The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 5th, 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

From April 26th until May 16
(Daylight Saving Time)
Week Days until Friday

To TORONTO	To GUELPH
6.49 a.m.	7.01 a.m.
9.21 a.m.	9.21 a.m.
11.29 a.m.	11.41 a.m.
1.49 p.m.	2.01 p.m.
4.09 p.m.	4.21 p.m.
6.29 p.m.	6.41 p.m.
8.49 p.m.	9.01 p.m.
11.49 p.m.	12.01 a.m.

Saturday, Sunday and Holidays	
*8.49 a.m.	*7.01 a.m.
9.21 a.m.	9.21 a.m.
11.29 a.m.	11.41 a.m.
1.49 p.m.	2.01 p.m.
4.09 p.m.	4.21 p.m.
6.29 p.m.	6.41 p.m.
8.49 p.m.	9.01 p.m.
10.49 p.m.	11.01 p.m.
12.49 a.m.	1.01 a.m.

Additional service to Toronto 3.06 p.m., 5.29 p.m. and 7.49 p.m. Saturday, Sunday and Holidays.
* Except Sunday.
Fast freight same day delivery service
Freight picked up at Guelph.
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C. N. R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	6.43 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.10 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.30 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
	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	6.20 p.m.
Sunday's going West	
Passenger	10.09 p.m.
	10.05 a.m.
	10.09 p.m.

Going North
Mail and Passenger 8.55 a.m.

Going South
Mail and Passenger 6.30 p.m.

Central Ontario Bus Lines Ltd

ARROW COACHES
Standard Time

Going East
7.25 a.m., 9.50 a.m. 1.50 p.m
5.35 p.m. 9.50 p.m.

Going West
8.45 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 3.45 p.m.,
6.45 p.m., 8.45 p.m.

11.45 p.m. Daily week days only during Exhibition period Aug. 28th to Sept. 12
Sundays and Holidays ONLY—Leaves Georgetown for Toronto 8.05 p.m.
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Wood!
Hardwood beech and maple wood [illegible] cord; mixed wood and [illegible] single cord. J. W. [illegible] 13, Georgetown.

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SPEIGHT'S GARAGE

THE RAINBOW'S END

Light of foot and of heart
He took the road
With empty pack load.
Ambitious like them the pot of gold
He set out on his way
Delayed to hear the thrushes sing
A requiem for the day.

He lingered where hill vistas spread
New beauty to his sight;
He saw the great hills wear at dawn
Creation's holy light.

The Autumn's loveliness was his,
The Spring's ecstatic word;
The lyric phrase of bird and bee
His listening spirit heard.

He came belated to the place
Where down the hills descend
The eager feet that seek the gold
Hung at the rainbow's end.

They found no shining pot of gold
Who took the trail with him,
And never knew his pack of dreams
Was laden to the brim!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

THUNDER

By Bernard Voss

IT was gray dawn in the Bittersweet Valley. The sky in the east was lowly reddening while the branches of the trees swayed slowly to and fro with the breeze. The swift mountain stream rushed on its way to the river. Under the shadowing arm of a tall cliff a lonesome coyote broke out with his eerie howl, and a dog at the ranch high among the hills answered as an echo. A timber wolf sent his challenging cry from the side of the mountain into the deep valley below, while up on the mesa two cowboys were rounding up some horses.

Early as it was, there were already signs of activity in the barns and corrals of the ranch among the hills, which was commonly known as the Lazy Y. A few cowboys were saddling their horses. Here and there a few men were walking to and from the barns. When the breakfast bell sounded the whole place seemed to liven up. Some cowboys made their way from the corrals to the house, while others appeared as if by magic from the row of bunkhouses above the barns. It was the signal that the day had begun.

While the men made their way to the house there was a discussion taking place, inside the walls, between Hippy, commonly called "Old Jake," he owner of the Lazy Y, and his son Tim, a strapping and bronzed youth of seventeen. Old Jake glared disapprovingly at Tim, while the latter looked his father square in the eye. Jake said: "So yuh think that them steers ought tuh be sold right naow, do yuh? Don't yuh think thet I kin tell when they's ready tuh sell? Do youh think thet yuh know more about cattle-raisin' then your ole dad?"

Tim answered quietly: "No, dad, we all know that you are the best cattle-raiser in this here valley. But, dad, listen here. If you want to get any profit out of them steers at all, you'll have to sell them right away, because the freight rate is risin' right along. It'll soon be so high that you'll get no profit at all. Can't you see it, dad?"

Jake became absorbed in thought. "Mebbe," he said. "Mebbe; I'll think it over. Say, Tim, have you seed ole Thunder lately? I heerd reports thet he's around again. Thet's some hoss. Black as midnight, big as blazes, yet he kin go like a streak o' greased lightnin' an' keep it up, too. I never seed such wind. Boy, you know what I'd like tuh do? Buy thet hoss from them Rees thet are perched on top o' the ridge. He belongs tuh them, yuh know."

It made Tim's eyes shine when he thought about the big black horse, known all over the valley as Thunder. Three years before he was first seen by white men. He was then a year-old colt, owned by a small tribe of Ree Indians. Where they acquired him nobody ever knew. The only thing that anybody did know about Thunder was that he had been broken by an old Ree Indian when he was two years old. Then, he had not yet developed into his full size, but was just a common pony that the old Indian delightedin. Then one day when Thunder was about two and a half years old he was kidnapped by a gang of horse-rustlers, and their cruel bits and sharp spurs made an outlaw of him; a man-fearing beast that would have absolutely nothing to do with anything human. Thunder escaped from these rustlers and then began a career that was spoken of throughout the Bittersweet Valley. He seemed to develop a mind as accomplished as a human's. Many a time, had Thunder been a common horse, he would hye been captured, but through his cleverness and speed he outwitted his would-be captors.

One day about a week after this talk Jake went to town to see about selling a certain herd of steers. While on his way he came across the band of Ree Indians that had been seen on the ridge. He thought that he would see about buying Thunder; so when he came to a few old men he stopped. One stood up and asked, "What you want?"

Jake said: "Howdy, strangers. I was a-wonderin' if you-all'd sell thet outlaw hoss you own. I thought I'd kind a like tuh have 'im, Mebbe I can't bust 'im, but I want tuh try."

The standing Indian said, "Me no savvy Englis'," at the same time pushing a younger Indian forward. This one seemed to understand English, so Jake repeated his statement. The Indian said: "You no break Thunder. We no sell. We keep." Jake was surprised that they were not willing to sell Thunder. He thought for a while and then said: "Well, looky here, brother. I'm willin' tuh set down three hundred dollars spot cash fer ole Thunder. Ain't thet fair enough?" Still the spokesman was stubborn. He would not listen to Jake's offer.

At last Jake asked, "Whar is the feller thet owns ole Thunder?" The Indian pointed to one f the oldest of the group and said, "Him." Jake walked up to him and asked, "Will you sell Thunder?" The old man shook his head. He was seated on the ground and seemed nothing but skin and bones because he was so old. Jake offered him four hundred dollars, and the old Indian looked up in astonishment.

"You mean that!" he asked.

"I sure do," said Jake.

"Right," said the old fellow, holding out his hand.

Jake took out a wad of bills, gave four hundred dollars to the Indian, mounted his big bay, and rode off.

That night when Old Jake told Tim that he had bought Thunder Tim could hardly believe his ears. Now he had a chance and a hope to tame the magnificent horse. This hope was strengthened when his father said, "Tim, boy, if you kin git tuh ride ole Thunder, you kin have 'im."

Early the next morning Tim set out on his best hoss to try to loosth Thunder. He rode all the morning in vain. After he had thoroughly combed most of the valleys he stopped for lunch. There was not much chance that Thunder was near, because all of the main valleys had been searched. Then Tim suddenly remembered that there was one place where he might be. In one of the corners f the Lazy Y ranch there was a very narrow canyon, at one end completely closed, while at the other end it broadened out until it was lost in the large Bittersweet Valley itself. At the upper end of this narrow valley were many springs and much green grass. Long rest horses had often been found in this place, and Tim thought that probably Thunder was there.

As soon as he had finished his lunch he rode toward the valley. It was only a few miles from the ranch house and barns, but from the place where Tim ate his lunch it was all of fifteen miles. He therefore did not reach the bottom of the valley until the middle of the afternoon. As soon as he had entered it and the sides became closer his keen eyes watched for signs of horses. He neither heard nor saw anything until he reached the uppermost part. Here his keen gaze picked up some fresh tracks, and after following them for about a quarter of a mile he found himself close to the end of the canyon. He decided to leave his horse and proceed on foot. After going almost to the end he heard some splashing of water and cropping of grass. Going to a huge boulder very quietly and peeping around it, he knew his hopes were rewarded, for near by were a few horses slowly eating, and up farther a large and powerfully built horse with a shining black coat was quietly drinking at one of the clear, shimmering pools. Tim was certain that this horse was Thunder.

Afer debating with himself as to what to do he decided to leave very quietly and come back on the morrow, feeling sure that the horses would stay in the same place, as it was a fine grazing place and well hidden. With a last longing look at Thunder he went back to his home, thinking about means to win the outlaw's confidence.

On returning home Tim cared for his horse and then proceeded to the house, where the ranch hands were already busy eating. Tim entered by the back door and went to the table, after washing the sweat and dust off his face. Nobody asked him any questions. After supper when he was alone with his father he said that he had found Thunder.

"Is thet so?" answered Jake. "Well, I'm a-goin' tuh git Dave Harris to see haow he kin stick tuh ole Thunder's back."

Dave Harris was the best bronco-buster in the country. Tim did not say anything, for he knew that, if he should tell his father that he was going to try to tame Thunder with kindness, he would be just laughed at.

The next morning Old Jake went after Harris and brought him back just before dinner time. Harris was a powerfully built man and very tall, standing six feet six inches in his stocking feet. He had been known to stick to the worst bucker in the valley, and Jake was confident that if Thunder could only be caught Harris could break him.

Directly after dinner three horses were saddled, and Jake, Harris and Tim rode off to the narrow canyon. When they arrived near the place where the horses had been the day before they dismounted and went the rest of the way on foot, Jake and Harris taking their lariats. Tim now led the way, and the other two men kept at his heels. They soon came to the boulder where Tim had looked the day before. When they cautiously looked round the side there was old Thunder near by, peacefully eating grass.

Old Jake and Harris shook out their ropes and slowly crept forward round the boulder. Harris started forward running, whirling his lariat above his head as he ran. Thunder almost instantly heard him. He whirled, held his head way up, and whistled as Harris came within roping distance. Instantly the coils shot out, settled over the big black's shoulders and pulled tight. Thunder jumped and tried to get away, but Harris already had a turn of his rope around a solid rock and held him. Old Jake in the meantime had run clear round the horse and roped him from the opposite side. Thunder was caught.

While all this had been going on Tim had been busy thinking. He knew that, if Harris should succeed in getting a saddle on Thunder and start riding him, he would surely be thrown, and then Thunder would be worse than ever before. Besides, he did not like the idea of having Thunder cruelly treated by such a hard rider as Dave Harris. So when Jake and the bronco-buster were ready to throw the saddle on, Tim jumped from behind the boulder and shouted, "Wait a minute." The two men looked up wonderingly at Tim and asked what was the matter.

"Won't you wait awhile and let me have a chance at old Thunder for a couple of months? I've got an idea that will work better than yours. You'll let me, won't you, dad?"

"Not on your life," exploded Harris. "We've got 'im now, an' we cain't let this chance go by."

Old Jake held the same view as Harris. "We're goin' tuh try tuh break 'im in right now, son. You cain't do it. You'd better gi' up your silly notions."

But Tim was firm. As the two men started to pick up the saddle a sudden look of determination came into his face. Without a word he turned as if to walk off, but suddenly swerved toward the horse and whipped out his knife. Jake and Harris were busy with the saddle and did not see what Tim was doing. With two swift slashes of his knife he cut the ropes holding Thunder and then jumped out of the way. Thunder leaped to his feet, snorting, and broke into a swift gallop up the canyon. Jake and Harris whirled, hearing the swift gallop of a horse. What they saw was Thunder going up the canyon at breakneck speed and Tim holding an open knife in his hand.

"You let 'im loose, didn't yuh?" shouted Harris, with an angry face.

Tim's face was white, but he looked the two men square in the eye. "Yes," he said, "I know I let 'im loose, but I did what I thought was right. I couldn't have Thunder hurt by you."

The next day Old Jake and Harris went back to the canyon again to catch Thunder, but in vain. He was on his guard all the time.

After a week of unsuccessful trying Harris left the Lazy Y, and Old Jake settled into his usual routine of work again. He and Tim were not on the best of terms after the incident with Thunder. He declared that if Thunder was never broken Tim could be blamed. Many of the ranch hands also jeered at Tim, but in spite of this he remained firm.

Tim did not return to the canyon for about a week. But then one day when there was not much work he decided to see if Thunder was still there. He went off when his father was not around and rode hard all the way. He had a few lumps of sugar in his pocket. Tim leaped off his horse and left him near a spring. Then he sauntered slowly up the bed of the canyon. Thunder was almost in the same place as a week before. He saw Tim almost instantly but did not move. Tim slowly kept on, cooing a soft, tender whistle. The beautiful horse looked on with interest but would not let the boy come within thirty feet of him. He saw that Tim had no rope with him and therefore feared no harm from that quarter; but he feared all mankind, and, although the boy looked kind enough, he did not trust him. After trying in vain to get closer to the horse Tim left for home. He was not entirely discouraged, for the horse seemed to show interest.

Tim kept on perseveringly. And his work showed fruit, for at the end of two weeks of patient effort Thunder licked a little sugar from his hand. What a thrill went through his body when he felt the soft lips of the wonderful animal touch the palm of his hand! It showed that Thunder was beginning to trust him, and Tim felt sure that if he should continue with his patient work he would reach his goal.

At the end of another week Thunder allowed Tim to caress him around his head, and a few days later Tim was not afraid to stand at his heels.

At last when five weeks had passed from the time when Thunder had eaten sugar from his hand for the first time Tim made up his mind to try to ride him. Two weeks before he had put on the bridle, and by this time Thunder was quite used to it.

One morning Tim rode to the canyon and, leaving his horse near a spring, took the saddle and bridle and went to Thunder. The noble horse was, as usual, waiting for him. First of all Tim petted him and then gave him some oats. After giving him plenty of time to eat, Tim put the bridle on and led him around a little. As soon as Thunder was cooled down he led him to a rock about three feet high and climbed it. From there he first patted Thunder's strong back and then eased himself gently on it. The horse took a couple of awful jumps, nearly throwing Tim, but then calmed down when Tim spoke quietly and reassuringly. The noble horse knew that Tim would not hurt him, but when Tim slipped on his back he remembered the old feeling of a rider. Expecting the sharp pains of spurs digging into his flanks, he jumped, but the soft quiet words of Tim brought him to himself again, and he stopped. Tim was his master.

Now, there was yet one thing that Tim wanted to do before his happiness would be complete. This was riding his prized possession in the presence of his father.

Tim, now being the master, put the saddle on very gently. Thunder stood perfectly quiet. Then, after cinching the saddle, Tim swung up lightly and started. Soon he was swinging down the bottom of the canyon in a high lope, his horse's head proudly up. He stopped where he had left his other horse, turned him loose and again swept down the canyon.

Just as the ranch hands had returned from their work and were making their way to the house they heard the rhythmic beating of the hoofs of a galloping horse. Old Jake heard it too, and he came running outside, wondering what horse it might be. He saw a half-mile to the west a black horse, with a rider, going like the wind. They rapidly came closer. No one recognised either horse or rider. They soon thundered past the barns and swept like a whirlwind toward the house. The Old Jake and the men saw with astonishment that the horse was Thunder and the rider Tim Hippy. Thunder and Tim kept on until almost on top of the men, when they came to a sudden stop. Nobody said anything.

After a few minutes Tim broke the stillness by saying, "Dad I've got 'im." Old Jake answered with tears in his eyes: "Yes, son, you've got 'im. You knew haow to bust ole Thunder. Thunder is yours!"

Tim's victory was complete!

VACATIONING

Hail to summer and to the wide green out-of-doors! Nothing so invites he work-weary soul as the shady trees, green fields and shining stretches of cool water. And where else than in Haltings County can one find greater abundance of the lavish gifts of nature? We have such wonderful beaches, lovely shady, cool, inviting roads, pretty summer resorts and splendid fishing in our rivers as to satisfy the most avid of fishermen or sight-seeing tourist.

Nor do the beauties of our surrounding coves and waters invite the admiration of the stranger only. Visit any one of our numerous bathing places and there we find ample proof that our citizens, both old and young are appreciative.

During these hot days many homes are filled with their quota of summer guests seeking coolness from the unbearable heat of the cities. The summer resorts are all filled to capacity and in every shady spot picnic parties are seen enjoying the refreshing coolness.

Canoeing and motor-boating are both extremely popular and surf-riding, or aqua planing is a sport which is both exhilarating and enjoyable. Though strenuous and very dangerous for the indifferent swimmer, yet he who is intredid and skilled in swimming contends that it is the queen of water sports.

Along the shores of the rivers and even creeks, dozens of youngsters bathe and swim daily and boys swinging bathing suits and hiking to the shores are seen at all hours. What a boon the nearness of the waters provides to the inhabitants who have neither the time nor means to provide transportation to the farther beaches. The "ole swimmin' hole" is the joy of the small urchin and furnishes a safe place for him to early learn the useful art of swimming.

HOW TO KEEP HONEY

To determine the best conditions of temperature and humidity for the storage of honey the Bee Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms put away the honey in one-half-pound jars under temperatures varying from 40 to 70 degrees. These samples had been taken from supplies gathered at eighteen Branch Farms, representative of the various producing areas over the Dominion. Daily records were kept of temperatures and humidities in the various storages, and each month he honey was examined and any physical changes observed noted. The honey was kept without being distributed for a twelve month period. Temperatures from 45 to 50 degrees proved to be more favourable than higher temperatures, higher temperatures tending to increase darkness, fluculence and a coarser granulation in the honey. Spoilage occurred only at the highest temperature of 70 degrees, when samples were found to be fermented.

BUY AT HOME

The Guelph Mercury on Wednesday last had a fine editorial, entitled "Buy at Home," from which we quote:

A citizen pointed out the other day that the progress of any citizen depended largely on the loyality of the people to home institutions—in other words that municipalities in which the citizens as a whole made it a practice to patronize local merchants and industry, in place of going out of town for their requirements, were the ones that forged ahead, and were most likely to get back to normal times swiftly.

The merchants are the back bone of a city's existence. If they are prospering, the fact is quickly reflected in increasing prosperity of the citizenship. Every dollar's worth of goods you purchase at home is promoting the advancement of Guelph business, and indirectly helping yourself and your city back to the era of prosperity to which we confidently look forward.

"Citizens should become aware of the importance of buying goods at home, of giving preference to commodities manufactured in its own factories and the products of district farms. It would be a splendid thing if the people of Guelph would confine their buying activities to local stores and, when they start out to do their shopping, insist on being served with products of home industry, if the articles they are in need of are produced in local factories.

"Guelph manufacturers are diversified; local factories turn out high quality goods that, should find their way in greater volume into Guelph homes. Home manufactured merchandise should receive the preference every time. Patronizing local merchants and insisting on being served with the goods bearing a Guelph trade mark should be made governing factors in shopping by Guelph buyers.

By absorbing a larger volume of the output of our factories, we increase the demand, provide more work for Guelph labor, and help to keep our factories operating.

"When all is said and done, it is the co-operation of the average buyers which encourages production, promotes business and which will eventually be one of the biggest factors in bringing back the prosperity for, which we are so anxiously hoping.

Not for many years has the dollar had the buying power that it has today. Prices are about rock bottom.

"Guelph citizens by giving their business as far as possible to Guelph stores and by giving preference to home manufactures whenever there is an opportunity, are doing their part in the drive for their city's prosperity."

This is all very fine and true, but what does the Mercury do? It invades the towns and villages of its county and other counties and invites the people of these towns and villages, and the farmers of the whole district, to leave their local merchants, manufacturers and dealers, nd come to Guelph and shop, and so "add to the prosperity of the city!" Not only that but it spreads the special advertising issue of that date, broadcast and free, in order to hit the buying public and entice them from their home towns.

The editorial books rather ridiculous in that issue, particularly. We hope that people would take its advice rather than be disloyal to their own communities by yielding to the solicitations of the advertisements.

WHAT ABOUT FALL FAIRS?

One by one the services and amusements of the past generation are disappearing. The 24th of May celebrations with their military parades and dozens of brass bands, the travelling theatrical companies that stayed in town for three days a week, the husking bees and spelling matches in the rural sections—all these are gone. The Fall Fair has been about the only thing on the list of old-time entertainment that has not been entirely obliterated by modernism. It has been a stern struggle to survive, it is true, and many townships agricultural society, the name under which such gatherings were conducted, struggled along under deficits for a few years and then gave up the ghost. It could not withstand the competition from the bigger fairs and exhibitions. Here and there, however, the township fair has held is own, and defied extermination at the hands of its bigger brethren. In such cases it was fortunate in being in control of public-spirited men of vision and energy, who took a keen pride in upholding the traditions of the past. Georgetown's Fair, which will be held on September 18th and 19th, is considered among Central Ontario's outstanding Fall Fairs.

Fall Fairs perform a useful service to the community, as we have pointed out on previous occasions. They brighten and enrich rural life, and bring to the coubtry people a day or two of needed relaxation and entertainment. They have become a part of rural life, an institution carried on from generation to generation. It would indeed be a misfortune to see them disappear.

WESTERN TOURISTS HAVE CAR DESTROYED BY FIRE

On Wednesday afternoon of the last week, Mr. Austin Pines and three young ladies from Scotsguard, Sask., who were on a tour, found themselves in an awkward predicament. They were planning to leave Erin for home and before doing so the ladies wished to take some of the beautiful large maple leaves with them, and when passing the maple woods on the town line near the Credit River stopped, and the party went into the woods for leaves. As they came near the car on their return they were attracted by a crackling noise and rushed out of the woods to find the car enveloped in flames and beyond salvaging anything. The machine which only a few days before had been thoroughly overhauled, was a total wreck. Fortunately it was insured and Mr. Pines made a quick settlement with the insurance company; purchased another Knight car in Toronto and the party left for home on Sunday.

HOW'S THIS ONE

A Toronto traffic cop at a busy corner saw an old lady beckon to him one afternoon recently. He held up a dozen autos, a truck and two taxis to get to her side.

"What is it, lady?" he asked rather impatiently.

The old lady smiled and put her hand on his arm. "Officer," she said in a soft voice, "I just wanted to tell you that your number is the number of my favorite hymn."

An Amateur Swim of one and a half miles for boys, and of one mile for girls, for Canadian Championships are carded on the Canadian National Exhibition aquatic programme.

SOME TIME

Some time, when all life's lessons
have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have
set,
The things which our weak judgment
here has spurned—
The things o'er which we've grieved
with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark
night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints
of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans
were right,
And how what seemed reproof, was
love most true.
But not to-day. Then be content,
poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white,
unfold;
We must not fear the close-shut leaves
apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And through patient toil we reach
the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed,
may rest,
When we shall clearly know and
understand,
I think that we shall say that "God
knew best."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OPPORTUNITY cannot long ignore the young man who is all the time trying to improve himself who is constantly learning something, and constantly putting to use that which he has learned. It passes without compunction the grumbler, always complaining because his brilliancy is overlooked. It does not stop for the whiner, or the trifler, or the one who is sure of his luck that he feels it unnecessary for him to exert himself. Those who are trying not only to improve the minute, but to improve themselves, doing all their work so as to fit themselves for something better, have an irresistible lure for opportunity. It cannot pass them by.

WE hope you like the paper. We are endeavoring to please you with its contents and certainly appreciate the fine co-operation given us on every hand by our good friends and well-wishers who are instrumental in making this possible. When we ask for necessary information it is given freely and gladly and it is our business and our pleasure to pass it on to you in the same spirit. But if you just read the news, you have not been fair to yourself. If you are wise you will scan carefully the advertisements which appear in our columns from week to week, that are planned painstakingly by our merchants for you. Make it a habit to read them. You are bound to find something that will mean savings for you. Cultivate the ad habit of shopping from the Herald column in these times when every penny is called upon to do double duty.

AN automobile manufacturing corporation in one of its latest advertisements offers the best bit of good advice we have heard of for some time: "The Best Way to Make a Friend is to be One." If every person were to accept this logical suggestion, and act on it, friendly old world this would be, and there are few of us who have no further prejudices against certain people—people we have passed on the street day after day for years. We have formed the opinion without knowing them that they are unfriendly, and we make no attempt to learn whether our impressions are right or wrong. It is not likely that those same people have gained the same impression about us—and if we were to get acquainted with those people, like as not we'd find them nice, friendly human beings. The trouble is we're always waiting for the other fellow to make the first friendly move. "The Best Way to Make a Friend is to Be One." Repeat that half a dozen times a day.

THE PEOPLE MUST PAY

The passing of an act by the Dominion Parliament at the instance of the Government, providing for the payment of 75 per cent of all the old age pensions in the Dominion, is popular in some directions but we doubt if it is in the best interests of the country. We have always held that in regard to public grants for roads, charities, education and so on, it is prudent that some share of the cost at least should be borne directly by the people that are directly benefited. Such a course is a curb to reckless expenditure, and some guarantee to careful and honest dispersal of public money. We have already found that attempts at imposition may be made; and it is well that there should be a motive for alertness in per cent and the counties paid 20 per venting such attempts.

It is now claimed that the province should assume all of the 25 per cent assigned to it. Previously it paid 30 per cent and the counties paid 20 per cent. We approved of that division, and no great harm would be done, if still the Province assumed say 15 per cent and the County ten per cent. It would cut the present levy in two which would be a considerable relief. It might be sufficient inducement for the exercise of local vilignance in the administration of the Act, especially if there were more publicity as to the beneficiaries. There might not be publication of the names in the newspapers, but there should be minutes and reports where they would be given accessible to the public.

For it is the people, who, in the long run, have to pay, and the people are entitled to know just how their money is spent. Those who spend the money seem to go on the principle that what the people don't know won't do the people any harm.

GO ON WE MUST

Most people have noticed that motorists do not like to turn back. One of their aversions is the re-tracing of a route once travelled. If they pass a place of refreshment or shelter that they intended to visit, they go on in the hope that something equally good will offer itself. They wish to see new scenes and have new experiences all along the way.

Life is not unlike motoring. We never go back; it is a pity when we want to. Each part of the journey should be so pleasing that we are content to go on. The end is somewhere just around the bend ahead of us and the more intriguing because it is out of sight. The uncertainty suggests adventure, the exploring of uncharted territory, the beginning of a new and better road. Let us, then, go on with confidence, and gayiy, for go on we must.

Exhibits from Great Britain, France, Cuba, Bermuda, Mexico, India, South America, and United States will be prominent at this year's Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.