

# The Nissouri Nudger

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EVELYN, ONTARIO, SEPT. 30, 1914.

50c Yearly in Advance

## Pepper and Salt.

- ¶ Britons never shall be slaves.  
¶ Looks like another thousand years of waving for the grand old flag.  
¶ When the real army took to mobilizing the army worm surrendered.  
¶ Instead of advancing the price tobacco manufacturers could have enclosed in the plug another stick of wood.  
¶ That right little, tight little island is as right and tight as ever, but in the eyes of Germany it looms up bigger.  
¶ The Blair estate might be able to contribute some to the patriotic fund seeing that it is a charitable undertaking.  
¶ We will wait until next year to see the siege of Liege depicted pyrotechnically by Prof. Hand at the Western Fair.  
¶ One cannot help wondering if it has yet dawned upon the haughty Kaiser that while he may be fighting on God's side that God is not on his side.  
¶ After the war is over King George will surely come and see us. Canada has behaved so very well in the emergency that did arise that he must even now be longing to come across.  
¶ Those who have been putting in fall wheat should put in more, and those who have not been putting in any should put in some, as it is said wheat will surely bring a good price next year.  
¶ Those who didn't spend every copper as they went along, but laid some by for the rainy day, have in the patriotic fund now being gathered met the rainy day, and are responding liberally.  
¶ The Nudger's advice to the German Kaiser is to quit. We don't suppose our advice will ever reach him, but than a cart-load of other advice from other important journals has shared the same fate.  
¶ The Pankhurst Dragoons should be mobilized and sent to the very front. Having succeeded in destroying much of great value at home, abroad they might be relied upon to smash everything they saw, even to the Kaiser himself.  
¶ There is one man in London who might have been expected to offer to go to the front, but who didn't. Most everyone who has heard him discourse on war tactics would have been tickled to death to see him march away to the glare of the band.  
¶ The dismantling of the German navy clearly brings us to the time spoken of prophetically by Isaiah, when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.  
¶ The army worm didn't do nearly the damage that one rousing tornado has frequently done. The worms didn't eat up any barns filled with grain nor take away the life of anyone, yet more newspaper space was given to the worm than to many things far more destructive.  
¶ When the country is at war we forget many of the small controversies that split us up into factions. Every once in a while the world needs a war to shunt

us together and make us one again. It is in times of peace that we divide on small issues and think mean things of each other. One benefit from the present struggle that Canada will reap is the welding together more solidly the different people of which she is composed.

¶ The Nudger has had a holiday, but a holiday never hurt anyone.

¶ Premier Whitney is dead and he may soon be forgotten. But his works will live.

¶ War may be a horrid thing, but it is the way the nations have of house-cleaning, and every wife believes in that to such an extent that she goes at it twice a year whether it needs it or not.

¶ Those who favor doing away with the death penalty for murder are, we guess, also among the number who are quite elated over the success of British arms in the recent severe battles, and no doubt would rejoice greatly and take part in a public jubilation were official word received that the Kaiser's army, the Kaiser's navy, and the Kaiser himself, shot into atoms even with less warning than the gallows gives the murderer and without the benefit of a trial.

## "H. I. M."—Wilheim.

Said to be translated from a memorandum found in the emperor's personal wastepaper basket. The original has been presented by the finder to the British Museum.—John Kendrick Bangs.

Oh Me!  
Oh My!!!  
And likewise I!!!  
Sit still, my curls, while I orate  
Me, I, Myself, the Throne, the State.  
I am the earth, the moon, the sun,  
All rolled in one!  
Both hemispheres am I,  
Oh My!  
If there were three, the Three  
I'd be.  
I am the Dipper, Night and Day,  
The North and Southern Poles, the Milky Way.  
I am they that walk or fly on wing,  
Or swim, or creep . . . I'm everything.  
It makes me tremble like the aspen tree,  
To think I'm Me!  
And blink in terror like a frightened elf  
To realize that I'm Myself.  
Ye blithering slaves beneath my iron heel,  
What know ye of the thing I feel?  
Didst ever wake at dead of night,  
And stand in awe of thine own might?  
It took six days to make the land and sea,  
But centuries were passed in making Me;  
The universe? an easy task; but I—  
Oh My!

John McFarlan, M.P.P., attended the funeral services at Toronto of the late Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario.

"Mr. Fred Matthews, assistant post-office inspector, has shown his patriotism in a striking manner. At his own expense he has insured three of the men who went from the London post office for service abroad for \$1,000 each, and will pay the premiums until the war is over. His generosity has just come to light and is considered in keeping with his reputation for unselfishness and kindness."—From the London Free Press.

## The Late Mrs. Chas. Fitzgerald

Nissouri has within the past year suffered by death the loss of a number of its good mothers and noble women, among them being HESSIE J. QUINN, the beloved wife of Mr. Charles Fitzgerald, 3rd ave., whose death at the home of her sister, Mrs. Edward Logan, Governor's Road, was very sudden, the cause being heart trouble. She had been visiting with her sister for a couple of days when she was stricken, and her death, being altogether unlooked for, was a severe shock to her husband and family as well as to her many friends. Deceased, who was 59 years of age at the time of her death, was the youngest daughter of the late William and James Quinn, and was born on the Quinn homestead, on the Governor's Road west of Crumlin. Before her marriage to Mr. Fitzgerald she was for many years organist and choir leader of the Crumlin Presbyterian Church, of which body she was an active and devoted member until death called her to the church above. Besides her husband she leaves three sons, Messrs. Bolton, Victor and Ernie, also four sisters, Mrs. Edward Logan, Mrs. Robert Woods, sr., Mrs. Isaac Saul, and Miss Isabel Quinn, of London. The burial took place to Brown's Hill Cemetery, where feeling reference was made to the good works of the departed lady by the Rev. John Smith, pastor of her beloved church. The casket was borne to the grave by deceased's six nephews, viz.: William and Robert Woods, George and Isaac Saul, William Quinn and John Logan.

Rev. W. L. Hiles, pastor of the Thorndale Methodist Church, is proving to the officials that they made no mistake in calling him as pastor of the church. He is energetic and puts his energy to good use.

Mr. Douglas Deller, son of Mr. William Deller, with his wife and little son has returned to Evelyn after an absence of two years in Central America, where he managed a coffee plantation. The climate did not agree with Mrs. Deller's health and compelled their return.

At London on Sunday, Sept. 13, Muriel Gertrude, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Skelton, passed away. The little one had been failing, and her mother took her to the city for special treatment, but the best that medical skill could do availed nothing. The funeral took place to the 7th line cemetery on 15th inst., and the little casket was followed to the grave by many of the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Skelton, who in their deep sorrow have the sympathy of all.

## BIRTHS.

HENSHAW—On Monday, Aug. 31, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James Henshaw, 6th ave.

CHIPCHASE—To Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Chipchase, Horton street, London, a son on Aug. 25, 1914.

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