

September 13, 1913.

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

"All flesh is as grass, and the glory of man is as the flower of the grass; in the morning he flourisheth, and in the evening he is cut down and is withered away."

This passage of scripture was very forcibly verified, when on Sunday morning, the 14th inst., Roy, third eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stewart, was removed by the hand of death after only a couple of days' illness.

The deceased had complained of a severe pain in the abdomen a few days previous to his death, and after partaking of a little treatment seemed to recover, and on Monday and Tuesday of last week attended school, apparently in his usual health. On the Wednesday following, he complained of not feeling well, and on Thursday Dr. Wilson of Holstein was called in and diagnosed the illness as appendicitis. On Friday, Dr. Groves, of Fergus, Dr. Wilson and Dr. Sneath, of Dromore, accompanied by two nurses, arrived in the afternoon, and an operation, apparently successful, was performed, but from which the deceased young man never seemed to rally, and on the above mentioned date, despite all that medical skill and trained nursing could do, he gradually sank and passed peacefully away, conscious to the last, and resigned, aged 13 years, 11 months.

Deceased was of a quiet disposition, a studious scholar at school and a general favorite in the home, and his sudden taking away has cast a cloud of sorrow over the entire community. To the grief-stricken parents and family we extend heartfelt sympathy.

Mrs. Chas. Gadd, of Rainy River District, is down at present in and around Varney renewing the scenes of her childhood days. Possibly she may have heard the tinkle of those "wedding bells" referred to last week by your Varney scribe.

Mrs. Gadd, from the West, nee Miss Lydia Gadd, is also down on a visit to her relations and friends in this locality.

The very heavy frost on Saturday evening last did great damage to the corn and late-growing potatoes.

The poor old dawdling Gander made a wonderful attempt to gabble about the inconsistencies of the Weathercock, but quite in keeping with the webfoot tribe, he gabbled a lot of talk no one could understand but himself. As to knocking the brains out of that colt, we surely will, if it can do as little in self-defence as we have seen the Gander do in public when, to use his own words, he stammered, choked and collapsed. Never again do we want to see enacted such a pitiful and sorrowful looking sight as he presented on that occasion, and you may rest assured, Mr. Editor, that if it comes down to doing away with the brute, we will make a better job of it than we did when we choked the old Gander instead of breaking his neck outright, as we should have done. Of course, on the other hand, if the suffering of the poor brute would afford as much amusement to the spectators as the choking and collapsing of the Gander did we wouldn't mind sacrificing our good intentions for the sake of helping out the South Grey Show, and you may, Mr. Editor, if you think it wise, publish this as being possibly one of the chief attractions.

Friday evening next, September 19, will be the regular meeting of the Varney Grange. We would advise all members and as many others who have any intention of becoming members to be present and hear Mr. James Watson discuss the growing of alfalfa, pro and con. Mr. James McIvride also has a very worthy proposition to bring before the meeting as a means of lightening the needless, cumbersome tasks of the ladies in thrashing and silo-filling season. Bind the scarlet cord in the window as a means of helping you remember the important date. A practical uplift is almost assured.

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Judge Barhorst Does His Duty To RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

If you suffer from Rheumatism and don't read this advice, then the terrible disease must have robbed you of your power to be fair to yourself. Read it:

"I, John Barhorst, Justice of the Peace of McLean Township, Fr. Loraine, Ohio, do certify that after treatment by three doctors without result, I have been cured of a very bad case of RHEUMATISM by using two bottles of RHEUMA. It is now two years since I used the remedy, and I am still as well as ever. Previous to using RHEUMA I was a cripple, walking with crutches, and I feel it my duty to let other sufferers from Rheumatism know what it will do. The result seems almost miraculous to me. I have advised RHEUMA to at least a dozen persons, and each one speaks as highly of it as I. I will answer anyone suffering from this disease if a two-cent stamp is enclosed."—May 31, 1912.

You can secure a bottle of RHEUMA for only 50 cents at Macfarlane & Co's, and they say if not as advertised, money back. It's just as good for Gout, Arthritis, Lumbago and Sciatica.

SENT UP FOR TRIAL.

The charge preferred against Wesley Russell of setting fire to the Hartley House barn here on August 11 was heard by magistrate Tolton at the court house here on Thursday afternoon. The prisoner, who had previously confessed to detective Reburn of setting fire to the Hartley House barn, now pleaded "not guilty" to the charge. Evidence on the case was consequently taken, resulted in Russell being sent up for trial. The prisoner will appear before Judge Barrett on Monday next. Charges of setting fire to the Queen's Hotel and of stealing a baby's bank and 75c. from the home of Mr. Fred Godwin were dismissed by the magistrate on Wednesday.—Bruce Times.

NOISE.

Saturday night of August 30 was a noise number and was most opportune. Toronto is not the only place that is afflicted with all kinds of hideous and unnecessary noises. We often try to account for the greater healthfulness and long-livedness of our parents and grandparents, but without doubt the fact that their nervous system was not racked through the ear by the many discordant noises which afflict us moderns was an important one. Even in a small town like our own there is much needless shrieking of whistles and ringing of bells, to say nothing of the wholly unnecessary bedlam freak auto horns, unmuffled motorcycle exhausts, "show-off" motor cut-outs, nerve-racking express wagons on sidewalks, and that abomination of desolation the bicycle siren. Why we calmly and without protest put up with all this babel of noise is without comprehension. Our main street Sunday afternoons is made a veritable midway of noises by motorcycles and autos. The fiendish sputter of the former and the ostentatious cut-out of the latter, that the hills are supposed to make necessary, make it, as far as noise goes, like a Coney Island entertainment enclosure. And yet, midst it all we are as submissive and passive as a Russian serf. These noise-makers are as arrogant and imperious as is the smoker who looks indignant when remonstrated with after he has blown a chestful of smoke in your face. This is freedom gone mad.—St. Marys Argus.

WHAT IT WAS.

The man awoke suddenly. He heard a shower of iron spikes rattling down a tin roof. Then a fleet of steaming tug-boats steamed up the roaring river. A moment later a triphammer beat a wild tattoo on a boiler plate. This was followed by the hoarse snorting of a hundred charging rhinos. By this time, the man was fully awake. He continued to listen. Then he knew what had disturbed him. It was a passing motorcycle. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREY AND BRUCE SUPPLY THE BULK OF HARVESTERS.

Grey and Bruce counties contributed nearly all of 2,500 harvesters who passed through yesterday in five special trains. They were a hardy looking lot, and came from Western Ontario for the most part.—Port Arthur News.

SOME GOOD HABITS.

The habit of work.
The habit of honesty.
The habit of attention.
The habit of politeness.
The habit of happiness.
The habit of usefulness.
The habit of cleanliness.
The habit of promptness.
The habit of thoroughness.
The habit of thoughtfulness.
The habit of appreciation.
The habit of accomplishment.
The habit of correct speaking.
The habit of neatness of work.
The habit of enjoyment of work.
The habit of telling the exact truth.

A CLOSE CALL.

A very strange coincidence occurred Tuesday of last week, on the day Bert Stephenson of Melancthon was killed by a live wire at Streetsville. On the same day at Elmvale, Sam. Armstrong, son of W. J. Armstrong, of this place, was at work with the hydro electric gang on line construction. He was at the top of a 50-foot pole supported by his pole belt and spur hooks when his foot touches a live wire carrying 2,200 volts. He immediately became unconscious and hung limp and helpless on the pole till he could be lowered to the ground by other members of the gang. He regained consciousness after nearly half an hour. Though the shock to his system was very severe he was able to come to his home here in a couple of days. His ankle was burned through boot and sock and his escape from instant death was miraculous. There is a burn also on his arm which he states was not in contact with the wire but was the result of the voltage going through his body. He is very thankful for his escape and has decided not to go back to his job, which is a very dangerous one. He has taken a job in town with Allan Montgomery, the butcher.—Dundak Herald.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.

O Lord we approach Thee this morn' in the attitude of prayer, an' likewise o' complaint. O Lord when we cam tae the lan' o' Canady we expectit tae fin' a lan' flowin' wi' milk an' honey, but instead o' that we foun' a lan' peopled wi' the ungodly Irish. O Lord, in thy great mercy drive them tae the uttermost parts o' Canady, mak them hewers o' wood an' drawers o' water, gie them nae emolument, gie them nae place o' abode, ne'er make them magistrates among the people, but if ye hae any offices tae bestow o' any guid lan' tae gie awa' gie it tae thine ain peculiar people, the Scotch. Mak them a' members o' Parliament an' magistrates, an' rulers among the people, but as for the ungodly Irish, tak them by the heel an' shak them ower the mouth o' hell, but dinna let them fa' in, an' a' the glory shall be thine forever. Amen.

ARE THE SEASONS CHANGING?

The belief of many people that the seasons are undergoing some kind of change has led Prof. Ignazio Galli to examine the weather records of the entire eighteenth century. They show 51 winters lasted well into spring, 31 warm winters, 13 unusually early winters, 12 mild winters followed by cold springs, 11 mild winters followed by mild springs, 11 cold autumns, 8 very warm springs, 8 summers with frosts and five very warm autumns. There was one instance of six consecutive warm seasons. More than three-quarters of the periods of unusual weather occurred between the middle of autumn and the end of spring. Many times during the eighteenth century the same apparent anomalies recurred at the same seasons in several successive years; in every case the seasons regained their normal characteristics. There have always been persons who imagined that the seasons were becoming warmer or colder than before. There is, however, small foundation for such beliefs; the world has, indeed, experienced many cold summers and many warm winters, but such seasons are not the rule, but the exception.

HERE AND THERE.

He tried to do a little good Every day;
He lent assistance where he could By the way;
He sometimes helped the worthless, who Did not deserve his aid or cheer;
The thanks he got were poor and few,
But here and there he dried a tear,
And here and there, By faith inspired,
He caused despair To loose the coils which it had wound
Around a heart,
And here and there he bravely found
A chance to tenderly impart
The hope a doubting soul required.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

AS HEARD AT THE COURT.

"Horrors! What is that rasping noise?" thundered the Judge. "I want it stopped immediately! I can't hear the evidence in this case!"
"Please, your Honor," replied the court officer, "that's the plaintiff filing affidavits."

NEW CURE FOR BALDNESS.

A new cure has been discovered for those unfortunates who suffer from a shortage of capillary vegetation on the apex of their pericraniums. A recent South Pole explorer declares that extreme cold will make anyone's hair grow. It is a noticeable fact that workers in cold storage plants generally have thick crops of hair and all the members of Scott's expedition have luxuriant top pieces. There are a number of citizens in our town who might organize a polar expedition to advantage and we commend this cure to their notice.

Few, if any, medicines have met with the uniform success that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The remarkable cures of colic and diarrhoea which it has effected in almost every neighborhood have given it a wide reputation. For sale by all dealers.

DOMINIC.

Road-mender and dredger of ditches,
Layer of pipes and digger of drains,
With his sunny smile and his corduroy breeches,
From Naples vineyards and Lombardy's plains,
Wherever men work with a pick,
There you will find him, Dominic!
Swart-visaged and witless of riches,
Horny of fist, and avid of work,
As the earth in spadefuls he tosses and pitches,
No weakling he, to grumble or shirk!
Oh, in tireless wielding of shovel and pick,
There's none so famous as Dominic!
Knight-errant of culvert and ditches,
Rodin of mud and Manet of clay,
O ye Halls of Fame on your judgment day,
Deserves he not room in your sculptured niches?
No greatness beats fame with the shovel or pick,
There's the boast and the pride of Dominic.
—Canadian Magazine.

BARRIE'S POSTMAN QUIT.

Barrie is having a hard time getting a new postman. The old one quit, and another man was given the job, but half a day was enough for him, and he gracefully resigned. Being a good citizen and believing in patronizing home markets he objected to sorting and distributing departmental catalogues.

Nearly everybody in a small town pretends to despise an amateur show—yet nearly everybody goes.

You seldom see a successful business man who boasts of being a thoroughbred.

Once in a while a man doesn't forget his old friends after acquiring wealth and fame.

A woman isn't always true to her color, even when she applies it herself.

Every time a woman takes the conceit out of a man she adds to her own.

ONE PAPER IS ENOUGH.

The recent suspension of two daily newspapers, the Woodstock Express and the Lethbridge News has called for considerable editorial comment. The essential fact is that two substantial cities, Woodstock and Lethbridge, have joined Galt and Windsor as one-newspaper towns. It is a state of affairs that is bound to spread. In scores of towns, two newspapers are struggling and inefficient, where one could be made strong and give valuable service to its community, and at less expense to the advertisers. In fact, if partisanship could only be gotten out of the columns of the local press, it is difficult to make a case for a second paper in any but the larger places.—Simcoe Reformer.

In Memoriam

In memory of Mrs. William McFadden, who died September 13, 1912 in Egremont, aged 66 years.
We wept—twas Nature wept—but Faith Can pierce beyond the gloom of death;
And in yon world, so fair and bright, Behold thee in resplendent light,
We miss thee here, but Faith would rather Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead,— Faith beholds the spirit fled,
Nature stops at Jordan's tide— Faith beholds the other side;
That but hears farewells and sighs,
This thy welcome in the skies;
Nature mourns a cruel blow— Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more— Faith but sees thee gone before;
Nature tells a dismal story— Faith hath visions full of glory,
Nature views the change with sadness— Faith contemplates it with gladness,
Nature murmurs—Faith gives meekness;
Strength is perfected in weakness, Nature writhes, and hates the rod— Faith looks up and blesses God,
Sense looks downward—Faith above;
That sees harshness—this sees love, Oh, let Faith victorious be— Let it reign triumphantly,
But thou art gone, not lost, but flown;
Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness,
Back—and leave thy robe of whiteness,
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee,
Back—from founts to which He leads thee,
Back—and leave thy heavenly Father—
Back to earth and sin? Nay, rather Would I live in solitude;— I would not ask thee if I could, But patient wait the high decree That calls my spirit home to thee.

THE MARKETS.

The editor was busy when he was asked, "How are the markets?" The enquirer was referred to the office wit, who looked wise and said, "Young men, unsteady; girls lively and in demand; papas firm but not declining; mammas unsettled, waiting for higher bids; coffee, considerably mixed; fresh fish, active and slippery; eggs, quiet, but expected to open soon; whiskey is still going down; onions, strong; yeast, rising; bread stuffs, heavy; boots and shoes, those on the market are soled and constantly going up and down; hats and caps, not so high as last year, except foolscap, which is stationery; tobacco, very low, and has a downward tendency; silver, close, but not close enough to get hold of."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Three dudes were walking along the street one morning, and met an aged, decrepit minister, with long white hair and beard. Desiring to poke fun at the old man, the first called out, "Hello, Father Abraham." The second said, "Hello, Father Isaac," and the third chimed in, "Hello, Father Jacob." The minister quietly replied, "I am neither Abraham nor Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went forth to hunt his father's asses, and behold, I have found them."

The implicit confidence that many people have in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is founded on their experience in the use of that remedy, and their knowledge of the many remarkable cures of colic, diarrhoea, and dysentery that it has effected. For sale by all dealers.

THE LIMIT.

"As a rule I'm a peaceful and easy-going man."
"That's your reputation."
"I believe in being pleasant and accommodating."
"Yes, that is true."
"And I try to keep my temper. I don't believe in profanity."
"I'm glad to hear it."
"But I want to say to you that I'm not responsible for what I say when my wife wakes me up at one o'clock in the morning to go down and let in the servant girl who has forgotten her key."

THE NEW WOMAN.

Mrs. Knicker—Are you going to take a course in a business college?
Mrs. Bocker—Yes, I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.—Judge.

PERHAPS JEWELRY IS THEIR LINE OF BUSINESS.

"Have they gone into the poultry business?" asks a contributor who slashed the following from the Ingham County News, Mason, Mich.: "We will make settings by appointment only during the summer months.—Tamblyn Studio."

AND SHE HAD BEEN WARNED.

"All men are alike. They're deceitful and selfish."
"How do you know?"
"A married friend of mine told me so and warned me against all of them."
"But you're going to marry Fred!"
"Of course I am. He's different."

FRIGHTENED.

"Why has Mrs. Jones decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating?"
"She happened to hear somebody say that travel broadened one, and she weighs one hundred and eighty now."

TEMPORARILY HANDICAPPED.

Mr. Doughleigh—I met that French nobleman, Count de Brie, to-day."
Dotty Doughleigh—Really! Is he a brilliant conversationalist?
Mr. Doughleigh—Well, no; not at present. He has rheumatism in his shoulders.—Judge.

FLESHERTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiller, and little son, of Toronto, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Karstedt.
Miss Iva Mitchell and Miss Kate Wilcock returned on Monday from spending a few days at Owen Sound.

BORN.

WELLS.—In Durham, on Thursday, September 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wells, a daughter.

MARRIED.

COLLETT.—At the home of Mr. James H. Brigham, Souris, Man., on Wednesday, September 10, by Rev. H. Cawley, Mr. James Frederick Donald to Mary Margaret Collett.

DIED.

McCLOCKLIN.—In Durham, on Tuesday, September 16, David McClocklin, in his 83rd year.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

W. P. Paterson, Assignee, will sell by Public Auction at Walpole's Stables, in Durham on Saturday, Sept. 27, 1913 at 2 p.m.

A Thoroughbred Stallion, 1 horse, 1 cow, 3 pigs, 1 buggy, 1 set single harness. Terms: Cash.



Do You Know What This Label Means?

It means cement of the highest possible quality.
It means cement tested by experts whose authority is final at all our mills.
It means cement acknowledged by engineers, architects and hundreds of thousands of farmers to fulfil every requirement of scientifically made Portland cement.
It means a cement that is absolutely reliable, whether used for a great bridge or for a concrete watering trough. You can use

Canada Cement

with complete confidence that your concrete work will be thoroughly satisfactory. You ought to have this confidence in the cement you use, because you have not the facilities for testing its qualities, such as are at the disposal of the engineers in charge of big contracting jobs.
These engineers know that when cement has passed the tests made upon it at Canada Cement mills, it will pass all their tests.
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Used according to the directions in our free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete," Canada Cement never fails to give satisfactory results. Write for the book. It not only tells you how to mix and place concrete, but will also suggest scores of uses for it on your farm, every one of them valuable to you. In asking for the book you do not incur the slightest obligation.

There is a Canada Cement Dealer in Your Neighborhood

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