

T. A. Carpenter
Physician and Surgeon
MILDMAY
Graduate of University of Toronto
1915. One year as Intern at
the Toronto General Hos-
pital and six months at
Hospitals in New
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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.

My husband "Spring has come, Let's
go and harp it."
"Rouse up, you bum and beat
the carpet."

"What has become of the fine old
games of Prudence and Patience."
"They wouldn't be appropriate
these days," replied the old grouch.
"I had a couple of daughters I'd
call them Extravagance and
Hysteria."

A floating debt in a municipality
can hardly be termed a life-preserv-
er. It's more like a sinker.

The big stone quarry west of Wal-
kerton, owned by the Hanover Stone
and Cement Co. will not be operated
this year.

He isn't a confirmed bachelor un-
til he gets the complacent feeling
that most of the ladies would like
to have him.

Beauty clay is just the kind
my wife smears on her face;
But let me bring some on my feet—
She drives me from the pace.

Mary's Little Shoes
Mary had a little limp
And furrows in her brow,
She couldn't wear a number two
But tried it anyhow.

The Judge—Madam, do you under-
stand the nature of an oath?
The witness—You seem to forget
your honor, that I've been married
for more than 20 years.

"Prohibiting thugs from legally
having in their possession firearms
is a good deal like curing a drunk-
ard by passing a prohibition act.
It sounds well but fails to work out."
—Toronto Saturday Night.

Since 1900 the death sentence has
been executed in Canada on 291 per-
sons of whom 104 were hanged in
Ontario. This record is bad enough
but when compared with that of
other countries is favorable rather
than otherwise.

The Sarnia Bridge Co.'s tender of
\$4,962 for the steel work on the new
county bridge to be built over the
creek on the townline Brant and
Greenock, near Ellengowan, is ac-
cepted, also Hugh Watt's tender of
\$1694 for the cement work.

That a strike in the Alberta coal
mines should be sustained by finan-
cial aid from Indianapolis, headquar-
ters of the International Mine Work-
ers' organization, makes one won-
der if we are living under the Un-
ion Jack or the Stars and Stripes.
Canadian labor takes too many or-
ders from across the line.

"The typewriter is too prosaic an
instrument for me. My instrument
must be attuned to my mood. When
I feel fierce and aggressive I write
with a steel pen; when I describe
beauty, riches and power I write
with a gold one."
"I suppose then, ordinarily, you
use the quill of a goose."

The U.F.O. should insist on a
probe into the statement that "hogs
aged 5 months and 21 days, weigh-
ing an average of 208 pounds have
been sold off Premier Ferguson's
farm." If the statement is found
to be true they have a real grievance
against the man who put them out
of politics and is beating them at
their exclusive game of growing
hogs.

One Lucky Editor.
There is said to be one editor in
heaven. How he got there is not
positively known, but it is con-
jectured that he passed off as a min-
ister and stepped in unexpectedly.
When the dodge was discovered,
they searched the realms of felicity
all their length and breadth for a
lawyer to draw up the necessary
papers for ejectment, but they could
not find one, and of course, the editor
held the fort.

Takes Fifth Husband.
A Walkerton woman who had gone
through the marriage ceremony four
times and followed as often the fun-
eral pall of those she had taken for
better or for worse to the necropolis
lead (leap year) to the altar recently
her fifth husband in the person of ex-
Councillor Reinhold Weiss of the
county town. The bride's name is
McKillop, the third syllable of which
must sound sort of uncanny to Rein-
hold considering he is the fifth.

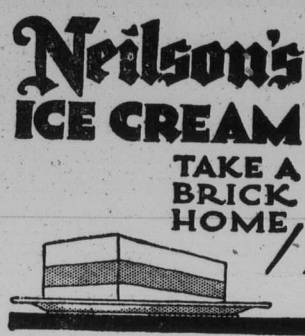
\$200 and Costs for Making Booze.
Sam Scott of Huron Township was
in the toils of the law last week, a
charge having been laid against him
under the Inland Revenue Act by
Andrew Porter, revenue officer of
Goderich. Scott having fallen under
suspicion, his farm on the 8th of
Huron Twp. was visited by Porter,
Constables Pellow of Goderich and
Douglas of Lucknow. They found 12
barrels of "mash," a still and other
evidence that the inland Revenue
Act was being violated. The arrest
of Scott followed and he was brought
before Magistrate Johnston of Luck-
now. Rather than go before Coun-
ty Magistrate McNab, Scott admitted
the charge, and paid the customary
fine of \$200 and costs. The "mash"
was found in a gravel pit on the
farm.

Listen, Brother!
If you are blessed with good
health, surrounded by friends, able
to work and enjoying the sunshine,
flowers, outings and other opportu-
nities, you have no kick coming. If
you, with all the modern advantages
and sixteen hours out of every
twenty-four for freedom and rest,
think you are having a hard lot in
life, what of the blind, and lame, and
halt, the sick and dying, tossing on
beds of pain? In this life we
should all have just enough pain to
cause us to appreciate pleasure. We
should have just enough trouble to
make us thankful that we are not
hopelessly crippled or without the
light of day. Trouble is a medicine
that our gracious and wise Physi-
cian prescribes, and sometimes it
takes a pretty big dose to bring us
to a full understanding that there
are no crown-wearers who have not
been cross-bearers.

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large and small --- to visit our
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more acceptable than a deli-
cious dish of Neilson's Ice Cream
or an Ice Cold Drink.



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prices than at Sover-
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THAT SPRING FEVER

Saturday Night—I'm gone, I feel
weak.
Rubber—I'm all stretched out.
Indigo—I'm feeling blue.
Ground—I'm feeling dirty.
Fish—I feel scaly.
Egg—I feel rotten.
Razor—I'm dull too.
Tea—Gosh I'm weak.
Tissue—Oh, but how thin I am, I'm
just tear-able.
Doctor—I must have patience.
Fires—I'm all out of wind.
Home Draw—I'm full of hops.
Tree—I'm leaving.
Calendar—My days are numbered.
Stamp—I'll be licked sooner or later.
Storm Door—I'm off for quite a
while.
Bed—I feel like bursting.
Tree—I've got the same old bark.
Sneak—I certainly am tough.

Mr. Spoonmore—Ah, dear, you're
worth your weight in gold.
Miss Plumleigh—You're perfectly
horrid to think I'm as fat as that.

William Hough, a middle-aged la-
borer from Winton, was brought
from the lake town to the House of
Refuge last week. William prefers
staying around Winton to any
other occupation but the authorities
there objected. He has been
three times previously domiciled at
the Refuge but on each occasion he
out and returned to his favorite
haunts.

FREAK EGGS

Freak hen's eggs are generally
numerous at this season of the year,
and the one brought to this office on
Thursday last by Wilfred McBride
was no exception. The egg was a
miniature egg about the size of a
marble, the interior of which was
a golden color, or the yolk. On
Tuesday morning Wm. Foster of
Honeywood brought in a hen's egg
of unusual proportions. It was laid
by a Plymouth Rock hen and measured
8 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches and weighed
4 1/2 ounces.—Durham Chronicle.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT

(Issued by Ont. Hort. Association)
The improved highways and the
motor car have put an obligation on
every town and village in the
country to clean up and plant their
streets and open spaces. The an-
nouncement of "Welcome" that meet
the motorist as he approaches a
progressive town, naturally leads
him to expect to find an evidence of
refinement when he complies with
the rule to slow down, even though
he does not stop to pass an hour or
a day. This is the time of year
when effort has to be made if our
towns are to present a bright and
colourful appearance in the summer
months. Some agency, however, is
needed to at least direct the work of
beautification. The Horticultural So-
ciety is the logical leader in a
movement of this kind. The Provin-
ce already has two hundred of
these Societies, twenty of which are
township Societies operating in the
rural districts and small villages.
The total membership of the combin-
ed Horticultural Societies of the
Province last year was 50,000. One
has only to visit or enquire about
the city of St. Thomas to learn what
a town can accomplish under the
direction of a Horticultural Society.
Many other places show similar, if
not quite as spectacular results. In
a speech in the House of Commons
this year, a member made the claim
that horticulture is growing to a
large extent in the Province of On-
tario and that Horticultural Soci-
eties are of great benefit.

A difficulty frequently encountered
in Horticultural Society work is a
lack of public support. It is a rule
for members to be given a premium
of the full value of their annual fee,
but these premiums naturally are

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STILL UNCOVERED IN GREENOCK HAY MOW

(Paisley Advocate)
For the second time Inspector
White made an official call at Mr.
Jos. Rathwell's farm, lot 1, con. 17,
Greenock, in search of evidence that
the owner has been producing a
more stimulating beverage than
milk, and more pungent canned
goods than maple syrup on his
premises. After looking through all
the outbuildings the Inspector head

ed for the hay mow, and soon un-
covered a good still hidden therein
but not in operation.

The people of this community ex-
perienced quite a surprise, as day
by day lately the news became quick-
ly broadcasted that Joe was making
and selling a very passable brand
of home distilled. He was one of
the last men the majority of fellow-
citizens would suspect of dabbling
in such a detestable business. How-
ever, it was said many times that
even he could not continue to get
away with it, and so it proved. The
information is believed to have come
out through one of his employees
on the farm—a man named Monk,
we understand—who was given \$100
to keep mum, but having had some
little difference with his employer
made the squeal that gave the auth-
orities the proper tip.

Rathwell was taken to Walkerton
by Inspector White, and appeared at
once before Magistrate McNab,
pleaded guilty and was fined \$300,
which was immediately paid. It was
only his tearful plea that saved him
a much heavier tax, as the magis-
trate first mentioned a larger fine.