

# Herbs to Heal Those Sore, Sick Bronchial Tubes

Gallagher's Indian Lung Remedy comes right from the Heart of Nature

Don't be miserable all winter. If you're subject to Bronchitis or similar ailments pick up a nasty, clinging cold or cough, be sensible, start now taking Gallagher's Indian Lung Remedy. It is composed solely of healing herbs. A natural remedy. Perfect for killing off a nasty cough or cold or bronchial ailment. A genuine blood enricher and body builder. This and other reliable Gallagher's Household Remedies now for sale by

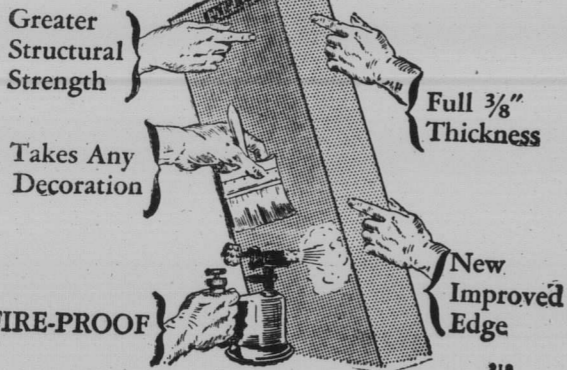
J. P. PHELAN, PhmB. Mildmay — Ontario

## ACCIDENT VICTIM DIED

Wm. F. Newton, who last week was reported as the victim of an accident, passed away in Kincardine General Hospital on Wednesday last. He was working for Mr. John Fair, 12th Huron, when the team he was driving ran away and hurled him violently to the ground, being later found in an unconscious condition and rushed to the hospital. Deceased was 35 years of age, and came to Canada from England when a lad, since that time working as a farm hand in this district. He served overseas with the Canadian forces.—Kincardine Review-Reporter.

An exchange says that a wagon-maker who has been dumb for years picked up a hub and spoke. Yes, you imagine a woman with a stove-leaf sheep-ranchman went out with his dog and herd; a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and a defunct hatter was tenderly deposited on a pile of hats and felt; a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.

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Only Goodyear Tires are built of Supertwist Cords

## McINTOSH

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brown of Clifford were guests at J. J. Harris' on Sunday.

Mr. Geo. R. Johnson, Misses Susan and Marie Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Haskins spent Sunday afternoon with relatives at Stratford.

Quite a number from here attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Edwards, which took place on Saturday afternoon from the residence of her son, James Edwards, near Gorrie. Deceased was about 80 years of age.

Mrs. W. W. Lowish left on Tuesday on a trip to the West to visit her sisters, Mrs. R. Wallace, Mrs. Henry Abman and Miss Isabella Johnson. The latter is in very delicate health.

Miss Nellie Doig has gone to the Soo to take charge of an operation case.

Ross Vogan, of Stratford Normal, is home on his vacation.

Miss Annie Inglis, who has taught here for the past three years, has resigned. The section will be sorry to lose her, as she is a very capable teacher.

Mr. Clifford Scott delivered his lecture to Stanley Darling at Mildmay on Monday.

There was a poor turnout at the Cemetery "bee" last Tuesday afternoon.

McInosh church will hold a Garden Party at Harry Ferguson's on June 27th.

Woman Defends Styles

Mrs. M. C. Dawson, of the Parkhill Gazette, comments as follows on the modern styles in women's clothing: "Can you imagine a woman in a hoop skirt behind the wheel of a car. Can you imagine a woman with a le-o-mutton sleeves squeezing into the back seat with three others? Can you imagine a woman with a stove-leaf sheep-ranchman went out with his dog and herd; a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and a defunct hatter was tenderly deposited on a pile of hats and felt; a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.

## WIT AND HUMOR

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes. "Do you want the shoulders padded, my little man?" inquired the tailor. "Naw," said Willie significantly. "Pad de pants."

Isabell—Why don't you propose to Percy? He's as good as gold. Lucy—Yeah, but my motto is "Accept no substitutes."

Johnny's School Diary

Wednesday—Take go kep in toite. The teacher was trying to show what the wild Dignified meant. So she sticks up her ned and walks across the room and ast Jake how she walked and he said Bow Legged.

Thursday—After school I did Blitters that his ma was looking for him and cum up to cur house why he wood set down. So I guess she must of found him.

As he strolled round his well-kept garden the major nnew a great content. He came across his aged gardener.

"Oh, Giles," beamed the major, "patting the old fellow on the shoulder. "My son has been called to the Bar."

The ancient straightened his back carefully before making any comment.

"Ye don't say, zur," he ventured. "From what I know of un' 'e needs to be in."

He—You used to say there was something about me you liked. She—Yes; but you've spent it all now.

"Why do they call it strawberry shortcake?"

"I guess it is because one finds it usually short on strawberries."

Pat went to the druggist to get an empty bottle. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked:

"Well," said the clerk, "if you want the empty bottle it'll be one cent, but if you have something put in it we won't charge anything for the bottle."

"Sure, that's fair enough," observed Pat. "Put in a cork."

"Half the City Council Are Crooks" was the glaring headline.

A retraction in full was demanded of the editor under penalty of arrest. Next afternoon the headlines read: "Half the City Council Aren't Crooks."

An old New York farmer attended a big picnic at Binghamton and stayed over to watch the dancing at night. He hadn't been out in the world much, and he was deeply impressed with the girls' clothes at the dance.

"Some of the ladies' clothes I see here," he said, "plumb puts me in mind of a barbed-wire fence."

Somebody asked him why.

"Well," he said, "it's this way—they appear to protect the property without obstructing the view."

"Johnnie," said a teacher in physiology class. "Can you give a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?"

"Aunt gained fifty pounds in a year, and her skin never cracked."

Jock met Sandy on the street and casually announced that he was going to send over a hen for his friend's Sunday dinner. A long time passed and the hen was not forthcoming. Finally the friend said: "See here, Jock, what about that chuckie?"

Jock looked at Sandy in astonishment and said: "Chuckie? What chuckie was that? Oh, I mind. It got better!"

In a church, at the font, her brother, aged eight, is being christened. Little Girl (hoarsely)—Behind the ears, too, Reverend Smythe!

Browne—Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?

Balk—Yes. "Any result?"

"Yes—I've got to give up smoking."

Far Fetched

Three men of different nationalities were discussing the size of present day liners.

First Man—Our ships are so large that the captain requires a motor car to go around issuing orders.

Second Man—In our liners the chief engineer has an aeroplane for making his inspection of the engines.

Third Man—In our boats the chef needs a submarine to go through the soup to test the potatoes.

Lead Me To It!

Here is the latest election story—from Britain—where the flappers got their first vote recently. A canvasser called at a house and was greeted by a flapper.

"Are you interested in the Liberal Party?" he enquired.

"Why, of course," replied the girl, "where are they having it?"

Very Lady-Like!

Mother was entertaining company, when little Mary clattered down the stairs making a great deal of noise.

"Go upstairs again, and come down very quietly," her mother ordered before the company.

A short pause followed and Betty reappeared.

"That's better," said her mother, "you can't hear without a sound, as every lady should."

"Humph," returned Mary, "I slid down the banister!"

Saving Daylight

"I say, Mike, what's all this talk about savin' daylight?"

"Well, you see, Peter, it's like Raftery's blanket. It was too short to cover his feet, so he cut a fut aff the top an' sewed it on the bottom, an' he the powers de blanket wasn't a bit longer than it was before."

A correspondent assures us that the following notice has been posted around about an electric station in Donegal: "Beware—To touch these wires is instant death. Any one found doing so will be prosecuted."

Professor Einstein's secretary was so burdened with inquiries as to the meaning of "relativity" that the professor decided to help her out. He told her to answer these inquiries as follows: "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours you think it's only a minute, but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute you think it's two hours. That's relativity"

DEATH OF PETER H. MACKENZIE

Full of years and at the eventide of a useful active career, there passed away on Thursday another of Ontario's grand old men in the person of Peter H. MacKenzie, who for over a long period of years was a recognized leader in agricultural activities and a public man of note in Bruce County—a man who gave freely of his time and energy to the political as well as agrarian affairs of his day.

Mr. MacKenzie, who was in his eighty-fifth year, passed away at the home of his daughter, Miss M. J. MacKenzie, 37 Spedding Road, Toronto, after a brief illness, closing a career that had spanned some of the most important epochs in Canada's history, in the making of which history he, as a public representative on Township and County Councils, as well as in the Parliament at Ottawa, took no small part.

The late Peter H. MacKenzie, Esq., M. P., was a native of Puslinch Township, Wellington County, and the son of Scottish pioneer settlers who came to this country in the thirties. It was in Puslinch that he spent his boyhood and received his early education, moving to Bruce county after his marriage to Elizabeth Valens, also a native of Wellington County, and who predeceased him by some twenty years.

Mr. MacKenzie was actively engaged in farming until about fifteen years ago, at which time he retired. He came to Toronto to live two years ago. During his long life he always took an active interest in the public affairs of his community and of the Dominion. In turn, Bruce County citizens honored him with public trusts in the capacities of school trustee, Township Council, County Council and Parliamentary representative.

He is credited with the founding of the Agricultural Association in Bruce, and was President of the Kinloss branch for many years.

M. P. From 1904 to 1909

Mr. MacKenzie was a member of Dominion Parliament from 1904 until 1909, during the regime of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The character of his political thought is perhaps best expressed by a national newspaperman of his day, who said of him, "He was a striking type of the old school of Liberalism, strong in his convictions, but always with the kindest feelings toward his political opponents."

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### CHARACTER BY THE MONTH

If a girl is born in January she is a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatter box, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, full of life and activity, quick tempered and sometimes extravagant.

If in May, handsome and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquetish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind and of a mild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

### No Guesswork.

Our method of testing eyes and fitting them with glasses, is modern, up-to-date and scientific.

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It costs you nothing to let us examine your eyes.

If you are suffering from headaches, pain in back of eyes, or vision is blurred, or you get dizzy easily. Something is the matter with your eyes. We fit glasses that relieve a strain.

Prices Moderate.

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Jeweller Optician Walkerton

### BENTINCK MAN FINED

Game Warden A. L. Rolston, of Owen Sound, was in Walkerton on Saturday in connection with the prosecution of Herbert Schenk, a farmer who resides a few miles from Hanover. He was charged with buying small lake trout from Indians of Cape Croker, which is an infringement of the game laws. Schenk did not put in an appearance himself but was represented by counsel from Hanover, who pleaded guilty on behalf of his client. He was fined \$15 and costs, making a total of \$39.40.

### McCOSH REMAINS SILENT

Wingham, June 16—John McCosh, "the mystery man of Brussels," who under constant questioning by police and hospital authorities, refused to name the assailant who attacked him on the evening of May 25th, preferring to exact his own vengeance on the attacker, has recovered sufficiently to leave the local general hospital and return to his home in the neighboring village.

### BODY OF MR. CURRIE FOUND

Uncertainty as to the fate that had befallen Malcolm Currie, who wandered away from the home of his nephew, Mr. Chauncey Parker, con. 21, Greenock, on the evening of Sunday, May 26th, was set at rest on Friday last when his body was found about a quarter of a mile from the Parker home. The deceased had evidently been following in his wanderings the line fence between Major Thos. Hay's farm and Mr. J. McMillan's grass farm. He had fallen face downward into a hollow place in which there was a considerable depth of water at the time, with his foot entangled between a pole and fence wire in such a way that would make it next to impossible for even an active young man to disengage himself, and had been drowned. When found his face was still in the water. The body was discovered by Major Hay as he was recrossing the farm after being out in search for the missing man again that afternoon.

### McCOSH REMAINS SILENT

Physicians described McCosh's injuries as being of the most serious nature, yet, despite that, the victim, an elderly umbrella mender and steeple jack, adopted an attitude of silence. He refused to name his attacker, and the only information police received was the nonchalant statement, "I'll get the man who did it myself." The same attitude marked his two weeks' stay in the local institution. The day he was discharged officials knew no more of the assault details than they did the night he was admitted, despite the fact that a former Londoner is held by Huron County authorities on a charge of assault in connection with the case.

### McCOSH REMAINS SILENT

Three days after the assault Wm. Allan, 49, itinerant notion peddler and drifter, was arrested by London detectives in a Forest City lodging house and taken to Goderich to stand trial for assault.

### McCOSH REMAINS SILENT

The bonds of friendship can never be inflated beyond their true value.