ol' Thomas no more."

Mrs. Wilson, arms folded on the white table-cloth, was gazing out of the window now. Perhaps she saw a poor old horse, belly deep in luscious grass, making up for the fasts of hard and stern days mercifully behind it forever now and enjoying life to the full—the new life which Billy had helped to purchase.

At any rate, her voice had lost much of its harshness as she asked: "But what about the wild animal that broke into the school an' tore the teacher's clothes fair off his back an' chased him up the road? That's the thing that scared him so he quit the school ferever. Now, Willium, what did you have to do with that?"

Billy sat silent, striving to keep back the grin that would come in spite of him. Wilson, on pretext of getting his pipe, got up and left the room.

"I'm waitin', Willium."

"Well, ma, you see ol' Ringdo got out of his cage yesterday mornin'. I've kept him shut up a lot an' what with feedin' on meat an' rich stuff that old swamp coon was playfuller than usual, I guess. It seems Teacher Johnston had took a notion to get down to the school at eight o'clock instead of nine as he usually does. When Teacher Stanhope taught school Ringdo used t' often go there an' get apples an' stuff that the teacher saved for him. Yesterday when he got loose he must've been lonesome fer Mr. Stanhope, an' he went to the school. He got in an' found Johnston alone, I guess, an' maybe tried to get friendly. Mr. Johnston must have kicked him er hit him. All I know about it is what I seen fer myself.

"I was goin' down the path to the road, Anse with me, when the teacher went past, runnin' fer all he was worth. Come to think of it his coat had ben clawed some, an' I remember now his face was bleedin' from a scratch er two. He didn't see us an' he didn't stop. He kept right on goin'. Anse an' me went on to the school, an' there we found Ringdo jest finishin' the teacher's lunch. I brought him back an' put him in his cage. That's all, Ma, an' it's every blessed word true."

Mrs. Wilson remained thoughtful. Billy, watching her with furtive speculation, hoped from the relaxing lines in her brow that all was well with the world once more. Hope became an assurance with her next words.

"You kin have that Jim Scroggie over to supper to-night, Willium, if you want to."

Billy's heart jumped with joy. He wanted to hug his mother, but restrained the desire and sat gazing pensively at his plate.

"What's the matter, don't you want him?" asked his mother. "I thought maybe you'd like to have him, seein's you're such cronies an' there must be some good in him in spite of his looks. I could have them partridges that Joe Scraff sent over roasted with bacon strips across 'em, an' baked potatoes, an' maybe I might boil an apple dumplin'."

Billy sighed. "That's awful good of you, Ma, an' I sure would like to have Jim over to supper, but he's so fond of his sister he won't go anywhere without her, you see."

"Well," flared his mother, "can't he fetch her along with him, if he wants to? What's to hinder him from fetchin' her? She's a sweet little thing an' I'd be proud to have her."

Billy closed his eyes and took tight hold of his chair seat. He knew that if he did not summon all his self restraint he would surely spoil all he had accomplished through strategy. He longed to swoop down on his mother and hug her, slap her on the back and yell in her ear that she was a brick. But experience had taught him caution. And, besides, Billy reasoned, there was still something more to be accomplished.

"I say we kin have Louie over, too. Willium," Mrs. Wilson suggested once again.

"Yep, we could do that, I s'pose," said Billy, "only ——" He frowned and shook his head. "I guess we best not ask either of 'em, Ma. Maurice might hear of it, an' wonder why he wa'n't asked too. He's awful funny that way, you know."

"Why, sakes alive!" cried his mother, "I never give Maurice a thought. O' course we'll have him, too. An' if there happens to be anybody else you'd like, you best say so now. Willium."

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries

Sweets for Winter Parties.

A great deal of care needs to be exercised in determining when candy is ready to be removed from the fire. A thermometer may be used in testing but, with a little practice, the soft ball, hard ball, thread, and crack or brittle stage can be easily recognized when a few drops of the hot candy mixture are tested in cold water.

If, upon testing in cold water, a little of the mixture rolled between the fingers forms a soft ball, the soft-ball stage is reached.

The hard ball stage is reached when a hard ball forms, by the same test.

The thread stage is when the sugar forms a thread when dropped from a spoon. The crack or brittle stage is when a few drops, when dropped from the spoon into cold water, at once harden and crackle.

Glaced fruit and nut balls—1 cup dates, 1 cup figs, 1 cup raisins, 2 cups nut meats. Wash and dry fruit. Put fruit and nuts through the meat grinder. Mix well and roll into shape. If desired, glace with the following glace mixture: 2 cups corn syrup, ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar. Boil together till brittle when tested in cold water. Place pan in pan of hot water and begin to dip the balls at once. Put balls on oiled paper to cool.

Fruit sweets—1 cup dates, 1 cup figs, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup nut meats, 1½ teaspoons orange juice, grated orange peel, ⅛ cup honey or corn syrup. Put fruit and nut meats through food grinder. Add orange juice, grated orange peel and honey or corn syrup. Mold into balls and dip in cocoanut or chopped nuts.

Vinegar candy—3 cups sugar, 1½ cups vinegar. Boil sugar and vinegar together until a drop hardens in cold water. Pour on greased plates, cool and pull until white. Cut with shears into small pieces.

Chocolate dips—1½ cups corn syrup, ½ cup mild molasses. Boil together until it cracks in cold water. Pour into greased pan. Cool and pull. Just before candy becomes hard, pull into thin ribbon-shaped pieces about ½ inch wide. Cut into one-inch strips with scissors and set away to cool. When hard, dip into well-beaten melted sweet chocolate and place on oiled paper to cool.

Chocolate caramels—1 cup chocolate shaved fine, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 cup white sugar. Stir until dissolved but do not stir after it begins to boil. Boil until brittle stage but not too hard. Pour on greased plates. When nearly cool, mark in squares.

Cocoanut cream candy—3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons butter, 2-3 cup shredded cocoanut, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir sugar, milk and butter until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Boil 12 minutes. Add cocoanut and vanilla, and beat until creamy. Pour into buttered pan, and mark in squares when nearly cool.

Cocoanut sweets—1 pound shredded cocoanut, 16-ounce can condensed milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Form into small cakes on a greased tin and bake 20 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven until brown. Melted chocolate may be added in the proportion of two squares to the above recipe.

Everton taffy—2 cups brown sugar boiled briskly with ½ pound butter, few drops lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon. Boil sugar, butter and lemon juice together briskly for ten minutes, or to crack stage. Add flavoring and pour in buttered pan. Mark in squares and loosen it from the pan by running a knife under the candy before it becomes entirely cold.

Honey taffy—2 cups honey, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons vinegar. Boil together to crack stage. Cool in buttered pan. Pull. Cut and wrap in waxed paper.

Peanut brittle—1 cup white corn syrup, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup roasted peanuts (halved), 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cook syrup, vinegar and salt until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add peanuts and cook until syrup is a golden brown, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and pour into a buttered pan. Cool and break into pieces.

Pop corn balls—1 cup corn syrup, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon soda, 4 quarts popped corn. Boil syrup, sugar and cream of tartar to the soft ball stage. Add the butter and soda, pour over freshly popped corn and shape into balls.

"You Help Me, Selma."

"The last is the best of all the game! Now for Rosamond Fleet!" cried Selma Andrews, who after years away was revisiting all her old playmates. "I can hardly wait to see her. I used to be fearfully jealous of her; there never was anyone who had more wheedling 'tricks and manners' than Rosamond. Yet I adored her, too."

Martha, who was acting as guide, hesitated. "You must be prepared for a big change in Rosamond," she said. "People can't stay children forever; and like everyone else Rosamond has had trouble. She isn't well—"

But Selma was not to be discouraged. "She can't help being Rosamond," she declared; "not if she is as gray as a badger."

"Oh, she isn't gray!" Martha replied.

A little later the two old schoolmates stood at Rosamond's door. The woman who opened it wore a youthful dress that was none too fresh; her hair was arranged like a girl's; her fretful face was rouged. Selma gasped. Could that be Rosamond?

For a moment Rosamond's face brightened, but only for a moment. She led her guests into her pretty parlor and began to recite her troubles. They were not terrible troubles, but clearly they so filled Rosamond's vision that she could see nothing beyond them. The call was uncomfortable for everyone. When Martha rose to end it even Rosamond's protests were half-hearted.

Out in the October sunshine Selma drew a long breath. "I can't believe it even now!" she cried. "I never saw anyone so changed in my life. What is the matter? Has her marriage been unhappy?"

Martha shook her head. "Only as Rosamond has made it herself. Will adored her and in spite of everything adores her still. No, the matter is that Rosamond hasn't changed; she's just what she always was, although we didn't recognize it. Don't you remember that she was always coaxing us to do every hard thing for her in school? "You help me, Selma,' whether it was algebra or French or physics. She never would face a hard thing herself."

Selma was silent; she remembered.

"And you know," Martha went on, "you can shirk in school—sometimes—and get away with it after a fashion. But you can't shirk in life. So Rosamond, who went right on expecting other people to do all the hard things for her, has had to pay the price."

"Poor Rosamond!" Selma said gravely.

"Yes; and poor Will and the poor children; that's the worst of it, Selma."

A Remarkable Piece of Jade.

The largest block of jade in the world, according to the New York Times, is in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. At first glance it looks almost as large as Plymouth Rock; actually it is seven feet long and four feet wide. It is not so heavy as Plymouth Rock, but weighs approximately three tons. It was found on South Island, New Zealand, in 1902, and is of the green variety of jade, with shades that range from green to rich emerald.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

Keep Off the Track.

It is stated that a railway train travelling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour could not be pulled up in a distance less than two miles.

Red Hair Common in Royalty.

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CANADA A COUNTRY OF MANY CLIMATES

WINTER IS ASSET RATHER THAN LIABILITY.

Roses on Vancouver Island at Christmas While Quebec Enjoys Curling Bonspiel.

Winter time in Canada has joys and advantages all its own. The pessimist does not agree with this statement. He complains that it is too cold, disagreeable and unhealthy; that it produces heavy coal and clothing bills, the prevalance of serious illnesses and the interruption of traffic and general business.

Canada is a country not of one, but of many climates,, with roses blooming at Christmas time on Vancouver Island, while Winnipeg, Montreal and Quebec are getting ready for their annual curling bonspiel. As a matter of fact, the climate of Canada constitutes one of its greatest advantages. Anyone who will take the trouble to glance at a map of the world will observe that Canada lies in the same latitude as the virile white races of Europe, and there can be no question that the climate of the northern temperate latitude is more favorable to the development of healthy races than are the more southern climates. Vital statistics bear this out. Nowhere in the world will a healthier class of children be found than in Canada, and the state of health of the children is perhaps the best indication of the advantages of the climate. Canada's death rate per 1,000, for example, is lower than that of England, Germany, Hungary, Spain, Sweden, United States, Chili, etc.

If it were not for Canada's climate, we would not be producing the finest milling wheat in the world; the primest of beef cattle; the growing output of timber and furs and the fine, vigorous race of young men and women that so cheerfully demonstrate, in the recent Armagedden its ability to endure and accomplish.

Long summer days, with short growing season, put the quality in "No. 1 Northern"; bracing cold weather puts bone and muscle, fat and hide on horses and cattle; snow solves the lumberman's and fur trapper's transportation problem, while to the lover of outdoor sports, winter time is a season to be anticipated.

From the Canadian Rockies to the shores of Nova Scotia, the first snowfall is hailed with delight. Lumbermen move into their winter camps and prepare to snake out logs; trappers and hunters look to the strings of their snowshoes; sleds and tobogganing are brought from their summer resting places and enthusiastically overhauled; ski-ers dream of record jumps as they usher in winter with an initial run; and hockey players get down to training for the strenuous games that put the Canadian "Falcons" into the premier place at the Antwerp Olympic championship contests of 1919.

The ramparts—Dufferin Terrace—at old Quebec, take on a picturesque appearance little dreamed of in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm. Here, within a radius of 150 yards of the famous hostelry "Chateur Frontenac," skating, curling, ski-jumping, and tobogganing hold sway. A kaleidoscopic array of colors and costumes puts the finishing touch to an infectious atmosphere of the joy of living. Those who know it not—who annually go off suddering to Florida, California or Bermuda, whose experience yet lacks a taste of Canadian winters, will continue to be among the critics, but once having tried it, they find it good—and they come back.

They realize, as have others before them, that Canadian winters may well be dded to the long list of this country's natural resources, and that Canadian winters are undoubtedly assets—and in capital letters.

The House That Jack Built.

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the lumber, all shaven and sawn,
That was used in the house that Jack built.

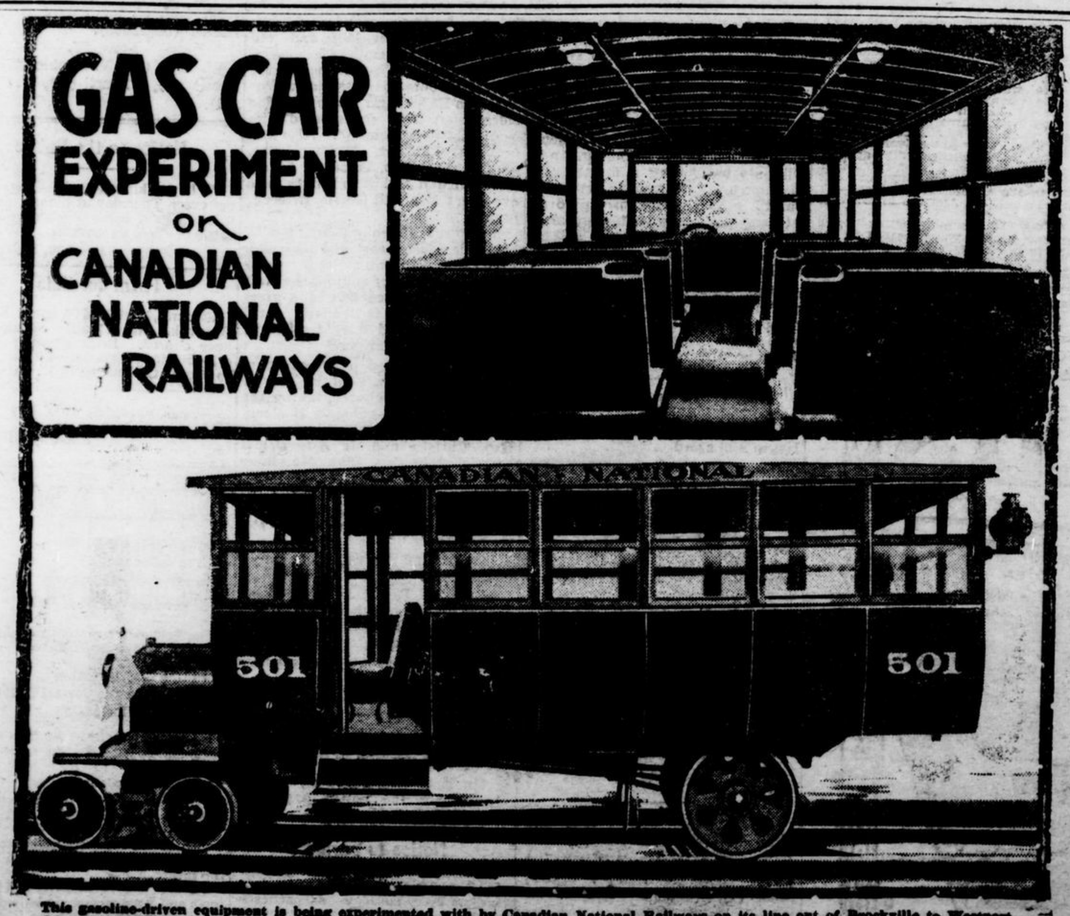
This is the tree, so tall and so strong,
That furnished the lumber, all shaven and sawn,
That was used in the house that Jack built.

This is the forest, so broad and so green,
The home of the tree so tall and so strong,
(And thousands of others as tall as strong)
That furnished the lumber, well shaven and sawn,
That was used in the house that Jack built.

This is the match, so neat and so small,
That was thrown by a gink without thinking at all,
Down into a brush heap, lighted and all,
And burnt up the forest, so broad and so green,
The home of a million trees, stately and strong,
That would furnish the lumber, if shaven and sawn,
For thousands of houses like Jack built.

—Fred H. Byshe,
Dominion Forest Service.

A man's brain attains its maximum weight at the age of twenty years



This gasoline-driven equipment is being experimented with by Canadian National Railways on its line out of Brockville to Westport, Ontario. It makes four round trips, or a total of 355 miles per day. It is required to run 45 miles in 1 hour and 45 minutes, including all stops. This car is handling a large number of passengers daily.

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ISSUE No. 53—'21.

QUEENSTON - CHIPPAWA SET IN MOTION BY

Largest Electric Power Plant in the by the Provincial Premier and M Presence of Thousands of Del Municipaliti

A despatch from Queenston says:— early five years of skilled engineering effort, night and day labor, and overwhelming financial anxiety were crowned with success on Wednesday when power was officially turned on at the Queenston-Chippawa development. Sir Adam Beck, on whose shoulders the tremendous weight of responsibility has rested during the entire anxious period, presided at the ceremonies, and received ovations from over 2,000 municipal representatives such as few Canadian public men have ever been accorded.

With glowing face and sparkling eyes, Sir Adam exhibited just pride Equally apparent in the mien of the Hydro Knight was the expression of great relief at the completion of the first of the ten units of the Chippawa power project, the greatest in the world and the subject for comment of nations. For approximately ten days the apparatus will be permitted to dry out, then mighty Niagara will commence whirling out still further

FAMINE VICTIMS EAT DEAD BODIES

Cannibalism Practised in Parts of Russian Hunger Zone.

A despatch from Riga says:—The first official report of cannibalism in the famine districts of Russia has been made to the All-Russian Soviet Congress by Delegate Ovsienko of Samara, according to a despatch to the official Rosta News Agency, dated Moscow.

"At Ramikovesky the parish people are eating the bodies of their dead," Ovsienko told the Congress. "It is dangerous to bury the famine victims in the presence of the people, and guards must be kept over them until they are in a state that makes eating impossible."

Ovsienko stated that Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, High Commissioner of the International Committee of Russian Relief, even though a hardened explorer, returned to Moscow sickened by the scenes he witnessed in the stricken districts. The speaker said that children are being taken to the steppes and left there to die; that mothers maddened by their experience, cut the throats of their babes.

At the present time, continued Ovsienko, the Soviets, with all their outside aid, are able to feed only half the starving children and only one-twentieth of the adults.

Automobile owners in different cities throughout the United States have recently been won over to the fad of carrying across their radiators, suspended from the light brace rod, neat brass or black-and-white plates bearing the names of their home towns.

KING GEORGE WILL RIDE PRINCESS MARY ON

Arrangements for the wedding of Princess Mary, which it has now been decided will take place the last week in February, are now in progress, says a London despatch. Already the order of the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey has been mapped out. King George will ride with his daughter in a closed carriage to the Abbey, but an open carriage will be used on the return from the Abbey to the palace.

The Queen with other members of the royal family, will be seated in the sacrarium of the Abbey during the ceremony, while the King will stand with his daughter at the rail of the high altar. Immediately after the ceremony the couple, followed by the royal family, will proceed to the chapel of Edward the Confessor and sign the register. If his health permits the Archbishop of Canterbury will celebrate the wedding ceremony in person.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO