

FINE GROCERIES
FRUIT and
CONFECTIONERY
G. C. Thornton & Son
 THE UP-TOWN GROCERS
 MAIN STREET PHONE 227

Marks of Final Examinations

Continued from page 1

GRADE 3

| | Reading | Spelling | Writing and Drawing | Arithmetic | Composition | Geography | Total | Average |
|--------------------|---------|----------|---------------------|------------|-------------|-----------|-------|---------|
| Elsie Wheary | 82 | 96 | 60 | 96 | 90 | 94 | 518 | 86.26 |
| Margaret Orford | 79 | 95 | 70 | 100 | 93 | 94 | 531 | 88.36 |
| Eva Carter | 81 | 95 | 96 | 100 | 94 | 92 | 529 | 88.16 |
| Donald Seely | 77 | 98 | 65 | 95 | 96 | 92 | 523 | 87.16 |
| Tamara Finnamore | 78 | 100 | 66 | 96 | 94 | 87 | 521 | 86.56 |
| George Dunbar | 77 | 100 | 69 | 96 | 89 | 97 | 528 | 88 |
| Helen Nelson | 81 | 97 | 68 | 94 | 80 | 92 | 512 | 85.26 |
| Robert Grant | 78 | 95 | 64 | 92 | 88 | 91 | 514 | 85.46 |
| Ruth Dow | 79 | 100 | 67 | | | | 88 | |
| Mary Hughes | 76 | 94 | 73 | 75 | 87 | 90 | 500 | 83.26 |
| Pauline Clark | 77 | 93 | 60 | 81 | 86 | 91 | 488 | 81.26 |
| Emma Norton | 75 | 95 | 55 | 95 | 88 | 88 | 491 | 81.56 |
| Clayton Crawford | 77 | 87 | 58 | 62 | 77 | 86 | 467 | 77.56 |
| Ethel Macdon | 76 | 88 | 54 | 62 | 81 | 93 | 455 | 75.56 |
| Russell Watson | 76 | 87 | 67 | 88 | 83 | 90 | 491 | 81.56 |
| Greta Burden | 75 | 71 | 60 | 75 | 86 | 88 | 448 | 74.56 |
| Bianche McIntyre | 75 | 95 | 56 | 79 | 74 | 78 | 457 | 76.16 |
| Florence Smith | 70 | 80 | 59 | 88 | 75 | 90 | 463 | 77.16 |
| Helen McLean | 75 | 81 | 53 | 56 | 62 | 83 | 470 | 68.26 |
| Evelyn Macdon | 76 | 92 | 66 | 85 | 85 | 80 | 484 | 80.46 |
| Kowena McIntyre | 70 | 87 | 54 | 77 | 60 | 64 | 412 | 68.46 |
| Bruce Sutton | 74 | 86 | 57 | 72 | 58 | 53 | 440 | 73.26 |
| Douglas Stevens | 68 | 77 | 49 | 67 | 82 | 84 | 427 | 71.16 |
| Madeline Wilcox | 74 | 85 | 59 | 63 | 72 | 78 | 422 | 72 |
| Amy McIntyre | 73 | 85 | 65 | 98 | 79 | 88 | 478 | 79.46 |
| Hazel Sparrow | 76 | 81 | 59 | 50 | 72 | 58 | 406 | 67.46 |
| Nellie McFarlane | 71 | 78 | 62 | 83 | 67 | 61 | 422 | 70.26 |
| James Montgomery | 72 | 86 | 58 | 82 | 80 | 83 | 451 | 76.56 |
| Donald Smith | 74 | 55 | 53 | 80 | 73 | 89 | 424 | 70.46 |
| Sadie Greer | 70 | 85 | 61 | 55 | 77 | 93 | 441 | 75.36 |
| Allan Wort | 70 | 78 | 55 | 91 | 68 | 85 | 447 | 74.36 |
| Gertrude Hayden | 71 | 92 | 53 | 93 | 69 | 78 | 461 | 76.56 |
| Harford Colpitts | 72 | 83 | 57 | 75 | 63 | 85 | 445 | 74.16 |
| Winford Clarke | 69 | 91 | 56 | 69 | 85 | 80 | 450 | 75 |
| Greenville Colwell | 63 | 62 | 59 | 93 | 64 | 73 | 424 | 70.46 |
| Eike Haanigan | 48 | 84 | 50 | 59 | | | | |

FAYE M. PLUMMER, Teacher

The Big Picnic

That the big picnic to be held by St. Gertrude's church is to be a great success, there is no doubt. All the attractions of an up-to-date picnic will be offered for your enjoyment on Wednesday, AUGUST 8th. Keep the date in mind and make no other plans. You will miss the time of your life if you are not one of the crowd at this mountain picnic. Competent committees have charge of every department and that spells success. You remember the enjoyable picnic of AUGUST EIGHTH last year, this will be better still. Everybody should go to the picnic grounds on Wednesday, AUGUST EIGHT and spend a day of real pleasure.

KIRKLAND

July 9th, 1917.

We are having pleasant weather at present.

Messrs Burton and Guy Lenontine, from Monticello Maine, are visiting relatives in this place.

The W. F. M. Society, of Maxwell, held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. George McNeelin.

Mrs. John Murphy and two sons from Canterbury Station are visiting relatives in this place.

Mrs. Joseph Hall, her little grand child and her son Sterling visited her daughter Mrs. Sanford Hawkes, at Maxwell July 8.

The Misses Madeline Dinnin, Effie Bunting and Clara Snow were in Woodstock standing the entrance examinations for P. N. S.

Word has been received that Ross Couffer who lived near Philadelphia was dead. He was married to Miss May Bunting of this vicinity.

Miss Hazel Dickison, a teacher in the public schools, has been operated on for appendicitis. She is in Houlton hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Watt Taylor made a trip to Woodstock recently.

Put Up Plenty of Preserves

Increased Cost of Sugar is Surprisingly Low

Women Now Realize what a Foolish Extravagance it was to Do Without Homemade Preserves

There is nothing quite so effective as facts and figures to demolish a fallacy.

Last Year, when sugar went up a few cents in price, some people decided that they would not put up their regular supply of homemade preserves. They could only see the 2 cent or 3 cent increase in the price of sugar. They could not see how much more it would cost them to replace preserves with anything else. They did not stop to figure how this increase in the cost of sugar, was going to affect the cost of preserving.

Others did, however, and proved that the cost of preserving, due to the increased cost of sugar, had been greatly exaggerated.

Here is the way these clever women proved it. Before the war, we know that sugar was 5 1/2 cents a pound. Because of war conditions, the price of sugar fluctuates, but the retail price for the best granulated sugar averages 8 1/2 cents a pound. This is an average increase of only 3 cents a pound.

Every good housekeeper knows that a quart jar of preserved berries or fruit requires only half a pound of sugar, so that the increased cost of preserving, due to the increased cost of sugar, is only 1 1/2 cents a pound.

This is why a jar of homemade Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Plum, Peach or Pear, is about the most expensive sweet or dessert that can be put on the table.

Besides the economy of putting up a goodly supply of homemade preserves, there is another reason. We must conserve our food supply. We must save our fruit crops. Last year, because of the mistaken idea of economy, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of berries and fruit were wasted. Now that the women realize that the cost of preserving was greatly exaggerated last year, they are determined to do more preserving, and also to enjoy an abundance of delicious homemade jams, jellies and preserves this winter.

Presentation to Rev. J. J. Ryan

Monday, the 16th of July, was the 25th anniversary of the ordination of Rev. J. J. Ryan, pastor of St. Gertrude's church. A large number of parishioners met in the parish hall to do honor to the event on the evening of that day. The platform had been nicely decorated with flowers by the ladies of the congregation.

Coun Joseph Fewer ably filled the position of chairman.

The address by Hon. J. L. Carleton, congratulated Rev. Father Ryan on his silver jubilee and expressed the wish of the parishioners that he would be long spared to administer to the spiritual needs of St. Gertrude's parish.

After the address a purse of gold containing \$183 was presented to the pastor. Father Ryan although taken by surprise as he had been absent all the past week, made an appropriate reply particularly referring to the paragraph in the address dealing with his mother to whom he had looked for guidance and advice since his infancy.

He thanked the congregation for the evidence of their friendly feeling toward him who had only been their pastor for about two years.

A few farmers about the county began haying on Tuesday and it is expected that operations will be quite general, if the weather is good, during this week. The crop is likely to be a very heavy one.

On Monday, there was quite a hail storm at Weston, and Mr. Gartley, of Oakville, had a building destroyed.

The Story of The Stairs

Every time you go up stairs you can test your state of health—the condition of your blood.

Do you arrive at the top of the stairs breathless and distressed? Does your heart palpitate violently? Do you have a pain in your side? Perhaps you even have to stop half way up, with limbs trembling and head dizzy, too exhausted to go further without resting. These are unfailing signs of anaemia. As soon as your blood becomes impoverished or impure the stair-case becomes an instrument of torture. When this is so you are unfit for work; your blood is watery and your nerves exhausted, you are losing the joy of an active life and paving the way for a further break down and decline. In this condition only one thing can save you. You must get new, rich, red blood into your veins without further delay and so build up your health anew. To get this new, rich blood give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they will give you new vitality, sound health, and the power to resist and throw off disease. For more than a generation this favorite medicine has been in use throughout the world and has made many thousands of weak, despondent men and women, bright, active and strong.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Earl Strong and Fred Mooers of Woodstock recently visited Mr. Strong's aunt Mrs. Williams Ames a few days. —Fort Fairfield Review.

Letter From Rev. D. Fiske

Florenceville, Sask.

July 5, 1917.

To my old Friends in Carleton County.

And all others who may be interested. Greeting

This A. M. the East seemed to consort with the West so stirringly in my mind that I was strongly prompted to pen a contribution to The Dispatch, whose familiar face I always welcome.

The inspiring in reminiscence, quieter memories of old associations, sobering thoughts in view of one and another who have obeyed the call hence, grouped themselves with features in the West and World movements of our day in a specially spirit-quickening manner. Carleton County, yes and Victoria County stand out in bold relief. Sunday School Convention days and so many of the personnel, how they feature out in review. J. T. Fletcher undaunted by indifference or by statistical drudgery with his inspiring leadership. S. J. Parsons with his enterprise, his animation and humour, ever ready with some new element to stir S. S. people to effective work. Jas. Watta so courteous and dignified in his co-operations. G. L. Holyoke with his suppressed emotion so quietly expressed. Mr. Boyer with his untiring enthusiasm, Miss Addie Calder, so forceful in her enterprising aggressiveness. A. H. Hayward with his wit and brotherliness, Theodore H. Eaty with his gentle devotion, Jacob Sherwood with his undying interest, Mrs. Bradford Smith with that sunshine and winning persuasiveness of hers. Mrs. Dr. Bearisto, so courageous in her outspoken teaching. Joseph Cahill with his scorn of special polish, and his surgeon like fidelity to the effective treatment of the evils of the day. Mrs. Geo. Watson with her vigor and adaptation in primary work. Aquila Luss, with his forceful momentum and business executive, as Field Secretary, Charles Manzer, whose latent genius so awake to outstanding efficiency. Mrs. T. Almon Jones whose love for and loyalty to the work. Mrs. Milbury, so faithful in preparing for Convention. E. L. West with his ever ready assistance and good cheer. Preacher Colwell with his unique eloquence and so many others faithful and true. Those old days these stirring gathering, those electrifying influences, those loyal workers, those happy associations how much they meant to the Bible study of the days that were and the furnishing of many for the stress and strain of the times then in the future! Back to Victoria County days, to and the character moulding conventions there. The late Senator Baird was a helper there. He was good in executive work. The Convention at Forest Glenn that day of pouring rain, when the little church was crowded. When so many came from Four Falls.

When Mrs. Wilbur T. Crafts of New York spoke so glowingly in the evening of Joseph's coat of many colours. It was men of the personnel I have referred to that used to stir the memory of veterans in the local work like Jas. McCain to speak with enthusiasm. It stirs the sensitive within us to think that so many are gone hence. But so good it is that being dead, they yet speak. And others come on the scene. Mr. Orchard's address at East Florenceville last fall was among the most eloquent I have ever heard, clear cut poetical in its beauty. And before ones mind appears the Company of these in Country and village, of farm or store or home, older and younger who have passed on before men and women older and younger. How many of them are gone. Their going leaves us lonesome. But their words and example remain in in-

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fluence. And it is for us to be loyal and true. And for the friends who have loved and lost to be worthy of the departed. One lives on, in whom is life, and who came that life might abound to His trusting ones.

And now it is in the West with its black soil, its roads gouged with auto wheels in places, its slow, its level prairies, its moderate elevations, its beautiful Assiniboine, spanned at intervals with steel bridges, its poplar trees so abounding, its charming little lakes, its cheery birds, its wide spreading wheat fields, its grain wagons, its sulky plows, large breaking plows, its traction engines with big groups of plows, its large machinery of various kinds, its packers instead of steel rollers, its hayloaders, etc. its great stacks of straw, so many of which are given over to the flames, its discord of manure, its burning waste dump or valley of Hinmon near our little town, its abounding grain elevators, rapidly increasing in number, its Grain Growers' Association that has effected so much towards better conditions for the farmer and whose aim generously looks to the welfare of all, its large number of cattle and horses, its small houses and barns, so humble and unpretentious, because of the scarcity and expense of lumber, its busy aggressive population. This West with its polyglot population British Canadian American, Scandinavian, Galician, Indian Chinese etc., this melting pot of the West with such mighty problems to solve in its moulding of a noble Canadianism. And in this wonderful Canada outstanding among her provinces is Saskatchewan—3rd as to population and production with nearly 600,000 inhabitants, with its a product of over a quarter of a million bushels a year of grain this "wheat basket of the Empire." So alive as to Education that nearly 3,000 schools have been organized since 1905, where in the call of pleasure is so strong, when the Grain Growers' Sunday May twenty-seventh was observed so enthusiastically, where the 50th anniversary of the Dominion gripped imagination and conscience when one American fellow citizens in American fashion held their sports day in July 4th with large American flag to the breeze from the Hotel with small British flag beside it, though Canadians had their innings with large flag above the street. It seemed quite a bit incongruous the big wrestling bout, with its 75c admission, with its surging crowd of witnesses amidst sprinkling rain and the streets of the little town lined with autos when such levies on one's funds are needed today for those who are fighting for liberty, truth, home democracy, in this time when the great outstanding words are sacrifice and service. And I note how nobly Carleton County has responded in more ways than one. Yes this age of clarion calls, for mobilization of manhood and womanhood, of wealth and resources; this age when De Spatism and Democracy are in such deciding grips, when nation after nation is coming forth with the arena of liberty; this age in which as never before are evidenced the courage stamina and devotion of men; this age when as never before is revealed the interdependence of classes and of nations; when co-operation instead of narrowness and selfish isolation, is the unmistakable desideratum; this age in which as never before is seen the need of coalition government in which the best available minds will apply themselves to the solution of the problems and meeting of the demands; this age that demands the greatest statesmanship, this age when as never before the Christ of heaven, of Judea, of Galilee, and of the World stands in His incomparable greatness, with His love calls and promises, His principles so profound and adaptable, His infinite of resources, His Personality so tried and true, with His proofs so tremendously indisputable that He alone holds the panacea for this tempest tossed world.