

In Other Communities

Buys Flesheron Rink

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Flesheron Rink Co., last Tuesday evening, it was decided to accept an offer of \$1200 for the property, made by Mr. Walter Akitt of Flesheron. Ten years ago this fall the rink was purchased from the estate of the late William Boyd, who erected the building some eighteen years ago.

New Hanover Chief Kitchener Man

Norman Meyers, of Kitchener, has been appointed chief of police in Hanover. He is a former resident of Chesley but for the past few years he has been a member of the Kitchener police force, and it was his experience that influenced the Hanover council in giving him the preference. Mr. Meyers will receive a salary of \$100 a month, free water and telephone.

Huge Tomatoes Grown This Year

The editor of The Review-Reporter on Saturday was presented with a basket of tomatoes from the garden of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Campbell, 5th Kincardine. The largest measured 18 1/2 inches by 1 1/2 inches and weighed two pounds, two ounces. Five tomatoes filled the basket. On Saturday evening many people viewed them in the office window, and most people remarked that they had never seen such huge tomatoes before.—Kincardine Review-Reporter.

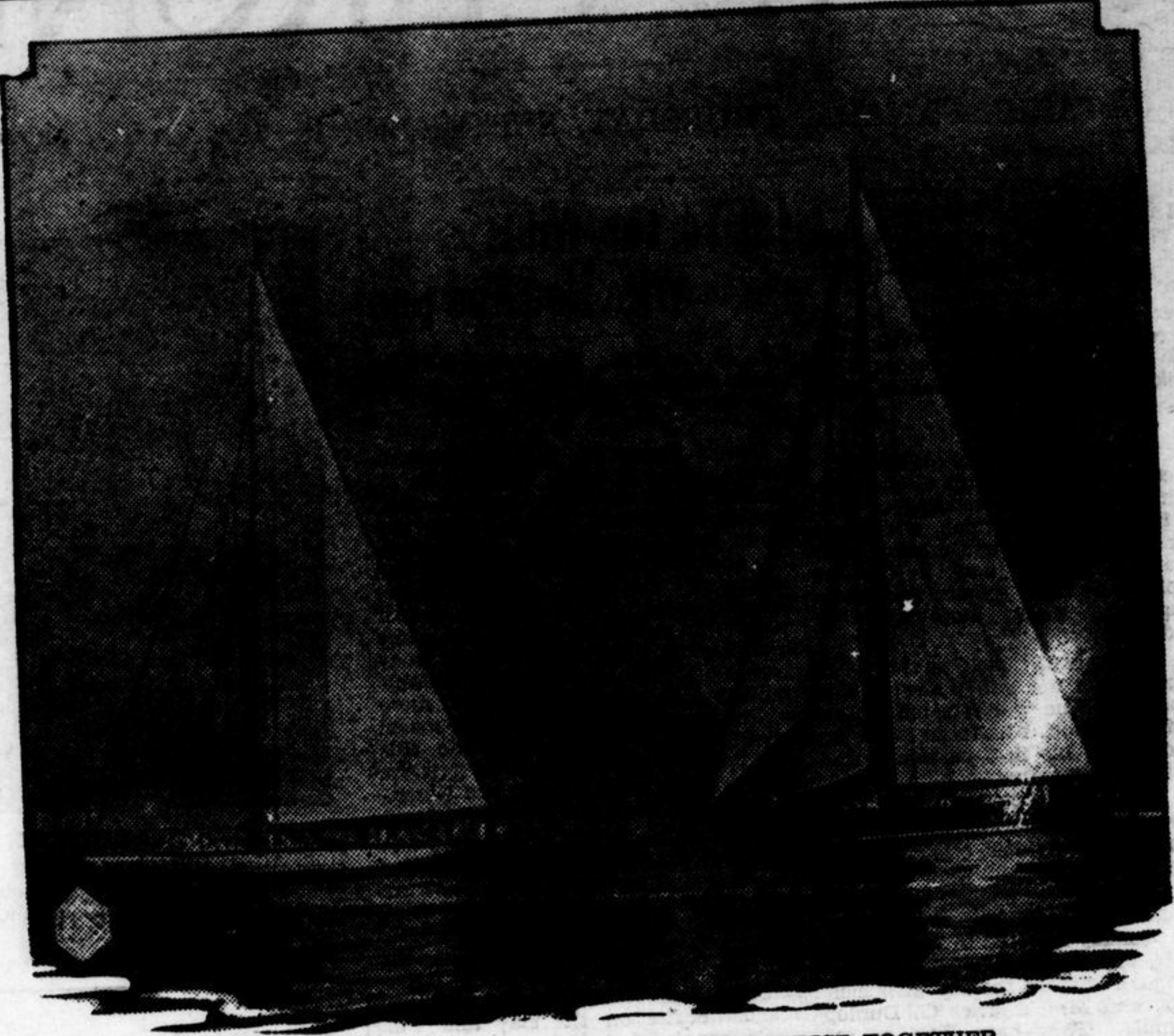
Ladies Had Long Motor Trip

Two Walkerton young ladies, Miss Marion Hogg and Miss Marguerite Stalker, returned recently from a lengthy motoring trip which was as enjoyable and as successful in every way, as one could imagine. In a new Ford, owned by the former, they covered approximately 7,500 miles, to Vancouver, B. C., and returned to Walkerton. The only trouble was one puncture on a side trip which Miss Hogg took with some of her Western relatives.—Walkerton Telescope.

Hanover Girl Highest Honors in Grey

Congratulations are due to Miss Ruth Gruetzner and the teachers of the

Hanover public school on the former's winning of the Jamieson gold medal. This medal is given yearly by Hon. Dr. Jamieson to the pupil in South Grey who secures the highest marks in the Entrance examinations. As it is open to all public schools in the riding, Ruth's success in winning it reflects great credit on her ability as a scholar, and also attests to the capable instruction given in the Hanover public school.—Hanover Post.



FIRST PICTURES OF SHAMROCK V AND ENTERPRISE TOGETHER. An interesting photograph of the Shamrock V and the Enterprise as they glided past the press camera during trials in Newport Harbor. The British yacht is on the right of the picture easily distinguishable by her dark green hull, while the United States defending boat, Enterprise, is on the left of the picture.

Unusual Event in Markdale

A most unusual event occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gardiner, Maple Grove, when Margaret Florence Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Walker, 84 Murray street, Brantford, was present together with her two great grandmothers, Mrs. S. Gardiner of Windsor, both 87 years of age; and two grandmothers, Mrs. A. L. Walker of Markdale, Miss Margaret is one of the very few who can claim four generations of ancestors, living, on both sides of her family.—Markdale Standard.

Lost Finger in Seed Drill

Joe, the little two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Maxwell, 30th sideroad, about half a mile north of town, met with a regrettable accident on September 2nd when he lost a finger in the seed drill. His father was seeding in the evening when the little chap came out to the field and was riding on the foot board when he placed his hand in the cogs of the drill which chewed off the forefinger of his right hand, leaving it hanging by only a cord, making it necessary to amputate the injured digit. We are pleased to report that no complications have set in and Joe is progressing favorably.—Chesley Enterprise.

Truck Derails Train

When a C.N.R. freight train struck a truck at Warton Saturday morning the locomotive was derailed and tore up 100 feet of track before it could be stopped. No lives were lost. The truck was driven by W. J. Pritchard, who escaped injury.

When the truck was struck by the train it was thrown against the switch-box which was broken off. This turned the switch points, allowing the locomotive to leave the rails and plow its way along the roadbed. When Engineer A. H. Williams succeeded in bringing the engine to a stop it was tilted at a dangerous angle. The truck was badly smashed, but Mr. Pritchard drove it away under its own power.—Hanover Post.

Gander Had "Likker" Weakness

Recently, over a period of several days, a gander on a farm in Middlesex county was seen to be behaving queerly. Early in the morning it would be in fine health and as active as any farm-fowl should be. Later in the day he began to perform queer antics, dragging his wings on the ground and walking unsteadily. When the gander lost his sense of appropriateness of things sufficiently to kill two chickens, the farmer thought that it was time to commence an investigation. He found that a drain pipe from a silo was causing all the trouble. The gander was drinking some of the fluid drained from the corn ensilage in the silo. The bird had evidently become intoxicated from this crude form of corn whiskey.—Walkerton Herald-Times.

Horse Dislikes Island Life

An almost unbelievable occurrence took place in this district a few days ago as reported by Mr. Percy Quinn from his summer home at Honey Harbor who relates a story of a horse that had the homing instinct so strong within him that he went through numerous obstacles to reach his first home.

He writes: "I think you know that I purchased a horse for my man Fred Vessair, some months back. This horse disappeared last week and we hunted the entire island, without success. On Tuesday last the man I purchased the horse from, Mr. Dupris, conveyed the word to Fred Vessair that his horse was back at Port Severn, in his stable. In order to do this, it had to swim two channels on to two different islands, then on to the mainland and trot back a distance of about 12 miles. I have heard about birds and dogs accomplishing this feat, but never a horse."—Midland Argus.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Summer cultivation is being highly recommended, but, here, as in many other instances, there is evidently a possibility of overdoing the thing. Five ploughings in one season on the farm of R. H. Larkin proved to be too much of the good thing. Mr. Larkin, who is a West Garafraza farmer, ploughed the first time on July 8, 1923. The other ploughings started about as follows, August 2, September 1, September 20,

and October 20.

The fifteen acres in all, that were thus treated to an over-dose of ploughing were sown to mixed grain, oats and barley; and while a clean crop might have been expected, the actual fact is that when R. H. Clemens made a field investigation immediately after harvest, he discovered that the sow thistle was more or less prevalent over the whole field. In some places there was more sow thistle than crop. The explanation of Mr. Larkin's experience seems to be that with the continuous ploughing, the sun and weather were not given a chance to dry out and kill the undesirable sow thistle.—Arthur Enterprise.

Wasaga Butcher Killed in Car Wreck

Gaunt tragedy accompanied James McLaughlin, a Wasaga Beach butcher, about ten-thirty o'clock on Saturday evening last. On leaving one of the dance pavilions to go for a lunch at a restaurant along the beach he found his car had a flat tire and decided to accompany John Lamont of Stayner, who runs a jitney and is known as a skilful and careful driver. Between Oakview and the office of Mountain View Surveys, a huge log had become embedded in the sand and it is believed that with continued traffic it had gradually worked loose. Although only travelling at a moderate rate of speed Mr. Lamont became blinded by glare lights and failed to see the log. The car hit the log with such force that Mr. McLaughlin was killed instantly, but Mr. Lamont escaped with minor injuries.

McLaughlin's home was at Anton Mills where he was respected by everyone. During the summer months he conducted a butcher shop near the bridge at Wasaga Beach and had just completed a successful season. He intended leaving for his home early this week. He was unmarried and about thirty-five years of age.

Man's Ear's Lacerated in Accident

With both ears badly torn and other head injuries, Archie McLeod, driver of one of the trucks operated by the Cargill Creamery of Silverwoods Ltd., was brought to Bruce County Hospital on Tuesday. He was the victim of an accident at the farm of his brother, James McLeod, on concession 2, Bruce, that morning.

Dr. R. J. Tucker of Paisley, assisted by Dr. Robinson, town, rendered the attention necessary, and it is expected, barring serious internal injuries, that McLeod will make a satisfactory recovery. He will be x-rayed.

After talking to his brother, McLeod proceeded to restart the truck, but apparently finding that the starter did not respond, he jumped out to crank it. The engine must have been in low gear, for when he cranked the machine came forward, and the driver was forced beneath it.

Fortunately, none of the wheels passed over his body, but contact with the front axle appears to have dragged him with the moving truck to a wire fence, and his head became tangled in the wire. Both ears were nearly torn off.

The moving machine crashed down the fence and continued into a field, but as the front wheels were turned at an angle, it stopped when it circled and hit the fence again.—Walkerton Telescope.

Chicken Thief Surprised

On Monday morning about three o'clock when the citizenry of Walkerton as a whole were snoring most melodiously on their ostermoors, Nightwatchman Crawford, en route to one of his ports of call at the old Binder Twine Factory, heard a rustling through the corn in one of the gardens at the rear of P. A. Lambertus' drug store, and thinking it was a cow on the rampage, the officer made a wide-open march on the marauder, when to his surprise a middle-sized man dashed out of the corn and heading down the highway made for the open spaces at the Bend.

Although Walkerton's cop is long of limb and fleet of foot, he was unable to overtake his quarry, who speeded up and tried to increase his lead on the officer. During the chase the fugitive dropped a parcel which the sleuth stooped to pick up and which proved to be none other than an empty potato sack with a former local merchant's name outlined across it. Likely one of his erstwhile customers en route to Pete's chicken coop where a lot of fine pedigreed birds were roosting for the

night and which the intruder had purposed bagging, when suddenly surprised on his way to the roost.

Whether the bag, which has been left at the Herald-Times office by the cop, can furnish any clue to the identity of the culprit, remains to be seen, but that it wasn't full of choice fowl is alone probably due to the fact that the constable's hearing was good and he lost no time in getting to the scene.—Walkerton Herald-Times.

STORING APPLES

It is always cheaper to buy apples by the box, hamper or barrel than it is to buy by the small basket or individual specimen. The reason most people refrain from such purchases is because of the difficulty anticipated in keeping the fruit.

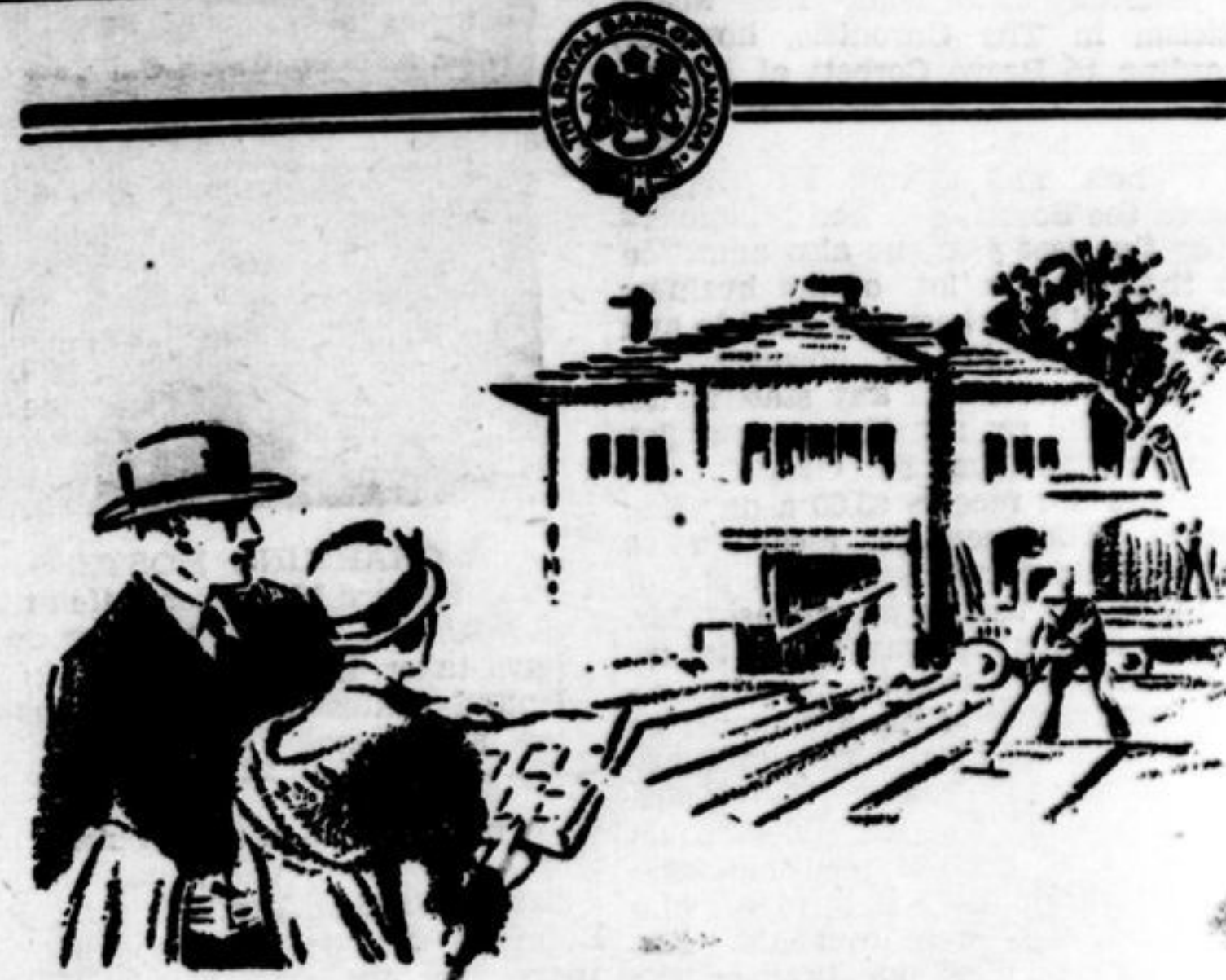
If kept in a cool damp place the fall and winter varieties of apples will maintain their fine qualities unimpaired for long periods of time. Experts of the Dominion Department of Agriculture

have given considerable attention to this phase of the apples marketing problem and express the view that the average householder should have little or no difficulty in maintaining an adequate supply of the king of fruits throughout the year.

When an apple is picked from the tree it is still alive and to be kept in good condition it has to be stored under healthy conditions. When left in the kitchen or stored near a furnace apples will shrivel and dry up, losing much of their fine flavor and quality. The simple expedient of placing them in a cool damp place insures satisfaction over a long period of time.

Hop: Springs Eternal

An old maid stood on the steamer's deck, all but she had fled, and calmly faced a kissing bug that circled overhead. The maidens shrieked and the matrons swooned, and the men all prayed for rain, but the game old maid like a hero stayed and murmured, "Come again."



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