The Flesherton Advance.

Vol. 58; No. 35 — FLESHERTON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1939 — W. H. THURSTON & SON, Proprietors

The Late Thos. Scott

Taken ill on New Year's Day with a heart attack, Mr. Thomas S. Scott of town passed away about 4.45 a.m. Monday, January 16, the death coming as a shock to the family and friends, for he had been around town as usual up until the first of the year and few knew that his condition was serious or even that he was ill.

Deceased, who was in his sixtieth year, was born in Nottingham, England, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Scott, and was only a lad of twelve years when the family came to Canada and settled in Proton township. Here he grew to young manhood and later learned the brick-making trade. About twenty-eight years ago he came to Hanover and for eleven years was engineer at the Meades' factory. When this company ceased operations here he assumed a position with Knechtels Limited, and had been with them ever since.

Mr. Scott was married in 1912 to Miss Hannah Bellamy at Flesherton. Surviving are his widow and an only brother, Robert, of Allan Park. Another brother, John, died at Stratford about fifteen years ago, and an only child of Mr. and Mrs. Scott died in infancy.

The late Mr. Scott was a member of the Anglican Church and also of the local Furniture Workers' Union. He was also a staunch member of the Orange Order and took a great interest in its work.

The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon from the family home on Mary Street to the Hanover Cemetery, the services being conducted by Rev. W. C. Allison of St. James' Anglican Church, assisted by Rev. H. G. Cleghorn of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. The pallbearers were Messrs. A. E. Kurtz, Edward Hauert, Clayton Hallman, Herman Milz, Andrew Zister and Charles Kobe.

Among floral tributes which bore testimony to the esteem in which he was held was one from Knechtels Limited and another from the Union. —Hanover Post.

Socks Used For Dancing Slippers At Ski Dance

One bright Collingwood youth had a profitable idea during the Ski Dance held recently in the town hall in that fair town. "Over The Tea Cups" in the Toronto Star says: "All the men, of course, were wearing their clumsy ski boots and found dancing a bit difficult. The youth in question hit upon the plan of renting the dancers an extra pair of heavy socks, at ten cents per pair. So they took off their boots and had a marvellous time dancing in two pairs of socks.—Meaford Mirror.

DIED

MILNE—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Basil Sornberger, Maxwell, on Sunday, January 22nd, 1939, Mr. James Robert Milne, aged 74 years. The funeral took place on Tuesday, January 24th, with service in Maxwell United Church at 2 p.m. Interment was made in Maxwell cemetery.

HUTCHINSON — At the home of his nephew, Mr. Hadden Hutchinson, in Normanby township, Thomas R. Hutchinson, aged 73 years. The funeral will take place this Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 25th, with service in St. John's United Church, Flesherton, at 2 o'clock p.m. Interment will be made in Flesherton cemetery.

OSPREY COUNCIL MET AT MAXWELL

The inaugural meeting of the Osprey municipal council was held at Maxwell on Monday, January 9th, and after making and subscribing to the statutory declaration of office before the Clerk, the Reeve, Mr. Hutchinson, took the chair and in a short address, after welcoming the members all back again by acclamation, briefly outlined the work for the ensuing year. The other members also made short addresses after which the following business was done.

Communications were received and read from; Mrs. T. Monaghan re medical aid for Mr. T. Monaghan; Mrs. N. Tempest re the nursing of Mr. T. Monaghan; Good Roads Association re fees for 1939; Ontario Association of rural municipalities re the fees for 1939; the County Treasurer re indigent hospital accounts.

Motions passed were: that the Council take no action in the matter of nursing or medical account for Mr. T. Monaghan; that eight copies of the Municipal World be ordered for use by the members of the Council and officials; that fee of five dollars be sent to the Good Roads Association and Ontario Association of rural municipalities; that $300.00 be accepted from Mr. John Hargrave for lots 9-10, con. 2S and that a by-law authorizing the sale of same be prepared; By-law No. 1 appointing commissioners to divisions as follows: No 1, A. Hutchinson, No. 2, G. McDonald, No. 3, M. Sayers, No. 4, J. Hudson, No. 5, J. Stinson; By-law No. 2 appointing M. Sayers as member of the local Board of Health By-law No. 3 appointing Dougald Stephen as assessor at a salary of $90.00; By-law No. 4 authorizing the borrowing of $23,500 from the Bank of Toronto at Feversham during 1939 as follows: construction, $1,000.00; bridges, $2,000.00; machinery, $1,000.00; superintendence, $400; maintenance, $6,600.00; total $11,000.

It was also decided that the regular meetings of the Council be held on the second Saturday of each month during the year.

General accounts ordered paid were: A. Richardson, relief, $12.00; L. Hambly, relief, $7.50; J. Izard, relief, $9.; R. Holt, relief, $2.50; L.O.L. Hall, Maxwell, for nomination meeting, $5; Municipal World subscriptions, $8.00; B. Hutchinson, wood for Mrs. Springgay, $5.00; A. Short, wood for A. Richardson, $2.00; Municipal telephone system, long distance calls, $4.93; W. Kendall, attendance officer, $5.00; Good Roads Association fee, $5.00; Ontario Association of Rural municipalities, fees, $5.00; R. Cameron, wood for Mrs. Bannerman, $2.80.

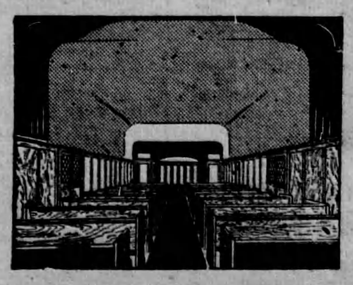
General road accounts ordered paid were: A. Short, pay sheet, $18.00; Metallic Roofing Co., snow fence and posts, $127.25; W. Potts, wire fence bonus, 6.05; E. Betts, weeds, $1.30; J. Monaghan, weeds, $6.00; J. McKenzie, pay sheet, $18.20.

Council adjourned to meet at Feversham on Saturday, February 11th, at 2 o'clock p.m.

Mrs. Jas. Chard Dies

Just as we go to press this Wednesday morning we learn of the death of Mrs. Jas. Chard, in her 83rd year, which occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alex. McMullen. No arrangements have yet been made as to when the funeral will take place.

One man called his sweetie "Taxi" because it cost so much to get any place with her.



Funeral Chapel
DIGNIFIED and SYMPATHETIC PERSONAL SERVICE

Whether YOU PAY LESS THAN $100.00 For Complete Funeral or More

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE USE OF OUR CHAPEL

BATES & MADDOCKS
1 24 Avenue Road, TORONTO
Night or Day Phone: KIngsdale 4 3 4 4 - 3 4 5 6

United Church Notes

Mr. Service returned last Friday evening from Brampton where he was teaching a Young People's Leadership Winter Training School, which was in session from Monday, Jan. 16th to the 20th. Over 40 young people were registered from 28 different charges. Three attended from here: Bill Cairns and Oscar McKee from the Flesherton Y.P.U. and J. D. Teeter from Ceylon.

Those who weathered the storm last Sunday morning were well rewarded by the splendid message of Mr. Glenn Petch and the three solos of Mr. Lynnus of Toronto. There was a good congregation at night in spite of the cold and stormy weather.

The annual congregational supper meeting will be held this Thursday night. Supper will be served at 6.30, and the ladies of the congregation are asked to assist in the usual way. All members and interested friends of St. John's church are requested to be present. This is an important meeting as the reports of all the organizations will be given and officers elected for 1939.

PUBLIC MEETING

A public meeting will be held in the Baptist Church tonight, Wednesday, January 25th, at 8 o'clock when Miss Duff, W.C.T.U. representative will give a special address of interest to every person in Flesherton. This meeting was primarily intended to be held in St. John's United Church schoolroom. but owing to circumstances has been transferred to the Baptist Church. The Rev. Fred Ashton will be the chairman and special music will be provided. A free will offering will be taken. It is hoped that the people of Flesherton, especially the ladies, will fill the church to overflowing at this public assembly. During the day Miss Duff will visit both the public and high schools and mothers are cordially invited to hear Miss Duff on these occasions also. A real treat is in store for all who come and hear this talented lady speaker.

Transient Obtained A New Wardrobe

A colored transient youth by the name of Phil Wilson whose home address is reported as Hamilton, and who gave his name to St. Mary's police as Bob Taylor, made his several day stay in St. Mary's very profitable by exchanging his wardrobe at the expense of several citizens. The loss was not known until Monday morning when Bill Cardwell came down to his cleaning and pressing shop to find the place ransacked by someone who had entered by breaking a pane of glass in the rear door of the building. A quick check-up revealed a suit and vest were missing and later it was found an overcoat had also been taken. Two empty beer bottles attested to the fact that the marauder had enjoyed his visit. According to another transient who had spent the night in the Town Hall, Wilson used the lock-up as a dressing room while discarding his accustomed rags for this new finery. His fellow transient was suspicious when he saw the new clothing Wilson had acquired and in the morning he informed Constable Dan Ross of the affair, Wilson having departed the evening before " for London" according to his own words. Police in London and Hamilton were informed of the theft and are on the lookout for the mulatto who will be taken into custody on his first appearance.—St. Mary's Journal.

Two Large Eggs In One

Friday the thirteenth brought no ill luck to Mrs. John A. Ball. On the contrary it was a day which brought her a most unusual and agreeable surprise. When gathering the eggs are unusually large one came under her gaze and picking it up she was astonished at its size. The egg was carefully measured and its dimensions recorded. It was seven and a half inches by nine and a quarter inches in size which is a very nice egg for a Leghorn hen to lay. But there was another surprise in store for Mrs. Ball who decided to have the egg at the evening meal when all the delights of a perfectly fresh egg could be enjoyed. Breaking it, this remarkable egg was found to contain a second perfectly formed hard shelled egg five inches by six and a half inches. Both eggs contained white and yolks and were perfectly formed and quite normal in every detail.—Alliston Herald.

Debate Use of Air By Private Citizens

(By Agnes C. Macphail, M.P.)

This week end Ottawa is being treated to the much-talked-of musical revue "Pins and Needles," put on by the garment workers of New York City. In the beginning, it was staged for the entertainment of themselves and their friends, but it was so excellent that it hit Broadway and ran continuously for a year. Last night, I saw it played by the original cast.

Ottawa city is neither industrially nor radically minded, so the house was small, but the select audience did include at least two Cabinet ministers, their wives and friends, so I was safe enough.

In a series of skits, they portrayed the life of the garment worker, at work and play; made fun of the upper strata of society, the weakness of national politics in the United States, satirized Mussolini's population campaign and, best of all, brought down the houses with "Four Little angels of peace"—Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini and a Japanese general. The last was so subtly done that the scrip writer's ideas on the crisis and the future as a result of it were made clear to the audience by pantomime, The only words were in the daring song, beginning:

"Four little angels of peace are we
Reeking with odor of sanctity,
Though we slaughter the meek
We confer every week
And we talk it over peacefully."

Parliament in the first week, has been a revue—a national revue of all phases of Canadian life, and comments on the international scene. The debate in reply to the speech from the throne is wide open: any member can discus anything, so long as the language is parliamentary.

Dr. Manion's speech was eagerly awaited. The House was anxious to see how the new leader would measure up. Everybody realizes that it is very difficult to follow the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, who had the rare combination of a fine mind and a great gift of speech. This made for sympathy for the new leader. The genial doctor (as he is sure to be called) made a long speech in which he tellingly criticised government policy, what he could find of it . His chief attack was made on the inactivity of the government. He quoted at great length from the promises made by the Prime Minister during the last election, undoubtedly in retaliation for the hours of quoting by Mr. King from the pre-election promises of R. B. and made effective fun of the "King or Chaos" slogan. Dr. Manion pinned on the government the increased unemployment: "If they take credit when conditions are good, they must also shoulder the blame when conditions worsen."

I thought the speech, to a great an extent, lacked constructive suggestions. But Dr. Manion undoubtedly felt the weight of leadership on his shoulders and his natural effervescent and rapid-fire style was affected. Time will remedy that. And it is possibly much better to have a leader who doesn't say everything in the most perfect fashion. His followers are not then afraid to speak, but are rather encouraged to, as I heard in the lobby: "We'll see how a human being will shape up as a leader, we have had two paragons." There's something in that.

Mr. King followed, in a brief speech, which he started in a quietly narrative manner, telling of the visit of the King and Queen, the trade treaties, but rose to great heights of oratory (the best I've heard him in years) when he defended himself against Dr. Manion's barbed reference to his lack of experience with poverty and lack of knowledge of Canadian conditions. He said "I do not forget tonight, nor have I forgotten at any time in my public life, that my own mother was born when her father was in exile, at a time when her parents had not the wherewithal to buy food sufficient to feed their own family." On the passage quoted, he almost chocked with emotion or rage; it was hard to tell which. It was dramatic. But punctured a bit, the next day, by J. S. Woodsworth, in his speech stating: "Whether the Prime Minister's grandparents were poor is no great concern of this House, but we are concerned with the condition of the people I have spoken of (50,000 un-

(Continued on Page 4)

Old Nick's School

(By I. H. P.)

While Nicholia Lenin was bullying the peasants of Russia he tried to compensate them by educating them. Let us quote from Nick's primer "Any idea of divinity whatever, even flirting with such ideas is an unspeakable baseness, the most insidious infection." For the reason that we were born in the country we wouldn't be much use to Nick. But anyone organizing a class for the study of Nick's doctrine around these diggings would find it less discouraging to start among people who had been raised in the city. You couldn't start up at the crossroads in the village main street; not where the coal-oil lamp, a good book and maple burning in the kitchen stove induces thought, or where the clean, soft air of a raspberry patch may so gently cool the inflamed brain of a fanatic is not favourable ground.

We will remember the happiest place of all. It was the frosty, sparkling, crusted crest of the big snow drift half way up the steep hill way back in the fields. When the hand-sleigh, with its load of steaming youth, again took the plunge over that billow of snow it left all discord behind—Lenin and all. Then either to break through the crust or shoot with added momentum across the smooth field was not a moot question. If you had a spill, the sooner you would arrive at the starting place again. In any case you would find you had gloriously arrived someplace with snow in your eyes. If you could stop breathing for two seconds you could hear a dog barking on the next concession or even the faint music of tinkling sleigh bells on the sideroad. The bright moonlight was hardly required to see the exquisite color in the faces of that group of boys and and girls. Only the wrist bands of their woollen mitts with color steeped from madder root might hold a hue of the radiance of the snow-scrubbed wrists.

The gathering at the top rails of the back-line fence, zig-zagging through the icy crust at the top of the hill, would not be interested in Lenin. Those faces beaming and radiating such a super abundance of life would be difficult potters-clay compared to that found in overheated city incubators. No art gallery ever displayed such vividness of color as the faces of those boys and girls. The latent colors in pure gold could not provide a matching pigment. Don't you think it should be preferred to the red lip grease and the rouge which was once the wagon-red that used to be dusted on the hips of sheep as a hall mark or a brand.

Never shall we forget the ecstasy of trailing our bare toes, along about dark, through the cool, fine dust of a country road—dust ground by slow, iron-shod horses and wheels to the texture of velvet. Then it was we used to think a lot of things that we never mentioned to anybody. Sissy things perhaps. We tried to understand the boundless Authority required to keep the whole business of the Universe working so harmoniously. No, if you were going to educate a lot of boys to become Atheists you should not let them holiday in the country, neither in summer nor winter. You shouldn't let them go into a bush in sap-running time; they might compare it to the life stream in their own veins and then they might start asking unanswerable questions. You should never allow them to see a hen's nest when the little chickens were coming through the shells. That would set them thinking things that would not be healthy for Lenin's doctrine. No, sir! you'd have to keep them in the city where there's lots of electric light so they wouldn't see the moon on those really bright nights. You'd have to keep them in a bedlam of noises so they wouldn't have a chance to dream—to think for themselves.

That class of Atheism students might get flat feet by hurrying along on hot, flat city streets, but even so, don't let them on the uneven ground going to the back fifty pasture field for the cows. That is what Nature intended; but not Lenin. Uneven ground might improve their fallen arches, especially if they were in their bare feet and had stubbed their big toe, so they would have to walk sort fo pidgeon-toed on the little toe sides of their feet. But, being boys, they would surely have a calf for a pet. That would distract them from Lenin's lessons. Then, too, they might come in contact with one of the old pioneers or someone who would be apt to tell the pioneer's story of their life when the land was cleared. As sure as guns they would ask where the old boys and girls got all the help to do such a big job. They might be wondering about a Divinity helping them.

City- bred Tiddlefiddle, our political instructor, is down with fallen arches. The arches, no doubt, realized the folly of carrying him in here to larn us. He may have to be turned out to pasture. In that case, you can see, we couldn't continue using up this space.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cairns Move To Eugenia, Gifts Presented

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cairns have moved from Meaford and are making their new home at Eugenia Falls. Mr. Cairns is working in the store owned by his uncle. Mrs. Cairns left Sunday for Eugenia.

Mrs. Cairns was the recipient of several nice gifts before her departure from town. She was president for 1938 of the Friendly Group Bible Class and the class joined together and presented her with a Hymnary. Mrs. Cairns had just been elected president of the Retta Kilbourn Evening Auxiliary for 1939 when word was received of her change of residence. The Auxiliary presented her with an umbrella, table cloth and a lovely pin. As a member of the choir for years they also expressed their best wishes in a new community by a floor lamp.

Mr. and Mrs. Cairns were well known and had made many friends. Their leaving the community will leave a gap in many social circles. —Meaford Mirror.

WHAT IS A BOY?

What is a boy? The Rotarian Magazine givee the following answer to the above question: "The person who is going to carry on what you have started. He is to sit where you are sitting and attend to things which you think are so important, when you are gone. You may adopt all the policies you please but how they will be carried out depends upon him. Even if you make leagues and treaties he will take your seat in parliament, assume control of your cities, states and empires. He is going to move in and take over your churches, your schools, universities, and prisons. All your work is going to be judged and praised and condemned by him. The future and destiny of humanity are in his hands, so it might be well to pay a little attention to him now."

W. H. Thurston Dies

Just after we went to press this Wednesday morning Mr. W. H. Thurston, editor of this paper for 50 years, passed away. Funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

What is described as a rare hot star is speeding away from the earth at the rate of one hundred and twenty-four miles per second. Perhaps one good look at our foolish old world was enough for the celestial body.

The old saying "what goes up must come down"—or something like that—is all right in its way, but what people who hold stocks would like to believe is "what comes down must go up."

Baptist Church Services

Rev. Fred Ashton, Minister

Flesherton: 11 a.m.—Divine Worship
12 a.m.—Bible School.
7 p.m.—Gospel Service.
Rock Mills: Bible School 2 p.m.
Worship 3 p.m.
Come and Worship. A welcome to all.

PRIESTLEY'S
Meat Market

WHILE IN FLESHERTON CONSULT US ABOUT BEEF BY THE QUARTER OR HALF HOGS OR SMALLER PIECES.

Prices are right and quality perfect. We buy hides.

R. J. Priestley
Phone 47w FLESHERTON