THUREDAY, MAY 20, 1930 CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY AND ADDRESS. "BUT HE AIN'T WENT YIT"

livery little while they tell us that the horse has got to go: First the trolley was invented 'cause the horses went so slow, And they told ug that we'd better no keep rabilit tolta no more, When the street cars got to moth that the horses pulled before, I that it was all over for old Fun an Doll and Kit. B'possed the horse was up and done for Int he ain't went yill"

When the blke craze got started people As you probably remember, horse hidesny his day; People pur away their buggies went kith round on wheels; There were lots and lots of horses didn't even earn their meals. used to stand and watch 'em with their bloomers as they'd flit. And I that the horse was goln', "Itut he ain't went vit!"

Then they got the horseless carriage, and they said the horse was done, And the story's been repeated twenty timos by Edison; Every time be gets another of his He comes whoopin' out to tell us . the horse den't stand a show. And you'd think to see these shoul Was good-bys. to Mr. Dobbin. "Hut he ain't went yit!"

When the people got-to flying in air I a'pose they'll say, As we long have been a-say! the horse has had his day. And I priose that some bld feller about like me'll stand Where It's safe, and watch the horses haulin' stuff across the land; And he'll maybe think as I do, white the crowds above him fit. "Oh, they say, the horse is done for, "But he ain't went yit!"

PIONEER BIRTHDAY

Bertha Gerneaux Woods

MELIA If we don't seem to be-Luckily Norah had a kitchen lamp and loos." n few candles to help us out, but it certainly was horrid! And our evening was spolled!"

"You must forgive me, dear," "she from the plonders, and to wonder how

anapplah when I'm deprived of them." Myra and Julia, my two girl friends, hard drudgery on the farm, of work unyway."

Isa was back a few minutes later. "Mr. Brackett's chickens have broken into the garden-Billy must have left the gate open and those three tomatoes are all pecked at and spoiled! What's that?" the use of having a garden if your neighbors keep chickens? Look at those, Auntle!"

Great Aunt Lou's eyes glanced from her nicco's flushed annoyed face to the beautiful green outdoor world. "It's too bad, dear, I'm sorry," she said, sympathetically. Then, "I won- a bushel for all the grasshoppers cap- easy?

"You know we went West when I caught sixty or seventy bushels, using was about your age," Aunt Lou said. a net and that carned him a pair of "It was all 'new country' then, but I shoes! I captured enough to buy my was gay and hopeful, as girls abould self a new aprigged calloo-I chose be, and such deprivations as we had one with pink sweet peas, too-on a were more than made up for by the pale green ground, and it was my best Great Britain played in the war by bignoss, the possibilities that seemed admired!" Aunt Lou said laughingly.

"Bless you," murmured isa, taking "The captured grasshoppers brought her nunt's hand in hers. "Well, we had been there almost a and the next year everything went as year when mother suggested that we beautifully us heart could wish. We colebrate my eighteenth birthday by had wonderful crops and oh, how we having a little lunchoon, and inviting grew to love that marvellous western aliethe young folks of the neighborhond. Murbud almost no ready money. but the crops were doing wonderfully well, and in those days we didn't have Lou's. "That's a fuscinating story, elaborate Yunctions." Aunt Lou added with a morry laugh. .. "No doubt, you had just as good

times." Isa remarked. . "Betten I haven't a doubt?" ussented Aunt Lun. "We worked hard for our pleasures, but we enjoyed them all the more because of that . And the kind of work we did all seemed to mean something-it wasn't for petty not worthwhile things-we didn't waste any of our strength agonizing for fear our clothes weren't the 'up to the minute' etyles, as the phrase is nowadays, N indeed, when we had a decent best dress' we enjoyed it till it was so worn ... that it had to be relegated to 'second bost. But to go on with the birthday that morning getting ready! We had function! -- My, how .. busy we were invited half a dozen of my girl friends, and I can remember as if it were yestorday what onjoyment I was baving in planning everything with mother Our garden was doing famously, was the admiration of all the folks around us. We'were going to have now pear and potatoes cooked together with cream sauce, I remember, and mother was going to stir up some of her beautiful purty baking-powder bisduits to 'so with them. We didn't have much notion of serving things in courses but we thought our table was going to look very attractive, with orisp, fresh lettuce and little spring pnions as appetizers, as well as to the moderate total of 100,000,000; It sixa a pretty touch of color on our plain white dishes. I remember for lowers we were to have a beautiful bunch of pink and white sweet peas! How mother and I had worked over the sweet pens-they were from seeds That the period of time has been that we had brought with us from the vast, that it is to be counted by East-and I can see them now as scores and possably by hundreds, of

they were that early birthday morning millions of years, is the utmost that -all on tiptoe for a flight, as some can be said with certainty in the specialist. poot puts It!" Aunt/Lou's gray eyes were very Most geologists are in agreement bright and sweet with her memories, that half or more than half of the but a touch of apprehensiveness was whole of soological time had passed creeping into; her great-niece's face as before life had developed to the Later she listened; Bhe was so sure that a Paloposole level." traceds had come in to spoil that How, eyen all these many yours after ward, she couldn't bear to think of

ple order, and pollshing the last places of allyer for the table, when mother said in a surprised way. "Why, I do The old farmer died suddenly: w believe it's going to storm, after all- that when Judge Gilroy, his only son and who would have thought it? If received the telegram, he could do ever a day seemed to start out bright nothing but go to to the farm for the and beautiful, this one seemed to! But Tuneral. It was difficult to do even the sky was unmistakably dark, 'What that,' for the Judge was the loading a disappointment for me, when I want- lawyer in X----, and every hour mount od everything so perfect for my partyl dellars to him. But the girls will come just the same, As he sat with bent head in the mother comforted me, and of course grimy little train that lumbered knew they would. Buch fontivities through the furms he could not keep were none too common, and those the details of his case out of his mind ploneer young folks weren't the kind Yet bitter grief he felt was uncalled

wotting-they'd been brought up to son. He had never given blu father realize they were 'neither nugar nor heartache; and the old rouh had died sult, us the suying in. full of yours and virtues, a "shock of "The going to be a had storm, corn fully ripe." The phruse pleased mother said. do hope there wen't be him; it seemed to close the story of a high wind with it, but I don't know his father's life, heaving room for -coming up so suddenly. Well, we regrets, pened the door, intending to look! The village doctor mot him at about a bit, and what do you suppose station, and they walked up to th it proved to be. Isa?" Then, as the farmhouse together. "I wish to tell girl shook her houd. "Grasshoppore! You," said the doctor, gravely, "that Millions and millions of them-a verit- your father's thoughts were all of you. able 'plague of locusts,' such as the He was III. but un hour; but his cry

to stay away, for fear of a little for. He had been a good, respectful

city."

"He Was greatly disappointed t'tut

"Last spring? O, you: Y took my

"I urged him," said the doctor, "to

"No. He never felt at home in the

vant, sat grim and tearloss by the side

"Martha was faithful," whispered

the doctor; "but she is deaf. I don't

bors are young. He belonged to an-

He reverently uncovered the coffin

Strangely enough, his thought was

sitive. He was the friend, the com-

and then beckoning to Martha, went

The Judge was alone with his

other generation."

out and closed the door.

hoppers that had blotted out the sun-shine from the sky, and that seemed to said the sudge. threaten the sunahine of our own lives and prosperity for some years to dome. You missed your half-yearly visit last They settled on our treasured garden, spring: Your visits were the events on the trees-they plied up three and of his life. There were no others," four feet doep on the fences-the said the doctor. woodpile, our little homomade totale benches on the burn and the wood- family to California.". shed—they massed themselves against' the back of the house up to the win- run down to see you on your return. dow-ullis. All this in our own door- but he would not go," . .-yard, and of course out in the fields, be we learned later, there were billions more, wining out the fruits of The Judge remembered that he had all those months and months of pa- not asked his father to come down. tient tolling. Well, my dear, in less The old gentleman did not by into the

than three hours they had finished life of his family, who were modern their deadly work. Not a leaf nor a and fashionable. Ted was ashamed of stalk of green was to be seen! All his grandfather's wide collars, and our carefully tended crops, and gar- Jessie, who was a fine musician. den vegetbles wiped out as completely secwled when she was asked to sing as if they had never been. Girl-like the "Portuguese Hymn" every night. my own personal loss pressed upon The Judge humored his children, and me heavily-my own birthday lun- had ceased to ask his father into his cheon! My sky was as dark and black for a while as the grasshoppers . The farm-house was in order and had made the blue summer sky above scrupulously clean; but its bareness our heads. Dear me, that was sixty gave a chill to the Judge, whose own years ugo, but I can utill feet that home was luxurious; 'The deaf old

blank desciate sense of disappoint- woman, who had been his father's ser-"Poor little auntie! Did any of the of the comm, girls come to your luncheon? querted "Yes, two of them who had to come suppose she spoke to him once a week." the farthest and so had started aboud His life was very solltary. The neighof those hordes of grasshoppers." "What did you have to eat?--if

those wretches didn't leave you anything in the garden?" asked Isa. "We had our biscuits-mother made them just as light and puffy as any she had ever made. She showed the to be hoodooed! Now the same ploneer courage and heroism vacuum aleaner is out of that had carried her through more still of the cold hareness of the room. order the first time in a than one orded with the Indians, and Those backed wooden chairs were your, too-aild when the girls were through unspeakable privations. - I there when he was a boy. It would over the current was off, so we had to can see her face and look, to this day, have been so casy for him to have hunt up candles and lamps! I do as she threw ber arms around me, made the house comfortable-to have think it's enough to provoke a saint!" and smiled up at father, 'Let's be hung some pictures on the wall! Isa's tone was tragic, as she deliver- thankful that we've got each other | Looking how into the kind old face, od herself of this outburst. "If there left," she said, and that we're all of with the white hair lying motionless is anything I hate, it's poor, dim light, us well and strong. What other people on it, he found something which he and we weren't provided with enough have lived through we can, we aren't had never taken time to notice before lamps for such an emergency as that! the first who have suffered such a -a sagacity, a nature the and sen-

"That was mother." Aunt You said, He had left him with deaf old Murth pridefully, "and my dour, when we sat for his sole companion! Suddonly- Aunt Lou's merry laugh down to the birthday lunchoon of nice There hung upon the wall the photohot blackits and maple syrup-how graph of a young man with an eager good mother's blecults tasted! Of strong face, looking proudly at a said, "but it came over me, how you course, the grasshoppers hadn't miss- chubby boy on his knee. The Judge are only three generations removed pd a petal of our cherished sweet saw the strength in the face. peas, there was no fragrent bunch of "My father should have played you would have borne the real priva- flowers for a centroplece and ser what blg part in life," he thought. "There tions your great-grandparents took as did mother do but sit down and twist is more promise in his face than in up some tissue paper wild roses-she mine. "I'm glad I'didn't live in those days." was quite expert at that kind of thing. In the deak was a bundle of old Isa suid. "I like modern improvements but I remember her fingers shook as secount books, which showed the part and lots of them. And I feel cross and she did them, though she smiled, he had played. Records of years of

Aunt Lou did not laugh this time- und L kept these roses, among our in winter and summer, and often late instead, her face was sober, ha laid by treasures afterward, as souvenirs of at night, to pay John's school bills her book and said, "Well, I might as my eighteenth birthday, and that and to send John to Harvard. One well go out and get those tomatoes for grasshopper visitation. They stood patch of ground after unother was the salad, Auntie; there were three for more than that all the years after- sold to keep John while he waited for almost ripe-yesterday-nobody also ward, too-reminders of my mothers practice; to give him clothes and around here has them so early, It's sweet courage, and many and many a duxuries which other young men in Nornh's day off, so we have to plan time when I was tempted to give way town had, until but a meagre portion the meals, but we'll have a good salad to discouragement, I'd remind myself whose daughter I was-and try to be worthy of such a mother!" They were silent for a little while.

enough money to help pay taxes, too-

"You brave, plucky little duck!" Isa

and I'm so ashamed to think of the

fuse I've made over my petty troubles!

A pretty ploneer I'd make, wouldn't

"Yes, a pretty one, dearie," Aunt

Lou said, patting the sweet face lov-

ingly. "If you'd Lived in those days,

"Well, if I have, I'm going to make

you'd have found atrength for all the

hardships-you've got it in you!"

it show itself," maid lan, ""If I'm

tempted to go into a temper over some

trivial little trouble again, 121 think of

my little eighteen-year-old Aunt Lou

and the millions of grasshoppers that

came uninvited to make her birthday

one to be remembered forever after!

AGE OF THE WORLD

"Speculations about geological time

Wiry enormously. Estimates of the

must be clearly understood by the

rest nearly always upon theoretical

assumptions of the slenderest kind:

PAST VE PRESENT

IT' she added, with immense soom.

book. "And this was the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and Then, "Auntie" Isa said, "didn't it worked won fortune and" positionput you back terribly-such losses as and how did he repay him?" The man knott on the bare floor and "Yes, it certainly did-for that was shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. only the first of three such terrible If he would come back! It would be grasshopper years-when we lost all so easy to make a little home for him pur crops-and of course our family in the city, to go to him every day was only one of the many who suffer- with gossip of his cases, or take him ed. At the end of the third year the to bear music, or to see noted mencounty offered a bounty of three cents to make his life happy and full! Ho

"My, what a spirit!" murmured Isa. | rade, whom he had needed so often.

der if I over told you my birthday tured, so we and our neighbors went "O father! father!" he oried. But "No. Auntle, you never did, but I'd hunting was certainly good-I know He was too late.-Youth's Companion. one little boy only four years old

John Ullroy suddenly - closed the

Nothing can be finer than the gen-

of the farm was left.

erous recognition of the part which dress for several summers, and greatly the better class of American fournals. A striking instance of this is an article in the Chicago Tribune, under the heading "The British Raved America." in which that paper prints in detail the significant ovidence given before the investigating committee of the United States Senate by Rear-Admiral Grant. The testimony of this Commander was remarkably frank. said, slipping her hand into Aunt He did not heatitate to uscribe to the British fleet-full credit not alone for the eventual collapse of the commen enemy, but for its great work in transporting United States troops and of bulwarking the United States navy. The Tribune prints in hold type one specially significant passage in the taking of this officer's evidence:

"Chairman Haletif the German fleet had broken through, the British floot in the summer of 1917, would your force have been in condition to meet the enemy? "-"Rear Admiral Grant (U. S. N.): We would have gone out and done the best we could, but it wouldn't have been much." Commenting on the above the Tor-

onto Globe saya: 'Tublic opinion ! bound to be influenced profoundly by such candor and honosty. They reveal the emptiness of the blatant allegations of the strife-muking Henrats They expose the traiterous character ngo of the older rooks by geologists of these anti-American, as well as and astequaners starting from differ- unti-British, propagandists. They disent standmoints have varied between close the true spirit of team play 1,600,000,000 and 25,000,000," says IL'G. which enabled the English-speaking Wells, in his new "History of the democracies to defeat the autogratic aims and ambitions of Touton and "The lowest estimate was made by Turk. They bear testimony of appro-Lord Kelvin in 1867. . Prof. Huxley clation of British accomplishment of guessed at 400,000,000 years. There the part of true Americanism in a is a summary of views and the ciation of British accomplishment on grounds upon which the estimates a stressful past has drawn John Bull have been made 'in Osborne's Origin and Uncle Bam together. They face and Evolution of Life': he inclines to the future with arms linked."

reader how stretchy and provisional all these time estimates are. They "You are suffering from brain fag and enhul," announced the specialist. "You should take more interest in your business." "I would like to," roulled the "Then why don't you?" demanded "The law won't let me," replied the

patient. "I'm a pawnbroker."

Miller's Worm Powders are complete in themselves. They not only drive worms from the system, but reit speedily recovers from the disor-Audit Louis sirilab heart having ached ... Birange Edith should invite that deep of the digestion that are the relief of the work of these parasitio intruders. They do their work very though fixing up the Yes, my feer, but show to form a child thoroughly and strength and sound though with worms is Mother Graves' house, putting, everything in apple to furnish a very agreeable present.

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ou'll find what you look for; look for distress. If you won but your shadow, remember I pray.

That the sun is still chining, but you're in the way. con't grumble, don't bluster, ston's dream and don't shirk, bon't think of your worrios, but think of your work,

the worrios will vanish, the work will

be done. to man wone life shadow who futon the sun." Matthew Arnold sont forth a roal nessage of hope and good cheer and strongth in the lines quoted. There Is a fine philosophy of life in them,

There is a call to be strong. There is

truth of grout value in the line-

"No man soos his sindow who faced the nun."

And one can face the sun even when H lu mot roully to be moon in the heavens. We are failing it when we keep our thoughts fixed on the huppy and cheerful things of Mie and diecover thom even on the cloudfost and drearlest of days. January of this year will pass into history he one of the gloomlest and coldest of recent yours, at land, that is its record in the part of the land in which I live. Brow, rain, short, shush, bitting cold and almost constant leader; skies. When we were having one of our coldest "spells" I overheard two wemen of very commonphine appearance talking about the weather when they were seated near me in a restaurant "Did you over now the beat of it for weather?" unid one-of the women. "Cold! Did you ever see so much cold weather in one month?"

"It'll make good ice and mebbe we won't have to pay no much for it next summer," mild the other woman pla-

"But you don't like all this "It don't make any difference as to whother I like it or not. It is here and I've got to meet it. They say it will kill a lot of digouse germs, And whatgood times the children have skating and aliding with their gleds, . I can hardly keep my children in. Then some things you can seem to tuste batter in right cold weather than at any other time. I ulways have real hot griddle cakes for breakfast when it is zero. Heems like they taste butter then than at any other time. After all, it seems to me that there are things to enjoy in zero weather that you don't enjoy so much at any other time. I nover bother about the weather anyhow." Hore was a wise woman facing the

sun. It shone forth cheerfully for her that bitterly cold and cloudy day, To her this is truly a world of compensation. The sooner one discovers that fact the happier will one be. Nothing is more futtle than the complaint, and nothing more helpful than a cheery acceptance of the inevitable, To face the sun is to be constantly warmed by Its light just as to dwell in the shadow is to invite its gloom to enter our hearts. The young of the world entering upon the years of maturity and facing the realities of life, should carry out into the great world with them the truth of the

"No mun sees his shadow who faces

GAS AND WALL PAPER

The color of one's wall-paper may ocide whether one lights one or two burners. White walls absorb only thirty per cent, of the light, but hearly everyone wants some color to meet the eye. Chrome yellow absorbs only thirty-eight per cent. Paper of an orango shade robe one of 'lifty per cent- of the light. It is when one gets into rods and

groons that the light begins to dim. A dark-groon wall-paper, no routful to the eye, absorbs sighty-two per cent, of the light; and paper of a deep chocolate color leaves only four per, cent. of the light bays for use. Its power of absorption is alnoty-six per

SECRET OF GREATNESS

It is Emerson who somewhere says that the average run of men fret and worry themselves into numeloss graves while here and there a great unselfield soul forgets itself into immortality. Many hundred yours before, a much will save his life shall lose it; and whosoover will lose his life for my sake shull find it." A rather cryptic utterance; so con-

tradictory in sound that the majority of men pass it by unheeding. But now and then there comes man who, sending the truth, barnesser his life to it, forgetting every selfish Often he knows himself to be a little

thought and purpose,man; or, at bost, only medlum-sixed. But the world, beholding the marvel of his tofluence, remembers him and calls him great.-Bruce-Barton, in Red

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