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TWO LADS FROM THE FARM

(Midland Free Press)

Electors of this riding have now had a chance to see and hear Hon. Earl Rowe, the Simcoe County farmer who is the new leader of the Ontario Conservative party, and to compare him with Premier Hepburn. Naturally their verdicts will be influenced by their political affiliations.

Most detached observers will, we fancy, be a unit in declaring that the prime minister is the more brilliant intellectually. He is able to handle an audience much more skilfully than the man who may quite possibly succeed him when the smoke of battle clears away. Mr. Rowe has considerable personal charm. In a beauty contest he would probably get the call over Mr. Hepburn. On the platform, however, he has not the easy presence of the Liberal leader, and if we guess aright he memorizes his speeches, which will be a decided handicap when the fight gets hotter and hecklers interrupt him. Mr. Hepburn on the other hand is at his best in repartee, and woe to the heckler who does not know his stuff. "Mitch" also has an advantage over his rival in that he bubbles over with native wit, while Mr. Rowe's humor is mostly forced, although at times he gets across some clever cracks. Mr. Rowe warmed up and got steadily better as he neared the end of his address, but even then he did not stir his hearers to great enthusiasm.

Granted that Mr. Hepburn has a mental advantage over Mr. Rowe, the latter would seem to be more willing to accept advice from his party associates, and therefore more likely to preserve party harmony and loyalty. There is less of the dictator in his make-up. He will be the chairman of a co-operative group, rather than the commander in chief whose word is law. Not being so self-confident and impetuous he is not likely to say and do things which will get his party into trouble.

The strategic advantages are with Mr. Rowe. Mr. Hepburn has done so many things as Prime Minister which are open to criticism, has offended so many people and interests, has gone off at half cock so often, that he has given the opposition plenty of ammunition to fire back at him. Whether Mr. Rowe will be clever enough to use it remains to be seen. Perhaps the people will prefer to follow the leadership of the young farmer who fears no foes, even those of his own party, and who has the courage or gall, have it which way you will, to right about face when he finds that he has made an error or miscalculated public sentiment. At present Mr. Rowe seems to have Mr. Hepburn on the defensive, but so nimble-witted is the Liberal leader that he may turn the tables when the real campaign begins.

Before we forget it let us again suggest that there is a real opening for an industry to furnish political leaders with fresh jokes. Mr. Hepburn, when he was here last, trotted out a lot of stale chestnuts, and Mr. Rowe followed suit on Thursday night. Both told the ancient story of the Baptist preacher, whose bad boy hid a pack of cards in the ministerial frock coat. It is high time for a New Deal in humor.

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Religious Forum

GEORGE IS BITTER

(Pro Parte Altera (For the Other Side) in the New Outlook)

The other day I was wandering around the nearly-completed addition to our chief local industry. The addition will cost thirty or thirty-five thousand dollars. The story behind the growth of this concern might be worth telling. While I strolled around, the owner, finishing a conference with his son, invited me to go with him for a ride. He was on a tour of inspection. A peremptory and dictatorial doctor sees to it that I have plenty of time on my hands. I therefore gladly accepted the invitation, not merely to fill in time, but because I find conversation with George, as his friends, without any lack of respect call him, very instructive indeed.

George is intensely interested in his church. He is an elder, and conscientious in attending prayer-meeting and the meeting of the official board. Nature has made him a sensitively shy man, and he rarely makes a speech. When he does speak his speeches are brief, but never lack point. His annual contributions to his church equals about ten times the annual contribution of the average United Church minister. Every cause, Temperance, Lord's Day Alliance, Social Service, etc., interviews him almost accusingly, and gets in response a contribution again about ten times that of the average minister. He lives without ostentation. His house, his radio, his car, are no better than those of the average minister; very much less ostentatious than those of some ministers. He has worked, and still works, without regard to union hours. From very small beginnings his business has grown even during the depression, till his taxes, government and local, amount to an impressive sum. His greatest satisfaction is to buy an abused piece of ground, fundamentally good, but on which the owner cannot make a living, and by skilled treatment make it produce a varied crop of vegetables and fruits of the highest perfection; fighting and conquering weeds, blights and bugs, in the process. He then cans the product for the market, without any ballyhoo, radio or otherwise, letting the excellence and reliability of his product do the advertising. Of course, he has to take risks, absorb losses, and beat merchandising hi-jackers. Unless he does all those things successfully, about two hundred men and women at the height of the season will be out of a job.

Well, why should George be bitter? A shiftless and unreliable employee may regard him as his natural enemy. George can make allowance for this. While his long contact with men has not robbed him of fairness and a measure of sympathy, it has robbed him of a good many romantic notions about humanity. So that is not what hurts George. He suffers from a more inexcusable and ill-founded form of injustice. It's an injustice that hurts. Whether rightly or not, he feels his Church is his enemy. He has not time to go deeply into social theories. From what he reads in his Church paper, from reports of the proceedings of the various courts of his Church, and from what he sometimes hears from his Church's pulpit, he has formed the opinion that, as an employer of labor and in his way a capitalist, he is under condemnation. He hasn't time to look at these questions from all sides, but from his point of view he is not getting a square deal. The conviction is growing in his mind that he is being treated unjustly. "Do you know," he says, "that in all this talk, I'm beginning to feel that I am the forgotten man." I think he means "the misunderstood man." Whether well founded or not, this attitude of mind of his had better be taken into account.

To say that each man should be content with the condition in which Providence has placed him recalls an offensive social caste system, and the hypocritical smugness of a so-called Victorian era. But the root idea is not so easily disposed of. Nature or Providence, Behav-

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"Do You Remember 'Way Back When'"

Do you remember 'way back (say thirty, forty years)
You never saw your sweetheart's legs,
But judged her by her ears?
The kids were washed each Saturday night,
Their daddy cut their hair,
Their suits were made from their uncle's pants
And they wore no underwear.
The women padded but did not paint,
Nor smoke, nor drink, nor vote.
The men wore boots and little stiff hats
And whiskers like a goat.
Not a soul had appendicitis,
Nor thought of buying glands;
The butcher gave his liver away,
But charged you for his hams.
You never had a bank account.
Your beer gave 6 percent.
The hired girl got three bucks a week.
And twelve bones paid the rent.
You could stand each night when the work was o'er
With one foot on the rail,
And your hip supported not a thing
Exceptin' your own shirttail.

The Umteenth Parliament

The umteenth Legislature met. The day and month I quite forget. But it was one eventful fight. From start to finish day and night: Up comes the budget—Master Stroke, The Opposition—What a joke. The member from Bone Centre cries, "I've always voted with the dries". The M.L.A. from Beerville sweats, "We wouldn't have you with the wets". Up jumps the sifter from South Bang, "I'm right with Lewis and his gang". The fellow next him pulls a pun, "I'd right you with a Lewis gun". Then from the gallery—"Hey you mule, You vote 'gainst the Separate School". "What if I did, my paw and maw Were both for Mitch at Osh-a-wa. You beat it off to fish and bowl With Art Roebuck and Davy Croll. You're not a grit, you naughty thing, You went to school with Billy King". The umteenth Legislature here Suspends itself for fishing year. —Contributed by the Local Secretary of the Lemon Ades.

tourism or Calvinism, are in some sense in agreement. For example, whether I like it or not, I am so constituted and endowed that I shall live a more effective life as an employee than as an employer. The Church can help me to adjust myself to this fact more, perhaps than any other agency. By emphasizing, for example, the value, anywhere and in any condition, of such qualities as initiative, honesty and reliability, and giving early instruction in them, the Church can make a fundamental contribution to the task of social betterment, and lay lasting foundations for it; just as fundamental a contribution as by assailing capitalism, and telling the employer how to run his business.

In his own field, George has sense enough to understand that his work is co-operative; capital, management and labor must work together harmoniously. In that field he, at least, is continually searching in his men for those qualities of initiative, honesty and reliability; and when he finds them, he is eagerly willing to appreciate them and reward them.

I am not apologizing for George; only trying to express his point of view. I am sorry that he feels that he has a grievance. I think it would be a calamity for the Church wholly to antagonize him.

Recipes for Standard's Cook Book

SPICE CAKE

1 cup fat
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup buttermilk
2 eggs
2 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
Cream fat and sugar. Add rest of ingredients and beat 2 minutes. Pour into 2 layer cake pans lined with wax paper. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. (I have always baked this cake as a loaf cake and baked about 40 minutes).
Mrs. Frank L. Cizner,
Box 524, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

SOUR MILK BISCUITS

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
1/2 teaspoon soda
3/4 cup sour milk
Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening with a knife or rub in with the finger tips. Mix soda and sour milk. Add slowly to the flour mixture and mix to a soft dough. Roll out on slightly floured board to 1/2 inch thickness and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a quick oven (450 degrees F.) 10 to 15 minutes. This recipe makes 12 biscuits.
Mrs. Frank L. Cizner,
Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE WITH BITTER SWEET ICING

Cream together
1/2 cup butter
1 1/2 cups white sugar
then add
2 well beaten eggs
1/2 cup sour milk
2 squares melted chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla
sift in
2 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons cream of tartar
a little salt
Beat well and measure in a cup
1 teaspoon baking soda
3/4 cup boiling water
Add quickly to the cake mixture and beat well. Bake in layer pans 25 minutes, or until done. When cool spread with seven minute icing and on top pour melted chocolate.
Mrs. Wesley Aitkens,
Markdale.

CRUSHED PINEAPPLE PIE

1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks
1 cup crushed pineapple
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
2 egg whites
4 tablespoons sugar
1 baked pie shell
Scald one cup milk, add sugar and salt. Dissolve cornstarch in 1/2 cup cold milk and add slowly to hot mixture. Cook in double boiler about 30 minutes. Add lightly beaten egg yolks, cook 3 minutes longer. Cool, add drained crushed pineapple and extract. Pour into baked pie shell and cover with meringue made of stiffly beaten egg whites and sugar. Brown lightly in slow oven.
Mrs. Elmer Nesbitt.

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A. F. & A. M.—Hiram Lodge No. 490, G.R.C., Markdale, meets in the Masonic Hall, Reburn Block, at 8 o'clock p.m., on the second Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. M. Harris, W.M.; A. E. Colgan, Sec.

R. B. K.—Victoria Preceptory No. 282 meets in the Orange Hall, Markdale, at 8 o'clock p.m., the third Thursday in each month. Visiting brethren always cordially welcome. G. W. Littlejohns, W. P.; A. E. Colgan, Registrar.

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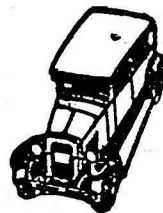
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