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 and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for pasengers going East and Toronto	9.55 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger	8.12 p.m.
Passenger	9.55 p.m

Going West

Passenger and Mail	7.25 a.m.
Passenger	8.54 a.m.
Passenger	2.02 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.31 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.22 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	1.56 p.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., (2.50 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., 2.30 p.m
5.50 p.m., 8.30 p.m.
10.30 p.m. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays only.

Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
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Georgetown R.R. No. 2

A Scot and an Irishman made arrangements to have a dinner together. When they had finished their feast they found that they had forgotten to bring pillows, so they resorted to a collection of iron drain pipes, which they stood lying about.

In the morning Sandy complained that his neck was nearly broken, owing to his "pillow."

"Ah, well, after Friday, you should have gone to bed on Saturday," said Pat, with scorn.

What's New in the New CHEVROLET SIX

The Lowest-Priced Car Combining Synchro-Mesh Shifting with Free Wheeling

With Silent Synchro-Mesh you enjoy clashless shifting at all speeds—back and forth—no matter whether you are "in" free wheeling or not. When descending a steep hill you can shift rapidly from high to second and gain the full braking power of the engine. Chevrolet's Free Wheeling enables you to coast, free from the drag of the engine, when you lift your foot from the accelerator. And you can shift gears with never-to-be-forgotten ease!

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A new ultra-modern silhouette is gained by slanting the windshield at a smart new angle—streamlining the front body pillars—and utilizing the distinctive style points of today's finest cars. Interiors have rich new upholsteries, handsome chrome-plated fittings, adjustable sun visor, finger-touch adjustable driver's seat, and a convenient ash-tray on the dash. Striking features include deeper radiator with built-in grille, arched double tie-bar, bullet-type headlamps, adjustable hood posts.

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START a savings account for your child at the Bank of Montreal and make his or her future safe.

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Established 1817
Total Assets in Excess of $750,000,000
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IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

THE OLD ANCESTRAL HOME

How sweet is the evening twilight
When the lyric winds do sigh,
And the shades of night steal softly
O'er the crimson-tinted sky;
In the calm and peaceful valley
By the stream where oft I roam
And go boating on the waters
By the old ancestral home.

There's a stretch of cedar woodland
Where the old bridge leads along,
While the cows are wending homeward
And the brown thrush sings its song;
Where the crystal stream doth murmur,
With the music I love to roam
In a sacred meditation
By the old ancestral home.

And the shepherd dog is barking
Where the cottage light shines dim,
Near the purple lilac bushes
Where the milkmaid sings her hymn,
And the old farm gate is swinging
In the pasture where I roam
And my soul is ever restful
By the old ancestral home.

It is twilight by the waters
And the trout are leaping high,
While the many frogs are piping,
And the nighthawks swiftly fly;
There the rushes nod and whisper
And my heart loves still to roam
In a sweet and haunting fancy
By the old ancestral home.

—Wellington P. Mackenzie.

KATIE CONNOLLY'S WIT

By R. E. Harriman

"BEDAD!" said Connolly. "Me Katie thinks wance and acts twice. 'Tis like a flash she is, wid the wit av her."

Katie lived on the flats east of Main Street, among foreigners of many nationalities. Her father owned his house which was far more than most of the inhabitants of that quarter owned. The house was a cottage of five rooms, and in it Katie had been born, sixteen years before. She had been a little mother to her three tiny brothers, as well as to many other children in the neighborhood.

Katie had dark red hair, gray eyes and a slim little body that moved very quickly. Constant practice in running down three brothers when they strove to escape the bounds set by maternal authority had made her fleet and tireless.

There was an alley behind the cottage; backing on that alley, with its rear wall not twenty-five feet from Mike Connolly's fence, was an old two-storey brick building. It was a poor, shabby, cracked and sagging structure. The city fire department had tried for years to have it torn down, but the owner, who had money and influence, had managed to prevent it from being condemned.

Now he had decided to wreck the old building and erect upon its site a concrete warehouse. In the hope of saving money, he hired an inexperienced man to superintend the task of taking down the old building and instructed him to get laborers for the least possible wage.

The result of employing cheap labor was anything except profitable. The men broke nearly all the glass that they were supposed to save, and some of them stole a considerable amount of the salvage that could be marketed at junk shops.

"'Tis shameful the way thim foreigners do be goin' at the job," said Mike. "'Tis'oostin' the ould skinflint twiest what is fair. I'll not be wastin' over thot, but it fair makes me sick to see things bateened."

What with keeping the three children out of danger, helping her mother about the house, and working on a new dress for herself Katie had her hands full; but she ran down to the alley now and then to watch the crew pretend to work. She liked to report to her father at night.

"Why, dad, those men only work when the foreman is right with them and stop as soon as he goes round the corner," she said. "To-day he had them split in three gangs, and all day long, whenever I took a look, one gang was just quitting, one was just starting and one was busy. They kept changing as he went round. The gang he was with was the only one really working any time."

By dint of an incredible amount of urging, the foreman finally had the building stripped, and only the four walls remained. He set eight men along one of the side walls to take the bricks off and drop them down to the ground. Half of the bricks broke when they landed. Katie, who had come down and was peeping in at the wide door that opened on the alley, made bold to speak to the foreman.

"Why don't you make chutes out of that old lumber and slide those bricks down?" she cried. "You're just wasting your wages and more."

"Git, you alley rat!" shouted the exasperated and perspiring foreman. "When I want advice I'll buy it from those that know more than I do, not from kids like you."

"You'll likely be coming to my brother Tim, then," Katie replied. "He's four years old last month."

Before the badgered foreman could think of a retort, Katie was back in her own yard. That afternoon she noticed with a grim smile that the chutes were in use. "You're quite welcome to the advice I gave ye!" she called to the foreman. "I see ye made use of it."

She was gone before he could turn round and muster his scanty wits. From that time on, it was an everyday affair for Katie to give him a word or sentence of advice.

The hand-picking method was too slow and costly to suit even the incompetent foreman; and so he had the laborers cut channels down through the walls at each corner. Then began the labor of pulling and pulling the front and side walls into the centre.

At last nothing was standing except the back wall on the alley. It stuck up against the sky, a ragged, irregular ruin. In accordance with the city laws, the wall was seventeen inches thick for the first story and thirteen inches thick for the second storey. A wide doorway opened on the alley, and above it were six windows with a brick pilaster four feet wide between each pair, except in the centre, where three the narrow alley did not give room enough for using jackscrews and struts, the foreman decided to pull this wall over by main strength. He set a ladder up on the inside, carried two timbers out into the alley and leaned them against the wall opposite the ladder to counteract his weight, and then climbed the ladder with a rope. After making futile trials, while his crew stood idle and watched him, he managed to pass the rope round the six-foot centre pilaster and tie it in a bowline.

Gathering his full crew at the street front opposite the alley, he ordered them to take hold of the long rope. Then, because only a few of the men knew English, he stood at one side and indicated by swaying his body and extending his arms that he wanted them to pull with a rhythmic swing that would make the rock with increasing force and widening sweep. When he felt sure that they all understood, he gave the word to begin.

Careful as he had been to act out the motions, he found that several of the men had not grasped his meaning. Many of the laborers were new to the job, for his crew was a shifting one; indeed, only a few of the men that had helped to pull down the side walls were left. The green hands were of about a dozen minds as to the proper way to pull; some tried a short, sharp jerk, others lay back on the rope in a long steady heave. The foreman raged up and down the line.

Raging did no good, and he had to go through his pantomime again. His adjurgations carried to the kitchen where Katie was working. Looking out she saw the wall sway a little.

"I'll bet he hasn't set a watchman in the alley," she said to herself as she ran out. "Some of the kids will get hurt."

She had guessed right in regard to the foreman's negligence. The alley held a company of small children, who stood below the rocking brick, pile, craning their necks to watch it move. She herded them off to one side out of harm's way, and stationed herself to give warning to any and all who might enter the alley.

Meanwhile the boss had managed to separate those who understood what he wanted from those who did not. The first contingent started the swing. One at a time he ordered the others to take hold easily, until they all had caught the rhythm. Then he told them to put their weight into it. The wall began to sway in and out, farther and farther.

"Swing—slack, swing—slack! In—out (keep—time, make—her go!" shouted the foreman in tones that could have been heard five blocks away. His body swung in unison with the men as he watched the top of the wall.

Out in the alley, Katie's quick eyes noticed one thing. The wall brought up with a shorter jerk when it went in than it did when it went out toward the alley. The pilasters, set in the wall to stiffen it, were bracing against the in pull, and the upper part was rocking outward too far.

"In a few more jerks he'll be having the whole business filling the alley and mashing the fences," said Katie to her little brother. "I'll warn him."

Running across to the yard next the wrecked building, she called to the foreman. He gave her one impatient glance and turned again to his men. She screamed shrilly at him four times but he paid no attention to her. With a shrug she whirled and ran back.

"He's that taken up with his own smartness he won't listen to me," she said to the children. "Keep back or he'll kill you."

The jagged wall was rocking now until it seemed that it must drop at any moment. The men were getting more weight into the pull now. Katie saw two cracks start to open, zigzagging out from the corners of the sections that the rope encircled. Watching the wall, she stood fascinated.

"Look, Katie! Oh, look quick!" said a child, tugging at her skirt.

She glanced down, then followed the line of the pointing finger, and her heart obeyed. Coming down the alley from the west were two children, the elder barely five years old. Their feet were flying as they raced, and they gave no thought of danger. Katie screamed at them, but unfortunately she chose the wrong moment to scream. The children stopped directly under the swaying brick wall, opposite its gaping doorway.

"Run! Run, Peter! Run, Johnny!" she called; but, panic-stricken now, they stood still.

At that instant the foreman added the strength of his arm to the rope and the two diagonal cracks ran higher. The part above the rope bent inward and suddenly dropped with a crash. The rope fell slack, and the pulling crowd tumbled over one another.

At the instant of the break, which tore a great gap from the tops of the windows upward, the wall was inclined inward to the greatest distance it had yet reached. It came back on its return swing without the control of the rope, and it carried beyond its former line. The joint that marked the junction of the first-story wall with the wall of the second storey opened along the entire building. For a long second the upper section balanced uncertainly, then a shuddering whisper of bricks grinding on mortar ran through the air, and it started downward.

The two children stood, looking up in horror, unable to move; but Katie with a cry, dropped her head forward and started like a sprinter. Straight forward, under the falling thousands of bricks she raced, with her feet flying faster than they ever had flown before. Her hands went out before her and she ran low like a greyhound when he sights his quarry. Her right hand closed on the upper arm of Johnny, her left gripped Peter by the scruff, and she shot through the open doorway in the wall, and was safe on the inside. Behind her the falling wall thundered into the alley.

The crash of the falling wall followed Katie's flight so closely that she had not yet paused in her plunge when the back rush of air blew her hair about her eyes. Standing just inside the doorway, she looked back at the cloud of dust that rose. Then she looked at the frightened foreman, who was running toward her.

"'Tis well there's them that has more wit than you!" she cried. "Ye never put a watchman to keep the alley clear. But for meself these two kids would now be the thick of a pancake."

NEW CARS AID EMPLOYMENT

The Oshawa, Ontario plant of General Motors of Canada, Limited, has recalled one thousand of its employees to work in the past month. The explantation—"1932 car models." Announcement of the new McLaughlin Buicks and the new Chevrolet Six was received with enthusiasm in all Canada, and the effect on the factory is a direct reflection of buying sentiment. Messages to the factory tell of many orders booked and of the thousands who crowded sales rooms to see the new models. It was the most sensational reception for Chevrolet since the Six was introduced. "This great public interest in Chevrolet and McLaughlin-Buicks," says William C. Herring, general sales manager of General Motors Products of Canada, Limited, "is an indication that people are going to roll back that old cloud we have been looking at for so long. It is a pleasure to provide a real share of the happiness which will bring back prosperity."

"EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT"

We clipped the following story from a magazine and believe it is worth reproducing. Here it is:—

"A portrait painter sat in his favorite cafe sipping wine. His first small bottle finished, he was about to order another when his eye fell on a headline in the Figaro, "Hard Times Are Coming," so instead of ordering his second bottle, he called for his check.

"Is there anything wrong with the wine?" asked the landlord.

"The wine is good, but I did not order a second bottle because hard times are coming and we must economize," explained the artist.

"Hard times," said the landlord. "Then my wife must not order the silk dress we planned, but must take one of cotton."

"Hard times," repeated the dressmaker, when the order was cancelled. "This is no time to expand. I must not make the improvements I had planned in this place."

"Hard times, eh?" said the builder, when the dressmaker cancelled the building plans. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted." So he wrote the artist and cancelled his order.

"After receiving the letter, the artist went again to his favorite cafe and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe him. On a near-by chair was the paper in which he had read of hard times a few days before. He picked it up and read more closely, and found that it was two years old!"

Maybe that little story won't appeal to you as it did to me. It just seems to me that a lot of us are going around yelling for a cure for something that we started ourselves. And when we start things ourselves we often know just what we're starting.

There is another funny thing, too. That is that it takes twice as much work to get out of a ditch than it does to get into one.

Maybe it's a good time to start trying now.

MYSTERIOUS BARN FIRES

Serious fires usually have a mysterious origin, for the reason that there is no one at the inception. Many fires are extinguished at the beginning, but when a fire gets under way in the dead of night the cause remains a mystery, even though trained firemen or fire investigators are themselves quite certain as to its origin.

The Attorney-General's report, stating that the barn fires, which so alarmed the farmers of Wentworth County, were due to self-heating and not of incendiary origin, has revived again the old argument of whether spontaneous combustion is a myth or a reality. Newspaper stories at the time of the fires created a firefiend, fleeting here and there throughout the township, striking apparently wherever the spirit moved him. The Fire Marshall could find no evidence of incendiarism, and it is apparent that the Provincial Police concluded that the fire fiend was not clothed in human form.

Plenty of farmers believe in self-heating and spontaneous combustion. Some have seen barns instantly enveloped in flames that could not have originated in any other way than from the ignition of grass. In the files of "The Farmers' Advocate," references to mysterious fires occur from time to time, and as far back as fifty years or more. Farmers then expressed belief in self-heating and self firing.

The Fire Marshall's Branch reports that in the average year there are 200 barn fires in the Province of Ontario during August and September, and it is implied that the majority of these cases are caused by self-firing. This loss to insurance companies, owners and all concerned will not be much short of a million dollars. If science can do anything to prevent this destruction of property it should do it quickly, for not only is the loss tremendous, but the very menace is a disturbing factor to the whole rural population. Insurance rates have been adjusted upward to take care of the situation, and many companies have withdrawn completely from the farm field.

Scientists and experts are able to explain the phenomenon of heating and self-firing, but what we need, and need badly, is instruction on how to prevent it. Some farmers are known to put their hay into the barn in a tough, unsound condition and suffer no loss, while a neighbor may be as careful as can be in curing his hay and then awaken in the dead of night to see his barn in flames. It is all very mysterious, and now that we have so many research councils, research workers, experimenters and demonstrators, it seems too bad that some of the mystery cannot be removed from this annual scourge and farmers afforded some peace of mind. If money is needed, surely the Legislature will vote it.—Farmers' Advocate.

OUR P. O. SYSTEM

According to the latest report of the postmaster-general, there are in Canada 12,409 post offices, despite the fact that hundreds of small offices have ceased to function through the establishment of rural mail routes. The policy of expansion and development of air mail service was continued during the fiscal year 1929-30. The most spectacular achievement and the one which attracted wide attention was the inauguration on Dec. 16th, 1929, of the air mail route between Fort McMurray, Alberta, and Akiarik, Northwest Territories, over a route that extends for 1676 miles down the Athabaska, Slave and Mackenzie rivers to a point three hundred miles beyond the Arctic circle and is believed to be the world's "farthest north" air mail service. During the year there was a marked growth in the volume of mail transported by railways and new services have been authorized on 676 miles of railroad not heretofore used for mail purposes. Mails were carried over 293,596 railway miles more than in the preceding year. During the year 8,465,055 postal notes amounting in value to $15,578,429.72 were paid. The total number of money orders issued was 17,530,970 of an aggregate value of $197,694,153.75. The sum of $28,088,686 was invested in the post office savings bank. The value of postage stamps issued amounted to $27,-953,111. Over 5,960,000 parcels were insured in the mails and about 2,100,-000 were posted under the C.O.D. arrangement. The service rendered by the post office department is much greater than that of any other department of government.

Last Call

"I hear you are going to marry that old Mr. Gayboy."

"Yes. I've decided to accept him."

"You're making a mistake, my dear. He'll lead a double life."

"Well, if I don't marry him, I'll lead a single life, and that's worse."

GLENWILLIAMS

CHRISTMAS REPORT

Names appear in order of merit:

Sr. IV—Hons., Freda Appleyard.

Pass—Grover Norton, Mildred Norton, Irene Bennett, Mary Wagstaffe, Rae Garvin, Una Hill, Ruth Marchment, Gordon Graham, Thelma St. Louis, Myrtle Allen, Beverly Moody.

Jr. IV—Pass, Agnes Isley, Alice Addy, Morris Miller, Mervyn Kirby, Jimmie Black.

Sr. III—Hons., Gwenie Hadley, Billie Schenk.

Pass—Alma Atkinson, Martha Isley, Patsy Davidson, Eileen Fry, Joyce Appleyard, Sarah Black, Catherine Macdonald, Bertha Allen, Beatrice Hancock, Ralp Bludd, Roy Preston, Clifford Ganton, Eve Clark, Tom Hill.

Junior III—Pass—Harvey Cook, Elsie Dewhurst, Doris Heggie, Edna Preston, Myrtle Warren, Jackie Fry, Clarence Beaumont, Ruth Preston, David Ganton, Lorne Garvin.

Edna Neil, Principal.

JUNIOR ROOM

II Class—Hon.—Ina Bennett, Norman Davidson, Henry Lorriman.

Pass—Edith Ridley, Doreen Willett, Marjory Fry, Gerald Moody, Robert Davidson, Delmore Beaumont, Vernon Kirby, Emily Haley, Georgie Eason, Joe McMenemy, Bud Hill, Jackie Crawford.

Sr. I—Hon., Lilly Barclay, June Graham, Glynn Everson, Billie Norton.

Pass—Raymond Addy, Lawrence Beaumont, Charolyne Davidson, Dorothy Clarke, Harold Schenk, Winnie Willett, Doreen Louth, John Wagstaffe Billie A. Norton.

Primer—Mildred Eason, Astrid Christensen, Irene Dorner, Billie Isley, Ethel Ganton, Marjory Schenk, Kathleen Blick, Herbie Preston, Mary Willett, Verna Louth, David Barclay, Ruthie Norton, Stanley Dickenson, Melvin Beaumont.

A. McLaughlin, Teacher.

SPECIAL YULETIME FARE BRINGS GAY HOLIDAY CROWDS

Travel by Canadian National Railways Proves Popular with Teachers, Students and General Public

The innovation of special Yuletide rail fares for non-resident students and teachers this year has been completely justified by a large increase in student travel according to Passenger Traffic officials of the Canadian National Railways. Thousands of young people and their teachers made use of the round trip tickets which were purchased at one and a quarter times the regular single fare between any stations in Canada.

The low rate tickets were sold on receipt of a certificate indicating the term of the official school holidays and signed by the school principal. More than 75,000 of these certificates were issued and in many cases school heads discovered that their original supplies were insufficient for the demand and further supplies were ordered. For the first time in sixteen years a special fare and a third holiday rate for the general public went into effect and coincidentally trains of the Canadian National Railways were thronged with gay holiday crowds.

Special fare and a quarter rate for each of the long holiday week ends were put into effect. A similar fare was put in effect over the new year's week end.

MAN

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh into the world without his consent and leaveth against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel, in his boyhood he is a devil, in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up, if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a cheque he is a thief; if he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest; if he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't place him as he is an "undesirable citizen;" if he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy and a "hightreat." When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way, only living to save funeral expenses.

SOMETHING FOR MOTORISTS

These motorists who are clamoring for increased speed limits and more freedom on the roads and highways of the country might do worse than listen to the recent findings of the Society of Automobile Engineers, as told in the New York Times.

Or if they are not willing to listen, the general public should take a hand, and not listen any further to them.

One of the speakers at this meeting produced a table that all car drivers should memorize, because it deals with the distances and time it takes to stop a car going at different speeds and on different kinds of roads.

This table states that a properly equipped car travelling at 20 miles an hour on a concrete road can not be brought to a full stop in less than 15 feet.

But if the same car is travelling 40 miles an hour, it will require not twice as much room to stop, but four times as much, or 60 feet. If it is travelling 60 miles an hour it can not be stopped before it has covered 135 feet.

On firm gravel roads the distances required to reach a full stop at 20, 40 and 60 miles an hour are 27feet 107 feet and 240 feet.

Twenty miles an hour is the average speed limit in towns and villages a mere small's pace we consider it, and very seldom keep within that limit. Yet it takes five yards to stop a car in cases of emergency, even at that limit.

Sixty miles an hour is not by any means uncommon on our highways. At that speed it requires 45 yards to bring a car to a stop. That is over the length of a town block.

Comparing those two figures, what chance has the driver of such a car, a pedestrian, another car or a horse vehicle got of adverting an accident in a case of emergency? None whatever.

Still, we keep up the merry clip without thought or fear of accident to ourselves or to others.

Why do we, we wonder, in the face of indisputable facts and figures like these?

THE OTHER MAN

Perhaps he sometimes slipped a bit—
Well, so have you.
Perhaps some things he ought to quit—
Well, so should you.
Perhaps he may have faltered—
Why?
Why, all men do, and so have I.
You must admit, unless you lie;
That so have you.
Perhaps if we would stop and think,
Both I and you,
When painting someone black as ink
As home folks do,
Perhaps if we would recollect,
Perfection we would not expect,
But just a man half-way correct
Like me and you.
I'm just a man who's fairly good,
I'm just like you.
I've done some things I never should,
Perhaps like you.
But thank the Lord, I've sense to see
The rest of men with charity;
They've good enough if good as me—
Say men like you.

COURT RULING HITS WINE-MAKING IN HOME

A court ruling which brands virtually hundreds of people who have homemade wine or homebrew beer in their homes as offenders under the liquor control act, was handed down in police court in Kitchener last Saturday by Magistrate Weir when John Gostowicz was found guilty of violating the L.C.A. under an amended section which provides no person shall have wine or liquor on his premises which has not been purchased from a government vendor or physician. It was the first prosecution under the new amendment.

Police found 182 gallons of wine at his residence when they visited it on Nov. 29 and the accused frankly admitted that earlier in the year he had had 350 gallons, all homemade wine, wine-making in this section is fairly general. Gostowicz was found guilty and remanded a week for sentence.

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING AT SCENE OF ACCIDENT

Advice to those who arrive at the scene of an accident in the future, where life has been lost or serious bodily harm has been done, would seem to be to leave everything alone until the coroner has completed his investigations, and allows the wreckage to be removed.

For the last session of the legislature the corner's act was so amended that the corner can take charge of all wreckage in such an accident and place a guard there to prevent persons from disturbing such wreckage until such investigations as he deems necessary have been made.

Not only has this clause been inserted, but section 12 of the act has been amended to provide for a penalty to all those who move any of the wreckage or anything connected therewith, for any other purpose than that of saving life or relieving human suffering.

In cases where this section has been broken unwittingly there is a fine of not less than $25 and not more than $100, and where it appears that the offence was committed willfully and with the intention of making away with or destroying evidence, the penalty shall be, imprisonment for not more than six months.—Orillia News-Letter.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

The following article, taken from the Bowmanville Statesman, is just as applicable here as in Bowmanville.

"One of the biggest factors that enter into shopping in the home town is the personal contact and element that one gets with dealing with someone they know, with someone who has lived in the community for years, and with someone whose integrity of purpose has been proven through years of dealings with the local public. This element is entirely missed when shopping with large corporations out of town. To them you are not even Mr. or Mrs.; you are just a customer probably whom the mail order house has never seen and one to whom they refer by a number in a ledger. Your name means next to nothing to them. You might be a member of the municipal council or you may be rich or poor, but that cuts no place with the big city stores. They see you not as a friend but as a customer out of from whom they derive a profit from your dealing.

Practically all dealings are made with an employee, so far removed from personal touch with his employer that he is merely known by a number. It is necessary for this clerk to make returns regularly to his employer concerning the amount of money he has taken in and this is known as his tally. This tally constantly creates rivalry between himself and brother employees. By the volume thereof, he is constantly judged and reported on. His immediate superiors beam or frown, not according to the goodwill or the business friendships he has created which potentially are any business' greatest asset, but, rather, on the consistent reading of his tally. Untrained clerks, conscious of the fact that they are judged by today's business returns are very apt to keep their will make to their tally, rather than mind on the addition your purchase on the service they should render by advising you properly.

The situation is very different when one shops in their own locality. Nine times out of ten you know the head of the business and in many cases call him by his first name. He is like yourself, a resident of the community, as are his assistants. His sole object is the building up of his business in his and your town through personal contact and you personally, and your welfare is more vital to him than any serial number can be to a large corporation.

Local business organizations are compact units in which every member thereof, is heartily interested in serving you, not only for today, but for the future as well. Your desires and plans may be discussed with them and you are assured that the advice you receive will be based on a definite knowledge of your problem coupled with a desire to personally serve to your entire satisfaction.

Lawdy!

Lize—"Rastus sho' got hisself into a mess of trouble when he jined de army."

Mandy—"How come?"

Lize—"He say dey done attached him to a flyin' corpse!"

He Should Have Died at the Dead Sea

"Travelled all over the world, eh? Went up the Rhine, I suppose?"

"Climbed it to the top."

"Saw the Lion of St. Mark?"

"Yes."

"Aren't visited the Black Sea?"

"Filled my fountain pen there."