# The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, November 25th, 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 | 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 | 3.08 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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**And Out-spoken**
Mrs. Morun: "Your husband told my husband he never got any home cooking."
Mrs. Terry: "Why, the liar! It's lucky I've saved the labels to prove otherwise!"

**The Better Side**
It is the custom in Germany for a man to walk on the left of a woman. Here he finds it best to keep on the right side!

**A Unique Game**
One good thing about horseshoe pitching is that you can throw the game and still be on the level.

"Husband off to work, children off to school, how do you do it?"

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### OFT, IN THE STILLY

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all the guests departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—Thomas Moore.

### Hazards of the Big Tops

By Frank Braden

HEAVY, white wagons, drawn by four-horse and six-horse teams, swung on to the show lot of a Southern town under the warm sun of a Sunday afternoon in early October. Crowds of sightseers watched elephants pulling big-top and menagerie centre poles upright, while groups of racing youngsters followed cages of wild animals as they rolled smartly to resting places near their rapidly rising canvas destination. Teams of horses, used for hauling, were making for their long, low tents, jangling traces crossed over their backs. The cook-house, where sixty cooks and waiters toiled busily at ranges and tables making ready for the Sunday dinner, drew the attention of many of the visitors, especially the women. Twenty elephants, picketed in the open, swayed to and fro in the midst of a curious throng.

A fourteen-year-old boy, freckled, blue-eyed, wearing a cap, a blue jersey and newly washed overalls, gazed at the elephants eagerly, steadily. He had watched them step gingerly down the ramps leading from their railway car and had followed them on the long hike to the lot. Nothing that the great creatures and their keepers had done had escaped his eye—nothing the keepers had said in the handling of their charges he had not heard. A big man, walking swiftly across the lot, suddenly halted. For a moment he inspected the largest of the elephants. "Jim!" he called to the head "bull" man. "Don't work Trilby today; keep her out of the parade tomorrow. She's looking a little run down."

"Yes, sir," answered Jim. "It will do her good. She's showing her age this fall."

The freckled boy was all attention. As the big man turned to walk away the boy ran to his side. "Mister," he said, "do you want to hire a boy to help with the elephants?"

The man smiled. "Well, sonny, are you the boy?"

"Yes, sir. I want to learn how to train elephants. I always have."

"I'm afraid you're too young. You see, we don't take boys with the circus unless their parents wish them to go. What's your name?"

"Henry—Henry Wallace. I'm a orphan, and I live with my uncle. I think he'd be glad to have me go. Please give me a chance, mister, won't you?"

The man gazed into the boy's frank, pleading blue eyes and checked an impulse to refuse gently. Perhaps he recalled the day, when he, as a boy of sixteen, had dodged among guy ropes and wagons until he had reached Buffalo Bill's private tent with a like request. Perhaps he remembered the words of the famous scout and Indian fighter, spoken with the warm Cody chuckle: "Major Burke, kindly take this young man to the front door and tell Sam to investigate. If that part is all right, tell Sam I said to put the lad to work." Anyway, the big man put his hand on the boy's shoulder, turning toward Jim and the elephants again. "Jim, if this boy—his name is Henry Wallace—gets his uncle's consent, give him work in the menagerie. He wants to become an elephant trainer, and I believe he'll make a good one. Give him a ticket for dinner." He strode away.

"You sure started well, kid," commented Jim. "That is the old man himself. You see that little elephant on the end of the line?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Well, that's Snyder, the baby of the herd. You'll help Phil to handle Snyder and the two 'bulls' next in line, and when you've learned the racket your job will be taking care of Snyder. There's the flag. Let's eat!"

Thirty minutes later, Henry, replete with tomato soup, chicken, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, bread and jellies, custard pie and milk, walked proudly back to the elephants.

He found they had been taken inside the menagerie's tent. When he attempted to enter, a front-door man, whose job was guarding the main entrance, which always leads through the menagerie, stopped him.

"Nobody allowed in there, kid!" he said.

Henry Wallace took a deep breath, looking the man straight in the eyes. "I'm with the show," he stated impressively. "I'm on 'bulls.' I look after Snyder."

The front-door man bowed with elaborate humility. "Walk right in, Mr. Barnum! You'll pardon me for not recognising you, won't you?" he inquired with good-natured irony. Henry entered into his kingdom, and so began the mighty comradeship between Snyder, world's greatest performing elephant, and Henry Wallace, pal and trainer—a friendship that lasted until rifle fire ended Snyder's career at Salina, Kansas, in September, 1920.

The boy's earnestness, his real love for elephants, and for Snyder in particular, had impressed Jim favorably, before the big show went into winter quarters. Jim had taught the elements of training to Henry in those last weeks of the tour of the South, and, once settled in winter quarters, he supervised the boy's first training efforts with Snyder. With a block and tackle overhead, Henry fastened a noose over the baby's trunk and with the command "Up!" pulled on the rope, lifting Snyder so that he stood on his rear feet.

It was no time at all before Snyder had mastered the stunt of rising to a stand on his hind feet, for pieces of chocolate, peanuts and cake were his reward each time he accomplished the feat to Henry's satisfaction. One day Henry offered Snyder a piece of candy as the little fellow stood upright. The elephant took a step forward, lowering his trunk to pick it from Henry's hand.

"I wonder if I could teach him to walk on his hind feet," thought the boy.

With his arm round the little "bull's" neck Henry considered the question, while Snyder nosed with his trunk in the boy's pockets for more sweets. Henry knew that no elephant had ever been trained to walk on its hind legs—that the feat was not considered by trainers to be possible because of the great weight of the animal.

"But I've got a bright and willing baby elephant here," reasoned the boy. "It seems to me that Snyder's legs would develop as he learned to take steps, just as those of a human baby."

Then began weeks of careful, patient teaching, weeks that meant much in the circus business, for there in the winter-quarters elephant barn Henry Wallace evolved the greatest act ever seen in America—an elephant walking one hundred feet on his hind legs, carrying his trainer on his tusks. Yes, that was the goal Henry had in mind that first winter, and gradually, he approached it. By the time the trick was perfected Snyder was as large as any of the old elephants with the circus, and he was still growing. Henry had become boss of the big-show menagerie as well as of all the elephants.

And through those years the affection between Snyder and Henry had strengthened. Several times the frightened herd, stampeding, had been halted by Henry's calling to Snyder: "Steady, Snyder! Come here!" And where in a herd of twenty elephants there is one that will heed its trainer's call, no matter how terrified, a circus is indeed fortunate, for stampedes of fright-crazed elephants are terrible things, which cause staggering property loss and frequently stamp out human lives.

But the call "Snyder! Come here! never failed to bring the young elephant, growing into a magnificent tusker, to Henry, and in this response Snyder was always aided by Old Mom, mother of the herd; for Old Mom, wise and knowing that the desires of the men-folk were always for the best, ever followed Snyder when Henry's cry rang out. And as Old Mom turned, so turned the herd, transformed in a twinkling from a tremendous, rushing and irresistable force of destruction to twenty scared elephants, relying on Henry for protection from that which had frightened them.

In Idaho Henry gave orders to the "bull" men to take the elephants into the shallows of the Snake River for a bath. "Take them in two at a time and stay with 'em!" he ordered However, it was but a short time before one of the men came running and yelling wildly for Henry, who, without waiting for the runner's story, mounted his horse and raced for the river. One look at the elephants, which had waded to mid-channel, where deep water had caught several already, forcing them to swim, gave Henry the entire tale of neglect. The men had let the whole herd into the shallows at one time, and the elephants, dearly loving the cooling waters, had lumbered in search of deeper wallowing holes. The Snake is treacherous with swift currents, and the ponderous creatures had been swept off their feet.

The men had forgotten that a half mile below lay a fall of the river—forty feet down, with its roaring cascade of waters torn by the sharp points of jagged rocks. No elephant carried over this fall could survive, and Henry, picturing the imminent catastrophe, as he pulled up his horse on the bank, turned cold with horror. quickly he saw Snyder and, by his side, Old Mom. Both had just begun to swim; the big 'bulls' in front of them, just experiencing the unsuspected strength of the current, were trumpeting their alarm.

"Snyder! Snyder! Come here!" cried Henry. Snyder obediently turned to swim toward his trainer, but he made no progress, for the current carried him down toward the falls faster than he could forge towards the bank. The trainer examined the current carefully and far down the bank saw where a bend of the river scarcely three hundred yards above the falls diverted and scattered the force of the rushing stream. Ahead of the struggling elephants he galloped, taking station on the bank at this bend. Here he knew the last stand had to be made, and he gambled everything on Snyder and Old Mom.

"They can make it here, if they'll try," he whispered grimly to himself—and waited. As the elephants swept toward him he rose to his saddle. "Snyder! Snyder! Mom!" he called at the top of his lungs, his voice carrying clearly above the roaring of the falls. "Come to me! Come here! Snyder! Mom!"

Across the water, Snyder heard. He trumpeted, swimming frantically. Old Mom, trumpeting, turned. Then, as in the rings of the big top, the other elephants, heeding the rallying call of their leaders, swam after them. Slowly, surely, the herd made headway. Suddenly Snyder and old Mom reached calmer water, and aloft again they tossed their trunks to clarion the glad news. Henry, tense on the bank, relaxed in the glow of a surging thankfulness. Then he had his arm about Snyder's trunk while one by one the rest of the herd, following Old Mom, nosed into a circle about him, as though to offer an expression of their gratitude.

And so it went onthrough the years, the comradeship between Snyder and Henry. Throughout the show-world men marveled at it. Snyder became known among animal men not only as the greatest of all performing elephants but as the mightiest worker of all captive pachyderms. Tales were told of his prowess at the Hagenbeck Zoo in Germany, at the elephant stockades in Burma and Ceylon.

And of course where yarns of Snyder were told the name of Henry Wallace, his trainer, came to the fore. It was often related that the powerful young elephant had pushed heavy pole wagons off a muddy lot, where teams of twenty-six seasoned horses had failed; and this was true.

"Head, Snyder!" Henry would cry, and the towering creature would lower and set his bulk of brow against the rear of the vehicle. "Come on, Snyder!" commanded the trainer, and came the elephant, the heavy wagon or cage creaking before him. Snyder never failed, whether aided by teams straining at the traces ahead or not. Thus it was on the show grounds one day at Mahaltan, Kansas, when Henry and Snyder retrieved the menagerie cages, mired to their hubs in gumbo mud. Although the big elephant did his work as effectively as ever, Henry noticed that he seemed tired, and the trainer breathed a sigh of relief when he at last had his snugly moored in the elephant car that evening.

Henry looked Snyder over very care-

(Continued on Page 4)

### A Man-Made Bird

By James Graham Wyly

The canary bird, our little household pet and singer, is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the feathered kind. A large number of beautiful specimens compose the attractive canary family.

Few persons are aware of the fact that canaries have not been always a family of beautiful birds, but it is true that their beauty and individuality are man-made.

This bird was first found in the Canary Islands, from which it acquired its name. There was nothing any more attractive about its appearance than our common sparrow, having a dull-colored feathering, but its singing voice was noticeable.

It was in the early part of the sixteenth century that a merchant from Europe, who was trading with the Canary Islands, noticed the remarkable voice of the little birds of those islands. He captured an enormous number of them, and set out for Europe, hoping to sell them as song birds.

The ship was wrecked, but forunately, a sailor thought to free the birds. They took refuge on the nearest point of land, which happened to be the Isle of Elba. Here their number increased rapidly.

Very soon after the shipwreck, they were transported in large numbers into the countries of Europe. Then began the breeding and domestication, which brought about marked changes in their appearance.

In every European country they were bred with various other birds. This has been continued until there s an unlimited variety of species throughout the world. The German productions are the most famous.

One of the most fascinating things relating to canaries is the training of their singing voices. In doing this, a number of the birds are put in a room together with a "canary organ," which is placed in a corner. At first, the machine is sounded, so as to imitate the whistle of the ordinary untutored canary. Then, by gradual steps, the sound is improved until it has reached an imitation of the highest standard of canary voice. Birds that reach the pinnacle are easily sold at a handsome price. Others are priced in accordance to the heights they reach.

In some cases, only the mother birds are given the vocal training, and this is done just before their brooding. By this method, the mother bird is able to translate the notes correctly to her, little ones. In most cases, the brood of a good singing mother bird becomes good singers, merely through the guidance of their maternal teaching.

Canary breeding is a principal industry in many countries of the world, and it is, unfortunately for the birds, a profitable one.

### SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

I once had friends living in Philadelphia who bought a puppy of no particular breed. They simply wished to own a dog and were not fussy about its having a proud pedigree. In due season, the animal grew to mature doghood, but, unfortunately, it did not show signs of much intelligence. In fact, it was downright stupid in all its carryings-on. So stupid, that the various members of the family finally decided that a better and a brighter dog should be secured to take its place.

All this occurred a good many years ago, when the common manner of disposing of a dog or cat was to carry it away and drop it down in a section, where, it was to be hoped, somebody would want the discarded creature more keenly than did the ones who were disposing of it. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Animal Rescue League were not then functioning in the splendid, humane manner in which they are today.

So, as one of the members of the family was to make a trip by rail of a dozen miles, over many bridges and long, blind, devious ways, it was decided to give the dog a ride and turn it loose in a strange section where someone might be yearning for just such an animal.

The journey was made, and by night, the dog was away in the darkness, the poor, homeless victim of its own helpless stupidity. All because it didn't have brains enough to endear itself to members of its own family. In justice to the members of the family, it should be said that their consciences pricked them not a little at the rather cruel manner in which they had disposed of the unwanted, unfortunate member of their household. They hoped he would find a home in which canine intelligence was not in such keen demand.

And so they slept, and the next morning, when they arose, they found waiting at their door, the dog they had carried away because he lacked intelligence. They greeted him with great surprse and with loving kindness. The fact that he was able to make his way home over so blind and difficult a route convinced them that they possessed a dog that should ever after be given the friendliest of care, for its high degree of intelligence, if for nothing more; and it was given just that.

### WHEAT—WHAT IS IT?

Wheat is a seed that is planted and grown in the Northwest to keep the producers broke and the buyers crazy.

The protein varies in content and the man who can guess nearest the strength of the protein is called the "wheat grader" by the public and "fool" by the farmer.

The price of wheat is determined at primary markets, and goes up when you have sold and down when you have bought.

A buyer working for a group of mills was sent to Minneapolis to watch the wheat markets and after a few days wires his interests to this effect: "Some think it will go up, and some think it will go down; I do, too Whatever you do will be wrong. Act at once."

Wheat is planted in the spring, mortgaged in the summer, and lost in the fall.—Lumsden, Sask., News-Record.

### THE FREE BOARDERS

The cousin from the town was on a visit to her cousin at the seaside.

"Have you had a busy season, Ada, with your summer boarders and holiday motorists?" asked the former.

"Yes, very busy, relatively speaking," Ada replied.

"What do you mean—relatively?" asked the town cousin.

Ada shrugged her shoulders.

"I mean our house has been so full all summer with relatives that we couudn't take any real paying guests."

## COUNTY COUNCIL

The county council met in Milton Tuesday, Nov. 17th, when practically only routine business was transacted, the whole session being taken up with committee's reports.

The education committee report recommended agriculture grants of $500 each to Burlington and Oakville High schools.

The annual report of the Mother's Allowance commission showed 40 beneficiaries at the close of the year, as compared with 38 at the close of last year.

In the report of the good roads committee it was pointed out that the committee had waited on the minister of highways re the building of the middle road, and strongly protested against the county paying any share towards the cost of the road. While nothing definite was stated it was hinted that the county's share might be only ten per cent. A clause in the report, recommending the purchase of snow plow equipment at a cost of $2600, and a mile of snow fence, was adopted after some discussion.

The finance committee's report dealt with the recent sale of county debentures, and the loss sustained thereby, through the government submitting to the county council an agreement, which did not prove valid. The finance and good roads committee were delegated to await on the Minister of Highways, asking for compensation towards the county's loss, as the debentures now had to be placed in the bank at 5½ per cent. interest, instead of being sold at a premium, and an interest rate of 5 per cent.

The county clerk, before the meeting adjourned, gave a brief resume as to how expenditures where comparing with the estimates, and they proved to be working out most satisfactorily. The Warden also announced that the Warden's dinner would be held at Milton shortly after the middle of December.—Champion.

### THIRTY-NINE YEARS IN BED

A spinster of fortune died recently at Teignmouth, Devonshire, who for the last 39 years has led a most extraordinary life.

One evening in the year 1858, being then in her thirty-eight year and in perfect health, she retired to rest, as usual. The following morning she remarked that bed was the most comfortable place in the world and announced her intention of remaining there for the rest of her natural life, and she did.

From that day until the day upon which she was placed in her coffin she never got up again, although remaining to within a few months of her death in the best of health. For two years she lay in an upstairs room, but for the last 37 years her bed was placed in one on the ground floor, commanding the entrance to the house and grounds. From this vantage point, by an ingenious arrangement of mirrors, she could see everything that went on around the house and in the gardens, while her sense of hearing became so acute that nothing transpired inside its four walls which escaped her attention.

Neither the death of her father nor that of her mother, which took place after she had retired for this long rest, operated to alter her resolution. On the latter's decease she found herself possessor of the property. She had the house locked up at 9 o'clock every night and the keys put on a table at her bedside. She proved an excellent woman of business, transacting all her affairs, managing her servants, entertaining her guests and revising her visiting list without turning counterpane, so to speak. Neither did she change her diet in any way, but despite her recumbent habit of life, continued to eat her usual meals, dining at 8 and consuming such things as ducks, game, peaches, pork and all things indigestible and taking her coffee and liquors regularly all her life.

Doctors visited her, but she had no need of their prescriptions, and it was only a few months ago that the effects of her extraordinary manner of life began to be visible. Then she gradually broke up. The medical men who made a post mortem examination of her remains found that her hearts and lungs were free from disease, so that had she led an ordinary existence she would in all probability have lived for another 10 or 15 years. At her death, at the age of 77, she weighed nearly 17 stone, and the coffin in which she was buried was considered the largest ever made in South Devon. She was no miser, but lived well, gave freely and handed her fortune unimpaired to her collateral descendants.—London Mail.

### PRIZE CANADIAN CATTLE EMIGRATE TO HONG KONG

Montreal, Nov. 24th—Bound for Hong Kong, China, 35 head of pure bred Ayrshire milk cows left eastern Canada last week on a journey of nearly 8,000 miles. These emigrant cattle were selected from prize herds in the Dundas area of Ontario and the Huntingdon-Howick districts of Quebec by Mr. David Hunter, fieldman for the Canadian Ayrshire Breeders' Association. They spent eight days in two Canadian National Railway box cars bound for Vancouver, and during the trans-Canada journey were attended by two experienced herdsmen. At Vancouver they will be transferred to the liner to complete the remaining 5800 miles of their journey at sea. They will be approximately 28 days on the water.

These cows are to be used for breeding purposes by the Dairy Ice and Cold Storage Co., of Hong Kong, and to supply high grade milk for the white settlement of that city, according to Mr. F. W. Walsh, Superintendent of Agriculture for the Canadian National Railways and who arranged their shipment. They are above the average in breeding and production and are from two to six years of age. They are among the healthiest animals in Canada, for, in addition to the tuberculin, they have had to pass successfully several other blood tests for foot and mouth disease and other more obscure maladies.

This shipment is in the nature of an experiment, which if successful, will probably lead to further exports of Canadian cattle to the Orient. In addition to the eastern Ayrshires, a further consignment of British Columbia Holsteins is also going forward to Hong Kong this month.

Two coloured men were standing on the corner discussing family trees.

"Yes suh, man," said Ambrose. "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree," said Mose.

"Naw, man, trace 'em—get me?"

"Well, they ain't but two kinds of things dat live in trees, birds and monkeys, and you sho' ain't got no feathers on you."

### THE LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT

I'm goin' back to gran'pa's,
I won't come back no more
To hear remarks about my feet
A-muddyin' up the floor.
They's too much said about my clo's
The scoldin's never done—
I'm goin' back down to gran'pa's,
Where a boy can have some fun.

I dug up half his garden
A-getin' worms for bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid a-bed so late;
He said that pie was good for boys
An' candy made 'em grow.
If I can't go to gran'pa's,
I'll turn pirate fust you know.

He let me take his shot-gun
An' loaded it fer me.
The cats they hid out in the barn,
The hens flew up a tree;
I had a circus in the yard
With twenty other boys—
I'm goin' back to gran'pa's
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He wasn't watchin' out fer words
I didn't orter speak.
He told me stories 'bout the war,
An' Injuns shot out west,
Oh, I'm goin' down to gran'pa's,
Fer he knows what boys like best.

He even run a race with me,
But had to stop and cough;
He rode my bicycle and laughed
Becus' he tumbled off;
He knew the early apple trees
Around about a mile,
Oh, gran'pa was a dandy,
An' was 'in it' all the while.

I bet you gran'pa's lonesome,
I don't care what you say;
I seen him kinder cryin'
When you took me away.
When you talk to me of heaven,
Where all the good folks go,
I guess I'll go to gran'pa's,
An' we'll have good times, I know.

—A. T. Wordsp.

### "LET YOUR DOLLARS SERVE CANADA" IS SLOGAN FOR LOAN

"Let your dollars serve Canada" is the slogan for the appeal which the Dominion Government has launched to raise $150,000,000 "to promote the economic and financial welfare of Canada," as it is aptly put in the official circular containing details of the 1931 National Service Loan.

The offering of this considerable amount of bonds to investors is one of the most important financial undertakings this country has ever witnessed, certainly since the war days when Victory bonds were offered in large amounts and readily subscribed to save the country from foreign aggression.

Now the necessity has arisen of saving the country from economic consequences of an extraordinary character, and that the public will respond with the same promptness is as unquestioned as when Canada stood on the verge of a cataclysm in the darkest days of the Great War.

Owing to world-wide conditions, economic problems are confronting Canada, which require the public to respond with the same promptness and in the same measure as when Canada faced the darkest days of the Great War. That is why the present appeal for funds is being made.

One of the important features of this issue is that the public will receive a little more than 5 per cent. on their investment. The bonds are being issued to mature at the end of five years, according to the wishes of investors. The five year bonds are priced at 99¼ and the ten year maturity at 99. Both classes can be obtained in denominations of $500 and $1,000, but the five year issue can also be obtained in $100 lots, which will appeal to people of modest means.

The interest dates are May 15th and November 15th, the interest rate starting to accrue from Nov. 15th, 1913. Fully registered bonds of larger denominations running up to as high as $100,000 are also obtainable with the interest payable on these direct to the holder by Government cheque.

All the banks in Canada and their branch offices are authorized to accept subscriptions as well as all recognized bond dealers throughout the Dominion.

General feeling in well-informed financial circles is that there will be adequate response on the part of the investing public to make this issue a great success. There is profound confidence among bankers and other leaders in the realm of finance, that Canadians can be depended upon to back up their country with their money when call is made for their assistance.

That there is a large amount of money awaiting favourable opportunity for investment in some high-class security, such as a Government bond provides, is unquestioned. The public have savings in the various banks aggregating upwards of $1,500,000,000. This total approximates an increase of $49,000,000 over the figures of a year ago, which goes to show that the public are displaying pronounced habits of thrift, one of the healtiest signs possible for any country to exhibit.

Besides this source of purchasing power, it is stated on good authority that trust companies hold a substantial reservoir of funds which would come into service in connection with just such an offering as the Dominion of Canada is making through the Department of Finance at Ottawa.

These are encouraging factors which ought to crown the offering with success if the public at large second the efforts of financial organizations of the country.

### CLAIM 15 CENTS PER DAY WILL FEED FAMILY OF FOUR

St. Thomas, Nov. 15—An emergency food budget by which a family of four, two adults and two school children, may be fed at a cost of 15 cents per person per day, has been circulated quite extensively in St. Thomas through unknown mediums. It is compiled on a basis of this fall's prices for fruit and vegetables and describes minutely each meal for a four-week period, how the various dishes are to be prepared, the ingredients that go into them and the rates at which they may be purchased. Eleven salient facts are set forth at the outset. First cereals, tea potatoes, are to be purchased in bulk. Special sales of groceries and meats are to be patronized. Cheaper cuts of meat have more food value than expensive ones, buy fresh vegetables on the market; when, boiling one vegetable steam a second over it to conserve fuel, certain vegetables may be cooked together and vegetable water is nourishing to mineral properties and necessary for the growth of children.