

#### THE BARN AND CONTENTS

Fire which started by the breaking of a lantern, destroyed Michael Lehman's large barn about a mile east of Southampton on Sunday evening last. Mr. Lehman was putting down feed for the cattle and in some manner the lantern broke and toppled over and before Mr. Lehman could prevent it a blaze of uncontrollable size was under way. He succeeded in getting out his horses and cattle, but the rest of the contents, including a number of pigs, poultry, hay, grain and implements was totally destroyed along with the barn. The barn was covered by \$1000 insurance and the contents by \$500.—Port Elgin Times

#### Tabloid Drama

"You'd lend me your black tie, because I got a hole in mine."

#### She Blushed

Picture was on, and the actor took an end seat. He waited many seconds for a pretty girl on his left to turn around his waist and rest her head on his shoulder. Her emotion, and with a blushing at his heart, he was dainty waist. Soon she was blushing. A tap on his shoulder, a voice, vibrant with indignation, and she was in my seat!

#### Beautiful Honor

A New preacher down near San Pedro owns a mule with a highly efficient pair of heels and a loud but not musical voice. One Sunday morning, while the preacher was delivering the sermon, the mule persisted in putting his head through the window and braying loudly. The preacher finally said: "Bredder and sistern, is dar one among you all who knows how to keep dat mule quiet?"

Some of these women with equal rights and votes haven't shovelled the snow off their sidewalk yet.

We often wonder what people in southern climes do with all the money they do not have to spend in buying coal.

"What a manly little fellow!" admiringly said the presiding elder indicating one of Gap Johnston's olive branches.

"You betcha!" pridefully returned Mr. Johnston. "You ort to hear him swear when he takes his ague medicine. He durn nigh equals his Uncle Polk, that a good many people suspected of being a train robber."

If Americans are materialistic with an eye to the main chance, what of those villagers who live all year round in the summer resorts, who resist all entreaties for work—not lazy but also not grasping? The story ran thus: They were house-keeping in a tidy place as old as the town. They needed a plumber, and telephoned one on a Monday, getting his promise to come that very day. They called him up again on Tuesday to remind him and were once more reassured of his coming; but Wednesday and Thursday passed without his appearance.

ings of his heart ne'er beat  
s efforts to dissemble.  
he: "Now Sam, don't be a goose  
And let all the female women  
rock all your thoughts a-skelter so.  
And set your heart—a-swimmin'."

So Sam, he kinder raised the latch,  
His courage also rising,  
And in a moment sat inside,  
Sid Jones's crop appraising.  
He tried awhile to talk the farm  
In words half dull, half witty,  
Not knowing that old Jones well  
—knew  
His only thoughts was—Kitty.  
At last the old folks went to bed—  
The Joneses were but human;  
Old Jones was something of a man  
And Mrs. Jones—a woman.  
And Kitty she the pitcher took  
And started for the cellar;  
It wasn't often that she had  
So promising a feller.

And somehow when she came up  
stairs  
And Sam had drank his cider,  
There seemed a difference in chairs  
And Sam was close beside her;  
His big arm dropped around her  
waist  
Her head dropped on his shoulder,  
And Sam well he had changed his  
tune  
And grown a trifle bolder.

But this, if you live long enough,  
You surely will discover.  
There's nothing in this world of ours  
Except the loved and lover.  
The morning sky was growing gray  
As Sam the farm was leaving,  
His face was surely not the face  
Of one half grieved or grieving.

And Kitty she walked smiling back  
With blushing face and slowly;  
There's something in the humblest  
love  
That makes it pure and holy.  
And did he marry her you ask?  
She stands there at with ladle  
A-skimmin' of the morning's milk—  
That's Sam who rocks the cradle

#### DEALING WITH THIEVES AND SWINDLERS

(London Advertiser)  
George Henderson, an authority on criminology, says people are to blame for the marked up in loss States. The nual total most as

ham, w  
tink auc  
day in Ha  
had been a  
month. Mrs.  
of age.

Three years ago  
ment, cancer, first  
was placed under the  
best physicians and  
ists obtainable, and under  
operation at the famous Mayo  
Institute at Rochester, Minn.  
Notwithstanding all this, she  
ually grew weaker, and her death  
been expected for some months.

The late Mrs. Brigham, whose  
maiden name was Mary Emke, was  
born in Bentinck Township, near  
Louise, and spent practically all of  
her life in that Township. She was  
married to her now sorrowing husband  
twenty-six years ago and  
to two years ago lived on the Brigham  
farm just west of Allan Park  
when she and her husband moved to  
Hanover.

Besides her husband, she is survived  
by two sons, Harry and Carl.  
A daughter, Edna, died six years  
ago last October from influenza contracted  
while training as a nurse in  
Stratford.

#### WHEN YOU PUT ON THE BRAKE

"How many motorists know how  
far it takes to stop? How many  
think that because when going ten  
miles an hour they can stop in 10  
feet when going 20 miles an hour  
they can stop at 20 feet? They'll  
find if they try that it'll take more  
than 40 feet."

Many accidents are caused through  
ignorance of the fact that when the  
speed of a car is doubled, the  
distance in which it can be stopped  
much more than doubled.

With two-wheel brakes in good  
condition a car going 10 miles  
an hour can be stopped in 9.2 feet;  
if it is going 20 miles, it will take  
feet to stop. The speed has  
been doubled, but the stopping  
distance has increased more than  
times.

If the

#### PAISLEY VET DIES

The death occurred at his residence,  
Base Line, Greenock, on Friday  
morning of Dr. R. J. Nelson, V.  
S., after an extended illness with  
pernicious anaemia, in his sixty-  
first year.

Dr. Nelson was born and raised  
on the farm where he died, the oldest  
son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John  
Nelson, pioneers of the township.  
After graduating from the Veterinary  
College at Toronto, he settled  
on the farm, coupling farming with  
his professional duties.

considered to be one of