THE HOME OF

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H. P. MOORE, President and Editor.
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THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1924

EDITORIAL

The Purpose of an Education

Our young folks in the schools and colleges are now in the midst of their year's work, preparing for the midsummer examinations, which mean so much in the technical side of their educational course. A distinguished educator said the other day that one purpose of education is to enable students to hear the skylark's song as well as the factory whistle. If one works in a factory it is important that he hear the whistle and be on time; but there is no reason why, as he goes to work, he should not enjoy the morning song of the birds, and take pleasure in the sunrise. It is a very narrow view of education which is limited to preparing one to make a living. An education should also prepare one to enjoy life.

Western Ideas Being Adopted in the East

It is highly creditable to the people of Japan that they now take very advanced views of modern conception of sanitary and economic principles in their building up of city areas. The plans for rebuilding Tokyo are admirable. More than 4,000 houses were burned as the result of last year's earthquake. Such wide areas were laid waste that it is possible to reconstruct the city on a systematic modern plan. The proposal is that the city shall buy all the land in the devastated area, and that after laying it out so as to include wider and more convenient streets, better parks and open spaces, enlarged and deepened canals and wider avenues to limit the spread of fire, it shall sell back the remaining land to the people.

A New Feature of Railway Courtesy

The Canadian National Railway management has adopted a new act of courtesy toward sleeping car passengers between Toronto and Montreal. In the morning this class of travellers is presented with a cup of hot coffee by the car porter. On a card accompanying the cup are the words: "Good morning! Compliments Canadian National Railway." Now, that is a very nice down-to-date courtesy to the people able to purchase sleeping berths and accompanying comforts of travel. But what about the people in ordinary circumstances, who are obliged to travel all night in the ordinary passenger coach? Should not the morning cup of hot coffee and railway compliments be tendered to these travel-tired passengers first? They need stimulating refreshments after a night of hard travel. The palace car travellers do not; or, if they do, their coach is contiguous to the dining car, and they can be promptly supplied therefrom at a small outlay.

The Wardenship of 1924

When we wrote last week's article on the Wardenship of 1924 we were led to believe that George Hillmer, M. P. P., of Oakville, would not again seek the office of Reeve of that town. It was so stated in the Oakville press. On nomination day, however, the two gentlemen nominated for the position, could not agree as to who should stand, and compromised by asking Mr. Hillmer to again accept a nomination. The latter was persuaded to do so, and that is why he will again represent Oakville at the County Council board. But whether he will be a candidate for the Wardenship again we are not in a position to state. He may be magnanimous enough to want some other member of the Council to be honored with the position, seeing that he has been honored with the representation of the County in the Ontario Legislature. We believe there will be, in any event, two or three candidates for the Wardenship. Besides Mr. Barber, of Acton, we understand it is possible if not probable, that W. J. L. Hampshire, Reeve of Esquesing, will be nominated for the position. And there's no doubt that Mr. Hampshire would make a good occupant of the chair, having had considerable experience as a municipal councillor, coupled with the fact that the whole of last year's Council were elected by acclamation, with the unique experience that no other names were submitted for the different offices, so well pleased were the ratepayers of the township with the work of the Council for the past year. Since the above was written and put in type, we understand that Mr. Hillmer will be a candidate for the Wardenship, and thus, if elected, realize his long-cherished ambition to round off his municipal career by being honored with this coveted office which, he thinks, should be his by reason of long and faithful service in the County Council. That being the case, there will possibly be no opposition offered by the other aspirants to the office. It would be a fitting tribute to Mr. Hillmer, and, we fancy, quite popular with the people generally.—Milton Reformer.

Falsifying Destination Manifest of Liquor Shipments

Dispatches from Niagara Falls last week gave this item: "Liquor exporters are busy at Chippawa, and cargoes are continually leaving the up-river port for Cuba. The shipments have been coming from Port Colborne, and are loaded on boats which make the long journey to Cuba. The vessels are very fast, for one was able to make two trips to "Cuba" on Friday." Surely there is some way of stopping this barefaced evasion of the law. The Dominion Government has a plain duty, and the people of this province at least expect, and have a moral right to expect, that action will be taken to put a stop to such unrighteous subterfuges. It would not be permitted with other goods; why with liquor?

A British Opinion of Class Legislation

Commenting on the state of the political parties in Canada, the London Times says: "Government by farmers as such, is no more to be tolerated than government by doctors, butchers or plumbers. One of the contributory causes to the Conservative victories in the Eastern provinces undoubtedly has been the nervousness of the great industrial centres at the prospect of a possible surrender by the government to the somewhat importunate demands of the men from the West. In this putting East against West, of class again class, lies a very real danger, not only to Premier King and his government, but to Canada itself. It is a danger that can be surmounted only by bridging the geographical map, which divides two communities by a living bridge of population. If Premier King is successful in coming to a more definite understanding with representatives of the very men who turned rolling prairies into rich wheat fields, and who ought to be first to welcome new settlers, there is no reason why he should not continue in office for some time to come. If his government directs its energies a trifle more vigorously toward the question of population, it certainly will help both to strengthen its own position, and safeguard the future of the Dominion."

The Value of Municipal Utilities

Orangeville is just beginning to reap the full fruits of municipal ownership of public utilities. The first step in the direction of public ownership and operation was taken nearly thirty years ago, when the waterworks system was constructed and set in operation. The project met with the bitterest kind of opposition on account of the heavy expenditure involved. $45,000, the cost price of the system, seemed an immense sum of money to many of the ratepayers of that time, although the system would probably cost at least $100,000, were the same work being done under present day conditions. From a health standpoint the system justified itself from the very beginning. There was a noticeable improvement in the general health of the town. Typhoid fever and other diseases that frequently originate in impure water have been virtually unknown in Orangeville for the last twenty-five years. Financially the system has also justified the hopes of the men who were instrumental in pushing through the scheme. Deficits were experienced in the early years, but for several years back the system has been self-sustaining and has sometimes shown quite a tidy surplus for the year. In 1926 the last of the debentures will be paid and thereafter the system will show a handsome surplus each year after meeting all maintenance and extension charges.—Banner.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Milton Champion says the Wardenship of Halton is expected to go to either Mr. Hillmer, of Oakville, of Mr. Barber, of Acton.

It is surely an encouraging trend toward real peace to hear that the French government is now to negotiate directly with the German government, concerning the situation in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. The hope is general that friendly negotiations will hereafter prevail between these two great countries.

The long-expected Gregory report on the Hydro-Electric enterprise is unexpectedly much more of a vindication of the work undertaken, than in any sense a condemnation. The action of the Drury government in appointing the commission will result ultimately in assuring the people of Ontario of the value of the immense undertaking.

There is not now in Wellington a single village, town or city that has more than one newspaper. In some of them it requires loyal local support to have one. If some people had their way, judging from their advertising enterprise, and the way they patronize the city printer for their job printing, there would not be even one.—Mount Forest Confederate.

The Central Canadian of Carleton Place, one of the brightest weeklies in Ontario, entered upon its forty-ninth year at the beginning of the month. It energetic editor and publisher, Mr. F. A. J. Davis, is justly proud of the fact that, while the plant was destroyed by fire a year ago, its present equipment is superior, and its business is on a most gratifying basis again.

Women have been granted the franchise in almost all advanced countries, but, strange to say, they have not yet obtained it in France. Four years ago or more the Chambre of Deputies voted to give the suffrage to all women who had reached the age of twenty-five, but the Senate failed to endorse the act. They must be on a par with our Canadian Senate in some respects.

John T. Smith, who insists that he is entitled to import liquor into Ontario, and appealed against the Ontario Temperance Act on this feature, has failed in his action against the Attorney-General for Ontario, both before Mr. Justice Orde and the First Divisional Court. He will now appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada, and many think with similar results.

When people tell one another how busy they are or have been, they usually regard it as creditable. And yet to be so busy is not necessarily to be engaged in anything which shows for real progress. The persons who are busy most of the time on productive, helpful work of some kind, and who do not allow the element of "busyness" to invade their hours of recreation, have a sound philosophy of life and are living in accordance with it.

A POLYGLOT PORTER

John Cox, master of many languages

The smooth-working organism of a great railway which prides itself on being able to meet any situation in an equable manner, received a rude jolt one day when two picturesquely garbed strangers strolled into the Windsor Depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal, and, despite the most elaborate and vociferous linguistic contortions, failed in a most deplorable manner to make anyone understand what they wanted.

Someone who had travelled in the east ventured the opinion that they were Arabs, and the polyglot bombardment which had been in progress ceased in hopeless despair, for the stock of available languages did not go into Kipling's country "east of Suez." Then a "red cap," one of the colored porters who make themselves useful about the station handling baggage between the train and taxicab, stepped up. He relieved himself of what sounded like a combination of a badly-running Ford and a Sarcee war chant, and had the situation straightened out in no time at all.

Investigation revealed that the railway had on its staff of baggage hustlers a veritable Mezzofanti, a student who for sheer love of the acquisition picks up languages in the easy manner he does suitcases. He is known about the station as Number Eighteen, though this has no reference to his lingual accomplishments. His name is John Cox and his country of origin is British Guiana, though to satisfy his voracious thirst for tongues that other people employ he has strayed far from his native sugar plantations. Spanish, Italian, English, French, Greek, Hindustani and Arabic he can call into requisition at a moment's notice, while he writes most of them with equal facility. He admits not being as yet equally at home with German, though he has substantial grasp of the language.

Hindustani is his native tongue. Facile English he acquired in England in the employ of a British railway magnate. In the same employ he went to Brazil and Panama, acquiring Spanish in an effortless manner en route. Returning to England with merely his appetite whetted, he took lessons in Italian and French and speedily added them to his linguistic list. The outbreak of the war opened up possibilities of yet more interesting and extensive travel, and he joined the navy as being less likely to remain confined to an area where they spoke the same language all of the time.

Fate played into his hands when he became stationed at Mudros, in the Grecian Archipelago, near the entrance to the Dardanelles. It was not long before he had qualified to keep a fruit store and was looking round for more languages to conquer. He bethought himself of the hordes of Turkish prisoners coming in to the depot, and after hobnobbing with them for a few months, was reading the "Arabian Nights" in the original.

He was demobilized in May, 1921, his one regret being that the part he had played in the war had never given him the opportunity of seeing the interior of Germany, but this lost opportunity he has since made up for by diligent study. He came from England to Canada, and has since been in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Windsor Station, Montreal. Now, when picturesquely garbed strangers from unknown lands appear at the depot, and general efforts to interpret their mouthings of weird sounds are ineffectual, officials send an S. O. S. for Number Eighteen.

THE PERIL OF BAD COMPANY

Jim is not a sheep-killing dog. In fact so scrupulous is he, owing no doubt to his training and his coming from a long line of sheep-herding ancestors, that he will not eat mutton even if his several days Jim had been limping on a bandaged foot—shot as a sheep-killer.

It was a stray half-breed hound that started the trouble. Jim was under a tree asleep when the dog appeared. A few minutes later the two were crossing the meadow together; then they were in the woods, barking. Before long they had treed an opossum. Jim was enjoying himself; you could tell that from the way he barked.

Later a neighbor saw the two dogs in a stretch of woodland two miles from home; three other dogs had joined them. Before long two more joined the band, which was led by the irresponsible hound.

Five miles from home the leader led his pack into an open field where sheep were grazing. Straight for the innocent creatures he rushed. Jim stopped, and the other dogs swept by him. It was wrong for him to kill sheep. It was wrong for any dog to kill sheep.

In a flash the strange dog had a sheep down. Then Jim ran straight at the cur and, springing, seized him by the throat. At the same instant a rifle cracked near by, and the mongrel went limp in the sheep dog's jaws. The rest of the pack scattered, and Jim started for the woods. He had almost reached cover when the rifle cracked again, and he lurched sideways. Fortunately, the undergrowth was thick, and he managed to escape.

It was a dejected and humiliated dog that returned home late the same day. But it was not the pain in Jim's foot that caused his head and tail to droop,—no, it was the way in which he had received the injury; shot at as a sheep killer! There is no doubt that the faithful dog had learned his lesson; to "shun evil companions."

UNDER SUSPICION

One afternoon a stranger debarked from a train at a hustling town in the West, and headed up the street. Finally, he met a man who looked like a native.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "are you a resident of this town?"

"Yes sir," was the ready rejoinder of the other. "I have been here something like fifty years. What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," responded the stranger. "Have you one here?"

"Well," said the native, reflectively, "we think we have, but we can't prove it on him."

ELIMINATING THE OVERHEAD

Mrs. Pester—"Nice, isn't it, we can sit here at home and listen to a sermon and not bother to dress for church?"

Her Husband—"And also, they can't pass the collection plate by radio."

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEE-KEEPING

Bees can be kept in town or country, by young or old, rich or poor. For one entering the business on a large scale with more than one apiary, the country, of course, is necessary where larger sources of nectar are available. A few colonies can, however, be kept on a small town lot or even on the roof of a house for the bees will fly to a distance of two or three miles for nectar. Bees can be kept in situations which are useless for any other enterprise.

There is scarcely a spot in Canada where a few colonies of bees cannot be kept profitably. An abundance of nectar secreting flowers with a high average of favorable weather for the secretion and gathering of nectar makes Canada an excellent country for beekeeping.

Almost anyone can keep bees, and without investing in land or expensive equipment a man or woman who has the aptitude can learn to produce an article of food that is unsurpassed for quality and which will keep in good marketable condition even from year to year. It is difficult to state the amount of honey that will be obtained from an apiary, as this will vary in different locations and seasons. Most localities, however, will be covered if it is put at from 50 to 150 pounds per colony in an average season. With proper management one or two colonies will yield enough honey for the average family.

Beekeeping affords a pleasant outdoor occupation during the best season of the year. As a hobby for office men it provides a profitable and interesting recreation. For teachers and students it offers an occupation for the summer vacation, which is educative and remunerative. Many students have paid their way through college by keeping bees during the summer. Many are finding it a profitable auxiliary to other lines of work. As an exclusive business, many find it well worth while.

Beekeeping not only gives one a crop of honey and a little wax, but fruit and seed growers are also benefitted by having bees in the vicinity of their orchards and fields. Larger crops of fruit and seed are obtained by cross pollination of the blossoms, and honey bees are important agents in this work.—C. H. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist.

GENEROUS

Throughout his sixty years of life Septimus Meanwump had never given away since—at the age of five—he had given his younger brother the measles. But today he was different! Septimus had just recovered from a severe illness, and he strolled along in the cool evening air with a beautiful expression on his lined features. The memory of his sick days made something stir to life in the recesses of his forgotten heart. In the darkness he nearly stumbled over a weeping child—a girl. "What is the matter?" he inquired, halting. The weeping child looked up with tear-filled eyes. "My sixpence! my new bright sixpence! I have dropped it!" Septimus dived a hand into one of his pockets and handed something to the child. "There, little one!" he said. "Take that! It will help you to find it!" And he passed on, leaving the child staring at the match in her hand.

THAT SAVING NAIL

Th negro sexton of a little church in the South got upon the roof and replaced some broken shingles. He didn't like to acknowledge that the steep slant of the roof alarmed him, so he climbed up toward the broken spot.

A passer-by called out: "Hellow, Sam! Looks like its ticklish work for you, climbin' toward heaven!"

Sam relaxed his caution for an instant, and started to slide down the roof! Loud and fervently he was heard to cry:

"Oh, Lawd! Save dis niggah! Lawdu—Lawd, save dis nig—Nebber mine, Lawd! My britches done kotched on a nail!"

WITHOUT "PADDING"

The teacher of the class in English demanded that the pupils all write for their daily exercise a brief account of a baseball game.

One boy sat through the period seemingly wrapped in thought, while the others worked hard, and turned in their narratives. After school, the teacher approached the desk of the laggard.

"I'll give you five minutes to write that description," he sternly said: "If it is not done by that time, I shall punish you."

The boy promptly concentrated all his attention upon the theme as the teacher slowly counted the moments. At last, with joyful eagerness, he scratched a line on his tablet, and handed it to his master. It read:

"Rain—no game."

HOW LARGE IS YOUR WORLD

Each individual makes the boundaries of his particular world. The world is his outlook—his field of endeavor, his place to work and serve, his environment of happiness and pleasure, of possibilities and purpose. He may limit as he pleases. He can paint it in drab colors, or he can glorify it with all tints of the rainbow. He can make it an ever-widening, ever-broadening world of opportunity, or he can reduce it to the narrowest margins of selfishness and greed.

How large is your world? There is the question every ambitious youth should seriously consider, and rightly answer. The graduate, fresh from high-school or college has a wide and hopeful outlook upon his world. His vision is limited only by the reach of his dreams. Youth and ambition always conspire to widen earth's horizon. And it is a blessed thing for the human race that this true.

No young person need be ashamed or afraid of taking a broad outlook—of spreading a wide world about him. The youth who has no visions of his world, and of what he can accomplish in it, cannot hope to win an equal reward or share in the glories of his far-seeing fellows. And this world should widen as the years go by. When your world ceases to expand or broaden out, you quit growing.

We live in an age when if should be easy to catch a far-seeing vision of opportunity and of service. Though the world itself is getting constantly smaller, so far as distance is concerned, the world of the individual is correspondingly widened. Our grandfathers can recall the time when it required almost an entire year for a letter to travel from China to America, and news from the Orient was as slow in reaching here. Now we read in our morning papers what happened in Pekin or Hong Kong yesterday. It took the "forty-niners" from four to six months to cross the American plains by ox team. Now our intrepid fliers are going by airplane from coast to coast in twenty-four hours. Radio, wireless, airplane and dirigible all are contriving toward making the world smaller. But these instruments of science and invention likewise prevail in widening the individual horizon, of increasing and broadening the field of human service.

JUST FOR FUN

She wanted to talk to him, but he read his paper. "What are you reading, John?" she asked at length. "An article on triple alliance," he replied. "The triple alliance," she repeated. "The papers have a lot to say about it, haven't they? For my part, I don't see why they don't just take and throw him out." "Throw who out?" he demanded. "What are you talking about anyway?" "Why, that Utah Congressman with three wives," she replied.—Chicago Post.

"Yes," she admitted, "I am going to marry a hero of the war." "Are you sure you are not letting your sentiments run away with your judgment?" they asked. There is no sentiment about it. He will be so handy to have around the house to tell me stories that will make my hair curl." Woman is far more practical than in the days of chivalry, yet she still has a penchant for personal adornment.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At a meeting of a certain local vestry lately it was debated whether or no a chandelier should be purchased for the town hall. "Well, gents," put in one of the economy members, "it's all very well for you to talk o' wasting money on a chandelier, but what I want to know is, when you've got it, whose going to play on it?"—Tit-Bits.

"The Hinkses must buy everything on the installment plan." "What makes you think so?" "I heard Jimmy Binks ask his father whether the new baby would be taken away if they couldn't keep up the payments."—Chicago Record.

IF YOU LIKE PRAISE

The saying, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is doubly true when we come to consider the inner man. For the things which help some of us to do our best, are extremely injurious to others.

Take praise for instance. Some of us need it, in order to do ourselves justice. It takes the approval of some outsider to stiffen our knees and to strengthen our backbone. And other people, when they are praised for an achievement, regard themselves as indispensable, and become fairly insufferable.

As a rule the better we like praise, the less we need it. The timid people who are really helped by a dose of flattery, are always so afraid it is undeserved that it makes them thoroughly uncomfortable.

IF SOMETHING GETS IN OUR WAY

When the steam locomotive was only the vision of the dreamer, one of the people who are always looking for obstacles, asked Stephenson what would happen if a cow got on the track. To which Stephenson replied that it would be so much the worse for the cow.

Our attitude toward potential difficulties is prophetic of our attitude toward actual difficulties. If we see no way out when a suppositious obstacle is brought up, we are not likely to show any more courage when we come face to face with the real one. What we need to do is to develop in ourselves the spirit of Stephenson who challenged by a difficulty his critic believed unsurmountable—a cow on the track—in the way of his locomotive, had this to say, "So much the worse for the cow."

HALLEY'S COMET LOST TAIL

Another bit of news emanating from the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences is that Halley's comet has lost its tail. Photographs made of the sun's corona (the filament of haze around the sun) simultaneously at the Lick Observatory and in Australia during an eclipse showed that the sun is constantly throwing off fine particles of matter in all directions. In short, the sun is disintegrating a bit. Similar photographs taken when Halley's comet was first visible showed that it had lost part of its tail during the last visit to the solar system. The scientists say that what happened to the comet is happening to the sun, in a lesser way.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MANITOBA BUTTER WINS

Manitoba has been awarded first in the Dominion Educational butter scoring tests held at Ottawa, in which all provinces compete it was announced yesterday by L. A. Gibson, Provincial dairy commissioner. The sample submitted by the Holland Creameries of Virden, Man., received 98 points and with Nova Scotia second, and Quebec third, with scores of 97.5 and 97.3 respectively.

HE DECLINED THE PINK RIBBON

On the face of the undersized husband of the lady political boss was the look of one who, after undergoing a soul-plumbing experience, has finally reached a great decision.

"There are some things no man can stand," he declared. "I don't mind the cooking and I haven't refused to wash the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my nightshirt to try to fool the children.

Pains are Now Gone

Dreco Speedily Corrects Digestive Troubles that were Making Life Miserable for Mr. Mould

Mr. Alfred Mould, of 40 St. Clarens Avenue, Toronto, was a victim of chronic constipation and all the distressing symptoms that follow this unhealthy condition of the bowels. Dreco, however, brought immediate relief and toned up his whole system.

"For some time," says Mr. Mould, "I suffered from gas in my stomach, which caused bloating and heartburn. My bowels were terribly constipated and I had to continually take harsh laxatives. Headaches bothered me greatly and I would get up in the mornings, tired and drowsy after a night of restless tossing about in bed. Finally, a pain developed in my right side, just over the appendix and with it came a lump. This was so distressing at times that I could hardly carry on with my work. My appetite became very poor and I could hardly eat a thing, the result being that my system became greatly weakened through lack of proper nourishment.

"It was then that I heard about Dreco and decided to try it. I have only taken four bottles, but my pains have disappeared. My bowels act regularly, I have a good appetite and sleep soundly. Dreco has certainly done me a whole lot of good."

If you suffer from headaches, stomach pains, sluggishness and are generally out of sorts, Dreco will help you. This fine tonic and corrective relieves constipation, the prime cause of most of these troubles, and strengthens and regulates the liver, kidneys and stomach as well. Dreco is prepared from herbs, roots, bark and leaves and contains no mercury, potash or habit forming drugs.

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