The Flesherton Advance.

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Theft Charge Was Dismissed

Prominent Ceylon Farmer Charged With Theft Of Steer From Field

Steer Goes To Defendant

Magistrate Spereman Stated Theft Charge Should Not Have Been Laid

A case against Alex. S. Muir of Ceylon for the theft of a steer from George Campbell of Glenelg township was tried before Magistrate Spereman of Owen Sound at Markdale Friday afternoon. The case against Mr Muir was discharged by the Magistrate, who stated that under no stretch of the imagination could the charge be considered as theft and should not have been brought as a criminal action, but under the jurisdiction of a civil coure. Under the evidence presented the Magistrate said he had no other course than to decide that the animal was Muir's, as several witnesses stated that the beast, taken by the defendant had been clipped, while those of the plaintiff were not, the trimming corresponding to that on Muir's other cattle.

On August 3rd Mr. Muir and his hired man, Sterling Whyte, took the former's steer from amongst Mr, Geo. Campbell's herd, after it had escaped fromMr. D. Stewart's pasture, were it had been with Mr. Muir's cattle. Mr. Campbell claimed the beast was his, but could not describe it to the satisfaction of the court that the steer Mr. Muir took was the one that the plaintiff had lost. Both claimed that their animal had a peculiar round mark around the right eye amid a white face, but one of Campbell's witnesses could not say whether or not the spot was broken with white which was the case of the Muir animal.

Magistrate Spereman was very much impressed with the evidence of both Mr. Muir and Mr. Whyte and as Mr. Muir had been in communication with Mr. Campbell about a lost steer and had made arrangements to visit the pasture farm, where the steer was located and taken home, so he could not see that Mr. Muir had committed any act of theft. The Magistrate asked "why didn't Campbell say something to Muir about a similar animal of his being in the field, when Mr. Muir enquired?" In order to save further litigation between the parties the Magistrate stated that he could not see anything but that the beast taken out of Campbell's field belonged to Muir.

The case caused a ripple of excitement in the Ceylon district, where the defendant is highly regarded and no one considered him guilty of theft including Mr. Campbell, although the charge had been preferred in that manner. Ten witnesses were called by the plaintiff, while thirteen witnessed for the defence. The court room was crowded, many spectators using the open windows in an effort to hear the evidence.

Mr. F. G. McKay, Owen Sound, appeared for the defence, while W. D. Henry, K.C., acted as prosecutor.

Durham Took Second

Durham turned savagely against Kimberley on Thursday last and took them for a convincing ride to the tune of 7-2, thereby taking a strangle-hold on their chances of making the final games with Collingwood. Kimberley, however, has yet to be heard from in the third game, and they will be in there battling on Thursday at Markdale to eliminate Durham. Len Haines, Kimberley catcher, will be handicapped somewhat with an injured finger sustained at Durham.

McLean pitched a splendid game for Durham and subdued the Kimberley nine to the extent of only two hits, while his teammates gathered in eleven for an easy win. Kimberley was tamed completely until the ninth inning when they connected with the ball sufficiently to score two runs and prevent a shut-out. Alonzo Smith, Kimberley ace, had an off day and his usually puzzling slants had no terror for Durham. He was touched for eleven hits, while his fellow-sufferers committeed five errors.

Kimberley	000 000 002—2	2	5
Durham	001 011 04x—7	11	4

THANK YOU!

The editor would greatly appreciate a response from every subscriber whose subscription to this paper is in arrears. The amount that each delinquent subscriber owes may seem small and trifling, but collectively it represents a very helpful working capital. Please make it a point to clear up as much as you can of this little indebtedness before the end of September. Do it now and then you will be certain that it will not be overlooked.

Respected Citizen Ill

Many citizens will regret to learn of the serious illness of Mr. H. Down. For some time Mr. Down has been a sufferer and a few weeks ago his physician found it necessary to amputate one of Mr. Down's toes and it did not heal as desired.

Mr. Down is at present in Toronto where he is undergoing treatment The Advance voices the sentiment of his many friends when it expresses the hope that the treatment will be successful and that he will soon be restored to health.

Osprey Farmer Was Knocked Unconscious

Harry Coirvoisier of the 8th Line, Osprey, was severely injured early Friday morning at a threshing at the farm of Mr. Wm. Moffatt, a neighbor, when it is alleged that he was struck on the head with an iron bar by Jim Badgerow, an employee of Sherman Ottewell, thresher.

Mr. Coirvoisier had been at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. Sam Hawkins, and on returning his brothers-in-law, Kendal and Kilbourne Hawkins, came with him to attend the Moffatt threshing. On entering the Moffatt farm Kendal went into the orchard for some apples and the other two went towards the barn, passing the threshing engine, at which, it is said, Badgerow and Ottewell were working. According to information no words were spoken by either party. Kilbourne was in the lead going up the gangway of the barn, which he entered, and secured his fork where it had been left the night before. When he turned towards the door it is said that he saw Coirvoisier on the ground and Badgerow standing over him, kicking him while holding the iron bar in his hand. The victim was unconscious for several minutes and sufefred a deep gash on the head, above the left eye. He was assisted to his home across the road and Dr. Lindsay of Feversham dressed the wound, which required several stitches to close, and watched for any complications to develop. On Tuesday Mr. Coirvoisier was allowed up for the first time and is improving nicely.

The alleged assault is said to have been brought about by a meeting between Ottewell and Coirvoisier the evening before, when a fight ensued, the battle being continued the next morning. Another story is to the effect that Badgerow struck in self defence.

Provincial Constable Siebert of Meaford was called, but no arrest was made and a charge has not yet been laid against Badgerow.

Child Killed By Truck

Florence Elvie Dobie, 7 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Dobie of Derby was killed when hit by a truck while on her way to school. Add one more to the victims of this modern juggernaut. The driver was held blameless.

Points On Hog Feeding

The big thing for the hog feeder to keep in mind, according to the Dominion Animal Husbandman, is "the feeder needs the frame but the packer wants the finish;" and the ideal type which sells as the "select" bacon hog must have both. Grow the frame first. Never feed more than pigs will clean up; overfeeding, particularly of heavy or unbalanced rations, causes unthriftiness which, in turn, is the common cause of short, thick pigs. For the first four months the pig should clean his trough and look for more.

Still, an airplane doesn't try to butt a train off the track.

Two Injured In Maxwell Accident

Severe injuries were received by Patrick Horrigan and Mrs. N. Heeney of Ayton when a car, in which they were riding, struck a truck, owned and driven by Stanley Smith, at the Buckingham Corner, one and a quarter miles east of Maxwell on Friday evening. Rev. Brother Arnold of Toronto, driver of the car, Miss Mary Horrigan and Mrs. D. Ryan, both of Ayton received bruises and were also badly shaken up. The injured were removed to a house nearby and Dr. Lindsay of Feversham treated the wounds and ordered Mr. Horrigan and Mrs. Heeney to the Durham hospital, where they were taken by an ambulance.

The party was returning from a visit to the Martyrs' Shrine at Midland, when coming down the grade towards the corner they crashed into a truck driven by Stanley Smith of Feversham and carrying a load of wood. It is said that Smith had stopped at the corner and had started slowly across the road when the car suddenly shot down the hill from the east. The left rear fender of the car caught the bumper of the truck, turned the truck towards Maxwell and itself turned over one or twice and landed on its wheels at the side of the road. The top and rear portion were damaged considerably, while the bumper of the truck was torn off and other minor damages sustained.

Provincial Constable Siebert of Meaford conducted an investigation, but as yet no charge has been laid against either of the parties.

Campbell-Jones

A quiet, but pretty, wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Jones, Bluevale, Ont., on Saturday, September 8th at 11 a.m., when their eldest daughter, Lavina Caroline, became the bride of Mr. Gladwyn Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell of Maxwell, Ontario. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Vallance Robb of Bluevale, under an arch of evergreeens, prettily decorated with pink and white streamers. The Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin was played by a friend of the bride, Miss Donna Smith of Bluevale.

The bride was becomingly attired in a blue-grey swagger suit with navy and white accessories, and carried a bouque of mixed flowers and was given in marriage by her father. Miss Mary Jones acted as her sister's bridesmaid, and wore a dress of pale blue silk crepe with matching accessories. The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Cecil Hayes of Maxwell.

During the signing of the register Miss Donna Smith sang "I Love You Truly," accompanied by Mrs. Robb.

After the ceremony the guests sat down to a very dainty wedding luncheon. The groom's gift to the bride was a purse; to the bridesmaid a necklace and to the groomsman, cuff links, the organist receiving a lovely compact. The good wishes of a host of friends were expressed by many beautiful gifts, among them a silver tea service.

Early in the afternoon, amid showers of confetti, the bridal couple left by train for St. Marys, Stratford and other points, and on their return will reside on the groom's farm near McIntyre, Ont.

PAVING FINISHED

Paving of the ten foot strip between Flesherton and Dundalk is finishing this Thursday morning with the completion of the section north of the cemetery, where the road sank three years ago. Immediately on the completion the King Paving Co. will commence levelling the remainder of the road, fitting it for traffic.

No further word has been received from the Department of Highways for the paving of the second half of the road, so it is not likely to be done this year, and if not now, it will be a few years before it will be completed.

DUCK SEASON OPENED

Duck hunting opened on Saturday with the closing of the trout fishing season. A number of hunters were out, but were not successful in securing very many ducks.

CANADIAN WOOL CROP

Canada uses about four million pounds of wool recovered from rags every year, in addition to her own domestic clip and imported supplies. The wool grown in Canada provides only about one-third of the requirements of the Canadian textile industry, so that the Dominion imports annually about eight million pounds of clean raw wool and twelve million pounds of yarn and other semi-manufactures of wool. On the other hand on an average about one-third of the wool grown in Canada is exported.

New Creamery In View

For some time the Board of Trade of Flesherton has been moving towards securing a creamery for the village, and several creamery men have been looking into the matter. Although nothing definite can be announced we are in a position to state that arrangements are nearing a slimax. We hope to have a definite announcement for next week's issue.

Large Window Broken

A large plate glass show window in Mr. F. H. W. Hickling's store was smashed last week when hit by a stone from a passing truck. Mr. A. C. Muir had his truck parked near the store and was moving away on low gear when a tire flipped a loose stone on the pavement with such force against the large pane as to shatter it considerably. Mr. Hickling had the window insured so his loss will not be very heavy.

Montgomery-Long

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Long at Feversham on Saturday September 15th, when their daughter Zella Gertrude, was united in marriage to Mr. Harry Russel Montgomery, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Montgomery of Dundalk, Rev. A. E. Baker of Dundalk officiating. The ceremony took place under an arch trimmed with pink and white, banked with asters and gladioli.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of pale pink mouseline de soie, her veil being of blush pink silk tulle, arranged in cap effect and caught at the back with orange blossoms. She carried an arm bouquet of Ophelia roses and lily-of-the-valley. The bride and groom were unattended. Miss Vera Fletcher, cousin of the bride, played the wedding march.

The young couple left by motor for Montreal and points east, the bride travelling in a brown marvona suede wool suit, with silver fox fur and accessories to match and on their return will reside in Dundalk.

Irish Can Grow Spuds

Mr. Thos. Taylor of town has been digging his potatoes. One day last week he dug seven that collectively weighed ten pounds and more than filled a 6-quart basket. These were taken to Toronto by a traveller just to show the Queen City people what kind of spuds the Irish in Artemesia can produce.

Egg Export Outlook Bright

The outlook for egg exports to Great Britain this fall continues bright. The bulk of the exports will not start to move until October. With the storage stocks less than a year ago, the outlook for the egg market during the winter continues very favorable. Farmers are appreciating more and more the fact that poultry is providing a profitable route through which they may market some of their surplus grains.

Splendid Crops

A letter from Mr. Horace Hurlburt of Peace River, Alta., formerly of Kimberley informs The Advance that they have had wonderful crops this year. Yields of 100 bushels of oats and between 50 and 60 bushels of wheat are recorded. Threshing is well advanced.

Well, a little frost tangs up the pumpkin for the pie.

A Small Boy's Letter On The Toronto Fair

Away back in the early, early eighties a small boy from a small Ontario village went with his mother on an excursion to see the Toronto Fair, alias Provincial Exposition alias Canadian National Exhibition At his father's request he writes his elderly uncle in Englnd a story of the event, as follows:

"Wake up! Get up, Eddie!" Eddie drowsily opened his eyes a little wee bit, then frowned and squirmed over to his other side as he grumbled "Oh, pshaw, what you want to bother me so early for, it's hardly daylight?" "Tut, tut, don't talk like that. This is the day we go to the Toronto Fair." Say, uncle, you'd think a hundred springs were let loose (I mean steel springs, not the kind you drink out of) the way Eddie's eyes opened wide and he sprang up like a jack-in-the-box. "Oh, mom, you bet I'll hurry." "sh-h-h! Don't wake Mr. Doll." Mr. Doll is the watchmaker and jeweller, and he stays at our place and sleeps in my room, because there is no boarding house in our village, but the hotel. He is a young German and has no friends and I guess pa and ma think they wouldn't like their boy to have to live and work in a strange village, with no friends and no home except a hotel, even if it was good and quiet like Munshaw's.

I am writing in this style because it sounds more like a story—besides it doesn't have so many staring "I's" (I made that joke.)

Eddie grabbed his stockings which as usual, were crossed on top of his clothes neatly piled on his bedpost, and soon was dressed. Breakfast was over quickly — too quickly for what happened to the hard boiled egg I'll tell you when I come to that. Charlie soon had Simon (he's the horse) hitched to the buggy and took Eddie and his mother to the station. Alas, for the hard-boiled egg Eddie was to eat on the train! It was not boiled hard enough, and I guess three in a buggy is a crowd, for when he put his hand in his pocket, it got into a fine mess—scrambled egg. Luckily it wasn't the pocket where he kept his hanky. Mr. Meldrum—he's the station master, and has a long white beard like Moses, and leads the singing in the Presbyterian church—well he took Eddie into a little room, like a kitchen, and his ma soon had his pocket clean. After a while the train whistled and soon could be seen puffing big gobs of smoke as it came around the curve and up the grade from Snell's crossing, like crawling out of a hole. (A grade is a kind of low hill.)

Nothing happened for a long time on the train, but Eddie missed the egg, but at the Y at Caledon they loaded up the tender with more wood and water for the engine. I suppose you just burn coal on your engines. Perhaps they loaded too much for lo and behold, the front truck broke down while going over a frog (not a bull frog, but a kind of big iron that joins the rails.) They had to jack up the engine and it took so long to repair they were afraid the regular train—ours was a special—would catch up before we reached Toronto, but it didn't.

Eddie and his ma were in time for the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise—he's our new Governor-General. I guess Eddie's ma must have looked like a duchess, because when they came to the Queen's hotel they walked right up stairs, across the hall and out onto the front balcony and nobody said booh! The balcony, which was jammed full, looked down a short street called Lorne, which led from the railway tracks to Front Street, and had tiers and tiers—that's rows—of seats on each side for five hundred school children, a choir led by Prof. Torrington. A wide carpet reached from the railway, right to the hotel steps and pretty soon up it there marched two braw Highland laddies skirling (that's playing) their bagpipes, and swinging their kilts and sporons as they led the royal party. The children rose in a mass, the girls dressed in white, waving their hankies, and the boys, waving small union jacks, and all cheering at the top of their voices. As the royal party ascended the hotel steps all joined in singing "God Save the Queen."

Our two friends made their way to a friend's place on Bond Street. She seemed glad to hear about their adventures and invited them to have lunch. Eddie was glad—and hungry for he missed the egg.

After lunch they set out for the fair in a car that runs on rails and is drawn by two horses, and which took them west on Queen St. to Strachan Ave. From there they had to walk down Strachan over the tracks by a bridge on the way to the gates, when what do you think happened? Right on top of the bridge they met the Marquis and Princess in a big open carriage, driving back from opening the Fair and changing it from the Toronto Fair to the Provincial Exposition. Well, Eddie's ma waved her handkerchief and the Princess smiled as they both bowed. Eddie's ma thinks perhaps they remembered seeing them on the balcony at the Queen's and heard Eddie cheering.

Soon as they got into the grounds there were a lot of pumps and windmills and things right outside, but no one would steal them. Then in the stables and pens were horses, cattle, pigs and sheep, like what you see in pictures at home, but didn't know they were real. In the main building, called the "Crystal Palace," because its walls and roof are mostly glass, there were things to make Eddie's eyes pop out. In the centre on a high platform was an orchestra — that's a kind of band where they have a lot of fiddles, little ones and great big ones, instead of cornets and horns, and they don't play "after time" like in the village band. And upstairs—they call that the gallery—there was more music played on a lot of glass tumblers with water in them. The man just dipped his finger-tips in the water and rubbed them around on the tops of the tumbers and it sounded like glass bells chiming. You tune the glasses by adding more water or pouring it out. There were hundreds of butterflies and beetles in glass cases. Eddie's ma preferred to see the quilts and needlework. Out on the lawn they had nine-pounder—that's a kind of cannon you can hitch horses to. They were firing out into the lake about half a mile at an old stone hooker—that's a kind of two-masted schooner that gathers flat stones. It was smart to see how snappily the different gunners did

(Continued on Page 4)

Apple Output Reduced

Early varieties of apples, which account for approximately 25 per cent of the commercial crop in Ontario, yielded almosts up to normal. The production of late varieties is most severely reduced due to winter-killing of most exceptional proportions and to frost damage at blossom time. The estimated commercial output of apples in Ontario is 320,600 barrels this year as compared with 1,068,700 barrels in 1933. Exports of apples from Ontario, which attained a record volume of more than 500,000 barrels last season, are not expected to exceed 75,000 barrels this season. Early apples were in good demand and prices received were considerably higher than for a number of years. Domestic prices of certain late varieties of apples may lift some of these varieties out of the potential export category, and in this event exports from Ontario may be considerably below 75,000 barrels.

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