

AUTOS AS BAD IN COUNTRY AS BULL ON CITY STREETS

American Farmers Declare that the Automobile is a Nuisance and Should be Put Under Restrictions

There seems to be always something coming along to upset the nerves of the agricultural equine, and make him do stunts all over the ditch or run away and smash things all to pieces. The farmer and his wife under the capsized vehicle in the ditch is always a more or less familiar spectacle on the country roads—always has been since the exit of the corduroy, and likely always will be. It is the bicycle, the steam thrasher, and now the automobile.

Our readers remember the threat of an irate farmer, in the Newcastle Chronicle, to reorganize the Cavan Blazers and go after the autos with pitchforks, guns and barbed wire entanglements. That Canadians are not much more excited over the depredations of the horseless carriage than the Americans seems likely from the following letters to the Cleveland Farm Journal:

An Ohio subscriber writes:—"I wish you would keep on agitating this subject, until our law makers will take hold and compel auto owners to build roads to run the wicked things on, so we farmers can go out on our own roads without risking our lives. I am afraid to take my team out only when it is too muddy for the auto. I have a fine mare my wife and daughter could drive anywhere; she is afraid of nothing but the auto; now they cannot drive anywhere.

We can hardly express our indignation when we hear of the wrong done our people by the reckless drivers of those road machines. We know that farmers, their wives and daughters are being driven off the best public roads and forced into the byways, or obliged to stay home, or go on rainy days when the autos are not out, and the situation is getting worse all the time. Not one half of the auto drivers hold up for frightens teams, so one never knows when he is going to meet a crazy racer.

An Indiana subscriber writes:—"If a wild animal should escape from some circus and run at large on the public highways and farmers would be apt to turn out with guns and drive it out of the country. If a traction engine is run on a public road the engineer is compelled to stop at a certain distance from an approaching team, whether there is danger or not. He has to get out of the road and shut off all steam. The automobile is a cross between the ferocious beast and the traction engine and "auto" be governed by the laws which apply to both. However, the auto is not all to blame. Perhaps the goggle-eyed spectre who sits therein may have to answer for its depredations in a climate somewhat warmer than ours."

Another Ohio subscriber writes:—"In this part of the country it is not safe for a lady to drive out on the public roads for fear she will meet one. There are very few horses who will not get frightened at the sight, smell and sound of one."

This comes from one of our New York folks:—"It seems to me that no racing speed should be allowed on public roads by any sort of vehicles, autos or wheelbarrows. I would suggest that the laws be changed to forbid the use of roads to any machine that can be driven faster than eight or ten miles an hour, and upon complaint proper authorities may give expert examination to any machine, and if it can be made to go faster it should be condemned. Let racers stay on race tracks.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer writes:—"It makes a man think to be thrown from a wagon suddenly as one of those scare horses comes along. I think my horse noticed it at least a quarter of a mile away, and as near as I can calculate it came as fast as forty or fifty miles an hour, I have no doubt my horse could have been driven on the streets of Cleveland, but he could not stand that lone monster in the quiet country. This bright sunny day has dried up the roads so that it would be nice to take a ride for pleasure, but that is not safe when the roads are dry and the weather fine, because the scare horse is very likely to be out. Four of us went twenty miles to Akron and back one day last week, but it was a rainy day and the autos were not out. I don't enjoy having to stay at home when the day is pleasant and having to do my riding when it rains. But can I do about it? The auto driver says, "I have just as good a right to the road as you." It is true if he does not have anything with him that is a nuisance, but this auto is a nuisance on our country roads. If I want to exercise my bull on the busy streets of Cleveland, would they not declare it a nuisance, and I would have to take it away? The bull is not adapted to city conditions nor the auto to those of the country."

The editor of The Journal adds: The opposition to the automobiles on country roads—they always take the best—will never cease, but will grow hotter all the time, until laws are passed in every state requiring all drivers on such machines to keep their rate of speed within reasonable bounds, to fetch up at the side of the road and halt when they meet teams, stop their engines, and do whatever is in their power to avoid accidents, and to conserve the life of those who drive horses. The auto racer who recklessly causes a runaway accident, must be deemed an outlaw and not only fined, but be made to pay for all injury done, to the last penny, and the worst cases should be sent to jail into the bargain. Human lives and limbs are too precious to be wantonly sacrificed to the auto craze.

AT TORONTO RECEPTION DUNDONALD TALKS OUT

Hotly Assails the Government and Defends his own Course—Is Enthusiastically Received

On Friday night Toronto was the scene of a demonstration that has not been equalled since Lady Smith Day. The occasion was the visit to that city of the "deliverer of Lady Smith," Lord Dundonald, who is to leave this country after being relieved of his position of General Officer Commanding the Canadian troops, because of his offensive remarks about Hon. Sidney Fisher, at the Montreal banquet.

The reception was intended to be purely non-political and 5,000 people of both sides of politics crowded Massey Hall. All the speakers but Lord Dundonald avoided politics. He, however, plunged into his difference with the government, and made a strong fighting speech.

"I was convinced that matters were indeed, far from satisfactory, and I turned on the searchlight," he said. "There is nothing that some people hate more than the truth."

"I was not I, but others, who were trampling upon the spirit of the constitution."

"Lives have been needlessly sacrificed and mourning and sorrow brought to many a home without any real benefit to the nation by blundering incompetence."

"I believe in taking the people into confidence."

"The real facts are that I am accused of militarism, because I desired that the organization and arrangement of the militia already agreed upon should be carried to a logical conclusion."

These portions of Lord Dundonald's address, uttered in a voice that was determined and emphatic, were followed by continued applause, says the News.

The name of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, mentioned in quoting the premier's utterance about rifle shooting, was received with some hisses and one or two cries of "Traitor."

But it was when his Lordship denied advocating ruinous expenditure that he rose to the height of wrathful censure of his opponents. "It is," he said, "almost incredible that hallucinations of this description should be fabricated, and the flash of indignation which darted from his eye, as he uttered the words, was the signal for another prolonged outburst of cheering."

Lord Dundonald put to the audience point blank the question: "Have I done anything which merits the term of endeavoring to drag on either the Government or the people?" A pause which the oration of Marcus Antonius might have suggested, and a direct questioning glance followed, to be immediately interrupted by loud cries of "No," from all parts of the hall. Considerable use was made by his Lordship of the phrases printed in the Montreal Presse describing him as an "Imperial monster," "a veritable conspirator," "a wolf among sheepfolds," his object, which was fully accomplished, being evidently to excite laughter among his hearers.

Demonstrations loud and long followed the statements: "No man's race or religion has ever biased me," used in connection with the charge of discriminating in favor of an English officer as against a French-Canadian one, and: "When I received my message of dismissal I little knew how the great mass of the Canadian people would sustain me."

LIVELY SCENES.

Without any attempt at rhetorical peroration, Lord Dundonald closed his speech, and in a few minutes was the centre of one of the liveliest scenes ever witnessed outside the Massey Hall. Truth compels one to say that the horses had been unhitched from his carriage some time before he issued from the hall, that men—some in uniform—stood ready, ropes in hand, to draw him through the streets. This was no doubt part of the program. But it can safely be said that if these measures had not been taken in advance they would quickly have resulted from the spontaneous enthusiasm of the waiting crowd. No sooner had his Lordship entered the carriage than he became the centre of a cheering multitude, who surrounded him, shook hands with him, and through the crowd broke through the gates, and thronged Lord Dundonald's car till the train pulled out.

EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC

The Names of Those who Passed the Conservatory Tests Here.

At the recent local examinations under the auspices of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, the following candidates were successful: Lindsay—Pianoforte—Intermediate—Honors—Nellie M. Kingsley, Maude E. Henderson, Nora A. Balfour, Pass—Edna A. C. Greenway, Ethel J. Hood, Junior—Honors—Bertha M. Austin, Edith Stewart, Lila Barker and Helen Ross (equal), Mae Crowe, Sophia C. Taylor, Primary—Honors—Annie Gillespie, Pass—Ethel A. Lacey and Voice—Intermediate—Eva Jordan, Eyma Thorne (equal), Honors—Gertrude Rate, Helen Brady, Pass—Maude Pogue, Junior—Pass—Eva A. Staples, Eva Jordan, Theory—Intermediate—Harmony, counterpoint, and musical form—Honors—J. Norman Eagleson, Junior—Harmony rudiments and history—Honors—Pansie F. Junkin, Pass—Bertha J. Austin, Rudiments and history alone—Honors—Maude E. Henderson, Rudiments alone—First-class honors—Mae Crowe, Primary—Honors—Lila Barker, Pass—Eva A. Staples, Part I. alone—Pass—Bertha Mullen, Part II. alone—First-class honors—Mae Crowe.

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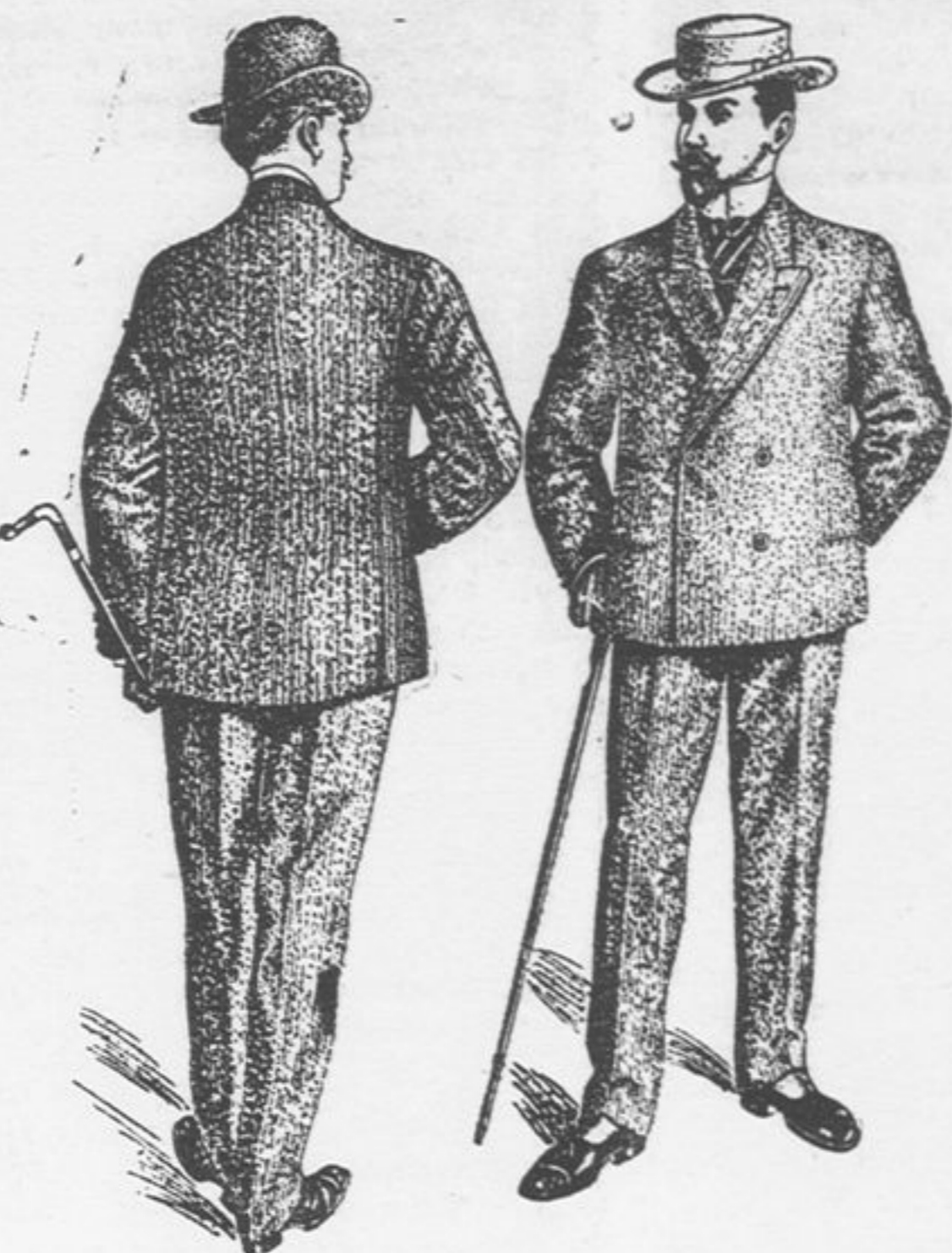
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THE HERO OF THE TRAIN

Called from the hour of his comfort, Called from the deep of a dream, Called from the hour of his comfort, Where fondness is reigning supreme. A lingering caress for a darling, A kiss for a drowsy one's lips, A hurried good-bye, at the doorway And into the darkness he slips. Into the glare of the roundhouse, Greeting his comrades of men; Climbing the steps to the engine, And gripping the throttle again; Creeping away to the country, By slumber-still meadows and vales, Watching the gleam of the headlight That travels the musical rails, Gloom looking out of the heavens, Gloom to the right and the left; Gloom trailing after the rattle, And danger is lurking the bridges, Dander is haunting the curves, But bravely he keeps his position— So nobly his duty he serves, Proud as a conquering warrior, When laurels of battle are won, He rides, constantly looking forward, Till reaching the end of the run, A bite and a drink at the counter, A craving for sleep all in vain, Followed again by the "call-boy," With an order of "Back to the train."

Back again over the country, By woodlands all kissed with the light; The blossoms all beck in the breezes To signal him on his flight, The green of the grass is a dazzle, The telegraph poles glimmer by; He sings to his mate, "Feed 'er faster!" She belches her smoke to the sky, Home again man of the railroad! A welcome of love and laughter, And music that lightens the heart, Back in the joy while you linger, For duty, perhaps is your doom, Fate may be waiting to grasp you, And roll you away to the tomb, The world rushes on with its rattle— The nations tramp not of his fame; Tho' his breast is not blazoned with badges, We know he's a hero the same! Let others sing songs of the soldier, Or the lad of the billowy main, But while they are singing we'll echo A song for the man of the train.

Judge McHugh has found that Matthews, the colored farmer, who a year ago was shot dead by his neighbor in a line-fence dispute, had the right on his side in the dispute. Mr. R. A. Treleven, of Bowmanville, had his leg broken by a kick from a horse. He was sitting on a wagon when a board slid forward and scared the horse. The bones were very badly shattered.

TESTING DAIRY COWS

Farmers Combine to Keep Record of Milk Given by Each Cow

The Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has for some time been recommending the establishment among Canadian dairy farmers of co-operative testing associations, somewhat similar to those which have had such effect in increasing the milking capacity and reducing the cost of production in Danish dairy herds. Under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture, an object lesson along that line is now being given in the district about Cowansville, Que., with the Government Cool Curing Room as the centre where the testing is done and the record kept. Arrangements have been made whereby 82 farmers in the vicinity undertake to keep accurate records of the dairy milk yield of each cow in their herds. Samples of both morning and night's milk are taken three times a month and tested for butter fat at the Cool Curing Room. The milk record sheets are collected monthly, and these are compared with the books of the cheese factory to which the farmers send milk, so that a fairly efficient check on accuracy is provided. Some 1450 cows are concerned in this Cowansville census, which shows that the large dairymen of that district are alive to the importance of weeding out the unprofitable producers. This testing association is, as yet, merely in the experimental stage, but if it works out satisfactorily, it will doubtless lead to a considerable extension of the movement.

STEAMER ON THE ROCKS

Another of the R. & O. Passenger Boats Meets Disaster

The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company is having bad luck this season. A few weeks ago the Steamer Canada was sunk in collision in the St. Lawrence and on early Friday morning the Carolina another of its boats ran on the rocks in the Saguenay river. At two in the morning the vessel suddenly struck a reef near Chicoutimi, shot partly over and rocks and plowed into a sand bank. The 150 passengers were in their berths, but no panic occurred. The people were landed in small boats. The two front compartments filled with water through big holes torn in the hull. The steamer was rebuilt three years ago at a cost of a quarter of a million after getting on the rocks in the same river.



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LINDSAY

LORD DUNDONALD IN HIS OWN

Turned On the Refuted Argument

His Lordship Before the Audience at Massey Hall, Toronto, D. of 1908 Contained the Necessitating Canada—An Impassioned Plea for the Support of the Government.

Toronto, July 21st. The audience at Massey Hall, Toronto, D. of 1908 Contained the Necessitating Canada—An Impassioned Plea for the Support of the Government.

AT MASSEY HALL

In the evening Massey Hall by the audience at Massey Hall, Toronto, D. of 1908 Contained the Necessitating Canada—An Impassioned Plea for the Support of the Government.

An address for-General Douglas Mackenzie Cochrane, Esq., O. C. B., from to in public at Massey Hall, Toronto, D. of 1908 Contained the Necessitating Canada—An Impassioned Plea for the Support of the Government.

LORD DUNDONALD

When the E receive the universal all chiefs waved man waved on stood up on the better subsidized Lord "I thank ye for the kind Words do no express to yo mentioned, si South Africa (cheers.) I gentlemen, the much credit, men under a gallant mer "Hore—we w "Credit." (Ch "A Hat "I do not sary to trou with regard which led up sal from the (Shame, sha perhaps har intimately c a nation tha be placed in possible. "I was m ters in this satisfactory, SEARCHLE cheering)—T OF CANAD AN EVIL, THEIR DE followed? wards the realized tha was true, I NC THIA MUCH AS T even the ti own inter turned the man who v places. Th that I was endeavoring power, acti of the cons IT WAS N WERE T SPIRIT O that great, sential prin head—us or political "Importa "All right the vital nce with administer man; sure try, the se of the adm the man w in an imp should ha rather tha This que to be of who do ne I would u who has I and he w