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.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto	9.42 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger	8.17 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.

ARROW
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Leave Georgetown Daily Westbound
8.50 a.m., 12.50 p.m., 3.50 p.m
7.10 p.m., (9.50 p.m. daily except Saturday) Saturday only 11.50 p.m.
10.50 a.m. Saturday, Sunday and holidays only.
Leave Georgetown Daily Eastbound
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5.50 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
10.20 p.m. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays only.
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1931 TAXES
SECOND INSTALMENT
...Notice...
The 1931 Tax Notices having been sent out, the Second Instalment is due and payable
Nov. 3rd, 4th, 5th
At the Bank of Montreal
Important to Tax-Payers—By-law "A" which is now in force, gives the Collector no option in connection with penalty if taxes are not paid on dates indicated in notice.
W. G. MARSHALL,
Collector.

Golden Gate Cafe
NEW OPENING
First Class Service and Pure Food
Meals Served at all Hours
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Ice Cream Sundaes and Soft Drinks
M. F. Lang, Proprietor
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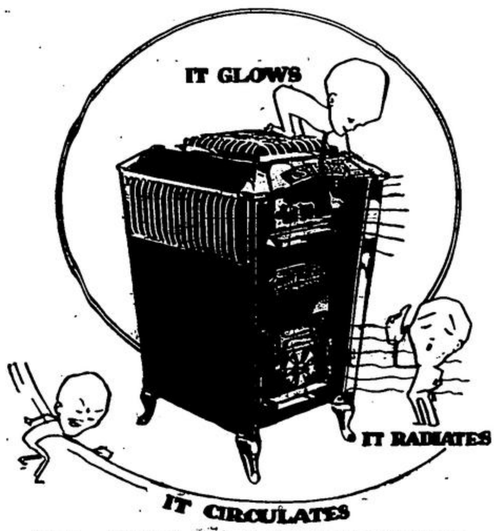

The Cosy Home Heater
See it! - Try it! - Buy it!
Anyone who has actually seen this Heater will tell you it is by far the handsomest piece of home-heating equipment ever made.
Its exceptional beauty is just one of the many reasons why you will want this masterpiece in your home.
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R. H. Thomson & Co.
PHONE 46 GEORGETOWN

HAPPY THOUGHT
Hydro Electic System
Orders taken for Ranges
—AND—
Appliances of all Kinds
Office - Town Hall

IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY

If you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken,
Is an empty thing at best.

As the blighted flower now drooping alone
Would perfume the mountain side
If the sun's glad ray had but shone to-day,
And the pretty bud espied.

If you've alms to give to the poor,
Don't wait till you hear the cry
Of wan distress in this wilderness
Lest the one forsaken die.

Oh! harken to poverty's hard lament!
Be swift her wants to allay;
Don't spurn God's poor from the favored door,
As you hope for mercy one day.

Don't wait for another to bear the burden
Of sorrow's irksome load;
Let your hand extend to a stricken friend,
As he totters down life's road.

If you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest;
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.

THE WOLF NET

By Franklin Welles Calkins

BONNEVILLE, a retired Minesota lumberman, found himself in possession of eight thousand acres of a north-woods tract that he could sell neither for farming nor for grazing. The land was hills and hummocks, freckled with ponds grown to wild rice and eel grass. Except for some barren stony bluffs the higher ground bristled with briar and the usual new growth of cut-over tracts. Taking Anse Hewitt, a logger and a foreman of his, as partner, he established a game ranch.

They fenced the tract with woven wire to the height of seven feet and then placed two strands of barbed wire on top of that. Wherever possible they used trees and high stumps for posts. They often had to cut rolls of mesh wire to odd lengths to fit rough ground, and in many places they dug across the tops of knolls or removed boulders and other obstructions to get the bottom strands close to the ground.

Near one of the old logging camps they put up two log houses, and when everything was ready they brought to the ranch a hundred Virginia deer, eight caribou from Canada and ten elks, or wapitis, from a preserve on Manitoulin Island. Every animal had to be hauled to the ranch from a wilderness railway station over twelve miles of logging road.

Anse Hewitt, the manager, chose for his helper Jean Tatro, a French Chippewa. Tatro moved with his large family into one of the log houses. It was his business to hunt foxes, wildcats and coyotes, which destroy fawns.

At the end of five years the ranch inclosure held some seven hundred head of Virginia deer, more than fifty elks and almost as many caribou. That same year more than one hundred head of white-tail buck were baited into traps with salted clover and then crated and shipped at twenty-four dollars a head. For the next year a sale of nearly three hundred head was in prospect.

Then came the "hardest winter ever known in Minnesota." Blizzard followed blizzard until three feet of packed snow lay on the levels. Anse and his man were out every day and often far into the night. In many places they were obliged to string extra wires to raise their fence and often to dig away drifts at points where the posts were not high enough for more wires.

Wolves got over the drifted-in fence, and game got out. At the end of six weeks Anse estimated that from killings and escapes the ranch had lost forty head or more of small deer, one third of its caribou and five or six wapitis. In that time Anse and Jean had killed seventeen timber wolves but still the beasts increased in number, attracted from afar by so rich a field of plunder.

One afternoon the two men were busy digging drift when Jean straightened up from his work with an angry exclamation. "Peste!" he said. "Me—I might expect when—foolishness—I leave gun to 'ome."

He stood listening. Anse climbed from a snow pit to the level where Jean had been using his snow knife. As he did so a faint yelping as of fighting beasts reached his ears. The sounds came from across a barren bluff and straight down the line of fence on which they were at work.

"Wolfs—big pack—she come across Rainy Lake Ribber—mabbe t'ousan' make kill too—me, I got poison, and we go quick—see if any meat left."

They immediately put on their snowshoes and started towards the wolves. The half-breed carried his snow knife, a newly forged tool with a long jagged blade and a wooden handle. Most of the way they followed the line of fence, which there ran along the barren slope. The intermittent yelping grew in volume as they approached. Near the crest of a ridge that ran nearly straight down the slope they halted.

Jean took off his snowshoes and crept forward to reconnoitre. He found a boulder from behind which he could see without being seen. He crawled back and reported that the wolves were at the bottom of a pocket inside the fence. The beasts—there were forty of them, he declared—had cornered a white-tail buck that had got its horns fast in trying to ram through the fence.

"You got wire shears and hammer?" he asked in a whisper.

Anse nodded; he had the tools in a belt sheath under his coat.

"We get wolfs right off," declared the half-breed as he reached for the hammer and the shears.

In much wonder the ranchman watched his man. With careful eye Jean measured the slope that lay below them. Then he moved back along the fence and down a gentle decline for perhaps a hundred yards. The wire there was attached to posts. Close to a post he cautiously clipped the wires of the whole seven-foot section.

Anse's wonder grew as the half-breed came toward him, now noiselessly withdrawing wire staples from the posts. Not until Jean had loosened a dozen twenty-foot lengths of mesh wire did the ranchman guess how the half-breed intended to use the stuff. Then his pulses hammered with excitement.

When the loosened section of wire lay flat upon the snow inside the posts Jean took his own snowshoes and those of his employer and ran them separately under and over the meshes at equal distances along the line. When he had fastened each shoe to the wires by tying it with strings he had the section so stiffened that by pulling at the free end he could carry it forward in a nearly upright position. He now cautiously slid it forward until it lay alongside the slope of the ridge behind which the wolves were feasting.

When Jean was ready for final action he slipped off his moccasins and motioned to Anse to do the same. Both men wore double pairs of heavy woollen socks. Jean now crawled back along the crown of the ridge and slid the loosened mesh wire close to the summit. Then with great caution the half-breed loosened a cake of snow with his hunting knife, made a hole through it and crawled forward until he could see over the ridge behind his blind.

"Heap of wolfs!" he whispered to Anse as he came back. "She pile up aroun' bones—all plenty hungry yet."

They made their final preparations swiftly and silently. Together they pulled at the extreme end of the free wires. When the section was taut they lifted it to an upright position so that it hung with its lower edge touching the drift, like a dragnet in the water. A slight wind that quartered across the bluff was fortunately in their favor. They were now near the mouth of the small pocket in which the wolves were fighting over their prey.

"Now we go," whispered Jean.

By its snowshoe brace they lifted the free end of the section so that the top line of meshes was above their heads and made a quick rush over the ridge and out upon the flat of the ravine. The wires slid easily over the smooth crust.

In a dash of forty yards Anse was able to see what cunning advantage his man had taken of the favorable lay of the ground. There came suddenly into sight upon his left a pack of wolves piled one upon another and tearing at the skelton of their quarry, which hung suspended half-way up the fence. The beasts were at the end of a snow pit that Jean had dug a few days before. A wall of snow cakes that the half-breed had built as a windbreak round the edge of the pit had hidden the pair from the sight of the wolves in their first rush out into the ravine.

When the pack saw them some of the alarmed animals jumped at the wires in front of them in a vain attempt to get over the fence; others raced through or round the pit and ran up the ridge that Anse and Jean were rapidly looping in.

"Run you! Run-run-I feenish!" shouted Jean.

Anse knew instantly what his man meant. The wabbling centre of their diagnet needed support. He ran at top speed along the moving wires toward the scurrying wolves. All the pack were now racing into the closing-in loop upon his right. In an instant most of the beasts were leaping at the wires near the top of the ridge, where a solid post held the detached section taut.

Anse quickly reached a point near the centre and helped to straighten and stiffen the whole section as he lifted the top of the dragging wires. But the surface of the snowdrift was uneven. Two wolves ran under the oving section and escaped at one of the surface dips. Another near Anse managed to jam its muzzle through one of the meshes, got fast and was pulling backward when Anse ran forward and killed it with his hammer.

Many of the pack now scrambled into the snow pit, where they sought to find a way of escape. Others leaped at the wires of the solid fence at the farther end of the pit. Several ran toward Jean, who was closing in his end of the trap, but with savage yells the half-breed drove them back.

Anse now pushed his middle-section of the wires in upon the wall of snow cakes. That forced the wolves into the pit or confined them within narrow angles of wire at either end. Now came the difficult part of their stratagem; they must secure the line of wire netting upright outside the snow wall of the pit, and one must keep the pack inside while the other went for a gun.

A third wolf ha descaped while Jean was dragging his section of wires over a hummock of drift, but Anse prevented any more from getting away by aligning the central section along the wall of snow cakes. The squared-by piled-up wall of snow gave good support to the wire. The meshes, lifted two or three feet above the top and drooping inward, made an effective barricade.

While Jean was at work fastening the loose end to the solid section Anse saw that there were at least a dozen big gray wolves fighting and scrambling within the snare. When any of them tried to leap upon the drift wall the manager's yells and demonstrations drove them back. Jean had made fast his section of the wires as near the pit as was practicable. Running back, he found a wolf crowded into the apex of the triangle and killed it with his snow knife.

He had thrown a loosened snowshoe to the manager as he passed. Anse used it as an additional brace. He was rejoicing in the success of their trap when the unthought-of happened. There was a flurry of snow on his right, and a wolf darted out of a hole that it had dug in the drift. Hammer in hand, Anse ran to the wire. Instantly the undermined drift, where out of his sight wolves had been digging, gave way, and he dropped upon them.

In a cloud of snow dust the manager fought blindly among the scrambling beasts. He felt a keen nip as one animal snapped a leg; the teeth of another clicked in his face as he fended it off with one arm. Wolves snapped at him on either hand as he got to his feet. A section of the piled drift fell in at his back, but the stretched wires lifted above closed opening.

Fighting, the manager got his back against a hard rim of the drift—not a second too soon, for nearly all the half-crased creatures had rushed to attack him. Anse dared make no attempt to crawl out; his life would have paid the forfeit before his man could have got to him. He wielded his hammer with all his might and shouted for Jean. He brained one animal at the outset and quickly put another out of action with a broken shoulder. Three times he was hurled back against the drift and felt through his heavy clothing the pinch of jaws fit for breaking bones.

Jean, hearing his employer's shouts for help, instantly rushed to the rescue. When he came into the fight Anse had been thrown back against the drift again. Wolves were piling upon him, compelling him to use not only his hammer but his left elbow and even his head to fend them off. His feet were luckily buried in snow so that he did not fall. Nevertheless, his end would have come quickly if Jean had not launched himself into the middle of the fighting pack.

Under the half-breed's fierce attack the wolves scattered, but not until the heavy snow knife had broken the back of one and crushed the skull of another.

Anse, severly bitten in a dozen places, scrambled to his feet and joined his man in taking the offensive against the eight or ten unhurt wolves in the pit. The beasts scurried, dodged and snapped viciously as the two men chased them within the narrow confines of the trap. Here and there the fighters managed to strike down an animal as it leaped at the fence or at the drift pile.

One wolf got out under the wires where the drift had eoved in with Anse. Another jammed its head through one of the broader meshes at the top an so hung securely trapped. Another crawled between the narrowing lines of fence at the end of the pit and dug its way out.

After two or three minutes of hard fighting the pit was cleared of live animals and the helpless one hanging in the fence had been killed. In all there were then eleven timber wolves lying dead upon the snow. Severely bitten though Anse was, he was able to guard the gap while Jean went after fresh wire with which to mend the fence.

Bible Society Report

The popular report, so eagerly looked forward to by all friends of the British and Foreign Bible Society throughout the world is this year entitled "Dust of Gold" a phrase taken from the famous 28th chapter of the Book of Job.

As usual, the Editor draws on literary treasurers "old and new" in his treatment of the subject. After the prologue which deals with the history of Gold Mining, the chapters have significant titles: "Treasure sought and found;" "Channels among the rocks;" "To the furthest bound," "Breaking open a shaft," "Gotten for Gold." Into these chapters Mr. Smith weaves examples of the heroism and daring shown by those who translate and circulate the Scriptures, and in a very wonderful way links the search for gold with the outstanding features of the annual report. He also illustrates the principles laid down by vivid examples chorniled in the Society's annals for the year, until, instead of a drab statement of fact, the whole is lit up by beauty of language, felicity of phrase, and aptness of quotation. There are several references throughout the book, to Canada and Newfoundland. Emphasis is laid on the difficult economic conditions which faced Bible Society workers here, but their spirit is summed up as follows: "This state of affairs did not lead our workers to despair, but to more energetic endeavour. The spirit that animated them is revealed in a statement which come from South Saskatchewan: "The policy of the Auxiliary was that of the industrious farmer who does not believe that an occasional crop failure means the death of agriculture. We gathered the harvest wherever available, and summer-fallowed the human soil where the crop failed, in preparation for the crop that will not fail." There is reference too to the work of Dr. Heine, the Society's colporteur, who speaks at least 26 languages and acts as port worker at Saint John, N.B, and also visits lumber and mining camps in Quebec and Ontario. Colportage work in Western Canada also receives honourable mention.

A new feature is a synopsis placed before each chapter, and an apt quotation from Karl Barth's famous book, "The Word of God and the Word of Man" prefixes each section.

In the closing pages, reference is made to the new twenty-five cent English Bible—the cheapest obtainable made possible by the generous birthday gift from Canada and Newfoundland. Whilst gratitude is expressed for this generous gift, the reading of the report leaves the definite impression that the Society is always in need of funds to carry on its work.

This brilliant piece of work ends with a reference to the symbolic use of gold in the Holy Scriptures. "It was among the gifts offered to the infant Saviour: and when John saw the holy city ,new Jerusalem, coming out of heaven from God, the city was as pure as gold—as if God had made it of all the golden prayers and golden devotion of His people."

The whole report emphasises the world service of the Society in the translation and circulation of the scriptures, and gives abundant evidence of the never-ceasing activities of a Society that is not only the auxiliary of all missionary societies at home and abroad willing to avail themselves of its translations, but also one of the great agencies for the evangelization of the world.

The book is tastefully produced and illustrated by photographs dealing with gold mining and also with photographs of colporteurs at work offering to the people the Written Scriptures —"More to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold."

AID FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

A timely warning is sounded by the Financial Post against carrying civic programs of unemployment relief work too far. The Federal and Provincial Governments having furnished enormous sums of money for this object, it is natural that municipalities seize the chance to carry out undertakings that would otherwise wait for some years. While this work may provide very necessary aid for the unemployed, it is a policy that will add tremendously to the country's present indebtedness that will restrict credit and cause an increase in taxation. The Governments, in considering the plans submitted by municipalities, should beware of too much elasticity. After all, only a part of the monies reach the actual laborers, and after all, we have always had the unemployed with us, though not in such large numbers. Extravagance in respect to unemployment relief can only mean added burdens for the average citizen.

TOO MANY FOR HIM

A candidate who was making a house-to-house canvass came to a farmhouse on East 18th Street, when he observed a young woman standing at the gate. The candidate politely lifted his hat and asked:

"No doubt, my dear madam, your husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman.

"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" inquired the candidate.

"He's down in the picture a-buryin' the dog," was the reply from the individual at the gate.

"I am very sorry, indeed, to learn of the death of your dog. What caused his demise?"

"He were himself out a-barkin' at the candidates," said the woman.

Canadian Ship First to Assist Hondurans

Thrilling Report of Captain of Connector Tells How Crew Gave Time, Efforts and Labor

Montreal, Que., Oct. 26th—More thrilling than fiction is the descriptive letter in which Captain H. W. Robson, commander of the Canadian National Steamer Connector, reports the circumstanges by which he was forced to break the rules established between mariners and operating companies. Captain Robson is a native of England. For three years he has made his home in Bolizo, British Honduras. During that time he has commanded the Connector in her runs back and forth between Bolizo and Jamaica, to connect with the "Lady" liners from the Bahamas, Bermuda, Boston, Halifax and Montreal.

The navigator's letter is a valuable document by which to gather and record a confirming impression of the Bolizo disaster.

"I beg to tender the following report on the position at Bolizo:—

"The voyage from Jamaica to Bolizo, September 9th to 12th was made in comparatively fine weather although I knew by wireless reports there was a hurricane in the vicinity of Bolizo, so was not surprised on arrival to find no pilot at the station. I continued through the channel until at the latter part we found the beacons missing, I immediately anchored the ship and sent away a boat in charge of the second officer to lay boys as near the position as possible, and so eventually worked the ship to her usual anchorage.

I found the town a total wreck, not one house or building that was not severely damaged, and very few remaining. Lighters were not to be had, coastal boats and two hundred ten iron barges being lifted up and carried to the centre of the town, this necessitated the use of ship's boats for the discharging of our cargo.

At the time of my arrival our Agents were without an office but under the circumstances rendered the ship all the assistance they could.

I called on the Governor also the Colonial Secretary and offered them any assistance.

The shortage of food was the main thing so I put the ship's cooks on night and day baking bread and have sent nearly one thousand pounds ashore.

I also used the ship as a hostel for homeless people, to have a bath and a meal. The shortage of water being a serious item, as Bolizo depends entirely upon rain water for their requisites and most of the vats were washed away.

I cut down the meals to soup, joint and biscuits and cheese with an occasional pudding.

I had the Colonial Secretary's wife and daughter on board two nights and several other ladies who had not had a bath or hot meal for several days, and only the clothes they stood in. I did not "sleep" any of the men, but there was always a bath and a meal for any of them who came off. I also gave them cigarettes and anything they wanted from the bar which I felt I could not charge them for, even if I did many of them had not any money having lost everything. (By men, I mean the white men of the town.)

As there was not sufficient flour or potatoes on board I drew upon the cargo, this only after consultation with the Agents; a strict list of this has been kept and will be forwarded to Montreal in due course."

The "Connector" was the first ship to arrive after the disaster and was able to render very valuable assistance in relieving the suffering. Before sailing I boarded the warship and bid good bye to the Governor, he was most profuse to his thanks for what the "Connector" had done.

With the exception of whiskey and cold storage cargo the majority are being returned to Jamaica as it was not possible to store it at Belize.

I trust the steps I have taken will meet with the approval of the management.

My pen cannot describe the appalling conditions at Bolize, scarcely a house standing ans out of a population of ten thousand there are about two thousand dead and missing and fourteen hundred wounded. Burial of the dead being impossible, fires are burning night and day, burning the dead.

My own home is devastated, I have lost everything, but by a miracle my wife has been saved. The water completely filled the lower part of our house and was up, and well up, in the bed rooms, my wife was up to her neck in water struggling through wreckage to save herself, she eventually managed to wade to a house which was well back from ours and was ten minutes walk away, she arrived there nearly naked, and was lent a man's under clothing and a lady's dress, it was in these clothes that I met her on my arrival.

I have kept her on the ship, and brought her to Jamaica, and I feel sure the Company, considering the circumstances will not look upon this with disapproval. (There is a strict ruling against such action under normal circumstances.)

The tidal wave that followed the hurricane caused most of the damage and loss of life.

It would not be fair to conclude this letter without drawing to your attention the admirable way in which the entire ship's crew worked during this most trying time, and especially my Bolize sailors, all of whom had lost some member of their family, as well as their homes. These men were most faithful and loyal to the ship, working well throughout the day to go ashore at night and try and repair their homes, but to a man, they always reported for duty at 6 a.m. I remain, Dear Sir, your faithfully, Captain W. H. Robson, Master.

PLAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The first constitution for Halton County Public School Musical Festival Association, drafted by a committee appointed at the last annual meeting, was endorsed, with minor changes, by last night's meeting of the executive, President P. W. Cooke presiding. The main feature calculated to establish a basis of fair representation was the decision to name those who will henceforth be members of the association as: One representative appointed by each rural school board and two named by the board in a town or incorporated village; one representative from each branch of the Women's Institute, Home and School Club, I.O.D.E. and Council of Women, and all supervisors of music in Halton schools.

Repartee

Mrs. Hengeck (sarcastically): "I suppose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his hand all evening!"

Mr. Henpeck (sadly): "If I'd been holding his hand, I'd have made some money."

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 judgments here have 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 tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if 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."

THE HOME-TOWN DOLLAR

The home-town dollar might be defined as the dollar which stays in the community, and through the continual change of hands purchases food, clothing and the necessities of life for the people of the home town and in ts life of service brings joy, happiness and comfort to those whose hands it passes through.

The greatest asset of the home-town dollar lies in its circulation through the series of wage-earner, merchant, banker, factory, producer and back again to the wage earner, who starts it back over the cycle—and so long as it stays in the community, that dollar adds to the purchasing power of the citizenship.

The prosperity of a community is determined through the volume of business done by the merchants and manufacturers within its confines. This business depends upon the earning power of the citizenship and community, and upon the amount which is spent by them in support of local business and industry.

The loyalty of a city's people in making their dollars become town dollars is reflected in the general porgress and development of our cities and towns.

There is a true saying that communities don't just grow. They are built by man—men and women who visualize a city beautiful made up of churches, good schools, playgrounds, parks, and a place in which one likes to live, work and play. When one enters a town which is composed of well-kept residences, attractive business houses, good schools and clean streets, it is evident that there they have found a community which is prosperous and content. Such a place, seen through the human eye, is a place built of stores, brick and mortar, presenting a pleasing picture; but behind these physical evidences of progress lies the fact that the life of the community is oeng carried on by a high sense of civic pride.

It is evident that in the community the home-town dollar is daily going its rounds of the "butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker," and in its travels moulding the character of the city.

LOOKING PAST HIM

The large auditorium of the church was filling, and a hush settled down as the hour of eleven came. The minister that morning was a young man, still a student, and he felt ill at ease. Bravely he struggled to control his voice; the flush on his face grew deeper.

He had been sure that his sermon was not bad, but now it did not seem to be succeeding. He wondered whether he were a victim of "stage fright" and tried desperately to steady himself. Then he saw her.

She was neither young nor pretty, but she smiled just a little, and her eyes seemed to say: "I know you can do it."

The message in her glance gave him a sudden new courage. He forgot himself and threw himself wholly into his preaching. From time to time he glanced at the woman, and never once did she look tired or uninterested.

After the service many of his audience came to shake hands and to tell him how much they had enjoyed the sermon. He watched for her. Finally she appeared, the last in line. The young minister suddenly felt that he must tell her how she had helped him.

"Would—would you mind telling me," he said, "what there was in that stumbling sermon of mine that could hold your attention?"

He was blushing and stammering, course I do not mind," she said. "Of course I do not mind," she said. "If you will pardon me, I was looking past you. You are young, but as I watched I saw an older man. The things you said you had perhaps not felt deeply. But I saw a man who had tasted the bitterness of life and who was still seeing the sweeter, side of things—a man whose hair was touched with gray, but whose shoulders were square and whose eyes were brave and unflinching in spite of many discouragements."

The young man was a little disappointed, but he spoke sympathetically. "Oh, I see. Your husband was a minister? Do I resemble him?"

"That man that I saw was you. You are not the kind that will fall by the way. So many young ministers let themselves be lured away to easier or better-paying work. But you'll be here when the day is done."

He had asked for a crumb of encouragement and had received a whole loaf. Many times the strength it gave him helped him to "stand fast."

DECISIONS RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS.

Court decisions respecting newspaper subscriptions are very clear. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office, whether in his name or another's or whether he has subscribed for not, is responsible for payment. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken or not. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post office or removing and leaving them unpaid, a prima facie evidence of intention of fraud.

Dig for Dad

Little Ethel: "Mother, are you the nearest relative I've got?"

Her mother: "Yes, dear, and your father is the closest."