The Georgetown Herald

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

C. N. R. Time Table

(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	7.18 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.17 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.30 p.m.
Paasenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto Sunday's going East	9.42 p.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger	8.12 p.m.
Passenger	9.42 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	7.18 a.m.
Passenger	8.54 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.25 p.m.
Passenger	10.09 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.31 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.09 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

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Eastern Standard Time

Leave Georgetown Daily Eastbound
7.30 a.m., 9.55 a.m., 11.55 a.m.
1.55 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 8.10 p.m.,
9.55 p.m.

Leave Georgetown Daily Westbound
8.50 a.m., 10.50 a.m., 12.50 noon
3.50 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.50 p.m.x
10.50 p.m

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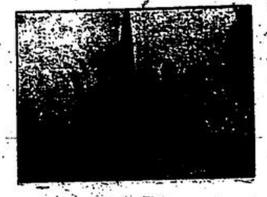

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on
SUNDAY, OCT. 4th, 1931
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Assistant Editor of The New Outlook, Toronto
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THE HUMBLE GREAT

He lived his little life, and never knew
The work that God had fashioned him to do,
Yet something seemed to whisper all day long:
"Be happy at your labor and be strong!
Humble your post, and let your neighbors see
How truly great a working man can be."
Strange whispering this! And yet it held him fast.
Purse poor at first, purse poor unto the last
He whispered at his toil bright bits of song,
Befriended all who passed his way along
Lived cleanly, bravely, till his fellow clan
Envied and praised his merits as a man.

He never sought by trickery to gain
The false enjoyments cunning men obtain.
He laughed and loved, played fairly and was kind
And never let life's hitters sour his mind.
As if that voice kept whispering "Be true,
And show the world the good one man can do."
I think of him as one God singled out
Always in working clothes to walk about,
And kept him poor of purse, yet made him wise
In all to which gold often blinds our eyes
And held him fast to drudgery, that we
Might learn how fine the humblest man can be.

OLD MAN CAUTIOUS

By Q. Bedell Monro

SAY, it's hot! That wind's right out of a furnace!"

Skinny, sprawling over the tiller of the Tiger, a thirty-eight-foot sloop, tossed back the sandy hair that straggled over his pale-blue mocking eyes and wrinkled his pug nose in disgust. Perspiration dripped from his forehead.

With the lee rail dipping water the sloop was driving over the bay to a shore just discernible in the haze of the summer morning.

"The barometer's sinking fast—twenty-eight now; was twenty-nine and six when we started," Jack answered him, turning from the dial in the side of the raised cabin.

Against the mast a third boy sat with his knees drawn under his chin, gazing into space from blue thoughtful eyes that had earned him the name of Dreamy. He was eighteen years old, the youngest of the three, and a newcomer, accepted as such by the other boys. A scar, a white thread in the tan of his mobile, sensitive face, curved from beneath a flood of brown hair past the right corner of his mouth to his chin. It quivered now, as it did whenever he was disturbed or angry. Dreamy had never offered to relieve the curiosity of Skinny and Jack by telling them how he had got it.

"You see, a red flag with a black centre over white does mean something," he broke out, catching the unclenching his hands.

He referred to the warning signal, "storm from the southwest," that had flown from the Coast Guard station when they had sailed out of Charlevoix at sunrise.

Skinny looked at him in scorn. "Say, Old Man Cautious, we're only five miles out, and you needn't get so scared. All you've been doing on this trip is act like some old lady. You're a fine one to take on a week's cruise!"

Dreamy looked out over the lake and said nothing; he was more miserable than he had ever been in his life, and he felt worse as he realized that Skinny had spoken the truth. A week before when he had been invited to make the third on a cruise to Green Bay he had jumped at the chance, confident that he was no longer on probation as a friend. The first day the main halyard had jammed as they reefed for a squall off Mackinac Island. Dreamy, who went aloft to free the halyard, funked his task and clung white and helpless to the mast, until Jack helped him down. The attitude of the two others had never been the same since. The climax came that morning. On seeing the storm signal Dreamy had refused to go out until the others had shamed him into silence. It was not fear, but caution, he argued. Nevertheless they had called him Old Man Cautious with a sting in the words that left little doubt of their true opinion. And he was filled with fear now; it was not the fear of drowning but something that he could never explain. "We'll be in an hour," said Jack, "if we're not hailed alive."

The tanned faces, shoulders and arms of the three were now a fiery red.

The Tiger headed towards a point higher up in the haze on the northern side of the triangular gash that was Little Traverse Bay. Where the land begins to curve to make the rounded end of the bay the water circles into a harbor shaped like a fishhook, the barb of which is a peninsula half a mile long. Five miles of water lie between the peninsula and the opposite shore; five miles also between the tip and the lower end of the bay. At the end of the point, directing the vessels that turn into the snug haven of Harbor Springs, a lighthouse stands on the beach where the sand shelves abruptly into deep water.

With an eye always on the canvas Skinny coaxed the sloop on her course, determined not to lose a breath of wind. Jack scanned the thickening haze and then looked at the barometer "Still dropping," he grunted. "Wonder how long the wind'll last?"

An oily patch appeared on the ripples a quarter of a mile away, then another and another until they spread the surface and began to heave near the boat. The jib flapped, filled, flapped again. Suddenly the Tiger heeled over to an even keel, drifted and then stopped. To the gentle rolling of the waves the boom crashed from side to side, the sails were flattened against the backs stayed across the cockpit. A cold fish escaped Dreamy, Skinny disappeared down the hatch. "Better put on one of these, Old Man Cautious."

A bundle of life preservers catapulted into the cockpit. Skinny stuck his head out of the cabin and grinned. But the grin soon faded; Jack read the eyes on the barometer, and Dreamy was staring to the west. Distance a whisper of thunder drifted on the thick air. The bundle lay unnoticed.

"No fog horn, no bell—and you wouldn't let me telegraph," murmured Dreamy.

A cloud like night thrust up from the haze.

"Try again," said Jack quietly, sweeping his hand in a semicircle.

East and south similar clouds appeared; green light played at their edges.

"A triple storm meeting over the bay and the main one on a sweep from the open lake."

Jack rubbed his chin. "Sail down, boys! A jib'll be enough in that wind."

In a few minutes the mainsail lay furled and tucked beneath a waterproof cover, and the boom hung rigid in its lashings. When they had finished the task the boys found themselves in twilight, for the clouds had met close to the sun. The thunder rolled without cease; lightning split the horizon in three places.

Dreamy dropped into the cabin and reappeared with a small coil of rope to which a canvas bag was attached. "The sea anchor," he explained.

The splash of the anchor was lost in the roll of thunder.

"Maybe the jib'll hold and we won't need the sea anchor," muttered Skinny doubtfully.

"We'll cut if the sail holds; we may need these, though." Jack tossed a life preserver to each of the others.

Dreamy's fingers trembled so that he could hardly adjust his.

"He's afraid," thought Skinny. "He's nothing but a coward!"

A wave sneaked over the side and slapped Dreamy in the face. By the time his eyes were cleared of water the sun had disappeared, and layer on layer of darkness closed on the sloop—a burning darkness riven with flashes that only made it more impenetrable. The boys edged closer to one another. A scorching breath swept down on them, recoiled into the clouds that billowed lower and lower; then sky and water seemed to meet in an explosion that tore the lake into foam.

In that first mad moment the Tiger barely moved, clutched and blown as she was from all sides at once. Though shoulder to shoulder, the boys were cut off from one another by the fury of the storm, breathing in gasps as the rain and spray plunged over them. The flare of the lightning showed their features greenish faces contorted against the sting of the spray. It was the sting that they had to thank for not being engulfed, for the force of the wind kept the waves down.

The Tiger now began to pitch and plunge, to twist and heel, groaning and cracking as if she were falling apart. Thunder pealed; the screaming of the wind rose higher and higher. Minutes seemed like hours.

Dreamy felt wet lips against his ear: "This—over—soon; storm—setting west."

Automatically he nodded his head. For some reason he was no longer afraid now that the storm was on them, and the knowledge brought a smile to his lips—a strained smile that Jack saw in an instant of light; he thought that Dreamy had gone crazy. But nothing seemed to matter there in the darkness and turmoil.

The Tiger still whirled in circles, but it was evident that the wind was sweeping more and more from the west, and the sea anchor was dragging the bow into the teeth of the squall. One last time the sloop swung. A wave roared into the cockpit. As the water struck his back Dreamy felt Jack torn from his side, and then he was swimming, clutching the backstay with one hand. Something struck his other hand, and he clung. The water let him down with a thud, and, choking and bruised, he was left sprawled on the deck, still hanging to what he had caught—Jack's leg. A flash showed Skinny, scared and white, crawling towards him. Together they lifted the limp form and dragged it between them into the cockpit.

"Struck head!" screamed Skinny.

Drifting with the sea anchor, the sloop now met the onslaughts head Tiger had drifted. Sluggish to rise, with a load of water that dashed over the cabin into the cockpit. The lightning flashed less often, but the wind was blowing harder.

An hour went by, two hours. Dreamy wriggled his stiffened and swollen fingers, stared at the wall of black from which the waves fell in white streaks and wondered how far the Tiger had drifted. Sluggish to rise, she wallowed and plunged, lumped to the water inside and out.

"We must be near the point," thought Dreamy. "Wonder if we'll strike it?"

As he looked astern his heart jumped. A dull red glow shone, faded, appeared again, and stayed. The lighthouse! As Dreamy [illegible] he heard the clang of the fog bell, broken by the wind. But the light had a strange effect on him; he groaned and leaned towards Skinny. "Pass—fifty yards," he shouted.

Both boys gazed hopelessly at the red flare. To pass that sheltering harbor meant five more miles of water—and the sloop was filling, and their strength was spent.

Dreamy shouted to Skinny to hold Jack; then with his face against the rush of water he crawled to the cabin. The warm rain and stinging spray seemed almost friendly as he slid back the cover and dropped below. Half suffocating, sick with the terror of drowning without a chance for life, he groped amid the floating clutter until he found what he sought. As he tumbled back into the cockpit a wave broke on the cover just closed. In haste he cast off his life preserver and knotted the end of a roll of marline round his waist. To the other end of the roll he attached a coil of rope, then another coil, which in turn he made fast to a pin clear. Skinny felt a bundle of rope thrust into his lap, a roll of twine into his hand. Instantly he understood and shrieked encouragement. But Dreamy did not hear; already he was crawling on the deck with his eyes on the red light only a hundred yards ahead and half as far to one side. When the Tiger rolled sluggishly level he rose and plunged into the water. His head appeared, Skinny knew, and he paid out. Dreamy, choking and, half weeping muttered: "To think I called him a coward! To think I called him a coward!"

Dreamy, swimming with his side to the waves, fought to make enough headway to escape being swept past the point. The waves rolled him over, buried him and broke in his face when he fought for breath, but still he struggled, one minute on the crest of the next in a trough. The past two hours had spent his strength. In the rare intervals that his head was above water the clang of the fog bell grew louder, and he tried to make his arms and legs respond. Again on the crest, he saw the light and part of the tower directly opposite him, but how far he did not know.

"Terribly fast now to [illegible] and I'll follow the Tiger [illegible] with his thoughts [illegible]

The water tugged at his arms and legs; the marline dragged him down. Then a wave lifted him, bore him on.

The fog horn and the bell had been lost overboard with a box of equipment. Skinny had refused to buy others on the last leg of the cruise; and it was Skinny that had scoffed down the suggestion of telegraphing the news of their departure from Charlevoix to their parents. Now he was silent. Jack looked at Dreamy almost in approbation, but his lips curled in scorn as he noticed the other's trembling hands.

"Look!" cried Dreamy, pointing west toward the open lake.

and broke with a roar on the beach. It receded, plucking at the body of the boy, who, stunned and bleeding, dug his nails into the pebbles and clung.

"Need help; must have help!" Dreamy repeated the words again and again as he staggered to his feet and forced his muscles to carry him towards the lighthouse.

"Who—who's this?" Someone grasped at Dreamy.

"It's one of them!" shouted a voice.

Dreamy guided a hand to the twine round his waist. "Pull!" he cried feebly and collapsed on the sand.

When Dreamy opened his eyes the late afternoon sun was streaming through a round window on the bed where he lay. Why did he ache, and what was he doing in the lighthouse? Then it all became clear.

"We thought you'd rather be with us when you woke up."

Why, it was Skinny, and beside him Jack, whose forehead was decorated with a huge purple lump!

Jack rubbed his chin and coughed. "We're mighty grateful to you, Dreamy," he said hesitatingly, "the lighthouse keeper got a wire from Charlevoix just as the storm broke. People who saw us start thought we wouldn't make it. They tried to launch a boat here, but couldn't in that sea."

"I came to just as they were hauling us round the point into calm water," Jack went on. "And—Dreamy—where did you get that scar? I thought of it all through the storm when I could think."

"Once when I was quite a small kid," said Dreamy, smiling, "I thought that I could scale a cliff, and I landed on my face. Ever since that time my father has lectured me on the difference between caution and cowardice."

"Guess I'd better let in the others to see the young hero," said Skinny, laughing weakly. As the door he turned with an earnest look in his eyes. "Old Man Cautious, say, I'd be proud to be called that!"

Highway Safety Pertinent Point

MANY CONCISE RULES ARE LAID DOWN BY NEW MINISTER—CLIP THEM, STUDY THEM

The Hon. Leopold Macaulay, minister of highways, gave his first radio talk over CKGW last month, speaking on what may, in present terms of highway traffic and complications, be called "Good Driving."

That the qualifications of the good driver and the measures of his ability have changed, are constantly changing and will continue to change as high way rules become more fixed and definite, was an important point stressed by the minister.

"To comprehend the future of ever-increasing traffic is difficult," Mr. Macaulay declared.

"Few people realize that it is only a matter of some 15 years since that time when there was no department of high ways, and not one mile of paved road in the open country, while in Ontario we are now in the proud position of having over 7,421 miles of pavement and 28,847 miels of improved gravel roads. To get even a better idea of the steadily increasing traffic hazards it is only necessary to compare the motor vehicle registration of 31,724 in 1914 with 564,689 in 1930—one for every 5.9 persons in the province.

Speaking of the fearful death toll resulting from accidents in this province during the first six months of this year, the minister urged every listener to curb impatience on the highway and to drive carefully, pointing out the following dangerous practices which should be absolutely avoided.

Do not attempt to pass another car when climbing a hill over which you cannot see.

Do not even drive over the brow of a blind hill at a high speed.

Do not attempt to pass another car when rounding a blind curve. If an accident happens you will be solely responsible.

Stopping your car on a curve is almost equally dangerous.

The slow driver is the primary cause of many accidents.

Do not park on the travelled portion of a highway.

Driving to the left of the centre line particularly on hills and curves shows poor judgment.

Parking abreast of another car on narrow streets causes traffic jams.

It is dangerous and illegal to park within 20 feet of a corner.

Turn right near the curb only. To turn left from near the curb is also illegal and dangerous.

Before making a turn of any kind be sure that it can be made in safety and without obstructing traffic.

Don't enter a "through highway" without consideration for the traffic it is carrying.

Railway grade crossings exact annually a fearful toll of killed and injured. Watch for warning signs, and be cautious. Where the vision is poor, stop, look and listen.

Efficient signalling marks the careful, courteous driver, and adds to the safety of all.

Do not pull away from or into the curb suddenly. Always look behind you.

In other words, practice care, courtesy and common sense, and highways will be safer.

The broadcast may be the first of a series on the subject of highways and safety.

Buy a Cocoanut.

An Englishman, in the lounge of an Aberdeen Hotel, asked an Aberdonian who was sitting next to him "What's the difference between an Aberdonian and a cocoanut."

The Aberdonian didn't know.

"Oh," said the Englishman, "you can get a drink out of a cocoanut!"

"That's no bad," replied the Aberdonian. "Could you gee wi' a drink noo?"

Thinking his friend had taken the hint he answered: "Yes, I don't mind."

"Well than awa' and buy a cocoanut."

Africa Remembers Great Missionary

A testimony of another sort, and more recent, comes from the mouth of an erstwhile heathen, or child of heathen parentage, who confesses to owing all that he values most in life to the influence of the greatest missionary Africa ever saw. It is written by Miss Mabel Shaw, and is extracted from her Journal Letter of June, 1928. Miss Shaw is Principal of the L.M.S. Livingstone Memorial Boarding School for Girls at Mberesbi among the Awemba, Casembe's tribe. Describing a visit paid by her to a district within her radius, she gives a brief, unadorned account, memorable in its mingled pathos and beauty, of a conversation with a man still living who had once come face to face with Livingstone.

In that village, there is a very old man, the last alive on the Chambezi who had seen David Livingstone. He had come to the camp that morning to talk to me, and he and I sat looking over the river, he once again a boy seeing the white man coming round the bend in a little dug-out. The people scattered, climbed trees, the roofs of their houses. He had fallen from the sky; they said. "He had clothing on his feet," the old man said excitedly. "I was a boy, I went near, I touched, but the head man pulled me back. 'You'll be bewitched by his medicine,' they said. Then he sat in silence, and at last he said, as if to himself: 'And he laughed; there was love in his eyes, he was not fierce.'"

Again the silence I dare not disturb.

"And he made a path through our land, and you his followers have come. God's Light-bringers; and more come to-day."

I was a very little child; seeing a great and high adventure that morning. I have never met David Livingstone as I did then. I, too, saw him coming round the bend in a little canoe, carrying all he possessed. It became holy ground. Then the others came, his followers, with all their innumerable packages. I thought of the array I came out with. He, the great saint and pioneer, God's adventurer, could put all into a little canoe; and he cut the highway of God all across this great continent, and that old man's eyes grew misty and his voice tremulous when he spoke of him, and tears came to me; and we seemed to share a wonderful thing, that old African and I on the bank of the great river.

The vignette thus etched illustrates, as perhaps no lengthy dissertation could, the indelible impression, produced for good by the inspect of Livingstone's personality upon the imagination of benighted Africa. In the Last Journals, vol. 1, p. 303, appears this entry: "1868, June 11th—Crossed the Mbereshi, ten yards broad and thigh deep." This is all; but under the simple memorandum, as we now see, a piece of work was unconsciously done that remains an immortal memory in the mind of at least one Negro. Here and there throughout Central Africa signs like this abound, pointing to the enlightening and uplifting influence exerted by Livingstone's mere presence upon the Africans he met day by day in his journeys. Incidents like this are a sufficient demonstration of the fact that the predominant interest in his life was not that of exploration for its own sake, or that of amassing information about curious and unfamiliar creatures of natural history, but of bringing to bear upon heathen Africa the fraternal spirit of the Gospel of Christ.—From "Livingstone" by J. R. Campbell.

A LONELY COW AT THE FAIR

In the cattle pen at Hvalpsund Fair stood an old woman with her cow.

She stood off a little to one side with her solitary cow, either because she was modest or because she wanted to attract more attention. She stood there so tranquilly, her head-dress drooping slightly down over her forehead on account of the sun, and knitted on a stocking which was already long enough to be turned back into a thick roll. She was dressed in a quaint, old-fashioned style, with a blue skirt that smelled in a home-like way of the dye-pot, and a brown knitted shawl crossed over her flat chest. The head-dress was faded and wrinkled after its long sojourn in the drawer; the wooden shoes were flat-bottomed, but she had polished them. In addition to the four needles she plied so swiftly with her worn hands, she had an extra one stuck in her gray hair. She stood with one ear toward the music which came from the booths, but she also looked now and again at the people and animals that traded and crowded beside her. All about her and coming from all directions were noises and confusion; the neighing from the horse-stalls, the bustle of boats on the beach, the crashing of drums and loud cries from the clowns; but she stood there in the sunshine, oh, so calmly, and knitted on her stocking.

By her side with its head near her elbow stood the cow, bored and stiff legged, chewing its cud. It was an old cow, but a good one, with a healthy looking coat of hair and a really fine bearing.

Since it was a good cow, it was not long before a man came over at it, and ran his fingers over the well groomed hide—a thing which the cow resented, enough to become vexed about.

"How much for the cow," asked the man, transferring his look from the cow to Ann. Ann kept on knitting.

"It is not for sale," she replied.

When she had in this manner turned away many men, of course she became known; they began to gossip about her. A man who had once before tried to buy the cow and had been refused now returned and made a bid that was more than temptingly. Old Ann said "No" in a very firm voice, but she seemed to be worried.

"Is it sold, then?" asked the man.

"No, it certainly was not sold.

"Then, but why in all the world do you stand here, then, and parade the cow?"

Old Ann hung her head, but stubbornly kept on knitting.

"What? Why do you stand here with the cow?" asked the man, who now felt himself positively insulted. "Is it your own cow?"

Yes, it certainly was that. It certainly was Ann's cow.

"It is such a lonely cow," she said confidently. "It is such a lonely cow! It is the only one I have on my little farm, and it so very seldom gets out among other cattle. And so I thought I'd bring her to the Fair, so that she could mingle with her own kind, and enjoy herself a bit; yes, really; that's what I thought. And I meant well; it couldn't do any harm to any one, and—and so it was that we came here. But we aren't for sale, and so we may as well be on our way."

SMILE AS YOU PASS WITH THE THRONG

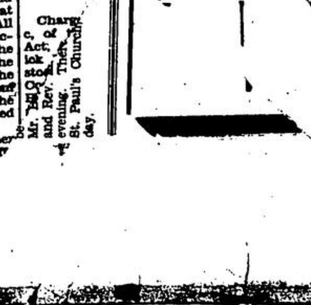
Have you ever stood at the corner
And watched the throng go by?
What different expressions the faces wear,
And the glance from each passing eye.
Have you ever wondered just who they were,
And what their work is here:
And if they dream the things you do,
Have they, too, known hope and fear?
Do they live in homes of comfort,
Where love and peace abound,
Or just in cheerless four-wall huts
Where joy-bells have no sound?
Do they know of all the happiness
A new-born life can bring?
Have they felt the hand of sorrow,
With the smart of Death's cold sting?
Ah! yes, for each one has a burden,
Whether heavy or light, to bear,
And all in the throng as they pass along
Know something of joy and care.
But just by the bearer's expression,
Just by the glance of the eye,
They reveal the while of their nature,
Some laugh at life—some sigh!
Someone is standing today at the corner,
Will you meet their glance with a frown?
No! pick up your load with a cheery laugh,
And SMILE as you pass the throng.
—Dorothy Wilmot McKeown.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE have been constantly urging merchants to keep their names before the buying public by consistent newspaper advertising. It is therefore interesting to find an influential financial periodical such as the American Banking Magazine making this statement:

"No business man in any town should allow a newspaper published in his town to go without his name and business being mentioned in its columns. This applies to all kinds of business or professional men. It does not mean that you should have a whole, half or even a quarter page ad. in each issue of the paper, but your name should be mentioned, if you do not use more than a two-inch space. A stranger picking up a newspaper should be able to tell what business is represented in the town by looking at a paper. This is the best possible town advertiser. The man who does not advertise his business, does an injustice to himself and the town. The life of a town depends upon the live, wide awake and liberal advertising business man."

THE SEASON for the church supper and the festival is here. These delightful events crowd the late summer and early autumn evenings. They come in such numbers that a problem of selection is oft times presented. The pity is that there is no clearing house to regulate the dates so that co-operation might eliminate competition as it were. In this day and generation of so-called high speed existence when we seem to depend so largely on manufactured enjoyment, it is indeed a refreshing treat to attend the average country church supper. At these events there is to be found plenty of food and association far greater in value than the price paid for the ticket. These affairs are conducted for profit, of course, but a broader profit than monetary gain alone. The good folk, who sponsor and provide them add to the menu a measure of good will that makes one always want to come again. If other attractions lose their appeal, and enjoyment runs at a low ebb, if the appetite fails and life goes a little stale, crank up the car and seek out one of these suppers. In this prescription you will find a tonic that will restore lost appetite, soothe jaded nerves and revitalize a low spirit all in one evening. Such good food you have never tasted, unless, perchance you are a "supper fan," and such quantities of it. The good folk, who willingly serve you are never content until you carry quits after having eaten your fill. And such delicacies as you will find, and dozens of little touches that the average meal lacks. Added to this, one finds opportunity for widening the circle of acquaintance, of knowing one's neighbors just a little better. To get the most out of living is not such a hard job after all. There are plenty of opportunities these countryside events are a parcel of them. If you [illegible] a church supper fan passing up a value add to life's [illegible]



Charge, of Act, lek stood On and Rev. Ther evening; St. Paul's Church day.

Mr. Tay

Another Problem

A farmer, visiting his son's college and wandering into a chemistry class, saw some students busy with retorts and test tubes.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked.

"We're endeavoring," replied one of the students, "to discover or invent a universal solvent."

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

Dugan Cashed Cheque

Crozon and Duggan had an agreement that their profits and commissions would be split fifty-fifty. Accordingly Duggan received half the commission from the sale. Duggan cashed the cheque received for the commission. It was through this signature that Duggan was connected with the transaction.

The commission amounted to $480. This the crown held to be an unconscionable profit which is forbidden by the aforementioned act. The defence contended that the transaction was an ordinary business deal and urged the dismissal of the case. Magistrate H. Falconer decided that the commission was exorbitant. The accused were each fined $100 without costs.—Orangeville Sun.