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CANADIAN MAILS MAY BE  
CLOSED TO UNSOLICITED  
MERCHANDISE

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Steps are being taken by the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada, Inc., to stamp out the practice indulged in by some firms in the Dominion of sending out through the mails unsolicited merchandise for sale. Strong representations were made to the Government at Ottawa that not only was this practice unfair to the regular local tax-paying merchant, but it was very grievous to the large number of persons who were in receipt of the merchandise, owing to the inconvenience of returning the goods on the receipt of threatening letters demanding payment when the goods were not returned. As a result of these representations, the Postoffice Department declared that it would not be responsible for the loss of such parcels sent through the mails, and they would not offer any assistance to prove delivery. The association is hopeful of getting the department to deny the use of the mails to such methods of distribution, when a sufficient number of protests have been made by the consumers.

### CHILD DROWNED AT GLENEDEN

A very sad and distressing event took place in the Geneden neighborhood, Normanby, on Tuesday evening when death came to Murray Clark, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Holliday, by drowning in the Sauguen river.

The little lad who would not have been two years old until November 17, next, had been out with his father, who was working with a team and who sent him into the house. Not long afterwards his mother missed him and went to look for him without success. Darkness coming on neighbors and the whole community were notified by telephone and hundreds joined in the search of a nearby small stream and the river a short distance away. Later three or four horses were procured and were ridden abreast down the river until they came to a wire fence across the swollen stream and here by the light of the lanterns the body of the child was seen caught by the wires. It was then nearly nine o'clock, the child had been dead for hours and all efforts at resuscitation were fruitless.

The parents, sister and grandmother of the little one, who was a sturdy little fellow and a great favorite, have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their terrible bereavement, which is all the more sad as the father of Mr. Holliday, eight years ago last May, came to an untimely death through being run over by a land roller.—Mt. Forest Representative.

## Fatal Shooting Near Tiverton

Tiverton, Oct. 25—Mystery surrounds the death of Grant McKay, 25 year old farmer of the fourth concession, Bruce, who was shot dead from the shack of an Indian herb doctor, near McKay's farm yesterday evening. No motive for the crime has been discovered by the provincial police working on the case. There was no liquor in or around the cabin and young McKay had not taken a drink himself, had not, as a matter of fact, taken a drink in his life. And there was no friction existing between the Indian herb doctor and McKay, who with three other young men were on their way to make a social call on the doctor as they had often done before.

Dr. Henry Crow, at whose shack the killing occurred, and who is about 55 years of age, and his son, Daniel Crow, 25 years old, were arrested by Constables Widmeyer and Bone, at their home near Southampton, about 2 a.m. to-day, after an all night chase. The Indians left their shack in a car right after the shooting. They are simply held as material witnesses. An inquest was convened by Dr. K. Ferguson of Tiverton, today and adjourned for a week.

The story of the killing, as related in a composite interview with the three young men who were with McKay, follows:

The young men are Michael Campbell, William Stroud and Wesley Ropple, all, like Grant McKay, young farmers, who have their farms close to the spot where the shooting occurred.

For some years Dr. Crow, with his wife and son, have been spending the warmer months in a shack situated on the edge of the farm of Donald Matheson, fourth concession, about four miles from Tiverton. This year he had with him his son, his wife, a woman relative of hers and a child.

Dr. Crow is renowned in and around the Sauguen Indian Reserve as a herb doctor. He practised among the Indians and had not a few white patients. He and his family were always respected as decent, sober living Indians. The doctor had his own car.

Young Michael Campbell, whose farm is nearest the summer shack of the Indian herb doctor, had been in the habit of visiting the doctor whenever he happened to be in the vicinity. Last evening, shortly after supper, the four young men were out for a stroll, when Campbell suggested that they all go and visit Dr. Crow. This nothing out of the ordinary to any of them, they decided to go.

Nearing the shack, in the darkness of the early evening, they fell into a small water hole and in getting out, they made a little commotion which started the dogs at the shack barking and aroused the doctor and his family who rushed out of the shack.

"Just as they came out, a shot was fired by someone in the shack and Grant McKay fell into my arms, dying almost instantly, with a bullet through his heart," young Stroud, told the police officers who were investigating the tragedy today.

He said that they could not see who fired the shot and were not quite sure who was out of the shack and who in it, when the shot was fired. They were fairly certain that Dr. Crow was outside and could not have fired the shot.

Immediately the shot was fired, some men ran out of the shack and disappeared in the woods. And then the doctor, with his women and the child, seeing what happened, got into their car and drove away.

None of the young men could give the least reason for the murder. There had been no friction of any kind with the doctor's family or with any other Indians of the vicinity. Dr. Crow was well known and liked by the farmers of the district. And rumors that there had been drinking going on at the doctor's shack were denied emphatically by all who knew the doctor or his family. Nor was there any question, according to the young men, of any of them having paid attentions to any of the Indian women. Both of the women were described as being "quite elderly."

The three boys carried McKay to his home and Dr. K. Ferguson of Tiverton was called to the scene, along with Police Chief Ross Shewsett of Tiverton.

Meanwhile, Chief Shewsett called in the provincial police, with the result that an all night chase of the fleeing car brought the constables to the Sauguen Indian Reserve, just north of Southampton, where they found the doctor, his son and family. They submitted to arrest quietly

and were taken to Walkerton jail and there ordered held as material witnesses by Magistrate Macartney.

Later, Constable Bone visited the shack and found the gun with which the shooting had apparently been done, a Stevens 25 calibre. Only one shot had been fired from it.

The only theory which has yet been voiced is that possibly the Indians, hearing the boys clambering out of the water hole to the accompaniment of the barking of the dogs, had become alarmed and, fearing possible marauders, had in their panic shot Grant McKay was the son of the Rev. George McKay of Tiverton. The boy was operating his own farm.

### FALL ASSIZES NOV. 2nd AT WALKERTON

For the Fall Assizes, commencing on Nov. 2nd, at which Mr. Justice Logie will preside, the defence in the case of Miss Kate Hardman, alleged to have murdered Edward McCoy at Sky Lake, north of Warton, last July, is being prepared. Mr. Gordon Waldron, K.C., of Toronto, and Mr. Campbell Grant of Walkerton will be associated in the defence. Mr. George H. Sedgewick, also of Toronto, has been appointed Crown Prosecutor. Last Friday photographs were taken at the scene of the murder, and the land surveyed. To date two civil cases have also been entered for this court. For the jury sittings the action of A. B. and Margaret Warder of Warton to recover damages for alleged libel against the Canadian Echo and Mr. E. A. Duncan, publisher, of that town, will be heard. The plaintiffs, who contend that in the issue of the 28th of January, 1926, the Canadian Echo reflected upon the manner in which they conducted a pool room and dance hall will be represented by Mr. F. G. MacKay of Owen Sound. Counsel for the defendant will be Mr. J. Carlyle Moore of Warton. A case for the non-jury sittings will be that which was adjourned at the Spring Assizes. The plaintiff, John Edmund Crawford, of the township of Arran, is asking the Judge to direct that an agreement entered into by him with his father, who died in April, 1923, which implied that certain property was to be conveyed to him (the plaintiff) be carried out. Two sisters of the plaintiff (Georgina Jacques and Pearl Currie, of the Townships of Arran and Elderslie respectively) are the defendants.

### STEEL WORKERS AT RAILWAY BRIDGE

The new cement piers at the long railway bridge here have been completed for some time, and last week the crew of workers were set to work at placing the new heavy girders that will replace the centre of the present structure. A very heavy steam railway derrick, operated from a flat car, is used in the operations of handling the ponderous masses of steel. By the time this old bridge is all made over, there is no doubt we will see some of the big mogul engines hauling the freight trains over this branch.

A new pumping equipment is also being put in here to replace the steam outfit for filling the tank. The new plant will be operated by electric motor, we understand. The service given will also likely include the supplying of water for sanitary and other purposes at the station building, which will also be a great improvement at the depot.—Paisley Advocate.

### AT THE AGE OF 65

The statistics showing what becomes of any group of 100 men at age 25 has been repeated many times but still the thing's interesting.

At age 65, or 40 years later:  
One will be rich.  
Four will have brought together enough to live comfortably.  
Thirty-six will be dead.  
Five will be dependent upon what they are still earning, and would be at once "up against it" if they lost their jobs.

Fifty-four will be dependent upon relatives for support.

The first impression of the average man is to say "Bah!"

But his "Bah" doesn't get very far when it bumps into statistics that correctly state what has been found. If people would pay more heed to statistics, and give attention to them in time, they might profit by them instead of being annoyed later on when it's too late to do anything about it.

In this case, we dare say, the real trouble is that each of the 100 men at age 25 would be certain he'd be "fixed" at age 65.

There's that germ of hope, seems to be planted right in us, that makes one believe he'll be going strong at 65, and well able to care for himself.

Few of that 100 would start at once, at age 25, on a course of systematic saving, or by the method of an endowment, to make certain that, if spared to reach 65, they would have something to the good.

There's always that indefinite something that tells a man at 25 that he'll make good, that in some way or other he'll strike it rich.

The result is that they fail to apply any hard and fast discipline to their expenditures or their savings. No doubt it's well that this buoyant hope is planted in us, and we agree the tip's no particular fun waving down-and-out statistics in the face of young men of 25, and telling them that at 65 they'll be "strapped" or living on their relatives.

Yet statistics are stubborn things even if unpleasant playmates, and it will not do the young man at 25 any harm to take a good look at the figures quoted above.

### JUST FOR TONIGHT

Backward, turn backward,  
O time, in your flight,  
Give me long hair again, just for to-night,

Let me get busy, ere memory fades  
Wearing my tresses and doing up braids,

Let see beau call for me driving a horse,  
Even a buckboard would not be so worse;

Let us come trotting back, me at his side,

Let me say, "Thanks for the old buggy ride,"

Let me give parties where all behave well,

Proper in manners, or stories they tell;

Let some good dancer, with decorous grip,

Waltz me around with no flask on his hip.

O, let me rest from tris soul killing pace,  
Throw away compact and cigarette case;

Tune out the radio, let me expand,  
Playing sweet airs on the upright or grand.

Let me wear skirts that are down to my heels.

Put on a bustle to see row it feels  
How I'd love low heels, regardless of height,

Give me my corsets back, just for tonight!

### CHIEF'S HOUSE SET ON FIRE

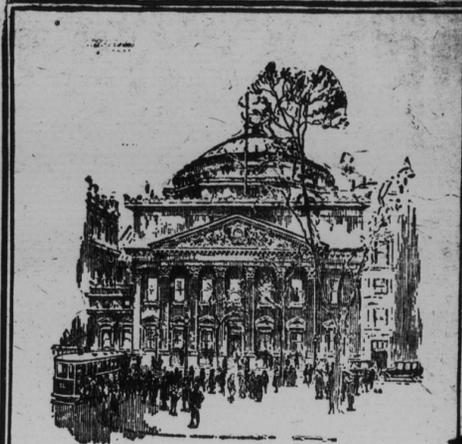
There seems to be an outbreak of incendiarism in this district lately. Only recently a man named Young was sent up for trial on the charge of trying to burn down the dance hall building in Hanover, and on Saturday a similar attempt at arson was discovered in Chesley. When going to the factory about 6.45 a. m. on Saturday George Ankerman noticed smoke issuing from the wood-shed at the rear of Constable Laverty's house and on investigation found quite a little blaze had started. Someone had wrapped paper and some rags around some tar and lit the rubbish which was burning merrily when the discovery was made. George threw a few pailsful of water on the fire and extinguished it. Had the fire been left alone for a short while the flames from the wood-shed would soon have caught the house and started a real conflagration. There is no doubt but that the affair was the deliberately planned work of some individual, who, should he be discovered, will find himself staring a penitentiary sentence in the face.—Chesley Enterprise.

### KU KLUX KLAN DIMINISHES IN U. S.

The Ku Klux Klan of the United States holds a grand parade in Washington each year to demonstrate its strength. Last year almost 40,000 Klansmen marched in the parade—this year the number was only 15,000. The State of Pennsylvania, which Klan announcements had said would send 30,000 to participate, actually sent less than 5,000. Texas sent a couple of hundred, and North and South Carolina but twenty-seven.

There have been numerous indications during the past twelve months that the Klan was losing its grip in the States, and the Washington parade constitutes fairly conclusive evidence of the fact. From now on the Klan's decline will probably be still more rapid. A year or two hence it will probably have passed from public notice.

In Canada the Klan is still adding



## Bond Interest

When your interest coupons become due, or when you receive cheques for interest on registered bonds, deposit them in a Savings Account in the Bank of Montreal. The money you receive on your investment in bonds will then earn interest for you.

H. CLARKE, Manager.  
Mildmay Branch:

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Established 1817

to its membership, but much more slowly than was the case a few months ago, when the organization was still new. This country does not possess so many easy marks as the United States, and the supply is now pretty well exhausted. Thus the life of the Klan is more or less definitely limited. It has been proved that the Ku Klux Klan of Canada was promoted by certain United States citizens solely to make money, and there can be little doubt that it will be dropped just as soon as its operation ceases to return a satisfactory profit. The only surprising feature is that these American film-flam artists have found so many Canadian citizens willing to be exploited.

The assertion is made that the Klan secretly participated in certain Ontario constituencies during the recent elections, but proof of this is lacking. Certainly its campaign against the French language did not get very far. Incidentally the part played by Canadians who have lent their names and endeavors to this imitation of an undesirable and alien organization should not be forgotten. Outstanding amongst them is Mr. James S. Lord, member of the New Brunswick Legislature for Charlotte County. According to reports from St. Stephen, N.B., Mr. Lord abandoned his responsible duties in New Brunswick without troubling to inform his constituents of his intention, or even leaving his future address, in order to accept the post of "Imperial Klaliff" of the Ku Klux Klan of Canada. He has since been very active in the business of selling Klan memberships and regalia in Ontario, and it is to be supposed that his efforts have netted both the Klan and himself a handsome sum. The electors of Charlotte County will doubtless remember Mr. Lord's connection with the Klan, if he should seek reelection.—Milverton Sun.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT?

1. Raisins added to muffins, corn bread, biscuits, rice pudding, bread pudding, cornstarch pudding, tapioca pudding, apple, rhubarb, cherry or cranberry pie, cakes or candies will give a delicious new flavor to all your favorite dishes?
2. A little cornstarch or a few grains of rice put in the salt shaker will prevent the salt from becoming damp and sticky?
3. The nutritive value of peanut butter is 90.8 per cent., which is higher than most foods?

### WHAT REAL PATRIOTISM IS

One of the girl contestants at the Brooklin School Fair, in an address on "Patriotism," said that patri-

did not mean flag-waving or the singing of the National Anthem or even fighting for one's country, but it was a virtue that can be practised every day by every citizen toward his country, his community and his fellow-man. The youthful orator said that patriotism meant a measure service, because patriotic will always be to serve. Fine words, the youth, and, better still, they many gains of wholesome truth as the Whtby Gazette-Chronicle.

### THE USUAL WAY

There was once a little man,  
And his rod and line he took—  
For he said: "I'll go a-fishing  
In the neighboring brook;"  
And it chanced a little maiden  
Was walking out that day,  
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her,  
And an hour or two went by;  
But still upon the grassy brink  
His rod and line did lie;  
"I thought," she shyly whispered,  
"You'd be fishing all the day!"  
And he was—in the usual way.

So he threw his rod in hand  
And threw the line about,  
But the fish perceived distinctly  
He was not looking out; and he said:  
"Sweetheart, I love you,  
But she said she couldn't stay,  
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them,  
And she gave a little sigh  
As they watched the silver ripples  
Like the moments running by:  
"We must say good-bye," she whispered,  
By the alders, old and gray,  
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day, beside the stream,  
They wandered to and fro;  
And day by day the fishes swam  
Securely down below;  
Till this little story ended,  
As such little stories may,  
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married,  
Do they always bill and coo?  
Do they never fret and quarrel  
Like other couples do?  
Does he cherish her and love her?  
Does she honor and obey?  
Well they do—in the usual way.

Over one million  
canned soup was  
ada last year  
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