In Other Communities

Taken From Our Exchanges About People of Your Acquaintance

New Salt Block for Wingham

Representatives of a Canadian Syndicate were in town the latter part of the week and stated that they had a 99 years lease on the salt well, and purposed erecting a salt block in Wingham as soon as conditions were favorable for building. It is stated that the machinery laid down in Wingham will cost $100,000 and will have a daily output of 100 tons, giving employment to some thirty or forty hands. — Wingham Advance-Times.

Thumb Nearly Severed

While Mr. and Mrs. David Netzke were absent from home about 8:30 o'clock on Saturday night, a tussle ensued between their 13-year-old daughter, Rosie, and a younger brother for the possession of a bread knife and in the mix-up the blade of the knife was drawn through the girl's hand, almost severing her right thumb. Dr. H. H. Sinclair, who was called, found it necessary to stitch the artery in two places to staunch the flow of blood. It is not definitely known whether the girl's thumb will be permanently injured or not.—Walkerton Times.

Editorial Difficulties

The Enterprise is late this week due to the holiday and to other conditions over which we hold no control. The flu epidemic seems to have at last hit this town and at present two members of the Enterprise staff are off duty, leaving the sporting editor and the foreman to carry on together. Frank Murphy, the linotype operator, was the first to take one on the chin from Mr. Flu and not content with scoring a one-round victory over Frank, the same gent dropped back on Wednesday night and knocked the senior editor groggy.—Chesley Enterprise.

Grey Wolf Shot Near Chesley

Venison must be getting scarce up in New Ontario when wolves came as far south as Sullivan to get good pickings. On Christmas Day Pete Alpaugh Dobbinton's famous trapper and hunter, and Oscar Legge, a local crack shot, who should be on the Bisley team, got word there was a wolf not far from town and so with Pete's faithful dog they hunted nearly all day but the sly animal could not be rounded up. On Wednesday morning with their rifles and hound, Pete and Oscar started out again after Mr. Wolf. Every time the dog got near the wolf it would turn and show fight and the dog wouldn't come to close quarters with the wolf's fangs which did not look very inviting. Finally, on the farm of Fred Malinofski, about four miles east of Chesley, Oscar got a good view of the wolf and, drawing an extra fine bead, struck the animal with the first bullet in the head. As long as he saw the tail wagging, Oscar didn't consider it necessary to take chances on the wolf taking a nip out of one of his legs and so sent two more bullets crashing into the wolf's head. The two hunters brought the animal to town yesterday in a car and brought it into the Enterprise office. It was a common grey wolf and was minus a fore leg from the first joint down, having, evidently, chewed it off when caught in a trap. Pete and Oscar will get the government bounty of $15 for the pelt. We doubt if in the past 40 years a wolf has been shot or seen as far south in Ontario as the one killed yesterday.—Cheslay Enterprise.

A Dastardly Trick

Mr. Clement Steffler of Ableside was the victim of a villanous trick last week. He motored to the Provincial Winter Fair at Guelph on Tuesday, returning home on Wednesday afternoon. On Thursday evening he started from home to visit his sister, Mrs. Frank Ruetz, on the 4th concession, but before he had gone far his car suddenly broke out in a mass of flames. Mr. Steffler threw himself out of the car to escape the flames, which mounted about twenty feet in the air. Charles Schefter, noticing the conflagration, hurried to the scene, and upon investigation, it was found that a bag of straw had been placed over the engine, under the hood. Some person had evidently entered the garage during Wednesday night, taken the bag of straw which Mr. Steffler used for a cushion on his wagon seat, and placed it over the engine. If the miscreant hoped for something very serious to happen, he very nearly had his wish gratified, for the owner of the car had a narrow escape from being badly burned, and the car is damaged to the extent of about $150. Mr. Steffler has no idea who could be guilty of this outrage as he is on good terms with all the people in that section.—Teeswater News.

Forecasts a Mild Winter

Mr. Charles Brown is blossoming forth as a weather prophet and states boldly that this will be an open winter. Mr. Brown does not arrive at his conclusions from a study of astronomy or any kindred subject but because of the fact that he shot a groundhog on Christmas day. At it is very unusual for a groundhog to show itself at this time of year and very unwise in this particular instance, Mr. Brown predicts an unusual season and as winter is usually severe in these parts, the natural conclusion is that this one will be milder.—Palmerston Spectator.

GRAINS OF KNOWLEDGE

The first Duke of Cornwall was Edward—the Black Prince.

Only one woman in a thousand marries after she is 60 years of age.

"Bally", used in the names of Irish places, such as Ballyragget, Ballyshannon, means town.

A deaf and dumb person who is fairly expert at finger language can speak about 43 words a minute.

Friday is usually regarded as unlucky by means of the tradition that Christ was crucified on a Friday.

The largest Bible in the world is a manuscript Hebrew Bible in the Vatican. It weighs 320 lbs.

The average time taken by the blood to circulate from one arm to the other is eighteen seconds. It makes the round trip three and a third times a minute.

Written As Dictated

"Now, Miss Blogg," boomed Jasper M. Wurtle, President of the Whurtle Whirlwind Laundry Company, to his new stenographer, "I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter I want it written as dictated, and not the way you think it should be. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," said Miss Blogg, meekly.

"I fired three stenogs, for revising my letters see?"

"Alright—take a letter."

The next morning Mr. O. J. Squizz, of the Squizz Flexible Soap Company, received the following:

"Mr. O. K., or A. or J. something (look it up) Squizz, President of the Squizz what a name Flexible Soap Company, the gyps.,

Detroit, that's in Detroit, isn't it?

Dear Mr. Squizz, hmmm;

Your a h—— of a business man. No start over. He's a crook, but I can't insult him, of the bum'll sue me. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand, no scratch out I want you to understand. Ah, unless you can ship, furnish, no, furnish us with your regular soap, you needn't ship us no more period, or whatever the grammar is, and please pull down your skirt. This d——cigar is out again; pardon me, and furthermore, where was I? Nice bob you have.

The soap you sent us wasn't fit to wash the dishes, no make that dog, with comma, let alone the laundry comma, and we're sending it back period. Yours truly.

Read that over, no, never mind, I won't waste any more time on that egg. I'll look at the carbon tomorrow. Sign my name. We must go out to lunch soon, eh?"

A young woman walked into a bank the other day, and, stepping up to the window, said:

"I would like to open an account at this bank, please."

"We shall be very glad to accommodate you," said the teller, "What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Oh'" she said smiling, "I mean a regular charge account such as I have at the department stores."

A Couple of Reasons

She—"I bobbed my hair to show my independence."

He—"What did you bob your skirt for?"

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Makers of the finest Cabinets in the British Empire have chosen the
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FELL LIKE LUCIFER, BUT CLIMBED BACK

Eugene C. Schmitz, who died the other day in San Francisco is an exemplification of the comforting thought that however deep a man may fall into the pit of disgrace, he can work his way back again, and attain even a higher position than that from which he fell. Some twenty-odd years ago, Gene Schmitz was mayor of San Francisco, and the most popular man in the city. Not long afterward, he stood in a prisoner's dock fighting, until the drain upon his resources ruined him, against thirty charges of shameful graft and malfeasance of office. A technicality alone saved him from a penitentiary term. His adviser and patron, Abe Reuf, did go to prison as he deserved, and when Schmitz escaped there were many who said a grave miscarriage of justice had taken place. But Schmitz never ceased to protest that he had not personally benefitted from the carnival of graft that his regime let loose upon the city. At first, nobody believed him. Then a few did, and gradually, many more. He kept his head up and the time came when the people of San Francisco were proud to elect him to other positions of public trust. Their confidence was never abused, and it is said that he was mourned by a million people.

Nearly As Bad as Tweed

The story of the Reuf-Schmitz looting of San Francisco has been often told, and even in these days when things are done on a much grander scale, the extent of their infamies would produce a righteous shudder. They did not have quite the opportunities of Boss Tweed, but they and their followers undoubtedly looted the public treasury of millions. In 1906, when an earthquake razed the city Hall, it was found that the presumably massive pillars of marble had been stuffed with sawdust. Nobody could do business without paying graft and this applied to many reputable as well as to all disreputabre businesses. It has always been contended that the administration of the city was good, that is to say, it was efficient, but everybody began to note that everything was costing a little more. In other words, the immediate victims of the grafting gang were passing along such of their losses as they could to the general public. It was a newspaper editor, Freemont Older, if we are not mistaken, who brought the rascals to book. He began to criticize some of the more obvious forms of graft, and the boys selling his papers were run off the street. It seemed as though Reuf could stop a newspaper from publishing. But Older was a fighter, and he enlisted a rich man to employ private detectives to make a thorough investigation. The subsequent revelations ruined Reuf and Schmitz.

Intoxicated by Power

For Reuf there was never so much sympathy as for Schmitz. Reuf was a brilliant lawyer, and a charming personality. He was a wealthy man before he meddled in municipal politics, and had no need of graft. But when he saw the opportunities opened before him he could not resist, and he plunged in with both arms to the elbows. He was also intoxicated with the power his position gave him, and in this state of intoxication this brilliant, sagacious man was easy prey for the private detectives. Schmitz and Reuf were friends when Schmitz was second violin in a San Francisco theatre and Reuf a lawyer of prominence. Reuf staked Schmitz and another friend in the Yukon gold rush but the venture did not turn out successful. In fact it turned out fatally for Schmitz, who felt that he was under everlasting obligation to the benefactor. The sudden emergence, as the result of a strike, and shooting by policemen, of a labor party first turned Reuf's thoughts to local politics. He had the brilliant inspiration of getting the labor nomination for Schmitz, a man of fine personality and good presence, and a man of unusual idealism. Schmitz came from poor people and got the poor man's vote, and he got the vote of the rich or cultured by promising to make San Francisco the "Paris of North America."

Ruined by the Gang

No doubt he meant what he said, and if it had not been for Reuf, his evil genus, he might have proceeded further along the road toward redeeming his promises. On the other hand, there is little reason to suppose that without Reuf he ever could have been elected in the first place. At all times his private life was above suspicion. H loved music, which provided him with his chief consolation. The trouble was that when he was first elected there was swept into office with him a gang of local politicians who hustled out to begin grafting the day after election. It would have taken a stronger, wiser man than Schmitz to cope with this ravenous throng. Naturally Schmitz turned to Reuf for guidance, and it remains an unsolved mystery how long he continued to believe in the disinterestedness of his friend.

A Fatal Letter

For two terms the graft was kept within bounds. It did not become a public scandal. Then, after his third election, with his heart full of gratitude, Mayor Schmitz asked the San Francisco papers to publish a hundred word statement which was an open letter to Reuf in which he acknowledged the tremendous debt of gratitude he owed his friend, without whom he would have been nothing. It was his political death warrant. Every grafter in the city read it and interpreted it as meaning that Schmitz was mayor in name only, that the real boss was Reuf. That had been true before but now it was publicly proclaimed, and Reuf and his assistants proceeded to cash in on it. What had been done under cover was done openly. Grafters boasted instead of denying The town was wide open, and wide open too was the pit into which the gang presently plunged. If virtue were only as exciting to read about as vice, which we are dubious about, as long a tale might be made of the new career Schmitz made for himself after his downfall.—J. V. McAree in the Toronto Mail and Empire.

Sidney Wrightson, 18 years old, an unemployed miner with a mother and two brothers to aid in supporting in Durham County, England, was brought to Canada in 1927 by the Canadian National Railways Colonization Department, and placed on the farm of James Bell, near Kingston, by the British Immigration and Colonization Association. Never having seen a farm before he set to work in earnest to "learn the game", with such success that this year he stood highest in the agricultural judging contest in the county of Frontenac among 55 competitors, in connection with the Ontario Government plan to take 500 boys to the Royal Winter Fair.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

WHO KILLED GOLIATH?

David didn't kill Goliath, Moses did not write the Pentateuch, a whale didn't swallow Jonah. Noah never had an ark, and so on and so on, according to "New Commentary on the Holy Scripture," just published in England by some of the most learned and devout scholars of the Established Church. The book, edited by Bishop Charles Gore, is declared to mark "an epoch in Biblical criticism". Now this is news fresh from the griddle, but, as a matter of fact, there is nothing very new in it, for one of our own denominational journals points out that these modern contradictions have been taught in our seminaries for a quarter of a century, and that they are generally accepted by all modern clergymen. There is no reason, then, it is remarked, for the laity to be shocked or disturbed by these revelations. While skeptical regarding many Old Testament narratives and certain Gospel miracles, these English churchmen accept as overwhelming the evidence for Christ's resurrection.

According to a special cable to the New York Times, they recite:

"'We know that the beginnings of mankind reach to an immeasurably earlier period that Genesis indicates,' they say. 'The origin of the legend of the Deluge probably was a disastrous flood in Babylon. Collecting pairs of animals from all quarters of the globe in one place would be impossible, even if an ark could have been built capable of containing them. Any fertile spot in Mesopotamia could have furnished the basis of the Garden of Eden.'

"Regarding Babel, the authors say that the difference of language was the result, not the cause, of racial diversity.

"Methuselah's longevity was physically incompatible with the structure of the human body, they continue. Melchisedec was not a priest of the true God but a Canaanite deity, and the Pillar of Fire might have originated in the custom of carrying a burning brazier before the army. They can not say whether Moses on Sinai was only a dramatic picture or founded on a thunderstorm.

"They have serious difficulty in accepting the Second Commandment as original, because images were widely and not condemnedly used in the worship of Jehovah till the eighth century. A parallel is drawn between Balaam's ass speaking and Achilles' horses foretelling their master's death. Belshazzar's feast is held to be irreconcilable with what is declared to be the historic fact that there was no King Belshazzar.

"The statement in II Samuel 21:19, that Elhanan slew Goliath is more historical than the assertion that David killed him.

"Regarding the Old Testament miracles, attention is directed to what is called the Semitic habit of exaggeration.

The Biblical narrative of the raising of Lazarus, however, is accepted with all its implications as the climax of all the miracles of healing."

It must be admitted, says The Churchman, a liberal Episcopal organ, that all this is news to the rank and file of Americans, even in our churches which "is not an altogether an enheartening commentary on the American pulpit." Every theological seminary of any standing in this country, we are told, has been teaching for a quarter of a century almost everything contained in the new commentary. "Nearly twenty-five years ago" it is recited, "a popular magazine carried a series of articles "Blasting at the Rock of Ages.' The author threw his readers into several various spasms by his assertions that the Christian faith was being undermined in colleges and seminaries. The devastation was being wrought by precisely the same conclusions of scholarship, with certain minor variations, which are incorporated in this apparently highly exciting commentary." No modern minded clergyman trained in any reputable theological school during the past twenty-five years will view such statements as news, goes on The Churchman:

But clergymen are a very small portion of the newspaper reading public. And we suspect that many carry a heavy responsibility for not revealing to their congregations, by one method or another, the well-defined conclusions of modern Biblical scholarship. The very fact that such news stories are printed in the daily press is a striking indication of the futility of their fears of "disturbing the faith' of their congregations. The natural reaction of educated church people to such fears must be a growing distrust of the pulpits as a dependable teaching medium, and a probable sneer at its timidity."

"Ah, good mornin' Mrs. Murphy, an' how is everythin'?"

"Sure, between my husband and the furnace, I'm havin' one grand time uv it! If I keep me oye on the wan the other is sure to go out!"

THE PEOPLE'S MILLS
SEASON'S GREETINGS
We wish everyone
a Happy and Prosperous
New Year
JOHN McGOWAN
PHONE 8 DURHAM, Ont.

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That
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