

In Other Communities

Foshay Meets Ferguson

W. B. Foshay of Minneapolis who controls power interests in Walkerton and other parts of Bruce County, on Monday attended a conference with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission and Premier G. Howard Ferguson, at Queen's Park, Toronto.

Girl Drowned at Wasaga

Nine-year-old Monica Loftus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Loftus of St. Catharines, was drowned in four feet of water at Wasaga beach Friday afternoon.

The beach was crowded with bathers and the body was recovered a moment after she had disappeared under the surface. Dr. Murphy of Stainer was called, but long and tireless efforts to revive the girl proved fruitless.

Mrs. Loftus was alone with the child at their summer cottage on the beach at the time of the tragedy. Dr. Loftus, after motoring from St. Catharines, arrived there Friday evening.

Toronto Boy Killed at Flesherston

Billy Glocking, 18-year-old Toronto lad, was almost instantly killed on Wednesday evening, July 10th, near Flesherston, while Mrs. W. H. Thurston of Flesherston was injured when Mr. Thurston, publisher of The Advance, turned his car suddenly and upset, in avoiding a parked auto.

The Thurston family at Flesherston. He was an employee of the Toronto Star library. His parents, three brothers and two sisters survive. While at the Central Technical School, Billy had won several scholarships. Among his hobbies were chemistry and philately. He was a member of the Bible Class of St. Anne's Anglican church and of the Fern School Old Boys' Association, and was an enthusiastic softball player.

Traffic Census Taken Messrs. Frank Smith and Robert Wilhelm, who took the traffic census at Todd's school corner of all vehicles passing over the Hanover-Walkerton Provincial highway from July 10th to July 16th, found that a total of 6566 vehicles passed this point during the seven days, or an average of 938 per day. Included in this was an average of 40 trucks and 20 horse-drawn vehicles which breezed by daily.

Sparks and Gasoline Terribly burned when some gasoline took fire Mr. Russell Ludlow lies in the Stephenson Memorial hospital as comfortable as he can be made under the circumstances. From the tips of the fingers of one hand up to above the elbow the skin is burned off and in one spot the flesh is badly burned.

Land and Water Champions



Parkdale Ladies Athletic Club of Toronto recently visited Montreal, and since all the nice girls love a sailor and ships, they had of course to pay a call on Canadian Pacific steamer Metagama, then in port. After tea and inspection of the ship, the young ladies donned their bathing suits and exercised on the broad decks of the liner.

sized by the fact that whenever Mischief was in a hurry he opened the gate as quickly as he got there, but when he felt lazy or tired after a long trip, such as hauling a load of grain twenty miles, he would wait for me to get down and open the gate for him. On such occasions, knowing he could do it, I would gently tap him with the whip and tell him not to be so lazy, that I was tired as well as he, and he was nearer—not that he understood the language, but he knew and sensed I was expecting something of him.

If Mischief was endowed with greater reasoning powers than other horses—which of course is quite probable—they were developed in him because he was a pet of the family from his birth, and he was also the son of a pet. He never had to fear anything, because he knew nothing but kindness from the human family.

FISHING IN GEORGIAN BAY Fishing is the business in Georgian Bay—black bass for the rod, and salmon or lake trout down deep. Hotels and comfortable stopping places afford every facility at reasonable rates, and Canadian National Railways offer two gateways, viz.: Midland and Parry Sound, with steamer connections from each to resorts

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It will pay you to advertise in The Chronicle.

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MacBETH'S DRUG STORE

and some eight or ten feet distant from the engine was a pair of gasoline. The engine backfired, the spark from this dangerous action of a gas motor being shot directly into the gasoline which immediately burst into a sheet of flame. Mr. Ludlow rushed to get his horse away to safety and in doing so was caught by the flame. A straw hat which he was wearing protected his head, saving his hair and probably his eyes. He rolled in the grass to extinguish the flame and Mr. Riley being close by lost no time in summoning a doctor. The injured man was taken to the hospital where everything possible was done to relieve his suffering. Nature has been doing the work of repair satisfactorily, but it will be some time before the C. P. R. fuel dealer will be able to attend to business.

Mail Boxes Again

A regulation of the post office department asks all boxholders to have their boxes erected on the right hand side of the road having regard to the direction the courier travels. We have observed that in this district this regulation has not been taken seriously and the courier is obliged to first turn in right and next left, etc., to serve his patrons. It is illegal to pass on the right and the driver of an auto following a horse-drawn mail wagon that suddenly jogs left to serve a box cannot always size up the situation quickly enough to prevent an accident.

Bad Fire Narrowly Averted

What might have been a disastrous fire was narrowly averted by the quick work of a few men with pails of water, at the McDonald House stables, Chesley, last Thursday morning. About 10 o'clock Ned Kelleher went to hitch up the team and noticed smoke coming from the back of the stables. On investigating, he found a small fire in a box stall at the very back of the building. An alarm was immediately turned in and in the meantime about half a dozen men ran in with pails of water and checked the blaze before it got a good start.

Clever Check Artist Gets Long Term

One merchant in Acton another in Wiarton, and five others in Georgetown, have learnt, through bitter experience, that a pretty face and a dashing smile is not sufficient warrant of integrity. Elsie Robertson, aged 25, pretty Georgetown girl and a short time ago one of the most popular girls of the town, has gullied dozens of Ontario business men to the tune of thousands of dollars, winning her way with nothing to aid her but a pleasant word and charming disposition.

Last week, Elsie Robertson, in a crowded court-house in Milton, was sentenced by Magistrate H. F. Moore to serve three years in the penitentiary for passing bogus cheques. She was also sentenced a week previous to a two year term for similar offences at Barrie and Parry Sound. Miss Robertson, a Toronto girl, arrived in Georgetown three months ago. Within a few days she had established herself as a member of the young society of the town. One day she presented herself to a Georgetown motor car dealer, flaunted a cheque book and a gay glance and drove away in a big new sedan. Georgetown faded away in a cloud of exhaust, and Barrie was her next stopping place. There

she soon won her way into the hearts and graces of the local Salvation Army troops. Clad in bonnet and long skirts, the appealing blonde did a lot of collecting for the Army. She even collected a dollar from the chief of police, who had a sheaf of warrants for her lying on his desk at the time.

She was not content with her first car, so one day she traded it in and purchased one still better. The dealer never questioned her bank account—her face was enough.

She called on a lot more people in other towns—Warton and Parry Sound. Silk stockings, bright hats, gas and oil, spare tires for her car; she got them all with her compelling glance and her cheque.

And then came the end. One day Miss Robertson learned that there were in the neighborhood of twenty warrants out for her arrest. She might have accelerated her car and disappeared across the border; she might have done lots of other things. But Elsie Robertson was a true lady. Politely and without any fuss, she drove up to the police station at Barrie and paid a social call to the chief there. The chief was pleased to see her. So were the judges in Barrie, Milton and Parry Sound. And so will the wardens at Kingston.

Mica in Erin Township

When blasting in connection with road work on the fifth line, Erin last week, workmen discovered what might be a large deposit of mica. The blast turned out many large pieces of rock from which very good samples of mica could be stripped in sheets. Whether or not the mica is there in working quantities and if it is of any material value we could not say.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

J. H. Parsons in "Our Dumb Animals"

Whenever it can be proved that an animal has reached a conclusion by pure reasoning, it is well worth recording, and it is equally interesting to find out why that animal used its reasoning power when hundreds of its species never showed any signs of it. Some years ago I had a young stallion named "Mischief". He surprised me one day by displaying reasoning powers he was not supposed to possess. On that particular day, like many other days, I drove up to the village to get the mail. On such occasions Mischief always waited patiently for a reasonable length of time, after which he would commence pawing at the ground. He had been pawing that day for some time when I untied him, jumped into the two-wheeled cart, and then went flying down the road to the ranch.

It was always necessary to stop at a gate, which was made out of small poles mortised into two heavier poles, one at each end. The gate swung on a pivot, but was always fastened securely against the pressure of wind or any other cause, by means of a chain, one end of which was stapled firmly to the end of which was formed the gate-way. The loose part of the chain was looped over the pole of the gate, the upper part of which stood upright about ten inches above the top of the uppermost horizontal pole. On reaching the gate I always got out and lifted the chain off the perpendicular pole standard, then gave the gate a good push and it would swing open.

On this particular day Mischief was in a great hurry to get home, for he tore down the road at his fastest trotting pace. Just as we reached the gate he rushed up to the pole standard, seized the chain in his mouth, flung it off the standard, then gave the gate a sharp fling with his nose and was through the opening before I could quite take in what had happened though I witnessed it all.

The next day I purposely kept the horse waiting until he was very anxious to go. As we reached the gate I slackened the reins and he immediately stepped, stretched out his neck and opened the gate precisely as before. I felt justified in believing that one horse at least had reasoning powers. That conclusion was empha-

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At Home

by Phoebe Henry from volume

"Little Things on Life" The preface to this little ten by the author expresses the greatest things in life and love: This book is not for the Or those who scornful Nor yet for those who are In phraseology. But 'tis for folk who love The simple, homely ways Their fellowship and love And not the wreaths of gold.

To those who spent their In Grey County the thought peal to them as expressed

County Grey, Old County Grey, dear Co To me you are perfection, Your hills and dales and Live in my recollection. A longing comes within my When Spring does deck wood.

To journey back to County To the lovely scene of Each little hill I know And e'en the fallowen Brings recollections back To that hold my heart so true

Though some are gone who me To roam the mossy way Yet still a hearty welcome For me in County Grey.

A beautiful little thought sed in

Nature's Touch Just a wave of friendship Just a kind word spoken Just a little sympathy Just a little token.

Just a kindred spirit met, Just a word one can't forget Just sometimes do mortal To make our lives the more Those who love children, the picture portrayed in the lowing poems.

"Out of the Mouths of B Three little children at their A guessing, contest had one The thing they wished they know

Was what had made the rose One thought an angel had And dropped a seedlet from One guessed a fairy bright Had come and planted there The third one said that God And so the lovely rose grew Three little ones of tender age Whose thoughts might older gage.

Their innocent and child Defined a grand and noble From out the mouths of th Comes wisdom that will ne

The Little Hand in The little hand in mine With fingers soft and They confidently twine Around my own so tender

Just like a little flower And proudly I unfold For fear that I might crush How carefully I hold the

The little hand in mine Sweet comfort it has been And when I would repine A lesson true has taught

A few more years and then The hand will be full of When I hold it in my

The little hand in mine Is something to remember 'Tis in the Spring of the While I am in the

There are many worlds that do not ship for much of the there are ten who can ship in words

What is Friendship Helping each other out Willing each other to die Always be ready to help With never a thought of gain

If slanderous tongues abuse Then ours be the pleasure to infuse Like salt to the wound And make him happy by did how

Sometimes we will true friend When little we know Sometimes will be turning in our track, But that's not the time to turn back

We all have friends, who and say And when sorrow appears turn away

If once a man trust strong and true, Oh, never betray him when For if you betray him you For you've stolen his trust lost for all time.

It is hard to be a real friend And unless you are never pretend. I would rather be struck come near Than a friend who is timid with fear.

Lest an unlucky fellow ask.