

The Waterdown Review

VOL. 1.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MAY, 1, 1919

NO. 51.

Tomato Growers

We are making contracts for
Tomatoes at 50c. per bushel

Call at Hamilton Office, 25 McNab St. South

The Wentworth Orchards Co.

Saturday Bargains

New Perfection 3 burner Oil Stoves with
Glass Oil Tank and all latest improvements
\$21.25

New Perfection Oil Heaters **\$5.75**
Auto Tubes 30 x 3 1/2 **\$3.00**
Air Tight Tube Patches **50c**
Never-Leak Radiator Cement **50c**
Garden Rakes 75c **Spades \$1.50**

Gallagher's Hardware
Waterdown

"RIT"

IN ALL SHADES

We have a complete new stock of the
famous RIT Dye in all colors. Anybody
can dye with

"RIT"

It is essentially a soap dye, is easy
and simple to use. Requires no boiling and
no fussy directions. The dyeing is done by
one simple operation of Rubbing it in
thoroughly, and rinsing likewise.

Only 10c a Cake
AT OUR STORE

W. H. CUMMINS
Druggist

Phone 152

Waterdown

A Letter from Siberia

Siberia, March 15, 1919

Dear Friend,

Your most welcome letter and enclosure from "Saturday Night" received, and I must say I had expected a line for some time from you.

I heard Kirk was sick but did not know whether to write him or not as I thought he might easily move in a two months period, but I wrote home and they will forward it. I will also drop a line to Westminster. It is well that the other boys are with him. I have given up hopes of meeting them in Siberia as I hear Imperial troops, or the new Volunteer army, may replace us. I do not know how soon, but God give them speed, we are all ready to return to our country as we feel we do not want to make the army our home, and it is a task of many impatient, or patient, years out here I will say.

There about 20,000 Allied soldiers in this country now. I understand the ones which came last, the Infantry, will go first, leaving us last as we were first here and are the unit which has carried on the work according to the war plans. The boys get sick, shot, hurt and frozen, and we have to carry on no matter what comes or goes.

I have been working in the Hospital wards all winter, but thinking I might need some outside life I am now on the Ambulance section, driving and repairing, and I sure see the country for miles around. It is the most natural and artificial fortified harbor in the world. Hills and valleys to no end, and roads like trails in the West, all rough but good hard bottoms. Sometimes we find a nice smooth road which the German prisoners have built and are still doing so. They are quite contented since the Canadian and Americans have taken charge of them, and that peace is near at hand in their own country.

I am pleased to know you are all having a good time, so many dances and parties I am sure it will be a treat after such a long seige of confinement due to the flu.

We will have it much easier when the Infantry go home. I don't know that I have much more I can say as news is scarce. I hope the contagious diseases let us down light, and that we may spend our summer months in dear old Canada.

With best regards, I remain your old friend.

W. G. LANGFORD.

To an Ex-Pupil:—

With deep regret we have learned that you have severed your connections with our old and celebrated seat of learning, the Waterdown High School. The pangs of regret, which are coursing through our sensitive natures are genuine we can assure you, in fact, when we attempt to adequately express our grief at your departure, words fail to come to our rescue.

Till our dying day we will never forget your pleasant smile, your winsome ways and your many acts of chronic mischief, we beg to compliment you on the ease with which you acquired knowledge, and the readiness with which you could solve problems, which were indeed almost impossible to the rest of your associates.

And while your sudden departure has cast a gloom over our class, we mourn not as those without hope, because we feel assured that you will be back in September to prepare for your matriculation and your honor course.

Au revoir! don't work too hard this summer. When the hoe handle gets too hot, take a vacation under a shady tree and meditate upon the scholastic worries of your dear old fellow pupils, who are pouring over their geometrical theorems, ancient history and Latin Orations.

Farewell, farewell,
FORM III

The Mock Trial

The entertain last evening in the Roller rink under the auspices of the Public Library was indeed a decided success, and a well filled house greeted the entertainers.

The musical program during the first part of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and all those who took part in it are deserving of every praise.

The comic mock trial, and comic is certainly the word, kept the audience in a fit of laughter from start to finish. The characters were all good and ably handled by our local talent, which is no. to be sneered at.

After the trial the remainder of the evening and part of the early morning was spent in dancing and a general good time.

The proceeds of the evening amounted to \$92 and are for the benefit of the Library.

Our Reporter, who was one of the Jury, has failed to send in an account of the proceeding, but we understand the case was settled out of court satisfactory to all, except Old Peedick, who is still looking for his dollar.

On Monday evening last the Epworth League had a very pleasant and interesting time. The special feature of the evening was a Baseball match, and the character discussed was Joseph. The leaders were Miss Flora Slater and Clifford Reid, the result of the score being 21 to 20 in favor of Miss Slater's team. Miss Ruby Church and Chas. Gallivan also gave musical selections. A silver collection was taken at the door in aid of the Missionary Forward movement, the sum of \$11 realized. Refreshments were served and the meeting was closed by singing National anthem. Next Monday evening is the annual meeting and election of officers for the year.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Institute will be held at the home of Mrs. W. G. Spence on Wednesday May 7th at 2.30 p. m. This is the annual meeting and election of officers. There will be music and reading, and refreshments will also be served. We hope for a good attendance as this is the most important meeting of the year.

Iva Langton, Sec.

Mr. Henry Copp, a well-known and highly respected citizen, passed away at his home on Sunday morning April 20th, aged 74 years. The deceased was working around his lawn on Saturday afternoon, when he was seized with a stroke, and never rallied. The deceased was born in Devonshire, Eng., and came to Canada and settled in Nelson township where he lived for many years before taking up his residence in Burlington several years ago. He is survived by one son, George of Waterdown, and a daughter in Hamilton. The funeral which was private took place to Greenwood cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.—Burlington Gazette.

We presume there never was a newspaper in any locality that gave all the local happenings. It is often that someone comes and goes that the reporter does not see. It happens that the family is missed several times, they get the impression that the editor does not care to mention it. This is a mistake. In most country towns the local work is the hardest work connected with the paper. There are lots of people interested in your friends. You owe it as a duty to them to let your friends know through your home paper of their doings. Perhaps you think that the paper shows partiality, but just see if the paper doesn't treat you right if you give it a chance. We have no mind reading experts.

Hun Children Deceived

What Their Geographies Taught About Canada.

Germany has captured all the United States and a part of Canada, startlingly announces the Rocky Mountain News. The conquest took place ten years ago, all on the quiet and unknown to the inhabitants. The Kaiser at the time admitted the occupation and subjection of this territory and issued maps for the edification of the little Huns in the public schools of the fatherland, whose gullibility left them believing that the select and rich parts of the world belonged "by divine right" to the German people, and all the rest was inhabited by swine and heathen.

But America has at last come to the full knowledge of its predicament by reference to page 55 map No. 1, of the Volkshul-Atlas von C. Diercke (public school atlas), used in the schools of Germany ten years ago.

As the youthful Hun struggled through his geography lesson he became "enlightened" about the world. He knew Germany, for he had seen the great pompous dignity of its emperor reviewing the imperial troops, Germany was a reality to the child. But about the rest of the world, Bah! They were heathen and "low brow." And then the teacher came to page 5 of the lesson and then to map No. 1. It is titled "Verteilung der Menschenrassen," or the division of the human race. In great, stirring red ink the pupil was at once attracted to a vast area covering the whole of the United States and almost half of Canada.

And across the whole was written "Germanen," meaning Germans. To the north was a strip of green designating that there was the home of the "Noramerikanische Indianer," meaning the North American Indians.

But the skillful art of lying, even in the face of an untruth, because they thought they could get away with it, led the authorities of Germany to step farther, and behold, the race that gave to Germany the first knowledge of telephones and telegraphs, the submarine and airplane, through American inventions, was transformed into "heathen."

Map No. 2 on page 5 shows the western hemisphere in another light—that of the division of religions. Here the miracle of miracles is being worked, for in a heathen country German missionaries are battling the elements and the imperial and holy race to plant the imperial and holy flag of Germany upon its soil and to bring "Christian" enlightenment to their unholy souls.

Across the face of the United States and Canada dark shaded places are shown, with a footnote reading Gebiet deutscher Heidenmissionen," meaning spheres of influence of German missionaries to the heathen.

The Hun Spirit.

A series of trenches in front of Passchendaele in Flanders, were notorious among the boys for the quantity of slimy mud which always gathered there. One day after a heavy rain, a poor fellow sank into the sticky mixture up to his armpits and was fixed there for three days and nights, while the Hun snipers from a point of vantage kept up a constant fire on any who attempted to feed him or try to rescue him, although they, themselves, with true Hun cruelty, took good care not to hit him, preferring to see him suffer.

The poor chap begged his comrades to shoot him and put him out of his misery. At length the sergeant in charge telephoned to his colonel and asked permission to do this, but the colonel said: "Make one more desperate attempt to get him out." So that night, which fortunately happened to be a very dark one, the sergeant got a dozen volunteers with a bit of rope and quietly, inch by inch, they pulled him out and the stretcher-bearers, on the double, got him to the nearest dressing station.

Saskatchewan Co-op. Creameries.

At the annual meeting of Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries the financial report showed the volume of the business for the last fiscal year was \$1,887,318, representing an increase of almost 100 per cent. on the previous year's business. After providing for a dividend of 8 per cent. on paid-up stock, and making a final payment of one cent per pound on butter fat, and one cent per dozen on eggs, the surplus of the company, which includes the reserves of the individual locals at the time of amalgamation, now amounts to a considerable sum. During the year just ended the company has extended its field of operations in the cold storage branch by acquiring and operating plants at Saskatoon, Vonda, Regina and commencing the building of a plant at North Battleford.