

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye:
Come along and join the throng on the Plains
of Pie.
Scrumptious crust and sugar-dust—now, then,
look alive.
Or all the pies may disappear before you can arrive.

Pie Plains

YOUR own particular Jack Horner may be grown up now, but don't imagine for a moment that he has lost his old-time relish for good pastry. So you delight both little folks and big, when you wrap your favorite "filling" in a FIVE ROSES crust.

That well-raised crust that FIVE ROSES brings—that dainty appearance and golden bloom—how cleverly this famous flour seconds your baking skill!

And when you serve it—it cuts different. Instantly you notice the lively, close-grained flakiness that melts away on the tongue tip. It eats easy, of course; but, better still, it digests unconsciously. Pastry at its best—FIVE ROSES pastry—YOUR pastry!

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

for Breads-Cakes-Puddings-Pastries

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Start to-day on a delightful tour through the enchanting pages of the famous "Five Roses" Cook Book. Delightful details on pastry-making start on page 21; page 74 gives inside secrets on Tarts, Puffs, Pasties. A wonderful series of Frostings and Fillings at page 86. In all, over a thousand and one tested recipes. Mailed on receipt of thirty cents (stamp). Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited, Montreal or Winnipeg.

Cooks Tours to the Land of Five Roses

PARTY LEADERS

Laurier was at his best on the stump. He made some great speeches in parliament but where he was most effective was with the populace. He was a picturesque figure—that counts so much—tall, handsome of features, with white waving locks and a top hat. He was one that people would turn to look at. He had the gift of personality in remarkable degree—always appeared to know how to do or say the right thing in the right place. He always said something that people took home with them—coined some little phrase that would stick, some little epitome of his own position or, more probably some piquant slash at his opponents. He never prepared a speech—simply jotted down a few headings on some slips of paper. On the platform he was an arresting actor—the distinguished voice, the graceful gesture, the unfettered flow whether in English or French, the savory springings of humor—all these remain as the in effable memory of one whose grave the moss of time commences to cover.

An amazing thing about Laurier was that he never wished to know far in advance the day's program. If he were travelling in a part of the country to which he was unfamiliar, he would speak at one place tonight and retire without inquiring or even wishing to know where he was billed for the morrow. If he were told, he would show signs of nervousness. He would probably learn about noon the exact point at which he would appear that afternoon or night. He had the great faculty of appealing to local fancies. U. Ph. Orillia one day, the Mayor, a Conservative by the way, presented him with an address of welcome as the "first citizen of the country." Laurier replying deprecated such a distinction. "I am only a Prime Minister," he said emphasizing the pronoun. "Is not this district the home of Jake Gaudaur, the world famous oarsman and George Gray, the champion shot putter?"

Everybody at once got into roaring good humor over this distinguished recognition of local celebrities. It is said that one of them was so moved by the notice of majesty as to embark forthwith on an extended jamboree. Laurier was always received with great respect. Some of his greatest meetings were in Toronto. He used to say they all cheered him—then voted the other way. One real contretemps developed out in Saskatoon in the reciprocity campaign, when John Evans, a local Radical, got up and denounced the leader, for not going further than reciprocity. He charged the party with hypocrisy, cant and other crimes and misdemeanors in not wiping out protection. Laurier treated it blandly but afterwards was plainly incensed. Evans, a Welshman, is now in parliament with symptoms of being one of its worst bores. On tour, the Old Man took an exceeding care of himself—rested regularly, dressed according to every change of climate, never indulged in over exertion and wound up his day with a species of stimulant known as a night cap—but only one.

Borden was better in parliament than on the stump. He was a great constitutional lawyer, basically—politics came as a second thought. In his early days he spoke as an advocate speaks from a brief to an appellate tribunal; afterwards he warmed up much, broadened out and developed the human touch. He appreciated a good story, but he rarely attempted to tell one himself—on the platform. If he did, the recital would be too long and perhaps the vital point would be missed. He was never picturesque in appearance and he never attempted to scale the dizzy heights of eloquence, but he made an argument, calculated to appeal to thoughtful people—sound and logical at least from his own premises. At times he talked over the heads of the common herd who might experience difficulty in following the trend of his argument. His analysis was ponderous, but it was complete. His speeches read better than they listened, but he had the gift of a great impressiveness and he conveyed the idea of almost solemn adherence to the justice of his cause. I never heard him say a nasty thing of an opponent, personally; he never hit below the belt. If he mentioned a name at all his criticism was accompanied by a becoming respect. He was given to slating a party in bulk but not its individual members or followers.

Even in parts of the country where his political faith was unpopular he was received with great deference, though in 1917, in certain localities the courtesy shown him, personally, was not extended later to his platform associates. His most notable campaign, undoubtedly, was that of 1911 which carried his party to victory. The next one—1917—was vitally important but the union took the pep out of it. There was the neutralizing effect that attends a practically foregone conclusion. When we come to the present day celebrities and speak of Mr. Meighen and Mr. Mackenzie King, the performance is almost too recent to call for extended reference. What impressed one about Meighen was his

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I suffered terribly with Dyspepsia. I had it for years and all the medicines I took did not do me any good.

I read something about "Fruit-a-tives" being good for all Stomach Trouble and Disorders of Digestion, so I tried them.

After finishing a few boxes, I was entirely relieved of the Dyspepsia and my general health was restored; and I am writing to tell you that I love my life to "Fruit-a-tives."

Mlle. ANTOINETTE BOUCHER.
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prodigious energy. A thin, spare man, so frail in looks, his appearance belies him, always. He is wiry and full of staying power. He deliberately planned a long campaign so that he might go over the entire country and appeal face to face with the people. Long campaigns are a mistake. Laurier would have fared far better had he sprung a snap election on reciprocity, and while Mr. Meighen's campaign if abbreviated, might not have been much better in result, it could not have been much worse. He is fine on the platform—a hard hitter, biting, sarcastic, ironical and all the similar adjectives rolled together. He loved to be heckled—the retort was always quick as a flash and usually disastrous. No audience ever sympathizes with a heckler. It is about as futile as an argument with an auditor—the last effective word is his inevitable right.

Meighen considered that day lost that he didn't make at least two speeches. He revelled in making three or four and traversing the while, great sketches of country. He used to carry what was known as the "black book"—a leather portfolio full of clippings and deadly parallels and evidences of Grit iniquities. He would almost invariably walk off the platform without it. The function of the press was to rescue it for the next night's stand. His best meetings were in Ontario. Quebec was cold, the Maritime Provinces fair and a bit warmer, the west, outside of Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver, interested but not over sympathetic. In those cities the meetings were big demonstrations of cheering effect. While the party went down with a bump, Mr. Meighen's personal effort was enormous. Perhaps things would not have been quite as bad if he had had adequate assistance in the higher command.

While Mackenzie King is good in the house he is almost better on the stump—a very fine, cultured, speaker, with a pleasant voice, and a sort of palpitating energy. His weakness perhaps, is a too extensive resort to detail. The broad principle doesn't satisfy; he must elucidate the hypothesis. His diction is splendid and his delivery happy. In some respects he resembles Laurier in his capacity for saying the right thing for the right occasion. He went over the whole or most of the country last year, but he didn't over exert himself. One meeting a day was enough. He would tolerate no local engagements that would debar a little sliver in his car before the meeting. Then he would get up, have a cup of tea and a sandwich, go to a meeting, speak for an hour or two, have supper and, go to bed as the train whirled off into the night. No experience is more interesting or illuminating or, perhaps more broadly educative, than trailing the statesmen over the long reaches of this most voluminous Dominion. B. C. L.

A GROWING REVENUE

Canada's revenue for the last nine months from all sources, customs, excise and miscellaneous, is reported as \$32,572,724 greater than during the same period in 1921. A growth in revenue and a decline in the national railway operating deficit are encouraging results of the first year of Liberal rule calculated to inspire confidence that the day is coming when it will be possible to balance revenue and expenditure and gradually to bring down the big national debt. But that can be brought about only if there is practised in every department of the public service the strictest economy consistent with efficient and progressive business methods, and if every effort is made to encourage trade and the settlement of the country by those who will aid in developing its agricultural and industrial resources. The problems are many and their satisfactory solution depends more than anything else on the success which is made of the national effort to increase our population. The policy which gave the United States more than a hundred millions of people is the policy Canada should follow for the present.—St. John Globe.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism

MUCH LESS DRINKING

(Halifax Chronicle)
Prohibition and Prohibitionists received a decided boost from the police record of the Christmas season, which showed comparatively few drunks were taken into custody by the police from Saturday until Sunday night, and these were in good enough shape to be liberated shortly after being locked up, so that they might spend the Christmas with their families.

This is considered remarkable in comparison with former Christmases in pre-prohibition days, many of the "old timers" on the police force say, it was no uncommon thing for the cells at the police station to be filled almost to capacity with inebriates, many of them picked up on the streets in helpless conditions, and a great number being so far under the influence that they could not safely be liberated for later appearance, and were consequently forced to spend Christmas within the confines of prison walls.

Temperance Act officials stated some days ago that there would be little of the "bootlegger" variety of spirits around, and to all appearances they fully lived up to their determination to restrict the activities of the bootlegger.

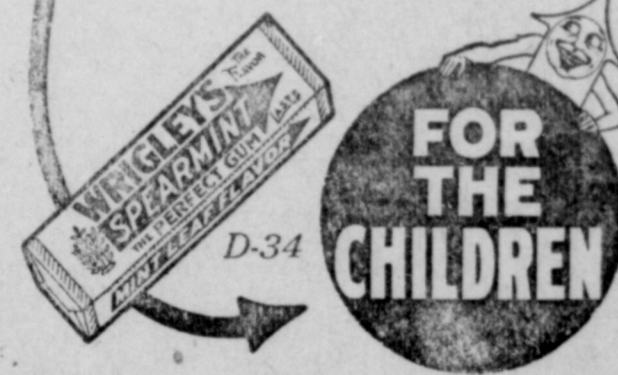
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ACTS LIKE A FLASH
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
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After Every Meal WRIGLEY'S

Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEY'S.

It satisfies the sweet tooth and aids digestion.

Pleasure and benefit combined.



WHY HENS NEED GRIT

In the feeding of hens the farmer should not overlook the fact that they have no teeth. This is the reason why he should keep grit of some kind before them all the time.

Ground up oyster shells will not furnish grit as some people seem to think. They are for the sake of furnishing lime for the egg shells. Grit is something quite different. Perhaps you have noticed that upon dressing a fowl for the table, small pieces of glassy stones are found in side the gizzard. This is grit that the hen picked up herself. Lack of grit results in poor digestion and the proper use of the feed is not to be had. If nothing better can be had ground up mortar and gravel will provide grit. Nor is it a bad idea to provide charcoal. Charcoal will be eaten at times and it keeps the digestive tract from becoming sour with acids and gases for it readily absorbs them.

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IRRITATED BY SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS
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Busy Buyers Bargains

Here's news of buying opportunities withheld until the present time—unequaled by other stores on the same lines and same qualities of goods

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Safety Razors
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" Corn 14c "	Carnation Salmon 1s, 20c
Del Monte Peaches Lge 45c "	Oysters Lge Can 43c
Del Monte Peaches Med. 35c "	" Med. 25c
Lynn Valley Peaches 30c "	Brunswick Sardines 7c, 4 for 25c
Pineapple Large Can 45c "	Cross Fish Sardines 20c can
Pineapple Med. Can 35c	Shrimp 30c can
Gallon Apples 47c	Clams 20c "
Asparagus Tips 50c	Chicken Haddie 25c "
Spinach 25c	Borden's Milk Tall 17c "
Pimentoes 23c	" " Med. 12 1/2c "

5 Cakes Polo Soap 25c	3 Cakes Palmolive Soap 25c
3 Surprise or Gold 25c	3 Cakes Cream Almond 25c
3 Sunlight or Sunny Monday 25c	3 Rose & O. Meal 25c
3 P. & G. or Pearl White 25c	Zip Hand Cleaner 14c can
Gold Dust Large Pkg. 15c	6 Assorted Toilet Soaps 25c
" " Small Pkg. 9c, 3 for 25c	3 Cakes Life Boy Soap 25c
Pearline 9c, 3 for 25c	3 " Fairy Soap 25c
Rinso 9c, 3 for 25c	3 " Ivory Soap 25c
Panshine 10c can	Ivory Soap Small 5c
Old Dutch 13c can	Wash Boards 45, 47, 57c ea.
Salvene 15c can	Clothes Lines 33c ea.
Lux 12c pkg.	Lye 15c can
Dustbane 30c can	Rising Sun Polish 12c pkg.
6 Rolls Toilet Paper 25c	Sultana or B. Knight 14c can
	Household Ammonia 15c bot.
	Snowflake Ammonia 3 for 25c

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WOODSTOCK

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CHARGED WITH MURDERING HER HUSBAND

Lumberman was Found Dead in Bed
Well Known Texas Woman is Under Arrest Charged With the Crime

Beaumont, Tex., Jan. 4.—Mrs. Lilian Knox, charged with the murder of her husband Hiram Knox, wealthy lumberman on the night of Nov. 25, will be given a preliminary hearing

at Hemphill. She was arrested yesterday on her return to Hemphill from Beaumont, where she had spent Christmas holidays. Knox was found dead in bed with a bullet wound in his head.

Mrs. Knox was placed in a cell in the county jail at Hemphill. She did not protest her arrest and during the half day she has been behind the bars she has had no visitors except a few of her servants who came to see to her needs. Attorneys have

been engaged for her, it was announced.

Mr. Knox was reported to be one of the wealthiest men in the lumber business having inherited an estate worth nearly \$10,000,000. The Knoxes were known for their liberality and Mrs. Knox gave with a lavish hand at Christmas time to all the children of Hemphill and of the sawmill town of East Mayfield.

Mrs. Knox built the Bronson and Hemphill Railroad to gratify the wishes of her neighbors. Many times she imported theatrical troupes to entertain employees.

In the operation of the railroad and the Knox saw mill she was the dominant figure. She paid off the men and performed the duties of a general manager. In addition she looked after a retail lumber yard at Mission, Texas.

First appearances were police said that Knox who was found in bed with a bullet wound through his head on the morning of November 26, had committed suicide. However 10 days later Judge Pratt, acting as coroner, returned a verdict of murder but blamed no one.

An investigation resulted in today's arrest which was made by W. H. Alford, retiring sheriff as the last act of his administration.

Friends of Mrs. Knox said bail of any amount could be furnished.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S 1923 MESSAGE

Boston, Jan. 1.—Last night the old year died. We sat in the lengthening shadow and before us passed perhaps the face of a dead friend, the loss of a great hope, the scars of deep grief; and we bowed our heads in silence as the waning hours closed about the vanishing year.

We intoned our solemn Te Deum for all the gifts that God had sent us, yes, even for the wounds which had left their indelible mark, for many a scar is but a badge of honor.

And today we face the future with head erect and heart aglow; with an undimmed faith and a hope that is new and high and radiant. The world is struggling still towards order and peace. By our own faith we can help to light the way; by our new courage we can help to lead the way. The past is dead. The future is what we choose to make it.

Let us face the rising sun and march on with fullest faith in God; and 1923 may be the richest, the best, the happiest year of all our lives. God grant it so to all.

William Cardinal O'Connell

SPECIAL OFFER

We will print your name, house name, or name of farm and address, two or three lines, on 100 good Bond Letterheads, size 8 1/2 x 11 padded and 100 No 8 Envelopes to match (four packages for one dollar and fifty cents, delivered in Woodstock, or postpaid.

—Sentinel.