

A. Carpenter
Dental Surgeon

MILDAY

Graduate of University of Toronto 1915. One year as Intern at the Toronto General Hospital and six months at Hospitals in New York City.

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A visitor to a country town, talking to a local resident, was criticizing the one paper the town boasted. "Well," he concluded, "I'll say this for the editor—he can be the most sarcastic fellow that ever was when he tries."

"How's that?" asked the other. "Why, in last week's issue the feature entitled 'Local Intelligence' was only about three inches in length."

For instance, it is not our custom

OBITUARY

There passed away last Tuesday, April 22nd, a life-long resident of Culross in the person of Mary Seitz, beloved wife of Thomas Cronin, at the family residence Con. 6 East.

About four years ago when the dreaded influenza was on the rampage, the deceased woman contracted the disease and it had left her in a weakened state from which she never fully recovered and recently she took a heavy cold which in her weakened state she was not able to throw off, and she succumbed to its consequent ravages.

The late Mrs. Cronin was born in Culross over 62 years ago and has spent practically all her life in this township. On January 22nd, 1884, she was united in wedlock to Thomas Cronin to whom union four sons and four daughters were born all of whom survive, together with the bereaved husband.

She was a most kind and loving mother and affectionate wife, an ideal neighbor and friend as many can testify who were fortunate to be her friend. Always ready and willing to help those in trouble and asking very little for herself.

The funeral from her late residence on Thursday to Sacred Heart Church was the largest that has passed through the village for some time, there being about sixty vehicles filled with friends, neighbors and relatives to pay their last respects. Rev. Father Flahaven sang requiem high mass at the church of which she has been a member for many years.

Those who remain to mourn the loss of their best friend on earth, besides the bereaved husband are four daughters, Kate, Mrs. Alex Wever of Walkerton; Mary, Mrs. Harry Smith of London; Emma, Mrs. Frank Steffler, Teeswater; Loretta, at home; and four sons Alfred Cronin, Walkerton; Herbert at home; Thomas of Culross and William of Toronto.

The pall-bearers were the four sons mentioned and the two son-in-laws, Mr. Frank Steffler and Mr. Alex Wever of Walkerton.

The remains were laid to rest in Teeswater Roman Catholic cemetery—Teeswater News.

JUST A BOY

Got to understand the lad—He's not eager to be bad; If the right he always knew, He would be as old as you, Were he now exceeding wise, He'd be just another of your size; When he does things that annoy Don't forget he's just a boy. Could he know and understand, He would need no guiding hand, But he's young and hasn't learned How life's corners must be turned Doesn't know from day to day There is more in life than play. More to face than selfish joy. Don't forget he's just a boy. Being just a boy he'll do More, you will not want him to; He'll be careless of his ways, Have his disobedient days, Wilful, wild and headstrong, too, Just as, when a boy were you; Things of value he'll destroy, But reflect, he's just a boy, Just a boy who needs a friend, Patient, kindly to the end; Needs a father who will show Him the things he wants to know Take him with you when you walk, Listen when he wants to talk, His companion enjoy, Don't forget he's just a boy!

TOOK IT LITERALLY

One of the witnesses in a country court case was a diminutive boy of eight who had to give important evidence on behalf of his father.

When he stepped into the witness-box he looked like a freak from a circus. His hat came down over his eyes, the tails of his coat nearly reached the floor, and his trousers were so long that the knees were at his ankles. Even the judge could not contain his mirth.

"Why do you come here dressed like that?" he inquired. The youngster felt in his pocket, produced a summons, and with a dignified air pointed out the words: "To appear in his father's suit."

She—I wonder if you remember me? Years ago I asked me to marry you?

Absent-minded Professor: "Ah, yes, and did you?

"If you could have two wishes come true, what would they be?" "Well, I'd wish for a husband."

"That's mine."

"And I think I'd save the other one until I saw how he turned out."

COURTEOUS DRIVING WOULD SOLVE MANY PROBLEMS

Why is it necessary for an automobile club to plant its road signs, bearing the phrase, "Courtesy Makes Safety" throughout a locality in which we know traffic to be very heavy?

Why do we see articles in magazines and newspapers with titles like this, "A Little More Courtesy, or a Lot More Trouble"?

What happens to a man when he gets behind his steering wheel? In many cases, some psychological change seems to take place in him, for he displays a woeful lack of courtesy toward his fellow-motorist. He does things as a motorist that he would never dare to do as a pedestrian.

"The desire to make time in many cases leads to acts of discourtesy and sometimes disaster."

"We have reached a point in motoring where, unless courtesy in driving receives renewed and serious attention" says Frederick C. Russell

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in Motor Life, "the piloting of an automobile will become a free-for-all, in which everyone will aim to make it just as inconvenient as possible for everyone else."

"The whole question apparently resolves itself into this: Every act of courtesy encourages a more serious act retaliation with its resulting train of annoyances and accidents. Why not, therefore, infer that every act of courtesy will bring forth a better act of reciprocation? Furthermore, why not try it? Automatically, others will follow suit."

Mr. Russell is right. With the great increase in the number of cars on our roads, and the corresponding increase in the complexities of driving, old-fashioned motor courtesy, it seems, has pretty well gone by the board. Many of our traffic tie-ups and accidents are laid to the score of too many automobiles on the streets. The capacity of our streets has not been reached—they will accommodate many more automobiles without any trouble if we are more considerate of the other fellow and the other fellow is more considerate of us.

Let us stop talking about horrible traffic conditions, congestion and accidents, and act on the supposition that courtesy makes safety. We feel sure that courtesy makes safety. We feel sure that the daily application of this rule will do away with many of our traffic problems.

THE FARMER AND HIS HORSES

The farmer works with his horses; they are his partners, his faithful helpers in all the work of farming. Declares a writer evidently drawing upon his own experience in a leading article in *Southern Agriculturist*. With them, day after day, and year after year, he goes out to tend the fields or to bring home the fruit of his labors; and so working with them season after season he and they grow close to each other and come after awhile to work together with a confidence and an understanding that few human partnerships ever know.

The exceedingly human desire of wanting to "get even" exists in all of us, and we do not doubt but that this act of discourtesy caused this man to vow that he would "get even" with the next man who tried such tricks on him. If both men would apply the Golden Rule, many unfortunate developments might be prevented. It is noteworthy that the Ontario Motor League has campaigned for courteous driving since its inception.

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Is it worth 2c to Save a Baby Chick

CHICKS ARE LIKE BABIES—Just as weak, just as tender, just as delicate and helpless. Like babies it is a problem to raise them so they will grow strong, vigorous and healthy. It takes proper food to do that. Actually millions of baby chicks are lost every year due to troubles that arise from improper food.

PRATT'S BABY CHICK FOOD is the original—the Pratt Food Co. realized years ago the necessity for a special baby chick food. Since then, others have imitated, but none have equalled. Every ounce is guaranteed to give results.

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field. I have seen the faithful and dependable old buggy horse, with children all over his back and two or three about and under his feet, walking with unworded slowness and carelessness under and among them and responding with patient gentleness to all their pullings and poundings. I have seen the heavy-loaded team take the wagon up the long steep hill while the farmer walked behind, speaking never a word to them, but leaving them to stop and start as they wished. I have seen that farmer, at the top of the hill take time to lift the collars and rub the noses and stroke the necks of his sturdy helpers while they took deep breaths and waited for him to climb on the wagon that they might go again. I have seen the strong farmer, too, with tears in his eyes bending over the horse he had raised from a colt when that horse, grown aged and feeble, was waiting the end that must come to all who live.

With all that the inventive genius of man may bring of mechanical power to the farm, there will still remain a place for the farm horse. For an engine is but an engine when all is said—a lifeless thing that has neither sense nor sentiment nor the invaluable reserve power that comes from living muscle and willing brain; while the horse will forever remain a sentient and lovable thing, a thing of abounding life of compelling beauty of intimate understanding, the helper, the confidant, the sympathetic companion of the man who tills the fields.

Remembering these things I have seen, and remembering the days when as a barefoot boy I rode and grazed near him until he fell the big

farm without horses would be but partly a farm; the farmer without love for his horses lacks something of being fully a farmer.