News of the Countryside

From the Record's Correspondents

VARENCY

Mr. Robt. Handley of Toronto visited Mr. R. Parkinson on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Laura Marr, nurseintraining at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, spent the Christmas Holiday at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Miller of Aylmer spent Christmas with the former's parents, Mr and Mrs. R. E. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Parkinson and Arletta Parkinson of Detroit, Loran Parkinson of Toronto, and Miss Vera Link of Hagersville were guests at the home of Mr. R. Parkinson on Christmas Day.

W. Bacher of Fisherville, Hugh and Roy Bannister were holiday [illegible] K. Saunders.

Mrs. Wm .Wardell and Mrs. Ethel Wardell and daughters of Port Dover spent Christmas at D. Parkinson's.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Miller entertained a goodly company of relatives and friends on Christmas day, it being the occasion of Mrs. Brown's eighty-ninth birthday. The community join in wishing her many happy returns.

SELKIRK

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ward of Galt, and Miss Beatrice Kelly of Toronto were Christmas visitors at the home of Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Cavanaugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Beck are spending Christmas holidays with relatives and friends in Toronto.

R. F. Cunningham returned home after a couple of months visit in Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cunningham of Detroit bringing him home. Mrs. Cunningham is staying there for a short time.

Frank House and family of Dundas and Mr. andd Mrs. Wm Hare of Hamilton were visitors at the home of F. P. House on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. McCheaney and family were visitors in Simcoe during the week.

A former resident, Samuel Diltz, of Port Maitland spent a few days here last week.

Mrs. Aaron House and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fess and family were in Hamilton for Christmas.

A. E. Hoover has his house completed and W. Welding moved in before Christmas.

Mrs. Grindle left on Tuesday for Detroit where she will spend the winter.

Bruce House of St. Catherines is spending the holidays at home.

Mrs. Schaefer and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hoover.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Martin, Mr. and Mrs. James Martin attended the funeral of a relative in St. Thomas on Wednesday.

Helen Robinson, R.N., of New York is home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. D W. Hilborn spent Christmas day in Hagersville.

Mrs. H. T. Falls and family [illegible] week.

W. [illegible] and [illegible]

P. [illegible] Christ[illegible]

Mrs. [illegible]

Mr. I. Cotter of Burlington is visiting at W. T. McFarlanes.

Preparations for a play are being made by the Selkirk Dramatic Club.

Alfred Smith of Jarvis is spending the holidays here.

CHEAPSIDE

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Metcalfe spent Christmas with the former's mother.

Among those who spent Christmas in Hamilton were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mattice, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. McBurney and family, Mr. S. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Meighen.

Mrs. Silverthorne attended the funeral of Mrs. Wm. Martin in St. Thomas on Wednesday.

The MacFarlane boys are spending the holidays with their grandfather.

Mrs. Eric Atkinson is spending the holidays with friends in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. G. McBurney spent Sunday evening with Mr and Mrs. Gordon Roth.

Miss Evelyn Wilkinson is spending a few days with Mrs. G. McBurney.

Mrs. Silverthorne is spending the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Walker.

Rev. and Mrs. Kitching and son are spending a few days in Guelph.

Miss Ethel Nie spent the holidays with her people.

Mr. and Mrs. Sider of Wainfleet were guests of the former's brother, Rev. and Mrs. Sidel.

ROCKFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Smith of Mount Vernon and Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson and family spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Howard, Mr Wm. Howard, Gordon Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paskins were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Newman, Hagersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Caswell and family spent Christmas with the Misses Bauslaugh, Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Miller of Jarvis and Mr. and Mrs. A. Youman of Mt. Vernon spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. David Phillips, Jr. and family of Garnet, Mr and Mrs. Allan Phillips and family were Christmas guests at the home of Mr Ralph Golding.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Hare of Villa Nova spent the holiday at the home of Mr. Len Herron.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Smith, Jr., of Villa Nova and Mr. and Mrs Ross Smith and family spent Christmas at the home of Mr and Mrs. George Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Vickerman spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Vickerman, Hagersville.

Mrs. Stanley Anderson spent the latter part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. John Webb of Oneida.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Phillip of Toronto visited on Friday with the former's mother, Mrs. J. Phillips, who is not recovering from her illness very rapidly.

RENTON

Mr. Joe Tidymon spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson.

Mr. and Mrs Geo. Potts were guests on Christmas day with the latter's sister, Mrs. John Richardson of Mount Pleasant.

Misses Elsie and Doris Rowntree of Hagersville are spending a few days with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Secord at "East Lynn Farm."

Mrs. D. K. Secord and son and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Secord of Detroit spent the week-end with the formers daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Rowntree of Hagersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnathan Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Austin, Miss Julia Austin and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moe, were guests on Christmas day, with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Potts.

Mr. Lealand Cowan and Miss I. Wamsley of Lynnville were guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Cowan on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. George Secord of Detroit are spending a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Secord

Mr and Mrs. James Cowan and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Kniffen and family spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ferris at Normandale.

Mr and Mrs. Wm. Cowan and son of Detroit are spending a few days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cowan and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mitchell.

Mr. D. K. Secord and son and Mr. and Mrs Geo Secord of Detroit were guests of the former's brother, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Secord and other friends in Hamilton on Friday last.

Mrs. Derrickson and daughter Lena Derrickson and Mrs. Beickler of Simcoe spent Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Maitland Tisdale.

Mr. J. T. Bagnall of Hamilton was a guest at the East Lynn Farm one night last week.

Those who spent Christmas day at the home of Mr and Mrs. W. D. Pease were as follows:—Mr and Mrs George Steinhoff and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilcox and son of Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. D. K Secord and Arthur, Miss Eva Secord of Hamilton Mr and Mrs. Geo. Secord of Detroit and Miss Jean and Master Harold Dellar of Jarvis.

Miscellaneous Adv.

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED—Police Dog, 7 months old, light color. No color or tag, answers to name "Zip" Reward on return of same to J. C. Quanbury, Port Dover, Phone 67-L.

WANTED—Heavy Spring Chickens. Apply to E. Chambers, Jarvis. Telephone 2-41. m

Apples for Sale—A quantity of northern spy and Baldwin apples. Domestic quality. Price 50c bus. at farm. Joseph Gilbertson, Simcoe 2 miles southwest of Simcoe.

FOR SALE—10 Holstein Bull calves of excellent breeding, from 3 to 5 weeks old, with Register and transfer, for $25 each, until January 1st, 1931. H. A. Schweyer, Eriedale Farm, R.R. 1, Selkirk, Phone 7-30. 38

For Sale—Limited number of winter apples— Greenings and Baldwins, 21 bushel. Frank Hambly, R. R. 3, Waterford. Phone 16-22 Waterford

For Sale—Frame dwelling. Nicely located. In first class condition. Apply to Geo. L. Miller, Jarvis

For Sale or Rent—Comfortable dwelling in the village of Jarvis. Will be vacant December 10th. Apply to Mrs. Allen Lishman, Hagersville. R. R. No. 5.

For Sale—Brick dwelling. in good shape. A bargain for quick sale. Apply to Geo. L. Miller, Jarvis

For Sale—200 acre farm on No. 3 Highway. Good outbuildings. Brick dwelling. Plenty of water. Apply Geo. L. Miller, Jarvis.

FOR SALE—First Class building lot on Main Street, Jarvis, there is on this property a good frame building. Will sell separately if desired No reasonable offer refused. Apply to Geo. L. Miller.

For Sale—6 H. P. Gas Engine, Will Sell Reasonable. For farther imformation apply at Record Office

A grocer has received this communication from a delinquent customer:—"Dear Sir;-I got your dune what I owe you. Now be pachunt. I ain't forget you, plese wate. When some other fools pay me I pay you. If this wuz judgment day and you wuz no more prepared to meet your Maker as I am this account, you sure would go to hell. Hoping you will do this, I remain, yours very truly."

Winners in Judging

ERNEST Haughton and Hilbert de Leeuw, 14 year old Kamloops lads, who recently outmatched all competitors in the annual Canadian Pacific Railway British Columbia Swine Club Contest held at Colony Farm, Essondale, B.C., as the picture from left to right, George Baillie, assistant [illegible] British Columbia District, Canadian Pacific Railway, and [illegible] Hackney lads. Ernest and Hilbert, who in addition receive a free trip to the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto.

Mid-Season Clearance

Coats

For Women and Misses

It's an opportunity to look extravagant for little money

By popular demand—the outstanding values in finer coats, including Shagmoor Garments—all of them lavishly fur trimmed.

Misses' size 14 to 20—Women's size 36 to 48

Every garment LOOKS more expensive and IS MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE than these sale prices. See the display in the north show window, and the sale price tickets on the garments.

$12.50 - $17.95 - $23.50 - $33.00
$44.00 - $53.00 - $59.00
$63.00 and $74.00

Limited Number. *First Choice It Best*
Sale begins Friday morning.

January Clearaway of DRESSES

Choose Your New Frock From These Remarkable Dresses

That Were Never Intended to Sell for So Little

$15.00 $13.50 $9.95 $7.00 $4.95

Beautiful Silk Prints, rich Cantons, fine Chiffons, Fat Crepes, Satins, Pastels, darker tones and rich color blendings.

Misses Size 14 to 20—Women's Size 36 to 50

Dressy Models, Sports Models, Semi-Dressy Styles.

Christmas Aftermath

Clearing the Decks for Inventory

Thirteen tables heaped high. Great pickings. Second floor. Small Lots; Lonelys; Odds and Ends. Soiled items. Two three and four dollars worth for ONE DOLLAR. Tables replenished every morning. Come often—it will pay.

Store Closes Saturday Night at 9 o'clock

Falls' Department Store
Simcoe

Pawned

Frank L. Packard

(Continued from last week)

felt a twinge of pain in his side. His hand groped under the covering. — his fingers came into contact with bandages that were wrapped tightly around his body.

And then in a flash memory returned. He remembered the fight in Rattle's wine shop, the knife stab, and how he had dragged himself along the lane and climbed in through her window. His eyes now in a startled way were searching his surroundings. Perhaps this was the room! He could not be quite sure, but there seemed to be something familiar about it. The light was very low, like a gas jet turned down, and he could not make out where it came from, nor could he see any window through which he might have climbed in.

He frowned in a troubled way. it was true that, as he had climbed in that night, he had not been in a condition to take much note of the room, but yet it did seem to be the same place. The frown vanished. What did it matter? He knew now beyond any question whose face it was that had come to him so often in that shaft of sunlight. Yes, it did matter. He must have been unconscious, perhaps for only a few hours, perhaps for days, but if this was the same place, then she was here, not as a figment of the brain, not as one created out of his own longing, but here in her actual person, a living, breathing reality. It was the girl of the travelling pawn-shop, and . . . . . .

John Bruce found himself listening with sudden intentness. Was he drifting back into unconsciousness again, into that realm of unreal things, where the mind, fevered and broken, wove out of its sick imagination queer, meaningless fancies? It was strange that unreal things should seem so real? Wasn't that an animal of some sort scratching at the wall of the house outside?

He twisted his head around cautiously, and found that the head of the cot was surrounded by a screen. .ie nodded to himself a little grimly.That accounted for it! There was a scraping sound now, and heavy, labored breathing.

John Bruce silently end stealthily stretched out his arm. He could just reach the screen. It was made of some soft, silken material, and his fingers found no difficulty in drawing this back a little from the edge of that portion of the upright framework which was directly in front of him.

He scarcely breathed now. Perhaps he was in so weak a state that his mind faltered if crowded, for there was so much to see that he could not seem to grasp it all as a single picture. He gazed fascinated The details came slowly—one by one. It was the room where he had crawled in through the window and had fallen senseless to the floor—whenever that had been!That was the window there. And, curiously enough, another man was crawling in through it now! And there was whispering. And two other men were already standing in the room, but he could not see their faces because their back was turned toward him. Then one of the two swung around in the direction of the window, bringing his face into view. John Bruce closed his eyes for a moment. Yes, yes, it must be that! His mind was off wandering once more, painting and picturing for itself its fanciful unrealities, bringing back again the character it had created, the man with the sinister face whose pallor was unhealthy and repulsive.

And then he opened his eyes and looked again, and the face was still there—and it was real. And now the man spoke:

"Come on, get busy, Birdie! If you take as long to crack the box as you have taken to climb in through a low window, maybe we'll be invited to breakfast with the family! You act just like a swell crackman—not! But here's the combination—so try to play up to the part!"

The man addressed was heavy of build, with a pockmarked and forbidding countenance. He was panting from his exertions, as, inside the room now, he leaned against the sill.

"That's all right, Doc!" he grunted. "That's all right! But how about his nibs over there behind the screen? Ain't he ever comin' out of his nap?"

The man addressed as "Doc" rolled up the sleeve of his left arm, and produced a hypodermic syringe from a hip pocket.

"There's the safe over there, Birdie," he drawled as he pricked his arm with the needle and pushed home the plunger. "Get busy!"

The big man shuffled his feet.

"I know you know your business, Doc," he said uneasily; "but I guess me an' Pete here'd feel more comfortable if you'd have put that shot of coke into the guy I'm speaking about instead of into yourself. Ain't I right, Pete?"

The third man was lounging against the wall, his back still turned to John Bruce.

"Sure," he said "that I guess you can leave it to Doc. A guy that's been pawin' the air for two days aint likely to butt in much all of a sudden."

The man with the hypodermic, in the act of replacing the syringe in his pocket, drew it out again.

"Coming from you, Birdie" he murmured caustically, "that's a surprisingly bright idea. I've been here for the last three hours listening to his interesting addresses from the rostrum of delirium, and I should say he was quite safe. Still, to oblige you, Birdie, and make you feel more comfortable, we'll act on your suggestion."

John Bruce's teeth gritted together. How weak he was! His arm ached from even the slight strain of extending it beyond his head to the screen.

And then he smiled grimly. But it wasn't a case of strength now, was it? He was obviously quite helpless in that respect. This man they called Doc believed him to be still unconscious, and—he drew his arm silently back, tucked it again under the sheet and blanket that covered him, and closed his eyes—and even if he could resist, which he couldn't, a hypodermic injection of morphine, or cocaine or whatever it was was the supreme crook of the trio indulged in, could not instantly take effect. There ought to be time enough to watch at least

John Bruce lay perfectly still. He heard a footstep come quickly around some one bending over him; then the screen; he sensed the presence of the doctor and a moment later his coverings were pulled down and his arm was bared. He steeled himself against the instinctive impulse to wince at the sharp prick of the needle which he knew was coming—and felt instead a cold and curiously merciless rage sweep over him as the act was performed. Then the footsteps receded—and John Bruce quietly twisted his head around on the pillow, reached out his arm, and his fingers drew the side panel of the screen slightly away from the edge of the framework again.

He could see the safe they had referred to now. It was over at the far side of the room against the wall, and the three men were standing in front of it. Presently it was opened. The man called Doc knelt down in front of it and began to examine its contents. He swung around to his companions after a moment with a large pile of banknotes in his hand. From this pile he counted out and handed a small portion to each of the other two men—and coolly stuffed the bulk of the money into his own pockets.

The scene went blurry then for a moment before John Bruces eyes, and he lifted his free hand and brushed it across his forehead. He was so beastly weak, anyhow, and the infernal dope was getting in its work too fast! He fought with all his mental strength against the impulse to relax and close his eyes. What was it they were doing now? It looked like some foolish masquerade. The two companions of the man with the sinister, pasty face were tying handkerchiefs over their faces and drawing revolvers from their pockets; and then the big man began to close the door of the safe.

The Doc's voice came sharply:

"Look out you don't lock it, you fool!"

Once more John Bruce brushed his hand across his eyes. His brain musing ran riot! Queer tricks again. A diabolical rose suddenly in the room. While the big man lounged nonchalantly against the safe, the other two were scuffling all over the floor and throwing chairs about. And then from somewhere upstairs, on the floor there too, John Bruce thought he caught the sound of hurried footsteps.

Then for an instant the scuffling in the room ceased, and the pasty-faced man's voice came in a peremptory whisper:

"The minute any one shows at the door you swing that safe open as the you'd been working at it all the time, Birdie, and pretend to shove everything in sight into your pockets. And you, Joe, you've got me cornered and covered here—see? And you hold the doorway with your gun too; and then both of you back away and make your getaway through the window."

The scuffling began again. John Bruce watched the scene, a sense of drowsiness and apathy creeping upon him. He tried to rouse himself. He ought to do something. That vicious-faced little crook who had haunted him with unwelcome visitations, and who at this precise moment had the bulk of the money from the safe in his own pockets, was in the act of planting a somewhat crude but probably none the less effective, alibi, and . . . . . .

John Bruce heard a door flung open, and then a sudden, startled cry, first in a woman's and then in a mans voice. But he could not see any door from the position in which he lay. He turned over with a great effort, facing the other way, and reached out with his fingers for the panel of the screen that overlapped the head of the cot. And then John Bruce lay motionless, the blood pounding fiercely at his temples.

He was conscious that a tall, white-haired man in scanty attire was there because the doorway framed two figures; but he saw only a beautiful face, pitifully white, only the slim form of a girl whose great brown eyes were very wide with fear and who held her dressing gown tightly clutched around her throat. It was the girl of the travelling pawn-shop, it was the girl of his dreams in the shaft of sunlight; it was the girl he had followed here—only—only the the picture seemed to be fading away. It was very strange! It was very strange! It was as if a black cloud were rolling in to leave that way. This was Larmon now instead, wasn't it? Larmon . . . . . and a jack-knife . . . . . and a quill toothpick . . . and . . . . . .

CHAPTER VII.

"The Girl of the Travelling Pawn-Shop."

John Bruce abstractedly twirled the tassel of the old and faded dressing gown which he wore, the temporary possession of which he owed to Paul Veniza, his host. From the chair in which he sat his eyes ventured stolen glances at the nape of a dainty neck, and at a great coiled mass of silken brown hair that shone like burnished copper in the afternoon sunlight, as Claire Veniza, her back turned toward him, busied herself about the room. He could walk now across the floor—and a great deal further, he was sure, if they would only let him. He had not pressed that point; it might be taking an unfair advantage of an already over-generous hospitality but he was not at all anxious to speed his departure from —well, from where he was at that precise moment.

And now as he looked at Claire Veniza, his thoughts went back to the night he had stepped, at old Hawkins' invitation, into the travelling pawn-shop. That was not so very long ago—two weeks of grave illness, and then the past week of convalescence—but it seemed to span a great and almost limitless stretch of time, and to mark a new and entirely different era in his life; an era that perplexed and troubled and intrigued him with conditions and surroundings and disturbing elements that he did not comprehend—but at the same time made the blood in his veins to course with wild abandon, and the future to hold out glad and beckoning hands.

He loved, with a great, overwhelming, masterful love the girl who stood there just across the room all unconscious of the worship that he knew was in his eyes, and which he neither tried or wished to curb. Of his own love he was sure. He had loved her from the moment he had first seen her, and in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in its turn had brought the week of convalescence just past And yet—and yet—— Here dismay came, and his brain seemed to stumble. Sometimes he dared to hope; sometimes he was plunged into the depths of misery and despair. Little things, a touch of the hand as she had nursed him that had seemed like God-given tender caress, a glance when she had thought he had not seen and which he had allowed his heart to interpret to its advantage with perhaps no other justification than its own yearning and desire, had buoyed him up; and then, at times, a strange almost bitter aloofness, it seemed, in her attitude toward him—and this had checked, had always checked the words that were ever on his lips.

A faint flush dyed his cheeks. But even so, and all his boasted love, did he not in his own soul wrong her sometimes? The questions would come. What was the meaning of the strange environment in which she lived! Why should she have driven to a gambling hell late at night, and quite as though it were the usual thing, to transact business alone in that car with God! His hands clenched fiercely. He remembered that night, and how the same thought had come, then, mocking him, leering him, making sport of him. He was a cad, a pitiful, vile-minded cad! Thank God that he was at least still man enough to be ashamed of his own thoughts—even if they came in spite of him!

(Continued next week.)

THE JARVIS RECORD

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THE RECORD PUBLISHING HOUSE

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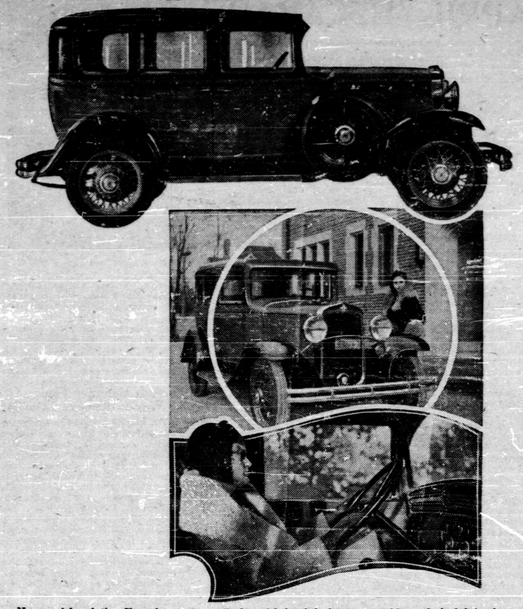
NANTICOKE C. O. F.
NO. 1273
Meets on the last Monday of each month.
— Insurance at Cost —
ARTHUR EVANS — Secretary

SPECIAL
TO JANUARY 5TH
We are giving specials this week for your benifit. You will recieve 10 percent discount on the regular selling price on Men's Mackinaw coats Men's and Boys' Mackinaw Socks, mitts and gloves.
Harness and shoe repairing done here.
Duxbury's Store
PHONE 47.

CAPITOL THEATRE SIMCOE
Friday 2 —Saturday 3
Matinee Saturday 2.30
SHADOW RANCH
Buck Jones
An Excellent Western
Comedy and Kartoon
MONDAY 5 — TUESDAY 6
Matinee Monday 2.30
SHADOW OF THE LAW
A Good direction and setting and a fine performance by WILLIAM POWELL
Also this an interesting picture
Comedy and Scenic
WEDNESDAY 7 — THUR. 8
Matinee Wednesday 2.30
SWEETHEARTS and WIVES
Billie Dove, Clive Brook
a mystery melodrama.
Comedy and Hodge Podge

The Bigger and Finer 1931 Chevrolet



New models of the Chevrolet, now on display throughout Canada, show many improvements and refinements. Above is the beautiful sport sedan, with radiator grille and cowl lamps and six wire wheels. The circle in the center gives an idea of the extensively changed front end design of the entire 1931 line. The arched tie-bar of chrome nickel and the horn mounted beneath the left headlamp are characteristic. Wheelbase of the 1931 Chevrolet is longer and all the interiors are roomier. This is shown in the lower picture, which reveals the space in the driving compartment, and also indicates the clear vision provided. Prices of 1931 Chevrolet are lower even than those for 1930.

Continued from front page

nificent horse show presented that evening. During the evening the 500 party marchd around the arena to the tune of the bagpipes.

On Thursday morning, following breakfast, we visited the T. Eaton Company's new store. After seeing the horses and wagons depart on their daily rounds, we were shown through the building, it being the finest of its kind in the world. It is entirely devoted to home furnishings. Perhaps the most interesting feature an ideal Ontario home. In this, the rooms are laid out with taste and comfort to apeal to the average Ontario family.

For the rest of the day we were free to look over the exhibits at the "Royal" which is the meeting place for the aristocracy among farm livestock and products. It is the culmination of scientific breeding and feeding. As I walked up and down the aisles among the finest livestock in two countries, and stood back to admire the magnificent fruit and butter display, it awakened a desire to go back home and raise the standard of products grown on the home farm.

In the evening we went to the King Edward Hotel and were banqueted in the Crystal Ball Room by the T. Eaton Company. After a hearty meal Mr. R. Y. Eaton presidister for Agriculture. Rev. Martin, Minister for Public Welfare, Major Wemp, Mayor of Toronto, and Dr. Christie, of the Ontario Agricultural College gave suitable speeches. The prizes for the Inter-county and Inter-college judging competitions were awarded at this banquet. A splendid musical programme was enjoyed and the Eaton banquet will be remembered among the high spots of our trip.

We visited the Parliament Buildings on Friday morning and were shown the Assembly Hall with its four galleries and its speaker's throne. We then posed for a group photograph outside the buildings and later were driven around Toronto on a sight seeing tour, ending at the Government House, where we were received by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ross. We were served a light luncheon and enjoyed the visit there by the Lieutenant-Governor.

On Saturday morning the party disbanded after having stayed at the finest hotel in the British Empire, saw the best agricultural show on the American continent, and heartily thanking the government at which has sponsored this trip and all who had combined to make it so interesting, the memory of which will ever inspire us have to higher aspirations in agriculture.

AT THE CHURCHES

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
11 a. m.—Morning Prayer & sermon
7 p. m.—Evening Prayer & sermon
Rev. J. Hirst Ross will preach.

WESLEY UNITED CHURCH
REV. P. E. DEETH, Minister
New Years Service, 1930
9 a.m. Sunday school and Bible class
11 a.m.—Communion Service.
7 p.m.—A New Year's Message.
Friday, Jan. 2, Preparatory Service, 8 p.m. o'clock.

GARNET UNITED CHURCH
Services—1.30 and 2.30 p.m.

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Rev. G. Lloyd Evans will preach at both services next Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wed. at 8 p.m.
Y. P. A. meeting on Friday, at 8 o'clock. Everyone welcome.

WALPOLE
Service every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

CHRIST CHURCH, NANTICOKE
Rev. W. Gibb.
10 a.m —Sunday School
[illegible] —Morning Prayer

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE MATTER of the Estate of JEMIMA GIBBS, late of the Township of Walpole, in the County of Haldimand, Widow, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all persons having any claims or demands against the late JEMIMA GIBBS, who died on or about the 26th day of October, A. D., 1930, are required on or before the 10th day of January, A.D. 1931 to send by post (prepaid) or to deliver to John Vokes, Nanticoke, R.R. 2, Ontario, one of the Executors of the last Will and Testament of the said Jemima Gibbs, deceased, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims or accounts and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that after the 10th day of January, A.D. 1930, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and that the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim they shall not then have received notice.

Dated the 16th day of December, A.D., 1930.

John Vokes, James Vokes, Executors
S. E. Lindsay their Solicitor.