

Bruce Ten Years Hence

CLIPPINGS FROM COUNTY PAPERS

KINCARDINE

The railway officials of the Bruce Electric Line were over the different branches of the road last week. While at Kincardine the station agent, Mr. A. Hall, took them out on the lake in his pleasure yacht. The General Manager, Mr. Harry K. Watts, spoke at the banquet given to the officials in Tobermory and showed great satisfaction in the strong financial standing of the company. The mayor, Alex. Young, tendered them the freedom of the city. Among the honoured guests was Mr. John Gray, of the Gray Steamboat Co., who gave an outline of the benefit the road was to shipping from the new docks at Point Clark, Inverhuron, Barrow Bay, and Sydney Bay. Mr. Albert Bell, editor of the Bruce Pudding, Pine River, and Mr. Hanson, editor of the Bus News, McGill, accompanied the officials on the trip.



WIARTON

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ruhl and Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Hoover are spending a pleasant month at the former's farm cottage in Zion settlement.

Mr. "Buzz" McEachren has bought the Pettigrew garage at Lions Head. Mr. Earnest Pettigrew is retiring from business and is preparing to take his family to the Old country.



WALKERTON

Dr. George Murray, specialist, of Atlanta, Georgia, visited his old war-time friend, our family physician, Dr. George Wanless.

ARMOW

Word was received that Mr. Norman Smith has sold his ranch in Alberta and will visit his old home here before going to Scotland, where Postmaster General Mr. Gordon Shewfelt has secured for him the position as postmaster for Glasgow.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER

O Lord of love, watch over me,
And send me away to "Sunny Italy;"
I pray thee that I have the chance
To take a trip through good old France.

And when I ride the Channel wave,
I hope I have the grub I crave,
Keep up my spirits, keep down my meals
So I'll be well from head to heels.

And when I march in ancient Rome,
I hope the girlies smile as at home,
I hope each Latin miss
Comes through—oh joy—with a real kiss.

And make me ready to do and dare,
Like Eve Languay, I don't care.
I'm here to fight; the cause is just,
We'll fix the Kaiser, or else we'll bust.

I pray when I'm ready to fire my gun,
I put the bocher on the run.
I'll make them cover far more ground
Than does the Kaiser's barrel-shaped hound.

And while they're going, don't let 'em stop,
But keep the Huns on the hop,
May they take more hops, so great their fear,

Than e'er they drank in a keg of beer.
Then, when at last we cross the Rhine,
And Haig says "The Victory's mine,"
The Kaiser will groan, "What shall I do?"

"Farewell cruel world, I'm through with you."

And while in Berlin we have to wait,
Don't let me take a German mate,
Just send me back to good old Cal,
To build a house for me an' my gal.