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C. N. R. TIMETABLE
 Southbound 7.16 a.m.
 Northbound 11.20 a.m.
 Southbound 3.19 a.m.
 Northbound 8.51 p.m.

A visitor to a country town, talk-
 ing to a local resident, was criticiz-
 ing 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."

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 ram-
 page, the deceased woman contract-
 ed 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 Thom-
 as Cronin to which union four sons
 and four daughters were born all of
 whom survive, together with the be-
 reaved 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 will-
 ing to help those in trouble and
 asking very little for herself.

The funeral from her late resi-
 dence on Thursday to Sacred Heart
 Church was the largest that has
 passed through the village for some
 time, there being about sixty vehi-
 cles 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; Lor-
 ceta, at home; and four sons, Alfred
 Cronin, Walkerton; Herbert, at
 home; Thomas of Culross and Wil-
 liam 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
 Much you will not want him to;
 He'll be careless of his ways,
 Have his disobedient days,
 Willful, 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 companionship 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 evi-
 dence 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 young-
 ster 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 you 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 one."
 "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 auto-
 mobile 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 maga-
 zines 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 pedes-
 trian.
 For instance, it is not our custom

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to ram people as we pass them on
 the side-walk; we do not cut a man
 off as he crosses the street; we do
 not deliberately try to steal another
 man's seat in the trolley car; yet
 we see analogous actions on the
 part of the motorist every day.
 The other day we saw a motorist
 making a parking, and this is what
 happened—he had pulled up along
 side the car immediately in front
 of the space in which he wished to
 park, preparatory to backing into
 this space. Another, but smaller
 car, pulled up and tried to "sneak"
 into the same space before the first
 car could back in. An accident
 might have happened, and naturally
 the first driver was incensed at this
 act of discourtesy, and he did not
 hesitate to tell the other man just
 what he thought of him.
 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 driv-
 ing since its inception.
 The desire to make time in many
 cases leads to acts of discourtesy
 and sometimes disaster.
 "We have reached a point in mo-
 toring where, unless courtesy in
 driving receives renewed and serious
 attention," says Frederick C. Russell

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 discourtesy encourages a more
 serious act of retaliation with its re-
 sulting train of annoyances and ac-
 cidents. Why not, therefore, infer
 that every act of courtesy will bring
 forth a better act of reciprocity?
 Furthermore, why not try it? Auto-
 matically, others will follow suit."
 Mr. Russell is right. With the
 great increase in the number of
 cars on our roads, and the corres-
 ponding 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 auto-
 mobiles on the streets. The capac-
 ity of our streets has not been
 reached—they will accommodate many
 more automobiles without any trou-
 ble if we are more considerate of
 the other fellow and the other fel-
 low is more considerate of us.
 Let us stop talking about horrible
 traffic conditions, congestion and ac-
 cidents, and act on the supposition
 that courtesy makes safety. We
 feel sure that courtesy makes safety
 and that the daily applica-
 tion 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
 and 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 understand-
 ing that few human partnerships
 ever know. The good farmer and
 the good horse come not only to un-
 derstand and to appreciate, but even
 to love each other. I have seen the
 big mares in the pasture prick up
 their ears at the sound of their
 owner's voice and comes up to the
 bars to nuzzle him and be petted
 and then wait contentedly around,
 grazing near him until he looks the
 drove and clambered about the big

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
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 testinal trouble, sterilized bone meal that makes strong bones, ap-
 petizing ground millet and rape seeds with their valuable vitamins
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 tein is worse than not enough), a very small quantity of fibre, no
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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 unwonted slowness and
 carefulness under and among them
 and responding with patient gentle-
 ness to all their pullings and pound-
 ings. 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 it as they wished. I have seen
 that farmer, at the top of the hill
 take time to life 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.
 Remembering these things I have
 seen, and remembering the days
 when as a barefoot boy I rode and
 the farm without horses would
 be but partly a farm; the farmer
 without love for his horses lacks
 something of being fully a farmer.

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