

IT'S SUMMERTIME SOMEWHERE

When fall the wintry flakes of frost, It's summertime somewhere—  
Violent in the valleys, bird songs in the air;  
The chilly winds they duly blow the world, 'tis summer—in the heart.

It's summer—in the world, my dear,

When it's summer—in the heart.

Whispering the skies are glooming, It's summer—in the heart.

It's the merry songs of ripples, in the tingle of the bells.

The sweet south skies are brightening, It's summer—in the heart.

With sweet springtime's magic art,

It's summer—in the heart.

Still, still the birds are singing, and

And still the roses reddish and the lovely lilac loan;

Love finds rest with the season; when

the summer still, my dearest, in the Eden of the heart.

Frank L. Stanton.

**Neighborhood News—Town and Country**

OAKVILLE

Mr. A. Hinch, who has been town clerk of Oakville since November 1, 1919, handed in his resignation at this week's council meeting, to take effect on April 10.

The School Board is asking the Council for \$10,000 to cover cost of building this year and meet existing overdrift.

The new 300 h.p. auxiliary pumping plant has been installed at the waterworks plant.

Councillor Ward Price stated at last Council meeting that a movement is on foot to establish a hospital in Oakville.

Tuesday night the Methodist Atlantic Association gave a bazaar in the hall of the Union Sunday School over fourteen years and members of the Sunday School Board were invited. Addresses were given by various persons supporting the association.

BURLINGTON

The Education Department does away with the section of the High School Board in settling a public road-way through the High School property.

Assessor Berry has confounded his records. The assessment will be equalized this year.

Up to 100 Rifles will parade to divisional stores at St. Catharines on Sunday morning, March 25.

The W. D. Flatt home on the Toronto-Hamilton highway, recently purchased by Mr. A. J. Brown, has been sold to Mr. E. C. Moore.

Miss A. E. Hartshorn, of Clinton, Iowa, is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Bridgeman, Maple Avenue.

The ceremony of the opening of the new hall of the G. W. V. A. on Thursday evening at 8 p.m., at seven o'clock, passed off with eclat.

Mr. Hughes Ciraver has purchased 32 acres owned by W. F. W. Fisher, on the Guelph line, which will be laid out as a high-class residential development. The property looks like a wild west out to the Toronto-Hamilton highway.

Surveying for the new highway across the Beach is proceeding. Four men from the Provincial Highway Department are engaged in the work. They are members of the Ministry of Transport. The men in charge of the last Sunday were in charge of the men's organization. The pastor opened the morning service. Dr. Martin read the Scripture lesson. Mr. A. Butchart gave the address, and Mr. Hart's choir furnished the music.—Gazette.

MILTON

Mrs. W. Bowman's had sold her house on Hobart Street to Mr. J. C. Eggleston.

Mr. Cuthill, who for the past three years has been engaged in the brick business here, has resigned and gone to Toronto. Mr. Boyd, traveller for the company, will resume the management.

Dr. Margaret Patterson, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Toronto, will give an address on her work in the Methodist school room on Wednesday, March 28, under the auspices of the local W. C. T. U.

We don't believe in disturbing the dead—but we do think the time has come to help—the life-thriving Board of Trade that functioned here for a time and then gradually faded away, or lapsed into unconsciousness!—Reformed.

Joshua Hibbert, of Wellington County, has sold his 144-acre farm near Drayton, with his very fine herd of dairy cattle, along with all other assets and implements, to Harry Johnson of Milton.

Improvements of the interior of Knox Church/school room will be begun this week by Sam Hansen, contractor. About \$1000 will be required.

Misses Mary and Helen, who have been five new brick dwellings on Court Street, instead of four as announced lately. They will average \$5,000 each.

Mr. L. Hamer has removed from Sturgess Creek, Main Street, to Brook Street, Windham. He had not altogether recovered from the trouble which developed when he became ill, but he was soon on his feet again. His friends to his business daily and the work agrees with him.—Champion.

ERIN

Mr. J. H. Scott, originally fell while walking on the street and is confined to his room. The effects of the fall and the flu combined made it serious for him for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bell have moved into their new home in Guelph, and their many friends wish them good luck and much happiness.

Misses Greaton Matthews is glad to be back again after a long convalescent in the hospital, having recovered from a very severe leg, the result of a severe cold.

A school concert will be held in the town hall, Hillsburg, on Friday, March 23, to be given by the pupils of Hillsburg School, assisted by Hillsburg seven-piece orchestra.

Mr. Wm. Irwin, recently retired from his home in Saskatchewan, after spending the winter with friends in Guelph, has now packed up his traps and is on his way to the mountains of British Columbia, where he will be engaged in the timber business.

The first horse fair held in Erin under the auspices of the Erin Business Men's Association was a success. A large number of horses were offered and quite a number sold. Some complaints were heard about the price, but the sales were made at good market prices.—Advocate.

The plans and specifications are well under way for the new school building and will commence as soon as spring opens up.

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THE OLD MAN  
OF THE  
BIG CLOCK

berry I can't say as much for my old friend Harry Hall, he's given his all, of course, in his pretty home on Knob Avenue, but no son, nor son's son of him ever lived in the town of the father's old home.

Mr. Henderson lived in Nasagawaya for half a century. The old house was built when the family came from Ireland. Mr. Henderson wrote in one fine day two little letters to his house, just before he came to Acton, which is now occupied by his son John J. where they are very happy. Respecting the old house I imagine this town would fit pretty well into it. Henderson's house is a fine old house with its whitewashed trim, its gables array, round which the sunbeams drop and round, and cling.

Were the swallow to come all the day And sing, "I cross your threshold worn and old," I cross your threshold worn and old.

Half hidden by the tangled grass,

Half hidden by the tangled grass,

That shade and shelter all I pass.

How sad and lone the empty room,

No voice to speak a kindly word,

No laugh to drive away the gloom.

Where often happy hours affir'd,

Glad footsteps rang along the hall;

And voices spoke in accents low,

The words of dear ones went all of all.

How bare and cold the lonely earth,

How pale the leaves have turned to green;

And voices rang to merry mirth,

The cheerful song and jest between;

How pale the leaves have turned to green;

That glad, happy time of old?

Ah me, no answer greets my ear,

All lonely, silent, bare and cold.

Here sat my mother, tenderly she'd

Her peace, Heaven sent her sweet rep-

He'd sit by her at her side,

And count this spot a hallowed place,

How lonely seems the quiet room,

How lonely seems the quiet room,

Perhaps from out that shadowy gloom

Her loving spirit looks on me.

Here father sat at close of day;

I see his kindly features yet;

Through the window lighted day,

Through the churchyard flowers and

grass,

His face was hidden long ago,

When the daybreak watch the sunrise pa-

Across the grave, so green and low.

How sad, how still, the churchyard glow,

Is not more peaceful than this?

How lonely, how still, the churchyard glow,

The forms and faces that I miss,

They whisper to my loved heart,

How pale the leaves have turned to green;

The years have drifted up apart,

Old lonely house, good-bye, good-bye.

There, I intended calling up some

more recollections of the Moorscroft

house, and the changes there for this

old master, but I have forgotten all

about the old master, and his wife,

and his son, and his daughter, and his

son's wife, and his son's son, and his

son's son's wife, and his son's son's

son's son's wife, and his son's son's