CURRENT COMMENT

Hydro Radial Opposition

In the tangle created by the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate—not as many suppose Sir Adam Beck and the Hydro Electric Commission, but the Hydro Radial proposals for Ontario, Premier Drury appears to have given all the opponents of publicly owned or operated electric utilities the opportunity of their lives. To begin with, the Hydro Electric proposals were all founded on the principle of non-political operation. Every politician and partisan advocate in the province is now figuring how the Hydro activities can be brought into the political arena, and they are accepting Premier Drury's action as giving them a precedent. It is reported also that Premier Drury is in favor of the flat rate for the distribution of Hydro power. This may be counted among the other slanders circulated against the farmer premier. Only the very ignorant entertain the idea that such a plan is possible. No Ontario farmer would submit to be compelled to sell his potatoes or his cattle at the same price delivered in Toronto and in Montreal. He would want to add the extra freight to Montreal. That is all the Hydro rates do at present. It is true one may get a lower rate for a carload to Montreal sometimes than for a small quantity expressed to Toronto, but this principle also applies in the delivery of Hydro power. The flat rate is a delusion and a snare and could only be possible if there were Niagara sources of power at a number of equidistant points throughout the province. The flat rate is being advocated by people who want to wreck the Hydro project and a few others who know no better. Another section is striving by taking advantage of Premier Drury's practical blockade of the Hydro Radial project to drive Sir Adam Beck into a political camp. It is well known that Sir Adam has bound up his career with the success of the Hydro projects, and it is equally well known that well on to 300 municipalities in the province have cast their lot together and staked their credit on the Hydro leadership. They feel that they are not going to allow themselves to be diddled out of their opportunities by those who have bitterly opposed the Hydro for fifteen years, who have striven during all that time to wreck it, and who even today refuse to admit its success. The Hydro radials are alleged to be a new and untried project, whereas they are far better known and far more experience has been accumulated regarding them than was possessed about electric distribution when Sir Adam Beck fifteen years ago become the pioneer on the strength of information he had obtained of long-distance distribution. He is in possession today of similar information derived from the most eminent authorities on the subject, on the strength of which he has become the pioneer of radial communication for the municapilities of Ontario, always coupled, be it noted, with distribution of cheap power along the radial routes among the farmers. There is no other way of getting either the one or the other, and if the Radial Commission does its business properly this will be fully demonstrated in spite of the prophecies of the Farmers' Sun in the promotion of privately managed interests. Premier Drury has already stated that he has nothing to do with the Farmers' Sun, and if he will take no further step than to assure an impartial report on the Hydro radial situation we may expect to see him backing up Sir Adam Beck before the Legislature reopens.

Opposition to St. Lawrence Plans

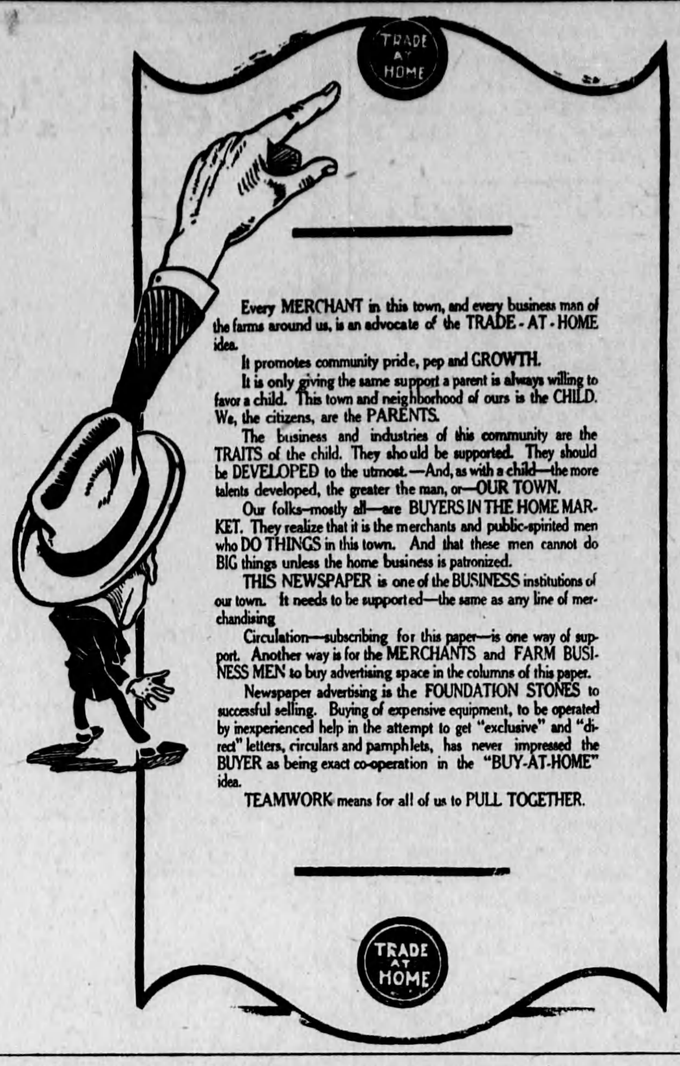
Opposition to the St. Lawrence river projects of deepening the waterway so as to make it possible to establish free communication between the ocean and the ports on the Great Lakes comes chiefly from Montreal and New York. It is held by some that these ports would suffer from the competition, which, of course, is nonsence. There is a new crop of fools born every day, it is said, and it might be said that there is a new crop of objectors in every generation. Liverpool raised the same kind of fool objections to the Manchester ship canal. Everyone knows how George Stephenson was attacked and it was contended that railways would ruin the country. The same kind of fool talk was common when the Hydro-Electric proposals were made fifteen years ago, and engineers and actuaries were brought forward to prove that Hydro-Electric power could not be transmitted more than fifty miles and that the cost would bankrupt Ontario. An engineer now declares that it will cost $750,000,000 to carry out the St. Lawrence scheme, although the extreme figure recognized by the official authorities is no more than a third of this sum. Opposition of this sort, while attributed to cities like Montreal or New York will invariably be found to emanate from personalities who are interested in some way and who either fear that their existing interests may suffer or who have some design of their own which they wish to advance in opposition to the public one. As far as Montreal and New York are concerned both have at present all the business they can handle and they may be assured that anything that tends to build up and increase the business of the country for which they are main outlets will only have the effect of benefitting their own industry and adding to their own wealth. As cities it should be their first interest to promote in every way possible the advantage of the lands that lie within their traffic range. If individual citizens in these cities raise objection it may be taken for granted that they are not well informed or that they are trying to promote something not in harmony with the general public welfare. What benefits all the rest, and what is to the advantage of the whole cause the several local units to thrive. If true patriotism were taught and understood it would be recognized as not restricted to flag waving and the singing of anthems, but the practical work of developing every part of the country and the co-ordination of all the varying local interests for the common good.

Lenin Against the World

There never was a better example of the power and influence of an idea than in the increasing weight which Lenin appears to possess in the affairs of Europe. However wrongly applied at present, and whatever may be its eventual unfoldment it is not Lenin and it is not Trotsky, nor is it Bolshevism as practised in all its bald barbarism that compels the great powers to consent to negotate with the Russian de facto government. Lenin has an iron will. This has been demonstrated. But that would not be enough. He stands for an idea, and it is Lenin and his idea at present against the world. What the world will make or can make of his idea remains to be seen, but Europe, at least, has arrived at the point where she finds she must be prepared to make something of it, before it makes something out of Europe. Poland has gone up against the Russian idea and has been ground to pieces. Now there is fear that the idea will go up against Germany and grind the Teutons to powder. Should such a condition of affairs eventuate there is no doubt that France and Italy and probably all the minor states would be thrown into the condition—whatever it is—in which Russia has been existing under the Lenin regime. Whatever that condition may be we know it to be ruthless, unscrupulous, indiscriminating as the French Revolution was. The good and the bad, the rich and the poor, gentle and simple have alike been involved in a common ruin and gone to a common doom. It is held that the idea behind the French Revolution has eventually triumphed, and that the good in it has overcome the evil, and that so it shall be with Russia. But those who stand in the way of the Red Terror have little reason to worship the idea behind the terror. By the way, readers of Rider Haggard's "Red Eve" may get a suggestion from it.

The Lipton Handicap

It is related of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson that when he was on one occasion approached by an United States official who asked him how it was the British were always talking about the freedom of the seas, Sir Henry retorted, "We never talk of the freedom of the seas. We talk about the command of the seas." This is evidently the sentiment which controls the New York Yacht Club. They are taking no chances in old Gotham over the possession of the "America" cup. That "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Lipton" has become the standard joke of the occasion, but there is no slip between the cup and the N. Y. Y. C. Had the cup been competed for under the same condition under which it was won the Thistle, the Genesta or Shamrock IV. would have won it, but that is not the bright idea. "We do not ask you to compete for the cup," say the New Yorkers in effect. "We ask you to overcome a handicap which as far as we can judge is insurmountable. You must give up ten months to build several boats on the same lines as the one you describe to us you are going to build, and you must compete against the best of those with your single boat. You must also submit to a time handicap on the size of your sails. You must be willing to sail only in such weather as is suitable to our featherweight yachts, so that if a breeze favorable to your ocean-going boat should stir up you must expect to be at anchor until the gentle zephyrs return. We know, Sir Thomas, you are a good old sport, and are willing to give us the pleasure of doing you brown in this way every little while." Of course all the amenities are carefully observed, Sir Thomas is entertained like a prince and New York is all agog for a couple of weeks. But the cup stays on this side of the ocean. There are Toronto yachtsmen who declare that had Norman Seagram or Commodore Jarvis been sailing Shamrock IV. Sir Thomas would have carried the cup back to Belfast Lough.



Every MERCHANT in this town, and every business man of the farms around us, is an advocate of the TRADE-AT-HOME idea.

It promotes community pride, pep and GROWTH.

It is only giving the same support a parent is always willing to favor a child. This town and neighborhood of ours is the CHILD. We, the citizens, are the PARENTS.

The business and industries of this community are the TRAITS of the child. They should be supported. They should be DEVELOPED to the utmost.—And, as with a child—the more talents developed, the greater the man, or—OUR TOWN.

Our folks—mostly all—are BUYERS IN THE HOME MARKET. They realize that it is the merchants and public-spirited men who DO THINGS in this town. And that these men cannot do BIG things unless the home business is patronized.

THIS NEWSPAPER is one of the BUSINESS institutions of our town. It needs to be supported—the same as any line of merchandising

Circulation—subscribing for this paper—is one way of support. Another way is for the MERCHANTS and FARM BUSINESS MEN to buy advertising space in the columns of this paper.

Newspaper advertising is the FOUNDATION STONES to successful selling. Buying of expensive equipment, to be operated by inexperienced help in the attempt to get "exclusive" and "direct" letters, circulars and pamphlets, has never impressed the BUYER as being exact co-operation in the "BUY-AT-HOME" idea.

TEAMWORK means for all of us to PULL TOGETHER.

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadsley

(Continued from last week.)

"Are you?"

She had just time to hear a word which sounded like "Yez," and then the taxi jerked forward; in a second the big car slid past, and for half that second two dark eyes smiled rather kindly at Francesca.

So the woman with the "Parsifal" thing was a great singer'

That blessed youth which, if it induces wild, frantic grief and disappointment, also gives what it alone can give—intense, resurgent hope—lifted Francesca's spirits insistently.

The world was not all drizzling rain and things that hurt. It still held vast, glorious secrets; it still held great singers who had motor-cars and pink roses and strings of pearls.

Before she reached Shepherd's Bush the cold had begun to penetrate, it seemed to her, to her very bones. Dusk was falling; the lamps were being lit. Frankie stared at everything curiously; the funny wide streets seemed never ending.

t was so long since she had seen any. Paul had never had enough money to take them up to the big stations, and she had been so little when she had first gone out to India.

Paris had seemed dimly familiar; London seemed a wild wilderness, cut up by dark and hissing streets, with people hurrying about beneath concealing umbrellas.

At last the cab stopped at a house in the middle of a row.

A long flight of stone steps led up to the door. "Perhaps I'd better go up and ring the bell?" Francesca suggested to the driver.

He was a human young man.

"I'll 'elp you, missy," he said, cheerfully. "You go up an' ring, and I'll cart up these boxes."

She ran up the steps and pulled a bell, which jangled hideously.

A small youth with a strange accent opened the door and said, "Yes, if you please?"

"Mrs. Baggs lives here, doesn't she?" Francesca asked.

The youth, without answering, went back into the hall and called, "Mrs. Baggs, Mrs. Baggs, wanted!"

Down the ill-lighted hall Francesca saw an ample form hurrying. Until that moment she had not known how alone and lonely she felt. At the sight of her old nurse's large, beaming face two big tears fell from her eyes.

"Well, I'm sure, I never did!" Mrs. Baggs began comfortably. "And if you haven't grown up into a young lady, an' all!"

Francesca, trying to find the right money for the cab, and sorting out the English coins she could not understand, gave a little convulsive sob.

"Let me, me dear," Mrs. Baggs said, picking out the right money.

"A cup of tea's what you want, and a round of toast," she declared as the hall door shut, "and then your bed and a good sleep, coming all this way from India."

Frankie followed her into a room lighted by incandescent gas. Almost before she had time to put down her hand-bag, she found herself being introduced to three people as "Miss Trent from India, just arrived."

She mechanically said, "How do you do?" and was very conscious of protracted stares; finally one of the three new ladies asked her in languid tones if she had found the journey tiring.

The question was somewhat puzzling.

"You see," Frankie began, "I have had five weeks of it—" She stopped and laughed nervously.

The lady in the lace blouse flushed and murmured something about having supposed it was a tube journey from Calcutta.

"Bit short in the temper—an artist," Mrs. Baggs whispered as she gave Francesca her tea.

Conversation languished; at last Frankie was free to go to her room.

With a sigh of fatigue, she began to unpack; it took her a long while. At the end of it she looked round for the bath, that inevitable necessity in India. The rooms near her own small one were all bedrooms.

She went on to the next floor and found a small, dingy bath in a badly lighted room.

She took the big, white-enameled cans out of the bath and turned on the hot water. It was not very hot, nor was there much of it; but she bathed and then went to bed.

Her room was at the top of the house; her open window held a space of dark sky; a cool wind blew in through it.

She lay in bed looking up at the patch of sky—that same sky covered Phrynette and Baby and Kit Wynton.

The rush of the day, the newness of her life and surroundings, had held back memories, now they crowded upon her.

A passionate wild desire to humble Wynton, to humiliate him as he had humiliated her, came to her out of the chaos of miserable thoughts.

"I'll work till I do get even," she whispered. "I'll win out, somehow. I swear I will."

CHAPTER VII.

In the Star's Dressing Room.

Francesca was down early the next morning and found four men having breakfast. They all stared at her and she at them.

Two were, she decided, neat and pretty old; the others obviously young and, to her untrained eyes, smart.

Danvers, the wit of the boarding house, addressed her first.

"Huntin' the wild game for breakfast?" he inquired jocularly. "Better give it up. I finished the venison, I don't think, yesterday. Give the old briny a turn, Miss—er—oh, Trent, and have a bloater."

Francesca, with a murmured "Thank you," took it and sat down, while Mrs. Babbs, swathed in some voluminous garment, gave her a cup of tea.

"And what are you going to do today, dear?" she asked.

"I'm going out to try and get work," Francesca answered, "if you will tell me how to start."

"Work; what sort of work?" Danvers inquired.

He was on a paper, about which he bragged a good deal. By birth he was American, and he had all the vaunted talent of that nation for testing other people. He was, however, a keen worker, and always on the lookout for a chance.

"What sort?" he demanded again.

"Any I can get," Francesca answered; "governessing, shop, anything. I don't care what it is just for a little. I'm only doing it so as to be able to earn a little money and keep myself while I have singing lessons."

"Singing lessons?" Danvers echoed. "Can you sing?"

Frankie flushed. "Yes," she said defiantly, "I can."

He stared at her.

"I'd like to hear you."

"You will," she flashed back, "pretty soon."

"D'you mean you're going to the stage?" he went on interestedly.

Francesca nodded.

"I know an actress," he said importantly; "Millie Melton, tremendous flier, she is, she's on, curious thing, this week at the Empire here."

Francesca leaned forward, her big eyes shining. "Will you give me an introduction? She could tell me such a lot."

Danvers ostentatiously consulted a celluloid engagement sheet which he drew from a dark-green, heavily initialed pocketbook.

"Free to-night, by an odd chance," he answered. "I'll take you to the show, if you care to go, Miss Trent, and we can go round to the back afterward and I'll manage the intro to Millie for you, if I can."

"Will you really?" Francesca said. "How ripping of you! Thank you most awfully."

"Then that's a cinch," Danvers said, rising briskly, "and au revoir, ladies." He stopped beside Mrs. Baggs and said, "Fare thee well, fair one, till we meet again."

"Get along with you, do," Mrs. Baggs said delightedly.

Francesca had her first experience of registry offices that morning. She went to three.

The first manageress laughed at her when she understood Francesca's accomplishments, and had listened to her requirements; the second wasted neither mirth nor a moment, and the third, who had once been down herself, and had not had time to forget the experience, tried to explain to her as gently as possible the hopelessness of her case.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAIN BOX

CONDUCTED BY E. GUNN RAMSAY.

Registered According to the Copyright Act,

"You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Not a very elegant quotation certainly, but very descriptive of some of the impossible feats attempted by some people.

"Impossible"! murmurs a sarcastic friend. "I thought your philosophy admitted nothing as impossible, no achievement beyond the power of a man who made up his mind to DO."

The friend was here straying a little beyond one's philosophy. Once one has arrived at the sow's ear stage, or that of the silken purse, habits must be pretty well formed and set. Even a sow's ear, however, is a useful thing in its own place. The poor pig would look very quaint without it.

The point of this quotation today, however, is the same as that which says, "You cannot fit a square peg into a round hole."

The man who attempted to do either of these things with any degree of seriousness would lead one to suppose he was not thinking straight, and yet we see by contact with people every day in life illustrations of these two sayings. The misfits, the failures, the discontents and other unhappy ones in business life who slip into ruts and who are always bewailing and bemoaning their fate, their lack of opportunity, **are living examples of the attempt to fit the wrong thing to the wrong purpose wih the result that both the worker and the job are spoiled.**

How do YOU fit?

Do you "fit like a glove" or are you like a number ten shoe on a number three foot?

It's just as well, by the way, to have some room to grow, rather than to be too big for your boots. But here again there is a happy medium.

How do YOU fit?

And if you feel that you don't fit, what are you going to do about it? **Whose fault is it?**

Did you ever think somewhere every day, **someone everywhere,** is looking for a competent man or a competent woman in **some** particular kind of work, but if it is in the silk purse line they will want and expect real silk for their making and no substitute. **Can you measure up to this?**

Scan the advertisements in the newspapers. They tell of two divisions, marching on every day. The man in search of work and the man who is looking for a worker and among them is **someone**—who is looking for you.

How will you connect up?

How will you avoid being the square peg in the round hole?

It is the duty more than ever before in the history of this country of every man and woman—every worker, to study himself, herself. **It is very largely up to you whether you will be a misfit or a good fit.**

The man who offers you a job must more or less take you upon face value. It is not possible for him at sight to know all that you can achieve. You alone know what you have woven into your life by your own training and past work that will fit you for the job, and when you have attained it—WHAT!

"Do as you would be dealt by."

If you have any reasonable cause for complaint—if you see anything obstructing your progress, which you have reason to think is also acting to the detriment of the concern for which you work, tell it on the inside first, do not marry complaint of your job outside the walls.

This is the last thing to do. The first is to give the head a chance to adjust his own business. He may be grateful to you for pointing things out to him. **If you are a good worker, he certainly will be.**

Remember this, no good worker can afford to be **lost** to Canada through being a **misfit.**

How do you fit?

ORIENTAL BANQUET.

A banquet given to "Lora" Allenby by King Husseim of the Hedjaz, is described by a correspondent, who says: After preliminary visits and military reviews, in which the Bedouin cavalry dashed by at full speed, firing their rifles, the banquet was held in true Arab style in the municipality buildings at Jeddah. On the table, which was 18 feet broad by 30 feet in length, barefooted waiters dressed in rich Arab costumes walked about helping the guests, seventy in number, to slices of the joints of roasted half sheep stuffed with almonds, rice and spices. Each guest had three or four plates, and was surrounded by some twenty or thirty dishes of salads, fish, roasted chickens, pilaff of mutton and sweets of all descriptions. The king's band of musicians played throughout the banquet. At the end of the feast the king's servants handed round silver basins with ewers of scented water for the guests to wash their hands in. Coffee was served in another room while guests of a lower degree sat down at the banqueting table. The remnants of the feast, which were considerable, were distributed among the inhabitants of Jeddah and the crews of the British ships at anchor in the harbor.

CONSTANCY OF ANIMAL AFFECTIONS

A case is on record of one lion who recognized an old friend after seven years and went wild with joy on seeing him. This lion spent its early days at the court of Morocco. Then it was shipped to England, and kept at the Tower. Seven years later an Englishman whom it had "known" in Morocco visited the Tower, and the lion smelled him even before he saw him. No dog ever gave his master a happier welcome. The man went in the cage, and the lion fawned on him and licked his feet. After his departure the lion refused food for four days. A somewhat similar case is recorded of a tiger who was shipped from Asia to this country and recognized a former owner a few years afterwards at the Zoo.

Buffalo and camel races are among the amusements provided for guests at Egyptian hotels.

The Short Cut

Every advertisement in your paper is a short-cut.

Advertisements make it possible to tell in a few minutes all you want to know about the service or articles you need.

At a glance you can sift what interests you most and in a moment you know just when and where to go for what you want.

Figure how many steps, how much needless walking and talking the advertisements thus save you and your neighbors.

Then you realize the great economy and necessity of advertising in your daily life.