

In Other Communities

A New Disease

Tuleremia is the name of a new disease which is contracted in the dressing of wild rabbits. Infection causes a fever which frequently continues for a couple of weeks, sometimes with fatal results. There have been many cases in the States, and the disease has recently made its appearance in Ontario. Great care should be taken by those who handle the dead rabbits. As a rule, it is stated, the infection comes through some injury to the hand, and the use of rubber gloves while dressing the animal is recommended.—Walkerton Telescope.

They Threw Red Pepper

Four boys from the village of Nile who have, or had, rather warped ideas of fun, were before Magistrate Reid at Goderich last week, and got off pretty easy in view of their pranks.

They attended a dance at the village and planned to have some fun by throwing red pepper (of which they had a supply) on the stove. Evidently they were warned not to do this, but not wanting to waste the pepper they threw some of it in the faces of guests as they were starting for home.

The magistrate pointed out the serious nature of their offence and giving them a warning let them go on suspended sentence on paying costs. So they did not have much fun after all.—Lucknow Sentinel.

No Rented Farms in Nichol

Nichol township may just hold a record in the province. At a meeting of the Nichol Council in Fergus last Friday, the members stated that so far as they knew there is not a person living on a rented farm in the township. Perhaps this also accounts for the wonderful success of Mr. Alex. Moir, tax collector, who has for several years had the reputation for collecting every cent of taxes. This year the roll showed \$34,835.78 taxes all of which he collected except \$6.64 which belongs to an estate on lot 18 which has not yet been straightened up. Even this may have been sent to the collector this week, as it was promised. If so no municipality can equal Nichol

township's reputation of paying every cent of taxes for some years back.—Fergus News-Record.

Farmer Found Dead in Bed

Mr. Abram Wilkin, a young farmer of the 6th concession of Brant township, was found dead in his bed by his wife Wednesday morning of last week. The deceased was about thirty-five years of age and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wilkin. He was married about ten years ago to Miss Lena Huenomoeler of Brant township, who survives him without any family. He also leaves one sister and four brothers. Apparently he succumbed from convulsions from which he had been suffering at intervals, it seems, since the burning of his barn five years ago on the old John Brillinger farm on the 6th concession Brant, on which property the deceased resided prior to moving to his late farm on the 7th concession Brant following the destruction of the barn.—Walkerton Telescope.

Anxious to Secure Provincial Highway

Business men and citizens generally of Stratford and smaller towns along the proposed route, are determined to secure a provincial highway from Stratford to Arthur and Orangeville, and then on to Provincial Highway No. 11, according to a Stratford despatch.

Strong representations, it is claimed, will be made to the minister of highways again this year to have the road designated as a provincial highway. Last year some 500 yere in a deputation which waited on Hon. George S. Henry, but this year, it is expected that even a larger deputation representing all towns, villages and municipalities on the route will go to Toronto to present their proposal.

A provincial highway from Stratford, through Arthur and Orangeville, and connecting with the Toronto-Barrie highway would provide tourists from across the border and from all Western Ontario with a direct route to the north. It would also serve a populous area not now adequately served by a provincial road.

A petition is being circulated by the Retail Merchants' Association of Stratford asking Hon. Dr. J. D. Monteith to do all in his power. A meeting with Mr. Henry will probably be held some time before the end of this month.—Arthur Enterprise-News.



PHIL SCOTT GREETED BY MRS. WALKER. Mrs. James J. Walker, wife of New York's popular Mayor, chatting with Phil Scott, British heavyweight hope, just before he trained with his sparring partners. She wished him luck in his bout with Jack Sharkey.

Three Places Entered by Youth

What is doubtlessly the work of an amateur in the burglary game and which is possibly the performance of a local youth whom the police have under suspicion was staged here some time after Saturday midnight, when Sternal's hardware store was entered by the breaking of a rear window and a couple of flashlights, a wrench and six boxes of cartridges were swiped, together with 100 coppers annexed from the cash register, which is purposefully left open each night so that any person so inclined may remove this small sum without damaging the register, as would otherwise be the case if it were locked. An attempt to remove one of the dollar watches from the counter was frustrated by the chain catching on the frame, and as the thief was apparently working fast and in a hurry, he did not stop to solve the puzzle, but left the chain tangled up with the watch intact and departed.

The finding of the pump and the water pipes frozen in the back of the shop, together with a stiff breeze blowing through the broken window, was the first intimation Mr. Sternal had of the thief's entry when he opened the store Monday.

At the United Church the youth entered through a rear basement window, which was the only one on hinges in the sacred edifice, and as it has been customary for members whose birthdays occur during the week to drop into a mite box a copper for every year of their age, the thief was expecting to strike a copper mine. An official, however, had taken the precaution to remove this coin owing to the mysterious disappearance of late of several birthday gifts that were almost as valuable as an old-age pension.

At the High school entry was made through the prying open of the back door, a fact that the cartaker discovered on Monday morning when he found the water-pipes frozen. A search of the premises failed to disclose anything missing, the thief having overlooked some small change in the principal's drawer.

The police are working on the case, and some developments may be expected shortly.—Walkerton Herald-Times.

OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

Erratic Hog Prices

Hog prices in January were \$3.50 per cwt. above those of 1929. In August last year prices soared unexpectedly and unexplainably, and then dropped \$3 in three weeks. The fluctuations were never adequately explained, and were rendered all the more baffling by the uniform prices of pork products retailed to consumers.

Prices at country points also bob up and down in a most bewildering manner. In our market report published last week the closing Toronto price was \$13.25, i.o.b. Hamilton plants opened at \$13.65 and closed at \$14.15 for hams off truck and off feed. Kitchener opened at \$13 and closed at \$13.50, off trucks. London paid \$13.50. Stratford opened at \$13 and closed at \$13.50. Peterborough opened at \$13 and closed at \$13.25. Ingersoll assembling point paid \$12.50, and Brantford \$13.25 to \$14. Select hams \$13.50. Ingersoll \$13.50. Brantford \$13.50.

on Tuesday. Mount Forest paid \$13.25 on Thursday.

The argument is often advanced that the run of hogs determines the price, but that is hard to believe when packers advise drovers and shippers the latter part of one week that prices will be up or down half a dollar on the following Monday without knowing how many hogs will be coming out, and, furthermore, without any change in the situation so far as the demand for packing house products is concerned.

There are cycles in hog prices, extending over a period of years, all will agree. That is probably inevitable. What producers object to and what is sickening many farmers of the hog business is the sudden fluctuations and juggling of prices that leave a grower bewildered.

It would be in the interests of the packing industry, as well as the swine raiser, to stabilize prices, or at least to avoid the peaks and troughs. Hogs would not cost the packer any more money and producers would take out better hogs in regard to weights and finish.—Farmer's Advocate.

U.S. Magistrates Must Hold Funny Jobs

As a rule a hold-up to a New Yorker a simple hold-up 'tis to him and it is nothing more, writes J. V. McAree in Toronto Mail and Empire.

If the amount stolen is unusually large or if there is an undue amount of bloodshed, some of it at the expense of prominent persons, the newspapers give the matter a good spread, but in a few days it is forgotten. The Vitale hold-up did involve some conspicuous persons, but no lives were lost and nothing of value was permanently alienated. Yet it is destined to become one of the most notable hold-ups in the city's history. As a result of the investigation following it the magistrates' courts of the city, the police force and even the Rothstein case—again—are likely to be held up to the spotlight. A shake-up in police ranks, perhaps a wholesale dismissal of magistrates and maybe even an indictment for murder may follow. Anything, in fact, may follow except a clearing up of the Rothstein case. The expert consensus is now that this mystery never will be solved. The present idea is that the murderer of Rothstein is no more having himself been murdered by Rothstein's friends. Rothstein's death-bed refusal to name his assassin is understood to have been an indirect way of ordering his gang to avenge him.

Banquet to a Magistrate.

But to return to our hold-up. It occurred in December. A political club, made up of Italian members of the Democratic party, was giving a dinner to Magistrate Vitale, also an Italian as his name implies. There were present prominent politicians—and others. One of the others was a detective named Arthur Johnson. Suddenly in the midst of the festivities there appeared half a dozen masked men with revolvers. Hands were hoisted including those of Johnson. The guests' pockets were turned inside out and several thousand dollars in money and many jewels were taken. Included in the lot was the revolver of the detective. The hold-ups then departed, though the cars of one of them must have burned since an indignant guest yelled at him that he should have been ashamed to disturb a

dinner given to Magistrate Vitale, who was well known to be a good friend of industrious hold-ups.

All Plunder Returned
When Commissioner of Police Whalen read of the affair the first thing that occurred to him was that Johnson had acted in a manner unbecoming an officer in surrendering his revolver. He should certainly have shot somebody and in the opinion of the commissioner it did not much matter whether it was one of the intruders or one of the guests. Further investigation revealed the fact that among the guests were half a dozen persons with police records including two or three who had benefitted by the benevolence of Magistrate Vitale when they appeared before him. Johnson was reduced in rank as a policeman, although he explained that his revolver had been returned to him shortly after the hold-up by no less a personage than Magistrate Vitale. This seemed to make other investigations necessary and it was not long before the police learned that all the money and jewels taken from the guests had been mysteriously restored to them. There was only one thing of importance missing, and when we say what it was it will be understood that police curiosity was stimulated rather than assuaged.

Murder by Contract.

It was, in fact, a murder contract, and at this point there enters the story of one Ciro Terranova, the so-called "artichoke king," wearer of half a dozen aliases and three or four times released by the police after having been accused of various offenses from murder down, but not very far down. Terranova was one of the guests. Terranova was also a racketeer. His connection with artichokes, of which he does not like to be reminded, consisted of nothing more than a mere blackmailing of various fruit and vegetable dealers. He says his money was made in the stock market. He has a beautiful home and a charming wife and children and a good deal of money. Nevertheless, he did not have so much money that a saving of \$15,000 was not an object to him. The theory is that Terranova had made a deal with a Chicago gangster who, in consideration for the sum of \$20,000, with \$5,000 paid down, undertook to remove two of Terranova's enemies, Frankie Yale and Frankie Marlow. Both these men were racketeers and the supposition is that they encroached on Terranova's territory. That he should wish them out of the way is natural. As a matter of fact both of them have since met their death from automatics though there is no proof that Terranova did them in.

Magistrates and Criminals.

But Commissioner Whalen believes that Terranova signed the murder contract that was in the pocket of one of the guests at the Vitale dinner and that

it was to secure this document that the hold-up was planned. That would explain the return of the money and jewelry. Terranova was missing immediately after the dinner and despite sealous search by the police did not turn up until a few days ago when he walked into headquarters and surrendered. Of course he denied all knowledge of anything despite a long quizzing. Magistrate Vitale was equally voluble in his denials. But the bar association is investigating him and his connection with criminals who have come before him. Enough has been brought to light to show his utter unfitness for the position. The fact that he was also revealed as having borrowed \$19,000 from Arnold Rothstein is supposed to be an incident not without significance. The connection of police and magistrates with the criminal element of New York is likely to be the subject of an investigation by the New York state legislature.

DEER AND WILD PIGS

New Zealand Government Sends Out Hunters to Thin Them Out.—Have Become a Pest to the Inhabitants.

Deer and wild pigs, introduced in New Zealand to provide sport for sportsmen, have proved a countryside pest. In no part of the world is there such thrilling deer-stalking as in New Zealand, but there are not enough sportsmen. The animals, secure in their forest fastnesses, have multiplied so rapidly that the Government has sent out official hunting parties to thin the herds.

One party spent three months in the Lillburn Valley, shooting 700 magnificent red deer, the hides of which were exported at a dollar apiece.

In another region, Canterbury, where, in some of the finest sheep country in the world, the depredations of the fallow deer were so severe that the graziers asked government action, and within three weeks an official party had bagged 500. If pig-sticking were a popular sport here—which it is not—the scope would be unlimited. So destructive are the wild pigs that the Government pays 25 cents for every snout that is delivered to its depots.

Like Fire and Brimstone

I thought I'd better switch the subject, so I remarked: "How do you like the new preacher at your church?"
"Oh, fine. I learn a lot from his sermons."
"He must be a clear speaker."
"He is; until I heard what he had to say on Sunday I always thought Sodom and Gomorrah were man-and wife!"

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