The Flesherton Advance.

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Royal Commission Will Probe Prisons

This week has been an encouraging one for me. At last the Royal Commission for a thorough investigation of penetentiaries and of scientific methods of treating lawbreakers has been appointed. The single unemployed men in camps are in the way of being given work with wages. A courageous member of the governing party made a "money" speech which exactly suited me, and the Press Women entertained the four women Parliamentarians—just think, four of us!

I regard the Royal Commission as competent. The chairman, Mr. Justice Archambault, a former member of Parliament, has had an extensive experience as Crown Prosecutor for the district of Montreal. Mr. Craig, K.C., is former Attorney-General of Manitoba, a man highly regarded. The officialdom of these two members will be counteracted by the humanity of the third member of the Commission, Mr. Harry Anderson, until recently editor-in-chief of the Toronto Globe, whose deep interest in and wide study of penal matters is well known.

The reference which will determine the scope of the Commission's work is very wide, allowing for not only investigation into the six penetentiaries of Canada, but a study of penology and such liberal experiments as are being made.

Hon. Norman McLeod Rogers, Minister of Labor, stated that to continue relief camps which had been set up as a temporary measure, would tend to institutionalize them and to encourage an attitude of hopelessness on the part of those for whom they were designed to make provision in a period of economic extremity. He said that preliminary arrangements had already been made for absorbing from time to time those in the camps into gainful and useful employment, which will permit the closing of the relief camps, as such, not later than July 1.

The Government has made arrangements with the two railway systems for the employment of ten thousand of the men now in relief camps on maintenance work. A survey is at the moment being made of all the men in camp, which will enable them to be classified according to training, age, etc., and in order to prepare men for release from the camps they are, from the 1st of March, to be paid $15 a month, half in cash, the rest to be set aside until such time as the man leaves the camp. This arrangement will ensure a man who leaves camp of his own free-will some means of support while he is seeking industrial re-establishment.

For many years we have heard radical speeches on money made by members in the Southeast Corner, but rarely, if ever, by members of the party in power. Long ago we were told that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." The Parliamentary example of that truth is shown by the wisdom and strength of the speech on money made by Mr. Tucker, Liberal member for Rosthern. Speaking in favor of the nationalization of the Bank of Canada, Mr. Tucker argued that the Central Bank should be used as an instrument to prevent deflation at the beginning of the depression by, at that point, increasing the amount of money in circulation and, on the other hand, preventing booms through inflation by holding down the amount of money issued in days of prosperity. In other words, the Central Bank ought to be a control bank.

Mr. Tucker said that the chartered

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ONTARIO'S LIQUOR BILL DOUBL, RELIEF COSTS

Ontario's liquor bill last year was about $73,000,000 out of which the government received $6,892,760, apart from the permits. Ontario spends for relief about $36,000,000 or just about half the liquor bill. If liquor users would only hold up for a few years and pay their ordinary bills what a glorious change there would be for storekeepers and other business men, and hard times would disappear, says the Fergus News-Record.

A lot of money was put into the banks lately. Of course we mean snowbanks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Poole of Osprey Have Golden Wedding

It has fallen the lot of another highly respected Osprey Township couple to celebrate the fiftieth aniversary of their wedding. This is Mr. and Mrs. John Poole, who celebrated their golden wedding on Tuesday of this week at their home, Lot 5, Concession 10, Osprey. Congratulations from many friends were received by this estimable couple on their reaching this milestone in their life, with the wish that they may have many more years of joy and comfort wth each other and with their family.

Mrs. Poole, whose maiden name was Fannie Louisa Buckingham, was born at Holland Landing and came to Osprey township with her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Buckingham, to Lot 22, Concession 10, Osprey, in 1874. Her father died shortly after their arrival and her mother was left in care of four sons and three daughters.

Mr. Poole was born in Osprey township in 1862 and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Poole, pioneers of that township. His father was drowned on September 14th, 1882, when the steamer Asia sank in the Georgian Bay with all hands.

Mr. and Mrs. Poole were married on March 3rd, 1886. They were blessed with a family of three daughters and four sons; Minnie and Ethel, who died in infancy, Margaret (Mrs. Harold Fenwick), Wilbert T., Leslie C., Walter M. and Herbert B. Poole, all residing in Osprey township. They also have ten grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Poole have been active workers in the Salvation Army for many years.

At 5 p.m. 35 guests were present to partake of a sumptuous dinner, after which the family presented their father with a purse and mother with a sheaf of flowers. The address was read by their only daughter. Margaret, while their son, Wilbert, made the presentation. The bouquet was very charmingly presented by little Marion Fenwick the youngest grandchild. A social evening was enjoyed by the guests, to which each one contributed. Those present from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. James Fletcher, Mrs. Joseph Henderson of Gibraltar and Mr. J. T. Poole of Toronto.

Following is the address:

Dear Father and Mother:

What joy and gladness it gives us to gather with you to-day to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of your marriage. God has been very kind to us to have spared you both for this happy event.

As you look backward over your life together, you find many joys and sorrows, but through it all we feel, God has been your strength and refuge, an ever-present help in time of need.

We have taken this anniversary as an opportunity to show our love and gratitude to you ond our appreciation for all your tender care in our youth.

And now father and mother we ask you to accept these gifts, not for their value, but as a token of our good wishes to you both. We trust you will find comfort in any way you may see fit to use them. Our best wish is that you may have many more years of health and happiness together.

Dear Grandpa and Grandma on this happy day,
The children bring garlands and round your knee play,
For full fifty years of loving accord,
With your good deeds and kindness, your memories are stored,
Your sons and your daughters, your grandchildren, all
Your nephews and nieces, your sisters and brothers who survive, and still others,
Gladly come at your call,
So happiness reigns on this wedding day bright
In your oldest descendent and each little mite
We come from our homes all over the land
To bring you our love and our wishes so grand.

Drowned On Monday

Mrs. Mary Ellis, 65-year-old widow, ended her life by drowning in the western canal near her home on Fifth street Collingwood.

She left her home late last night, leaving a note on a table reading: "I am doing away with myself. I won't be far away from here. Please forgive me."

Early to-day Thomas Thompson discovered the note and immediately set up an alarm. Neighbors traced her footsteps to the brink of Fifth street bridge, where her hat was found near a hole in the ice.

Provincial Police Walter Robinson organized a dragging crew, and for four hours a dozen workmen searched the fast-flowing stream with pike poles and hooks. Towards noon Ernie Fryer dicovered the body in the ice about a quarter mile down stream in the main residential section of the town.

Mrs. Ellis is survived by one sister, Mrs. James Pedes, of Collingwood, and two brthers, William Brockenborough of Collingwood, and Fred Brackenborough of Flesherton.

MEAT PIE SUPPER

The Ladies' Aid of St. John's United Church will serve a meat pie supper in the school room of the church on Tuesday evening, March 17th. Supper will commence at 5.30. Progressive crokinole after supper. Admission 25; Children under 12. 15c.

Rescued His Quarter

A Stratford man tells an amusing story of the sequel of a call at his home by a "knight of the road." Over the protests of her husband, the man's wife gave the transient 25 cents to "help me get a bed for the night." Chances are, the man told his wife, the fellow would go right down town and treat himself to a beer. The lady of the house would not believe it. The fellow had such an honest face, she said. To prove his theory, the husband donned his coat and shadowed the erstwhile visitor. When the transient turned into the nearest beverage room the man of the house turned, too, but when the transient ordered a beer and planked down a quarter, the citizen pounced upon it. "My quarter," he told the startled transient, and with that he pocketed the money and strode out.

The oldest inhabitant now is the man who can remember when fresh air did not have to go through a conditioning process before it could be breathed.

Members of municipal governments in Canada who decline to take the oath of allegiance should be invited to get back into private life as quickly as possible.

HAIR DRESSING

Finger waving and marcelling with new dryer.—Mrs. G. E. Henry, Flesherton.

Why Our Village Is Called "Swinton Park"

(By Mrs. Wm. Haw)

My story goes a long way back—away back to the eighties, before I ever went to school at all. We used to get our mail at the post office in Hopeville. It was a long walk on a hot summer day. Going early in the morning was fine, one was brisk and had had a satisfying breakfast. We had fresh, clean clothes and were fresh from a (for me) most unwelcome morning bath and hair curling. Even wearing my best shoes and new hat was hardly any consolation and I feel sure I was wiping my eyes and nose when I started on my journey. But the grass was so green and dewy and leaves, plants and all growing things had such a most delicious scent, we fairly danced along. Never were there more wonderful violets than grew by the roadside on old Side-road No. 12. There were yellow ones and white ones, too, of a most fabulous size, but nowhere I am sure are there such beds of wild blue violets as we saw when we travelled to Hopeville for the mail. Such long stems; Such a wild-woodsy perfume! Surely the fairies must have danced all night long on the lovely green moss. It was so wonderful and soft and such a living green. But we had to walk on and away, and by-and-bye we were in Hopeville.

Now there was a store in Hopeville, with a two storied-front on it. It was a false-front, too, and it was rectangular in shape, with the bigger rectangle at the bottom. The store only came part way up the rectangle and might easily have been a bigger store. There were glass jars of red and white striped peppermint candy sticks sitting tantalizingly there. We bought some for refreshments on the way home, and then we went to the post office.

The post master looked us up and down and barked, "Well girls, what do you want?" I hid behind my sister, who was five years older than I and I sincerely wished she was a much larger person. But my sister was very brave, and she immediately said: "I want Duncan MacMillan's, Robt. Black's, Samuel Gregson's, William Haw's, Donald Ferguson's, John Douglas's and Jno Martin's mail." So the post-master filled our covered basket with the mail and with cautions to be careful ringing in our ears we started home.

Oh, such a long, long weary hot, dusty road from the post office to our home! There was a spring—a beautiful cool spring by the road-side—but oh! it was a long, long way off. But the little daughters of pioneers must forget tiresome things like weariness, hunger and thirst, and the long trail home. The basket grew heavier, too, though our budget of mail did not contain one daily paper. The mail only came to Hopeville three times a week.

But that reminds me that even before I had gone to Hopeville for the mail, I had carried Mr. Martin's mail over to him on Saturday afternoon. That was three-quarters of a mile. Some parts of the road were bordered with trees and carpeted with violets. There was a creek also to be crossed and, believe it or not, a big frog had a class of small ones on a log in front of him. They were there the next day—the Sabbath day—and I am afraid we loitered and conjectured for a long while. But we finally got to Mr. Martin's and to the real beginning of my story.

The Martin's were new people in our neighborhood and they lived in a new house with a flower-bordered walk leading from the house to the road. There was a row of evergeens planted along the north side. These sheltered the garden and screened the house from the road. This was the first cultivated flower garden I ever saw in my life and Mr. Martin was the first man I ever saw who worked among flowers. He used to stop his work and escort us into the house, which was lovely and sunny and beautifully clean. On a couch by a sunny window was a little old lady wearing a black lace cap with lavender ribbons, who shook hands and inquired most kindly after the members of our family and told Martha Jane to give us some cookies.

So we sat on the edge of our chairs and ate cookies—thin delicious ones—and drank lemonade and had a most wonderful time. Mr. Martin pulled my curls and said I had no tongue so I stuck it out at him just to show him. He roared with laughter and gave me some beautiful pansies in a paper bag, telling me to put them in a saucer of water when I got home.

And then, all at once, it seemed, though it was years after, through Mr. Martin's initiative, we had a new post-office which he called "Swinton" The mail came twice a week from Hopeville. There was much trouble with mail being mis-sent tb Swindon, and Swindon mail coming to Swinton, so Mr. Martin named the new post-office "Swinton Park." We already had a church and a school and a manse—I think— and one or two other homes in our hamlet. Jerry Meagher built the building which later became the store. And we had a beautiful name for our country-side for we'll always have plenty of park.

Thirty years or so ago, Mr. Martin, Miss Martin and myself were sitting by the fire on a cold, stormy winter's evening. We had our bed-warmers on the stove getting ready to retire. I will remark in passing that these bed-warmers were made to order for Mr. Martin, after some he had seen in England in his youth. We were carrying on a desultory conversation and I remarked: "I think Swinton Park is such a pretty name. It seems to stir the imagination. How did you come to choose such a charming name for our post office, Mr. Martin?"

"Well," he said, "I was born and raised in Ireland. When I was still a youth I went over to England and got a job on a small estate called Swinton Park. It was a small and beautiful place—beautiful to me anyhow. I loved it as a boy loves the first beautiful place which promises the fulfilment of his dreams. And so when I chose the name for our post office, I gave it a name of happy memories."

Mr. Martin is long gone. The pleasant house and garden with its wealth of summer beauty is falling to decay. The golden daffodils, which the old man loved, still bloom in the spring-time. But the name which he gave our neighborhood, with its suggestion of beauty and peace and plenty, lives on—a memorial of a long and useful though humble life.

Skiing has taken hold in this part of Ontario and on week-ends many young folks are to be seen slithering over the landscape or diving abruptly into the snow bank on surrounding hills. The more experienced performers sometimes make precipitous descent without a nose-dive but that is not quite so thrilling as a spill.

Gordon Allen Passes

The sad news of the death on Wednesday the twenty- sixth of February of Gordon, little three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Allen came as a great shock to the community. The little lad was playing with the other children on Wednesday morning, taking very sick about noon. Dr. Milne was at once summoned, who called to his aid Dr. Carefoot of Markdale.

Although all had been done that human hands could do he passed away about five p.m.

The funeral which was held on Friday afternoon from the home was well attended. The service was in charge of their Pastor, Rev. J. R. Wolstencroft, who gave a very comforting message from 2nd Samuel, twelfth chapter and verse 23. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." There was a fine floral tribute from various friends and neighbors.

The pallbearers were Bruce Beard, Keith Parker, Roy Best and Lloyd Allen.

Local and Personal

Master Bill Henry was in Toronto on Saturday.

Mrs. Andrew Gilchrist had the misfortune to fall on the ice and break a rib.

Miss Elsie Graham of Kimberley is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Phillips.

On Monday, Mr. Fred Brackenbury, of the suburbs received word of the death of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Ellis, of Collingwood on Sunday evening.

Sunday morning dawned clear and cold, with the temperature mounting as the sun climbed to its zenith. March, therefore, came in like a lamb. Will it go out like a lamb?

Mrs. W. H. Thurston received the news of the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. R. J. Brown, in Winnipeg, after a lengthy illness. The funeral took place on Friday.

Rev. W. J. Scott, pastor of St. John's United Church was unable to take his regular work on Sunday through illness. Rev. Wakefield of Holland centre had charge of the services here and at Ceylon.

Mrs. M. McKee of town celebrated her 82nd birthday on Sunday. We extend congratulations to this venerable lady with the hope that she may enjoy many more such celebrations.

We are pleased to know that Miss Mary McMillan is improving, following the breaking of a bone in her hip three months ago, and is able to be out of bed for a few hours each day.

Mr. Dave Adams had an improptu bath in McCauley's pond on Saturday when he slipped while taking cakes of ice from the water and fell in. Except for a slight cold he is none the worse of his experience.

Mr. Hustwith of the East Back Line, formerly of the Bank of Commerce, was rushed to the Markdale Hospital Monday evening for an operation for appendicitis. We are glad to know that he is doing well after his operation.

Last Wednesday the Government snow plow was used on the main streets of the village to clear back the slush and snow left after the two-day thaw, which had made motoring very difficult. A team and truck with a number of men were used to clear crossings and store entrances and many tons of snow and ice were taken from the streets and dumped over the fill at the Boyne bridge.

Day of Prayer

The World Day of Prayer, on Friday of last week, was held in the United Church with Mrs. E. C. Murray presiding.

The program was prepared by Senorita Laura Jorquera of Santiago, Chili, ond the subject was, "On earth peace, good will towards men," which was followed as closely as possible. Mrs. W. J. Scott read the Scripture lesson as found in 35th Chapter of Isaiah.

The following led in prayer: Mrs. E. C. Murray, Mrs. Thom, Mrs. W. H. Thurston, Mrs. J. R. Wolstencroft, Mrs. D. Williams, Mrs. Cargoe and Mrs. Scott. The collection was chiefly in aid of Christian Literature for women and children in other lands and amounted to $2.45.

Mahatma Gandhi may be a great man but truly he does not look the part.

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