

A VISIT TO TORONTO and CANADIAN NATIONAL EX.

By Farmer John

"Home from his journey, Farmer John Arrived this morning safe and sound His good clothes off and his old clothes on— "Now I'm myself," says Farmer John."

So runs an old poem, and it is as true as preaching. Yes, I've been to the Canadian National Exhibition, and although I had a splendid time, yet I was glad to get back to peace and quietness and to the so-called humdrum of daily duties which, after all, are the real spice of life.

It is a tiresome job traveling around a big city where the "Land is all houses, and the roads are all stones, that deafen your ears and batter your bones," but it is an eye-opener to a ruralist, and although I was tired when I got home that I would be had I forked peas out of a mow all week at a threshing, I could not help but feel, deep down in my heart, that a visit to the Canadian National Exhibition is a very real and lasting benefit in every way.

The Trip Begins

Not the least interesting part of my itinerary was the trip to Toronto. Boarding a 5.30 a. m. train, I found it comfortably filled with passengers even at that early hour. Arriving in the Union Station about three hours later, we found the general waiting room literally jammed to the walls with seething, struggling yet good-natured mass of men and women, boys and girls. Hundreds wanted to get in, and as many evidently wanted to get out. The gate-man's job, that day, was no sine curve. He had to answer a hundred questions in as many seconds. However, it was not long before we were on the street and assailed on all sides by the ubiquitous taxi drivers. But after three hours of sedentary occupation, many of us decided to use "Shank's Mare" as a means of locomotion. However, that is where we put our "foot in it," for at the first crossing, we found ourselves on the horns of a dilemma; namely, to cross or not to cross. How we envied the city people who struck out as unconcerned as if the street intersections were as free of cars, autos, vehicles and what not as a quiet country road.

There must have been some smothered laughter at the antics of us fellows as we made a sudden dash at breakneck speed across or when half way over, we ran back like a jack rabbit because of the threatened "honks" of imperious chauffeurs. But oh, what a relief when we reached Yonge street! May heaven bless the man or woman who invented the "Stop and Go" sign. At first, a novice feels afraid to cross when the "Go" signal is displayed for fear that some motorman or autoist may disregard the "Stop" sign, but gradually one gains courage and walks as carelessly in front of these clicking, chattering, rattling "Tin Lizzies" and their ilk as he would through a herd of cows or a flock of sheep. What a great thing it is to have such wise traffic laws and to have them carried out!

Toronto's Police Force

A whistle, a lifting of a white-gloved hand, a turning of the signal, and every wheel stops as if by magic. The police force of Old London has always been held up before the world as a perfect example. Well, if they can beat the Toronto "Bobbies," then they must be a little better than perfect. That I got home without a scratch is owing in a great degree to the splendid traffic regulations that obtain in the Queen City.

The Street Cars

If I were asked, "What did you get the most value for, out of any money that you spent?" I would unhesitatingly reply, "Riding in the street cars." I am almost ashamed to tell how far I travelled for seven cents, and also how much I bothered those good-natured conductors with questions. There was one chap in particular with 1217 on his cap that must remember the greenhorn who stuck as close to him as a rat in a molasses barrel and peered in his eyes when someone asked him a question that a baby might answer. But I must not discriminate, for without even an exception, I found all the street car officials as courteous as one could wish. I heard one fellow make this remark when returning home: "Toronto is a good place to go to; one is used fine everywhere." And that is a fact.

The Skyscrapers

I have often wished to see some of the great skyscrapers of New York, but after looking at the Metropolitan Building for the first time, I felt satisfied. Anything higher would pain one to look at. This reminds me of a humorous answer an old acquaintance of mine used to give to the query, "How are you?" "The very best; anything better would be waste," was his accustomed reply. Anything higher than the Metropolitan Building

would be neither comfortable nor pleasant to look up to. Yet I read in the press since I came home that a 26-story building will be erected in Toronto in the near future. How men can work so high up in the air is a puzzle. I used to think it was a pretty big stunt to stand on the main plate and pull up rafters at a barn raising, but now I am afraid my conceit is gone. One is so impressed with the dizzy height of those skyscrapers that he feels like giving vent to his feelings in the language of Shakespeare:

"Come on sir, here's the place; stand still. How fearful And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low;

The crowns and thoughts that wing the midway air Show scarce so gross as beetles, half way down Hang one that gathers samphers, dreadful trade! Methinks he seems no bigger than his head; The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark, Diminished to her cock; her cock a buoy Almost too small for sight; the murrain-faring surge, That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high, I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight Topple down headlong."

Readers of Shakespeare will know that the foregoing is a most graphic description of "Dover Cliff" and is found in King Lear. It seems almost like a sacrifice to use this magnificent passage in connection with such a man-made object as a skyscraper, but these lines came to my mind as I looked at that great structure, and so could not forbear to quote them.

Home Meals vs. Restaurants

If there is one lesson I learned more than another during my visit, it was the value of the meals my good wife prepared for me and times a day when I am at home and that is around 360 days per year. I don't think I shall ever look upon my meals again in the usual matter-of-fact way that I have done during all our married life previous to this time. Had I eaten in restaurants or hotels the amount and kind of food I get at our home table, it would have cost me from \$4.50 to \$5.00 a day. Even the sandwiches at the lunch counters were from 10 to 15 cents each, and I could not eat any of them in two bites and never turn a hair. Now I do not wish to convey the impression that the restaurants, etc. charged exorbitant prices for victuals. I did not begrudge them their prices, for I know that they must have a hard time to make both ends meet. The point I wish to emphasize is that some of us fellows have never appreciated our wives' cooking, and have sort of hankered after a meal in the hotel once in a while. Well, I have found out this, that if I had to pay my wife city prices for the food she puts up she would be able to buy a new hat every day, and there are some tightwads feeding like princes upon their better half's dainties who begrudge them a new hat once a year.

The Newsboys

A word or two about the newsboys. They are certainly hustlers. Like tag day, one can hardly get past them if he hasn't a paper in his hand or pocket, without purchasing. They are very accommodating youngsters and always seem willing to give information on the location of streets, stores and public buildings. The shrill, nasal twang of their voices when announcing their wares still rings in my ears and will always seem to be a natural concomitant of the hustle and bustle, rush and road of Canada's metropolises.

The City's Hospitality

I have often heard that city people as a rule are not as generous and friendly as those living in rural communities. I have spent so little time in such a big city as Toronto that I am not a competent judge, but this I know, that the hospitality and courteous attention that I received while there could not be exceeded by anyone anywhere.

Sunday in Toronto

For the first time in over 20 years, I spent a Sunday in Toronto. I went to one of the largest churches and was delighted and edified by the service from beginning to end. The text was taken from an obscure part of the Bible, Jer. 49, verse 25, "Drovel deep." How is it that great preachers have the happy faculty of choosing such suggestive texts. The sermon delivered in simple but beautiful language was intensely interesting, exceedingly helpful and convincingly practical. It was a personal appeal to church members to a deeper spiritual life. The great world problems will never be solved by superficial piety. Not the high church nor the low church nor the broad church is the hope of civilization, but the deep church. Industrial disputes and social disturbances can not be settled by agreements, contracts or arbitrary acts of parliament. Something deeper and more abiding is needed namely, unreserved good will and real brotherliness, the products of deep spiritual life. The present restlessness is a good symptom. It is proof posi-

tive that the individual cannot do without God. Human life needs God to give it steadiness, tranquillity and untrifledness.

The Exhibition

Now for a word or two about the C. N. E. To attempt to adequately describe it is a hopeless task on my part. It is truly wonderful. The buildings, the exhibits, the management, the crowds of sightseers are overwhelming. In the limited time that the average visitor has at his disposal, a very cursory inspection of anything is possible. It is a difficult matter to decide what is the most outstanding feature of the exhibition.

The Provincial Exhibit

In my humble opinion, the Provincial Government building stands first. A visit to this building is a revelation. One is bewildered with the display of the magnificent and manifold resources of our province. Surely we ought to be a happy, healthy, grateful, well-to-do people. One is led to wonder, with such numerous resources at our command that there should be any poverty or hard times in Ontario. Surely we have a glorious future.

The Art Department

A visit to the art department is a most admirable sedative after the nervous strain produced by watching the amazing, daring, thrilling feats of the youthful actresses on the air-ship. One could spend a week in that building alone. How we do admire those beautiful landscapes, and yet, we pass by the real thing every day without an iota of appreciation. Some years ago, a picture of a blacksmith shoeing a horse was on exhibition, and crowds went to see it, and yet I will venture to affirm that not one hundred people in that eager multitude ever stopped at a country blacksmith shop to admire the real thing.

As I looked at the beautiful paintings, I vowed that when I got home I would not go around with my eyes shut. However, I forgot, and am reminded as I write these words that I haven't paused a moment to admire a bit of woodland landscape away which is as beautiful as any of the painted landscapes that hung on the walls of the art building. It is strange, for example, that the picturesqueness of a real threshing does not appeal to us, and yet if a great artist should put that familiar rural scene on canvas, we would go into raptures over it.

I liked to listen to the bands. Their music was inspiring, but sometimes I forgot about the music when I watched the players of the great puzzle to me was how the players could watch their notes and the labyrinthical movements of the baton at the same time, but I suppose it is easy when one knows how. There was one leader, however, who capped the climax in gesticulation. He had long hair which moved in unison with his baton and "amazed the gazing rustics ranged around." I am told that the evening performance before the grandstand was dazzlingly brilliant, but did not get an opportunity to see it, as it was impossible to obtain standing two or three hours in line in order to get what they call "rush" seats. Of course, I was keenly disappointed, but one cannot get everything he wants in this world, so I didn't worry over it. There are scores of other things that I might mention, but "enough is plenty."

THE FUTURE OF AIRSHIPS

Before the debris of the shattered Shenandoah has been gathered up, the United States Navy Department announces that an airship thrice the capacity of the wrecked dirigible is in course of construction, plans having been drawn some time ago. Several disasters in Germany, the explosion of a great airship over Hull, England, four years ago, and the destruction of the Shenandoah naturally shake public faith in these levitans of the skies. But the history of mechanical progress shows that the path to success is strewn with calamities and death, and had man accepted these sad lessons as tokens of defeat, humanity would not be where it is today. Certainly the pioneer days of airplanes were sufficiently disastrous to discourage man from ever hoping to conquer the air. Brave men went up day by day and fell to their deaths, and other brave men went up and won through. Today, nearly all airplane accidents are due to human error and not to structural defect.

Against the disasters, what has the airship achieved? During the Great War, Zeppelins flew from Germany to England summer and winter. Only three or four were brought down, and many of those that got safely back were seriously damaged by shrapnel. They proved that they were able to stand an astonishing amount of injury and yet remain aloft. A British-built airship was torn from her mooring mast a few months ago, her nose crumpled up, and she was swept across to the Danish coast by a fierce gale. For sixteen hours, she buffeted the winds and made her way home again with every man safe. The British airship R-33 crossed the Atlantic and returned, and a German craft also flew to the United States. There is thus striking evidence of the capacity of airships for long flights even when crippled, and when engineering skill has achieved so much, it is not likely that airship designers and navigators will admit they are beaten and decide to withdraw. The lessons are deplorable, but from each one of them, something is learned that contributes to ultimate victory.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

A pot hunter is a flivverite who waits until pedestrians are bunched at a crossing.

News of Nearby Towns

Flesherton

Westminster Union church was the scene of a very pretty wedding recently when Miss Carnea Mildred Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Williams, was united in marriage to Mr. W. G. Davis of Orillia. Bathurst Street United church, Toronto, was the scene of a quiet wedding recently when Miss Fannie Ethel, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Flowers, became the bride of Mr. J. Murray Cornfield, youngest son of Mr. James Cornfield, Flesherton, Ontario.

Mr. Emerson Bellamy, who has accepted the district management of the Crown Life Insurance Company, has moved with his family to Owen Sound.

The Toronto Line at the cemetery swamp is being considerably widened, work having commenced last week under Foreman W. J. Moore.

Walkerton

Mr. Edward McEntee, a well-known resident of town, passed away a week ago Monday evening in his 70th year.

The annual convention of the East Bruce Teachers' Institute, was held in Walkerton on Thursday and Friday, October 1 and 2.

The children, playing in Walkerton streets, are rather rough on windows. Recently a lad put his head through a pane of glass in Miss Montgomery's store, while some boys shot a hole in the plate glass window in J. H. Appel's store.

In an accident at the factory of R. Truax, Son & Company, Mr. Herbert Myers lost parts of the thumb and forefinger of his left hand.

While cranking a bally Ford at his home north of here a week ago last Saturday, Herman Scholtz sustained a broken nose when the car back-fired and knocked him to the ground.

Rev. D. McLennan, aged 92 years, recently underwent an operation for the removal of a cancerous affection from his cheek.

The death occurred on Tuesday, September 29, of Miss Jean Moir Lamb of Pinkerton in her 90th year.

Hanover

Hanover Council held its regular session on Monday evening, October 5, in the Mayor's home. His Worship, Mayor Ball, is able to be up but cannot leave the house. The new Reeve, Mr. M. S. Armstrong, took office and succeeded the late Reeve on the committees. Neustadt Council was granted the use of the road roller at \$1 an hour.

Miss Tulley of Essex has been engaged as teacher by the Hanover High School Board.

On Sunday evening, October 4, cars driven by Mrs. August Birr and Mr. Simon Beckberger collided head-on on the Durham Road. Mr. Birr sustained several broken ribs, but the others in the mix-up were uninjured.

The marriage took place in St. Peter's Lutheran parsonage, Neustadt, of Melinda Martha, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob K. Fischer of Aytton, and Mr. Harold McIntosh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh of Mount Forest. Mr. Herman Deneff has succeeded Mr. John Hayne as superintendent of the Hanover Public Utilities Commission.

Ayton Fall Fair was a great success on Friday and Saturday, October 2 and 3, especially as an agricultural exhibition.

The marriage took place at Howick Lutheran church on Wednesday, September 23, of Miss Tena Braun, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Braun, to Mr. Eldon G. Werner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Werner of Aytton.

A rink of lawn bowlers, skipped by Mr. W. Cross, journeyed to Wingham a week ago last Thursday evening and recaptured the Henning Trophy which has been away from town for some time.

The death occurred in Aytton on Saturday, October 3, of Mrs. Adella Holm, wife of Frederick Koester, Sr. in her 84th year.

Mr. A. T. Barnes of Hanover defeated Mr. J. Boyd of Walkerton for the championship of the Saugeen Golf and Country Club on Thursday, October 1.

Dundalk

The funeral of the late Mrs. Caleb Clayton was held on Thursday, October 1, at Badjeros cemetery.

Following a very short illness, Mrs. S. H. Clayton, of Badjeros, passed away on Wednesday, September 30, at the age of 46 years. After some months' illness, Mrs. Samuel Beamish, a pioneer resident of Dundalk, passed away at the ripe old age of 83 years.

Dundalk's fair on Thursday and Friday, October 1 and 2, was a greater success than ever before, the total receipts amounting to \$1,396, of which \$950 was taken at the gate.

Mount Forest

Barns belonging to Mr. Donald McDermid and Mrs. Peter H. McLellan of Arthur Township were destroyed by fire last week. In both cases, the season's crops were lost. The death occurred very sudden-

ly on Saturday morning, October 3, of Mr. David Cummins, well known for over half a century as a hotel-keeper.

Friday evening, October 2, was a notable one in the annals of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 300, A. F. and A. M. Right Worshipful Brother, Rev. P. T. Pilkey, of Owen Sound, District Deputy Grand Master of Grey County, paid his first official visit here. He was accompanied by brethren from Owen Sound and Durham. At the conclusion of the lodge exercises, refreshments were served in the banquet hall.

The marriage took place in the Sacred Heart church, Kenilworth, on Monday, September 28, of Miss Marguerite Catherine, daughter of Mr. Christopher Keelan, to Mr. Alphonsus Connolly, both of Arthur Township.

Chesley

The marriage took place Wednesday, September 30, of Miss Mabel Bernice Clark, daughter of Mr. W. D. Clark, Chesley, and Mr. Wilfred John Stroh, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Stroh, Clifford.

The Japanese Fete, held in the Arena on Thursday evening, October 1, by the Ladies' Aid of Trinity Evangelical church, was a splendid success, the total receipts amounting to \$180.

Allay Uhrig, 40-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Uhrig, town, passed away on Sunday, October 4, following a short illness from infantile paralysis.

A meeting of the members of Chesley Baptist church last week refused to accept the resignation of their pastor, the Rev. A. J. Schultz, who has not been in very good health of late.

The Chesley A. A. have reduced their debt from \$800 last year to \$185 at present.

The marriage took place at the bride's home, Sullivan, on October 7, of Miss Emma Moehnke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moehnke, to Mr. Harold McManus of Chesley.

Markdale

The Walter's Falls fall fair on Wednesday, September 30, was one of the most successful ever held by that society.

An informal reception was held by the members of Christ church on Wednesday, September 30, for the new pastor, Rev. A. S. Mitchell, and family.

Mr. T. O. Lowry has disposed of his butcher business here to Mr. Harold Lever, a former proprietor. The death occurred on Wednesday, September 30, of Elva Marion, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

Wilfrid Magee, of near Eugenia, at the age of 1 year and 20 days.

DOWN BY THE SEA

An amalgamation of Canada's maritime provinces is suggested by the Halifax Herald, and the proposal appears to be meeting with some support. The Herald points out that "we have enough government machinery in Nova Scotia alone to administer the affairs of the three provinces," and it is "sheer waste of money" to have "three lieutenant-governors, three legislative bodies, three governments and three civil service organizations."

A study of census statistics confirms this view. If the maritime provinces were to amalgamate, their united area would still be only one-eighth of Ontario's or about one-fifth the area of any of the prairie provinces. Their population, slightly over a million people, would be one-third that of Ontario, or less than twice that of Toronto. No one will say that such an area and such a population could not be handled successfully by a single administration.

But amalgamation, however obvious its merits, will not be easily achieved. The very fact that it would throw so many civil servants and politicians out of employment will make it difficult of accomplishment. Constitutional barriers will be raised against it. The masses who would profit by it will be lukewarm; the coterie who would lose by it will fight every inch of the way. It is not something which can be done overnight. A considerable campaign of education will be required before it becomes a fact.—Toronto Star.

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old, in a race which attracted the fastest trotters of the time. The down all the dogs in the country, stand politics," said the commentator.

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