

5 JUN/24

A GOOD GAME

Wendt's Goal Tending Featured Many Sensational Saves Being Made

(Owen Sound Sun-Times) Not outplayed, but out-timed from start to finish was Owen Sound's senior W.F.A. football team in their first game of the season at Victoria Park on Thursday night. Their opponents were the boys from Mildmay and they left the city after the game with a 1 to 0 victory tucked away in their belts. In a way the visitors really deserved to win for they played a strong, steady game, with every man playing his right position, and Johnny on the spot every time the ball came his way. On the other hand the local boys plainly showed the lack of having practiced together, and at times were either scattered all over the field or were bunched together and in each other's way, while again there were times when they would get the old combination going, and they would make a dash for the Mildmay goal, only to be robbed by either the sturdy backs, or Wendt, who was between the posts. This boy was nothing short of a wizard in this game. He seemed to know exactly where the Owen Sound forwards were going to kick that old pigskin, and was always right at the proper place to receive the kick, the result being that he kept the nets from being disturbed behind him. His exhibition of goal tending was easily the best seen here in some time, and to his great work must go a great share of the credit for their victory. Several occasions when there were corner kicks, and good ones at that, he would fairly dive out in the midst of the players of both teams and with his fist send the ball out of danger, and on other occasions permitted his backs to get rid of the ball.

This all goes to show, that in spite of the fact that the locals did not play the game they are capable of, they gave Mr. Wendt a very busy time of it, and during the greater part of the game had the better of the play. It was an interesting game to watch, but a regular heart breaker for the home fans who were anxious to see their favorites get away with a win, but it demonstrated at the same time that no team can expect to get out and win games with-out the necessary practice together, and this was what told the tale. This was the first time that the boys had been all together this spring, but the game will do them a lot of good, and they will not be taken un-awares again. The game was a pretty one to watch at times, as both teams played brilliantly in spots, while there were also short periods when it was painful to watch their efforts to advance the ball, this being particularly the case as regard the home team.

The game was a little late in starting owing to the non-arrival of the visitors on time, but when referee Kelly, of Listowel, blew his whistle the home team was kicking with the wind and with the sun at their backs. They started right in to make things interesting for their opponents and made tracks for the Mildmay goal with the result that a corner was forced in about two minutes, and Donaldson played it well, but there was no score. This was followed up by two determined attacks on the visitors' citadel, but Wendt was on the job, for the shot was a bit wild. This was followed by some good combination plays on the part of the locals, in fact they were having all the better of the play, and their shots were right at Wendt. He saved some hard ones.

The Owen Sound halves were doing some good work, Dick Neath showing great form and booting the ball hard and far, and it was impossible for the Mildmay lads to get very far past centre field, but finally broke a way on the right wing, passed over to centre, and the very first time they got the ball inside of the backs they scored what proved to be the only goal of the game. Kunkel doing the trick from ten feet out, with Neath not having a ghost of a show to stop the shot. After this Owen Sound put more pep into their play for awhile and they pressed hard, Reg. Kreutzweiser on the right wing getting in some nice work, and being ably assisted by Donaldson, Dennis and Tilson, but the visiting backs broke up their combination play time after time and relieved the danger. Plotsch, the fat man of the visiting team, did a lot of very useful work along this line, and he was always steady. The first half ended with the locals pressing hard for the equalizer.

In the second half a shift was made in the positions. Carson, who had not been playing up to form at centre forward, was moved back to the half back line, and Tuckwood went to full back, while Steve Stanley went to centre forward, and things went along in much better style, but try as they would they could not get the ball past Wendt. There were at least ten corners in this half, and only one went behind the line, but Wendt got rid of them all. On one occasion the ball was right on the goal line when it was cleared. It was a heart breaker, but the visitors got the best of every attack in the game, and while they were never in danger of scoring a second goal. The whole of the second half was just one dash after the other on the part of the Owen Sound forwards, but there were no

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ent, the weather being a little cool. It was a tough game to lose. The teams were as follows:— Owen Sound—Goal, W. D. Neath; Backs, Stanley, R. Neath; Half backs S. Neath, Robinson, Tuckwood; forwards, Donaldson, Dennis, R. Carson, Tilson, Kreutzweiser, R. Carson, Mildmay—Goal, Wendt; Backs, Plotsch, F. Schmidt; Half Backs, Weiler, Schnurr, Ellig; forwards, Filsinger, A. Schmidt, Kunkel, Kaufman, Sehester.

MUNICIPAL MUTTERINGS

(Chesley Enterprise) Bruce County Council meets at Walkerton on Monday, June 16th and the session promises to be a very strenuous one.

The question of superannuation allowance for ex-treasurer Norman Robertson, ex-gaoler McKechnie and Lobsinger, the old turnkey, will be put forward. The seed is likely to fall on stoney ground. The reeve or deputy reeve who votes to start a superannuation system in this county has as much chance of getting back into public life as Peter Smith. Even the unsophisticated young man who represents the solid yeomanry of Carrick and at the January session voted for Jack Davidson's bridge up in Amabel, has cut his wisdom teeth by this time, and will have his ear to the ground for a rumbling in the mulberry trees in Carrick. The Walkerton people want a new bridge over the Saugene on the Durham road. The present bridge is too narrow, and shaky as well, but, unless condemned by an engineer, the economists in the council will go for making it do another year.

Of course the big item of business at the June session is striking the rate. There is considerable of this county taxes uncontrollable. Last year there was paid off, in round numbers, on the patriotic grant de-generates for Bruce County's share in helping to win the war in dollars, the sum of \$20,229 and there is still to be paid over \$185,000. The County has also become involved in a heavy bridge building debenture debt. Last year \$8,201 of this debt was wiped off and there is the same amount to be charged up against the 1924 rates. The bridge debt unpaid is \$74,461 and this will have to be met by this and future county councils. We will be having our necks to the County yoke long after John Sinclair has ceased to be bringing down his gavel to call order. This getting into debt is far easier than getting out of it.

David Forrester will be on the job for the first time as County Clerk. Though he is well posted on County affairs too much must not be expected of him the first session. He has steady nerves and good judgement but will need all his training and experience to get through the June session without making a single mistake. If he does the old heads in the County Council will deal gently with the young man and put him right. David Forrester will make good. Watch his smoke!

AT WORK IN THE GARDEN

A backward season has delayed garden operations. In some quarters the cry has gone forth, "And now it is too late." It isn't too late to plant most of the vegetables that gackyard gardeners re in the habit of planting. Lettuce, radishes, garden cress, onions, carrots, corn, beans, cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, melons, beets, potatoes, tomatoes cabbage, cauliflower, celery—it isn't too late for any of these. As a matter of fact, it won't be too late to plant many of them even a month from now. True, the harvest will be delayed beyond the season when it is usually reaped because of earlier planting but those who planted early this season, in spite of unfavorable weather, will not have gained much by their early effort.

Late May and early June is the time for setting out such plants as tomatoes, early cabbage, cauliflower and celery. As a matter of fact, it is usually that time before really good plants are available to the dealers. Plants that re on the market earlier than this are usually those that have been forced into growth to catch the early market, and they are not as reliable as those that have been grown more slowly. Lack of sunshine has retarded under-glass production this spring, and it is only now that suitable plants for setting out are making their appearance on the market, and even these are not of the highest quality.

A FARMER'S ADVICE

Speaking of hard times, we were told the other day by a prosperous farmer, that he cannot see the need of so many of his brother farmers being hard up. "Certainly you have to work hard, but for goodness sake, why don't they use their head a little more," is the way he put it. Mixed farming is the best, but Mr. Man study yourself, your farm and what you and the farm are best suited for and then go in for it strong and stay with it. Be sure you're right, then put your efforts into it. The Agr. Dept. is always ready to help you in a lot of your problems, why not make use of them?"

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URGE EYE TEST FOR MOTORISTS

Motor drivers should have at least seven-tenths normal vision for both eyes and should be able to distinguish between red, green, blue and yellow colors, was the recommendation by the committee on visual stading for motor drivers at the Optical Association in its quarterly meeting in Toronto. Further recommendations that licenses should not be permitted to those with cross or squint eyes who have either eyes less than one-third of the normal standard of vision. These standards were accepted and henceforth members of the association will not issue certificates to applicants who do not come up to these specifications. The advisability of chibing cross and squint eyes by optical treatment rather than by dangerous surgical operations was shown by Drs. J. L. Rawbon, F. B. Pearson, E. Bind and J. G. Collinson, who quoted many successful results of using special glasses and eye muscle exercises in curing squints so bad that surgical operation had been considered imperative.

HIGH FINANCE

Mr. Francis Nelson, late sporting editor of the Globe, thinks that the Home Bank had nothing on a bank in one of the southern states. It was managed by negroes and patronized by them. One day a colored gentleman walks up to the teller's cage and makes the startling announcement that he has an interest in the bank. The teller sends for the manager and this conversation ensued: "You say you have an interest in this bank?" "Yes, I deposited ten dollahs in this bank."

"When?" "Fifteen yeahs ago."

"Why you silly niggah, don't you know dis interest absobed dat long ago."

MAKING A HARD ROW EASIER

(By Edgar L. Vincent)

The man who thinks he has a hard row to hoe never will have a picnic. Just as long as he hold that attitude his pathway will be best with difficulties, his row will be check full of weeds and thistles, and he will come to the end of his day long before sundown.

For that old world is true, "As a man thinketh, so is he." If he goes around mourning that nobody ever had such a hard time as he does his underlips hanging down five or six inches and his whole demeanor that of a sorely abused man, he need not expect good luck to come his way. Good luck has enough to busy herself without fooling around with men that pity themselves all the time and wish somebody would give them a million dollahs.

A farmer used to live near us that owned one of the finest and best places in our neighborhood. He had about twenty cows as a rule. He kept them, but I never heard what they kept him. They couldn't be the stables where they stood in winter was dark, foul smelling and lismal. When he let them out to drink they had to wade through wenty rods of mud when it was not frozen up, and the consequence was many of them had fouls and suffered awfully. I have known that man to draw a piece of chain between the hoofs of these cows to get the filth out and then put in some medicine that made them just about crazy.

That was just a sample of the way that man farmed it. No wonder he never got along very well. But such dreams as that man had! The only peace of mind he ever had was when he was thinking and talking about what he was going to do some day away off in the future here is something you might try. Now his lot was miserable beyond. hat any man ever knew about according to his way of thinking.

The outcome of it? The farm went by the board, the cows followed, the family went to the dogs and the man himself had to be helped by the town. His row was hard and he made it so himself. He might have made a fine living—the man did who came on the place after he gave it up. No dwelling on one's hard luck will bring nothing but hard luck.

But don't you like to meet the man who never has anything but sunshine in his heart? You never know such men to speak about their hard row. They have none. Weeds grow in their cornfields the same as they do in yours and mine, but they know how to use a hoe and an cultivator. That is part of good farming, and they expect to do it. Not always does the sun shine on their pathway, but when it rains they will tell you that rain is needed good to make the crops grow.

How can we get rid of the notion that we have a hard row to hoe? Why, just make it easy with a song and a cheery heart and a smile. And then, too, we can keep our eyes turned down toward the other end of the row. Still again, we can just take one hill at a time. No field ever gets cleared up all at once. But one hill at a time will bring us through by-and-by.

And let us straighten us often, look into the face of the sun and think, "It's fine out in the sunshine today!" So we will make the hard row easy.

A MOTHER TO HER SON

This is a message which a boy carried in his pocket until he became a man:

- 1.—Get up when called in the morning.
- 2.—Wash before dressing.
- 3.—Wash your teeth. A clean mouth belongs to a clean heart.
- 4.—Be obedient. Remember the world would go crushed into pieces if it did not obey the law of God, and you must suffer if you do not obey.
- 5.—Be truthful. Only cowards lie. You are not a coward.
- 6.—Be kind. It is the greatest gift in the world.
- 7.—Don't forget that you have promised to do some kind act every day.
- 8.—Wash your face and hands before going to the table.
- 9.—Remember that your father is a gentleman. In his absence it is up to you to prove it. A gentleman is kind and truthful, and clean and quiet.
- 10.—Be interested in everything. Have a good time.
- 11.—Remember that I love you with all my heart.
- 12.—Say your prayers. Ask God to keep your heart clean and brave and true, and your body well, for—
—YOUR MOTHER

EXAMINATION TIME IS COMING

The Lower School examinations commenced this year on June 2nd and finish on the 6th. These papers are set by the High School principal and staff and pupils failing to receive the required number of marks may write on the Departmental papers later on in the month.

The Middle and Upper school examinations commence on June 23 and are not completed until July 7. The Entrance examinations are now divided into Parts One and Two. Part One, consisting of Hygiene, Art and Nature Study were written on last Saturday. Part Two papers, eight subjects in all, will be written on July 2, 3, and 4.

From the foregoing dates it will be noticed this year that the Lower, Middle and Upper school and Entrance to High School examinations are held on concurrent days. It looks as though the Department of Education is out to make the presiding officers work real hard for their money. However, even with this change, it will be found that the candidates, as usual, will be doing the worrying at examination time.

THE BUTCHER IS BITTEN

Mr. Nichol Jeffrey of Guelph, who is well-known at the courts in this district is an ardent admirer of dogs and will have nothing around his home but pure-breds. He took particular pride in one of his canines, but the animal was a great lover of fresh meats, and as a result of his fondness got his owner into trouble. The story goes that one day the dog entered a local butcher shop and carried off a good-sized piece of meat. The loss was soon discovered and the butcher learned from a customer who was in the store at the time that it was Mr. Jeffrey's dog that carried it out. A few days after Mr. Jeffrey was in the store making a purchase and the proprietor thought it was a good opportunity to have the matter cleared up. He therefore inquired of the lawyer whether he could legally collect from the owner of a dog which stole a piece of meat from his store. "You are entitled to recover the value of the meat from the owner of the dog if you can prove the theft," was the answer given by Mr. Jeffrey.

"I have ample proof that it was your dog that stole a piece of meat from my store valued at \$3 a day or two ago," said the butcher, "and I suppose you will have no objection to paying the account?" For a few moments Mr. Jeffrey considered the matter very seriously, and then reluctantly paid for the stolen meat. The matter did not end there, however, for on the following day, still smarting over the trick which had been played on him, ordered that a bill be forwarded to the butcher for \$10 for legal advice. The letter at once realized that he had been beaten at his own game, and the result was that Mr. Jeffrey was \$7 ahead on the deal.

BILL'S CLOVER

Says William Jones, says he, "I need a bag of good red clover seed. The Northern native's best, they tell me, so that's the kind you'd better sell me." Dan Higgins scratched his old bald head and this is what he pu and said, "Well Bill, of course, it's up to you, you do jest what you want to do, but native seed is 'tarnal high and here is something you might try. It came from Italy and France, but you might maybe take a chance, and if you sow it extra thick, I reckon most of it will stick." So Bill said "Well, it's clean and bright I reckon it will do all right." The seedlings sprang

up fatr and wide as Hector's hide. Damn them food and drink, Bill was tickled pink with bitter sway, and when came where were they? some thirty dead and spent, time Bill found, alas, his dog was mostly grass. So now, your cow-hide boots, when of substitutes is made by Tom or Dick, Bill sidle frames to pick a nice he can kick. He all clover hay with North U. S. A.—Bob Adams

GET OUT AND BOOST

Tell us not in mourning that this town's on the up from your peep, get up and make things hit on you are, to dust returnest, song of by and by. All the done forever—you can't call moment back—and the future come never, this is true, so help us Mack. Now's the time to do your boosting, do not wait tomorrow's dawn, in the grave you may be roosting, all your boosting chances gone. Lay aside your little hammer, grab a horn and toot a few; squeak the kicker's dadblamed hammer with a joyful blast or two. This old town is sure a pippin', and we ought to boost it big, when we hear some growler yippin', we should smite him on the wig. Mighty oaks that grow and flourish came from acorns plain and small; with your boosting you may nourish something that may help us all; something that may prove a blessing to the tolling sons of men—that's the point that I am stressing—boost and boost, then boost again. People love the smiling booster, but they hate the knockin' rooster, long to pelt him in the ear. Boost your country and your business, boost the people in your town, they will dub you wise and witty and you'll gain a wide renown.

The wife is either the better or the bitter half.

Best cure for love at first sight—take another look.

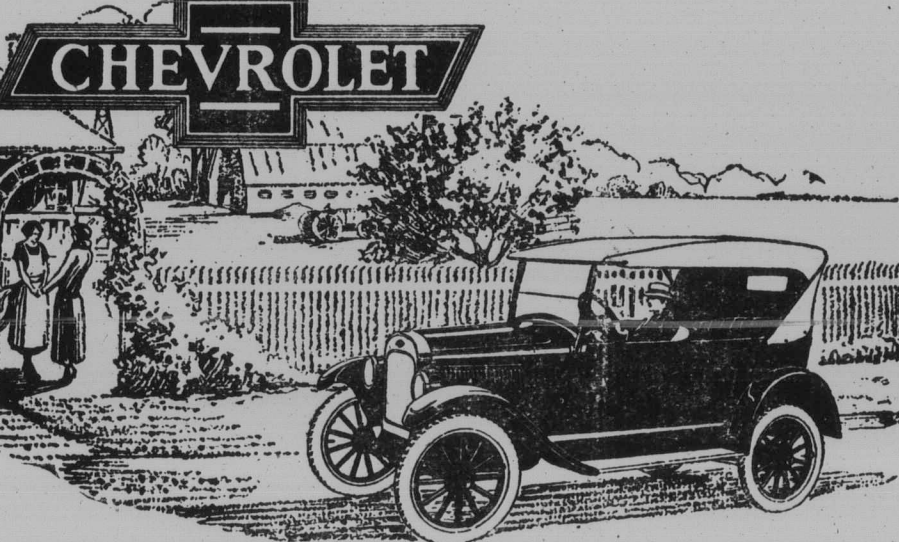
Inate Father (to daughter's suit)—No, you can't marry my daug' Wedding Bells and Dumb Bells not ring in harmony.

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