

A Disastrous Deal in Jumbo Iron

By R. RAY BAKER.

The ticker tape had overflows the waste basket in Claude Winters' office and a liberal supply lay curled on the floor, while short bits crept here and there about the room. One piece was held taut in Claude's fingers, as he sat at a desk by a window. Seven stories down the city roared and clattered, but the young stock broker heard none of the tumult. He bent over the desk, his elbows resting on it, his gaze transfixed on the tape before him.

"Lost," he muttered. It was not a groan, for Claude was not the groaning kind. He had stamina, although the supply was being overtaxed at present. "Lost—a clean sweep. Only one possible way to retrieve, and that's to throw at least \$200,000 into the whirlpool that sucked down my half-million. But where's it to come from? I haven't more than \$5,000 left, and that wouldn't affect Jumbo Iron one jot. No, what I need is a whole lot of money in quick time. I'll not give up. Two hundred thousand will bring back the five hundred thousand; there's no doubt of it. But where'll I get it?"

He rose, dropped the piece of tape, and ground it between a heel and the office rug. Crossing to the telephone he called up various bank officials, one after the other. No satisfaction. Money was "tight," and besides, it was the big banking interests largely that had brought about his downfall. He was disappointed but not surprised.

Claude returned to his desk, but not to his attitude of dejection. His mind was busy seeking the signpost of a highway that would lead him out of the forest of "frenzied finance."

Six years ago Claude had come to the city with a comparatively few dollars, and acceptance of a lowly position in a brokerage office had proved a lucky step. He made a favorable impression with the broker and was educated in the finesses of playing stocks. Finally he was made a partner; shortly after that the broker died and Claude became sole owner of the business. Fortune leaned on his side and money rolled in. Everything he touched responded as objects responded to the golden touch of Midas, as told in mythology—until he tried Jumbo Iron. Then came the crash.

All this time he had neglected the old home on the farm. On this farm he had been born and raised to young manhood. On the adjoining eighty acres had lived Alice Hall, pretty daughter of a farmer, and with her Claude experienced his first affair of the heart. He had loved her desperately—he had thought.

Then his parents had died, one shortly after the other, and having a natural-born dislike for farming, he had gone to the city. "I'll come back for you some day," he had told Alice, but after writing once or twice he had forgotten her. A member of his office force had attended to the payments of taxes on the old farm, but that was his only remaining connection with the environment of his boyhood.

Now as he sat at his desk seeking a way out of his dilemma the picture of a girl arose in his mind—a beautiful girl. But it was not Alice. Her name was Hortense Molton, and she was the daughter of Ruford Molton, a power in the financial world. She had a million in her own right, and she was fond of Claude. He had met her at a social function and they had liked each other. Somehow he had felt she would marry him if he asked her, but he had never really courted her, although he had taken her around some.

"She's the solution," he decided, as he harassed his brain for a means of raising money. "I'll ask Hortense to marry me. Let's see, she's spending the month at Troy. I'll just run up there in my car, get her consent quickly—if I can—and then put my hands on some money. This situation ought to keep a week at least. I'll appeal to her romantic nature, and she ought to dispense with an elaborate ceremony. The trip will do me good, and incidentally I'll stop on the way and cast my eye over the old farm."

That very afternoon he started on the trip, his hopes once more arisen. Abandoning the cares of financial life, which his peculiar construction permitted him to do, he assumed a holiday spirit, and spoke amiably to every one he met on the road.

Cities, villages and farming districts passed through at a swift pace. At a strangely familiar sight began meeting his glance. They were so strangely familiar because never before had he motored in this direction. In spite of the fact that the road led to the farm which had once been his home.

He didn't stop for more than a minute," he muttered as he noticed a landmark which he realized was not more than five miles from the old farm. "I'll just stop and look it over; won't even stop the motor."

Apparently the girl was too engrossed in her work to take heed of his pleasantly voiced inquiry. He repeated the question, and she turned toward him, wiping a hand across her face that left a black streak there.

"Well," she said slowly, "it looks as if I might—"

She stopped talking and gazed at him in a daze.

"You're—you're Claude Winters!" she managed to stammer.

It was so like an accusation that he felt guilty, without having the slightest idea why. He peered at her intently. The black mark disfigured her countenance, but suddenly her identity dawned on him.

"And you're Alice Hall!" he exclaimed, and forthwith switched off the ignition of his motor and left his machine.

They shook hands with a good deal of restraint.

"You're—you're still here, I take it," he observed inanely.

"As you see," she retorted somewhat pointedly.

"I—I just thought I'd drop in at the old place and see how it looks," he went on. "I happened to be coming this way, you see."

"About time," she sighed. "And you won't see much to please your eye. The old home is buried under a growth of weeds. It's been sadly neglected—just like some other things." She emphasized the word "some."

Claude was feeling contrite. In addition, he had a strange sensation about the heart. This country girl had grown more beautiful since he went away. He had loved her once, and the city had made him forget. Now he was away from the city, and the old feeling appeared to be creeping over him. And it was not an unpleasant sensation, either.

"Your father," he asked. "He is well?"

"He died a year ago," she replied simply, dangling the wrench in a smuggy hand. "I'm farmeretting."

"Farmeretting? I'm a farmerette. I'm working our old farm and getting along pretty well, too; but it's terribly hard work. I can tell you."

"Let's see what's the trouble," he suggested, and looked into the hood. "Timer wire is loose," he said presently. "Have you some pliers? Thanks; now it's all right, I think. Where are you bound?"



A Job For Every Man Prosperity For All.

Mr. Architect, Owner or Contractor

IN 1913, when you asked for tenders on a certain class of building, you found that the cost would be, for example, \$100,000. In 1920 you asked for tenders on the same class of building and found that the cost would be \$190,000.

If you ask for tenders for similar construction today, you will find that the cost, while somewhat higher than in 1913, is much lower than in 1920—to the extent of approximately 25 per cent. in building material and 10 per cent. in labor.

In view of this decline will you now ask for new tenders on work which you temporarily withheld?

Will you proceed with your plans in order that construction may begin on a basis as nearly approaching normal as possible?

In a general and liberal scheme of co-operation, in which all sections of the community are asked to participate, will you carry out your most aggressive plans in order that the largest amount of employment may be given.

"A Job for Every Man Prosperity for All!"

Buy! — Build! — Work!

Plan of Co-operation.

The Provincial Advisory Committee on Unemployment considered the industrial situation and endorsed the following statement of proposals:

- 1.—That Manufacturers should be asked to take a price for goods on hand equal to the cost of replacement having regard to decreased cost of raw material and of labor used in manufacture.
- 2.—That Wholesalers should be asked to sell goods on hand at replacement prices.
- 3.—That Retailers should be asked to sell at replacement prices.
- 4.—Knowing that the costs of building at the present time have been considerably reduced, those desiring to build should be encouraged to ask for new tenders on their proposed work; and that building contractors and builders' supply people should make a special effort to reduce prices to a minimum in order to restore this important key industry.
- 5.—That Banks and financial institutions should be prepared to co-operate to the utmost with all productive enterprises by allowing all reasonable credits and by decreasing rates as rapidly as conditions may allow.
- 6.—That Farmers should be asked to maintain reasonable production, and in the event of a proportionate reduction being reached in other lines, should be prepared to make needed improvements and betterments.
- 7.—That Labor shall be asked to take willingly a reduction in wages proportionate to progressive decrease in cost of living, in so far as such a reduction has not already taken place.

The above statement has been submitted to and endorsed by the following interested parties: factories, wholesalers, retailers, building industries, agriculture, financial interests and the veterans.

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Had Fake Liquor Labels, Gets Five-Year Term
Vincent Massey, thirty-five years of age, has been chosen president of the Massey Harris Company, Toronto, succeeding the late Thomas Findlay.

NOTES FROM WELLINGTON
The Recent Wind Storm Caused Much Damage Around this District Wellington, Dec. 27.—The recent wind storm did considerable damage in this district. A number of buildings suffered, trees were blown down also some smoke stacks and church spires. One resident had every tree in his orchard uprooted.

S. B. McGowan and wife left on a trip to California. Mr. and Mrs. William Atkins will spend their Christmas in Toronto. Mrs. Cora Miles, who fell recently, injuring her back, is able to be around again. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hulse, who have been ill, are recovering. Mrs. Hollingsworth and two daughters, have left for California, to spend the winter. Miss Agnes Maunder returned to Hamilton, hospital on Tuesday, after spending a few days at her home here. Reuben Way, Toronto, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Avery, for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. L. Brickman, of Victoria, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Vandervort.

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Panama canal traffic in October exceeded that of any previous month in net tonnage of commercial vessels using the waterway.

An extremely durable textile for clothing has been developed in England from short silk fibers heretofore thought almost worthless.

A new grease gun for automobiles is operated by compressed air obtained from a tire pump or even an inflated tire carried as a spare.

Killed by Blood Poison
Used an old razor for paring his horns. Foolish because 25c. buys a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Excisor, which for fifty years has been removing corns and warts without pain. No failure if you use "Putnam's." Refuse a substitute. 25c. everywhere.