The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, February 24th, 1932. | $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 and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto	9.55 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger	4.12 p.m.
Passenger	9.55 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	7.25 a.m.
Passenger	8.54 a.m.
Passenger	3.08 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	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.
10.30 a.m. Saturday, Sunday and holidays only.
Leave Georgetown Daily Eastbound
7.20 a.m, 10.05 a.m, 2.20 p.m
5.50 p.m., 8.20 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—188

GRAHAM, GRAHAM and BOWYER
Barristers, Etc.
Brampton, Ontario
S. G. Graham, K. B. Graham, G. M. 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. SHATR, 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 4 p.m.

Miss Lamb
PRACTICAL MATERNITY NURSE
By Day or Week
For particulars phone 574, Georgetown
S. R. 5, Georgetown Ontario

CHIROPRACTIC
"HELPING" The Chiropractor
Palmer Graduate 13 Year's Practice
No Medicine, Surgery, Osteopathy.

X-RAY SERVICE
Office over Dominion Store
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday
2 to 5 and 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.
Other days and hours by appointment
Phone Office and house by Georgetown 196j

Frank Patch
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the Counties of Peel and Halton
Prompt Service
Telephones—
Cheltenham, 26F23. Georgetown 61r3
Post Office—Cheltenham

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

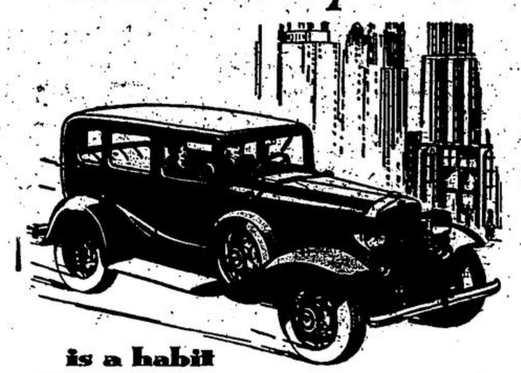
DR. SUTHERLAND
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
at Georgetown. Wednesday evening Saturday afternoon and evening.
HOURS—2 p.m. till 9 p.m. or by appointment—Glasses Supplied.
Office at Miss Matthew's, Main St.
Home Phone 107 r 6 3tp

It's wise to use the most reliable and effective service available for your difficult collections That is what
Kelly & Aiken
The Persistent Collectors
of
ORANGEVILLE, ONT
after you. Send your list or single note or account to them to-day.

J. SANFORD
Stewarttown
Plumbing & Tinsmithing
Estimates Cheerfully Given
Phone 84 r 12
Georgetown R.R. No. 2

Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery

Beating them all on the "Get-Away"



is a habit Chevrolet drivers soon acquire

IT'S one of the biggest thrills of modern motoring to get behind the wheel of the new Chevrolet and actually *know* the advantages of a 60-horsepower, six-cylinder motor, silent Syncro-Mesh shifting, free-wheeling and down-draft carburetion.

Acceleration! When the light flashes green step on the gas—then glide swiftly away ahead of the traffic! The new Chevrolet gives you matchless "pick-up"—lithe power that responds to every need. Keep your foot down; watch the speedometer spin up to forty—or forty-five—or more! Then slip the lever into high without even a click. That's Syncro-Mesh for you. And you can shift back to second just as easily. If you're "in" free-wheeling you needn't touch the clutch! Once you try the new Chevrolet Six, you'll never be satisfied to drive anything less!

Ask about the GMAC, General Motors' own deferred payment plan. The broad inclusive General Motors Owner Service Policy assures lasting satisfaction.

PRODUCED CHEVROLET IN CANADA

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

with Silent Second Syncro-Mesh and Simplified Free-Wheeling

J. N. O'NEILL & SON
PHONE 14 GEORGETOWN

C14-24

"Listen to General Motors broadcasts of all Maple Leaf Hockey Team's home games from CFRB, CKCL or CFCA at 9 p.m."

Nothing gives greater value than your telephone — it costs so little and is worth so much.

The Best Cake Jim Ever Tasted

"It's surprising how things go astray. When I was visiting my sister Martha she gave me a new recipe for lemon cake. Yesterday, when I specially wanted it, I couldn't find it anywhere."

"So you had to do without it, I suppose?"

"Oh no, I just called Martha on the telephone and she gave me the recipe over again. Jim said it was the best cake he ever tasted, and I said that *it's lucky we have a telephone.*"

Subscribe for the Herald

EARTH THINGS

I like the pungent smell of earthly things—
A meadow, and a plowed field after rain;
A wine-red patch of clover always brings
The feeling I am nearing home again.
I like the ancient smell of burning wood—
The musky essence of old cedar trees,
Upon a lonely sand dune I have stood
Sniffing the breakers from a thousand seas!

From every corner of the world they blow,
Drifting like incense to a deity—
They wake my laggard senses—and bestow
A redolence upon my memory.
Primeval odors—I have loved since birth—
Created when God made the fragrant earth!

—By Gene Boardman Blower.

A DIPLOMATIC AFFAIR

By Ethel Holmes

"Mme. Chapellier?"

"Yes."

"His excellency has directed me to admit you as soon as you called."

The attendant led the way to the private office of the minister of foreign affairs, opened the door and announced:

"Mme. Chapellier!"

"The government," said the minister "appreciating your past services is desirous of adding to the amounts already paid you another 50,000 francs."

"And I doubt not the government expects me to add to my past services a corresponding amount."

"Can you leave for London tonight?"

"I can go anywhere at any time."

"Very well. I will explain."

The minister cast a look about the room, habitual with him before entering upon a matter involving secrecy, leaned forward in his chair and spoke in a low tone.

"The British government has made a treaty with the ambassador of the sublime porte at London by which the sultan grants valuable concessions to Great Britain. We have been negotiating with the sultan's ambassador here in Paris for these same privileges but we are too late.

"Sir Bradford Chichester, one of the younger members of the British diplomatic corps, has engaged passage by sea for Constantinople in a ship sailing on the 14th. He will carry with him the British-Turkish treaty for signature at the Turkish foreign office. It is our purpose to delay him either at starting or on the way."

Mme. Chapellier reached London the next morning and reported in person to Baron le Brun, the ambassador.

"In order to assist you," he said, "I give a dinner this evening at which Sir Bradford Chichester will be present. Have you costumes?"

"Everything except appropriate jewels. I shall personate a wealthy American widow—Mrs. Worthington Wood."

"Very well. I shall expect you at 8."

At the dinner given at the French embassy Mrs. Worthington Wood, who, though born of French parents, had lived the first fifteen years of her life in America, was taken in to dinner by Sir Bradford Chichester. She knew that his family, though ancient, were not rich and that he would gladly take a wealthy wife. She manifested so much interest in seeing his country seat, the Dunes, on the Irish channel and some 200 miles from London, that he, thinking to benefit in the matter of a courtship—should he deem such desirable—arranged a house party to go there to remain till the 12th, when he must return to the city to be ready to sail on the 14th. Of course Mrs. Wood was invited.

The next day a small number of guests assembled at the Dunes. It was winter, but the house was cheerfully lighted and logs blazed on every hearth. Sir Bradford devoted himself to the young widow. There are women who possess the knack of carrying an impressible man quickly off his feet. Such was Mrs. Worthington Wood. She administered, so to speak, a love potion. There was in it a reason—to cause her victim to feel that he could never aspire to possess her. Eyes that shot a spark to kindle passion, feigned innocence to excite reverence.

Sir Bradford, Mrs. Wood and several others of the house party had come up from London on the same train and in the same compartment. Mrs. Wood noticed that her host carried a leather hand bag that he never lost sight of. If he left the train for a moment at a station he took the bag with him; if he went into the smoking compartment to enjoy a cigar the hand bag went with him.

Mrs. Wood also noticed that when he entered the family equipage to be driven to his home, while he gave up his rugs, umbrella and other such belongings to the servants, he held on to the satchel. She deemed it necessary to her plans to know where the hand bag should be deposited. But as soon as the host entered the house, leaving his guests to be shown to their rooms by the housekeeper, he disappeared. When Mrs. Wood next saw him the satchel was not with him.

"I have brought with me," she said to him, "a few of my finest jewels, not daring to leave them in London. Have you a safe in the house?"

"Certainly," he said. "One moment I will call the housekeeper. The safe is in my bedroom. She will go with us."

"Us? Is it necessary for you to go?"

"I never allow my safe to be opened except by myself."

"On second thought, I will keep my valuables locked in my trunk."

There was a faint reproach in the glance she gave him and her tone.

"Pardon me," he said. "I would trust you, but my housekeeper—"

"You would not trust?"

"Certainly. I would trust you both, but there is property in that safe that doesn't belong to me. Would I be justified in permitting any one, however trustworthy, to go in there?"

His tone was growing more decided, interests of state were asserting themselves.

"You would be a fool to do so. Here is my box. I intrust it to your care."

A temptation assails to him not to be outdone in a matter of confidence, but he resisted it. Taking the box, in which there were only a few gems for informal occasions, he went away and placed it in his safe.

The next evening at dinner the young widow was entrancing. She seemed to be in a light, happy mood. She told the story of how the host had refused to permit her to visit his safe without his being present and set all the guests laughing by its humorous telling. The host laughed with the rest, and had he not been coaxing under a spell that would have baited the matter. As it was he winced. There was underneath Mrs. Wood's ed a bit, did!"

humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses.

"Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes me some reparation?"

All banteringly agree that he did.

"Well, this is the last night of our visit here. Let him intrust me with the key of his safe till to-morrow morning."

All declared that such an act would not necessarily be showing any confidence whatever. But the widow insisted that it would satisfy her, and she smilingly held out her hand for the key.

The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, daring him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought it advantageous to marry. Nevertheless he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.

Amid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corsage.

The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse than he regretted his act. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rush from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly; the next he fears that he has fallen into the toils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe—the safe where was deposited that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment it was that she should not see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.

The widow rallied him continually. "Aren't you going to give me one moment alone?" "Be comforted! I am not in the habit of visiting any but my own room when I visit." "Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the banterings she gave him, much to the amusements of the guests. At mid-night, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.

The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musing. It contained his possible ruin, and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days.

"Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to bedevil me. Nonsense! I have a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here tonight— More nonsense! Who's to come?" Thus he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. But, oh, if he only had the key!

He went to bed and tried to sleep. Slumber would not come. Fancying he heard a movement in his room, he arose and struck a light. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but left it burning. This made him feel a trifle more comfortable, and toward morning he went to sleep.

He was awakened by his valet bringing hot water. After a glance at the safe, which showed no evidence of having been tampered with, he arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. A maid approached him and said:

"I took the hot water to Mrs. Wood, room 6. She didn't answer when I knocked, and I went in. She isn't there."

Sir Bradford blanched. Like lightning the thought flashed through his brain that the key of his safe had gone with her. Then he saw that he was ruined. He was to sail that afternoon for Constantinople. The only way to get the treaty was to break into the safe. But it was a new and perfect one, put in since he had entered the diplomatic service. Only in London could men be found of sufficient skill to do the work, and London was 200 miles away. He put his hand to his head, staggered up to his room and locked himself in.

Twenty-four hours later the minister of foreign affairs in Paris received the card of Mme. Chapellier. He directed that she be at once admitted.

"Well?" he said.

"I left the diplomat at his home far from London with the treaty locked in his safe. There is the key."

"And how much time do you think we will gain?"

She handed him an item cut from a newspaper stating that Sir Bradford Chichester had sent to Lotolon for men to open his safe; that they had failed and others more skilful had gone up. He had offered the latter £1000 if they would do the job in three hours.

"That will do," said the minister. "Our treaty is on the way."

He drew her a check for 50,000 francs.

BE GLAD YOU RESIDE IN THESE PARTS

Motorists who have objected to the increase in the price of motor car licenses should accept the new price and be glad that they reside in Ontario rather than in any other province, government officials claim. The motor vehicles branch of the Ontario Department of Highways has prepared a table showing the comparative prices in Ontario and other provinces.

For instance a license which costs $7 in Ontario costs $31.20 in Quebec and $25.50 in New Brunswick. In Manitoba the license costs $11.50, and this is the lowest of all other provinces with the exception of Ontario. Thus it is shown that in this province the motorist is in this instance able to secure his license for $4.50 less than the lowest of all the other provinces.

Out in British Columbia, the larger automobile licenses cost more. One purchased in Ontario for $20 costs $56.05 in the Pacific coast province. In Saskatchewan and Alberta it is sold for $32.50 and in Nova Scotia $42.30 and in New Brunswick $44.50.

For a $12 license the comparative rates are, Quebec $18.95, New Brunswick $22, Nova Scotia $23.40, Prince Edward Island $19.95, Manitoba, $14, Saskatchewan and Alberta $20, British Columbia $22.85.

The reason for the much larger cost in other provinces is that automobiles are not nearly as numerous as in Ontario.

It was a geography lesson in school.

"Tell me," said the teacher, "where is the capital of England?"

"Please teacher," replied a boy, "I heard dad say most of it was in America and France."

Dad (severely)—And look here, Ethel, you mustn't encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It's exhausting! What does your mother say about it?

Ethel—She says men haven't altered a bit, dad!"

News and Information For the Busy Farmer

Farmers Will Benefit

The new hog grading regulations put into effect by promulgation in the Canada Gazette of January 30 extend the provisions for grading in hogs on the basis of official grades in such a way as entirely to eliminate flat-price trading. Hogs sold from farmer or other producer right down the line to the final packer or processer must be traded in on the basis of official grades. This ensures to the farmer full benefits of the agreement with the packing industry whereby a premium of one dollar is paid for all hogs grading "Select Bacon." The regulations also provide for that premium for quality, which is rightly his, passing back in larger measure to the original producer.

Field Roots for Horses

Turnips and carrots are the most commonly used of field roots as feed for horses. There is no question as to the value of field roots as feed for horses, a value which is too little appreciated.

Roots are rarely sliced or pulped when fed to horses for the reason that the outstanding virtue in root feeding is the beneficial effect on the teeth and gums resulting from the necessary biting into the whole root. The principle values of roots in the ration for horses are:

1. Increase palatability.
2. Form a succulent addition highly desirable, forming, as it does, a food in the natural or unchanged form.
3. Assists in or increases the digestibility of coarse fodders.
4. Benefits the teeth and gums.
5. Are slightly laxative.
6. Cheapens the ration.
7. Form a splendid tonic or conditioner.

Importance of Institutes

While the 1300 Women's Institutes in the Province of Ontario are devoting a good deal of time and thought and drawing upon their resources for relief and community service of various kinds, their main objective is educational.

The country women at their regular monthly meetings pass on to each other much valuable information gained through practical experience, and they are utilizing to splendid advantage the literature available from various sources. The Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture provides graduate nurses, dietitians and seamstresses to give systematic instruction to groups of women and girls in their home centres. Last year there were 75 two-week courses in sewing, 41 in home nursing, 25 in food values, and in addition there were 74 three-day courses covering these lines. In a few cases special instruction in handicraft, needlecraft and house furnishing were given. Nearly 5000 girls and women took advantage of these special courses.

During 1931 there were 31 courses of one month's duration for girls. Twelve hundred young women, mostly girls, from the farm took advantage of this systematic instruction which covered housing, clothing and food problems, with classes morning and afternoon. The Department of Agriculture is, in this way, trying to take to the girls of rural Ontario some of the advantages enjoyed in the centres of population through classes established in the technical and high schools, as well as in the higher forms of the public schools.

It Pays to Dip Sheep

In discussing the fact of parasites on sheep and methods for their control, a Canadian authority gives four good reasons as to why it pays to dip sheep. These are:

1. Sheep that are free from ticks and lice grow more and better wool.
2. A clean flock requires less feed and is more easily kept in good condition.
3. The lamb crop is stronger, ewes milk better, and lambs grow more rapidly.
4. Parasites are a source of serious discomfort to sheep. The good shepherd should be mindful of the comfort of his flock.

He also points out that as a result of dipping the saving in feed and increased weight of lambs and wool may easily amount to from 50c to $1.50 per ewe. The cost of dipping under ordinary conditions should not exceed three cents per head.

Must Have Licenses

All persons other than producers, including farmers, transporting their own fowl, must have a license from the warden and the county clerk, if they want to transport fowl on the highway from one place to another. The provincial statute requires that such licenses be taken out regardless of whether or not there is a local by-law, but it is thought that the passing of a by-law by county councils strengthens the officials' hands. The purpose of the license is to enable the police to get a better check on chicken thieves as all persons other than the producer or farmer when transporting fowl must carry his license, produce the same when requested by the authorities and also show a record of the purchase made from the vendor. The license regulation does not apply to a private citizen transporting fowl bought from a farmer, but will be required from a purchaser if he is a dealer in fowl.

Clover and Grass Seed

Due to the low cost of Ontario-produced clover and grass seed this year, farmers may seed down 10 to 20 acres more than they have been in the habit of doing, states A. H. Martin, Markets Board. In addition to this, the total cost of seed will be materially less. Nature has endeavored, it would appear, to offset low prices by providing a bountiful crop. Almost every clover field in the Province has produced its allotment of seed and, in most cases, seed of very high quality.

The 1931 legume crop in Ontario has been estimated at varying amounts. Even the most conservative estimates, however, place the figure at one which will ensure ample high quality alfalfa, red clover and alsike of hardy strains, to meet the requirements of every farmer in this Province. This heavy supply of homegrown legume seed is a real blessing to all farmers, particularly those not actually or regularly engaged in the production of small seeds.

The personnel of Peel County Council for 1932 is as follows: Brampton, E. W. McCulloch and W. A. Rissell; Toronto township, J. H. Pallett and R. S. Whaley; Chinguacousy, T. Elliott and James McKane; Albion, Hampton Westlake and Elgin Patterson; Caledon, W. Y. Mackaley and G. Sutherland; Toronto Gore, William Ebbtrawer; Halton, Robert Smith; Streetsville, H. W. Smith; Port Credit, R. M. Parkinson and G. F. Skinner.

The Animal's of Charles Dickens

By Chris Sewell

When Charles Dickens wrote the interest in animal welfare was nothing like as keen as it is now.

It is quite probable that apart from his own household pets, the great novelist was not so essentially an animal lover as were many of his successors—Thomas Hardy, for example. For, though he tilts doughtily at the abuses of his time, those abuses always concern human life, and have no reference to the wrongs of subhumanity.

Regarding creatures of the hearth and home we gather that, while he esteemed dogs highly, cats made no particular appeal to him. Indeed, I can only recall one puss prominent in his books and that is Krook's large gray "familiar" in "Bleak House"—a horribly savage feline ready to attack anybody at her master's command.

With dogs, however, it is different. One must be stoical indeed not to experience a tightening of the throat at the delicate account (in "Dombey and Son") of the love-lorn great-hearted Toots, salvaging that ridiculous syndicate of a canine "Diogenes," which Paul had loved, and presenting it to the bereaved Florence. And even the bullied and unprepossessing terrier, the companion of Bill Sikes, had his good points, being indeed, faithful unto death. For when the body of the murderer dangled from the dummy stack, he made a despairing effort to jump on to the shoulders and, missing them, fell into the ditch far below, and dashed out his brains.

For Dora Copperfield's spoiled spaniel, "Jip," her creator has not so much admiration, rather regarding it as we today regard the overfed undersexercised Pekingese. Yet the account of its last moments, coincidding with those of the frail "child wife" is infinitely touching.

Like Kipling, Dickens' dogs were not confined to the written page. He kept several, mostly of the solid mastiff and St. Bernard breed, and though he does not seem to have conferred immortality upon any of them, he did name one "Bumble" because of "a peculiarly pompous and over-bearing manner; he had of appearing to mount guard over the yard when he was an absolute infant."

But perhaps, most of all, Dickens loved feathered things, for they crop up in his works pretty constantly.

When Nell of "Old Curiosity Shop" fame had "fallen onsleep," we are told that her little bird—"a poor sight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring numbly, in the cage, and the strong heart of the child mistress was mute and motionless for ever."

Twice Dickens mentions birds in connection with mentally-afflicted people.

Pathetic Miss Flite in "Bleak House" kept larks, linnets and goldfinches symbolically and named them after the emotions and objects of her sad past. "Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Cunning, Folly, Wigs Words, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon and Spinach."

Then Barnaby Rudge, and his raven "Grip," are inseparably connected in our minds; and here Dickens has obviously drawn a portrait, for he was much addicted to ravens, and at different times kept two. Between the death of the first he wrote a letter to his friend Forster which contained this sentence: "Towards eleven o'clock he was so much worse that it was found necessary to muffle the stable knocker."

Could a Christian invalid have expected more?

With regard to the larger question of fair play for all the animal world Charles Dickens was a product of his time. He took blood sports for granted, and I cannot remember that he ever inveighed against the hideous atrocities of the casual slaughterhouse.

The wrongs under which men and women and little children then groaned loomed (as was to be expected) so large in his foreground that he had no room for anything else. In consequence the Brotherhood of all, the Earth does not seem to have emerged into his conscious mind. Had he lived in the twentieth century instead of the nineteenth I think it would have done so.

SO THEY SAY

"Sentiment is worse than facts."—Albert H. Wiggin.

"Any great war has always been followed by an increase in the tobacco habit."—Count Corti.

"Europe has her problems, but they are not of the kind to justify any panicky feeling."—Ivar Kreuger.

"Why is it that the word 'joy' has dropped out of our vocabulary today?"—Dean Inge.

"The proletariat of today becomes the plutocrats of to-morrow."—Otis Skinner.

"It is not the color of the man which counts, but the character inside the man."—Lord Willingdon.

"We are trying to run a twentieth-century world with eighteenth-century social politics."—Odlein Frank.

"Women cannot compete successfully with men in the higher reaches of business. Only an occasional one gets there."—Faith Baldwin.

"In the past militarists covered a crime by calling it a war; it seems that in the future pacifists will cover a war by calling it a crime."—G. K. Chesterton.

"Maturity of judgment can only come when thought has been deepened by knowledge and life tempered by experience."—John Grier Hibben.

"The nurse of success for many is O. P. M. (other people's money.)"—Joseph P. Day.

"In 1927, greed was in the driver's seat; now fear is in it"—Otto H. Hahn

"There has been more thought and more feeling about public affairs in the last year than in the ten which preceded it."—Walter Lippmann.

"Never in the history of the world has there been a civilisation so competitive as this one."—Fanrile Hurst.

"Change is a phase of progress and decay is a prerequisite to new growth."—Raymond B. Fosdick.

"The future belongs to the bold."—James K. Gerard.

"There is nothing like work to make people happy."—Carrie Chapman Catt.

"Strangely, paying of debts makes the debts grow larger and not smaller."—Irving Fisher.

"Authors should be read and not seen or heard."—Edna Ferber.

"Governments should always raise the money to pay its expenditures and not borrow it."—Charles G. Dawes.

"We need to sprinkle a little bay powder over the literary world."—Geb. O'Neill.

"The young people of to-day want to work, but they want their work to be interesting."—Sherwood Anderson.

GIFTS

To cheer the world when things went wrong
And nothing seemed worth while
To help one in an hour of need
God made a pleasant smile.

To still the pain of aching hearts,
Too hurt and sore to weep,
To lull the throng of memories
God made a dreamless sleep.

To share life's joy or sorrow,
Whichever fate might send,
To help to enlighten life's hard load
God made for man—a friend.

—P. N. Hart Scott.

GARDEN PATHS

Here mortal hands made beauty everywhere
With sky co-workers, wind and sun and dew,
And fashioned out of earth's most transient things
A charm forever old, forever new.

From trodden thoroughfares of din and toil
We enter here to peace that beauty lays
Upon the heart, and read in leaf and bloom
Prophetic words whose truth outlasts our days.

The fragrant paths run through the garden's peace,
And he who walks with vision clear can see
Ever beyond the borders shining, still,
The garden of the soul called Arcady!

—Arthur Wallace Peach, in the New York Times.

LENT

The fast of Lent originated in very early times. Its observance was old even in the days of Irenaeus who died about 200 A.D. The period of the fast was gradually extended by the 4th century to forty days. It originated in a desire to commemorate our Lord's forty days of fasting in the wilderness.

It is an interesting fact that nations and individuals in all ages and in all parts of the world have observed days and seasons of fasting and prayer. The Jews from the beginning of their existence as a distinct nation observed days of fasting. While our Lord and his apostles did not command Fastings, their language shows that they considered fasting and prayer, a very important means of strengthening and building up the Christian character.

Lent is a witness to the preciousness of spiritual gifts. Christ won his battle against Satan in the lonely Wilderness by faith and by the Sword of the spirit which is the Word of God.

In these days of the Disarmament Conference when the statesmen of the world are trying to abolish the cruelities of war, as means of settling national disputes, the world needs especially the spirit of the Lenten prayer that God will give us grace that our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey Christ's godly motions in righteousness and true holiness, so that God's will may be one on earth as it is in heaven, and the knowledge of the Lord may cover the Earth as the waters cover the Sea.

THINK STRAIGHT, AMERICA!

Individually there is no plucker, kindler, or shrewder man than the American. Collectively there is no nation so incapable of understanding the trend of world events or of appraising world opinion. Consider the plight of the United States to-day. Her vaults are full of gold and her streets are full of workless men. Her warehouses are crowded with goods, but their order books from foreign customers are empty. The circle is complete. The collection of war debts and reparations has wrecked the prosperity of America on a Gold Coast all her own. History has no clearer example of the inexorable law of cause an deffect. Yet America refuses to face the truth. She will not or she cannot think straight. Why does not the Press of America take the situation in its own hands? If the politicians dare not speak the truth because of a presidential election in the offing, let the newspapers do so. When the officers of a ship on the rocks can only advocate more rocks as a means of saving the vessel it is time for the common sailor to think for himself.—From the Daily Express of London, Eng.

THE CANADIAN DOLLAR

On a Dominion dollar there is this inscription:

"The Dominion of Canada will pay to the bearer on demand One Dollar."

The One Dollar is in gold.

On a one dollar of the United States there is this inscription:

"This certifies that there has been deposited in the Treasury of the United States of America One Silver Dollar, payable to the bearer on demand."

One Silver Dollar. And the value of the silver in a silver dollar is exactly 23 cents. Yet the American dollar, with 23 cents worth of silver in it, is worth 15 cents more than the Canadian dollar, backed by gold. What can the average man think of that?—Ottawa Journal.

SAW MISTAKE IN PAPER

We made a mistake in last week's issue of the Sentinel says a Kansas paper. A good subscriber told us about it. The same day there was a letter in our post office box that didn't belong to us. We called for ninety-eight over the telephone and got 198. We asked for a spool of No. 50 thread and when we got home we found it was No. 80. The train was reported thirty minutes late. We arrived at the depot twenty minutes after train time and the train had gone. We got our milk bill and there was a mistake of ten cents in our favor. We felt sick and the doctor said we were eating too much meat. We hadn't tasted meat for two months. The garage man said the jitney was missing because it needed a new timer. We cleaned the spark plugs and it's running fine ever since. Yes, we made a mistake in last week's issue of the paper.

Getting Ready

"What is the idea of the Browns taking French lessons?"

"They have adopted a French baby girl, and want to understand what it says when it begins to talk!"

She—"Do you know you'd make a wonderful fireman?"

He—"How's that?"

"You never take your eyes off the hose."