The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Fifth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald Wednesday Evening, April 8th, 1931. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

Canadian National Electric Railway

Eastbound

Daily—Except Sunday	7.48 a.m.
Daily	9.56 a.m.
Daily	12.48 p.m.
Daily	2.48 p.m.
Daily except Sundays	4.30 p.m.
Daily	5.48 p.m.
Daily	8.48 p.m.
Daily	11.48 p.m.

Westbound

Daily except Sunday	8.01 a.m.
Daily	10.01 a.m.
Daily	1.01 p.m.
Daily	3.01 p.m.
Daily	6.41 p.m.
Daily	9.01 p.m.
Daily	12.01 a.m.

Fast freight same day delivery service
Freight picked up at Guelph.
Georgetown. Phone 13.

C. N. R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	7.14 a.m.
Passenger	9.59 a.m.
Passenger and mail	10.18 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.31 p.m.
Passenger	9.00 p.m.

Sunday's going East

Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger	8.12 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	7.16 a.m.
Passenger	8.54 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.02 p.m.
Passenger	7.03 p.m.
Passenger	10.08 p.m.
Passenger Sunday	10.05 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.58 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	7.10 p.m.

Central Ontario Bus Lines Ltd

ARROW COACHES

Going East
9.50 a.m., 2.15 p.m., 5.45 p.m.
10.15 p.m.

Going West
8.45 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 3.45 p.m.,
(7.45 p.m. Daily except Sundays and Holidays.)
9.45 p.m. Sunday and Holidays ONLY

All Buses Stop at Long's Store

DIRECTORY

LE ROY DALE
Barrister and Solicitor
Georgetown, Ontario
Offices—King Bldg., Mill St.

CLARENCE H. WIGGINS
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Offices—O'Neill Block, Georgetown
Telephone—158

JOHN A. THOMPSON
Barrister, Solicitor
Notary Public
Offices: Mill Street, Phone 332 and 309

GRAHAM, GRAHAM and BOWYER
Barristers, Etc.
Brampton, Ontario
R. G. Graham, K. B. Graham,
C. H. Bowyer.

KENNETH M. LANGDON
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
First Mortgage Money to Loan
Offices:
Main Street South Georgetown
Phone 38

DR. J. J. PAUL — DR. R. T. PAUL
Physicians and Surgeons
Medical Officer of Health in Esquesing Township
Office Hours—2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
Phone 52
Office and Residence Mill Street

F. R. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
Georgetown
Office Hours:—9 to 5, Except Thursday Afternoons.

F. L. HEATH, L.D.S., D.D.S.
Dentist
Office in Lane Block, one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory
Hours—8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Miss Lamb
PRACTICAL MATERNITY NURSE
By Day or Week
For particulars phone 84r8, Georgetown
R. R. 3, Georgetown Ontario

CHIROPRACTIC
"NEILSEN" The Chiropractor
Palmer Graduate. 16 Years' Practice
No Medicine, Surgery, Osteopathy.
X-RAY SERVICE
Office over Dominion Store
Office Hours:
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday
2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.m.
Other days and hours by appointment
Phone 156w Residence 156j
At Milton—Phone 212
Tuesday and Friday 2 to 9 p.m.

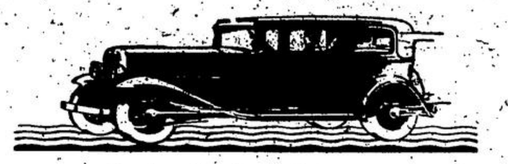
Frank Petch
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the Counties of Peel and Halton
Prompt Service
Telephones—
Cheltenham 36r23. Georgetown 61r2
Post Office—Cheltenham

R. J. KERR
AUCTIONEER AND REAL ESTATE
26 Years' Experience in Auction Sale Business
PHONE 36 ACTON, ONT.

C. E. McCLURE
Auctioneer
Real Estate, Merchandise and Farm Sales.
For terms Phone 96 r 5, Georgetown, Ontario.

Wood!
Good body beech and maple wood $2.75 single cord; mixed wood and rails at $3.00 single cord. J. H. Smith, phone 84 r 13, Georgetown. tf

MORE DEPENDABLE THAN EVER
. . . and lower in Price



THE NEW
OLDSMOBILE

More dependable than ever! Think what that means to a car noted for its dependability for more than three decades. Then, bearing in mind its new, reduced prices, consider the remarkable value offered by this new Oldsmobile.

Synchro-Mesh Transmission brings new ease and silence of operation . . . a new Quiet Second Gear permits swift get-away . . . Down-Draft Carburetion and a more powerful engine contribute new heights of speed . . . and Insulated Fisher Bodies resist cold, heat and noise.

We have a new Oldsmobile at our showrooms waiting for you to drive . . . to test . . . and to judge. The General Motors Owner Service Policy is your guarantee of satisfaction . . . and the GMAC enables you to buy an Oldsmobile on remarkably easy terms.

NEW SILENT SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION permits smooth, silent shift from first to second to high . . . and back to second.

DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETOR WITH NON-FLOOD CHOKE gives increased power, higher speed, faster acceleration and greater smoothness.

AUTOMATIC MANIFOLD HEAT CONTROL warms up engine quickly and gives it improved performance at all speeds.

INSULATED FISHER BODIES are warmer in winter, cooler in summer, and exceptionally quiet.

NEW EASY STARTING —starter when engaged, automatically opens throttle to proper starting position.

PRICED FROM $1085 at Factory Tower Extra

NEW QUIET SECOND GEAR assures smooth, swift acceleration rivalling high gear performance in quietness.

OS-33

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

J. N. O'NEILL & SON
GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

TUNE IN FRIDAY NIGHT ON "CANADA ON PARADE"

Brunton's Garage
Prompt and Expert Service on all kinds of Cars.
Workmanship Guaranteed.
Tires for Sale
Gas, Oil, Greases and Auto Accessories
Main Street North Phone 280 Georgetown

J. SANFORD
Stewarttown
Plumbing & Tinsmithing
Estimates Cheerfully Given
Phone 84 r 12
Georgetown R.R. No. 2

ONE THIMBLEFUL—
A DAY'S FEED
FOR ONE CHICK!

THINK OF IT! One tiny thimbleful . . . all the feed a chick can put in its little crop in one day. On this tiny bit it must live . . . grow . . . build bones . . . build muscles . . . start feathers. Think of the job feed has to do!

They must depend on feed for so many things! They get them all in Purina Chick Startena (mash) or Purina All-Mash Startena Chow . . . 12 different ingredients in every thimbleful. Cod-liver oil . . . dried buttermilk . . . alfalfa flour . . . granulated meat . . . these and eight others are there!

These 12 ingredients . . . think how carefully they must be mixed to make every thimbleful alike. Purina Startena and All-Mash Startena Chow are mixed over and over again . . . 960 times just to be thorough! You will find the same care taken with Baby Chick Chow (scratch) . . . to be fed with Startena until your chicks are six weeks old . . . and with Purina Growena (mash) and Purina Intermediate Hen Chow (scratch) . . . to be fed from then on until the pullets can lay at 16 weeks.

Hitch little feed a chick eats . . . just one thimbleful a day . . . yet how important it is . . . how much depends on it . . . the chick's very life . . . its growth . . . what the pullets will do for you next fall and winter when eggs are sure to be worth good money. You can afford to feed only the best . . . Purina Poultry Chows.

STARTENA is much cheaper $3.50 and $3.95 per Bag
FOR SALE BY
P. G. EARLY
Phone 175 Georgetown

THE TWO MIRACLES

The yearly miracle of spring,
Of budding bough and greening sod—
Is it less wonderful to view
Than is the Risen Son of God?

What man can call the flower forth
Or bid the buried seed spring up?
Can free the prisoned butterfly
Or paint the golden crocus cup?

No more than he could think or dream
That God could die, that man could rise!
The selfsame power that calls the seed
Out of the darkness where it lies.

Could call the Christ from out the grave,
O ignorant and foolish men
Who watch the miracle of spring,
Yet doubt that Jesus rose again!

—By Annie Johnson Flint in Youth's Companion.

BUSINESS MAGIC

By James Parker Long

"BUT why? Why?"

Harry Nichols paused a moment in his resentful circuit of the room to lean his clenched fists on the table before Josie Stryker and hurl the demand into her set face.

"Why is it that I come here one night and find you planning the details of our wedding and then two nights later you tell me you are not going to marry me?"

The gray eyes that stared so unflinchingly into his hotly wrathful ones and the quiet voice that answered his half-shouted words were calm. "I am afraid, Harry."

"Afraid!"

"Yes. I have been worried right along because of your way of thinking about the folks you dealt with. It is so cruel, so cold. And then the things that have happened in the last two days made it so plain that I did not dare go ahead."

"Don't you fret about my quitting Stryker & Kimball. There are other real-estate firms in the world. A man that can sell the way I can is able to walk into any office in the country and sign up. Don't you worry. I can always take care of you."

"I am not worrying about that. But when you left Johnson's it was the same thing, and before that when you left Henderson's; and I don't know how often before that. They objected to the way you took care of their patrons, and you shrugged your shoulders and kept right on with no one's welfare but your own in mind. When I spoke to you about it you would not listen. You passed it off with talk about not being in business for anyone's health but your own. When I sent old Allen Barton and Madam, my old nurse, around to you and asked you to help them out, and you took all their savings and sold them a rotten old grocery store where no one ever made a living, it brought things to a head. They trusted you, and so did I; and you failed us all."

The quiet voice was beginning to tremble. "And when father protested at what we all felt was an unfair way to treat a customer you insulted him and resigned."

"I surely did. Just a week before he had urged me to do my best to work off that Blodgett place and promised an extra commission. I told him—and it's the truth—that I am not working for the buyer and the seller both. I am the agent of the seller. He hires me to sell, and just so long as I sell I am a business success. I am sorry about those Bartons, but I explained the situation to them; if they will get after it, they can make a go of it all right."

"No, Harry, you were not representing anyone in that deal but yourself. It was that extra commission and the thought of beating out the other salesmen that made you forget about me and my wishes. And it made me wonder if you would be any more regardful of me after we were married. I thought that when love came into your life your point of view would widen and you would get to love other folks. As it is, you are so hypnotized by the need to succeed that you hypnotize the people you are dealing with. But you also frighten them off. In a little city like this you have to deal with the same people over and over, and after you have made a person buy something he did not want you may be sure he won't come back. To use your own language, you sold me yourself at the first interview, but you are a high-pressure salesman, and you could not make the goods stick.' If you had changed as I hoped, we could have been happy, but I see now that you can't change."

"Then all there is to say is good-bye?"

"I am afraid that is all, Harry."

"I won't pester you. I don't agree with most of what you say, but we must not get into an argument. Good-bye."

"I want you to promise me one thing."

"Anything that I can."

"I want you to promise me that, if ever you decide that the Golden Rule will work and that a salesman can help both the buyer and the seller, you will tell me so."

"That's a safe promise."

The door closed. On one side of it a gray-eyed girl dropped her head upon her arms. On the other the alert figure of Harry Nicholas teetered uncertainly on his heels; his future suddenly had become a thing without attraction. Instinctively his feet carried him in the direction of the office where he had been working, but before he turned in at the door he remembered that he was not welcome there.

With that realization came the thought, "The man that is to blame for all this trouble is old Allen Barton. His squealing to Stryker was what started Josie off. These people that run around complaining because they think they've had the worst of a deal make me sick! I'll go and tell that old haywseed what I think of him before I do another thing."

The store was merely a large room built on the front of one of the drab story-and-a-half houses that made up the community of mill workers. It occupied a corner at a street-car intersection,—that had been one of Harry's arguments,—and there were dingy display windows on both streets.

Harry sniffed at the looks of the untidy windows.

In the half light of the dim interior he hesitated a moment, trying to find the proprietor. A mellow, motherly invitation came from the back of the store.

"Here we are. Come on along back." And then the voice went on to some one else: "Yes, my dear, you're no older than my granddaughter'd be if the good Lord had given me one, and I wouldn't feel folksy letting you do any wasteful shopping in my store. You hadn't ought to buy so many taters right now. They're still coming in from the south, but within a week or two they'll be fetching 'em in from the farms around. Just you do up half a peck; that will be enough and to spare. I'd wrap 'em myself if I had any eyes, but here I be half blind, and Al in the hospital, and no clerk yet."

Harry leaned against the counter and watched this unique way of waiting on customers. The old lady swung back and forth in her rocker and ran on: "No, nor I wouldn't buy any of those little potted things. They're tasty all right, but unless a body is made of money they'd better stick to the raw stuff and do their own cooking. Why don't ye try one of those salt fish? Fresh it up good; bile some taters and fry a morsel of salt pork and make a boat of drawn butter sauce,—it's best with a boiled egg, but that ain't noways necessary,—and you've got something filling and tasty and cheap at the same time. Yes, my dear, you will have to make the change yourself. I can't see for shucks. You tell your neighbors that we are running the store now and will be mighty glad to sell them their groceries and tell them we're folks. We've had a hard enough time getting along, so that we want to help other folks stead of selling them a lot of stuff they don't want no more than a cat needs an extra set of legs.

"Well, my dear? Oh, I see now! It's a young man; pretty bold of an old lady like me talking up so free. What can I do for you?"

"I should like to talk with Mr. Barton."

The cutting remarks that Harry had intended to make had left him. It was a shock to realize that the old lady who had been in the background while the sale was being made was nearly blind, and somehow the brave way that she was trying to run the store in spite of her affliction appealed to his sympathy. Who ever heard of customers being invited to go to the cash register and make their own change. And her way of selling was equally foolish. Here she had an inexperienced little housewife who wanted to buy a big bill of goods, and she had deliberately prevented her!

"Why, you must be the clerk I telephoned for. The agent wouldn't promise, but he found you all right. Did he say that we could only pay two dollars a day to start? And where they'll be coming from I don't know. But it's like this, you see. We bought this store just a couple weeks ago, and come to find out it wasn't such a bargain as we thought first off, though it's a fact there wasn't a thing that young man said that wasn't so. But Al,—that's my man, you know,—Al got to worrying. He's getting old, and I don't see very good, and all our savings except just a little was in this; so Al got to worrying, and he took down sick so he's to the hospital, and things don't look so good that we can promise much money nor even a steady job."

For a moment Harry had nothing to say. There was certainly nothing for him to do in the real-estate business in that city. He had worked for every firm there, and yet could not go back to any because of hot words spoken at the time of parting. And here was an old woman trying to run a business and sell goods on a Golden Rule basis. Why not loiter round for a few weeks it would take the woman to go bankrupt? The low salary meant nothing to him; he had all his savings that were to have furnished a home.

"I'll take you. When do I begin?"

"Right away, son; and if you would do a little housecleaning first off, I would feel better. If I hadn't been so blind I'd have gone crazy the way things must be in here."

As Harry hunted up the rubber "slatter" and let some daylight through the dirty windows he agreed that she probably would have done just that. He had no knowledge of retail trade save his salesman's instinctive feeling for what would attract folks, but that made him spend a busy afternoon mopping the floors, reversing the package goods on the shelves so that the fresher-looking ones from in back were in sight and waiting on an occasional customer.

All the customers knew just what they wanted except one, and on him Harry turned himself loose. "Here is my meat," he thought as he noticed the hesitant manner of the shy little man with he pencil-scrawled list in his hand, and he proceeded to sell him a choice assortment of the oldest and most battered stock in the place, only stopping when the worried look and the anxious hand feeling in the money pocket told him that the bottom of the purse was in sight.

Meanwhile old Madam Barton had nothing to say. As he worked she rocked and glowed with satisfaction at the sounds of bustle about her. When the laden customer had gone out Harry could not resist a little boasting, even though the wrinkled mouth of the old lady was drawn out into a straight line of disapproval.

"Maybe that wasn't selling!" he announced as he opened a blank book to start a "want" list of goods sold out. "That little fellow came in here to buy a package of toothpicks and a cake of soap, and before I got through with him I had sold him sixteen dollar's worth of odds and ends. If he comes in here again he will have enough stuff to start a store of his own!"

His brag rather trailed out at the end. The old lady was staring at him in a bothered way; her poor pale-blue eyes were wide open with sorrow.

"But, my boy, we can't do that. That wouldn't be folksy. Maybe he needs that money for something else. Maybe he has been saving it against his rent. Run out and catch him and tell him that, if he wants to return any of it, we will be glad to buy it back."

Harry went out grudgingly. But when he found the little fellow hovering uncertainly on the street corner and marked the flush of happiness in his face as he sold half his purchases back again he could not help feeling better over the second half of the transaction than over the first.

That was not the only time that Harry's instinct got the better of him in the next two weeks. But the times grew fewer, and whenever the watchful old lady caught him over-loading a buyer and made him correct it he found that the store had gained a steady customer. When it was not corrected the person never came again. Harry was honest enough with himself to wonder if it was not so also with larger sales. Satisfied buyers came back to the grocery, and the flood of satisfied customers promised to make the business a success. Why not real estate? For a time he soothed himself with the thought that real estate was sold only once in a long time, whereas groceries were sold every week or two. But he could not long convince himself of the truth of that.

As the store business began to pick up, his business instinct began to urge him. The nervous excitement that had driven him before the completion of a big sale of real estate was with him all the while, and idea after idea chased through his head to further the prosperity of the business. Some worked, some failed. His purchase of a bankrupt stock of goods drained the credit of the Bartons, already quaky, to the last shred, and the concern trembled on the brink as he struggled to sell the old and shop-worn stuff on the strict money-back policy that Madam Barton had insisted on.

On the other hand a chance conversation overheard between farmers, having to do with the difficulty of disposing of their produce, led to an arrangement whereby he agreed to dispose of the produce of certain farmers at a price higher than they had been getting but lower than he had been paying the middle men; and when he passed that saving along to the buyers he found his shop thronged with canny housewives eager for strictly fresh vegetables, eggs and dairy butter, and he had to hire another clerk.

He had not cared to associate with his old friends because of the difficulty of explaining just why a man with his earning capacity should be working for day wages in a tiny, neighborhood store. Because idleness made him think of Josie, he fell into the habit of studying nights or working on store problems of one sort and another. He was alone a great deal. Since old Al had returned from the hospital his wife had spent much time with him.

The door into the little office between the store and the house was open much of the time, but he had grown so engrossed in his problems that he hardly ever glanced toward it, even when additional stir announced that there were visitors in the room beyond. So it was that he was never conscious of gray eyes that watched him as he bent over his accounts and full red lips that seemed pursed to whisper, "I told you so."

The day came when he felt those eyes on him and looked up. Across the two rooms through the door he stared into the eyes of Josie—Josie who had grown accustomed to drop in so frequently on her old nurse and watch Harry at his work. In that instant time was obliterated. All the turmoil of thwarted emotions was back in Harry's heart. The big day-book slammed shut, and without a word to the clerk in the front of the store Harry rushed through the store and into the street.

When he came back Josie was gone, but he knew that he could not go on now. After all, why should he? He had made the store profitable. The Bartons could hire other clerks and keep on. His going would mean nothing to them. Nothing? He doubted it. Men of his ability content to submerge themselves in another's business were few and high-priced, and he could not believe that the kindly light in Madam Barton's eyes meant only approval of a profitable servant. But either he or they must go. The danger of meeting Josie was too great, and to meet her without things having been settled was unthinkable.

He went on into the living quarters and an hour later he owned the store. The Bartons had their savings back and more, so much more that he was amazed at himself, for Madam had merely said, "Yes, yes," and signed the paper without looking at the amount. "Why should I bargain, my boy?" she had protested. "You know so much more than I how much it is worth, and after these months we are sure of you."

The old folks were eager to return to a little house in the country, where their money would support them in quiet. The next morning the place was a tumult of packing. To Harry in the office, struggling to shift his mind from the memory of gray eyes to figures of inventory, came a short and bristly moustached little man who delivered his card and announced himself as T. J. Whitham of the Black and Yellow Stores, Inc. Without further preamble he declared that he had been watching the store, and his corporation had decided that it was worth adding to their chain. They were willing to pay so much for the stock, fixtures and good will. He was so familiar with the contents of the store that Harry could only gasp.

As a salesman Harry handled the opportunity atrociously. He not only betrayed the former bad history of the site, but even the fact that only the day before he had bought the store for half the amount offered. Whitham shrugged and smiled, and finally Harry agreed.

"But," he announced, "I wouldn't feel right about taking all that profit myself. There would be no use talking to Madam, so I guess we will settle it by splitting that profit in half. Make two checks, one to me and one to Mrs. Allen Barton."

There was more talk, in the course of which Harry agreed to take a new position as a kind of "trouble man" whose duty was to go around and put poorly paying stores on a paying basis.

"And," concluded the financier, since the trouble is nearly always in the point of view of the manager, we want your policy drummed into them. I don't know whether you have ever put it into words, but as we watched you it seems to come to this, 'The man that sells the goods is the servant both of the buyer and to the producer."

Not knowing the effect that these words had had on Harry's life when uttered by another person, he wondered at the sudden paleness of the young man's face. Then he went out.

Harry gave Madam's check to her, feeling all the time that Josie was in the same house with him. That of course could not be; his rudeness of the day before must have driven her out of his life forever. Then he went to his desk and sat down to write a letter he had thought he should never be able to write. He turned the paper over and over for many minutes; the feeling that Josie was in the house grew stronger and stronger, until it seemed as if she had come through the door and was standing at his elbow. He struggled to keep himself from turning to look. At last he wrote:

"Dear Josie: Your theory works. I was wrong. Things are coming so fast that it seems almost magical in what it does for a fellow. But it isn't magical. If it were, it would have brought me 'you as well as money and position.'"

As his pen wrote the last word a hand rested on his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear: "Even that, Harry, my dear."

Scotch to the End

Miles: "Well, old Gene MacDonough remained Scotch to the last breath."

Flyes: "What do you mean?"

Miles: "When he felt a heart attack coming on he managed to fall in front of a passing auto, so the insurance company would have to pay his widow double indemnity."

THE GATHERING PLACE

Life changes all our thoughts of Heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and globes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place—
A home unhurt by sighs and tears,
Where waileth nymy a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad Homeland not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone;
The place where we shall find our own
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more.
Our longing hearts desire home, too;
With all the strife and trouble o'er.

—Robert Browning.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE MAN who is sure better times are just around the corner doesn't know any more about it than the one who is sure matters are going to get worse and worse. But he is a heap more cheerful company.

DURING the year 1930 there were more than 1,000 bank failures in the United States and not one in Canada. American experts in finance are aware of this fact and freely admit the superiority of the Canadian banking system which has long been claimed by the Canadian bankers to be the best in the world.

THE alarming increase in the number of fires in Western Ontario during the threshing season of 1930 caused considerable discussion at a recent conference of threshermen. The concensus of opinion was that if smoking about the threshing machines and barns were stopped, there would not be need for much legislation regarding the matter. It was recommended that a chain or wire from the separator to the ground to carry off the static electricity would be a measure of protection.

A BILL which has passed its second reading in the Ontario legislature gives threshers liens on the grain they thresh as security for their charges. One provision in the bill requires every person operating a threshing outfit to secure a license from the minister of agriculture. Under the lien provision threshers will be able to take possession of sufficient grain to satisfy their claims and after a period of 15 days to sell it. The lien will have priority over all other claims, judgments and debts against the farmer.

A pronouncement that while he was head of the Government there would be no abolition of the speed limit on provincial highways was made at the Ontario Good Roads Association banquet in Toronto by Premier Henry. "When I pass out from my present field of endeavors, abolition of the speed limit may be tried, but not now. I feel that it would be too dangerous despite the argument that it is being done in England. But they have winding roads in England, and the curves are a speed deterrent in themselves."

NEW regulations passed by the government are aimed at eliminating some of the unsightly features contained in signs along the provincial highways. The general aim is to keep the roads free from "cluttered up" conditions. For instance, any roadside place of business will be limited to a single sign; illumination of signs will be banned except where the proper authority has been secured, and signs on barns, fences, rocks or buildings will not be allowed unless advertising in connection is in the interests of some business conducted on the particular property.

THE question of taxation was never so much before the public as at the present time. During the days of the war increased taxation was necessary; the public appreciated the fact and made no objection. Then following the war came a period of expanding revenues. There was a great demand upon the public purse. There was an increased appreciation of the responsibility of the state and the public for the underprivileged. Health, education, workmen's compensation, old age pensions, highways, mothers' allowances and dozens of new services of all kinds called for increased expenditure. The public demand for these services was great, the governments had the money. Instead of paying off their debts, governments expanded in these directions. Now governments are facing the bills. Revenues are decreasing and yet the services are continuing. The bills must be paid and the taxes are proving irksome. At the same time governments are looking for new sources of revenue. Governments federal, provincial and municipal, are all faced with a serious problem. Ratepayers are calling to be relieved from the taxation burden while at the same time there is actually a demand for expansion of services. There is an overlapping of taxation and in many cases taxes that bear very unfairly are imposed. It is a time that the whole problem of taxation should be investigated. Suggestions have been made that there should be a conference of various taxation bodies to go into the whole question. Conferences and commissions as a rule do not accomplish much, but it would mean much to the public if there could be a simplification of taxation, and an inquiry seems necessary. At the same time the public will have to learn that it cannot expect governments to do everything without paying for the services. If we want old age pensions, highways, improved education, etc., then we will have to pay the piper, and governments cannot draw the money out of the skies. It cannot be obtained by any wave of a magic wand.—London Free Press.

WEEKLY VISITING

Paul and Dora worked in the city, many miles from mother and the home town. It occurred to them that weekly trips by Long Distance would save them all a lot of loneliness. So it was arranged—and what fun they get out of these frequent "voice visits!" Their mother wouldn't miss them for anything. And neither would they.