

In Other Communities

Taken From Our Exchanges About People of Your Acquaintance.

Youth In Unusual Bush Accident

John McTavish, 16 of Greenock, while working with his father in the bush received a severe injury when a heavy sapling which had become bent and held over by another tree in some manner pulled free and with terrific force came back, striking McTavish on the nose, tearing it severely and damaging one eye. The cuts required eight stitches to close. He is making favorable progress towards recovery.—Teesswater News.

Struck With Crow Bar at Lime Plant

A rather serious and painful accident occurred at the plant of the Gypsum Lime and Alabastine Company in Elora last week, when Marlonno Frossone, a quarryman, was struck in the face with the end of a crowbar. He sustained a broken nose, a nasty gash about the eye, and other minor bruises. The accident was caused by a mass of rock falling on the crowbar, which he was using, in such a way that the bar flew up and struck him in the face.—Fergus News-Record.

Horse and Sleigh Got Away

Shortly before noon, Wednesday, a horse belonging to Mr. Frank Rennie, hitched to a sleigh, was startled in some way, and it staged a dash from the livery to Durham Street. The sleigh, coming in contact with the C. N. express motor delivery, got the worst of the collision, the top and rear runners remaining there while the animal ran on, but was caught before it had travelled far. No one, nor the steed, was injured, and the damage to the sleigh can be easily repaired.—Walkerton Telescope.

Carried Wounded Man Off Field

By strange coincidence, recently, a young man, guilty of violating the law, fell in Chief Ferguson's hands. He claimed knowing the Chief on account of something which transpired during the war. Mr. Ferguson's second son, Bob, was wounded in the fighting around Cambrai in the concluding months of the 1918 campaign. Shot in one ankle, he lay in the open, without attention, for four days and four nights. By that time the leg, up to above the knee was gangrenous. Inquiry proved that this man was one of two who finally carried Bob to an ambulance dressing station, where, to save his life, the leg was amputated.—Walkerton Telescope.

War Service Results in Loss of Legs

Elwood F. Irwin returned home on Sunday after spending two and a half months in Christie St. hospital, Toronto, suffering a severe attack of

thromboangitis obliterans contracted while in the army. This incurable trouble has caused Elwood to lose both limbs at the knee, one last winter, the other in January last. Through advice of the surgeons Elwood will not be able to use artificial limbs as it might cause injury to the body. The misfortune and suffering of this young Allistonian have provoked the sympathy of all the townspeople who hope that Elwood's distress has been permanently checked and that he is entering on the enjoyment of a period of good health.—Alliston Herald.

Had a Cold Dip

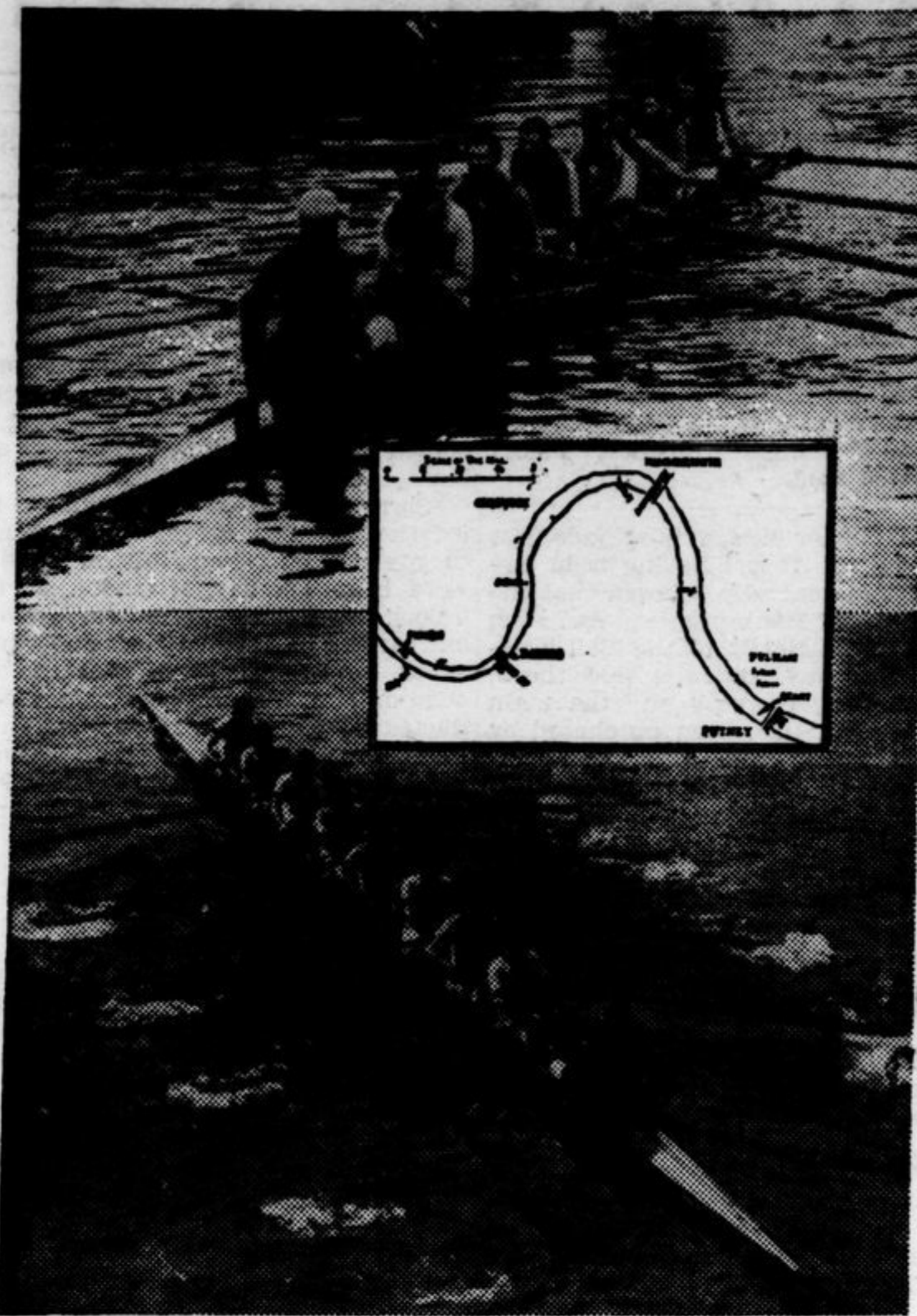
A local gent, who attended the Walkerton-Paris hockey match at Galt on Monday night, got into the Grand River, which has greatly overflowed its banks, when he stepped out of the rear end of the Galt arena to have a smoke. With a lighted cigarette protruding from his face he looked like a warship that had been torpedoed going down at night, and as fully illuminated as the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. As the water closed around the knees of the Walkertonian and wet the elastic that held up his hose, this local Knight of the Garter began to sense the situation and to yell lustily for help. Happily some Galtionians, who were secretly pulling the cork out of a pop bottle, heard the S.O.S. and were sober enough to lend the necessary aid to get the Walkertonian ashore.—Walkerton Herald-Times.

Spree Cost Him \$16.50

A young man, hailing from a farm near Maple Hill, purchased liquor at the local dispensary last Friday and thereon hangs a tale. Shortly after eleven o'clock that night Chief Ferguson was summoned to the Central Hotel, where the visitor, quite drunk, seemed to be intent upon staying for the night. By the time the Chief arrived, he had sought cover in the barn, but Robert Ferguson, with Night Watchman Crawford, who was in the vicinity at the time, dug him out and escorted him to the lock-up at the Town Hall. The man was a sorry looking sight, cut about the face, as if someone had dug his claws into him, and without hat or coats. The following morning the Chief fitted him out with a chapeau, sweater, etc., he accepted an invitation to appear before Magistrate Walker, and was informed that his spree would cost him \$10 and costs of \$6.50. This was paid.

Given Ten Days in County Jail

In a sort of pouch—a la marsupial—formed by pinning his vest to his trousers, John Ellis, of Marden, placed marmalade, bacon and a number of other articles while shopping in Loblaw's Groceries, Guelph on Saturday, it was stated in Guelph police court. His action was "spotted" by a clerk however, and Ellis was charged with



FAMOUS UNIVERSITY CREWS FINISH OFF FOR GREAT RACE

The Oxford and Cambridge University eights are now entering into the final stage of their training for the great annual race on Old Mother Thames between Putney and Mortlake. The Cambridge crew (top) is again favored to turn the tables on their rival university crew, although the Oxonians (bottom) are receiving much more publicity in the press. The latter eight were thought to have a good chance to win this year but the trouble which resulted in their captain, Graham, resigning, may spoil their chances. In the pictures above is a drawing of the course showing some of the important places on the course.

OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

Soldiers' Pension Problem

In reading over "Hansard" on the preliminary debate on an act which will be introduced this session of Parliament to amend the Pensions Act as applied to disabled veterans of the Great War, the writer was impressed by the apparent sincerity of the members of all parties who spoke on the subject and the desire so frequently expressed to keep it clear of party politics. This question will tax the skill of the lawmakers of Canada to the utmost on account of the many complications which will arise when the new provisions are put into effect. It is hardly possible that the act will be amended in such a way that further amendments will not be necessary but there is a growing demand for changes so that injustices which are very apparent will be righted and our Parliamentarians are now convinced that something must be done. It is almost impossible for anyone who has not seen for himself the conditions in France to understand how incomplete the medical histories of the individual soldier could be and know the farce of medical boards and medical inspections. The problem will not be altogether solved during the lives of the "returned men." "To deal fairly with the returned men" is a pretty sounding phrase but to put it into operation is a problem which may defy complete solution. The need of assistance should certainly be one of the first considerations. We are glad to note that it is being dealt with, so far, on a non-political basis and hope that this manner of dealing with it will be continued.

A Very Bad Companion

Resentment is a bitter thing to carry around with one through the days and years of life. It is just about one of the poorest companions that a man could have, tinging and turning to bitterness what might otherwise be fresh and wholesome and good. And it is especially so when the feeling is held against life in general, or the providences and circumstances that seem to mark out for us the way that we have to take. The man in about all the world that we pity most is the man with a grudge against life; who feels that something or someone has done him a bad turn, and spoiled his chances for doing and becoming the thing he was meant to do and to become. And it must be admitted that there are some people who seem to have some justification for feeling just that way. To spoil life for someone else either is an astonishingly easy thing to do or some people have a special gift for doing it. Have you never seen parents, who by their self will and determination that their children should be and do, the things that they desired irrespective of the ability or desires of the children, came very near to wrecking lives that it was their special duty to help! And how often have you seen the thoughtlessness or the selfishness or the unkindness of the self-will of friend or relative or companion or employer or even chance acquaintances make life and the best things in life harder and more difficult. Yes and even circumstances do seem to have a real grudge against some people. But whatever temptation we may have to hold resentment against any man or anything, however clear it may be to us that we have not had quite a square deal from life, or from our relatives or our friends or even our enemies, the one thing in all the world that we must not carry around with us is a grudge; no matter against whom or for what reason it may be held. By whatever philosophy or argument or reasoning we may get rid of it, we must throw resentment out of life or it will eat its way into our very soul.

Former Merchant Bankrupt

The Enterprise has received notice from J. Levinsky of Toronto that B. Swartz, who carried on a business in Chesley under the name of the Central Clothing Store, had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. So far 52 creditors have sent in the amount of their respective accounts which aggregate \$6,002.41. The largest creditor is the Premier Cloak Co., of Toronto, with \$650 of an unpaid account. Next in order is the Alton Shoe Co., of Toronto, which is stuck for \$517.04. Swartz got credit from the Allen Silk Mills of Hanover to the extent of \$129.49. A son of Swartz was up in Chesley after the goods had been moved from the store here to Acton and had the nerve to call at the Enterprise office three days after his dad had made an assignment to demand an apology for what had appeared about pater not being banquetted when he made a sudden flight from town. We told the young man to pay us his old man's account before he got too chirpy and instead of doing that the son got nasty and began calling names. As we had our office rent paid we did not feel disposed to let any man give us a calling down in our own balliwick or on taking a chance on his smiting us on both cheeks if we turned one to him so we told him to make himself scarce and when he did not move fast enough to suit us we landed a la Shurkey on his jaw. Swartz junior threatened us with a suit for libel for what was said about his father and offered to pay up in full if we published an apology in both the Chesley and Acton papers but no apology has been forthcoming and the bankruptcy statement has not helped to make the Swartz case any stronger.—Chesley Enterprise.

Bad Flood at Glenwilliams

The worst flood in 18 years was experienced at Glenwilliams, about noon on Monday of last week, water in the Credit reaching a point remembered only by the oldest inhabitants. Ice jams in the upper reaches of the river were the cause of the flood, and for hours dynamite was used freely to break up the huge masses that have not yet been softened by rain Houses standing beside the river at the west end of the village were flooded and although the water abated somewhat, were surrounded for hours on end. Huge pieces of ice were carried into backyards, where they will remain until they melt. A jam extended from just above the dam that supplies power to the mills for several hundred yards up the river, and this sent the water across the road and unpleasantly near residences on the east side. St. Alban's church was surrounded, and the parishioners watched anxiously to see whether the water would enter the building. A culvert was washed out on the Ninth line, just west of the big bridge over the Credit, and most of the damage to the road was between the culvert and the bridge. Loads of gravel were washed off the roads into the flats; occasioning some bad pitch-holes. For several hours the Ninth line was impassable, until a break in the jam to the south let the water go down.—Acton Free Press.

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as does a canker, and make health and wholesomeness for ever impossible. It is a strange thing by how many ways and methods a man may make good for the ungenerous way that life has treated him and the little help his friends may have given him, but the one sure way of making these things utterly spoil and ruin his life is to carry around resentment because of them. The worst companion in all the world is a grudge. It were better for us to carry around with us the germs of all the vile diseases that ever afflicted the human frame than to keep it shut up in our souls.—The Outlook.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you. With him you breathe free. You can avow your vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands, you do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, tolerate him. Best of all you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands. You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you. A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself.—Anon.

Ontario Liberals have been in Ottawa holding an inquest over their party. They might just as well hold a wake over it.—Ottawa Journal.

Dwight W. Morrow is going to the Senate from New Jersey. Doubtless he did right well getting along with the Mexicans, but he'll find the Senate a different proposition.—Leesburk Commercial.



KAYE DON NO NOVICE

The British motor speed racer, Kaye Don, who has arrived on this continent in an endeavor to break the present world's record of 231 miles an hour, is no novice. He broke six world's records last year over various distances, and two British and continental records.

Co-operative Poultry Marketing

Membership in the Manitoba Co-operative Poultry Marketing Association Limited, Hartney, Manitoba, has increased during its seven years of life from 1,000 to 11,000.

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