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 passengers 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	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.31 p.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.

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10.50 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., 8.30 p.m.
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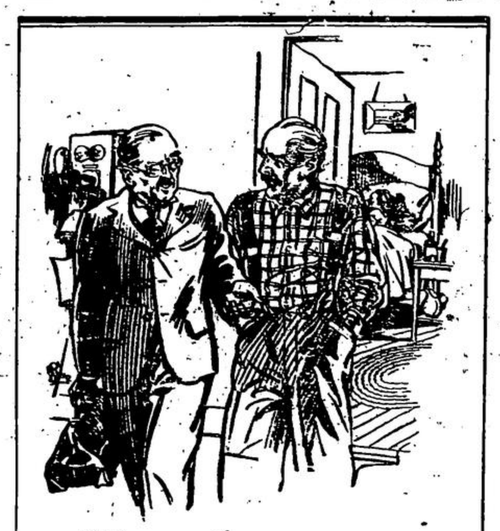
A. ROSE

TAILOR

Mrs. Jane Waddle, almost a life long resident of Streetsville, celebrated her 92nd birthday on March 19th at the home of her niece Mrs. Hood of Hamilton. Her grandson, Ken Shilliwick and family, Streetsville, and her granddaughter, Mrs. Alex. Murphy, and her husband, of Port Credit, were present with her. A host of letters and messages were received from friends in Streetsville and other places.



"I got here just in time"

Tom Walker's wife was taken ill so suddenly that there was no time to take her in to town, so Tom hurried to the telephone and called the doctor.

The doctor was out on his calls, but Tom finally located him at a neighbor's on the next concession and he came right over.

"It's pleurisy", the doctor, told Tom. "She'll be all right, but I got here just in time. *It's lucky you have a telephone.*"

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Would You Like to be Blind?

IMAGINE yourself to be blind, and being asked to buy a motor car, or silverware, or clothing, or a pair of shoes, or a clock, or a refrigerator, or a suite of furniture. Imagine yourself to be set down in a main street with stores on both sides of it, and being bidden to purchase the thing or things on your shopping list.

Being blind, you would not know what store or stores to enter; and even if you did find yourself in the right class of store, you wouldn't be able to select intelligently what you were bidden buy. You wouldn't know anything about values.

It would be cruel to send a blind person to do selective buying

You would be like a blind person, when you start out to buy something if there were no advertisements in the newspapers and magazines which you read.

Advertisements are like radiovision: They enable you to see in your home what is in stores, what stores have, what you plan to buy; also, they give descriptions, tell you prices, and answer many of your questions.

Pre-informed—in your home—about goods of desire, you can go shopping confidently—to known places of supply, and you know how to examine the wanted article, and what to pay for it.

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BE guided by advertisements when you plan to spend money for things to wear, to eat, to give your home easements and comforts, to save your time, to increase the output of your own labor, or of your soil or flocks or herds or orchards; or to protect your life, your health, your property or money.

What advertisers do and spend in this and in other newspapers to get your attention and favor should have your warm approval, for what may be expense to them represents economy for you.

This advt. is sponsored by the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

"GOOD FISHING" KEEP OUT

When March winds usher in the spring
And through the waking woodlands ring
The merry songs of feathered folk
Freed once again from winter's yoke.

I too feel glad—until I see
A thousand signs surrounding me,
And each one reads; "Beware! Keep out!
This stream is ours, we own the trout."

When first I feel the friendly sun
And know Jack Frost is on the run,
A feeling up my spine does creep
And thoughts before me dance and leap.

I see a swiftly moving stream
I cast—and then—and then my dream
Is broken by this warning shout,
"We own this creek and you get out!"

O March winds, what is that you say?
Trout season opens up in May?
O Spring why must you make me feel
That yearning for a rod and reel?

For well you know that soon I'll be
A slave to grief and misery,
When through the land on tree and post,
I'll see this tantilizing boast;

These grounds are private and these streams,
Are stocked with monstrous speckled dreams,
The finest of this fair land's trout
And farther down I'll read, 'Keep Out!'

—Harold S. Wood.

ORDEAL BY WATER

By Beulah Marie Dix

TOWARD daybreak Gawin Mayhew woke with a harassed sense of a burden laid down that he must now resume. He tried to float back into sound sleep and forgetfulness, but tried in vain.

His father, William Mayhew, was as just and as merciless a Puritan as ever set foot in the Bay Colony. And yesterday William Mayhew had missed the eight pounds in good English gold which he had stored in the chimney-cupboard, and had forthwith accused Dick Scott of the theft.

Dick had arrived early in March, 1639, aboard the good ship Seaflower. This ship anchored in the Town Cove, in plain sight of Master Mayhew's house in Middle Street, near Windmill Hill. Together with various articles of merchandise consigned to Master Mayhew, the Seaflower brought two indentured servants, Dick Scott and Paintnot Barstow. Hired labor was scarce and unsatisfactory in those days, and Gawin greeted these two lads with warm interest.

"If it like you, Master, where are Indians to be met with?" was the first question that Dick Scott asked. And Gawin liked him the better for asking it. He was a sturdy, sunburned youngster, son of a yeoman in Nottingham; and he confessed that he had bound himself to three years' service in Puritan Massachusetts on the strength of reading Capt. John Smith's very remarkable adventures in Virginia.

As for Paintnot Barstow, he was a quiet, pale youth of twenty, the son of a cloth-worker in Bradford—the kind of lad who would serve faithfully and make himself a householder at the end of three years. So Gawin decided, reading his face. Paintnot was almost too respectful, too self-effacing; there was no gleam of humor in his pale-blue eyes.

Barely thirteen days later, Gawin Mayhew returned home across Boston Neck from Roxbury, where he had gone to look at oxen, and met Dick Scott taking a walk with his dinner in his pocket and Gawin's own fowling-piece under his arm.

"Whither bound?" was Gawin's surprised greeting.

"Anywhere outside of Boston," said Dick.

"Have you permission?"

Dick made no answer, and Gawin was still more astonished to see tears in his eyes. It was not a country walk, then. The boy was running away. Already Master Mayhew had rebuked him sternly for inattention to his humble tasks as a serving-man.

Gawin put his hand on Dick's collar and thanked him with a serious face for bringing the gun. Then he took it and linked his arm into the younger boy's arm, and guided him home. All the way Gawin told impersonal tales about the unhappy fate that waited for servile men who were so ill-advised as to run away. Later he was able, without lying, to leave his father undisturbed in the belief that Dick had gone out to meet him, in the hope of getting some hunting. William Mayhew scolded Gawin soundly for taking a man from his labor at so busy a season; and Dick overheard all and realised that the young master, at some cost to himself had saved him from terrible punishment.

From that hour Dick loved Gawin, and served him with all his heart. Gawin was at first surprised by his devotion, then embarrassed, and then, to his surprise, he found himself befriending and favoring Dick. If ever a young man needed a friend it was this graceless youth. He was good-tempered, brave, kind to animals, and cheerful, but these virtues were nothing in the eyes of William Mayhew.

For, if you live in a Puritan home, you must do as the Puritans do. William Mayhew was a stern, silent man, devoted to duty—and, as his duty lay in carving a home out of the wilderness, and in helping to establish the agriculture, the industries, and the foreign commerce of Massachusetts, he had little enough time for the things he dismissed as "levity." England had suffered, in those days from leisure class of cavaliers, who became rich through their land holdings and disported themselves at the expense of the thrifty working class to which Mayhew belonged. His emigration to the New World was a protest against these goings on. He believed in stern suppression of gayety.

Dick Scott, beyond peradventure, was a disciple of sport. He worked long hours in his master's service, but he had an unconscious habit of whistling jigs at his work, and in dancing too. He slipped away at odd times to play at shuffle-cap and other games. Football, in those days, was a mere riot in the streets, frowned upon by the law. Yet the young men played it on occasion, needing an outlet for their extra strength and vitality.

All these things, and the last one especially, seemed to Master William Mayhew a sure proof of Dick's worldliness. Only Gawin saw the fine, clean manhood in the boy. Gawin's own bringing up had been amazingly austere; not a boy who reads these pages can imagine what life was like in a true Puritan home. Gawin was possibly a little in advance of his time. He loved his father, sincerely, although he disliked many of the needless hardships his father imposed on the household. Gawin realised that Dick Scott had been brought up in a merry home in "Merrie England"—by no conceivable stretch of the imagination could the word "merrie" have been applied to the Massachusetts of those days.

Was mirth a crime? Master Mayhew would have said unreditatingly that it was. He thrashed Dick Scott for whistling dance music. He scolded him for running and leaping in the streets and fields. He rebuked him sternly for loud laughter. He made it clear to the boy, by constant lectures, that he wanted a grave, serious, introspective sort of young fellow, who concerned himself only with his daily work and the salvation of his soul.

"Take Paintnot Barstow for a pattern," said his master. "He is as praiseworthy and sober a lad as ever entered this colony."

Master Mayhew was, accordingly, extremely vexed when Paintnot said that his father had promised to send money to buy him out of his time, so that he could leave his good master's service in the spring. It was untoward fortune that would deprive the master of Paintnot, and leave him Dick. To ease his indignation, he scolded Dick all the more. Dick took the rebukes with manly resignation and succeeded in living somewhat more decorously.

Then, like a clap of thunder, came the discovery of the theft of eight pounds in gold.

Sitting on his bed, the morning after this clamity, Gawin reviewed the events of the night before. His father had found the money gone, and, looking further, had found that a small ham was also gone from the kitchen.

With swift and terrible wrath, William Mayhew examined the whole household. The old serving-men testified that they had gone quietly to bed by nine of the clock and had not stirred until morning. Paintnot, too, said he had never entered the kitchen after supper. Then Dick's turn came.

"I came in late," he admitted, readily. "I went to Master Winthrop's house, on an errand."

"I remember the errand. It should not have kept you. What then?"

"I stopped to play at chuck-farthing."

"For that stope you shall be beaten. And then?"

"I returned home and to bed. Aye, I remember now—I was hungry, and I ate the ham."

"You stole my ham!"

"Faith, such is not called stealing in my father's house. And it was but a very little ham. As for the gold, I knew not of its existence, and I did not touch it."

William Mayhew's thin face assumed its most foreboding expression. sternly he ordered Dick to go to the room he shared with three other men; and old Benanuel Adams, steadiest of the servants, was ordered to watch him at every instant until he confessed his theft.

"I cannot confess a deed I did not do," called the lad, resolutely, as Benanuel led him up the stairs.

There the matter rested overnight. And Gawin, dressing with a heavy heart, wondered whether any evidence could be found that would clear poor Dick of this charge. Gawin half decided that Dick might easily have taken the gold, in preparation for a fresh effort to escape. But, why, in that case, had he not fled at once?

Breakfast over, Gawin followed his father into a small room that served him as an office.

"Touching the case of Richard Scott," began the master, "I desire you to go to the Town Cove and say to Captain Hersey of the Little Neptune that I have business for him. He sails next week for the Virginia plantations—"

Gawn fetched a deep breath.

"Do you purpose, sir, to sell Dick into Virginia?"

"He is idle, worldly-minded and good-for-naught," William Mayhew replied. "Now, to the rest, he is a thief; and to that an obstinate liar that will not confess his sin."

"There is no proof," broke in Gawin.

"Were there proof," said his father, sternly, "this youth had slept last night in goal. He is a thief by his own confession; a man that will steal *that* will steal money. I will sell his time to Simon Hersey, and he may sell it to whomsoever he please."

"Captain Hersey will sell Dick to work on a tobacco plantation. Can you not realise, sir, that the lad may be innocent?"

"I am too patient with you," answered William Mayhew. "The bag of money is gone. Some one within this house is the thief. Whom else do you suspect—Zaccheaus, or Increase, or perchance old Benanuel? They are trusty men, that have for years been in my service."

"There is also Paintnot Barstow," Gawin said, stubbornly. "He has been no longer in your service than Dick Scott."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness," Master Mayhew replied sternly.

"Paintnot has a reason for wanting a large sum of money. He is sly. Those tight lips of his may well hold back the truth. He bleched my dog when he thought no one was looking, and lied to me about it thereafter. Such a man, would not scruple to lie in another cause."

"You chop logic like a woman," sourly answerd Master Mayhew.

Gawin bowed and went silently from the room. In his heart lay a consuming desire to prove Dick's innocence.

The task seemed impossible. But Gawin had plenty of persistence. Paintnot Barstow might be the thief. It was not likely, as Gawin admitted to himself. But the thing to do, without question, was to find out what Paintnot knew. Accordingly, Gawin ordered the boy to accompany him in the shallop—a small sailing boat—to fetch some sacks of corn from his father's farm at Pullen Point.

Paintnot obeyed reluctantly. He was afraid of the water, and never before had he been asked to accompany the young master in the boat. Old Benanuel was a great sailor; the duty should have fallen to him. But Gawin was determined that one one but Paintnot should go. He wished to talk with the boy alone.

No sooner was the sail raised, and the shallop under way, than Gawin said: "I have good hope that Dick Scott may be cleared of the charge that hangs over him."

"Indeed, sir," said Paintnot, demurely, "I feared that was the thief. Truly, I am glad he is not. Though he is light-minded, I am loath to believe him guilty of so grievous a sin as stealing."

"Tis a more grievous sin," said Gawin savagely, "to steal and to throw the guilt upon another."

"Yea, truly, sir. Heaven keep us all from sin."

At this point Gawin lost patience.

"He has no need of money. You desire money to buy your time as servant."

Paintnot said nothing.

The boat heeled over in the freshening breeze, and a splash of water came over the lee rail.

(Continued on Page 4)

Remembers Rebellion of MacKenzie in 1837

MRS. AGNES YOUNG OF BALLINAFAD CELEBRATED 100th EASTER SEASON

Take your pleasures and food in moderation, work as much as you can in the fresh air and you'll enjoy living to be a hundred. That's the philosophy of Mrs. Agnes Young of Ballinafad, near here, who has celebrated her 100th Easter season. "I enjoy every day and am not the least bit tired of living," Mrs. Young told the Star during an interview.

Stirring days of the William Lyon Mackenzie rebellion in 1837 are distinct in Mrs. Young's memory, although she was only five at the time. She remembers how government troops searched all farmhouses whose owners were suspected of being rebels. Snowbound roads prevented the soldiers from reaching her home on "the island" in Chinguacousy, but her father didn't take any chances and carefully hid his rifle under a loose in the floor. His gun and his watch, his two most cherished possessions, came with him from Argyllshire, Scotland, in 1831. Later when times became hard the watch was traded for a cow.

"MacKenzie had good reason for rebelling," declared Mrs. Young with enthusiasm, recalling the $1,000 reward that was on his head. "Government soldiers got nearly every gun in Caledon which belonged to a rebel. They knew that MacKenzie went among his sympathisers and lived with them but it took them ten years to finally catch him."

Social activities and methods of transportation during her early years are fully recalled by Mrs. Young. "We had as much fun when I was a girl as they have to-day. We had parties and a lively time always. My favorite dance was the reel, though I used to have so much to do during the day that I didn't have to go dancing at night for exercise. I remember when I was young that a girl who went to work at a farm home was paid $2.50 a month for her services." Mrs. Young remembers her first train ride to Toronto on the Grand Trunk railway in 1855. Before that her father and mother used to make the journey by sleigh in the fall of the year with a load of pork and farm produce. The start would be made late at night in order to get a good position at the market.

"It isn't now for girls to be taught to do more than housework," Mrs. Young. "My father and mother sent me to Toronto to become a dressmaker. I was engaged by a Mrs. Lyons who had a shop employing 30 girls on Queen St. There were no sewing machines and every bit of stitching had to be done by hand. And there was nothing but silk material used there," she added proudly.

Various incidents stand out in Mrs. Young's memory. She remembers a February during which the sun shone every day. street buses in Toronto where the passengers sat back to back, stage coaches and how she and her husband James, who were given a meagre schooling, acquired their education by studying with their children.

"Don't eat too many things at one time if you want to live to be a hundred." Is the practical advice of Mrs. Young. Although her hearing and eyesight are not as good as they were a few years ago she can walk without difficulty and takes an active interest in everything about her. She will celebrate her one hundreth birthday on September 1. She is an ardent Presbyterian and a life-long Liberal.

Mrs. Young makes her home with two daughters, Janet and Barbara, and her son James. There are three other daughters, Mrs. David Warren of Streetsville, Mrs. John McKechnie, Ballinafad and Miss Maud of Toronto.

The Great Bear Bogy

I AM convinced that the bear's reputation for ferocity is largely the result of folk lore. Many are the stories that have come down to us of bears that have carried off children, and it was not so very long ago that ill-advised parents and nurses sought to frighten children into obedience by warning them that a bear would get them if they weren't good. It was always a bear. How often have bears and ghosts peopled the mysterious dark for such terrified little ones. In Shakespeare's time the bear was the symbol for an unknown object of fear. "How easy," said he, "is a bush supposed a bear."

Of course, there is Biblical authority for this tradition. When irascible Elisha was annoyed by the children who mocked him and called him "bald head," he turned and cursed them, and two she-bears came out of the wood and slew forty-two of them. A nice bedtime story for little Hebrew boys and girls.

I believe it is quite true that the big, shaggy brown bear of Europe is, or once was, a dangerous animal, and most of the folk-lore stories came from Europe. For his crimes the gentler North American bear has unjustly suffered.

Traditionally it has been considered a virtue to kill a bear—a mark of special courage and prowess. There may have been some excuse for it in the early days when bears were more numerous and took toll of the pioneer's scanty flock and herds, but to-day bear killing is done for glory by so-called sportsmen, or for profit by fur traders. Consequently the bear population of North America has been decreasing at an alarming rate, and in spite of protective laws there is yet danger that the bear may go the way of the elk and the bison.

I must confess that my personal acquaintance with bears has been limited. I have watched them in zoos, and much as I disapprove of zoos, I must admit that the bears seemed far less unhappy in captivity than animals of the cat tribe. Their sense of humor, their playfulness, and their curiosity concerning the ludicrous creatures outside the bars seem to help them to support the boredom of their environment.

I am happy to say that the dancing bear seems to have disappeared from our American streets and that this exhibition of man's degradation and a beast's humiliation has apparently not paid. I can remember the sight in my boyhood—an Italian with a long stick and a foreign-looking costume; a huge brown bear held by a chain attached to a ring in his nose, standing on his hind legs and performing unnatural antics at the command of his master; the hat passed around for pennies. Let's have no more of that!

Not being, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord, I have never gone bear hunting, and I think the only time I ever saw a wild bear was quite by accident. Several years ago my wife and I were spending the night in a shelter of balsam boughs on the top of Blue Mountain in the Adirondacks. At some time in the night she woke me up.

"What's that?"

I looked sleepily out over the little clearing at the summit of the mountain. Our fire had died down but the landscape was flooded with moonlight. I saw something moving and rubbed my eyes open just in time to see a young bear shambling off into the brush. I got a great thrill out of that, and it was not a thrill of fear. I only wish I might have seen the mother, too, before she departed, for I have no doubt she paid us a call. I think I may truly say that wild bears are just about as dangerous as that.

Apart from the white polar bear of the Arctic regions, there are three native species of bears on the North American continent—the black bear, the grizzly, and, the Alaska brown bear. The black bear, known in some sections as the cinnamon bear, has been found with slight variations, in all parts of the United tates. It was a black bear that I saw on Blue Mountain, and it is the half-tame black bear that is familiar to many visitors in our National parks, where happily the breed is protected. The black bear is by nature shy and inoffensive, albeit fancy he is more common than we think, for he has learned from bitter experience to keep out of the way of men. I have sometimes wondered how often, in a blueberry pasture, we may be watched unawares by the bright eyes of a black bear.

The grizzly is the big bear of the Rocky Mountains, concerning whose ferocity we have our own American folk-lore. Perhaps the grizzly was once more saving and aggressive than to-day, but a sort of evolution has taken care of that. Man killers have been hunted down and slain, and the survivors have been those who preferred to seek safety in flight. Of course, no one in his senses would deliberately annoy a wild grizzly, and a wounded one is a bad actor. A mother grizzly, too, may be expected to protect her cubs very effectively. The prophet Hosea noted the ferocity of a bear bereaved of her whelps. But I believe that a wild grizzly in the Rocky Mountains is far safer than an automobile on the highway. "A grizzly," said Theodore Roosevelt in one of his books, "will fight only if wounded or cornered, or at least, if he thinks himself cornered."

The Alaska grizzly, a 1200-pound giant, is closely akin to the Rocky Mountain variety. His neighbor is the Alaska brown bear, of which there are four or five varieties. The largest of these is the Kadiak bear, whose hide may measure as much as ten feet in length. To the naturalist and photographer, these are the most interesting wild animals on the continent, and those who have closely observed them report that they are relatively harmless.

The Alaska bears, however, have their enemies and their traducers, and thousands of them have been killed by fur hunters and sheep raisers. Today they are threatened with extermination. Protective game laws have been difficult to enforce in Alaska at best, and in 1930 those laws were so liberalised, at the behest of cattlemen and other special interests, that protection is now virtually non-existent.

In order to save the bears of Alaska from total extinction, a movement is now on foot, sponsored by the American Society of Mammalogists, the New York Zoological Society, and other conservationists, to secure more adequate game laws and also to set aside Chichagof and Admiralty Islands as permanent wild-life sanctuaries or national parks. This movement, if successful, will also save many square miles of virgin forest from the wood-pulp industry.

Admiralty Island, off southeastern Alaska, is about ninety miles long and from twenty to forty miles wide. Chichagof is somewhat smaller. There is little or no cattle raising on these islands because the grazing is poor, but they furnish an ideal home for bears. It is estimated that there are now 5,000 brown and grizzly bears living on these two islands, or half the entire bear population of Alaska.

The bear is by all odds the noblest wild animal extant on this continent, and I for one wish I knew him better. He possesses courage, dignity, and humor. He harms fewer people annually than the deer hunter does. Why kill him?

FISHING FOR HIS SUPPER

Camping in the thick forests of the Caucasus, near a turbulent stream of clear water, the author of "Casuals in the Caucasus" had many interesting experiences. Leopards often passed the camp and awakened the sleepers by their cry. Near at hand were plentiful signs of visiting bears. From the vault of the sky came the hoarse call of the wild geese cleaving the deep blue with their swiftly moving wedge. Everywhere were sights and sounds to charm a lover of nature.

One evening, writes Miss Herbert, as the shadows drew down, I was making my way back to camp, after a depressingly blank afternoon, when a charming picture was vouchsafed me, the rarest and most irresistible of wilk silhouettes. A small black bear was diligently fishing for his supper.

He lay extended, face down, on a rotting log that lay across a narrow stream. He was catching baby trout, and other bright-sided fish that I cannot name, in dozens with his open paw.

Thrusting his forearm deep into the water, he patiently held it there perfectly motionless, until the fish below were persuaded that it was nothing to be afraid of. Then they gathered about it in shoals, because the oil in the paw was an irresistible attraction. Again and again the fisherman withdrew his paw closed on a fistful of shining silver, which he released most carefully, and ate with manifest enjoyment. After each course of his banquet, he would meditate a while, as if calculating carefully the heights of bliss to which he had attained. Then, with a sidewise tilt to give his arm greater length, he would begin to fish again.

For half an hour I watched him. Suddenly he brought up his paw with no fish in its grip, and raising his head, looked furtively from side to side, seeing nothing, suspecting everything. The wind having veered, the dread human scent had reached his nostrils.

"Trudge, pack and begone!" counseled the wardens of the wild. With an awkward shuffle, he backed from his log, and went off into the dim forest.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Freestone, Oakville, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Freestone is a native of Oakville, Mrs. Freestone, whose maiden name was Emily Bass, came from England. The marriage ceremony took place at the home of Mr. Freestone's parents on Allen St. on April 8th, 1882, by Rev. Canon Worrell of St. Jude's church. William Busby is the only Oakville resident who was present on this occasion.

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me,
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

FRIENDSHIP

All that can be expected of any man is to make the best use of the things that are within his power. Only the contented man is rich so we must look for the things that bring contentment, and first of these is to find a friend; and if you find two friends you are indeed a lucky man; and if you find three friends—real friends—then you are a rich and powerful man.

In prosperity it is easy to find a friend, but in adversity it is most difficult of all things. No matter how small a man's means may be, if he gives of what he has to his friend it is the same as if it were a great amount. A man's pleasures are insured by sharing them with a friend, and his griefs are reduced by receiving the sympathy of a friend. The counsel of a friend is the best counsel because it will be true advice; for when received from a mere acquaintance it may be so filled with flattery that its value will be destroyed, and faithful and true counsel rarely comes except-ing from the true friend. It is said that in youth we have visions and in old age dreams, and if the vision and the dream may give us an ideal of perfection, but experience and large contact with men compel us to accept the man who measures in his virtues only to the substantial average. If we view a man as a whole and find him good as a friend, we must not be diverted from the happy average—the everyday, human average, by using a magnifying glass upon his faults or frailties. We must, in order to have and hold a friend, accept him as he is, demanding one thing in return for our affection—fidelity.—Harry B. Hawes in Pathfinder.

DIVORCE JUDGE GIVES TEN COMMANDMENTS

Ten commandments for 1932 leap year brides have been laid down by Superior Judge Thomas F. Graham, San Francisco, known as the "great reconcilier."

Judge Graham has patched up hundreds of marital quarrels in the divorce court during his 31 years on the bench.

His commandments for would-be brides follow:

1. Select your husband as you would your wedding dress, not for a slick surface but for wearing qualities.
2. Look before you leap—then don't leap.
3. First make sure you love him, then pop the question.
4. Ask yourself if you are willing to darn his socks, mend and wash his shirts and cook his meals, and if the answer is "yes" you may be sure you love him.
5. Know thy man as thou knowest thyself.
6. Be sure you love him as you love yourself.
7. Be ready for storms and be not afraid when they come.
8. Be resolved to make a home for him so pleasant he will be reluctant to leave in the morning and eager to return at night.
9. Be sure that you can be interested in your husband's interests, and then see that you are always.
10. Remember that marriage is a 50-50 proposition and be prepared to play the game.

"I AM STILL RICH"

We have passed through a panic, suffered from a crash on the stock market, and are now more than half way through the depression, and I am still rich.

It maybe true that I have much less to live on than I had a year ago, but it is certainly true that I have just as much as ever to live for. The real values of life are unshaken and solid.

The depression has not lowered the value of a single friendship. Neighbors still greet us in the same old cordial way, business associates believe in us, and our sons hold us in high respect. The wife's welcome at the close of the day has not depreciated in the least, and our daughters continue to lavish their affection upon us with the same old extravagance.

My faith in the goodness of the universe is unimpaired. By that faith I am emboldened as I face defeat and despair. The prayers my mother taught me and the faith in God instilled in me by a devout father remain as priceless treasures no depression can touch.

No nation becomes great by becoming rich. Neither does a man find enduring satisfaction in life by owning something—only by becoming something. The most degrading poverty is that which results from killing the spirit that the body may be served.

This depression is a challenge, not a catastrophe. A generation that has conquered the air and sent gaint planes circling the globe, which has plunged into the deeps and disported on the ocean's floor, which has climbed above the clouds and lived in the stratosphere, is now faced with the challenge to rise above its dependence on mere things and seek an emancipation of the spirit of man.

The last six months have been for many men a thrilling spiritual adventure through which they have discovered their real wealth. Bereft of dividends and profits, they are discovering the sustaining powers of a strong religious faith, the abiding values of courage, heroism, honor, charity, and trustworthiness.

A financial crisis can wipe out profits and bring business to a standstill, but character is beyond its reach. It can rob us of all we have, but it cannot affect what we are.

The deepest satisfactions of life—those which come from sharing and serving—remain secure.

I am still rich because I am independently rich—none of my wealth depends upon business conditions or market reports.—Roy L. Smith, in the Etch (Saskatoon, Sask.)