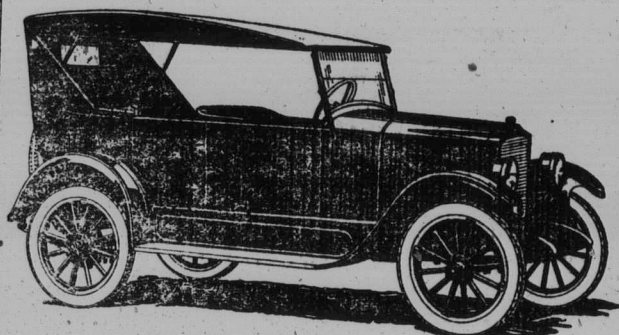


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ACCIDENT ON WIARTON BAY

An accident occurred at Wiarton on Friday which might have been more serious only for the presence of mind of those who were busy harvesting ice on the bay for domestic use. After the thaw and rain the ice was covered with a slush. The team of Mr. Harvey Martin who was teaming the ice came alongside the hole where the cakes of ice were being taken from the water. They did not notice that the ice was cracked and that the sleigh was on ice that had frozen over from previous cutting. Shortly after when a few cakes of ice had been hauled out and put on the sleigh the ice gave way and sleigh and team disappeared under, several of those around also having a narrow escape from a soaking in the cold water. One of the horses was rescued after a lot of difficulty owing to it being fast in the harness. The other was drowned before it could be released. —Tara Leader

A TOOTH WITH LONG ROOTS

A big good-natured Irishman from up country visited a so-called "Painless Dentist" in order to have a troublesome molar extracted. The dentist seeing the size of his patient and suspecting that he was liable to create trouble if the operation was not entirely painless, said to his office boy, "Jimmy, go get a large-sized hatpin and stand behind the operating chair. As soon as the patient gets into position I'll wink at you and you shove the pin up through the chair." When the dentist was ready he gave the signal to the boy, and with a yell the big Irishman sprang from the dental chair. "Well," said the dentist, "that didn't hurt much? eh?" "No," said the Irishman, "but I didn't know the dentist roots went down so far."

PIGEON PUTS UP AT HOTEL

A carrier pigeon, all tucked out from an apparent long flight, and with a young crow, arrived at the Arlington Hotel sometime Sunday night or Monday morning and is now one of the pet boarders at that hotel. The bird, which is a most pretty one, flew through a window into one of the rooms in the hotel where it was found Monday morning. On one leg of the bird is a band bearing the initials W. Y. E. and numbers 20-27. Who the pigeon belongs to or where it flew from is a mystery, but as the bird seems content with its lodging and food, Mr. Baker intends keeping it until the owner, if ever, is ascertained. Doubtless the bird belongs to some pigeon club and will be advertised for.—Port Elgin Times.

ONE TICKET—MANY KIDS

A conductor on a Burlington train near Jewell City, Kansas, the other day found Mrs. Frank Scott had only one ticket for herself and thirteen children, the children occupying five double seats. "Are these all your children or is it a picnic?" asked the conductor. They were all children of Mrs. Scott and she said the family Bible in her suitcase to prove it. The Scotts have not married less than ten years and have thirteen children, all boys and one girl, five sets of triplets and one set of twins. The thirteen boys mentioned were all under 5 years of age and could ride free. They were taken by their mother on a visit to relatives in Canada.

A benefactor has come to the town of Goddard. He offers \$12,000 as a gift toward the erection of a town hall. One condition is that the building shall contain an auditorium. Mildmay is badly in need of such a benefactor.

PLEAS FOR DIVORCE BREAKING RECORD

The divorce crop this year is going to be heavy. So far there are 142 applications and they are still coming in at such a rate as to suggest all records being broken. The operation of divorce courts in all the provinces except Ontario and Quebec, accounts for the peculiar centralization of the cases in these two provinces.

The preponderance comes from Ontario. So far it has sent in 126 as compared with 13 from Quebec, 2 from Manitoba and one from British Columbia. Statutory grounds of adultery and desertion are alleged in all but one case. The scale is about balanced as between wives and husbands: 70 men accuse their better halves of going wrong, while 72 wives blame the domestic disaster upon the husband.

IT'S YOU

"If you want to live in the kind of a town That's the kind of a town you like, You don't have to slip your clothes in a grip, And start on a long, long hike. You'll only find what you've left behind, For there's nothing that's really new It's a knock at yourself if you knock your town; For it isn't your town, it's you. Real towns are not made by men afraid. Let somebody else get ahead; If everyone works, and nobody shirks, You can raise a town from the dead."

TOOK PARALYTIC STROKE

Mr. James Hutton, who recently retired from his farm in Carrick and moved into the Weir house opposite the Methodist Church, Walkerton, which he purchased, took a paralytic stroke on Thursday noon last and a slighter one again on Friday night. As a result of the dual affliction his right side has been paralyzed and his speech badly affected, but his condition is daily improving.

PATERNAL STYLE

"Now, my little man," said the barber to a youngster in the barber's chair, "how do you want your hair cut?" "With a hole in the top, like dad's was the reply."

Teacher—What supports the sun in the sky?
Bright Boy—Its beams, of course.

Young Student, in higher school for girls, to teacher (saucily)—Is it true, professor, that your father started in as a goose shepherd?
Professor (quietly)—Very true, little miss; my ancestral heritage has particularly qualified me to handle geese.

A distressing accident occurred at the Canadian National Yards here on Tuesday last when William Berry had the misfortune to have both bones broken in his left leg just above the ankle. He was engaged loading poles and one rolled onto him with the above result. He was taken to the Hanover Hospital.—Hanover Post.

The Pension and Benefit Fund established by the Bell Telephone Company to provide for its employees in cases of accident, sickness, upon retirement from long service, and for dependents deprived of their breadwinner, is being called upon to sustain constantly increasing demands. As the Annual Report of the Company points out, there are now 52 persons on the pension roll, and the cumulative liability upon it has moved the Executive to increase the Fund to \$722,752.

PARALYZED BY FALL

Frank Locke, aged 31 years, a butter wrapper for the Walkerton Egg & Dairy Co., was the victim of a serious accident under distressing circumstances at 4.30 a.m. Friday. Mr. Locke had been presented with a young daughter an hour before. He remarked to his wife that he felt rather sick. He started upstairs and got to the top step when he felt dizzy. That is the last he remembers until he found himself at the bottom of the steep winding stairs in a paralyzed condition. Dr. Stalker, who was in the house at the time in connection with the child-birth, heard the disturbance and went to the rescue. He found Locke standing on his head and wedged in tightly against the doorpost at the foot of the stairs. Had he not been removed from that position, he would no doubt have died in a short time.

Though paralyzed from the neck down, Locke was in great pain. The pain has since eased up a good deal but he is still in a paralyzed condition. His medical attendant finds no fracture of the spine but there is pressure on the spinal cord which may be relieved and it is possible that it may pass away. The outcome of the injury is however yet uncertain.

Mr. Locke, who is British-born, is a returned man. He has been in town about three years and has been employed by the Walkerton Egg & Dairy Co. Besides his little six-day old daughter, he has a young son two years old. The family occupies half of the double house facing the residence of L. C. Benton.

The shock of the affair has been a hard blow for his wife under the trying circumstances, but she is reported to be bearing up well.—Tele-scope.

A NICKEL FOR GOD

The former rector of St. Thomas' church, Taunton, Mass., has written an incident under the head "A Nickel for God," which might well be copied in many a parish calendar. The paragraphs are as follows: "I have just wrapped up and deposited \$12 in nickels," said the treasurer's assistant to the rector the other day. That remark set the rector thinking. A nickel for the Lord! Except for the copper penny the smallest sum that could be given and there were 240 nickels in the plate on two Sundays. A nickel for God! For the five cents a week, an allowance of a few cents a week, for adequate and generous gift; but for the man or woman? A car fare is 10 cents; an ice cream soda costs 15; with a tax besides, an admission to the movies is 15 or more—but a nickel for God!

A man sat in the pew. His new hat was beneath the seat; it had cost him \$7. His gloves were beside him; he paid \$4 for them on Friday. He had stopped on his way to church to have his shoes polished and had paid 15 cents for a shine. He had taken a friend to the theatre the night before, had a little supper afterwards, and had not thought the bill of \$8 too much for the fun. He had a shave and paid 15 cents for it with alacrity. He had bought a box of candy for his wife and it had cost him \$1, but he only had a nickel for God.—Parish Visitor.

ADMITTING SOMETHING

It was in an old fashioned village in County Cork, where a smart young man from London went to spend his holidays. During his stay he played havoc with the hearts of the fair sex.

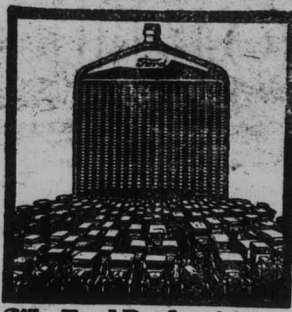
One night in the smoking room of the hotel at which he was staying, he confessed that he had kissed all the young women in the village except one.

A young farmer who had quite recently married the belle of the village, overheard his remark, and went home and told his wife. "Arrah, now, Patrick!" she replied with a puzzled expression crossed her face, "and who in the worruld can that be?"

BRUCE MAPLE SYRUP KING HAS 2,300 TREES TAPPED

Maple syrup making commenced in the Carleton Place district on Tuesday. J. A. Garland & Sons, well-known maple men in that district, started operations in their bush south of Carleton Place. They have more than 2,300 trees tapped. Mr. Garland, who is known as the maple syrup king of Bruce County states that they expect to be kept busy during the next few weeks as indications point to a good syrup season. It is understood that the price of the syrup will be slightly lower than last year.

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DARING ROBBERY NEAR DUNDALK

A daring robbery took place at Riverview, seven miles from Dundalk, when Thos. Watters was assaulted and robbed in his home.

About 11 o'clock at night two men entered the home, the door being unlocked. The old man who lives alone and asleep in bed, was struck over the head by one of the visitors who used a boot jack as a weapon, making quite a gash which bled profusely. The victim put up a fight, but his hands were tied together by a stout rope and his head covered up with the bed clothes. The sum of \$500 in bills was found in the pocket of Mr. Watters' trousers and this is all that was taken although the house was evidently searched for more. The old man laughs considerably money and it is thought the robbers expected to get a bigger haul. The men worked mostly in the dark and Watters did not get a look at their faces. Some time after they left the house the victim got over to the corner store and aroused the inmates, but no trace of the robbers was found. The council of Melancthon is offering a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties.

AGNES IS DESPONDENT THINKS O.T.A. DOOMED

Agnes MacPhail, M.P., has little hope of Ontario keeping dry when the referendum is taken on the Ontario Temperance Act this year. Elaborating a hint she dropped in a week-end speech at Montreal, Miss MacPhail said:—"Yes much as I regret it, I very much fear the act is doomed. It is partly because people differentiate between criminal and other punishable offenses and an offense under the Temperance Act. The whole moral force of the community is not solidly behind the law. Then, politics have divided the temperance forces. I have met hundreds this summer who have sort of thrown up their hands and said: 'We're through.' The reason goes deeper still. There is not enough education on temperance. In the old days they used to teach temperance—now they legislate about it. That is why I fear the act is doomed."

PETER AND ANDY

Peter Smith was a farmer. He knew a man named Andy Papall who sold him a Delco lighting plant. Peter thought him an uncommonly smart fellow and when he, Peter, in the full clutch of circumstances became Provincial Treasurer he knew he needed a guide, philosopher and friend and his mind naturally turned toward the Delco agent as a man of light and leading. Andy told him to buy bonds—non-taxable bonds—to as to prevent wealthy men buying them. Peter sent Andy over to England at \$80 a day and expenses to do the trick, for he could trust no other.

Today Andy is living in style in Los Angeles and is in the glass business, glass always, often anyway, being associated with light. Peter

is no longer a farmer. No longer Provincial Treasurer. He too is in the glass business.

Associated with Peter in the government of Ontario were E. C. Drury and Manning Doherty. They are no longer in the Ministry. They are not so actively engaged in farming either. Both of them have gone into the bond business. Perhaps if they do well in the bond business they may yet branch out in the glass business. But the bond business is not so good now as it was when the Province was buying bonds under Peter's direction. Take the case of Mr. Ridout, the Toronto broker, who had a few minutes conversation with Peter once as a result of which he made over a hundred thousand dollars in a few days. George Ade defined a promoter as a man who capitalizes conversation of course. A broker, however, is a man who capitalizes Peter Smith's conversations.—Kincardine Review.

WHY NOT BE ONE?

(By Edgar L. Vincent)

Why yes, I know Sam Murray. He and I have been acquaintances for a good many years. And yet, let me repeat my previous question: Are you sure you know Samuel Murray? It sometimes happens that we get a wrong impression about such matters as our knowledge of certain men and their characters. We have met these men when the sun shone and everything was going along fine with them. Then they seemed the most genial fellows possible. They always had a smile for you; their lives seemed to be running on smoothly. Yes. You know them all right.

But have you ever met those men when the weather was bad and work pressing? How is it on the days when the cows get into the oats and the sun retires away back under the shadows? Are they kind, and smiling and genial then? Ah, how many of us break down at just that point! Then all the knots and the crooks and the turns of character come to the front, and they do not look very pretty, either.

Don't you remember that old saying from a very old Book that speaks about the man that rules his own spirit, how much greater he is than the one that takes a city in time of war? There is where you and I are often fail. We have not yet learned how to rule our own spirits, and that is why when hard times come into our lives, as they are bound to do first or last, we are all undone. We storm around like madmen; we scold the little chaps; perhaps the wife even comes in for a share of the bad treatment, and all because the sun is under a cloud for a few minutes and we cannot push our work on as we would like to. Yes, then it is time to test what is in a man. Do you know how it would be with Sam in a day like that? Would he stand the testing like a real man?

But if Sam does come out strong on these windy days, when nothing seems to go right, how we do love them! It happens often to men that crops go bad, prices go down, dreams are shattered. Hope of making a good payment on the mort-

gage goes a-glimmering. Bad luck has a way of poking its head round the corner at just the wrong time and laughing in our faces with the question, "What are you going to do about it? I've got you now where I can pound you to my heart's content. I'm going to do it, too!"

Well, then if Sam keeps sweet, if he is more kind to the wife, and the little folks, if he meets the neighbors with the same big, hearty smile and says in his heart of hearts to old man Bad Luck, "You have surely got me this time but you can't hold me! I'll show you before this battle is over!" why, then how you do like to snuggle up to this neighbor of the brave heart.

And say, that is just the kind of a man the world needs and is looking for with all its might. Why not be one?

HOLY SMOKE! THE INCOME TAX

When a Mildmay man sums an income tax He piles his books and his bills in stacks And he racks his brain till it nearly cracks, And he weighs the worth of his goods and shacks And his loss by moths in his seal-skin sacks And he gives a whoop and he grabs an axe And he deals his profits grievous whacks And he sighs and groans and he fills and backs And he makes a guess where the record lacks And he writes the Truth in its whites and blacks And he swears or affirms that "them's the facts!" And he signs a cheque with his chicken tracks And he growls "that's that!" and away he packs— When a Mildmay man pays an income tax.

THE MAPLE SUGAR SEASON

The sap of the maple tree may start to flow during favorable weather at any time during the late autumn and winter, but experienced sugar makers do not tap their trees until spring is approaching, at which time a more continuous flow is to be obtained. Conditions are seldom right before March. The proper time is indicated by the condition of the weather—warm, sunny days, with frosty nights being favorable to a copious flow. It is advisable to have everything in readiness beforehand, including the sugar making utensils, and a generous supply of dry mixed wood ready to use. Bulletin No. 30 of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, "The Maple Sugar Industry," recommends tapping with a three-eighths, seven-sixteenths or one-half inch bit. The hole is bored in a slightly upward direction about one and one-half inches deep in a medium-sized tree to two inches deep in an older one. The point of tapping is about thirty inches from the ground, where the bark has a healthy look, and some distance from an old tapping hole.