

The Waterdown Review

VOL. 2.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1919

NO. 16.

W. F. MORGAN-DEAN

G. R. HARRIS

WE WILL BUY OR SELL VICTORY LOAN BONDS

Large or Small Amounts—Fully Paid or Parly Paid
Consult Us Before Buying or Selling

Morgan-Dean, Harris & Company

802 Bank of Hamilton Building

Reference—Union Bank, Hamilton

Phone Reg. 6854

Hamilton, Canada

APPLES

We will receive No. 1, No. 2 and cull apples this year, and will pay the highest market price.

Every apple grown in this district will be needed to keep our factory running.

Every car sold to outside buyers means the factory will shut down two days sooner, less money distributed in Waterdown, and less employment for the workers.

Protect Home Industry

The Wentworth Orchards Co.

SCHOOL DAYS

All the clever kiddies, boys and girls are looking forward to another year of School Days, and Tuesday next will be anxious to get the best possible in

School Equipment

We are in a better position this year than ever to give the Little Folk good service. Our stock is complete and exceptionally well assorted. Everything from

SCRIBBLERS PENCILS COMPASSES
SLATES SCHOOL BAGS
PENCIL BOXES RULLERS
Public and High School Text Books

We have this year purchased the great bulk of our Text Books direct from the Publishers and will be able to supply them first day of school at the printed prices.

Send Them to Our Store

The small children will be served promptly and courteously. Their wants will be as carefully looked after as those of adults,

W. H. CUMMINS

Druggist & Stationer

Phone 152

Waterdown

FINDS MOOSE LIKABLE

HUNTER TELLS SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES.

William Rindsfors Says That Animal No Longer Seems to Him an Object for Bullet of Sportsman, But He Regards the Moose as a Sort of Overgrown Freak of a Fellow to Watch With Interest and Amusement.

I HAVE seen and hunted moose under many circumstances and conditions; often have I watched them when undisturbed and unafraid, when they felt the presence and fear of neither man nor beast; I have followed and observed them in the summer's lakes and muskogs and in the winter's snows; I have seen the bull with the hairy stubs of spring and the gallant antlers of fall, and I have seen the ungainly mother and her funny calf, writes William Rindsfors in Hunter-Travelers-Trap-Per. In fact I have known the noble but incongruous, the powerful but awkward moose so long and under such varying circumstances that to me he is no longer an animal to seek and kill for sport, but a sort of bullish, overgrown, over-muscled freak of a fellow to watch with interest and amusement. When I first see him each season I have an instinctive desire to first admire his ungainly, foolish, green strength and then walk up to him like an old country friend, slap him on the back and say, "How are you, old fellow? I sure am glad to get back in the country again."

To me the moose is different from any other animal. Different in appearance. Note the long but useful upper lip; the long, awkward, but reliable ears; the humped-up fore-quarters, that make me sometimes think of our "comic artist" portrayals of a combination elephant and donkey. Compare his actions. What other animal can trot like a "Maude S" through down timber, brule and Jack pine and yet with a noiseless speed; can swim for hours in the lakes, dive to their bottom for food and walk through quicksand with a natural desire; is equally at home on high land and low land, on snow, ice and water, in open glade and thickest brule; could live and thrive on frozen willows, that burn one's hand like a hot iron? Is so strong and yet so awkward. He is an ass in a lion's skin with lion's courage and the brains of an ass. Compare his movements with the grace of the deer, sheep, cougar or coyote, his awkward, bullish, blind-fury defence against the cold-blooded, skillful calculating attack of the wolf. Surely the moose is different. The "last" of a vanished type of the distant misty past. A hold-over of the carboniferous age, a huge one of the herbivorous age. But I like him at any rate and I never gloat over his body since I killed the first one long ago. Now I kill him for a useful purpose or not at all.

Some of my first hunting experiences were with moose. How well I remember one frosty morning in New Brunswick. Hubald Martin was the guide's name, who hauled me on a springless wagon, many miles above the St. John river, over "stumpy lanes," but mostly up creek-beds we drove, until, after several days, we came to the "Portage" and sent our driver back, while we pitched our tent and ate our potatoes and butter in great content.

Day after day we waded down stream, never lifting our feet above water, to avoid the splash of a "break water" step. At last "the" morning came. How fast my heart beat as we cautiously waded around each river bend and peered down the next stretch. How fervently I prayed the good God to bless us. We are rounding the bend. How the primeval instinct came back. There on a low gravelly-bare island, unconscious of us, stood the largest animal to me in the whole world—a veritable mammoth. The Lord was with me and I feared not. I could feel Hubald tremble. The shots rang out on the frosty air. He turned; few faltering steps; a dead moose; crimson waters; I, the happiest hunter of hunters. With true Latin emotions Hubald grasped my hand, threw up his hat and shouted: "Ain't you glad! Ain't you glad!" He could not understand my apparent indifference. True, I felt proud and happy. A dream had come true. But, when I look even now on that noble head, I feel that same sad desire to put him back in his "bogen."

The days passed, I had willed "my moose," but I could not leave that heavenly country of fish and game. With back packs we went to a long-

abandoned camp to stay two days. There were many ponds and much "sign." Slowly we walked up an old tote road. Down we crouched as two moose came round a bend, cow and calf. The wind in our faces we held our breath behind a screen of moose weeds. Slowly the two moose came down the road nibbling; unafraid. The calf wandered off the road, the mother, with proper solicitude, now and then calling it back. But all is not well. Full well that cow knows it. Instinctively she feels something is ahead. She stops and silently looks around. Perhaps she hears my heart beat, or smells my dead pipe. A warning authoritative snort; the calf comes back at once; while the cow drives it ahead, as they slowly but surely leave that country.

Another fall has come, and again I am in the New Brunswick woods; this time by canoe to a chain of lakes that head the Green river and Rimouski. We cross a little divide with back packs. Many moose are seen, but not the big bull. He must be near; there are so many cows and calves. Pierre knows it. "We go ride; boil tea; maybe dusk; bull come to cow. We stop for tea; no smoke must be there; we break small dry twigs."

Pierre lays over the faggot pile to start the little smokeless fire. Is he crazy? Just as the fire catches, he falls on it, puts it out, grabs his gun and jumps behind a big tree. I do likewise. A "wuff, wuff," then silence; then "wuff, wuff," very close; as with flashing eyes, looms large the big bull, that misunderstood our crackling of dry limbs for that tea kettle fire. No other bull could sneak through the thicket for his harem. "Wuff, wuff"—again. Two shots. A bull staggered against a little tree and fell and, again an excited "Latin" voiced his joy. And so, next day, after a night under the trees, two happy men staggered campward. One with huge horns; the other with green scalp.

Carlisle Events

LIZZIE GOT BALKY

One day last week a prominent lady from one of the main streets of our burg drove her Tin Lizzie down to the Taleho Park to visit the manager and his family. After spending a pleasant afternoon with her friends the time came when the best of friends must part, and so began to crank the Ford, but unfortunately got no results. Mr. Thos. Mills, in his usual good samaritan way, tried his hand at the crank with the same results. He cranked and cranked and cranked and grunted and grunted and puffed, and then cranked some more until he was completely out of wind, but Lizzie was balky, a regular brute. Then Mr. Gerald Mills tried his luck, only to find that Lizzie was worse than stubborn. As a last resort they telephoned for Dr. N. L. Mills, who is an expert on such critical cases. After carefully diagnosing the case he gave the crank a quick spin and a grunt and away she went. Dr. Mills said that Lizzie had a special ear for music and that the only reason that she refused to act was that both Thomas and Gerald had struck the wrong note and grunted in the wrong key.

HAD PLEASANT TIME

While drawing in grain today Mr. Roy Robinson enjoyed a very exciting program. Just as he had the load nearly finished one of his horses shook the bridle off, and the team, which were quite spirited, started to run away. Mr. Robinson slid off the load and took a ring side seat in the center of the arena and watched the proceedings as the team ran several times around the field. At last the hind wheel on the leeward side collided with the wire fence and was completely demolished with the exception of the hub and one spoke. The one spoke only acted as a shaker, as the terrified steeds began to distribute the load quite evenly over the field. At time of going to press the last act had not been put in the arena, and we will have to announce it later.

Choir Practice

The Methodist Church Choir will hold their regular weekly practice on Friday evening. A good attendance is requested.

Miss E. Dale Sinclair

Ironsides at Flamboro

The Junior Baseball team motored to Flamboro Centre last Saturday and took part in the ball tournament, Waterdown stacking up against the F. C. in the first contest, which they won after a hard fought struggle in ten innings.

In only two innings did Flamboro Centre score. Costly fumbles by the infield and the masterly pitching of Capt. Featherston were mainly responsible for F. C.'s defeat.

Waterdown scored five runs in the first five innings on L. Harris, when C. Payne took up the mound duties and held the Waterdowners hitless and scoreless until the tenth inning, when Langton opened up with a two bagger which paved the way for three runs and victory.

The second game resulted in a victory for Carlisle. The battery work of the Warner boys, and the playing of L. Harris and H. Baker being the main features for the Carlisle victory. The fifteen straight-innings proved to much for the Waterdown team. The following is the line-up.

Waterdown	A.	B.	R.	H.	E.
T. McNamara, s. s.	5	1	1	1	1
H. Slater, c.	5	0	1	1	1
W. Ribson, 1st b.	4	1	1	0	0
E. Nicholson, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0
T. Shaidle, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0
H. Vance, c. f.	5	1	0	0	0
C. Reid, 2nd b.	5	1	1	2	0
H. Gordon, 3rd b.	5	2	1	1	1
E. Featherston, p.	5	1	0	0	0
E. Langton, r. f.	3	1	1	0	0

Flamboro Centre	A.	B.	R.	H.	E.
G. Harris, s. s.	4	1	1	1	1
L. Harris, 2nd b.	5	1	1	0	0
C. Payne, p.	4	1	1	0	0
H. Baker, 3rd b.	4	1	0	0	0
R. Battenham, 1st b.	4	0	1	0	0
O. Battenham, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0
J. Wells, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0
H. Baker, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0
O. Harris, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0

Umpires—Rusk and Sparks

Waterdown	A.	B.	R.	H.	E.
T. McNamara, s. s.	3	1	1	2	0
H. Slater, c.	2	0	0	0	0
W. Ribson, 1st b.	2	0	1	2	0
E. Nicholson, l. f.	3	0	1	0	0
T. Shaidle, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
H. Vance, c. f.	2	0	1	0	0
C. Reid, 2nd b.	3	0	0	1	0
H. Gordon, 3rd b.	2	1	0	2	0
E. Featherston, p.	3	0	0	0	0
E. Langton, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0

Carlisle

Carlisle	A.	B.	R.	H.	E.
A. Wetherall, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0
R. Chapman, 3rd b.	2	0	1	1	0
R. Warner, p.	2	1	2	0	0
L. Feuster, c. f.	3	1	0	0	0
M. Hood, l. f.	2	1	0	0	0
G. Hamilton, s. s.	3	0	0	1	0
E. Warner, c.	3	3	3	0	0
L. Harris, 1st b.	2	1	1	0	0
H. Baker, 2nd b.	3	1	1	1	0

Umpires—Kerr and Baker

Cliff. Reid was blamed for stealing the pepper out of the boy's shoes.

Capt. Featherston had 17 strikeouts in 15 innings.

It was a treat to watch Herb Slater handle Featherston's curves.

Ribson played errorless ball on first base.

The rough ground made hard playing for Reid at second.

McNamara and Gordon certainly did burn up the paths when on the offensive.

Eddie Langton's hitting made victory certain.

Trev. Shaidle makes good at the bat.

Vance and Nicholson in the field pull down high hit balls in big league style.

L. Harris of the F. C.'s played a nifty game of ball.

Warner Bros. of Carlisle are a whole team in themselves.

Battenham on first for F. C. is a strong player.

E. Warner's three-base hit was the longest hit of either game.

After the games the players sat down to a dainty lunch provided by the ladies of Flamboro Centre. The quality and quantity of the repast speaks for the generosity of the F. C. fair sex. Who wouldn't go to Flamboro Centre 7 days a week?