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THE WATCHMAN-WARDER, DECEMBER 4th, 1932. PAGE FIFTEEN

PETE JOHNSON WAS A WINNER

The Erstwhile Bag Puncher Found Occasion to Hit Something Alive

HE THRASHED TWO MEN

Albert Dutty Tackled More Than His Match This Time and Badly Used up

Slim Pete, the Medicine Man, who is quite prominent on the streets last summer is here still. Most people who live in or come to this town saw the gaunt chap with the long black hair and scanty attire, as he punched the bag and cried his name beginning ever again with "I am selling a medicine for the cure of rheumatism." Most people know that he was taken hold of by the police as a vagrant, sent to jail by Police Magistrate Steers, kept there for several days and then let go. Since that time he has lived chiefly in town. He teamed for Spratt and Killen for a while and then got a job as bus driver for the Benson House. In that capacity he has made a good many friends among the young folks of the town who all like the bold, courteous chap who minds his own business and yet leaves the impression that he could take care of himself as well if he need be.

That he could do so was made pretty clear on Thursday at the Benson House. When he was unchallenged by his team after coming from the train that night, Albert Dutty, known as something of a scrapper around town and a companion called him a vile name and attacked him. Pete had his fur coat on and a bridle in his hand. He threw Dutty who was helped up by his companion. Pete then backed away, and got his fur coat off. Being again attacked he was using the bridle with good effect when some of the other employees of the hotel came out and stopped the fight.

A short time after, Pete was in the wash-room of the hotel washing the blood from his face when Dutty entered and jumped on him unawares. For the moment, Pete appeared to be in a bad predicament, but seizing the arms of his antagonist, who is a powerful man, he broke his hold and like a flash let go some of those lightning bag-smashers on Dutty's face and head. In a few seconds it was all over and the man who had thrashed many a Lindsay fighter, and a year ago upset Chief Nevison and got away after a mix-up at the same hotel, was cowed and conquered by the lanky medicine man, who afterward talked of his victory as quieting as if he had done nothing unusual.

On Friday Pete laid an information against Dutty charging him with assault. On Saturday Chief Nevison was unable to find his man to serve him, but said that from what he could learn, Dutty was hiding till his face should heal up.

VALENTIA

A number of our citizens of the bachelor persuasion attended the auction sale of household furniture at Lindsay a few days ago. Straws point the way the wind blows.

The many friends of Kenneth Ferguson, will regret to learn of his death on Wednesday, 26th inst. at Toronto. He had been suffering from cancer for some time and having undergone an operation failed to survive it. He leaves a widow, three sons and three daughters to mourn his untimely end. The funeral took place on Friday at the Methodist cemetery, Little Britain.

There was a pleasant quilting bee at the home of Mr. James Moffatt on Tuesday of last week.

A largely attended temperance meeting was held on Tuesday week. Rev. Mr. Clare gave an excellent address. Mr. Wm. Hore presided as chairman.

The young man who goes out to Zion occasionally attempted to take a short cut through the fields home a few evenings ago, but got lost owing to the dense fog. He wandered around in a circle for two hours before he struck the fence which led him to liberty. He realized his position keenly, feeling that "if he was

KILLED UNDER HIS ENGINE

A Shocking Fatality at the Junction on Saturday Morning

FIREMAN BARNES KILLED

Was Working Under His Engine When it Started—He Was Badly Mangled

A shocking accident occurred at the Junction just north of the town on Saturday morning. By it a young man named Jas. Barnes, lost his life.

Barnes was a Toronto man and had boarded in town only a short time, during which he had been firing on trains running through or out of this town. On Saturday morning at 5.30, a double-header train started for Midland. The first engine was manned by Driver J. Storey and the deceased fireman; Driver Costello was on the second. Conductor Greenbury was in charge.

The train stopped at the Junction and Barnes took advantage of the stop to go under his engine to try and dislodge the poker that had got fast in the fire-box. Before going under, he told the driver that he was going, and by him was cautioned to tell the driver of the second engine that he was going. This he seems to have failed to do for while he was working under the engine the train started and the unfortunate fellow had a leg, arm and part of his head taken off by the wheels. The whole train passed over him and had run some distance down the track and again come to a standstill before it became known that the accident had happened. Then the conductor came forward and said: "Where is Barnes?" Neither driver knew and the conductor said: "I guess he has been killed; they have found a body on the track back there." This proved to be the case.

The remains were brought to town and an inquest begun, but because of the absence of witnesses it was adjourned.

Barnes was twenty-two years old. He had been with the C.P.R. until five months ago. He came here from Allandale, and boarded with Mrs. McKay, Russell-st. Barnes' father is a C.P.R. conductor and lives in North Toronto.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

OAKWOOD

School report for November: Sen. 4th Emerson Coad 91, Stella Philip, 88, Clara Bell Falls 77, Letta Philip, 76, Gladys Hughson 75, Elsie King 71, Garfield Falls 70, Leonore Cameron 69, Pearl Coad 62, Vera Taft 59, Norman McCrimmon 47, Maude Martindale 46, Pearl Thorndike 44, Fred Lake 7, Junior 4th—Katie Coplestone 95, Sara Savinac 92, Arnold Coad 88, Walter Champion 83, May Coad 81, Pearl Irwin 77, Horace Coad 72, Russell Giles 48, Morley Goad 37, Garnet Wilson 28, Harold Hogg 25, 3rd class—Evelyn Cameron 84, Louie Wood 87, Roy Philip 86, Winnie Hogg 86, Laura Lake 84, Mildred King 84, Roy Rich 81, Hazel Richardson 78, Ida Webster 75, Wm. Coplestone 69, Nellie Seal 66, Olive Wilson 49, Harry Gwyer 43, Stella Connor 22.

The annual meeting of the patrons and stockholders of the Oakwood Cheese and Butter Co. will be held in the factory on Friday, Dec. 5th, at 2 p.m.

SOUTH OPS

The annual winding-up meeting of the patrons and shareholders of the Pine Grove Cheese factory will be held at the factory on Saturday, Dec. 6th, at 2 p.m. A full attendance is requested.

FLEETWOOD

The annual meeting of the Fleetwood Cheese Association was held in the Temperance Hall, Lifford, on Friday, the 28th, Nov. 1932. The following officers were elected for next season: William Hanna, president, salesman and treasurer; Mr. J. A. Wood, secretary, Wm. J. Grandy, auditor George W. Sisson, Archibald Noble and Joseph Staples, directors. Proceeds of past season were as follows: 2133495 lbs. of milk 194775 lbs. of cheese, \$19915.50 proceeds, 76 1-5 average price per 100 lbs milk, 10 1-5 average price per lb. of cheese, 10 95-100 average number of lbs. of milk to make a lb. of cheese.

MILLERSMITH-NORTH EMILY

Report of S. S. No. 3 Emily for November is as follows: 5th class—Mable Callaghan, Rollie Parker, Bert Padgett, Sr. 4th—John Parker, Weston Smith, Reggie McMullen, Jr. 4th—Ethel Parker, Wilfred McMullen, Leslie Kennedy, Ross Callaghan, White, Austin Kennedy, Oliver Johns James, McGahy, Lizzie Endicott, May Middleton, John White. Second class—Willie Callaghan, Stanley Parker, Melville McInnis, Allan Kennedy Bella Middleton, Robbie Graham, Fred Parker. Part 2—Nellie Graham May Hodge, Alvin Courtney, Zureen Johns, Chas. Callaghan, Willie Burdon. Senior 1st—Carry White, Naomi Callaghan, May Hodge, Marshall Middleton, Evans Johns, Jackson Bell. Junior 1st—Pearl McMullen Mansell, Mansell Ashmore, Wilmer Kennedy, Irwin White, Jackson Bell. Tablets—Mortie Courtney, Nellie English, Albert Hodge, Gracie Parker, Vera Johns, Erma Kennedy, Georgia Johns. JOHN McPHADYEN, Teacher.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

can be bought here any day now. Buy them or merely choose them and they will be kept for you until the eventful day.

A nice lot of dainty appropriate tokens here again this year. Mentioning names would make a long list. So would quoting prices. It would make it much easier for you if you would make up your mind to see these presents.

No Trouble to Show You Them

E. GREGORY,

Corner Drug Store, Lindsay

We do Up-To-Date Printing Try Some, You'll Like It.

THE N. HOCKIN SHOE STORE

WHITE'S OLD STAND, LINDSAY

A PROGRESSIVE SHOE BUSINESS

The growing time continues in full swing at this big Shoe Store. Our November Sales were away ahead of any former month in the history of the business, and Saturday last was the Banner Day of all our big days. We take this as a mark of appreciation on the part of the public of our business methods and the result of selling Shoes that are reliable at fair reasonable prices.

THE CHRISTMAS TRADE

We are prepared for a Big Holiday Business. Our stock is immense in all departments. The Xmas trade will begin early this year and this store will get its share of it by offering special attractions and inducements to its customers. We carry a big line of

TRUNKS, SUIT-CASES, HAND-BAGS, SATCHELS, etc.

As a starter in Holiday Goods we will sell this week a dozen or so of Handsome \$2.00 Trunks for \$1.50 each, and a dozen more or less American Suit Cases worth \$2.75 for \$1.75 each.

FURTHER PARTICULARS NEXT WEEK

The N. HOCKIN SHOE STORE

Curiosities of Glycerin.

One of the great advantages of glycerin in its chemical employment is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its nonvolatile qualities make the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature, it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy, but these crystals being once melted it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerin, no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

On the Carpet.

The London Chronicle in an article criticising a popular book says, apropos of the expression "on the carpet," which is used in the book:

"On the carpet" again. Without any wish to charge so brilliant an author with the offenses of her times, we are compelled to observe, in the same book, that absurd carpet spread once more for the discussion of affairs. "Le tapis," on which things have been talked over in French literature, is, need we say, not a carpet, but a table cover—in fact, the green baize table cover of diplomatic convocation. On that are laid the papers, the protocols. A tapis is a carpet only when it covers the floor. Paper hangings are called tapisseries, but even the English haste to burlesque, with an eye to quaintness, the idioms of the stranger has not led our authors to speak of carpeting French walls. Would that "jumps to the eyes" and "it goes without saying" might be suppressed forever in English; but, at any rate, they are correct translations, whereas "on the carpet" is not.

The Doukhobors.

The Doukhobors, that queer Russian set in Canada, are vegetarians of the first water. A writer in the Outlook says: "One of the few English words they know is 'grease,' and upon my offering them any food—bread, for instance—they would look at it suspiciously and inquire, 'Grease?' They were afraid that lard or tallow might have been used in making the bread, and, if so, they would not eat it. Some of the Indians do not care to have the Doukhobors visit them, as they are regarded as 'queer,' and I have seen a Cree Indian wave an approaching Doukhobor away by holding up a piece of bannock in front of his tent, with a deprecating gesture and the word 'Grease!'"

A Family of Birds.

The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times, says an exchange. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robin, her second Sparrow, and the present one's name is Quail. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three little Quails in the family. One grandfater was a Swann, and another was a Jay, but he is dead and now a bird of paradise. They live in Hawk avenue, Engleville, Canary Islands, and the fellow who writes this article is a lye bird and an interested relative of the family.

PARTING

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months and months to lagging years
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth.

A Miracle in China.

Actors in China are very well paid, but are much despised. No actor or son of an actor, says the Chicago News, can compete at the public examinations for the literary degree which is the doorway to public office, and consequently the actor's profession, when once adopted, is vital to those who follow it.

An English doctor was called to attend a young actor whose leg was in a bad condition from careless treatment. The foot had been amputated as a result of compound fracture caused by a fall on the stage. Filth and neglect had done the rest, and there was very little chance of the man's recovery. Still the doctor felt justified in taking that chance and therefore amputated the man's leg. To the surprise of the doctor, the leg healed by first intention, and in a few weeks the actor was ready to resume work. The doctor fitted him with an artificial leg, and his good fortune began.

He at once undertook a part where his leg was knocked off, to the horror of the audience. After the apparent accident he was carried off the stage and presently reappeared, walking as well as before.

The Chinese are unfamiliar with artificial legs, and each time the dramatic incident occurred they regarded it as a miracle.

Aroused His Curiosity.

The agitated young man began: "Mr. Brockman, you may have noticed that I have been a frequent caller at your house for the last year or more."

"Yes," replied the busy merchant, "I have seen you there now and then, I remember."

"You will not be surprised therefore when I tell you that I want to marry your daughter."

"But,"

"Let me anticipate any objections you might have, Mr. Brockman. I am of good family, I am not dissipated, I have a good business and am abundantly able to support a wife. All I ask is—"

"But, young man!"

"I can bring testimonials to prove all I say. I have never wanted any other girl, and—"

"But!"

"And never shall want any other girl. From the first it has been a case of—"

"Look here, young man, let me get in a word. Which one of my four daughters is it you want?"—Chicago Tribune.

Duties of the "Pet" Sheep.

Out at the abattoir the "pets" among the sheep may be distinguished by their superior height and shapeliness and by the intelligence of their expression. The pets are murderers. In the other pens sheep come and go by thousands to the slaughter, but the pets remain. They are trained to lead their fellows to death, and they do this work well, for they have by reason of their strength, intelligence and beauty a great influence. When the butchers of the abattoir wish to slaughter a flock of sheep word is passed to the pets, and they indifferently, calmly, saunter in among the flock, gain their confidence and esteem and then take their places at their head and lead them to the slaughter house.

The Dwarf Palm of Algeria.

The dwarf palm, which furnishes considerable quantities of fiber, grows in great profusion in Algeria and is one of the principal obstacles to the clearing of the land, so thickly does it grow and so difficult to pull up. Its roots, in shape resembling carrots, penetrate into the ground to the depth of a yard or more, and when its stem only is cut it sprouts out again almost immediately. As its name indicates, this palm is very small and can only attain a certain height when protected, as in the Arab cemeteries, for example.

Life at Scheveningen.

A recent writer on Holland's famous watering place says: "At Scheveningen, if you wish to keep away from the grand suburb and eat among the old fashioned folk of the fishing village, the staple of which will be sweet rye bread, fresh butter of the finest quality and incomparable herring. If you want a real Dutch lunch, it will consist of rye bread and cheese, with a glass of rich milk. The milk has some curious and picturesque associations. In the early morning—again if you keep to the old quarters—you will see the dogs, which are universal beasts of burden in the Netherlands, dragging the little milk carts. The barrels are brightly painted and are mounted with shining brass. And, while the milk carts are going round, the maids—generally plump and swaddled in manifold skirts which give them the aspect of abnormal lattitude—are bustling about with the pail and mop and that 'glazen spuit' which is one of the most cherished of Dutch domestic institutions. It is a great brass squirt with which windows and shutters are energetically sluiced."

The Conductor's Baton.

According to the investigations of a Frenchman the credit of inventing the conductor's baton belongs to Lully, the composer, who eventually had cause to regret his invention. Before he adopted the baton conductors were in the habit of pounding on the floor with their feet or clapping their hands to mark the time. Lully found it wearisome to keep his foot constantly in motion and so used a stick to strike the floor and beat time. He used a pole six feet long. One day he brought down the pole with such force that it struck his foot and made a deep wound. He paid no attention to the matter. The wound grew worse and ultimately caused his death.

After his time conductors tried more and more to improve the baton, and it was ultimately brought to its present form.

The Tricky Fox.

A gentleman while hunting near a river one winter day saw a fox run out on the ice and make at full speed for an opening in the ice where the rushing water of the river could be plainly seen from the bank, says the Scotsman. At the edge he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank and then ran some distance down the stream and sat there. Soon a dog came crashing out of the woods, baying furiously, hot on the fox's trail. Now, dogs when on a chase of this kind trust almost entirely to their noses. This one was no exception. He ran along the ice, head down, and when he reached the hole he could not stop, but plunged into the water and disappeared forever. Then the fox trotted away with every sign of satisfaction.

Stupid Husband of a Noted Singer.

Catalani's husband, a handsome Frenchman, was even more uneducated than his wife—he was stupid. Once, having found the pitch of the piano too high, she said after the rehearsal to her husband: "The piano is too high. Will you see that it is made lower before the concert?"

When the evening came, Catalani was annoyed to find that the piano had not been altered. Her husband sent for the carpenter, who declared that he had sawed off two inches from each leg, as he had been ordered to do. "Surely it can't be too high now, my dear!" said the stupid husband soothingly.

The Cause of His Grief.

The danger of explaining all one's troubles is illustrated by an incident from Chums. A kind hearted old gentleman had found a small boy crying and stopped to see what was the matter.

"Why are you crying, my little lad?" he asked.

"Boohoo!" said the boy. "Billy Wells hit me, an' father hit me because I left Billy hit me, an' Billy Wells hit me again because I told father, an' now father 'll hit me again because Billy Wells hit me the second time."

A Sailor's Fish Test.

Sailors have a very simple and what is said to be a very effective way of determining the edible or nonedible qualities of any new varieties of fish they may happen to run across. In the water in which the fish is boiled is placed a bright silver coin. If the coin retains its natural color during the boiling process, the fish is good to eat, but if it turns dark the food is rejected.

JOHN P. CUNNING'S