

# The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 17.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908.

No. 11

## THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

ESTABLISHED 1864

Capital paid up \$6,000,000

Reserve \$4,267,400.

Chartered by the Dominion Government.

120 Branches throughout the Dominion.

### FARMERS' BUSINESS

Given Special Attention. Money to Loan for buying Cattle, Feed Etc.

### MONEY ORDERS

Issued at lowest rates payable at par at any point in the world.

### SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

One Dollar opens an Account.

Interest paid Four times a Year.

MILDMAY Branch,

A. A. WERLICH Manager.

## THE Corner Hardware.

A full stock of High Quality Clover and Timothy seed just to hand which fully comply with the "Seed Control Act."

### PRICES.

Red "Lion" -	\$15.00 bus.
Mammoth -	15.00 bus.
Alsike -	12.00 bus.
Timothy -	4.00 bus.

Terms - Strictly Cash.

## C. Liesemer & Co.

### New Tailor.

### New Suitings.

### New Styles

Doesn't spring give you the feeling that you want to be decked out in a stylish new suit? Of course it does! Give the new tailor an order for your next suit and you will be pleased—there's not a doubt about it. A large stock of this season's most fashionable Suiting to select from,—the styles are correct, the prices very reasonable, and we guarantee a right fit. Call and see us.

## R. MACNAMARA, MERCHANT TAILOR.

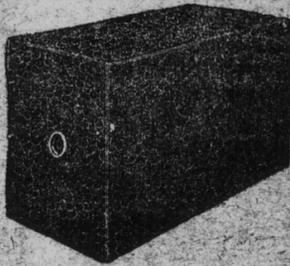
## MILDMAY DRUG STORE.

### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Fine stationery in boxes, writing pads and envelopes, Fountain Pens, Christmas Cards and booklets, Hand Mirrors, Hair brushes and combs, cloth and tooth brushes, hand bags and purses, Perfumes in all sizes and in bulk. Elegant jewelry in brooches, rings, charms, lockets, crosses, vest chains, fobs, collar and cuff buttons, neck chains, cuff and scarf pins.

## Jno. Coates, - Druggist MILDMAY.

### CAMERA GIVEN.



Boys, and Girls, here is your chance to get this Brownie Camera, 24 x 24 picture, 6 exposures. FREE for selling only \$3.25 of our fast selling flower and vegetable seeds. Send us your name and address and we'll mail you the seeds for all at 5c for small, and 10c for large packages. Write to-day. A postcard will do.

THE RELIABLE PREMIUM CO., Dept. 11, Waterloo, Ont. (Reference Molsons Bank.)

### TO DAD.

Dad, your name never appears in the paper, perhaps you have never even had your photograph taken, but you have raised a family and educated them—shake.

Your hands are dirty? That's all right—shake again.

Dad, you get up early, light the fire, boil yourself an egg, grab the dinner pail and away, while many a mother is sleeping. You are the one who makes the weekly raise for the butcher, the milkman, the baker, and your little pile is built bent before the sunset that marks the pay day's close. You stand off the bailiff and keep the rent paid up. Yes, mother darns the socks, dad, but it is you that bought them and bought the needle and the yarn to darn them with. Yes, mother does up the fruit, but you, dad, bought the stuff and the jars, and the sugar costs like the deuce. Yes, you bought the Sunday dinner, and again, yes, you get the fag end of it when all the other plates have been filled and there is nothing left but the peck of the chicken.

"What is home without a mother?" That's all right, but what is home without a father? Let's shake again.

Dad, you're getting old now, aren't you? When you sit down to read you cannot see just as well as used to—they must be making the type smaller than they once did, and these city blocks are longer and the stairways steeper than when we were boys. Yes, dad, you are getting older; why, it isn't so many years ago that you were as supple as a kitten, but to-day I see the grey hair, the slower step and the deep wrinkle.

Dad, you've borne the heat of the day and the chills of the night for well nigh fifty years. You've faced the world for wife's sake, for Willie's sake—Willie, the first born—for Mary's sake, for Annie's sake, for Jessie's sake, for Ned's sake.

Yes, and many the mornings you've shut the door, dinner pail in hand, and wondered and worried about hurrying rent day, about the new pair of boots for the kids, and never once thought of yourself.

Dad, you're a hero—shake again. Yes, and when you were laid off and Willie and Ned were too young to go out and learn a trade and help the family expenses, you dropped feeling and dug in with the pick and shovel gang just to keep things going.

Dad, you have dug in, and to-day your children are educated and capable.

But what are you sitting out here on the back door step for?

Mary is sparking her beau in the parlor and is ashamed of dad because he gets dirty at his work.

What, has she forgotten the days when from your then scant earnings you used to bid her feel away down in your coat pocket and bring up the little present every pay day?

Can she not remember the winter when you bought her the new coat and went with a shabby one yourself? The innumerable acts of kindness, tokens of a parent's love, has she forgotten them all?

Never mind, dad, where are the boys? Will in Winnipeg, and Ned in Chicago and you have not heard from them for the past three or four years.

And the other girls?

All married and settled down. I know it all now, dad. I know why your laugh isn't as hearty as it used to; you're lonely for the olden days.

There was worry then, but there was the prattle of the children, and the little arms around the neck, and the good-night kiss ere they toddled off to bed. There were the shouts of laughter, the quarrelling and the making up again, for your youngsters were very human. But now, dad, there's only your wife and yourself in the kitchen, and the subdued conversation from the parlor or verandah. There is little real worry now. Want has gone, for in the years of labor you have bought and paid for a house and you are still toiling in the foundry, but it's lonely now, dad, isn't it? Lonely for the laughter of the used-to-be.

Boys, be kind to dad. You call him the old man.

Yes, he is an old man now, and perhaps he has nothing to leave you, but be kind to dad, for you will never know just how much he has done for you until he is gone, perhaps, or you yourself are father.

Be kind to dad because of his experience. I know you think he is away behind the times and out of date, that his trousers need pressing and his ideas need pruning and cultivating.

Say, your dad has forgotten as much as you ever knew, and perhaps as much as you will ever become aware of.

He held back the world when you pulling at the mouth and feeding on milk. He taught you to walk and you're not too old today to take a pointer from that same old man who picked you up when you tumbled and fell in the early days of childhood.

Ah, dad, if there were more like you, this would be a better world. You are of the old brigade. Here's health, and we will drink in water.

Young fellow, I know you write to mother, but drop dad a line, see him as he reads it. Why, can't you see him? Look, he is hunting for his specs. He's gone to the window to read. His eyes glisten. What, a tear in the old man's eye?

Yes, a tear, and there we will let it glisten.

### FORMOSA.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Schultheis and Miss Tena Scheffer of Mildmay visited friends in the village last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mosack returned to the village last Friday.

Mr. C. Weiler has quite a number of teams employed hauling lumber to the Sieling factory at Walkerton.

BORN—In Culross, on Saturday, Feb. 29th to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kuntz, a daughter.

Jos. Kraemer and Wm. Meyer left their home in the west on Monday.

Some of our young men attend a concert on Easter Monday. They are already practising hard, and will no doubt make a success of it.

Mr. M. Frank has sold his horse to Mike Weis for \$115.

—Ezra Miller, who has been clerking in a hardware store at Stratford, came home last Friday, and has gone to Chesley to take a similar situation.

—Public School Section No. 11 has been closed for two weeks to prevent the spread of smallpox in that section.

—Remarkable wall paper bargains at J. P. Schuett's. Watch for announcement next week.

—Mr. C. H. Hanley stopped off a few hours on Monday, on his way to his home in Winnipeg. Mr. Hanley has just returned from an important business trip to Europe.

### CON. 10 CARRICK.

A young fellow in this neighborhood got his second best girl to visit his parents, and a snowstorm set in and he had to keep her for a week. The young lady ought to use snowshoes.

William Hacker sold a cow this week for \$52 to Urban Schmidt. This is a good price.

Jos. Evers sold two head of cattle this week, and had them delivered at the yards before the sun was up.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Huber visited at Martin Diebolt's on Thursday.

Some of the boys are not getting along very well with the snowshoes, and have now almost decided to go on horseback to see their sweethearts.

It is an old saying that the days are getting longer and the sausages shorter, but Mr. Schickler killed a pig this week and the sausage is just as long as the days. Con. Hill was butcher.

Mrs. Martin Diebolt was called away to act as nurse at John Nieson's last week. She is not afraid to go to help the distressed, even if small-pox exists there.

Henry Evers of Port Elgin is visiting friends on the 10th concession. Henry looks as young as he did ten years ago.

The roads are in good condition at time of writing.

Henry Eidt who has been working in a big swamp in Normanby, was home over Sunday.

It was reported last week on all sides that Frank F. Schmidt had committed matrimony, but the report has since proved untrue. At all events, Frank says he wasn't present at the ceremony, so this should be sufficient evidence that the report wasn't true.

### Clifford.

Mrs. Sylvania Lambert has sold her handsome home on Clarke street, to Mr. W. Krueger, of Howick. This is the first of the modern houses sold in Clifford, and the price so far as we know, is the highest amount paid for a house and lot in town. It was built two years ago, and cost Mrs. Lambert more than it sold for.

Mr. Nicholas Eckenswiler, father of Mr. H. Eckenswiler, died at his home in Walkerton on Friday last, the cause of death being due to apoplexy. He was in his 78th year. His partner in life and all their children, twelve in all, survive him, his being the first death in this large family.

The public school will remain closed this week, and in the meantime may be expected to be thoroughly disinfected before re-opening. The scarlet fever cases reported are progressing very favorably, in all instances being very mild. Four patients, in charge of a trained nurse, are at Mr. John Milligan's home. The first was Mr. Milligan's daughter, Edith. When she was afflicted Mrs. W. K. Marshall, on an errand of mercy, kindly volunteered to go into quarantine and nurse her. Shortly afterwards, another member of Mr. Milligan's family was taken with the disease. Then Mrs. Marshall became ill, supposedly with the same trouble. A trained nurse was thereafter procured for all. Then a daughter of Mr. W. V. Schaus took the disease, and was removed to the improvised "hospital" in Mr. Milligan's house. All the patients are doing nicely.