The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 12th, 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.

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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.
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	6.20	p.m.
Passenger	10.09	p.m.
Passenger Sunday	10.05	a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	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

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[illegible] the school children of Ontario received invitations to attend the Canadian National Exhibition [illegible] of the management on [illegible] Day, Monday, August [illegible]

"I am ordering Shredded Wheat for lunch today"

"I don't waste the noon hour trying to read a long menu. I just say, 'bring me two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with a bowl of half and half and some berries'. It's a nourishing, delicious lunch and keeps me wide awake all the afternoon. The crisp, flavory shreds of baked wheat are delicious and I know I am getting all the whole wheat in a digestible form."

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SPEIGHT'S GARAGE

TO A RETURNED TRAVELER

Wise with your wanderings, you thought to find
Us somehow altered, too; but you amaze
Found us contented with the very ways,
The thoughts, the projects that you left behind.

And in our littleness we were so blind.
Unshaken by the splendor of your days
We talked of them as of a finished phase,
And then forgot, nor knew we were unkind.

Then, in the grip of swift reaction held,
You kept yourself apart; we thought you strange,
Unconscious of the worlds dividing us.

We did not guess how fiercely you rebelled
To think that you must take in poor exchange
Our hobby horses for your Pegasus.
—Diana Carroll.

MISS E. GRANT

By Mary Chaplin Smith

THE train groaned and shook itself and pulled slowly out of the station. Ellen Grant realised that the next stop was her destination and with her usual methodical care began to collect her neat belongings, doing everything with precision and a certain exact little manner. Just twenty-four and obliged by of untoward circumstances which have nothing to do with this story to earn her own living, she had been for several years a governess and was now on her way to undertake the duties of that position for the grandchildren of a friend, who wanted all the accomplishments and all the virtues combined, at a moderate salary.

She was too well poised and too sure of herself, without being exactly conceited, to have any especial fear of what lay before her, but she could not help wondering about the details of her knew home, of which she was quite ignorant.

Meanwhile in the parlor car sat another girl, who also bore the name of Grant and whose first name was Eva, but who was as unrelated to Ellen Grant in blood as she was in life's surroundings. Bound to pay her first visit to the family of her fiance, her pretty face wore a most worried look.

What could have been more unfortunate than the news in the telegram just handed her at the junction where she had expected to meet Tom. The fact that she could not see him until four hours later was in itself an affliction; but at the idea of facing his family without him Eva could only shudder in despair. She regretted now that during the five weeks of their engagement she had not asked him more about his people.

She was most afraid of his mother, of course. His father Tom had always described as being 'awfully jolly,' and she knew that his sisters would have the same interests as herself. But she wished she had asked Tom which of them were at home just now, for she knew they were often absent from their New England town. Then she remembered that he had said vaguely that they were "all" to be home for Thanksgiving tomorrow. Did that include his married brother, Louis and his family?

Oh, well, she must do the best she could, and Tom would be there early in the evening. Here was her station, and she set her teeth and followed the porter with her dressing-case and umbrella out to the door. He helped her down into the bustle, and she felt herself adrift.

Surely some one would come to meet her, and she scanned anxiously the faces of the people who had been awaiting the incoming train. But they all seemed to find there for whom they were seeking, and in the midst of the confusion of laughing welcome and the hurry of the silent and business-like travellers who went sturdily off by themselves she stood uncertain and forlorn. Finding herself jostled by the crowd she yielded to it and, wandering vaguely through the station, went out on the opposite platform, beginning to think she must hail a cab.

Then she suddenly saw a large, old-fashioned barouche, now so rare, with a pair of fat, black horses and an aged, old fashioned coachman who was leaning down from his box peering at the passers-by. As she glanced uncertainly at him, he touched his hat and said inquiringly

"Beg pardon, miss, Are you Miss Grant?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Eva joyfully.

The man looked as relieved as she felt and, asking for her check, suggested that she should "get in" while waiting for the trunk, for which he dispatched a porter.

Eva looked eagerly out of the windows, trying to see as much as possible of the city which was to be her future home, but the dusk had already settled down thick and gray and she could only see the outline of the house when, after a short avenue of lonesome firs, they stopped at a dark forbidding-looking porch. The door was opened by a taciturn maid who, saying only, "This way, m'm," led Eva through a hall cavernous in its gloom and up a long flight of black-walnut stairs to a large, square bed-room.

"Dinner will be ready in a half an hour. Would you like some hot water, m'm?" asked the maid, not even trying to hide the fact that she was taking a careful survey of Eva's dress.

"Yes, please," said Eva meekly.

Shut in at last alone with her trunk, she felt a strong inclination to embrace it as a piece of home and sweep. But, finding by her watch that three minutes had gone by since she consulted it last and that therefore Tom was so much nearer, she refrained and began slowly to dress for dinner.

The house seemed large and handsome, but somehow it was different from what she had expected. Perhaps it was only because it was so still and silent, she thought, trying to be impartial. But Eva suddenly decided that she hated black-walnut furniture and thought heavy, green rep curtains of old-fashioned and expensive make hideous. Anyway she could not help feeling deserted at no one's coming to greet her.

Just then there was a knock at the door. A nurse entered leading two little girls of eight and twelve, and, if Eva had not been absorbed with other matters, she would have been surprised at the woman's apparent air of defiance.

"Here are the children, miss," she said shortly.

"Louis' children, of course. How stupid of me not to know their names," thought Eva as she stopped to kiss them.

"Have you brought us any candy?" asked the younger suddenly, and then, overcome by her sister's scandalised "Why, Fussy!" hid her head shyly in her nurse's skirts and emerged only on Eva's assuring her mysteriously that, if she would come back at the same hour tomorrow, there would be some on the table brought perhaps by the fairy with golden wings who had been her—Eva's—constant playmate when she was Pussy's age.

"Shall we see her?" asked Pussy, shaking her soft hair out of her eyes, wide-open with delight. Eva sat down on the floor with an arm about each child to describe the dress of rose leaves which perhaps the fairy would wear.

The nurse sniffed her scorn at such trifling as audibly as she dared, and soon dragged away her mutinous charges.

After their departure Eva put on her simplest evening dress, a white mull embroidered in light blue, out of deference to the evident quietude of the house. A chime of Japanese bells rang before she was quite ready, and, much flurried at the idea of being late, she hastily finished and skurried down stairs, arriving at the drawing-room door breathless and almost in tears, at the thought of the ordeal which lay before her without Tom's encouraging presence.

She had a confused idea of a spacious, heavily furnished room dimly lighted, by the empty fireplace of which stood a portly gray-haired lady of an aspect singularly severe—at least so it seemed to Eva as she went forward to Tom's mother.

"I hope you had an easy journey, Miss Grant," said that majestic personage. "My husband," and Eva turned with a start to wheps a red-faced little old gentleman was sitting half lost in a huge armchair which did not succeed in looking soft for all its upholstery.

By a series of jerks he got himself slowly to his feet, less to shake her hand, va decided, than because he was in haste to start for his dinner. Once seated at the table he paid no more attention to her save by an occasional grunt, but, as that seemed to be the extent of his conversation anyway save when he complained eloquently and bitterly of the cook, she tried to be content.

The mistress of the house divided her time between trying to anticipate her husband's querulous demands for everything which was not on the table, and a strenuous inspection of Eva, which the latter distressfully felt was disapproving.

"What a delicious soup," she murmured; "it is the kind Tom likes so much—" and then jumped, as the old gentleman brought his hand down on the table with a bang, exclaiming fiercely that it was just like women to say a thing was delicious which wasn't fit to eat. His voice died off into incoherent mutterings, interspersed with occasional resentful glances at Eva.

For some time there was silence At last Eva summoned up her courage and, feeling that she really must talk a little, remarked weakly:

"It was such a pity about Tom's train. But I suppose the night before a holiday everything is late and crowded. Do you know, I am so glad to spend a Thanksgiving in New Knagland, for I have always heard so much about its customs."

It was apparent that Thanksgiving meant turkey to the old gentleman, for he became quite purple at the contemplation, and Eva had a miserable vision of how he would gorge himself on the morrow.

"Many of the good old customs of the season are lost," remarked the old lady pompously, "but I am glad to see you would keep them with us, Miss Grant."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Eva eagerly. "I think nothing is so nice as a jolly holiday, all having a gay time over the holidays with games and—" But before she had finished her sentence she feared she had blundered again, and became quite sure of it when she was answered by a cold stare and a short, "That is hardly what I mean."

Decidedly it was no use, and Eva finished her mutton with the wretched conviction that she should never get on with Tom's people.

As the pumpkin pie was placed upon the table she made one last effort, and, turning to the old gentleman, said timidly, "Tom expects to get here about eight, doesn't he, sir?"

Then the skies fell, for the old gentleman banged his fist down with a force which made the glasses hop and roared:

"Who in thunder is Tom?"

As Ellen Grant stepped from the forward end of her car, bearing a most tidy traveling-bag which had conspicuously on its side the initials E. G., she hesitated a little, wondering if anyone has come to meet her. At that moment a young man came up to her, and, taking the bag from her hand, said, "Miss Grant? This way, miss," and plunged into the crowd.

She followed, her check was taken and she was ushered into a smart little sedan car, and whirled away, before she had time to look about.

"Dear me," she thought as she sank back on the springy cushions, "how pleasant it is to go so fast."

Arriving at a beautiful old colonial house, she was welcomed on the doorsep by a stream of light and gay voices which all poured out together into the cold twilight and surrounded her with a pleasant atmosphere of home. The house seemed full of young people, and she was at once drawn into a vortex of confused laughter and greetings and escorted into a cheerful drawing-room, where she felt herself embraced and kissed by an elderly lady with a most charming face who murmured as she did so:

"My dear, I cannot greet you in any other way."

Rather taken aback, Ellen stammered a little and was provoked to feel herself blushing.

"What a shame about the train's being late!" now exclaimed a chorus, and, although Ellen was not conscious that her train had been late, she was too polite to contradict.

She was placed in an easy chair, fed with tea and delectable little cakes, her wraps taken, a cushion put behind her back and altogether was made such a fuss about that she was quite overwhelmed. A tall blue-eyed girl with her mother's gracious manner seemed to make Ellen her especial charge, stooping over her chair to whisper under cover of a more than usually loud shout of laughter:

"None of us went to meet you, for the car is so crowded with more than two. Tom's telegram only came a few minutes ago. And to think after all that he isn't here! It is such a shame, dear, when he has looked forward to this first meeting so much."

Ellen smiled vaguely, although she felt a little confused and was relieved when she was led off upstairs to a most attractive bedroom, where the dainty furniture was covered with the freshest and brightest of chintz and where a door stood open into a dressing-room full of every luxury. A gay little fire winked sociably at her from the hearth and a huge bowl of violets on a low table sent her perfumed smiles.

Madge, as she discovered the blue-eyed girl was called, lingered, chattering in what Ellen considered an extremely frivolous manner. It bored her greatly too, and, making up her mind that she must at once take a decided stand against such foolish wasting of time, she replied to an enthusiastic account of a proposed starlight and bonfire skating party with a chilly: "How nice."

Then, as Madge was for a moment comparatively subdued, she followed it up by asking primly: "Can I see the children tonight, or have they gone to bed?"

"Louis' children? Oh, they're in bed probably. You must see them tomorrow, they are such dears." Cousin Margaret didn't bring hers; it is such a long trip, you know. Now, I'll leave you to dress, and send a maid to you. Tom will be here before very long."

With an encouraging smile, Madge departed.

"Tom is evidently a favorite brother," thought Ellen.

Luxuriating in the services of the maid, Ellen put on her best evening dress, a very simple one. Then she stood by the fire, looking about on her delicate setting.

"I almost wish they hadn't put so many fragile things in the room," she reflected. "The children will be sure to break them."

Going downstairs to the drawing-room, she was welcomed by another daughter of the house. Soon the room filled with laughing pleasant people, who greeted her cordially and did their best to make her feel one of themselves. She was awed by their clothes; they made her little black frock look so plain. But these people were far too well behaved to say anything about it, even if they noticed it. Their whole effort, plainly, was to make her a member of the family.

Just as dinner was announced a tall, handsome man entered, the father of the family. He led her off to the dining-room with an air of almost paternal admiration which greatly embraced her, even while she told herself that it was only meant for good-natured encouragement on this, her night.

"How wonderfully kind they all are," she thought. "I do hope that after this they will let me take my tea with the children, and not come down evenings unless they want me to play for them."

Tom's name was one everyone's lips as the meal proceeded. And whenever he was mentioned everyone seemed to turn and smile at Ellen. She tried to efface herself into her wished-for attitude of governess, but she was not allowed to do so. Finally there came a lull, and Ellen bent forward a little forward a little to catch Madge's eye and said in clear tones: "Who is Tom?"

Had she thrown a bomb on the dinner table, her companions could not have been more startled. They all gave a jump, and then became petrified with astonishment, staring at Ellen; and she stared back at them, equally astonished by the effect of her innocent question.

As they sat thus, there was a sudden commotion in the hall, the portieres were flung aside, and into the room ran a lovely girl in evening dress, with a cloak around her shoulders and tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, where is Tom?" she cried. "Oh Mrs. Jennings, is this you? I've had such a dreadful time—I went to the wrong house. Where is Tom?"

As they started at this new excitement Mrs. Jennings struggled to collect her bewildered wits.

"There has been some mistake," she exclaimed. Then, turning to her weeping visitor, "My dear, what is your name?" she asked gently.

"Eva Grant."

"And yours?" They all turned toward Ellen, who shrank in her chair.

"Ellen Grant."

"Oh!" cried Eva. "That is the name of the girl they expected where I went—the girl Mrs. Arthur Jennings expected as governess."

A sudden light burst upon everyone present, and they all cried out with surprise and with dawning merriment. But they were not people who would laugh at the distress o fa girl. They made Eva feel at home; and then Mr. Jennings turned to Ellen with a twinkle in his eye.

"You must never go to my cousin Arthur's house as governess," he said. "Louis and his wife have been looking for some one just like you. And you are really one of our family now—I insist that you can't go back on us!"

REACHING NORTH

Within a few week Ontario will have a new railway station added to its list, that of Moose River on the shore of James Bay. Already the great bridge across the river has been completed and the once silent wilderness is echoing to the clang of the construction gang. It is expected that steel will be laid next month and and though traffic will not be invited until 1932, this, one of the "last frontiers" of Ontario, will now be only a few hours' journey distant. Undoubtedly the economic advantages to be derived from civilization's invasion of the north are many and varied, but one feels a certain sentimental reluctance to this violation of the land that has for nearly two and a half centuries been Ontario's oldest settlement. In 1672 Moose Factory was founded by that intrepid band of explorers into Hudson Bay and has been continuously occupied ever since. It has been the growth and development of the fur trade under the guidance of the Hudson's Bay Company. To the youth of Ontario it has always typified adventure and romance a place of great distances and glamorous historical associations. The development of this branch line of the T. and N.O. railway system will mean the establishment of a great base of supplies for exploration parties and for the shipment of equipment for the development of discoveries and the exploitation of natural resources. Tourists will flock to this trading post on Moose Island and stand in silent wonder before the weathered timbers of the Anglican church near the factory. Old scenes will be re-lived and old adventures recalled. The Hudson's Bay Company is organising a great museum of interesting relics, and in anticipation of the tremendous development that will undoubtedly follow as well as to supply present day power needs of Northern Ontario a huge power house is at present under construction on the Abitibi river about eighty miles north of Cochrane. This plant will develop more than 250,000 horse power and should the north reveal a latent mineral deposit the power is ready. Prospectors are already out searching for gold, silver and platinum, and it is rumored that there may be a large diamond deposit somewhere in the vicinity.

First Tramp—"After I had given her back her lost purse, she put her hand in her pocket and said: 'Take this for a hot drink'."

Second Tramp—"What did she give you?"

First Tramp—"A lump of sugar."

FARMER OWNS STREAM

Bed of River is His Undisputed Property—Has Right to Order Trespassers Off and May Post Notice Prohibiting Trespassing

A Toronto man who was out in the province trout fishing one day last week got into a hot argument with a farmer across whose place fairly wide and rapid stream ran, and he asked the Star to back him up in the argument he made and publish the "fact." We are unable to do it. The farmer was, we believe, entirely within in rights in ordering the angler off his place. A man cannot fish on another man's place without permission. This, we thought, everybody knew. It is inherent in the private property system.

The point in dispute between the two men was as regards the stream and the bed of it. The angler entered the stream where it crossed the public highway, he waded the bed of the stream, and when the farmer ordered him off the place he refused to go, claiming that the flowing water belonged to no one person and he had the right to wade the bed of the stream as long as he did not go ashore. If, he argued, he came to a place where he could wade no further then he would have to turn back and regain the public highway without trespassing on the farmer's land. The farmer insisted that the bed of the stream was as much part of his farm as the land on both sides of it. He was quite right no doubt and his registered deed would show it.

Many persons, and city anglers perhaps more than others, confuse streams with navigable streams. If a man seated in a canoe could ride a stream over a considerable distance a farmer whose property the stream crossed might fail in attempting to forbid this, for the canoeist would be riding public water and not touching private land. There would be, at any rate, a keen argument about it, but not where a person wades the bed of the stream, for the bed of the stream is land owned by the farmer. He controls the water while it crosses his place; he cannot turn the stream from its bed; he must let it run; he cannot divert it or prevent it going its way. He cannot pollute the stream; he cannot put in nets or wires to prevent fish going down or up. But above the water he may erect fences to shut cattle or keep them out, and he can post notices designed to warn anglers to keep off his place. He cannot catch a trout out of season on his own farm nor permit anybody else to do so without the offender being liable to a fine as any other violator of the fish and game regulations.

The best course for a city man, or anybody else, who goes out after trout in the country, is to avoid arguments with farmers. The Ontario farmer is a hard man to beat in an argument. He is a sound reasoner and a ready debter. He knows his grounds, his hundred acres and the water which flows across it. He will defend his water against an argumentative poacher with a zeal that would make you think there must be hundreds of thousands of trout just inside his fence, although, so far as he knows, there may not be a trout there at all. The fact is that argument is one of the pleasures he gets out of living, and another fact is that he does not want city fellows to forget that his farm is his farm and not public highway. The best course of the angler is to defer to the owner of the place, get his permission to fish or pay him for the privilege. He has something you want and if you approach the matter from that direction you may get along fine.

SLICK ADVERTISING SALESMAN

Several Simcoe merchants, says the Reformer, learned a salutory lesson about the activities of strange advertising salesmen. The method employed by the salesmen in this case was simply as follows: They called at the office of a small country newspaper and enquired about advertising rates. They moved on to a nearby and much larger town where they used a telephone to solicit advertisements from business men on the strength of a statement that a neighboring village newspaper would issue a special edition of 5000 copies. The salesmen read nicely-prepared copy ads and writeups over the phone to their intended victims. The latter would be given a large space at comparatively small cost. It sounded very plausible and some of the merchants "fell for it." Only by accident was the use frustrated when one of the merchants got in touch with the village paper's editor and learned that he knew nothing about the proposition. Business men in another community may not be so fortunate. The experience of the Simcoe men should serve to convince all retail merchants in every community of Ontario that it is part of wisdom to devote their advertising outlay to their own weekly newspapers, which they know are reliable and cover their various territories thoroughly with a bona-fide circulation of paid-up subscribers. The wise merchant will dismiss the itinerant specialty advertising salesman with a wave of the hand.

LIQUOR IS A LUXURY

Sir Henry Drayton, chairman of the Ontario Liquor Commission, in putting his stamp of approval on the action of a number of Ontario municipalities in refusing civic relief to anyone in possession of a liquor permit, has decreed that liquor is nothing but a luxury. There can be no disputing that fact. This rule was in effect during last winter in a number of cities and municipalities, and some criticism was levelled at them for the action taken, but a common sense view of the situation is now being taken and some of these places are wondering how they failed to take action before. With the prices of liquor what they are, and with the only move they may take being upwards, it is a foregone conclusion that when the 1st of October rolls around there are going to be a lot of liquor permits which will not be renewed, while many others who might be contemplating becoming a customer of the government will think a second time before he takes out his permit. Admitting that there may be occasions when liquor is helpful in the home, it can always be obtained by means of a physician's prescription, but otherwise there is no excuse for money being spent for this purpose, and it is not out of the way to suggest that the people of Ontario, in this period of stress and lack of money, declared a moratorium of their own, and refrain from the purchase of liquor. As previously stated, it is nothing but a luxury, a harmful one at that, and one which will do more to create bad citizens than any other agency.

Canadian National Exhibition dates for 1931 are Friday, August 28th, to Saturday, September 12th.

THE MAN WHO SLAMS THE DOOR

Egotists we frown upon,
Dislike the talking bore,
But we detest the noisy pest—
The man who slams the door!

Nightly we are sore distressed
By loud nocturnal snores,
But when he's late, we simply hate—
The man who slams the door!

Saxaphones and radios
We often must ignore,
But we can't stand the selfish brand—
The man who slams the door!

Many kinds of raucous sounds
We loathe and just abhor,
But we could kill the imbecile—
The man who slams the door!
—Grenville Kleiser.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IT IS very significant that none of the week-end accidents occur while people are attending church or Sunday school.

ISN'T it in funny these well-advertised days of depression there seems to be a surplus of everything but money work and parking spaces at places of amusement, including theatres and dancing pavilions.

HERE is a real man—are you in this category?—A real man is never afraid to do right. A real man stands up for the right. A real man says "No" when asked to do a sinful thing. A real man never does anything low or mean. A boy should try hard to make himself a real man. A real man is upright, pure and generous. Everyone should say "My work is to train myself to be a real man." The old Greeks did not ask how many the enemy were, but where they were. Courage in danger is half the battle. Read the above mottoes over very slowly and carefully. How many of them can you apply to yourself? Try so to live that all may become applicable.

WHY WE DESIRE YOUR COPY EARLY

We are often confronted with the question "Why do you require copy for the paper early?" Every week calls come to the Herald office on Wednesday morning when the Herald is going to press asking to insert some small advertisement. Sometimes calls are received even later. As these calls are due mainly to a wrong impression of what time the Herald goes to press we feel that this word of explanation is due if disappointment is to be avoided in the future.

We aim to have the Herald in the post office early Wednesday afternoon, if possible. This means that the paper should go to press Wednesday noon. Display advertising takes a long time to set and this class of advertising must of necessity be in not later than Tuesday noon. Merchants will help the Herald and help themselves if they get their advertisements in Monday so that only unavoidably late material and country correspondence has to be set on Tuesday and Wednesday.

MOTORISTS — TAKE WARNING

Slow drivers, take warning!

When you see a car coming at the rate of 60 miles per hour, be sure and be in your own lane or driveway far enough, because if you don't you are in danger of losing your life.

The talk is that some boys drive at an excessive rate, but they are quite capable of handling a car driven at a high speed; more so than some of those who drive at a low speed. The persons who drive at a low speed usually are looking around and not paying any attention to their work and responsibility; and some of these drivers get interested at some object over in a field, such as a team of horses, a flock of sheep, or a pretty girl, etc., and forget to turn the steering wheel until it is too late—and they have run into a pole and smashed it off. But of course, smashing a telegraph pole isn't considered as an accident, as it has become too common; while whose who drive at a high speed are using both hands and they are watching the road properly. These drivers very seldom have an accident unless they happen to be very intoxicated or someone else drives out of a road or driveway ahead of them before they stop to see if anyone is coming—but that isn't the fault of the fast driver then. That's the other fellow's funeral.

SUPPLYING WORK FOR THE WORKLESS

It is admitted by most citizens that the Town Council will this winter have to face a most serious situation in providing work and direct relief conditions do not improve. The extension of this help may involve the expenditure of a considerable sum of money and will no doubt draw criticism from certain quarters. Instead of finding fault with the Council in its efforts to help those in need citizens generally should get behind their representatives in a co-operative and sympathetic way, and if they can be of any financial assistance privately or through organizations to which they belong that assistance will be more than appreciated and at the same time it will help to relieve the town of its financial burden.

Another way to help the unemployed and business generally, although not directly, is to exchange the gospel of blue ruin for notes of encouragement. There is too much blue ruin talk and it is not helping business in any way. In fact it is one of the contributory causes to business stagnation.

The solution of the unempolyment problem this winter will require faith courage, hope and a humanitarian spirit. All of these combined will produce results. Regardless of political leanings, all citizens should get behind the governments of the day, both dominion and provincial, in the efforts to provide work. There never will be much accomplished by sitting in the chairs of scorn and indifference.

CAN PUT HIM OFF

The local church was making a drive for funds and two colored sisters were bearing down hard on Uncle Rastus—

"I can't give nothin'," exclaimed the old darkey. "I owes nearly everybody in this here ole town already."

"But," said one of the collectors, "don't you think you owe the Lord something too?"

"I does sister, indeed," said the old man, "but he ain't pushing me like my other creditors."