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FEED & GROCERIES

PHONE 36

at we can't understand is how The young aren't foolish. They are learn to smoke without the aw- just willing to satisfy their serious- deal behind the barn. ity at the cost of a blister.

### SPEED IS A MATTER OF STEADY PACE

(By Erwin Greer)

The car you are driving is probably capable of a speed of from sixty to seventy miles an hour—but you cannot use this speed for any length of time without flirting with the angels. The modern highway, while built like a speedway, isn't a one-way proposition like the race track. Therefore, the driver who speeds must always make frequent and nerve racking stops which cut down his average time to a minimum. His speed is far below that of the driver who maintains a steady pace hour after hour.

What is speeding? Since it is the primary cause of a majority of all automobile accidents, isn't it about time that it is plainly defined?

A great many motorists think that there is something magically safe about motoring, when the speedometer hugs close to 20 miles an hour. Yet speeding can happen at any speed.

One driver has discovered that much can be learned about speeding, by driving the car with the speedometer disconnected. For the test he secured the services of a friend who followed him over a prescribed course in another car. The driver with the disconnected speedometer proceeded just as he would under normal conditions, and then checked up with the actual speed record, as noted by the friend following him. The results were surprising. Invariably, he drove from 5 to 15 miles an hour faster than he thought he was going.

This was particularly noticeable in traffic and in going down hill on the open highway. An interesting thing happened on one of these tests. The sudden appearance of another car, turning in from a crossroad, called for the quickest possible stop. The driver without a speedometer actually failed to stop in time to avoid a collision just because he thought he was stopping quickly enough, and never bothered to reach for the emergency brake, until it was too late!

The experiment showed plainly that the average driver cannot guess his speed—and that he invariably goes faster than he thinks. It shows that a car driver is speeding, whenever his conception of a safe stopping distance is less than the actual stopping distance. Putting two and two together, this experiment shows that a driver who drives without a speedometer, or who does not watch his speedometer, is speeding—at any speed.

Nervous curate giving out notices: "The vicar will continue his pleasant series of Friary evening addresses, and the subject next Friday will be 'Hell'. The vicar hopes to see you all there. The collection will be for the new heating apparatus."

The Boy Again

He refused to take a pill, so his mother put the pill in a piece of preserved pear and gave it to him. In a few moments she said: "Tommy, have you eaten that pear?" "Yes, mother—all but the seed!"

A lady tourist rushed into a store and said all in one breath: "How much are your oranges, what's the price of your lemons, how deep is that river over there, what time does the next train leave?" Without batting an eye the grocer replied in the same manner: "One for a nickel, three for a dime, up to your neck, and half past nine."

Big Washings Up There

A little girl had just been listening to a description of heaven. "And do the angels all wear white mummy?" she inquired. "Yes, dear," replied her mother. The child thought for a moment, then she said thoughtfully: "What a big washing they must have up there."

A Gastronomic Feat

In a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland, the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch-baskets sometimes as they work. One day while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small "Tom Bain" said the master. "Listen to the lesson, will ye?" "I'm listening sir," said the boy. "Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie wi' the other."

TIME FOR IMPROVEMENT

If the oil-electric train on this branch of the C. N. R. has come to stay, and it looks as though it has, isn't it about time the company provided some decent comforts and accommodation in the coach? We could stand the annoying vibration and the shimmy-shaking that one is subjected to while riding in this coach if we had something softer than saddle leather to do it on. An hour's ride in one of these seats gives one more aches and pains than a mean attack of lagrippe. Besides, the ventilation is poor and the toilet accommodation is lacking. Economy in the cost of the company's rolling stock and operation is all right, but we fail to see why the travelling public in this neck of the woods should be made the goats of such economy while on other lines the public is provided with all the comforts of travel, even to parlor cars. Some time ago this matter was brought to the attention of the councils of the various municipalities along the line with the purpose of registering a united "kick" for better service, but at that time it was felt that this train was only in its experimental stage and would soon be improved upon. As yet there has been no improvement, nor do we look for any in the near future unless some concerted effort is made by the heads of the municipalities affected to induce the company to provide same.—Port Elgin Times.

Mr. Donaldson  
Teeswater an dvice  
ed as Reeve of Cross and  
of Council for some years.  
notably generous, neighborly,  
ly, cheery and hopeful, he ha  
god friends and few enemies.  
and his esteemed wife, formerly Miss  
Eleanor Smith who pre-deceased her  
husband by three and a half long  
years, made of their home a favorite  
resort, which literally seemed to em-  
body the poets thought "Let me live  
in a house by the side of the road,  
and be a friend to man." In his pub-  
lic life Jim seemed to easily win and  
retain confidence by reason of his  
calm unruffled common sense, quiet,  
but positive.

Mr. Donaldson was born in Pus-  
linch Tp., his parents moving from  
there to a farm on con. 12, Culross,  
and later to con. 10. He was by  
trade a stone-mason, but in later  
years engaged in farming. Three  
years ago, he with his niece, now  
Mrs P. Moffat, moved to the village  
of Teeswater, where he lived until  
called up higher.

CLEANING UP THE CUSTOMS

The revelations of the committee appointed during last session of the House of Commons to investigate the Customs Department, were startling to the people of Canada, and highly discreditable to that department. During the campaign preceding the general elections, Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, who has been re-elected Prime Minister, freely promised a resolute clean-up of the Customs Department. The electors of the Dominion took him at his word, and a specific and very onerous duty is now before the government for fulfilment. Fortunately, a man of high moral courage, forceful mental capacity and a fine preception of statesmanship, has been placed at the head of this department, in the person of the new minister, Hon. W. D. Euler. Mr. Euler has a large contract before him. He will attack it with a fearlessness which will mean much in the accomplishment of the end desired. The people of this dominion will look forward expectantly, many of them confidently, to the executive accomplishments of the new minister, who will undoubtedly have the support of his fellow members of the Cabinet.—Aton Free Press.

GIRL LOSES LIFE IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

On Saturday morning last, Marjory Collis, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Collis of the 12th Concession of Maryborough, was killed when the motor car in which she was riding struck a tree near the side of the road. The accident occurred about three o'clock in the morning on the centre sideroad of Maryborough between the 10th and the 12th Concessions.

The party were returning from a dance held in connection with Drayton Fall Fair. It is understood that when the car struck the tree, which is very close to the side of the road, it turned almost around, throwing the girl with considerable force against some part of the machine. Miss Collis received a fractured skull and other injuries and died within three-quarters of an hour from the time the accident occurred. With the exception of being severely shaken up, the other members of the party were uninjured.

The funeral of Miss Collis was held from the family home on Tuesday afternoon. The remains were taken to Mount Forest for interment. Coroner Dr. Coleman empanelled a jury and the inquest will be held in Moorefield.

MY CREED

This is my creed: to do some good,  
To bear my ills without complaining,  
To press on as a brave man should,  
For honours that are worth the  
gaining;  
To seek no profits where I may,  
By winning them, bring grief to  
others,  
To do some service day by day,  
In helping my toiling brothers.  
This is my creed: to close my eyes,  
To little faults of those around me,  
To strive to be, when each day dies,

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C. N. R. TIMTABLE

Southbound	7.26 a.m.
Northbound	11.20 a.m.
Southbound	3.12 a.m.
Northbound	8.51 p.m.

Some better than the morning found me.

To ask for no unearned applause.  
To cross no river until I reach it,  
To see the merit of the cause,  
Before I follow those who preach it.  
This is my creed: to try to shun  
The solughs in which the foolish  
wallow  
To lead, where I may be the one,  
Whom weaker men should choose to  
follow,  
To keep my standards always high  
To find my task and always do it,  
This is my creed—I wish that I  
Could learn to shape my actions to it.