The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, November 4th, 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

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	7.39 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	3.06 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
INCREASED **BUS** SERVICE
Eastern Standard Time
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
7.05 a.m., 10.05 a.m., 2.20 p.m
5.50 p.m., 6.30 p.m.
10.30 p.m. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays only.
Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
LONG'S

DIRECTORY

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

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

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

KENNETH M. LANGDON
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
First Mortgage Money to Loan
Offices:
Main Street South, Georgetown
Phone 88

F. B. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
Marion Priest, L.D.S., D.D.S.
Georgetown
Office Hours:—9 to 5, Except Thursday Afternoons.

F. L. HEATH, L.D.S., D.D.S.
Dentist
Office in Lane Block, one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory
Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Miss Lamb
PRACTICAL MATERNITY NURSE
By Day or Week
For particulars phone 6Rrl, Georgetown
R. R. 2, Georgetown Ontario

CHIROPRACTIC
CHELSEA The Chiropractor
Palmer Graduate—15 Year's Practice
No Medicine, Surgery, Osteopathy.
X-RAY SERVICE
Office over Dominion Store
Monday, Thursday and Saturday
2 to 5 and 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.
Other days and hours by appointment
Phone: Office Residence 1581

Frank Petch
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Peel and Halton
Prompt Service
Telephone—
Cheltenham 2822. Georgetown 61r2
Post Office—Cheltenham

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

A. E. COLMAN
GENERAL TRUCKING SERVICE
General trucking at all times and garbage removed weekly at lowest rates; also orders taken for all kinds of stove wood. Phone 221, Georgetown.

NO SHOVELLING REQUIRED
STANDARD ANTHRACITE SCRANTON COAL
In all Sizes
Automatically Screened and Loaded
Coal
Wood
Coal, Coke, Fire Kindle and Stove Supplies. Smiths Coal Co. (Ont.) Ltd. In fact everything to be found in any up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.
John McDonald
GEORGETOWN

"How do I keep my figure?"
"I eat Shredded Wheat but instead of cream I use whole milk—just as it comes from the bottle. That kind of meal gives me pep and strength. It's delicious and nourishing and easily digested. Sometimes for variety I add sliced bananas or other fruits, but I like it any way at all."
THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
SHREDDED WHEAT
WITH ALL THE BRAN OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

Golden Gate Cafe
NEW OPENING
First Class Service and Pure Food
Meals Served at all Hours
Accomodation for Ladies
Ice Cream Sundaes and Soft Drinks
M. F. Lang, Proprietor
Main St. South Phone 2 Georgetown

NOT
NEW COAL
but
blue coal
For over 50 years the favorite D. L. & W. Scranton Anthracite, now trade marked blue for your protection
Now—phone your dealer and order with confidence
78
Sold by JOHN McDONALD

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

ADVERTISE - - IT PAYS

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we pudge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force—
Knowing not the taunt of action
Is less turbulent at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motifs
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we would find it better;
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Childhood in Lincoln's Town

By Octavia Roberts Corneau

WHEN I was a little girl I lived in the prairie town of Springfield, Illinois, which became Lincoln's home during the greater part of his manhood. I was born too late to know Lincoln, but the older—men and women of the town, who were the friends of my grandparents, had been his friends and neighbors. From them I acquired a knowledge of our great townsman long before I ever opened a school book. It was a pleasant way to make the acquaintance of a historical figure.

Books will tell you that Lincoln first came to Springfield in 1837, after he had been admitted to the bar and was entitled to hang up a "shingle" announcing himself as a lawyer, but his first appearance among us was not as a lawyer, but as a pilot. I wish you could have heard the story as Springfield children used to hear it from an old lady we called Aunt Catherine.

Aunt Catherine was so old that she had looked on the face of Lafayette. She thought of Lincoln as having lived but yesterday. The little mirror that hung over her high-backed chair had been given to a member of her family by Washington. She made no use of the back of her chair, for she had been bred in a day when girls were not encouraged to loll. I wish you could have seen her with her bright, birdlike eyes and her straight spine and her delicate white hands as she told about Lincoln the pilot.

"You may not know," she would begin, "that we Springfield people once hoped to prove that the Sangamon River was navigable."

We would smile, for we knew the craftless river well—a shallow, muddy stream that lay a mile beyond our town.

"Yes, we actually hoped to prove that it would float a steamboat." Aunt Catherine would continue. "Capital was raised and a Captain Bogue sent to Cincinnati to purchase a steamboat, which he was to sail back through the waters of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Illinois and finally over our own Sangamon. There was great excitement in town when we learned that the steamship Talisman had been bought and that Captain Bogue had started back. All went well until the boat got as far as Beardstown; then the real difficulty lay before her, for now she must make her way through the snags of the Sangamon. Who was to pilot her?"

We waited to hear.

"At Beardstown a young man in breeches much too short for his long legs got on board and said he knew the river. His name was known to no one; it was Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln brought the Talisman the rest of the way and landed it near a mill. Oh, what excitement there was in Springfield! All the people in town rode out to the river as fast as they could get there over the terrible roads. Most of us were on horseback, but some few were in fine carriages. We sang and cheered to think that a steamboat had come to us from the east. We did not know that it was the last time one ever was to make that long trip.

"Of course we could not do enough for the captain and his party. We took them all into town and gave them a fine ball. What an evening it was way back in 1832."

"Did Lincoln dance at the ball?" some child would ask.

Aunt Catherine would stare. She was very much of an aristocrat. Her finely arched brows would go up and up. "Lincoln?" she would say in surprise. "Lincoln was only a common pilot. Naturally he was not invited; only gentlemen were bidden."

Could any story have impressed better upon us Lincoln's humble beginning?

Later, however, Lincoln was invited to Springfield balls. I knew that, for I saw an old invitation issued by the gentlemen of Springfield to the ladies, asking them to attend a dance at the American House, our best hotel in the early days. The name of the first gentleman was that of my grandfather, Nicholas Ridgely, and that of the last, Abraham Lincoln. By that time Lincoln was a practicing lawyer; moreover, he was a member of the legislature, one of what people called the "long nine."

The "long nine" were nine men who were all exceedingly tall. Old folk remembered their picking their way in single file through the mud to the church where the legislature met while the State House was building.

Mr. Ninian Edwards was one of the "long nine" too. He lived in a fine old brick mansion. Every stick of his furniture had come from the East and had been made to order. Lincoln had been entertained in that fine house many a time. He had sat on the haircloth sofa with its embroidered back and courted Mary Todd, Mrs. Edward's sister. He had been married to her between the folding doors of solid walnut.

How easily we Springfield children could picture the legislative parties given there, the wooing on the sofa, the wedding; for when I was a little girl the old mansion had become a private school. Everyday I walked up the long path to the door that Lincoln had so often entered, rustled my lessons in what had been Mrs. Edward's fine conservatory and which I needed earnestly sometimes was interviewed by the principal in the soft gloom of the old drawing room where Lincoln and Mary Todd had been married.

From the fine old brick mansion Lincoln had led his bride to their first home; a room in the Globe Tavern. The remains of this, still known about across the street, form the church I attended. I could look down there any Sunday morning and see where Lincoln and his bride had lived. It was easy to imagine him there, for a lady had told me a pretty story of Lincoln at the Globe. She had boarded there one winter when Lincoln was away at Congress, and she remembered his coming back at the close of the session and his progress through the tavern dining room, stopping to shake every outstretched hand. In those days the tavern rooms were heated by stoves, and the Congressman had not been above carrying up armfuls of wood for many of the ladies. How simple it all was and how easy after such stories to remember that Lincoln had been to Congress!

Of course Lincoln did not always live in a hotel. He had soon bought a modest house on the corner of Eighth and Jackson Streets. The house had belonged to the first rector of our church. I knew his granddaughter well. Once she let me see the deed conveying the house from Dr. Charles Dresser to Abraham Lincoln. One of Dr. Dresser's relatives, a very old woman and extremely deaf, told me how Lincoln had appeared at the rectory early one November morning in the rain and said in his homely parlance, "I want to get hitched up to Miss Todd tonight. Can you tie the knot, doctor?"

I often saw Lincoln's house on Eighth and Jackson streets. It was open to the public as a memorial. Strangers could see only the lower rooms, but Mr. Wolcott, who knew the custodian, could go anywhere, even up to Lincoln's own bedroom.

We all knew Mrs. Johnson, who had lived next door to the Lincoln house when she was a girl. She remembered well how Lincoln used to watch the baby for Mrs. Lincoln, pushing the child to and fro in a little buggy with one hand while he read a book which he held in the other. Mrs. Johnson could remember how "Willie" and "Taddie" Lincoln, as we called Willy and Tad were and how devoted their father was to them. Once he had been seen with them in the drug store, treating the boys to soda water. As they were far from being rich, one glass had to do for both. First Willy had a long swig, then Tad.

Not until we had heard many such stories, which made Lincoln a dear and familiar figure, did any of us open a United States history; then of course we came upon Lincoln the world figure. How we glowed to think that Springfield had sent him forth as one of her own sons!

The first historical mention of Lincoln was likely to be as a candidate for the United States Senate. He had run against Stephen A. Douglas, the idol of the Democratic party, and though he had been defeated, he became nationally well known owing to the seven great debates that he had held with Douglas in seven scattered towns of Illinois. To hear of the debates at first hand from men who had been to Ottawa, Freeport, Alton and the others was a wonderful experience. Nearly everybody in Illinois had managed to attend at least one of the seven. My uncle Charles had gone as a boy to Ottawa. He had been too young to weigh the arguments for and against the extension of slavery, but was old enough to remember the occasion in great detail. How well he reproduced it all for us!

He would begin by describing the great crowd, the banners, the bands, the torches, the enormous excitement that ran through the mighty audience. Then he would picture himself as a little lad squeezing through the mob until he found a place in the front line, of his looking up into the face of Douglas as the Little Giant opened the debate. He made us see Douglas, small of stature with a head like a lion's and beautifully dressed, eloquent and polished. When Douglas finished—so my uncle would relate—there seemed to the audience nothing left for poor Abraham Lincoln to say.

At that point my uncle, being an excellent mimic, would show us how Lincoln got to his feet, and how awkwardly he faced the crowd; then my uncle would imitate Lincoln speaking in a high falsetto that carried in the open air. He said he began one address by saying, "Judge Douglas's argument is as thin as the shadow of the hen that crossed the road the day before yesterday." A roar of laughter rolled up from the crowd.

Of course the greatest day in the history of Springfield was the day Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency. From then until his election Springfield was in a high state of excitement. The boys and girls bore their part during the tumult. One boy carried the telegram to Lincoln that announced his nomination. Others marched as Wide Awakes in the various parades. Some hauled a cannon to Lincoln's door and asked him to christen it. When he left naming it to the boys they called it Mary Lincoln for Lincoln's wife.

Many of the girls went to his farewell reception and described in years to come the hearty of Mrs. Lincoln's fine dress over hoop skirts and the cordiality of Lincoln's smile. When Lincoln left for Washington the young folk mingled with the elders to wave him farewell.

And all these memories are a much-prized heritage in the old town where I grew up.

GIVE THE HOME MERCHANTS YOUR BUSINESS

Christmas is less than two months away, but the out of town concerns who are in the habit of sending out peddlers to drum up business have not lost sight of the fact that there are many people who do their Christmas shopping long before the actual holiday shopping season. If there was ever a time that the people of this town and surrounding country should support their home merchants that time is the present. Business has not been any too good for many months, but the merchant carries on, just the same. He must have the stock on his selves and he must pay his taxes. The out of town peddler comes in, his expenses are light, he goes from house to house and persuades the housewife that he is giving her exceptional bargains for the money, takes her order and thus this money goes out of the town to benefit those who have no interest whatever in this town or community. The stamp of disapproval of this sort of thing can be placed upon it by refusal to do business with these out of town peddlers. They should not even be permitted to gain entrance in the home. Householders should decline to listen to his arguments or look at his goods. In the great majority of cases better value for the money can be secured in the local stores and there is the added advantage of being able to see and examine the goods one is purchasing. It is both patriotic and good business to buy at home instead of from the outsider.

Wife—"Well, dear have you found a job yet?"

Hubby—"Yes, my pet, you go to work to-morrow."

Canada is Sound and Will Recover

Need to Support Those in Authority While Present Period of Stress is Being Combatted

"Canada is sound and in these times of stress it is the duty of everyone to support those who, in the words of the catechism, are put in authority over us," declared Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways, in the course of an important address delivered during his annual visit to the Pacific Coast in October. Sir Henry spoke, in part, as follows:

"It seems necessary that in all of the various disasters which have afflicted nations the patient must be threatened with the grave before he awakens to his danger and is brought to that state of mind which accepts the application of remedies. Canada, as a nation, is less responsible for and has certainly contributed less to provoke the present state of depression than any other nation, but while that is true, we cannot escape a situation which has been largely forced upon us. "I do not in the least pretend to diagnose the causes of the present depression, or prophesy either its duration or remedy. I must leave such analyses and predictions to the economist and the student; but there are two or three simple and somewhat practical points to which I think I may with much humility and I hope propriety call attention, remembering that, as some one once remarked, we are confronted by a condition and not a theory.

"In such times as these, when a serious situation confronts our people and when those who are charged with the responsibility of administration are attacked with anxiety, I hold it to be the duty of every citizen to abandon or at least relax political and sectional strife, and in whatever difference of opinion there may be, to support those who in the words of the catechism are put in authority. Quite irrespective of what political party might happen to hold power, I would equally venture this advice. We all have an abiding and unbounded faith in our country. Fundamentally we are perfectly sound and solvent. We are better off than many other countries. We will return to normality quicker than other nations. The great natural resources of Canada are the same as they were three years ago. We have the same courageous, conscientious and law-abiding people. This is not the time for the display of strife, nor to seek the sacrificial goat. No section of this country can really prosper unless the whole country prospers. Let us therefore resolve unselfishly and co-operatively to dedicate ourselves to the support of our constitutional authority and stand shoulder to shoulder in a time of common but temporary danger.

"One of the products of depression is idle and malicious gossip, usually thoughtlessly conceived but in such times as these it is highly dangerous No one extinguishes fire by pouring upon it inflammable material. Idle and malicious gossip without knowledge of facts is the inflammable material which keeps alight the fires of depression. If we cannot speak well of the Province, the State, the enterprise or the individual, let us hold our peace until a return of prosperity permits engagement in such activities with a minimum of damage.

"The great banks of Canada have had the finest servable records. They are the trustees of funds confided to them and that trusteeship has been faithfully executed. Since the present depression descended upon us, let us say since July, 1929, there has not been a single bank closure in the whole of Canada, and while I am far from drawing comparisons from the misfortunes of others, it is a striking fact that in the United States, admittedly the most opulent nation in the world, there have been approximately 2600 bank closures during the period mentioned, involving deposits amounting to one billion, four hundred and seventy-nine million dollars. Of course, all of this sum is by no means lost, as there will be at least a degree of salvage, but the comparison points vividly to the solvency and strength of Canadian banks and their ability to weather such a storm as we are at present encountering. True, our banking systems are somewhat different, but that does not alter the deductions to be drawn from what I have said. It is also interesting to note that within the period named commercial failures in the United States have involved fifty-four thousand, one hundred and eighty-two concerns, with liabilities of over eighty-three million, seven hundred thousand dollars. Certainly these facts speak with emphasis with respect to our financial and commercial solvency. Being, amongst other things a bank director, I know something about the banks of Canada and, idle and malicious gossip to the contrary notwithstanding, I state emphatically that all of the banks of Canada are sound, solvent and in a position to meet fully their obligations. Their fundamental soundness is one of the bright spots in our Canadian situation.

"You will doubtless expect me to say something with respect to the transportation situation," said Sir Henry, as he outlined the development of Canada's railroads from Confederation until the amalgamation of the present Canadian National System, which brought out two great competitive railway systems in Canada.

"The Dominion of Canada," he said, "found itself equipped with two thoroughly efficient and progressive railway systems, actively competing with each other and trying in an effort to give the nation a maximum of service. All was going not too badly until the Autumn of 1929, when, with appalling rapidity, the present depression descended upon us. With increasing effort, as the months rolled by, these two railway systems, the victims of common adversity, have been drawing closer and closer together in that co-operative effort which, while preserving a reasonable service to the public had for its objective the elimination of waste and the promotion of real economy. Substantial progress has been made along these lines, but in order that the effort may reach its maximum and that a transportation policy be determined which will as effectively as possible govern our actions for the future, it has been suggested that a commission be appointed, composed of men of experience and high character, and in whose hands one of these entitled the public can repose confidence, who shall examine our transportation situation and propose a solution, which will once and for all end a struggle, to preserve adversely, competitive services, efficient enough, but not redundant facilities to the public and effectively protect the interests of the bank body of workmen, who have to depend in definite part upon the Canadian Railways for employment and livelihood. Had some such commission passed upon our transportation policies some thirty years ago, much duplication of construction and other problems would have been avoided, with no denial of essential facilities; consequently it seems nigh time in view of the circumstances which surround us today that we should chart our course with such intelligence as we can muster and decide what our ultimate port is to be. There is a certain feeling that the distress felt by our Canadian railways is more or less peculiar to this country. Briefly, it is interesting to observe that an important and reputable American authority makes the definite statement that of the sixty-seven Class I railways in the United States, twenty-five will fail to earn their fixed charges this year. So that in as far as the financial position of the Canadian National Railways is concerned, and its effect upon the finances of the Dominion, we are the victims of circumstances wholly beyond our control, circumstances, let me add, which we all know to be world wide. Certain it is, however, that the importance of the problem to both the investor and the people of Canada demands an examination by the best brains that can be brought to bear, if serious results are to be avoided. In the meantime, the public of Canada may be assured that whatever the difficulties of our transportation situation may be, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways are working together with amicability and intelligence to maintain a fully adequate standard of transportation having due regard to the circumstances of the times."

HALTON COUNTY HIGHWAYS

The deputation from the County Council headed by Warden Mason, waited upon the Hon. Mr. Macauley, Minister of Highways, at the Parliament buildings in Toronto last Wednesday.

In reply to whether the County would be called upon to pay twenty per cent. of the cost of the construction of the third highway across the lower end of Halton, it was ascertained that such had been the intention of the Department. When objection was raised that Halton, as a County did not require or desire the highway under those conditions, an arrangement was made that if a relief fund from the Dominion Parliament could be applied on this roadway it would be proceeded with. Unless the County's share is reduced to or below 10 per cent. the highway is not to be built. It is estimated that the cost of the new highway would be approximately $800,000 in Halton. There are two high level bridges to be constructed in this plan.

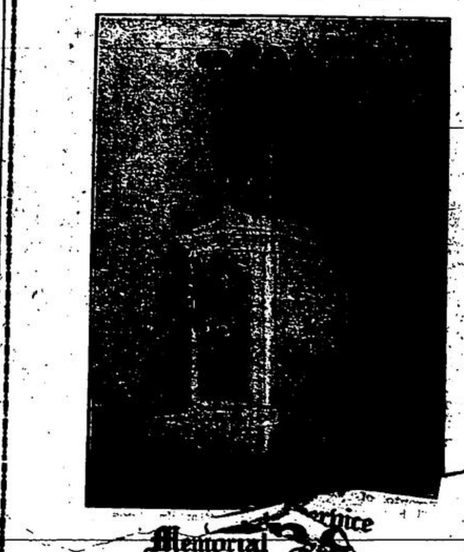
In regard to the link from Milton to Acton, it was learned that it is not the intention of the Department to build the road this year, or next year, and the actual construction time is indefinite. It was said the road will be made a highway and the route will follow very closely the second line or present road allowance. Briefly, it will be a highway, some day.

GIVE the present generation 30 days of what the pioneers called hard times and they'd just shrivel up and die. These are only hard or good by comparison. Compare the way we are living now with the way our fathers lived and you'll think you're a bloated millionaire. Is this true? Ask any old timer.

EFFECTIVE November 1st, the mail subscription rates of a Toronto daily paper advances to $6.00 per year. Newspaper publishers, including the weekly papers of the province, have been experiencing increasing costs of production, despite the lowering of living costs generally. Most weeklies throughout Ontario have established the subscription rate of $2.00 per year, and are finding financing no easy matter at this rate.

Visitor—"Well, Joe, how do you like your new little sister?"

Joe—"Oh, she's all right, I guess; but there are lots of things we need of worse."



Sunday Afternoon, November 8th.

A service will be held on Sunday, at the Memorial, in remembrance of those who fell in the Great War. This service will commence at 2 p.m.

All organizations wishing to take part in the parade to the Memorial will meet at the Library not later than 1.30 p.m. Major Cousens is Marshall of the parade and organizations marching should report to him immediately they arrive at the Library.

The Lorne Rifles (Scottish) Band and Salvation Army Band will take part.

ALL DEPENDS ON YOU

There ain't no use of going through life grumbling,
And feeling blue,
Because things in this life don't "pan out"
Just right for you.

Trouble's here, and trouble's here to stay,
But this is true,
Joy's here too, fifty times as strong as trouble
And it's for you.

This world's a garden of flowers,
If flowers'll do,
Or it's a land where darkest shadows lie,
It all depends on you.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

TWO of the women delegates to the Ontario Liberal convention at London brought into prominence a question that, while of reached importance, has been given too little attention, namely, the status of unemployed women in this period of depression. Government and municipal plans for providing employment have completely ignored the unemployed woman worker; there is no machinery whatever for finding jobs for that section of our population, and as yet those champions of their sex so vigorously pointed out in addressing the Liberal convention, many women are in dire straits because they are without gainful employment at the present time. A good many women, especially those without relatives in Canada, are finding it a difficult matter to keep from starving under the existing conditions, and yet their plight has been completely overlooked by any plans that have been put into operation for the relief of the unemployed. It is a matter that should receive consideration, and the women who invaded a political convention to bring this question before the public deserve thanks for indicating a very real need that requires to be considered.—Peterboro Examiner.

FROM an unidentified source comes to us the following paragraphs about a subject that has held the world's interest since time began and which will still be on the lips of men and in the minds of humanity when Gabriel's trumpet sounds the close of the present order of things. About the biggest moral influence in the world is the girl. One way or another the trend of progress and the issues of life are in her hands. Love, they say, is the greatest thing in the world, and a girl being the very object and symbol of love is the casket which contains this jewel. Of course, so great a power is subject to perversion, for always the greatest opportunity may become the greatest danger. So the corborts of folly do their best to enlist girls, and we find girls used as bait wherever there is "devil's fishing." But the wiles of the evil-minded can never corrupt the human race which is insurably good. The common stock of humanity remains sound. Every girl wants, in the bottom of her heart, to be right and decent, for the simple reason that she knows that her greatest power lies in being so. She rules by her ability to awaken ideals. It is this that makes the girl the most important uplift to the human race. There is little that we can add to the reflections so clearly put, save this one perhaps—that too many girls are not "aware" that they are "the biggest moral influence in the world." If they were they would use the influence to better advantage than is the case at present. "Home woman," writes the great poet, Sobiller, "for it is the that weaver the roses of Paradise into warp and weft of earthly life." She may demand whatever quality of honor she wishes to demand, but it is not to be expected that man will measure her by a standard higher than that which she places on herself. Herein lies a truth that every girl, as she approaches womanhood, will do well to ponder.

Mary had a little lamb,
Given by a friend to keep;
It followed her around until
It died from lack of sleep.