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w. C. Ayleworth, Publifher.
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 aindesal Aovig wtan reader or ior ind


FRIDAY, NOVEMBER ${ }^{21} 1924$
Note and Comment $\mathrm{S}_{\text {Sop pad det the train go by }}^{\text {Twill only }}$ Tour car starts out anguit, intact,
And better still, you're in it.

Canada has one mile of railway to
every two hundred and twenty persons, a larger mileage in propoption
to population than any other coun-
try. .
A lady friend of mine asked if she
knew the nature of an oath. "Well I ought to," she replied, "We have
just moved and "my husband put up
the stove pipes." ${ }_{\text {A Canonsburg, Pa., man lost his }}^{\dagger}+{ }_{\text {ate }}^{\dagger}$ watch 14 years ago, while he was
plowing. Last week a woman on his
farm found the timepiece in a big potato she was peeling.
Every,modern girl should have a
chaperon," says a writer in a morn ing paper. Ways wowld go in arther and
recommend three chaperons, working
res. recommend threes chaperons,
A woman told a police magistrate
that six months ago her husband
went out, saying that her went out, saying that he was going
for a shave, and she has seen noth-
ing of him since ing a shave, and she has seen noth-
ing of him since. We welcome this
protest against the way barbers keep
you waiting.

Coney Island had a new kind of
hot dog this season. The "dog" is encased in dough and baked together. On an average day at Coney Island
100,000 hot dogs are consumed. Many
of the hot dog concessing of the hot dog concessionaries make
enough during the Coney season t
live in comfort the rest
 ginseng which he has ready for sale.
Several other farmers in that vicinity have ginseng under cultivation
and it is expected two tons will be sund. The expected two tons will be
in China.

As a result of the amalgamation
of the Clinton New Era with
News-Record, the town of Clinton, News-Record, the town of Clinton,
like many other centres in Ontario, has but one newspaper now. The
New Era has been published continuously for over 40 years. Hen- High
overhead is the cause of the amalgamation.
The small town weekiy newspaper
will always be a welcome visitior to
thousands, performing a mission septhousands, performing a mission sep-
arate entirely from that of the great
daily. Its paragraphs are like "the pies our mothers used to make" to
they touch the right spot. Are you sending the Guide-Advocate to your
absent son, dougher or friend. They'll
appreciate, it.


|  |  |
| :---: | :---: |



Figured in Historic Sod Turning
 of aievyimeoratio






 hiomo popabanandoned?
"Squibographs"
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1924 :
THE OLD LOG HOUSE There are few slacker voters in a
German ofection Many ot the poling
places are tocted in beer A Berlin man chatged with bigamy pleaded mat hat harged no reo nioe
tion of of tormer marriage. The ourt
gave him a year to retresh his mem-

$$
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& \begin{array}{c}
\text { cackle } \\
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$\square$


0 Auld Hoses, 0
Deserted tho ' ye
 Rickety, shingless, old and gray,
Sacthed by the stoms of many a day
col In a wayside spot where the wild Stands the old low log cabin of long ago. Loftily, haughtily round it stand
Loraly mansions on every hand,
 Rarely a foot orer its threshold falls,
Rarely
Rol tok at its old gray walls trow, a stranger is cast, $\mathbf{I}$ Nobody cares for the old house now,
Rotting away itt ruoug rude walls and like to And the raterers round, which its roof ATe $\begin{gathered}\text { benterars } \\ \text { score years. } \\ \text { s.t. burden of four- }\end{gathered}$ The winter wind and the summer sun
On roof and gable their work hate And crume; d down since many a day
The quanine odd chimney of "clat and
clay, On egery side, within and without,
The chinning and plaster are falling And the sagging sash with its broken Is a fenae on more gainst the wind
In and out through its drooping door
The feet of the fathers will fall no As back are ${ }^{\text {and orth on their weary way }}$
They went to their
work with the . Mrough that monldering doorway $\mathbf{I}$ And $I$ stood ind in the spot where the Where the bacclog fite with its ruddy Had burne dand dlazed through the
the lives-long nipht. But the fries were out and the lugAll cracked gone, and crumbling the old And fallerththe jene, bambs by the frepliace Where $\begin{gathered}\text { wall, } \\ \text { the weird } \\ \text { loved to falight shadows had }\end{gathered}$ Silent I I stood on the rotting floor,
While I I loked the old house o'er and And my eyes with the burning tears
filled fast As my heart went back to the vanish-
ed past.
0 many a year has the grass grown
green,
 And that old dog ho
hood's some.



Again mid the bygone years I seem,
And the past comes back like a wakTill thn ringead dalls no more I see,
But the ond house stands as it used
to be.
to be.
All the hame faces are met by the And loving eyes look bright as when
In my childhood's years I saw them B
But the years roll by and the faces And one by one in the dust are laid,
Till the last from the empty hearth

Alas for the wreck of the robber Alas for our unavailing tears
O'er the withered leaves of the past Strewn
that liie
mher
memy on the pathway of Like a dream we come, like a dream 'Mid the ceaseless years, in their ebb And the crumbing things of the sad Were toneday
terdals.

[^0] game sanctuary. Carthern Ontario as nhat werent any of of hed "wildcats around coballal iccustomed the boo thom
invading the preserve.
Many wives arross the border ar ar
said
publication taking adranatage of the
 Vestigations substantial increa
Crist
are likely shy to bep demmanded.


[^0]:    Yet molldering away though its walls
    Forever green will the memiory be
    Of the dear old house that 1 used to
    

