

The Waterdown Review

VOL. 1.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY APRIL, 3, 1919

NO. 47.

NOTICE

I have secured the Agency for Ford parts for this district and in future will have a full line of all Ford repairs at lowest prices.

When in need of repairs call and see us.

Gallagher's Hardware
Waterdown

We are receiving large shipments of
SPRING SUPPLIES

Formaldehyde for smut on grain and
Potato scab

**Royal Purple
Baby Chick Food**

Zenoleum, Disinfectant and Loose Killer
in all sizes, 30c, 60c, \$1 and \$1.75

Colorite Hat Dye
Makes my lady's last year hat into a new
spring lid

PER BOTTLE 35c

**W. H. CUMMINS
Druggist**

Phone 152

Waterdown

Final Report of the Patriotic League

The closing meeting of the Women's Patriotic League was held on Tuesday afternoon, March 25th. The work on hand was finished, and after the settling up of the business tea was served and all present spent a pleasant hour together.

During the time of its organization the society has made and sent to Hamilton 3005 bandages, 35 shrouds, 3 kneelets, 191 helpless shirts, 66 vermin combination suits, 575 vermin jackets, 3184 tape sponges, 6 scarfs, 43 pads, 59 quilts, 85 compresses, 911 pneumonia jackets, 1108 pillow slips, 297 towels, 462 dressing gowns, 722 sheets, 2480 personal property bags, 703 pillows, 296 suits of pyjamas, 213 wash cloths, 254 folded gauze, 235 jars of fruit, 500 stretcher caps, 503 day shirts, 1923 pairs of socks, 205 Xmas boxes. The total amount of money collected was \$7940.19. The expenses were \$6334.09, leaving a balance on hand of \$1606.10. It was decided to invest this until the time when a suitable memorial be erected for the fallen soldiers.

Since the above audit, the following amounts have been added to the report. Money received since audit \$314.96. Expenses since audit 92.47. Balance on hand to date \$1,869.93.

A young man from outside the village limits called to spend the evening with his lady love. Before the hour of departure came it began to rain furiously. His prospective mother-in-law took pity on him and invited him to remain all night and so save going home in the wet and perhaps contracting pneumonia or at least the flu. Her kind invitation was gratefully accepted. When the considerate hostess came downstairs in the morning she noticed the young man's overcoat hanging in the hall, and to her surprise it was thoroughly soaked and had evidently seen wet weather very recently. What could it mean? Her curiosity could not be controlled, and at the breakfast table she said to her promising son-in-law, "Willie, I notice that your overcoat is very wet. How did it happen?" "Why," he meekly replied, "before I went to bed I went home to tell mother and to get my night gown."

Mrs. W. R. Drynan, 399 Queen St. S., received the following letter from a naval prisoner whom she had supported. It ran:

Dear Mrs. Drynan—
I have just returned from the north of England. I have been there on a visit. This is the first opportunity I have had to thank you for your kind contributions for my keeping while I was a prisoner of war in Germany. My ship, H. M. Submarine C-34 was sunk in July, 1917. I was the only one saved. In Germany I was treated very badly, and a month after the armistice was signed was sent to England. I have been very busy since then visiting friends all over the country. I am returning to duty next month. I wrote to you just after I got home. I hope you received the letter safely. I am living with my mother's sister. My mother died when I was very young, but my aunt has been a mother to me. I am not married yet—perhaps in a couple of years more. I've been in Canada. In Montreal, Quebec, Halifax and St. John. That was in the early part of the war. I have to complete twelve years in the R. N. I have already served six years. The service is going to be a great deal better now, owing to the alterations and the raise of pay. I don't know whether I shall continue in submarines or not. I will write you a line after I have settled down.

Thanking you again for your great kindness to me, I remain, yours truly,

Wireless telephony between Canada and the Emerald Isle opened.

IN THE AFTERGLOW

Mother o' mine, in the afterglow
Of mothering years I love you so.
For loving me e'er life I knew,
When next your heart a new life grew.
Loving me on into fair childhood,
When I so little understood
The long, hard way we all must go;
Mother o' mine, I love you so.

Loving me, too, when life so sweet
Tempted my wayward girlish feet
Away from paths of truth and right
To paths that lead to sin's dark night.
Winning me back with loving tone
To ways that you had made your own
By struggle and stress and pain and
prayer.
By love's own cords you held me there.

Mother o' mine, 'tis mine to take
The burdensome load, the stress, the
ache

That come in motherhood's fair years
The joy, the pain, the love, the tears.
'Tis mine to give what you gave me.
Mother o' mine, I would faithful be
To the highest note in the song you
taught

My girlish lips; the music fraught
With all the mother's hopes and fears
That fill to the brim the mothering
years.

Mother o' mine, in the afterglow
Of motherhood's years, I thank you so.
For gifts to me from out your heart;
At thoughts that rise my hot tears
start:

God give me ways to make you know
How great is my love before you go.
Away to rest from your mothering
I would remove life's every sting.
And give you rest in the afterglow.
For, mother o' mine, I love you so.
"Jaunita"

MORALS AND MANNERS

In a speech delivered before the North Central Academic association at Chicago Thomas Arkle Clark, dean of men at the University of Illinois, declared that a heavy responsibility rests upon the home and schools in the development of morals and ideals in the student. The duty rests especially upon high schools. He showed that in dealing with young men fresh from the academy and high schools he found that most of the evil habits of college students were formed before they got to college. He urged that far greater attention be given to morals and manners in the development of young men. Honesty is a quality greatly to be desired, for without it the young men cannot be truly successful. He urged that all boys learn the value of truth. He deplored the too general attitude of students toward examinations. The tendency to take the attitude that all is fair in examinations if one is not found out should be corrected. Also, the feeling of some boys that, while it would be wrong to "crib"

themselves, there is nothing wrong about helping someone else. The boy should be taught to see that one is as dishonest as the other. Hard work should be looked upon as a moral obligation. He urged the development of self-discipline in the student, and stated that the boy ought to take certain studies whether they are pleasing to him or not. He laid great stress on morals and manners as a business asset. Good manners depend upon a real, genuine desire to please and help others, and cannot be used as a subterfuge for the accomplishment of selfish purposes.

PEG AWAY!

Peg away, my lad, peg away,
If you the prize would win;
'Tis only poor faint-hearted chaps
Who talk of giving in.

Success may be long in coming,
But come it surely will,
To those who grind on steadily
At Perseverance Mill!

Peg away, my lad, at your games,
Don't think they're not for you;
Consider the deeds of others,
And show what you can do.

Incident of the War of 1812

Dr. Wm. Dunlop, in his pleasant little book, "Recollections of the War of 1812," which is not known as well as it should be, relates the following amusing incident:

"While I was sitting after dinner one day *tete-a-tete* with the Colonel, his servant announced that a gentleman wanted to see him. As the word 'gentleman' on this side of the Atlantic conveys no idea of either high birth or high breeding, nor even of a clean shirt or a whole coat, my friend demanded what kind of a gentleman. His servant said he must be a kind of Yankee gentleman, for he wore his hat in the parlor and spat on the carpet. This evidence seemed conclusive to my commandant, for the stranger was ordered to be admitted, and the Colonel, telling me that he suspected this must be one of his beef customers, requested I would not leave the room, as he wished a witness to the bargain he was about to make.

"Accordingly there entered a tall, middle-aged man, dressed in a blue something, that might have been a cross between a short coat and a great-coat. He was invited to sit down and fill his glass, when the following dialogue took place:

"Yankee—I'm Major Jones, of Vermont State, and I would like to speak to the Colonel in private, I guess, on particular business.

"Colonel—Anything you may have to say to me, sir, may be said in perfect safety in presence of this gentleman.

"Major—I'm a little in the smuggling line, I reckon.

"Aye, and pray what have you smuggled?"

"Major—Kettle (cattle), I reckon. I heard that the Colonel wanted some very bad, so I just brought a hundred of 'em across at St. Regis—as fine critters, Colonel, as ever had hair on 'em. So I druv them right up; the Colonel can look at 'em hisself—they are right at the door here.

"Well, what price do you ask for them?"

"Major—Well, Colonel, I expect about the same as other folks gets, I reckon.

"Colonel—That is but reasonable, and you shall have it.

"The Commissary of the post was sent for, and having been previously warned not to be very scrupulous in inspecting the drove, as it was of infinitely more importance to get the army supplied than to obtain them at the very lowest rate per head, he soon returned with a bag of half-eagles, and paid the Major the sum demanded. The latter, after carefully counting the coin, returned it into the canvas bag, and opening his coat, displayed inside the breast of it a pocket about the size of a haversack, into which he dropped his treasure, and then deliberately buttoning it up from the bottom to the throat, he filled and drank a glass of wine to our good healths adding, 'Well, Colonel, I must say you are a leetle the gentlest man to deal with I ever met with, and I'll tell all my friends how handsome you behaved to me; and I'm glad of it for their sakes as well as my own, for just as I was fixed to start from St. Regis, my friend Colonel Slater arrived with three hundred more. The kettle aren't his'n; they belong to his father, who is our Senator. They do say that it is wrong to supply an innimy, and I think so, too; but I don't call that man my innimy who buys what I have to sell and gives a genteel price for it. We have worse innimies than you Britishers. So I hope the Colonel will behave all the same as well to them as he has done to me—but there was no harm in having the first of the market, you know, Colonel.' So, with a duck that was intended for a bow, and a knowing grin that seemed to say, 'It was just as safe to secure my money before giving you this piece of information,' he took his leave and departed, evidently much pleased with the success of his negotiation."