LEARN A TRADE

Once crusty business leaders advised young men to "learn a trade." In later years not many young men have heeded that advice. "White collar" jobs have held more appeal than rugged labor with saw, hammer, mason's trowel or machinist's tools. Young men have preferred manicured nails and pressed pants to soiled hands and overalls.

But for some months now, the industries have been scouring their neighborhoods for men who have "learned a trade" and can wield a tool or run a machine, states the Milwaukee Journal.

Except for a short time during the depths of the depression, there has been a considerable demand for skilled men. Not that all were employed or could find jobs; not that none found himself cut from the payrolls and in need. Many did especially in the building trades. But by and large it was the young men or the older man "with a trade" who first got back on the payroll.

We need more skilled men. We need more men with trades—men competent to operate a tool and who are willing to soil their hands. And we have in these United States, a tremendous surplus of white collar workers and common labor—young men and old with no especial competence, the one group able only to do the chores about an office or behind a counter, the other to swing a pick or wheel a barrow.

We neither scorn nor condemn this army of unskilled workers. We advise them, though, that there have been set up in our educational system many facilities to teach them trades, to make them skilled, to fit them for some special work in life. And it occurs to us that, as we progress more deeply into the machine age, the demand will grow for men who can function with tools or machines.

To be sure, industry has a responsibility here. Unless it can provide its skilled workers greater assurance of job permanancy, better opportunities to rise in the business, and longer tenure of service, thoughtful young men will continue to be cynical about it. Why learn a trade, devote years to acquiring skill, follow the difficult course of craftmanship, if you're as likely to be thrown out on your ear as the least of the white collar clerks?

Intelligent youth may ask another question: "Who rises to the top? Who gets preference? Who most usually 'makes the grade?' Is it the skilled worker in the shop or the boy in the white collar who sits close to the boss?" And youth may extend that question: "What about the boss himself? Did he learn a trade? Was he ever a skilled worker?"

They are fair questions. Yet it is becoming apparent that we need more skilled men, fewer unskilled. And as that fact impingss upon industrial leadership, as it now is impinging, it is likely that the future of the skillful will be made more secure, while the future of the unskilled is likely to become even less so.

LEST WE FORGET

FLESHERTON BOARD OF TRADE BEHIND MOVEMENT FOR WAR MEMORIAL

For a long time a good many people have been of the opinion that there should be an appropriate Memorial i a suitable public place in the village bearing the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War.

It is admitted that the Memorial Park was acquired as a token of remembrance but lacks in this respect.

While arranging for the recent Remembrance Day service this matter was brought to the attention of the Board of Trade, who have enthusiastically adopted the proposal for the erection of a Memorial, and appointed a committee to raise the necessary funds for the purpose.

It is intended to appeal for public subscriptions which will be published in The Flesherton Advance at intervals, and it is confidently hoped that before the observance of another Remembrance Day there will be erected an improvisable record of the names of those from the Township of Artemesia and the Village of Flesherton who left their homes, kindred and friends to embark with high hearts on this great and glorious adventure.

It is particularly requested that the names of this who enlisted for overseas service from the Township of Artemesia and the Village of Flesherton be forwarded to the chairman of the committee, F. H. W. Hickling or the Secretary-Treasurer, G. A. McTavish, as it is suggested that these names shall also be inscribed on the Memorial if funds and space permit.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE
Board of Trade Executive

D. McTavish, Hon. President.
F. H. W. Hickling, President.
J. O. Dargavel, Vice President.
G. A. McTavish, Sec.-Treas.
H. A. McCauley, E. J. Bennett, A Down, W. Turney, E. C. Murray, J. A. Davis, Reeve of Artemesia; C. D. Meldrum.

The world could get along with fewer quakes and quacks.

Farmer: "If things get too bad, we can eat our forest preserves."

City Boy: "You've nothing on us, we can eat our traffic jams."

DUNCAN DEE woke, grunted and relaxed once more into a morning nap. Somewhere in his mind were two ideas. One was of complete satisfaction after an enjoyable two days in New York. The second pricked at him uncomfortably. Something he should remember, but couldn't. Oh . . . well! He sank gently back into full slumber.

At eleven o'clock, after breakfast in the house of his friends where he was staying, he became electrified. He had forgotten something. Something very important. A Christmas night dinner dance that evening. He had been invited by Rosamond Tone, a girl he was quite mad about. How could he have forgotten? It seemed impossible. But Rosamond had telephoned him two evenings ago, exactly one minute before a hasty departure for New York. He had been delighted, charmed to take her. Then . . . that long freezing ride . . . finding a place to stay which did not cost too much, dressing, getting to a late party which was big and brisk, and went on and on

until morning and breakfast. Then a few scant hours of sleep, another afternoon party outside the city . . . a sleet storm, and the sensible decision that he would not drive back in town for his evening clothes . . . but keep on going to the second informal engagement for the evening . . . a hundred and thirty miles in another direction, where he would stay all night.

So, here he was at eleven the next morning, a hundred and thirty miles from his evening clothes . . . and due in a few hours at a party forty miles in quite an opposite direction. This was the manner in which Duncan was wont to spread out his week-ends. Bedlam raged in his brain.

It wasn't the party so much; it was the girl. Rosamond Tone was more than lovely—she was loveable. She was also the daughter of old Taurus Tone, the head of the company in which Duncan held a responsible but not impressive position. And there was that guy named Frank Nester. He, too, held a responsible but not impressive position in the same place. He, too, loved Rosamond, or at least paid her conspicuous attention. Mr. Tone glared at both of them. It was old Taurus way; and you could like it or leave it. No one wished to leave it, cestainly not Duncan Dee nor that Frank Nester fellow.

At noon Duncan called up Rosamond long-distance, to assure her he had not forgotten and would be there. Immediately then he began scouring the town for dress clothes. All the people he knew were going to dances that night. They needed their own. He began to feel silly and a little sick. But he contrived in the course of three hours to collect one pair of dress-suspenders, a white tie, and proper waistcoat. Another hour yielded a dress shirt and pair of trousers. This was

sheer triumph of personality. Somebody let him have studs and a collar. He'd have to wear his ordinary black shoes and socks. He still required a coat. He could not get a coat!

Duncan went to the dinner dance. He looked exceptionally happy and well groomed. Frank Nester was there. He also looked well groomed but far from happy. Rosamond, if not unkind, had been frugal in giving dances to him.

Old Taurus was there, snorting and suspicious. Once he grabbed Duncan's elbow. "See here, young man," he growled, "that coat of yours looks darned familiar, and a little large. Could it, by any chance, be one of mine?"

"Yes, sir!" said Duncan, looking Rosamond's father straight in the eye. That was the best way with old Taurus. "My own is in New York. I collected all the other things from friends. I came anyway. And Rosamond . ."

"I thought so!" Taurus glared at him. "Well, it appears you have courage, and that you keep your wits about you. It should help you get along. Report to me tomorrow morning. We'll talk over that . . . er . . . opening I mentioned."

"Oh, sir . . . I'll tell Rosamond right away."

"You'll do no such thing!" Taurus roared.

But Duncan told her. Rosamond said she had already selected a sweet apartment and an egg-beater, "in case you asked me, you know."

Duncan kissed her and stated he must be very careful not to spill anything on her father's coat . . . and they kissed again.

A man near Kitchener released a skunk which had its head caught in a can and came away from his errand of mercy as sweet as a rose.

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Just twelve shopping days left and Christmas will be here. Shop early and get the first choice of gifts. You will find a choice selection for Mother, Dad, Brother and Sister at the Hill Store.

FOR MOTHER, DAUGHTER & SISTER

Silk Underwear from ..... 35c to $1.50
Nice Silk Dress from ..... $2.95 to $8.95
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Sweater Coats at $2.45
Shopping Bags ..... 95c to $1.45
High Grade Shoes at ..... $2.95 to $4.95
Velvet Goloshes at ..... $2.95 to $3.45
Kid and Suedine Gloves at .... 39c to $1.95
Purses from ..... 98c to $2.25
Silk Hosiery from ..... 35c to $1.00

FOR DAD AND BROTHER

Horsehide Coats at ..... $10.95 to $12.95
Sweater Coats from ..... $1.75 to $4.75
High Grade Overcoats at $14.95
Fine Pure Wool Hose at 35c, 50c, 75c
Neck Ties at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c
Fine Gloves at ..... $1.00 to $1.75
Men's extra quality Shirts .... $1 to $1.95
Bath Robes at ..... $3.45 to $6.95
Pure Wool Scarfs at ..... 75c to $1.00
Men's 1, 2 and 4 buckle Goloshes at ..... $1.95 to $2.95
Men's Fine Pyjamas ..... $1.50 to $2.25
Men's High Grade Underwear ..... from 69c to $2.25

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Fresh Creams at ..... 17c lb.
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Mixed Nuts ..... 20c lb.
Peanuts ..... 2 lbs. 25c
Oranges ..... 29c and 39c doz.
Fresh Mixed Peel ..... 20c lb.
Fresh Cherries ..... 39c lb.
Raisins, Seedless ..... 2 lbs. 25c
Large Valencia Raisins ..... 2 lbs. 25c
Cocoanut, Shredded ..... 15c lb.
Diamond K Grapes ..... 2 lbs. 25c
Fancy Biscuits from ..... 10c to 25c lb.

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Saturday, December 14

Breakfast Bacon

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Fine quality Fresh and Cured Meats always on hand

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FLESHERTON, Ont.

Box Social Program & Dance

will be held in the **Fraternal Hall** in

FLESHERTON

on

Thurs., Dec. 12th

to commence at 8 o'clock p.m.

A Comic Play entitled

"It Can't Be Done"

is to be presented by local talent.

Other Numbers will include a male quartette, exhibition of boxing, Scotch dancing by Miss Anna McVicar, and Several other Selections.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVERYBODY

ADMISSION:- 25c, Ladies with boxes free.