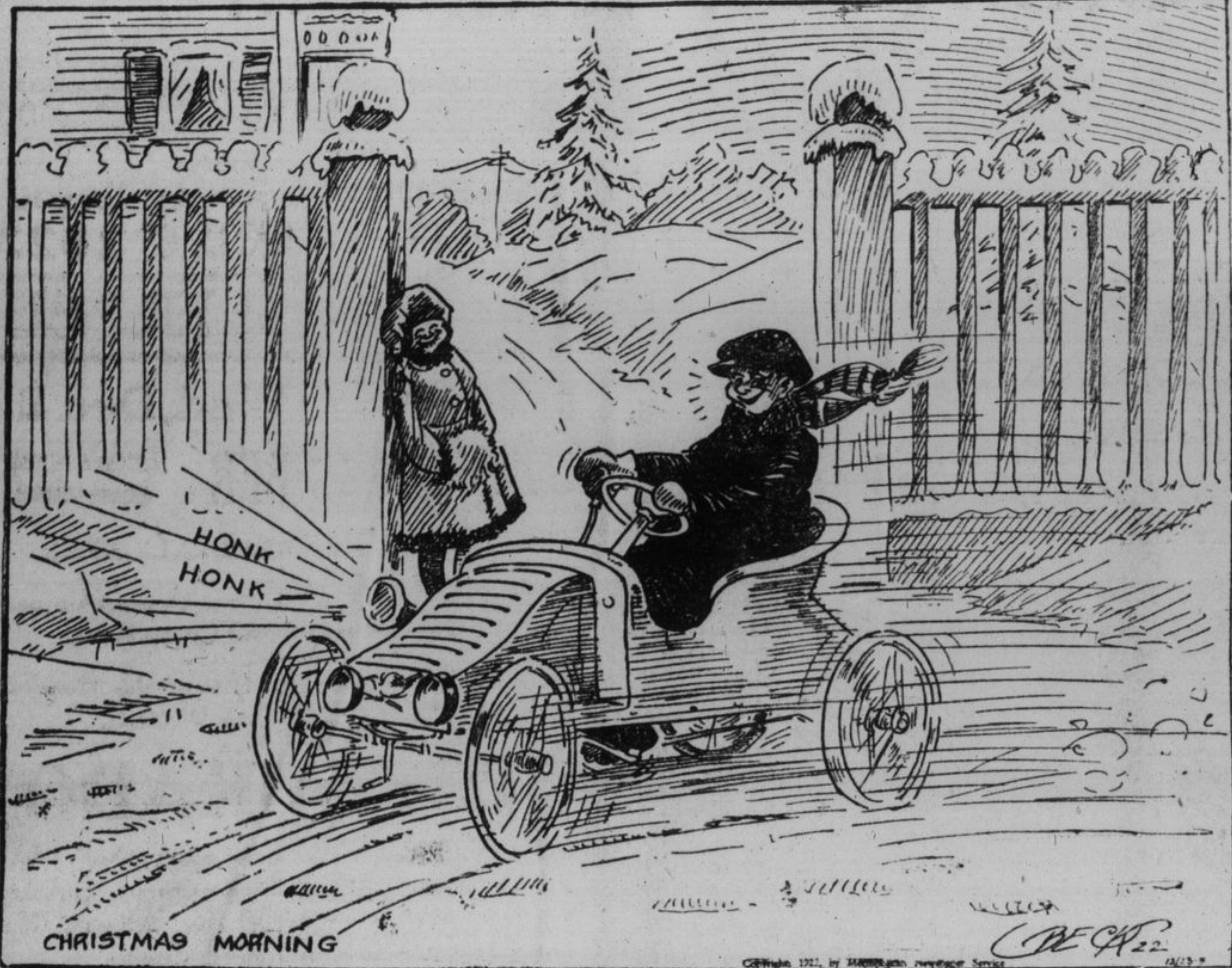


DOWN THE ROAD

By Beck



"TRYING OUT THE NEW MODEL."

THE MAN ON WATCH

Perhaps those people who bought their Christmas turkey at thirty cents a pound will enjoy it the more when they know that their neighbor paid fifty cents a pound for a similar bird.

It is not any comfort to the artistic feeder to be told that while turkeys are dear potatoes are cheap.

While Kingston is very cultured and also has a fairly large artistic community, it will not pay high prices to hear all musical artists. Generally speaking, however, the artistic people have not the cash, which too often is possessed by the loud and the vulgar.

Another very un savory court case is billed for Kingston. A husband is charged with stealing the affec-

tions of another man's wife and being with her too much to suit the complainant.

When coal drivers find coal bins with a good supply, they might take the load to the next on the list.

"Raisins for Canada" reads a newspaper headline. This makes the wine bibbers' countenances beam.

The Kingston utilities commission is merely to pay its general manager the salary being paid by Queen's University to its athletic director for seven months work each year.

Kingston has a brewery for sale, but it is only the building. The smell should be worth something, however.

Now that the police have chased the naughty little janes from the downtown streets, a campaign is instituted to get rid of the wandering

canines. The janes did their wandering at night, while the dogs were a nuisance day and night.

Now the Gananoque girls are playing badminton, and of course they think they have put a good one over on the Napanee girls and added still more tone to the factory town. Napanee will have to go one better and get into the curling game.

Out in Kingston township they are discussing live issues. The farmers want cheap electric power, and it requires a live council to secure it. Christy Graham has certainly put some pep into the Cataract municipal body.

If Santa Claus was arrested in New York, how will he get to Kingston tomorrow night? Well, just watch and see, wee ones. Old Santa will escape from those policemen with his peck. He'll just go up the chimney when the cops are not looking and make a dash for Kingston and fill up

all the stockings which await his coming.

—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

WAS NEARLY 105 YEARS OF AGE AT HIS DEATH

The Late Patrick Smith, Es-cott, Was a Most Remarkable Man.

Patrick Smith, who died at his home in Escott, three miles west of Mallorytown, on Friday, was born in Ireland on March 17th, 1818, and was in his 105th year. Two years ago he told a Whig correspondent about his trip to Canada which occupied eight weeks and three days. During the time he was at sea, the cook on the sailing vessel took sick, and Mr. Smith offered to act in that capacity. When the vessel arrived at Quebec, the captain presented him with a one-pound note for services rendered. While at sea, a man who was accompanying his two daughters to Canada, took sick and passed away. The captain suggested that the body be thrown overboard immediately, but on consulting the mate, it was decided to hold the burial service the following day. As there was no clergyman aboard the ship, the mate acted in that capacity.

When Mr. Smith arrived in Canada, he proceeded to Brockville, which had but a few houses in those days, and later went to Lyn where he worked for eighteen years; he then removed to the village of Escott, and resided in that locality ever since.

Mr. Smith was twice married; his first wife died forty-eight years ago. There were three children by this marriage. He married for the second time, and his wife died four years ago, leaving six children.

One of the remarks Mr. Smith made during an interview was: "Do you know, the Whig is the best family paper that has ever entered my home? We have been reading it for between sixty and seventy years, and intend to do so until we die."

Mr. Smith was indeed a remarkable man, which is shown in the fact that he had very few grey hairs. A year ago he hoed potatoes in the garden of his daughter, Mrs. Katie Gavin, with whom he lived.

FARMERS WHO WIN PRIZES

In the Acre Profit and Feeding Hogs For Profit Competitions.

The following is a list of the winners in the acre profit competition in oats and the feeding hogs for profit competition, held in Frontenac county during the season of 1922, under the direction of the department of agriculture, Kingston:

Acre profit competition in oats: First, Russell Moreland, Sunbury; second, Gordon Gates, Kingston, R.R. No. 1; third, Frank Lindsay, Inverary, R.R. No. 1; fourth, Roy Shannon, Sunbury; fifth, W. H. Macdonald, Kingston, R.R. No. 5; sixth, Clifford Barr, Inverary.

Feeding hogs for profit competition: First, Fred Lindsay, Inverary, R.R. No. 1; second, H. B. Lyon, Kingston, R.R. No. 2; third, Gordon Gates, Kingston, R. R. No. 1.

These competitions are open to junior farmers or young men who have taken the annual short course in agriculture and were arranged with the purpose of giving the boys training in cost accounting, on their farms. It enabled them to find out the cost and the profit from raising an acre of oats and in raising one bacon hog. In computing these costs

A Christmas Message From Rotary

Bethlehem—and Twenty Centuries

ON earth peace, good will toward men" will be a fact when the men who carry on the business of the world accept the responsibility which modern civilization squarely puts upon them.

For the contacts of business are beyond calculation; they touch the ambitious and the humble, the dissatisfied and the satisfied. Business contact and influence are the very warp and woof of organized society. For all civilized men buy and sell something in order to live and to improve.

One of those bloodless revolutions, which steal over us unaware, has made the work and livelihood of civilization a science and a profession. Once we talked of loyalty to religion, to party principles; now we must have loyalty to business ideals.

It has taken twenty centuries since Bethlehem, but at last there is an ethical concept of buying and selling and dealing. It is now as useless to deny that business

is a social profession, as it was really useless, some years back, to deny that the worker should have a voice in determining his wages.

The hour has struck when the conduct of business is no longer the individual affair of the business man for the better, or worse, of his personal repute or his private fortune.

Rotary International calls upon the men of the great social profession of trade and commerce around the globe to exercise their vast contact power for peace and good will by harmonizing with it, by living it, to the glorious end that there shall be among all men an international conscience.

As a harbinger of business ethics Rotary sends its message around the world that true service means personal responsibility for "peace on earth and good will toward men."

RAY HAVENS, President, Rotary International.

KINGSTON ROTARY CLUB

LEMAN A. GUILD, President.

ROY H. WARD, Secretary.

the labor, rent of land and the local price per bushel in the Acre Profit in Oats competition and the cost of feed, the original cost of the pig and the selling price at 28 weeks of age in the feeding hogs for profit competition was considered in each case. The latter competition also shows the actual gain per pound of feed fed and the actual cost of producing a hundred pounds of pork. The contestants showed a keen interest in the competitions and the effort was well worth while, as some startling information came out. Some contestants in the oat competition operated at a loss, and with others the margin of profit was very small.

The Weeping Whale. The captain of an Atlantic liner was bothered by a woman passenger who was always inquiring about the possibility of seeing a whale. A dozen times a day she besought him to have her called if one were in sight.

"But, madam," the captain asked her rather impatiently, after long suffering in silence, "why are you so eager to see a whale?" "Captain," she answered, "my desire in life is to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to see such an enormous creature weeping!"—Pearson's.

It Might Happen Again. Bobby was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face, and, of course, had to be sent away. Once his mother, nearly losing patience, said: "Bobby, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away."

"Well," said Bobby meekly, "once you forgot."—Pearson's. A new order of things is easily brought about—provided you have telephone connection with your grocer. No man ever does as much to-day as he is going to do tomorrow.

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