



Photo by Adams

RESIDENCE OF POST MASTER ROSS

#### TEMPUS FUGIT.

It is a common thing for men, and not wholly uncommon for women, to speak of the good old times—  
When all the world was young, lad,  
And all the grass was green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen.  
Some sort of a charm hangs about the far off days of boot and horse and coursing blood, and it seems that no days since have equalled them.  
But it is not so. It is a prejudice and a superstition. The good old days—nonsense!

and the women of the house arranged gossip fests under the name of huskings, quilting and bees. All this has disappeared before the onward march of the telephone.  
The man who forty years ago trudged twenty-three miles over the corduroy roads to get his wife can now run away from her on the trolley car.  
When the farmer bought a sow and a litter of pigs he had to carry them home despite the difficulties of balance in having the little porkerettes run from one end of the box to the other. Now they are shipped in by

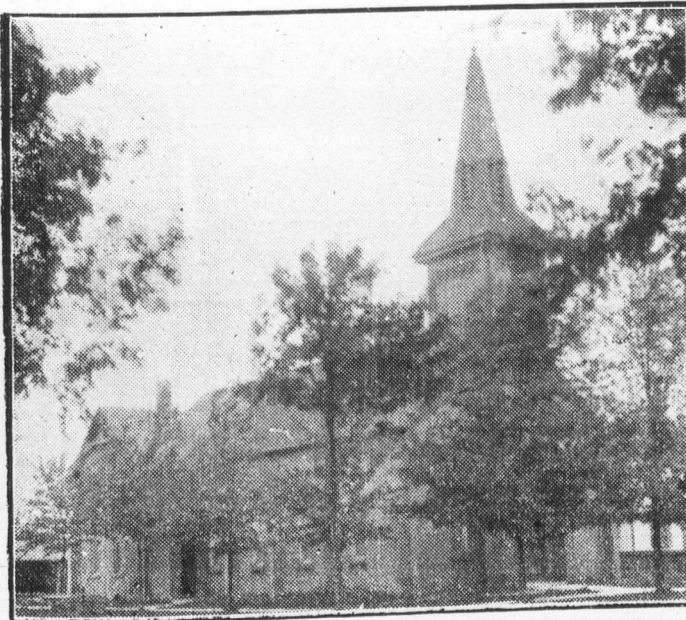


Photo by Adams

RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE CHAMBERS

In the good old days they burned wood fires. Now we have gas at 25 cents a thousand. In this era husbands and wives never quarrel as to who shall get up to light the fire.  
In the good old nights they burned tallow candles. Now we have gas and electricity. Half a century ago the courting swain measured his way by the flickering dip. When its blue flame went out, he, too, went out. Now the light of the incandescent burneth incessantly.  
In the good old times the ladies wore cloth they made at their own looms. Now they wear the "was 59".  
When the farmer wanted to gossip he met his neighbor at the line fence

express.  
The hand rake has given place to the horse rake, the scythe to the mower, the cradle to the binder, the flail to the mower, the wooden plow to the threshing machine, the wooden plow to the steel plow, the ox to the horse.  
Begone, you primitive days! Let your ghost no more haunt us. You were barren of taxes, high finance, roller skates, the smell of automobiles, telephone bills.  
The only really great period is the NOW.  
"Tempus fugit," said some old Latin wiseacre. "Let her fuge," say we. —Welland Telegraph.



WATFORD METHODIST CHURCH

#### SQUIBOGRAPH SELECTIONS

The attention of the W. C. T. U. is called to the fact that the money market is again reported tight.

It takes more than a Panama hat and a pair of canvass shoes to make a vacation sport.

Since the introduction of poodle parties in Old London, Society is going to the dogs.

Highball, the great American race horse, has gone wrong on his legs, a fate that often overtakes those who dally with the strenuous tippie of that name.

Judging by the flavor of certain brands of maple syrup on the market the manufacturers merely sing "The Maple Leaf" over a pot of glucose and rain water and leave the rest to the imagination of their customers.

This is the season when the mellow young man and the sentimental maiden tie themselves to the brook side, munch kiln dried sandwiches washed down with predigested milk, and amuse themselves shying stones in the water and counting the bubbles.



T. B. TAYLOR, J.P.,  
President of the Watford Board of Trade

Rockefeller advises young men to make money their slave. Many of them would gladly do so if they only had Rockefeller's shekels.

A prisoner in Texas swallowed a diamond, and a surgical operation was performed to recover the gem. No stone is left unturned in the Cyclone State.

It is known that certain brands of angel cake make very fair paving material, and an American inventor has now discovered a process of making billiard balls out of milk.

A Hamilton church goer complains that the man with the plug hat gets the front pew in the church. That may be true, but it is the man with the velvet covered plate that gets the plugged nickel.

A terrible warning comes from Boston where a man shot his wife for not having dinner ready on time. If this practice becomes common there will be a heap of widowers looking for new cooks and alarm clocks.



T. A. ADAMS  
The Artist that took most of the Photographs which are reproduced in this issue.

The hired man lies to the fair  
His lunch rolled up in grass,  
Hangs his jeans upon a chair  
And gently blows the gas.

The scientific way in which the gentlemen who construct the railway time tables take old Father Time by the side whiskers and juggle with the hours and minutes on his dial plate is enough to make that venerable gentleman mow his whiskers off with his own scythe. Probably they have to do it to hold their jobs. Some of the changes made are startling. After several days' deliberation train No. 4, 11-44 formerly due to arrive at 4.56, a. m., is changed to 4.55 a. m. They don't do a thing to fast express No. 2, which used to come in at 3.01. It is now 3.02 for her. Through freight 7 come 11, which formerly crossed the accommodation at Jones' Junction, is held for sixty seconds to allow the brakemen to swap lanterns. These mathematical diversions entertain the railway people and do not inconvenience the travelling public as the trains seldom arrive within half an hour to four hours of schedule time.

## Furniture Furnishings

There is nothing the Old Boys, and especially the Old Girls, appreciate more than a well furnished home.

In the early days they did not have the facilities that we have at present. Now it is only a question how much you can afford, and, at that, it don't cost too much.

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that is calculated to make a home tasty and cosy. Drop in and we'll tell you about it. Our Goods talk for themselves. We are here to supply your wants in the Furniture line, and nothing is too good.

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