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THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1923

EDITORIAL

Better Times are at Hand

What is the truth about the boom which seems to be so much in evidence in the United States? asks a high financial authority. Has it come to stay, is it built on a solid foundation, or will it be followed by a period of deflation? There is great activity in nearly every line of business, factories running overtime and railways preparing for a record year. Most people prefer not to call it a "boom"; they say the country has ascended to a higher plane of prosperity. This they account for upon the theory that the "buyers' strike" which followed the deflation of 1920, the agricultural crisis of 1921, and the industrial troubles of 1922, curtail production and restrict credits. The demand for increased production, the general inflation of prices and all the signs of a great business revival, they say, follow naturally upon a three-year period of depression.

How Some Councils Do Things

There is one great advantage in having a Town Council which doesn't know its own mind—when a mistake is made one day it is just as likely to be corrected the next. In granting Chief Fyvie's request for additional policemen, on Thursday, after turning down the same request on Monday, the Council is not exhibiting any noteworthy amount of consistency, but this may be forgiven in light of the discovery that it can realize when a mistake has been made. The old proverb that it is never too late to mend holds just as good now as when it was first propounded and now that the Town Council has duly thought better of the amazing decision of Monday when Chief Fyvie was told, in effect, that vice conditions could continue to increase for all the majority of the Council cared, gratification may be freely expressed that the Council can change its mind, even though there are times when it hardly appears that it has a mind to change.—Sudbury Star.

The Election in Halton

Election matters in Halton are still very quiet. Neither of the three parties are making much noise over the election as yet, but quietly organizing their forces and preparing campaign ammunition to be fired off later as the polling day approaches. A big effort will be made to get all available voters on the new lists to be prepared under the Ontario Voters' List Act of 1922. No one is able to predict how these additions to the lists will vote, as hundreds, if not thousands, will exercise their franchise for the first time, and in many cases, especially among the young men, they will vote for the candidate that most appeals to them, regardless of their political leanings. Under the new act it is possible, if not probable, that 20,000 votes will be cast in Halton, where under the old franchise act there used to be around 8,000 votes cast in one election. Under these circumstances there is a big field for the candidates to work in and ground to cover before election day. Where formerly only one week was allowed between nomination day and polling, now there will be eleven days, on account of the extra number of ballots to be printed and distributed throughout the ridings.—Milton Reformer.

Boys Not Now Learning Trades

An interesting discussion took place at the Board of Trade meeting recently in regard to the serious falling off in the number of boys who are now learning trades. While in years of the past it was the general thing for a large proportion of boys to plan for the future, and upon leaving school enter as an apprentice to some trade, this is now very seldom done, and in almost every business the number of apprentices is very, very few. Just what is to be done in years to come for experienced mechanics is a problem which is facing the whole country, and is as yet unsolved. Our educational authorities have realized the difficulty and have made an endeavor in a small way to do something to overcome it by the establishment of technical schools in the larger cities to assist boys in making themselves proficient mechanics, but technical schools will never solve the problem and take the place of the old-time apprenticeship system. They can greatly assist a youth in acquiring theoretical knowledge in regard to his trade, but they alone can never make real mechanics. Even though the course given is sufficiently practical, conditions of work are so cleanly and ideal that they unfit a youth for ordinary work in an ordinary factory, and make him too ambitious for an ordinary job. This latter may be an excellent thing in its way, but it does not solve the problem of providing competent mechanics for the future.—Dundas Star.

Everyone Entitled to Vote Welcomed

This is, in these later days, a change from the old way of doing things. It used to be the practice for political party representatives to come to a private compromise regarding the names to be added by the several parties and when the voting day arrived there were all sorts of challenges and trouble. Nowadays the judge takes complete charge, and the spirit of those bringing forward the names has altered. They seemed at Almonte to be desirous of seeing that everybody who is entitled to a vote gets one.—Almonte Gazette. This is also the experience in this county. There seems a desire on all sides that every man and woman entitled to vote should be entered on the lists for the forthcoming election.

What Canada has Accomplished for Industrial Research

There has just been published a complete report of the proceedings at the National Conference on Scientific and Industrial Research, held at Ottawa in February. The book constitutes a valuable record of what has been accomplished in Canada to date in the interests of reasearch, since it contains statements of the work done by practically all the organizations, institutions, and industries, which have taken up the subject of research and have carried on investigations. The book is also of importance since it presents the ideas of the leaders in research work as to what is necessary to enable Canadians to devote more adequate attention to the subject and to provide for it the facilities which its increasing importance demands.

Immigration Likely to be Stimulated

It is expected that immigration will be stimulated by the recent action of the Government in modifying, by order-in-council, the regulations governing the admission of United States citizens. Since February 15, immigration officers were empowered to admit the latter providing they gave satisfactory proof that that their labor or service was required in Canada. Last month this regulation was changed to allow officers to admit such persons as could show that they had sufficient means to maintain themselves until employment was secured. In practice, under the former regulation, only those having definite employment to which to proceed could enter, while, under the new regulation, any United States citizen, with means to support himself, may come to Canada in search of employment.

Predicts Prosperity for Canada

A neighborly and very interesting prediction is made and published in the press of the United States by Roger W. Babson, the well known statistician. He states that while conditions in the United States may be better on the whole at present than in Canada, he predicts that "unless we take care business will be better in Canada in 1924 than it will be in the United States. Continuing he writes, "The farming condition is better. Its farmers did well last year and the fruit growing sections had very profitable yields. A more hopeful feeling is developing, however, in the prairie and other agricultural regions. Better prices for farm products are helping the Canadians as well as the farmers in the United States. As the Canadian farmer was slower in feeling the good effect of this increase in prices of farm products, so he will enjoy it longer."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Nominally the Dominion Government has not a majority, yet when the vote on the Budget was taken last week it had a majority of eight. To all appearances it is always safe on a division.

There is one phase of the political system that is all wrong, and that is in the insistence of putting up a candidate whether one is really needed or not and whether he has the ghost of a chance at election or not.—Guelph Herald.

Mr. Drury's visit to the Ottawa Valley during the week had something of the nature of a triumphal progress and there is no doubt that he has knit his party together around here more firmly than ever.—Almonte Gazette.

The addition of thousands of women voters to the lists in this county will so materially change the complexion of the vote in Halton that politicians of all stripes will find it absolutely impossible to arrive at the old-time approximate forecast of the results at the polls.

Andrew Hicks, late chief whip of the Farmers' party in the Ontario Legislature, failed to be renominated by the United Farmers of South Huron, at the convention held last week. W. G. Medd, of Exeter, was the choice of the convention. There was only one ballot.

The leading stores in Guelph are now closing at 9 o'clock on Saturday nights. And why shouldn't all stores everywhere close at that hour on Saturday night? That's late enough in all conscience to keep people at work at the end of the week.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth has again been exemplified at a little town in Northern Ontario. A lighted cigarette was carelessly thrown away in a stable, and after the smoke cleared away it was figured that the loss totalled approximately one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—Guelph Mercury.

Alliston Town Council has passed a resolution granting a four-months' extension of the pool room license in that town, and providing for the cancellation of the license at the expiration of that time. A deputation of citizens waited upon the Council last week, thanking them for this action, the moral courage they evinced, and pledging their support against any effort made to secure a reconsideration of this decision.

The doctors of the Province evidently regard with disfavor the physicians who issue liquor prescriptions in large numbers. Dr. N. A. Powell, chairman of the Advisory Committee of Ontario Medical Society, reports that about one per cent. of physicians practicing in the Province exceed the Government allowance of 50 prescriptions per month. "It is pleasant to note that the number of physicians who issue more than that number of prescriptions is decreasing steadily," he stated.

WHAT WILL IT COST

"What's the price?" "What will it cost?" are questions we invariably ask when any job looms up to call us something, or tries to interest us in some novel scheme. Only the reckless are willing to jeopardize the future by binding themselves to a contract before first ascertaining all that it involves.

Robert Service, in a short poem called "The Reckoning," reminds us that it is all very well for us to indulge in "a good time" if we are prepared to pay the inevitable bill that must be paid at the end of every riotous feast. It is a kindly warning against the folly of indulging in the things we cannot afford, and a pungent reminder that all excesses must be paid for at an exhorbitant price.

"Time has set a little bill—get wise while you may,
For the debt side's increasing in a most alarming way;
The things you have no right to do, the things you should have done,
They're all put down, it's up to you to pay for every one.
So eat, drink and be merry, have a good time if you will,
But God help you when the time comes and you foot the bill.

Which reminds us that one of the universal laws of life demands that we pay for all we get. Men do not get anything for nothing in this world. All that we have, and all that we enjoy, has been paid for, or must be paid for at some time. If we, personally, have not paid for what we have, it can be taken for granted that someone else has paid for us, for it is in the very nature of things that nothing can be obtained without the price of it being collected sooner or later. Education, health, wealth, power, success, pleasure, dissipation, indolence—in a word, all things have their own price and cannot be owned except by those who pay for them; from payment there is no escape.

True wisdom, therefore, lies in the first counting the cost. Not only is this true regarding our endeavors, but also of our negligences and selfish indulgences. Whether we act or fail to act, we must pay just the same; and invariably we pay more for indulgence, the shirking of duty, and selfish indulgence than for unselfish conduct. Consequently, what will it cost may not prove amiss as a form by which to regulate our lives.

For if faithfully applied it would not merely save us from many follies, but would help to curb our selfishness and to spur us on to wholesome action.—Classmate.

ANDIE'S CLEVER RACCOON

Last fall, writes a correspondent, I spent a week-end in the wilds of New Hampshire at the camp of a friend. The afternoon we arrived was clear and cold, but we found the camp cosy with log fires in every room. Andie, the caretaker, cook and man of all work, had overlooked no detail that would add to our comfort. He is a sturdy Scot and an unusual man. In spite of his many duties as the only servant in a large camp he finds plenty of time for gunning, fishing and other sports. He is extremely fond of animals and has a good-sized menagerie of pets; last fall there were four Belgian police dogs, a bloodhound, three cats, some rabbits, a parrot and a baby raccoon.

He had caught the raccoon only a few days before we arrived at the camp. The little fellow spit and snapped at us in an unfriendly manner, but Andie insisted that he would soon become so fond of his new home that we should be able to remove the collar and chain that fastened him securely to the kitchen door.

Andie invited me to watch the coon finish his supper, and the little animal amused me by lapping milk from a bowl and then licking his neck until he was able to slip his collar off. When Andie was locking up for the night I asked whether he had left any food for his pet.

"Yes, a bowl of milk," he replied.

"Are you afraid he'll slip his collar again and escape?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "He was just showing off and, besides, the doors are all locked. He can't get out."

But the next morning Andie was astonished and disappointed to find the kitchen empty. The bowl of milk also was empty. The "tame" coon had cleverly slipped his collar and escaped through a small hole in the floor. He never came back, and Andie felt hurt, for that was the first wild creature that had ever failed to appreciate his hospitality!

THE PRUNING OF ROSES

In the culture of roses, the quality of bloom depends not only upon good varieties and rich soil, but on a careful system of pruning. One may choose between a crop of many small blooms or a smaller number of fine flowers. Some varieties require harder pruning than others, but no rose bush should be allowed to pass the spring without pruning. Branches that have been damaged by the winter weather are no longer of use and should be removed. The small thin branches do not produce bloom and they should also be taken out. If left on the bush they will take up the nourishment that should go to the stem producing roses. Besides removing the dead wood and the weak growths, the branches should be shortened. It is a very good rule, with bushes that are well established, to take off all wood that is smaller than a lead pencil. In young bushes such hard pruning is not desirable. When removing limbs they should be cut close to the main stem, that is, without leaving stumps. Strong growing Hybrid Perpetuals require less pruning than some of the other sorts, as if heavily pruned they tend to a more vigorous growth of sappy wood, making an even larger bush than before. Moderate pruning is therefore better for roses of this class.

Under the head of pruning, Bulletin No. 17 of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, entitled "Hardy Roses," explains that roses of the hardiest group nearly all bloom on wood of the previous year's growth, or wood several years old. It is recommended that, in addition to heading back and thinning out, it is well to remove some of the older wood each year, cutting the branches out at the ground, thus making room and letting in air so that the young stems will develop well.

"JUST MY LUCK"

If you are one of the young folks who are fond of saying "just my luck," it is not strange that you have not done many of the things you had hoped to accomplish. No one who is convinced that he is unlucky, can make a success of anything.

Our life may not fully measure up to our anticipations, but the tendency is in that direction. If we expect disaster, we are pretty sure to get it. If we look for success, we are likely to secure that. One who starts out in life with the conviction of his ill luck, is beaten before he begins.

THE BEST IS YOUR RIGHT

Some young people seem to think it conceited to assume that nothing is too good for them. Apparently they believe it more suitable to adopt a deprecatory attitude, as if every really good thing was better than they deserved. But if you are not worthy of the good things of life, take yourself in hand and make yourself worthy. Claim the best as your right and live in such a way as to prove yourself deserving.

MR. PEASLEE'S DAY OF REST

"Ain't you workin' busier'n common to-day, Caleb?" demanded Deacon Hyno, resting his elbows on the rail fence.

Caleb Peaslee straightened himself enough to bring his chin to the end of his hoe and inquired what the deacon had asked.

"I asked you," replied the deacon, with some inexactness, "what the reason is for you hoein' into the work so to-day? You've been movin' from one hill of corn to another as brisk as if you wasn't more'n twenty, instead of bein' well risin' sixty, as I've reason to know you are."

"I've been restin'," replied Caleb. "Movin' from one hill of corn to another same's I've been doin' is soothin' after a day like I put in yesterday."

"Hut," contended the deacon, "seems to me it was night before last you was telling me you lotted on havin' a day to yourself yesterday. Didn't you say you was goin' to lay back and loaf round home whilst your wife was over to Dedham for the day? I thought you did anyway, and if I hadn't been so busy heelpin' my wife wittir the carpets I'd have come over and helped you loaf. I started to come once as it was, but she have me to with another armful of rugs to be beat."

Mr. Peaslee nodded. "I told you that just as you've recited it," he agreed, "but I made the mistake of tellin' my wife too. If I'd stopped short of that, mebbe I'd have had an easier day of it yesterday.

"Fore she started off," he went on, "I noticed she was busy with a pencil and paper; I figgered she was puttin' down a list of things she wanted to trade for while she was gone. But when she was ready to start, she called me into the kitchen and p'inted out the paper, which she'd pinned onto the tablecloth.

"There!" she says. "There's some odd jobs I've been wantin' you to get about doing for a long time," she says. "Now to-day whilst you've nothing to do you go ahead and do 'em. I look to see 'em all done against the time I get back, and to make sure they don't slip your mind I've put 'em down there in black and white where you're bound to see 'em if you eat at all through the day!' And with that she was out of the house and into the stage fore I could say a word—not that it would have done any good.

"Wal," said Caleb, "the fust thing on the paper was, 'Clean up the back yard.' I went out and looked at it, and it looked clean enough to me already, but I knew she didn't think so; so I got about it, and out of that yard I'd called clean I fetched four wheelbarrorloads of leaves and dead grass and twigs and slivers of wood and chips and a strip of fence wire thirty feet long and barrel hoops and staves where a water barrel fell apart in the corner of the shell ell. I can't begin to tell you all the stuff that come to light under that rakin'.

"But I got it done at last and went into the house for a drink of water and to get another look at the paper. The next thing she had written was: 'Fix up the front fence. It's saggin'.'

"If I'd been called into court without a chance to look at that fence, I'd have testified strong that it was as straight as a rakestale; but when I went out and stood at one end and sighted it, I could see that it was near as crooked as a scythe snath. It's held up by iron rods set into stone anchors in the ground, and I found it a job to pick and shovel and for a heavy crowbar. It was a job I'd have hired a stout man to help me with if I'd known I was goin' to do it.

"By the time I'd got the fence straight it was noon and past, so I went in for a bite to eat. I was hungry as a wolf, and my shoulders ached so bad I was glad to rest 'em whilst I was eatin'. In the meantime I took a look at the next little job she had laid out for me; I found out that the gable end of the old henhouse out back of the barn needed some shingles.

"I didn't have a ladder short enough to go under the eaves, so I had to build a staggin' to work on, and it was well I did, for when I got up there I found that what few shingles was on the buildin' was so loose they might's well come off. So I made a clean sweep of it, tore 'em all off and shingled the place new. And I'd never so much as known a shingle was loose there till she told me!

"Then I follered down the list and fixed a stand for the leach barrel to make soap, righted up the bluestone slab we use for a back doorstep, put up two shelves for her milk pans in the milk house, and dug up a patch of yuller dock that she wanted rooted out of the corner of her posy garden—and I b'lieve the taproot on that dock was fifteen foot long! And there was four or five more jobs, kind of putterin' things. I'd got 'em all done but one when the stage drove into the yard and let her out. I was as tired as I've been for thirty years.

"After we'd got through supper she went out with me and looked over the back yard and all the other things I'd done. She never said a word, so I know I'd done more'n a common good job of all of 'em. And when we got back to the house she fetched up stiff all at once and looked at the well curb. 'Didn't I ask you,' she says, 'to fix that hinge onto the cover of that curb?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'you did, but I didn't get time to get it done to-day; I'll fix it to-morror.'

"'Didn't get time!' she says. 'With a whole day to yourself jest to set round in you couldn't find time to put a couple of screws into that hinge? Well,' she says, firmlike, 'to-morror I'll be here, and you'll—'

"'To-morror,' says I, jest as settled as she was, 'I'm goin' to do my hoein'. If you want any odd jobs done, I'll hire Jotham Wiggins to do 'em. Plus, of all,' I says, 'I've got to do my farm work!'

"And here I be," Mr. Peaslee finished, "takin' it easy and gettin' my work done. I don't want to loaf a'other day for a long time. It's too hard work for a man of my years."

HOW EACH OF US MAY BE GREAT

The great recognize greatness in others. When you hear some self-appointed leader sneering at humanity, you may be sure that he is exposing his own littleness. One of the most striking things about Lincoln's character is the fact that he gave full value to the greatness of other people, quite irrespective of their attitude toward himself. It did not affect his opinion in the least that some one had criticised him adversely or sneered at him. He was able in spite of that fact to do him full justice.

We cannot all be great. There are constitutional limitations which must keep the majority of us from achieving anything remarkable. But all of us can, at least, possess that characteristic of greatness which prevents us from belittling our fellows, which makes us ready and even eager to give people full credit for what they are and what they do. So far at least, the most insignificant and weakest of us may be great.

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THE QUESTION OF A NUT

Here is a little hint that might be of value in loosening the next nut that you find stuck:

"Put a good-fitting wrench on the nut, pull hard and steadily on it, and if it does not budge, rap the end sharply with a hammer, keeping up the pull all the while. Steady pulling and smart rapping will loosen most nuts." (Auto Book.) But we deal with some nuts that no wrench will fit, and a hammer against their head has no effect. In spite of all steady pulling and smart rapping, they are the same old nuts.—Richmond Advocate.

HIGHLY HONORED

A distinguished celestial, lecturing in American cities on things Chinese, addressed his Philadelphia audience thus:

"I am indeed pleased to be with you. Week before last I had the pleasure of addressing the literati of Boston. Last week I spoke before the profligati of New York, and now I am glad to be among the sarcophagi of Philadelphia."—From the World Outlook.

TOO MUCH SERVICE

"Waiter," said the fussy old gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"I've made three different attempts to take a dose of medicine in half a glass of water. Each time I got the water reduced to the right quantity you rushed around and filled up my glass. Stay away from me until I want you."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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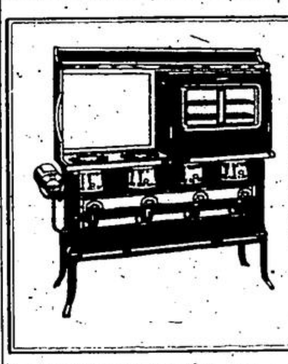

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