

The Waterdown Review

VOL. 1.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1918

NO. 3.

EXTRA COPIES

OF

The Review

Will Be on Sale at

Sawell's Store

Court of Revision Village of Waterdown

The Court of Revision to hear and determine the appeals against the Assessment Roll for the Village of Waterdown for the year 1918, will hold its first sitting at the
VILLAGE HALL, WATERDOWN
ON
Monday, June 10th, 1918
At 8 o'clock p. m.
Of which all persons interested are required to take notice.
J. C. MEDLAR,
Village Clerk.
Waterdown, May 16th, 1918.

Letters from the Front Two More Letters from Our Boys "Over There"

This week we have another very interesting letter from Ollie Horning and also one from Austin Tudor, another of Waterdown's many boys at the front.

Ollie's letter this week was written previous to the one published in last week's Review and gives us some idea of conditions on the line during the early stages of the great drive, and while Fritz may have appeared to be the better man at that time, later developments have proven to be the reverse.

55th Battery, C.F.A.,
France, April 15, 1918.

Dear Friends:—Just a line to let you know all is well. Well, from all appearances Fritz is still the best man in this war game. We have been at war in earnest for the past three weeks. Have been in six different positions and are moving part of the battery again to-night.

Our position at present is at the highest point of Vimy Ridge, which the Canadians captured a year ago last week. We have been here two days now and are just beginning to feel at home. Have fine gun pits, but just shrapnel proof protection.

Can see the country around for miles and it is a grand sight at night to see the guns flashing. Have two 8-inch guns about 20 yards from one dug-out, which keeps things lively at night.

The weather has been fierce for the last two weeks; it rained steady for 10 days, and as we were in an open position with nothing but an old trench for protection. The ground is sticky, clay, which just about pulls your boots off every time you step.

The night we pulled in here it was dark as pitch, and as we had been on the road since 3.30 that morning and were feeling pretty tired. One gun sunk in the mud and it took 12 horses and about 20 men to get it into position. It was 2.30 when we finally laid down under a piece of canvas, spread across the trench, for to get a few hours' sleep. Awoke next morning to find that the water had run in off the canvas and our blankets were mud and water about half way up and were every night for a week, so we were glad when we got up here on top of Vimy.

It has been cold, with a strong wind and overcast for the past three days. In fact have had more use for our overcoats the past two weeks than we have all winter.

Well, the 5th Division of Artillery have made a name for themselves since coming to France. We now have first place in field artillery. We were 25 per cent. better in organization and firing, by Hale's report, than the "La Hore" batteries of Imperials, who formally held first place and who were attached to the Canadians before we came over.

Some of the boys saw Murray Fisher last week, they were in camp back near our wagon lines, and are in the trenches in front of us at present (4th Division).

General Currie was asked last week by the Imperials on our right and left to fall back from Vimy and Lens and straighten out the line, this he politely refused to do, saying it had cost too many lives to take to fall back now just to be in style with them. He said he would at least put up some kind of a fight first.

Well I guess I have said enough along that line, in fact too much if the censor happens to read it.

You will be into another summer's work by the time this reaches you. Do not work too hard, as the world was not made in a day. Drop a line when you have time, as the letters are very precious over here. Well good luck and give my best to all.
As ever, OLLIE.

Whitley Camp,
Surrey, England.
May 5th, 1918.

Dear Folks:—Have received your letter dated April 7th and was pleased to hear from you again and to know that you were all well.

The boxes sent arrived safely and were very much appreciated by us. I might say that there are about six of us who share all our boxes between us; we hang together like glue and intend to try and do so.

I have received one paper up to date, dated March 30th, and it sure does seem funny to be able to get a good old Spectator and to read all about Hamilton and the surrounding district. We laugh when we see some of the reports about the war, according to the Canadian papers, as I think the news you get over there is about two weeks old and we get it here the next day after it happens.

My old chum, Fred. Hazel, has been warned for draft to France, but is not sure how soon he will be going, as they are taking drafts away all the time.

We are having better weather here now and it can keep on getting better as we have been having awful foggy weather for the past three weeks, but the last 3 days have been quite warm.

You should have seen us when we came in from parade last Friday. It was very hot and the wind was blowing hard, it blew the sand across our parade grounds, and as we were sweating good it stuck to us and we sure were an awful sight. When we finished for the day we washed and had supper and then it was clean up our brass and rifle for Saturday's route march. By the way we get a route march every Saturday with full marching order and it certainly does harden a fellow.

I am none the worse off for all this hard work, as I weigh 162 lbs., "some man." My clothes are getting too small for me. I have gained 12 lbs. since coming to England, but I don't think I am getting any taller, so I must be putting it on like the mischief some place else.

I am getting to know all about a rifle. I took mine apart to-day and cleaned and oiled it. It took about three hours to clean my equipment and rifle, so you can imagine about what it is like; some job, believe me.

My platoon expect to start on musketry this week. We expected to start on it sooner, but there are some in the platoon who have not had their leave yet and that is the reason we have been kept back, but never the less we won't be long going through with it and then we will be able to go over the top "hurrah!"

I wish some of you had been with me when I was on leave, as I have seen some great sights.

Well, mother, I am proud to say that I am coming home just the same as when I went away, and if I didn't think so much of you I wouldn't try and keep clean.

Well, mother, I have a lot more letters to write so I will close for this time, hoping you are all well, I am.
Your loving son,
AUSTIN.

THE GARDEN PARTY

A public meeting of the citizens was held Tuesday evening in the Bell House to make arrangements for holding the annual patriotic garden party. No definite date has been decided upon, but probably either July 1st or July 17th will be selected.

A full report will be given of all committees, attractions and special features of the day in the Review next week.

The weekly meeting of the Knotty Knitting Club was held at the home of Miss Agnes Eager, Dundas street last Tuesday evening.

The Holiday

How the Day was Spent in Waterdown

Victoria Day this year was a real holiday in Waterdown, a large number of young people from surrounding places were early on the scene and helped to make things interesting.

In the afternoon the baseball tournament at the Fair Grounds drew a fairly large attendance. Owing to the non-appearance of the Kilbride team, Carlisle and Dundas played the first game, resulting in a score of 4 to 2 in favor of Dundas. The second game of the afternoon was then played between Dundas and Waterdown, and while disappointing to Waterdown, nevertheless was a very interesting game. The Waterdown team, with no previous practice, were able to hold Dundas down to only one score to the good which stood 6 to 5.

In the evening the Waterdown minstrels gave their concert in the rink to a packed house. Every available bit of space being occupied by an appreciative audience.

Many jokes on a number of citizens were pulled off, causing a good deal of laughter from the audience and were received good naturedly by those on whom they landed.

The members of the troupe are to be congratulated upon their achievement. Waterdown should feel proud of the local talent which it possesses, and also in being so fortunate in having as a citizen Mrs. Emily Wright, L.A.M. to whom a large amount of credit is due for the success of the evening entertainment. Mrs. Wright, who so successfully staged "Sylvia", has given a great deal of time to the drilling of the minstrel performers, and from raw recruits she has, through her ability, made first class amateur entertainers.

Stewart Mitchell, who gave ungrudgingly of his time and talent at the rehearsals and the night of the performance, is deserving of special mention.

Mr. Geo. Potts, Harry Gordon and Stewart Mitchell composed the orchestra which so ably rendered the music for the evening.

After the minstrel performance the seats were removed and a few hours were enjoyed in dancing by the young people.

The proceeds of the afternoon and evening were very gratifying, and when all expenses are deducted the sum of \$150.00 or more will be handed over to the Red Cross.

After Notes of the Day

Dr. McGregor is still in possession of his overcoat.

Mr. Newell reports a further advance in valuation.

The omission in the house on Mill street will be rectified by the contractors.

If doughnuts make serviceable tires, Mr. Gallagher intends carrying a full line of them.

The first consignment of Frank Shadle's tooth-picks are due to arrive in town in a few days.

The canning of raspberries is beginning early this year, due probably to the daylight saving time.

Alf. Alton is claiming a percentage of the receipts. We think the debt is the other way around; advertising should be paid for.

A Serious Accident

James Scanlon sustained very serious injuries yesterday while operating a sticking machine at Slaters mill. In some manner the unfortunate man's arm was caught and drawn in the machine, badly lacerating. He was at once hurried to the hospital in Hamilton by Dr. McGregor where proper treatment was given him, and from latest reports is progressing favorably.

A SNAP

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for the seasons Spraying Materials, Insecticides Disinfectants, Etc. Stocks are scarce all over the country and prices will be very much higher as immediate season for use arrives. By buying now you will save money, besides insuring yourself of having the goods for protecting your crops. Our stock includes Best quality Paris Green, Arsenate of Lime, Arsenate of Lead, Copper Sulphate (blue stone), Brimstone, Sulphur, Copperas, Hellebore Whale oil Soap, Etc.

W. H. CUMMINS
The Waterdown Drug Store
PHONE 152

THE WATERDOWN REVIEW

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Advertising rates furnished on application
G. H. GREENE
 Editor and Publisher

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1918

LOCAL MENTION

Geo. Potts has painted the Town pump.

Mrs. A. Newell spent the holiday with friends in Milton.

Miss Cordner of Hamilton spent the week end in the village.

Arthur Gilmer of Toronto was a week end visitor in the village.

Mr. Fred Staples of Toronto spent the week end as a guest of Isaac Baker.

Miss Downey of Toronto spent the week end with friends in the village.

Rev. A. Higginson of Port Dalhousie, is visiting with relatives in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Bates of Mimico were guests at the home Geo. Stock last week.

Wm. and Mrs. Stock of Mimico were visitors at the home of Stewart Gallagher.

Stanley Buchan and Earl Ireland reported for duty at Hamilton last Sunday.

Lieut. Wilbert Attridge has been notified to report for service overseas on Friday.

Rev. John and Mrs. Douglas of Hagersville are stopping at the home of James Eager.

A very large amount of Tomato plants are being planted in the immediate vicinity this season.

Miss Lillian Vance of the Hamilton Hospital was visiting with relatives here last Monday.

Several of our citizens are making strenuous efforts to secure employment before Registration day.

John Cleave of Hamilton, formerly a resident of Waterdown, spent a few days at the home of his father-in-law D. Davies.

Miss Velma Featherston of Toronto and Lorne Featherston of Drayton were home for the holiday and remainder of the week.

Mr. Lorne Campbell and wife and Miss Campbell of Cobalt have been spending a few days at the home of Mrs. Davidson.

Jas. E. Eager attended the conference of the synod of the diocese of Niagara, which is being held this week in Hamilton.

Gulmer L. M. Henry and Driver J. L. Kirk of the 70th Battery, were home on Saturday last previous to leaving for Petawana.

Lorne Featherston who has been at Drayton for a short time has been transferred to the Union Stock Yards branch of the Royal Bank at Toronto.

Mr. Hempstreet and friend and Miss Hempstreet of Algoma and Mr. Anderson of Milton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Baker on Monday.

A young son, Maurice McKee, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Tudor on May 24th. Stan is now wearing the proverbial parental smile.

The members of Grace Church at a congregational meeting last Sunday evening after services, decided not to change the hour of the evening services.

The members of the congregation of Knox church have made very extensive improvements on the lot connected with the Manse in removing the old barn and cleaning up the grounds, also building a very neat substantial fence when painted will add very much to the appearance of the property. The church on the whole is in a very prosperous condition under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Wedderburn.

Prof. Robertson, T. H. B. of Toronto University will conduct the services Sunday morning at Knox church and the evening services at the Methodist church in the interests of the Dominion Alliance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Langford; John street, motored to Toronto Sunday where they had the pleasure of an interview with their son Wilfred, who has been confined to the Military hospital there.

The Hamilton Conference of the Methodist church will be held in the Dublin Street Methodist church, Guelph, this week. C. P. McGregor of Waterdown is President of the Conference this year.

H. J. Leake, son of the Rev. Mr. Leake of Grace church here, was ordained into the priesthood at the conference of the synod of the diocese of Niagara, held in Christ's Church cathedral Hamilton, this week.

Mr. David McMonies and daughter Lois, of Huron, S. D., are visiting with his father. Mr. McMonies is combining business with pleasure as he intends purchasing some of the Canadian thoroughbred cattle for his ranch at Huron.

The first death from the many cases of measles in the village occurred last Tuesday, when the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lillycropp, John street, passed away. The sympathy of the community is extended to the parents in their sad bereavement.

The wedding is announced of Mrs. Mary Breckenridge, who formerly resided at "Bethenbreck" Waterdown to Mr. Shepherd Stevens, on Thursday, May 23rd, at Ithaca, N. Y. Mr. Stevens is a Professor of Cornell University, but is leaving for overseas service. Mrs. Breckenridge's eldest son Wilder is stationed with an Aviation Corps in England.

Card of Thanks

The Patriotic League wishes to sincerely thank the members of the Sylvia Dramatic Club and Minstrel Association for their generous and welcome financial aid they gave the League from their recent entertainments. The donation the Treasurer received from the Sylvia Club was \$75.00 and from the Minstrel Association \$144.65, making a total of \$220.65.

Town Council Meeting

The Village Council met in the Bell House, on Monday evening, May 27th, for the transaction of general business. Reeve Davies in the chair and all members present. The minutes of the previous meeting of April 8th and also those of May 13th were read and adopted.

It was moved by Councillor J. Markle and seconded by Councillor R. Smith, and resolved that the communication of Mr. J. Johnston, re damage through flooding, be received.—Carried.

Moved by Councillor G. Dougherty and seconded by Councillor J. C. Langford, resolved that the cheque issue his cheque in payment of all accounts bills passed at the meeting.

The following bills and accounts were passed: C. Davids, for support during May, \$5.00; Mrs. A. M. Slater, Treasurer, grant to Patriotic League for May, \$15.00; Wm. Attridge, advance of money for high school purposes for May, \$350.00; Dundas Star, printing ballots for election, \$3.00; John Smiley, grading street with grader, \$15.00; A. Doyle, 60 hours work at 30c, \$18.00.

Moved by Councillor R. Smith and seconded by Councillor J. Markle, and resolved that the resignation of Mr. P. H. Metzger, as sanitary inspector for the Village of Waterdown, be accepted by this council, and By-law No. 212 be amended by erasing the name of P. H. Metzger as sanitary inspector and replacing it by the name of Jas. R. Thompson, and that cheque sign and seal this resolution to give it the effect of a by-law.

On motion the council adjourned to meet again on Monday, June 10th, at 8 p.m., for general business and as a court of revision.

J. C. MEDLAR, Clerk.

Patriotic League Report for May

The Women's Patriotic League have made and shipped during the month of May, 26 dressing gowns; 12 day shirts; 25 suits of pyjamas; 58 stretcher caps; 49 personal belonging bags; 104 pneumonia jackets; 46 pillow slips; 22 sheets; 11 wash cloths; 47 packages of tri-angular bandages (6 each).

Everybody, young or old, are invited to come on Tuesday afternoon or evening, to help make hospital supplies, as the need is great.

Comie Mack of the Philadelphia Nationals evidently has a very high opinion of the playing abilities of our local ball teams. On the 24th of May last he had one of his scouts here looking over the team with the result that three of the players, Messrs. Moncrieff, Burns and Gordon, were signed up to play with his team in 1919. He was very much impressed with Charles Burns ability as manager and has signed him to manage his team next year at a princely salary said to be next to that paid Manager McGraw of the Giants. Comie evidently knows good things when he sees them.

CARLISLE

Many visitors spent the holiday and week end here.

The funeral of the late Thomas Ford took place from his residence here on Thursday last.

A number of the young people of the Sunday School are taking a picnic to Wabasso Park on Friday.

Some of our young men have joined their units; and have already gone to camp.

Miss Lizzie Thompson, of Waterdown; spent Sunday with Miss Edith Hamilton.

The need of a "Traffic Cop" is greatly felt by the residents of Carlisle.

Miss Grace Thomas spent the week end with Miss Vera Gastle.

MILLGROVE

The crops are looking well in this neighborhood, but if our young men are conscripted what will the harvest be?

Kenneth Cummins is building a new fence in front of his home which is already a beauty spot.

Mrs. Arthur Smith and son of St. George visited at the parsonage on Victoria Day.

Mr. Lewis of Salem and Miss Emeline Ryckman of Millgrove were united in marriage at the Millgrove parsonage on May 22nd last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shelton of Hamilton visited at Levi Sheltons on Sunday last.

Mrs. D. Mousher of Hamilton was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Cummins, last week.

Roland Cummins has purchased a new automobile.

D. C. Flatt and H. A. Drummond have been appointed delegates to the Methodist Conference which is being held at Guelph this week.

A Timely Warning

Some one has been picking the bloom off of the scrubs in the Union cemetery. If repeated the parties will be prosecuted.

The Trustees.

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AGENT FOR Wah Lee LAUNDRY HAMILTON

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A LUCKY DETECTIVE.

THE STORY OF HOW ONE BANK THIEF WAS CAPTURED.

After All Trace of the Absconder Was Lost an Innocent Question by an Innocent Man Put the Officer on the Right Trail.

"One of the most remarkable and interesting cases I ever had anything to do with," said an ex-detective of New York, "was the robbery of the Townsend Savings bank of New Haven, which occurred in 1868, I think. At any rate, it was shortly after the end of the civil war, in which great conflict the principal in the affair had distinguished himself and won many highly prized laurels. His name was Jerry Townsend, a son of the cashier and a nephew of the president of the Townsend Savings bank of New Haven.

"Jerry, soon after his return from the war, was given a minor position in the bank, and being a clever, well educated fellow he rapidly advanced until he was made paying teller.

"Well, things ran along all right for some time, until one fine morning the cashier discovered that about \$100,000 in cash and bonds had been taken from the safe the preceding night. The safe had not been blown open. It was simply unlocked by some one having the lock combination. Now, according to the bank's rules, only the president, the cashier and the assistant cashier had this combination, hence suspicion was not directed toward any other person at first. Jerry was hardly mentioned in connection with the robbery until his father, the cashier, remembered that some days prior the former had suggested the expediency of his having the combination, so that in case of the absence of all the other officers at the same time he could have access to the safe if necessary. And the old gentleman, regarding the proposition reasonable, gave his son the combination; yet, strange to say, he had neglected to inform the president that he had done so.

"Now, Jerry had sent word to the bank the day before the robbery was discovered that he was so ill he feared he would not be able to attend to his duties for a day or two. So he was not expected at the bank the day of the discovery. But as soon as his father had admitted that his son also could open the safe a messenger was sent to the latter's home. I hardly need say that he was not there.

"Hitherto the bank officers had conducted the examination in their own way and as secretly as possible, yet when the paying teller could not be found by them and the story of the big steal was getting out they saw that other steps must at once be taken in the case, and so it came about that I was called to take a hand in the game.

"After getting all the information possible at the bank I struck out after the thief. I soon found that there was a girl in the case and that Jerry had spent part of the evening of the robbery at her home. From there he probably went to the bank and got away with the swag before midnight, for about that time he called at a restaurant near the railroad station, and, leaving a large valise with the bartender, he went away and did not return until just before the 2 o'clock train left for New York. He was seen to board that train, yet then and there the trail of the robber was lost—entirely lost. Indeed, the man vanished as completely and suddenly as if the earth right there had opened and swallowed him. Not in New York or anywhere else could any trace of the absconder be found. The search was kept up for weeks, but all our efforts were fruitless.

"After several months had passed I began to lose interest in the Townsend case, for, having other important professional matters to look after, I seldom gave it much thought. Of course the strange, mysterious disappearance of the culprit still excited wonder and speculation.

"One day six or seven months after the robbery as I was walking leisurely up Broadway, New York, just below Wall street, I was approached by a man who requested me to direct him to a money broker, as he wished to dispose of some United States bonds and was a stranger in the city. My mind being pretty well occupied with another matter at the time, I gave this incident but little thought. We were near Wall street, and I pointed to the house of a well known firm in that street, and, assuring the man that it would be all right there, I walked on. But I had gone scarcely a block when the recollection of the Townsend bank robbery flashed like lightning through my mind. Might not this man have some of the Townsend bonds? I turned and fairly flew back to the broker's office to which I had just directed him and reached it barely in time to meet the stranger coming out. Showing him my authority and taking the chances, I arrested him and took him back into the office. He had sold one bond there, which upon examination I found to be one of the Townsend bank bonds. On searching the man two or three more of these bonds came to light; but, what was of vastly more importance, he had on his person a letter from Jerry Townsend, dated Havana, to his sweetheart in Connecticut. This letter was to be delivered by the bearer to the lady in person, and it contained instructions to meet the writer at a certain hotel in Liverpool at a certain future time.

"That my prisoner was thoroughly searched I need not assert. He pleaded ignorance of the robbery and declared that he had made the acquaintance of the man who had given him the letter and the bonds some months before in Havana, where the latter had posed as a captain of the United States army. Of course he went under a fictitious name there. The prisoner was held and the matter kept from the newspapers until I and some others, including an uncle of Jerry, had crossed over to Liverpool. All but some \$11,000, I think, was recovered, and the prisoner was brought back, tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for seven years."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE INFLUENCE CHRISTY'S TROUPE HAD ON ITS FAME.

John B. Gough, Edwin Forrest and Joseph Jefferson Appeared in Rural Cork—Thomas D. Rice, the Man Who Created Jim Crow.

Negro minstrelsy today has settled into a regular thing. People go to a show, enjoy it, memorize the "gags," work them all with an unconscious and spontaneous air on less fortunate friends, and then wait for the return of the show to lay in a new supply. But there was a time when minstrelsy had a beginning, just like the earth and Adam and Eve, and it was a beginning with a boom, and everything else gave way before it.

There is some disagreement as to which was the first minstrel organization, but undoubtedly it was Christy's minstrels that first spread the fame of the organized troupe and made an impression on the country. And as for its impression on the old world, where the band made its home for several years, Thackeray himself stands witness. Christy became synonymous with the word minstrel, as my own experience well attests.

A minstrel in this country has the satisfaction of knowing that he is working in a kind of amusement that is the genuine product of America. I suppose, however, that Shakespeare put the first negro on the stage in Moor to him was a negro, but Othello was not a minstrel; he played a heavier line of business. From almost the beginning of American stage history there were negroes of the minstrel variety impersonated on the stage, though it was not until about the forties that they were organized into bands. Some of the greatest actors of later days had their experience as minstrels, among them Joe Jefferson and Edwin Forrest.

Forrest was given a negro "song and dance act" to do when he was very young, and after he had studied it up he asked where was the "old negro lady" that was to act as his assistant in the piece. The management tried several of the women who were members of the company, but none of them would consent to blacken up, and, to fact, they were very indignant over the proposition. The actor, however, was not easily discouraged, and on the night of the first performance he blackened up and went around the corner to an old negro woman who did his washing.

"Hello, Dinah!" he said on entering. "How you be er feelin dis bery fine evening?"

"Hello, yo!" replied the African lady. "Pears to me yo' am er bery fresh nigger."

"Ize no nigger," answered Forrest. And then, time being rather short, he assumed his natural voice and told Dinah, much to her surprise, that he was Forrest, the actor, and that he wanted her to go on the stage with him that night and laugh loudly at frequent intervals, which was all the female part called for. The two made a great hit and were kept on for some time, which goes to show that Forrest might have been a good minstrel had he been of an ambitious nature.

The point is that when the minstrel bands were taking on character and shaping themselves for the future the woman refused to take part, which, without being ungallant, I think was just as well.

The minstrel organization as it is known today was brought about by the successful success that certain men made as individuals. Most of these men are but dimly remembered today. One of them, curious to relate, was John B. Gough, afterward famous as a temperance orator. Another was the famous Thomas D. Rice, whose Jim Crow he owes to the history of nations. How Jim Crow found his way on the stage is an interesting part of the story of minstrelsy.

In 1829, while Rice was doing a small negro act at the Louisville theater, he happened to look out of the back window, which faced a stable kept by an old and broken down negro called Jim Crow. One of Crow's shoulders was much lower than the other, his left leg was stiff and crooked at the knee, so that when he walked he went up and down in a most ludicrous fashion.

This day he was standing in the yard humming a peculiar tune to himself, the words of which were his own. When he had finished a verse, he would give a jumping step, which has since become famous as "rockin de heel." The refrain of his song was:

Wheel about, turn about,
Do jes' so,
I ebery time I wheel about,
I jump Jim Crow.

Rice saw that here was something new. He studied the old man, made the tune a little bit more lively, wrote a number of new verses and copying the original very closely in make up appeared as Jim Crow at the Louisville theater. He was recalled more than 20 times the first night and always after was known as Jim Crow Rice.

In 1833, when Joe Jefferson was only 4 years of age, Rice appeared at a benefit at the Jefferson theater in Washington and carried the little fellow on the stage in a bag, costumed and blackened exactly like the Jim Crow Rice. As Rice shambled on the stage he sang this couplet:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd save you for to know
I've got a little drinky here to jump Jim Crow.

Whereupon he emptied the bag, and those who were present say that little Joe immediately assumed the attitude of the older Jim Crow and danced and mimicked Rice in a way that caused the audience to cheer.

So there was a great minstrel born to the world.

Had Them All.

Professor (to student of surgery)—Please inform the class the names of bones forming the skull.

Student—Ah—er—I do not at the present time remember, but I know that I have them all in my head.—Exchange.

ENGLISH PAINT

We have just received a new stock of the famous Brandram-Henderson Pure English Paint, the best paint on the market, and our prices are lower than the city.

The price of Tea has advanced, but we are selling at the old prices. Better put in a supply now while the stock lasts.

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Take Notice

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WEEK END

DANCES

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Every Saturday Night

FROM 8:30 TO 12 P. M.

Commencing Saturday June 8th

ADMISSION 25c

SMOKE TUCKETTS **T & B**



THE ALIBI

- BY

Geo. Allan England

Author of "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Empire in the Air," "The Golden Blight," "The After-Glow," "The Crime-Detector," etc.

"That's it. Enid does anyhow; I know that much. That's what makes all this so terrible. If it ever gets out just think of what'll happen! It won't be only a case of about killing my father and mother, but Enid will have to suffer. I don't care what happens to me! It's—"

"Of course; of course! But enough of this, Arthur. Let's get down to specific facts. You've misappropriated funds, is that it?"

"Stolen, you mean?"

"The boy's head came up sharply. He faced the elder man eye to eye. Slayton's glance was first to fall. "Stolen!" Mansfield repeated. "I'm a thief!"

His look belied him. Not shame now, but a kind of strange, wild pride burned in his face. At sound of the words Slayton changed color. Then, stammering and abashed despite his every effort, he demanded:

"What amount? How much did you—steal? And how did you take it? And when?"

"How much? Twelve hundred and fifty dollars. I stole it last week on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning. I can show you just how I got away with it to-morrow. I'll give you the falsified accounts. It was only a matter of a cipher or two, a decimal point or two. You know it's not very hard to do that sort of thing sometimes. Such things can be put through for a while."

"Of course, of course," assented the cashier, nervously. "Well, well, Arthur! The facts are out at last. Twelve hundred and fifty, eh? H-m! Not a vital matter after all. Not irre-

parable by a long shot."

"You'll give me a lift?"

"Gladly! On one condition."

"What's that?"

The boy turned a shade paler than before.

"What condition?" he asked.

"Tell me what you took the money for."

"No, no, Mr. Slayton! Not that! I can't tell you that!"

"Why not?"

And Slayton's eyes narrowed as he blew another lungful of smoke across the room.

"Why can't you? It can't be any more disgraceful than the fact of the theft itself. Come, come, Arthur! Make a clean breast of it!"

"Playing the races, eh? Nothing to the police, my boy; nothing to them! Or was it the little ivory ball on the spinning red wheel, or the pasteboards, or the bubbles in the tall glass, or the—"

"No, no, no! Nothing like that! Not a thing like that, so help me!"

Arthur's fist struck the table a smashing blow.

"Nothing at all like that! It's a clean reason anyhow. Absolutely clean. Yet I can't tell you. I simply can't!"

"But you must, Arthur. You must. Otherwise—"

"I can't! And you'll help me just the same, won't you? My Heaven! You've got to help me! If you don't, if you refuse to lend me enough to cover the deficit before the examiners call to-morrow—"

"The examiners?" ejaculated Slayton, startled out of his masklike pre-

"stand back!" cried Mansfield in a choking voice. "Look out now! If you won't give it to me I've got nothing to live for! I'll lose Enid and disgrace her and everybody; I'll go to Sing Sing, and—"

Swiftly the cashier struck with surprising strength. The pistol spun through the air, clattered across the table and humped to the floor.

"You young idiot!"

And Slayton caught it up.

"None of that, now; you understand? None of that here! No cheap melodrama in my house!"

He flung the weapon into the desk-drawer and slammed it shut. Mansfield stood there staring at him, white to the lips.

"I tell you," he quavered, "if I don't get the money I'll surely do it one way or another. There's plenty

of deep water between here and New York, and—"

"Drop your nonsense!"

Slayton's voice had gone rasping and harsh.

"Suppose you did do it, you lunatic? What possible good would that do? It's stupid, to begin with, and the worst possible kind of Welshing. No thoroughbred quits that way. And talk about wreck Enid's life! What could possibly shatter her worse than that?"

"Would it accomplish anything? Would it clear your name, or—"

"Do I get it or don't I?" demanded Arthur, livid.

"You don't deserve to; but—"

"I'm going to get it! You'll give it to me?"

"Confound you, yes!"

"Thank Heaven!"

"Better thank me, you fool! Come to my desk at nine in the morning, and take the envelope I hand you. You're saved temporarily. In a day or two I'll arrange—"

"Oh, how can I ever—?"

"Come now; come, come! Cut that! This is no philanthropy. I'm simply doing my duty, my Christian duty, that's all. I'll lend you the money. You can pay me in monthly instalments. As I was going to say, we'll arrange suitable terms."

"I'll be your —your slave as long as—"

"Don't talk rot! I'm tired now. Here it is almost midnight. A nice time you've given me, I must say. Get out! I've seen enough of you. Go on—go home! And mind now, no nonsense! And be at my desk at nine, sharp."

"Not a word! Not a word! Get out—and please take you!"

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISHES

LIQUIDS and PASTES

BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES

PRESERVE THE LEATHER

THE FFALLEY CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILL.

CHAPTER IV.

Motionless, Slayton stood listening a moment to make quite sure Mansfield was on his way. The outer door thudded shut, receding through the silent house. Steps crossed the porch and made off along the walk with diminishing sound. These faded into silence. Mansfield was gone.

"Good!" ejaculated the cashier, nodding with contentment. "He's out of the way at all events. Nearly spoiled everything, confound him! But as it is things are turning my way again."

The prospect was indeed encouraging. This accident of fate might after all prove a blessing in disguise. Slayton was not slow to understand that the boy might prove wonderfully useful to him after all.

"If my brains haven't turned to ivory and my heart to water," thought the cashier, "I can use him on a pinch, and use him hard! Twelve hundred, eh? And all ready to blow his foolish head off for that trifle? And wouldn't tell why he stole it?"

Slayton rubbed his sleek hands together with satisfaction. He began to catch glimpses of some deep motive in the boy's actions—something far deeper than wine, women, song, than cards, roulette, the ponies. What that something was he could not even guess as yet; but he felt certain it existed.

And once he could discover that something he believed, he hoped—yes, already he definitely calculated that he could—mould young Mansfield to his purposes as a potter moulds his clay.

The clock striking midnight, startled him from his reflections. The time had come for action if anything were to be done to avert impending disaster. He produced a bunch of keys from his trousers' pocket, unlocked a lower drawer in his desk and took out a neatly-wrapped parcel. The very care with which this had been done typified the man. Methodical, cold, precise, and neat in all his ways, suave and outwardly impeccable, he stood for all that may be summed in the one word: "Respectability."

Slayton opened the parcel, took out a gray wig a false beard and mustache and pair of gold-rimmed glasses. These properties, saved from the amateur theatricals of the previous winter now had fair to assume a role of great import.

In five minutes the metamorphosis was complete. With intense satisfac-

DEAFNESS

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tion Slayton surveyed himself in the glass. He had become wholly unrecognizable. Nothing now remained of the personality that had been, in place of the gentleman of forty-ones, an elderly man of broken-down and feedy appearance stood there on the rug before the fireplace.

"Grand!" ejaculated Slayton. "Why, I might pass for my own father!"

He felt a sudden sense of security. Nobody could ever be able to assert that he had been out of his own house that night. He knew that if ever he were suspected of the crime he had now definitely planned to commit Mansfield's testimony would give him an alibi.

Mansfield could be made to swear that he had left Slayton at home close to midnight. He could be made to swear that Slayton had not taken the 12.17 train to St. George and the ferry, and this, Slayton knew, was the last train till morning.

Exultant, the cashier continued his preparations. He was just beginning to realize what a stupendous piece of bull-luck it had been all around that had driven Mansfield to see him. If the thing had all been planned in advance it could not have worked out more beautifully.

Slayton threw the string of the parcel into the fire, then carefully put back into the desk-drawer the paper that had enwrapped his disguise. One might have thought so slight a matter as a sheet of brown paper could pos-

How to Purify the Blood

Fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots, commonly called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, may be taken in water with meals and at bedtime, for the cure of indigestion, constipation and bad blood. Persistence in this treatment will effect a cure in nearly every case. Get the genuine at druggists.

ses no possible importance; but Slayton believed otherwise. Now that his mind had been fully made up to the deed he meant to do he intended no step to fail no link of the chain to show the slightest flaw.

His intelligence, logical and incisive to almost a superhuman degree, weighed every chance and analyzed every contingency. One possibility in ten thousand existed, perhaps, that the disguise might be called in question. By wrapping up the things again in the original paper that still bore the name of the dealer from whom he had bought them he could strengthen his case. He could establish a claim that the disguise had never been out of the parcel since the time of the theatricals. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred in opening a package will throw away the paper. Slayton was the hundredth. He saw possibilities even in a sheet of manila.

Having locked up the paper for further use, he put on his boots and discarded his smoking-jacket. Then he went out into the hall, and from the closet under the stairs took a respectable old coat and overcoat, also a battered felt hat—clothing he sometimes used for working round the garden, in rainy weather. He slid an electric flashlight into one of the pockets, and made sure he had a pair of gloves.

(To be continued.)

In the silent watches of the night the hands never speak as they pass by.

Did a Good Turn For an Old Friend

HOW TWO MEN PROVED THE WORTH OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Henry Burkhardt, of Saskatchewan, sent Dodd's Kidney Pills to Dakota, and His Friend, Joins in Their Praises.

Box valley, Sask., May 27.—(Special.)—"I tell everyone that suffers from kidney trouble to take Dodd's Kidney Pills." These are the words of Mr. Henry Burkhardt, of this place.

"I took Dodd's Kidney Pills for eight months," Mr. Burkhardt continued, "and now I feel as well as ever I did in my life. I also sent one box to a friend who lives in Dakota, and who I knew suffered from his kidneys."

"My friend wrote me to get him some more of Dodd's Kidney Pills, as the doctors could do nothing to help him. He said Dodd's Kidney Pills were the best medicine he had ever taken."

"I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills."

In the sparsely-settled parts of the West, where doctors are few, Dodd's Kidney Pills have long held an honored place in the family medicine chest. The conditions which are common to newly-settled prairie countries make kidney trouble one of the most prevalent ills, and the settlers early discovered the splendid results to be obtained from Dodd's Kidney Pills. Ask your neighbor about them.



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Cover the scars of wear and tear on walls and floors and furniture. A wall re-tinted—a floor varnished—a hall painted—a chair or dining room set re-stained—the whole house made fresh and bright, spic and span. There are

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