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adapted equally well to light and general writing because it's fine but also as smooth as a polished jewel.

Medium
a popular point with a good free stroke for all ground work including signature and letter writing.

Broad
for a heavier, broader stroke—a point almost as popular as the medium for correspondence and general utility.

Stub
this smooth-gliding stub gives a hand distinctive character and texture—oblique, bold and free.

Oblique
for pronounced personality and accent—a new soft-writing point that gives a different effect each way the pen is held.

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Factory and General Offices
Toronto, Ontario

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Duofold Jr. 53 Lady Duofold 53
Intermediate size With ring for chain-link

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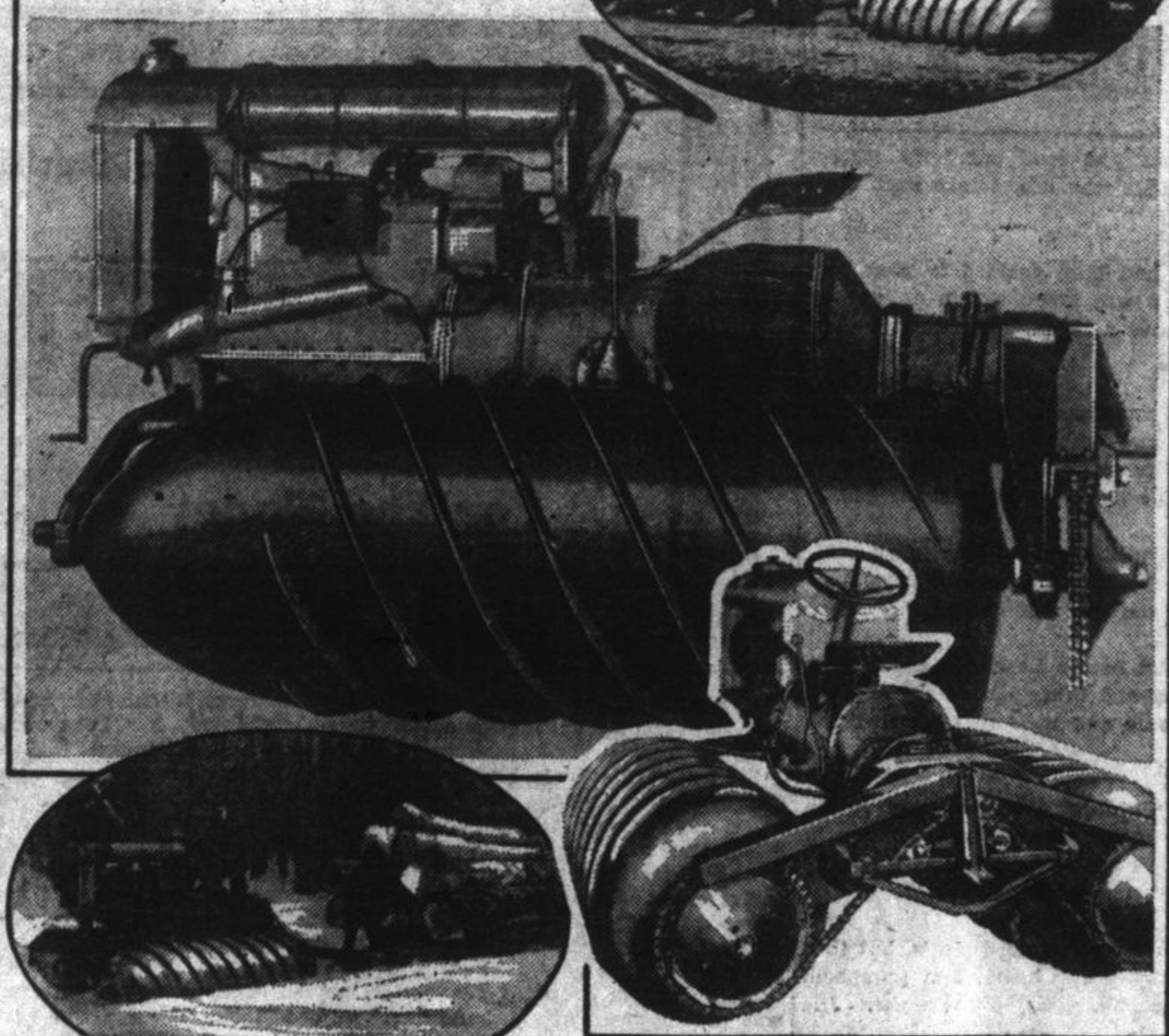
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Parker Pencils
Mahood Bros.**
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meaty nuts
chewy caramels
coated with thick
delicious
chocolate**
The finest candy made in Canada
**CHOCOLATES
by
Moirs**

According to astronomers the number of stars that can be seen with the naked eye is about 7,000. More than 100 persons were killed in a series of landslides near Amalfi, Italy, in March, 1924.

SOLVES PROBLEM OF TRANSPORTATION OVER DEEP SNOW



(Upper) Handling heavy loads loaded with ice through an ice covered city street. (Centre) Side view of the Fordson Snow Motor. (Lower left) Road breaking over snow six feet deep with load of lumber. (Lower right) Rear view of Fordson Snow Motor.

Necessity is the mother of invention. At least everybody says it is. They tell us that is why we have the telephone, the radio, the electric washing machine, chewing-gum, aeroplanes and bobbed-hair; all members of old Mother Necessity's vast and ever growing family.

And now the transportation branch of the family circle has been added to by the advent of a very healthy and important youngster who has a bright and promising future ahead of him. He is called the Snow Motor, a name which was given him because of his amazing ability to move himself and anything that was attached to him as easily over six feet of snow as an ordinary wheeled vehicle does over a paved road.

The Snow Motor was invented by a man who has spent the greater part of his life in the snow-bound wildernesses of Alaska and whose livelihood depended upon his ability to transport himself and certain weighty commodities, such as lumber for instance, over vast snow-covered areas without losing either his life or his lumber.

It did not take more than a few winters in the frozen north to convince this gentleman, whose name by the way, is F. R. Burch, of Seattle, Washington, that there was something radically wrong in the matter of vehicular traffic in countries where very heavy falls of snow were common and inevitable occurrences. Not only was this true, he thought, in regard to the hauling of heavy loads but in the transportation of the inhabitants themselves who, are often quite unable to carry on the ordinary pursuits of life and business during the winter months; months when whole communities had either to put up a hopeless fight against the snow with sadly inadequate equipment or else, what is sadder still, resign themselves to being snow-bound for the winter and completely cut off from the rest of the world.

And so, urged on by Mother Necessity, Mr. Burch and his associates conceived the idea of the Snow Motor. And this is what the Snow Motor does. It floats over snow and, in floating, packs the snow down smoothly and makes a very satisfactory surface for other vehicles to travel over; it hauls twenty-ton loads over snow of any depth; it hauls lumber from the forest, ore from the mines, pulp wood to the mills, mail to rural snow-bound communities, passen-

gers from one such community to another, and in fact does practically everything that an automobile or a tractor does in places where there is no snow.

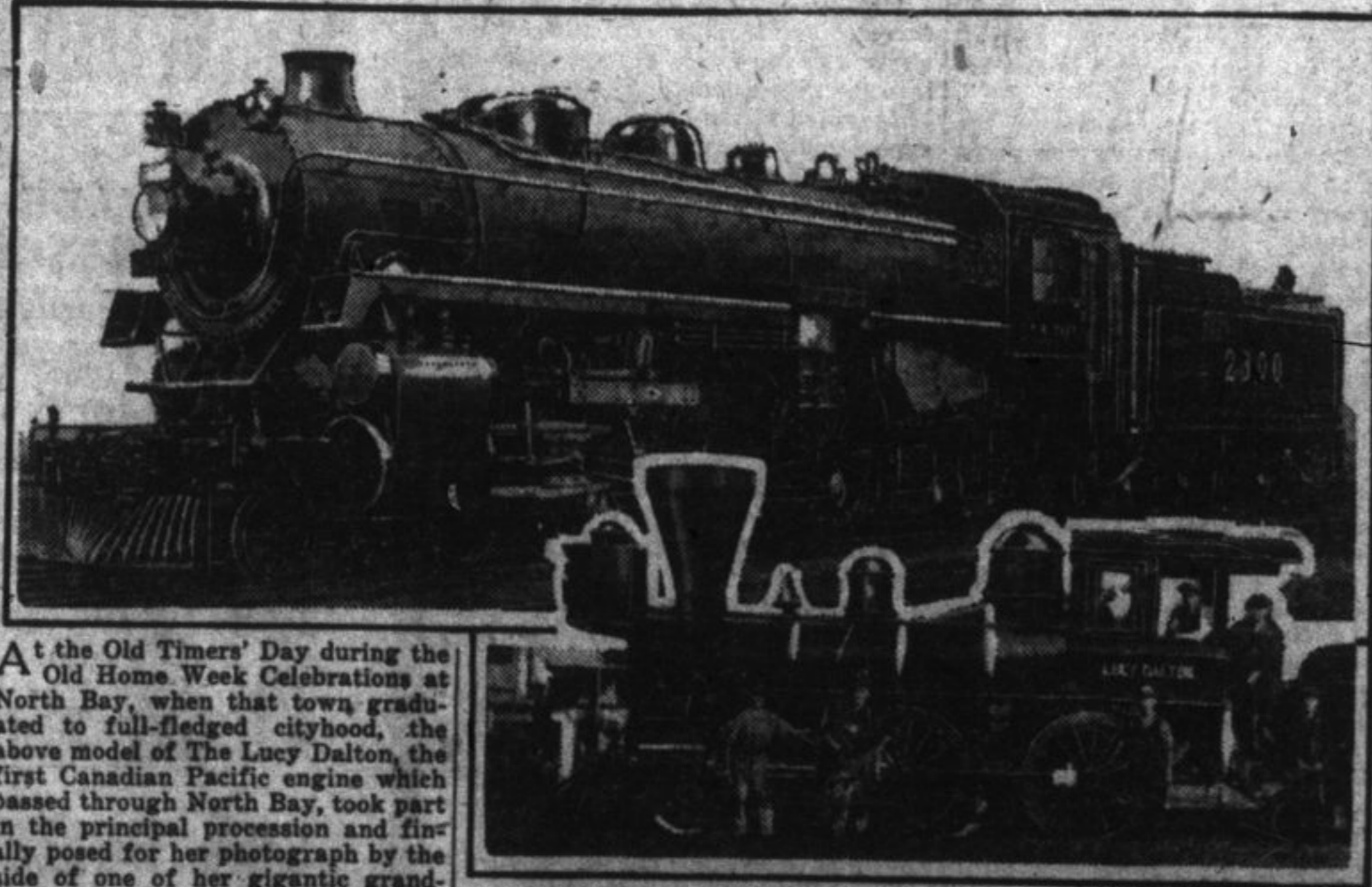
The Snow Motor is a weird looking contrivance which rides the crests of the deepest snow drifts, climbs over fences, stands on its double-barrelled nose and drags its great loads behind it without any apparent effort. As manufactured at present it is attached to Fordson tractors which provide its motive power. Later it will also be used on standard automobiles, when it will travel at a rate of twenty-four miles an hour.

Stripped of its motive power it consists of two cigar shaped cylinders or drums to which flanges, resembling cork screws are attached. These cylinders literally float on the top of snow drifts, for they displace snow equal in weight to the weight of the machine, just as a boat displaces water in proportion to its own tonnage. For heavy hauling the Fordson Tractor stripped of its wheels and axles, is mounted on the Snow Motor and the cylinders are caused to revolve with the result that the Motor worms its way along by means of the screw arrangement on the cylinders. For lighter, or passenger traffic, the wheels and axles of an automobile are removed and replaced by the Snow-Motor. In summer the wheels can be put back again.

In snowed-in districts, up to the present, every effort has been directed to find ways and means for the removal of snow as the only way of opening up traffic. Now, however, the Snow Motor comes along with its funny looking cylinders and floats merrily over soft snow drifts, hard ice, in fact any condition of snow and as it goes makes a road for light vehicles to follow immediately and, after thorough packing, for loads of any weight.

Such is the latest and most important addition to Mother Necessity's family of inventions. It is built by Snow Motors Incorporated in Detroit, Michigan, under the presidency and general management of A. F. Knoblock. It has already proven its ability to do the surprising stunts referred to above and there seems to be very little doubt that it will be in general use in mining and lumbering operations during the coming winter. It is expected that each succeeding winter will find some new use it can profitably be put to and it is difficult to imagine just where the limit of its adaptability should be placed.

Little Lucy Dalton and Her Big Grand Daughter



At the Old Timers' Day during the Old Home Week Celebrations at North Bay, when that town graduated to full-fledged cityhood, the above model of The Lucy Dalton, the first Canadian Pacific engine which passed through North Bay, took part in the principal procession and finally posed for her photograph by the side of one of her gigantic granddaughters, who nowadays perform the duties once carried out so laboriously by Lucy herself. The model was constructed in the Canadian Pacific shops in North Bay and sufficed her way along the streets of

the new city on her own motive power. Thousands of old-time railroad men gathered in the Baby City first posing its way through the of Ontario for the Old Timers' celebrations, and many were the hair-raising stories told of the days when, half a century ago, the railroad was first pushing its way through the barren wilderness which was then North Bay.



At the age of eleven months Simone Andree Dumont was declared the most perfect baby in all France at the national baby contest in Paris.

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HEARTS ADRIFT

BY MILDRED BARBOUR

THE WARNING THAT FAILED

"Now what's this about Madge?" Bannister asked Patricia. "Is anything wrong? Isn't she happy?" "I'm afraid she isn't—entirely, Paul," she told him. "Don't you think you leave her to her own devices a little too often? Don't think I'm a meddler in other peoples' personal affairs," she added quickly. "It's only that I'm fond of Madge—fond of you." She said it bravely and her voice didn't falter. "I want to see you both happy."

"But Madge seems gay enough," he protested. "Exactly. Too gay, Paul. Remember, she is the butterfly type of woman. She must have constant excitement, music, dancing, laughter. Don't you think it is your duty to take her places and not leave her so frequently to go alone?"

She might have added: "Oh with someone else," but she closed her lips and heart to that thought before Bannister.

He arose and walked up and down the floor, hands thrust in his pockets, head bent in thought.

"I know you're right, Patricia," he said jerkily, at last. "We're different temperaments, Madge and I. Several of my friends reminded me of it when we announced that we were going to marry. So, for that reason, I've put no restraint upon Madge's tastes. I can't go with her to parties every night—it's out of the question if I have regard for my profession, my future. But I have no right to deprive her of her pleasures."

"Are you sure that's wise, Paul?" she asked gently. He frowned. "Perhaps not entirely. But it seems fair. Why, isn't she happy doing the things she wants to do, whether I'm with her or not?"

He asked the question a trifle wistfully, as if he hoped Patricia would say "no." But she had to temporize. "I think she's unhappy without actually knowing it. Or maybe it's pride that keeps her from showing it too much. But remember—Madge and I

went to school together. We've been friends for many years and I know her better even than she knows herself. There are almost intangible little signs which make me believe she is not as happy as she pretends. Couldn't you manage to take her away for a little trip somewhere? I asked her to come to Maine with me but she refused. She said she didn't want to go so far away from you."

His eyes lit with sudden radiance. "She said that? The sweet little kid! I might have known. She was like that really under the surface."

He came back to his chair beside Patricia. He was boyish in his happiness.

"I'll tell you a secret. I haven't told Madge yet. I was saving it for a surprise. In August I'm going to Vienna. I've an opportunity to do a bit of work with the great Frankel—you know, the world famous surgeon who's set all scientific Europe by the ears. It's the chance of a lifetime. And it's a chance, too, to show Madge a good time. She'll enjoy the trip and she can play to her heart's content in the gay life of Vienna, while I work."

"It's wonderful, Paul. I'm so glad for you, but," Patricia hesitated, "will it change things, after all, for Madge? Won't it be the same old story?"

"But it'll all be so new to her," he insisted. "She'll be too interested in what she sees and does to mind my working a good bit of the time. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps," she hedged gently. "I hope so. In fact, I believe so. And I'm awfully glad you told me, Paul. I feel very relieved."

"You see," he told her earnestly, "I'm not entirely selfish about this profession of mine. Of course, I honestly want to amount to something in it. It's a big work, a great work, if one can become skilled and it's got me heart and soul. But there's another consideration and that is that Success spells money. I love Madge. I worship her. I want to give her everything beautiful that she desires. She loves luxury, pretty clothes, jewels, lots of servants, good cars. Well, I

want to provide all those things lavishly. And one can't keep a clear brain and a steady hand and earn money in my profession if one is up dancing half the night? Now can one?"

Patricia rose, shaking her head smilingly. "You're right, of course. Forgive me for disturbing you with a foolish and groundless matter. I didn't know about the European trip, you see. Everything will be all right now, I'm sure."

"You're a brick, Patricia," he patted her arm awkwardly and never suspected that her breath caught in her throat. "Nobody ever had a better friend than you are to Madge and me. We'll never forget that."

He escorted her out to her car and stood bare-headed in the spring sunlight while she drove away. As she turned, she glanced back over her shoulder. He smiled and lifted his hand with a gesture of farewell.

She remembered it afterward because it was the last time she ever saw him. (To be continued)

On September 15th, at Belleville, the marriage of Ethel Marguerite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Manly, Belleville, and Thomas Daniel Shea, son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Shea, of Worcester, Mass., was solemnized.

Five milking cows and a bull belonging to Joseph Porter were killed when struck by lightning last Thursday. The animals were in a pasture on Mr. Porter's farm in Montague township.

The marriage took place on September 14th, at Foxboro, of Miss Mildred Agnes Morrow, Frankford, and William Blake Terry, Murray township.