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PHONE 36

Just So When you observe two ladies ample of two minds with but a standing outside a hairdressing es- shingle thought.

THE LATE FREDERICK GREIN

The last call of death came to the home of Mr. Frederick Grein of Normanby on Thursday, Oct. 21, summoning the head of the house in the prime of life, aged 52 years, 9 mos., and 14 days. Shocking indeed was the news, and much sympathy is being tendered the bereaved widow and family. His illness was of a short duration. On the previous Thursday he complained and upon consultation with his physician, decided to be operated upon the following morning. The operation showed the appendix to be punctured, apparently for some time; peritonitis had set in and caused much suffering until he passed peacefully away. Deceased was one of Normanby's well-to-do farmers and a highly respected citizen. He was a son of the late Henry Grein, who predeceased him three years ago, and was born on lot 11, con. 9. In 1894 he married Emma Feick, and this union was blessed with a family of six, viz., Erwin in Alsfeldt, Mrs. Ezra Gerhardt, Mrs. Carl Bender, Mrs. David Widmeyer, George and David at home. Besides the family, he is survived by a sister, Mrs. And. Schenk, and two brothers, Valentine and Jacob, all of Normanby, also -10 grandchildren. The funeral on Saturday, the 23rd, was largely attended there being 132 cars in the cortege, among them being friends and relatives from a distance. His pastor, Rev. J. Langholz, conducted the services. Interment took place in the union cemetery at Ayton.

ATTEMPT TO ROB BANK AT PALMERSTON FAILS

Burglars raided the Palmerston branch of the Bank of Commerce, and although entrance to the bank was successfully made, no cash was secured. Local and provincial police quickly had their dragnets out for the bandits, who, by the nature of their work, it is presumed are amateurs, but up to date no arrests have been made.

Entrance to the bank was gained by removing door fasteners and forcing a way into the building, but the attempt to secure money or other valuables was a complete failure. The bank has a modern system of burglar alarms.

The burglars escaped, apparently leaving no clue to their identity.

Style hint: Divorce suits should be kept dark.

Wit and Humor

Both Satisfied

The old fellow with a wheelbarrow wouldn't get out of the way, and the taxi-man shouted: "You ought to be wheeling a pram!"

"And you ought to be in it," replied the old man.

"When did the robbery occur?" asked the cross-examining barrister. "I think—" began the witness. "We don't care what you think—we want to know what you know," said the barrister.

"Well, I may as well get out of the box, then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking, I'm not a lawyer."

One mother who considers the Marcel wave as the most fashionable way of dressing the hair, was at work on the job.

Her little eight-year-old girl was crouched on her father's lap, watching her mother. Every once in a while the little fingers would slide over the smooth and glossy pate which is her father's.

"No waves for you, Father," remarked the little one, "you're all beach!"

In a remote country village a new letterbox had been put up. This caused much comment among the village children who gathered round to discuss what it could be.

"I think it belongs to the doctor or the squire," said Billy Jones.

"Can't yer see it's by the church, so it must be the rector's," remarked another lad.

"Get out!" said another boy, the smartest one of the crowd, "it ain't the rector's—read what it says on it, 'No collection on Sunday.'"

An American writer foresees the time when women will not longer wear skirts. At any rate it is universally believed that they will wear them no longer.

A Scotchman and a Jew were playing a golf match. Each had one hundred strokes to his credit at the end of seventeen holes. On the eighteenth the Sheeney took a paralytic stroke and the Scotchman made him count it.

About all some men have left of their early training is a hymn or two left to whistle.

A Poor Outlook

Two Hebrews, father and son, went to Edinburgh with a view to locating in business. While walking up one of the principal business streets, their attention was drawn to a farmer who drove up to the curb, got out and took the bridle off the horse preparatory to feeding the animal its noonday meal. After carefully attaching the feed-bag to the horse's head he went to the back of the wagon and took a chicken from a small coop. The chicken had a string tied to its leg. This was attached to the foreleg of the horse so that the chicken could eat the oats that were spilled out of the bag. "They," commented the elder visitor, "dis is no place for us to do business."

Rector (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles; uncommonly fine!

Contemplative Villager—"Ah, yes, sir, if we was only all of us as fit to die as him sir!"

Johnny Is Wise

Young Johnny was watching his aunt comb her tresses. "What makes your hair stand up like that?" he asked.

"That's electricity, Johnny," he was told.

"Gee, ain't we got a wonderful family," Johnny declared. "Aunt has electricity in her hair, and Grandma has gas on her stomach!"

A man on his first sea voyage experienced the usual symptoms. His companions came down to his cabin and invited him to come up on deck to see the passing ship.

"Don't bother me again," said the victim, "until you see a tree pass."

One member of a fishing party was an Irishman who disagreed very badly with the sea.

"It's all right, old man," said another member of the party; "you're not dead yet."

"True," moaned the sufferer, "but it's only the hope of dying that keeps me alive."

A Joke

Jerome Potter, the Coney Island beach censor, said in an interview: "They allow too much license on some of these swell beaches like Newport. There's a story about a gang of Newport swells that were rehearsing for an amateur show, and the stage manager said to the leading lady:

"I don't like this bathing suit you've put on for our third act crisis I think you'd better change it." "Why," said the leading lady, "you must be crazy, man. This bathing suit is the very latest thing. A Paris importation. Nothing else is to be seen at Deauville."

"Well and good," said the stage manager, "but in the third act crisis, you'll remember, your husband says to you, 'Alas, alas, you are hiding something from me,' and that bathing suit would make his speech sound a joke."

Miss Ascum—I've often wondered, Mr. Rhymes, why you poets always speak of the moon as 'silver'.

Mr. Rhymes—Well—er—I suppose its because of the quarters and halves.

Willie—I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy."

Tommie—What makes you think that?

Willie—Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing.

A policeman met a small boy in the streets at one a.m.

"What would your father say if he saw you here at this hour?" asked the policeman.

"He would say: 'Don't tell your mother.'"

JAW BONE IS SMASHED BY KICK FROM HORSE

James Young, a well-known Greenock farmer, had his jaw bone fractured in four places and was otherwise badly injured in an accident at his home on the Chepstowe road, about three miles south of Gargill, shortly before noon to-day. He was unable to tell what happened, but from the nature of his injuries it is supposed he was kicked by a horse. He was in the barn at the time the accident occurred, but managed to make his way to the house before he collapsed. He was removed to Hamilton Hospital.

It is just a week ago that his brother, John Young, was seriously injured on his farm in Bruce Township in much the same manner when he was trampled by a horse in a stable.

"RHSyf7. yzzmy,C,i Ty dmNsmwm

PASSED AWAY AT CHEPSTOWE

Gargill, Nov. 7.—Joseph M. Graff, a well-known resident of this district, passed away at his home at Chepstowe this morning following a lingering illness, aged 70. Deceased was born at Wellesley, and came with his parents to Bruce County in 1861, the family settling in Greenock Township. He conducted a sawmill and chopping mill at Chepstowe for over 20 years. He was a life-long Conservative in politics and a Roman Catholic in religion.

In 1893 he was married to Mary Hauck of Carrick, who survives, together with a family of two sons and three daughters, namely, Alexander, of Young, Sask.; Frank of Walkerton; Mrs. George Weber, of Young, Sask.; Mrs. George Lippert of Chepstowe, and Miss Mary Graff, at home. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning with interment in Chepstowe Cemetery.

FINDERS ARE NOT ALWAYS KEEPERS ACCORDING TO LAW

Last June a leather club bag bag was found on a road in Elma township. There was a tag bearing the owner's name attached to the bag, but the finder did not return the bag to the owner, nor did he advertise the find. Instead, he kept the club bag and divided the contents with another party.

County Constable Wilson was put on the case and this week he was successful in clearing up the case and brought the culprits before

NO RIGHT TO KILL

Goderich Signal lays down the law in regard to man-hunting:

"The Kincardine Reporter tells of police officers up in Bruce who have taken to shooting at supposed criminals, who refuse to halt and be arrested. We wonder if these officers

Dr. T. A. Carpenter

Physician and Surgeon

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

know that if they had hit and killed one of these fugitives they could have been indicted for murder? A constable has no more right to kill a man than anybody else. Magistrate Hamilton, on Wednesday. From the finder he recovered the club bag, some of the contents and restitution for the balance, and from the other party he recovered some goods and restitution for the balance. Magistrate Hamilton found the finder of the bag guilty and gave a sentence of a \$25 fine or 30 days in jail. The guilty man paid the fine. —Listowel Exchange.