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.

ARROW
INCREASED BUS SERVICE
Eastern Standard Time
Leave Georgetown Daily Westbound
8.50 a.m., 12.50 p.m., 3.50 p.m
7.10 p.m., (9.50 p.m. daily except Saturday) Saturday only 11.50 p.m.
10.50 a.m. Saturday, Sunday and holidays only.
Leave Georgetown Daily Eastbound
7.20 a.m., 10.05 a.m., 2.20 p.m
5.50 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
10.20 p.m. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays only.
Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
LONG'S

DIRECTORY

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Barrister and Solicitor
Georgetown, Ontario
Offices—Gregory Theatre Bldg, Mill St.

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

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Barristers, Etc.
Brampton, Ontario
E. G. Graham, K. B. Graham, C. H. Bowyer

KENNETH M. LANGDON
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
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Dentist
Office in Lane Block, one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory
Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

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R. R. No. 2, Georgetown, Ontario

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

—Slaves used to cross the Canadian border to find security, and now bank depositors are doing the same.

—Where once we had bread to cast upon the waters, now we have wheat to dump in the ocean.

—The big steamship companies are in difficulties, even though they don't have competition from the bus.

Long drives down the fairway is one way a golfer may lower his score. Poor memory is another way. Be honest with yourself occasionally and see how it feels. The Optimist says: "When every bone in your body aches, be glad you are not a herring." It wouldn't be so bad to be poor if we could keep the distressing fact a secret. Sitting erect is one way of overcoming the usual daily fatigue of late afternoon but too few office workers practice the art. Did they say prosperity was aroun' the "corner" or aroun' the "Coroner?"

One day as little Jimmy was sitting on the steps, a man came over to him and asked:

"Little boy, is your mother home?"

"Yes," was the answer.

The man rang the bell, but no one answered. He rang again, but still no one answered. After ringing a short while he turned to Jimmy, despairingly, and said: "Little boy, I thought you said your mother was in?"

"She is, but I don't live here," was the prompt reply.

$40 profit from one Telephone Call

The local dealer had offered Jim Ross a price for his fat steers, but Jim was canny. He thought he ought to get a better price.

So he telephoned in to the stockyards — and found that beef had gone up two cents. He took his steers in that day and made $40 extra profit. The telephone call cost him 35 cents.

No wonder Jim said to his wife that night when he got home for a late supper: *"It's lucky we've kept our telephone."*

Going to Europe

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3rd Class Single—Montreal to British Ports—$ 60.00
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Canadian Pacific, Cunard, White Star and other Ocean Steamship Companies.

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Orders taken for Ranges
—AND—
Appliances of all Kinds

Office - Town Hall

You save 10c lb.

Red Rose Tea

at the NEW REDUCED PRICES is great value.

½ lb. Red Label NOW 25c Old Price 30c

½ lb. Orange Pekoe NOW 38c Old Price 43c

This VERY SUPERIOR tea is now yours at about the price of cheap bulk teas.

BEFORE

Before you say a word that stings,
Or rankles in some heart,
Before you toy with quarrellings,
And from some old friend part.
Remember that a kindly word
Will all the trouble end,
And that it's foolish and absurd
To banish a good friend.

Before you cloud the sky of love
With some unworthy deed,
Before you slay trust's peaceful dove,
Or make a fond heart bleed,
Remember that you'll need some day
The love you lightly spurn,
And that, tho now you may be gay,
You'll suffer in your turn.

Before you chide a simple child,
Or cause a single tear,
Before you're tempted or beguiled
At innocence to sneer,
Think how much sunshine would be gone
But for the childlike mind,
And thank your stars for every one
To whom you can be kind.

—A. B. Cooper.

Extending the Helping Hand

How Settlers in Western Canada Were Assisted to Establish Homes in Land of Adoption—Families Across Ocean United on Prairies

By R. Gordon Burgoyne

"WHOA! That's enough for today boys, I see Bert is home and getting supper." The four horses that Ed. Kemp spoke to seemed mighty glad to stop for it had been a hot day, and the plough pulled very heavily through the dry sod, for they were breaking virgin prairie. Ed. unhitched the horses from the plough, and drove them up to the water trough; they waited impatiently while the water was being pumped into it and after they had quenched their thirst went on into the stable, and rest. "Hello Bert, how did the pig killing go over at Flemings? It smells as if you brought some back."

"Oh, all right," answered Bert, "I've got some fresh kidneys frying in the pan; it's good to get some real fresh meat."

The two sat down at the table and ate their supper, but both men seemed very pensive and silent. "Everything O.K., over at Fleming's, Bert?" asked Kemp, at last.

"Sure," Bert answered.

"Well, what are you so quiet about?"

"O, I don't know, when I saw their home over there I thought how I would like Betty and the kids here, but we must wait until we see what the crop looks like."

Bert Stevens had been out from England two years and had not made enough money to pay for the passage of his wife and two children. Things had been bad in the Old Land and he had decided to come to Canada to try and make a new home for them; and after working for a farmer for a year, just outside Regina, where he had been able to save a few dollars, he thought he would try and get a farm of his own; but it was quite a proposition to tackle without much money. One day during the previous year's harvest he had met Ed. Kemp, who worked on the next farm, and a strong friendship sprang up between them. Kemp had come out on his own and had bright visions of the future which he had imparted to his fellow, who was patiently, or rather impatiently, waiting until he should tell her that she could come out and marry him.

The two men had heard of a good half-section farm to rent about 50 miles north, with good buildings, and that winter they had taken over the place and had arranged with the owner to work the farm with him on shares with the option of buying. As they were both of the type who would do their best to make good, the crops were sown and they were busily engaged breaking a 40-acre piece of prairie for the next year's seeding.

Suppef was over, the few dishes washed, the horses had been cleaned and fed and bedded down for the night, and just then as they were uncertain as to what they should do, along came Jack Fleming in his car. "Anything you boys want in town that I can get you?" he asked.

"No, I don't think so," said Bert, "except to see if there is any mail for us. Say I go in with you if you are not going to have too much of a load coming out."

"Oh, all I am going in for is to get a few things at the drug store that the wife wants for the kids; you had better come, too, Ed."

So the three men drove through the beautiful summer evening the seven miles to get the mail and things that the drug store supplied.

At the Post Office, which was a general store as well, the post mistress, Mrs. Fry, said as they walked in, "English mail came in today and there are letters for you." Both men went out of the store quickly to read their letters from home.

"Well, how's your family, Bert?" asked Ed.

"Oh fine, thanks, but I don't like my wife's idea of leaving the children at home alone while she tries to get a job to earn some money to buy the tickets to come out to me; my this money business is a terror, isn't it."

"Sure is," said Ed. "especially when you haven't got any. Phyllis wants to know if I am sure the harvest will be good, can you beat that?"

"Well, it sounds as if she still wants to marry you," said Bert, "but there is no accounting for tastes is there? I'm going over to the station," as he dodged a punch that Ed. tried to land.

"Hello Bill," said Bert to the Canadian National station agent, "how's tricks?"

"Well, kind of quiet, but there are quite a number of cars of wheat moving out on the freight to-day. I think things are going to get better pretty soon now. How much breaking have you got done?"

"Oh, about 36 acres and 12 to go. Ed. has been at it today. I was over helping Jack Fleming kill a pig this afternoon; he drove us in tonight, and we are just waiting until he gets one or two things."

"Say Bill, can't you give Ed. a ticket to bring his girl from Scotland for I am going to have a sick man on my hands if she doesn't come soon."

Ed flushed and said, "It is all right for you to laugh, but do you know, Bill, at supper tonight he looked like a dying duck in a thunderstorm, and now that he has got a letter from his wife he will mope more than ever tomorrow. It's him you need to give a ticket to; three, in fact, if there are any being given away."

"I don't know about giving the tickets away but I can get you the money for the tickets," replied the agent.

"You can!" exclaimed Ed. "Just introduce me to the man who lends it."

"Just a minute," said Bill. "I've got a paper on it somewhere. Yes, here it is: lend you the money without interest, or any charges, if you are the man who can bear to have his character investigated.

"I can," said Bert, "but I don't know about Ed."

"Say, another crack out of you tonight," said Ed, "and they'll be calling an ambulance; but fooling apart, is there some way of getting the money loaned to bring my girl out?"

"Say, if you will listen I will tell you. The British Dominions Emigration Society, of 465 McGill Street, Montreal, is 50 years old, and it lends money to Britishers to bring their wives and families out, and you repay the money back to them at so much a month. No charge is made, no interest to pay, the whole thing is done freely by the Society. It's only aim is to try and make Canada more British, so that applies to you, Bert."

"But I haven't a wife and family to bring out," replied Ed.

"You can bring your girl out the same way," answered the agent. "Here are the forms to fill in and here is a pen," handing the pen to Ed.

"Say, haven't the Canadian National Railways got two pens?" asked Bert and he was immediately supplied with one and the applications were duly filled in and signed by both men.

"What do we do now?" asked Ed. "You had better let them know at home what you have done," replied the agent, "and tell them to expect a letter from the London office, which they must answer as soon as they receive it, and you will hear from the Montreal office as soon as they receive these forms from me."

"Say, Bill," said Bert, "if this goes through as you say, I don't know how I shall be able to thank you sufficiently."

"Don't mention it Bert, I know how you feel, for I should be pretty lonely here at this station if it wasn't for my wife and baby. Good-night boys."

They met Fleming coming up to the station, "I wondered where you fellows had gone; thought you had started to walk home. Are you ready to go home now?"

"We sure are," said Bert, "and I think you did us a better turn than knew when you drove us into town tonight," and Flemmg heard all about the prospects of Mrs. Stevens and the children coming out and the Mrs. Kemp-to-be. That night two letters were written, one to England, and the other to Scotland.

The next day at dinner, as they were resting before the afternoon's work, talking over the business of the previous evening and the splendid appearance of the crops, Bert said, "Last night I got a letter from a fellow in Vancouver whom I met on the boat coming over. We have written several times to each other. He is working in a mill, not getting very high pay and he says it is going to be some time before he can save enough to bring his wife out, and I think I will write and tell him what we have done, for he too sends home all he can to keep them going and he might as well have his wife come out on the same boat as mine."

The harvest is approaching, the prospects are splendid, and a wire has just come from Montreal saying that Mrs. Stevens and the two children have left Montreal and also Miss Wilson. The two men have re-arranged the farm-house, and everything has been made as cosy as possible. "Say, Ed. have you made any arrangements with the person about being married?"

"I didn't think that was necessary. I must go into town tonight to see him. Where shall we have it, in town?" asked Ed looking very perplexed.

"What's wrong with asking him to come out here?"

Just then Jack Fleming motored up to the door. "Good night boys, my wife wants to know if you and Miss Wilson will be married at our house when she arrives. We have lots of room and the wife would get a great kick out of putting on a wedding spread?"

"Why, we were just talking about that and decided to have it here; but I think it would be nice to have the wedding at your house.

"What do you say, Bert?"

"It's O.K. with me; it's your wedding and not mine."

"Well Jack," replied Ed, "for new neighbors you are certainly treating me fine. Please tell Mrs. Fleming we will be there; but would she mind if I asked the station agent and his wife, for if it had not been for Bill there would not have been a wedding for a long time to come."—C.N.R. Magazine.

HALTON PRESBYTERIAL HELD AT BURLINGTON UNITED CHURCH, APRIL 14th

The morning session was opened by a devotional service led by members of the East and West Plains Auxiliary. We were then welcomed by Mrs. Tilton of Burlington, and Mrs. Kerr of Oakville, replied. Nearly every society in the district was represented. The various reports were very interesting. Ten Societies reached their allocation, and eight others increased their givings over last year's.

Mrs. Small told the story of a woman who won 19 life members, by faith in prayer and willingness to work.

Mrs. Agnew's address on "China" was much appreciated, as was also Mrs. Deloskie's address in the evening. Burlington choir furnished good music at the evenings session.

The ladies of Burlington furnished lunch for the visitors, also entertained us at tea time. A letter of sympathy was sent to our president, Miss Morgan, who was unable to be with us on account of the recent death of her sister. Mrs. Aitkin, 2nd vice-president presided at the sessions and was made president for 1932. Mrs. Arnott, President Hamilton Branch led in the dedication service at the installation of officers. Georgetown auxiliary invited the Presbyterial to meet there next year.

The officers elected are:—

President—Mrs. Aitkin, Ballinafad

1st Vice-president—Mrs. Inglehart, R. R. 1, Bronte.

2nd Vice-president—Mrs. Dales, Milton.

3rd Vice-president—Mrs. Bews, Milton.

Rec.-secretary — Mrs. Cudmore, Bronte.

Cor.-secretary—Mrs. Tuhis, Burlington.

Treasurer—Mrs. Geo. Fox, Palermo.

Christian Stewardship and Finance—Mrs. Roy Fish, R. R. 1, Oakville.

Mission Circles, C.G.I.T. and Y.W.A.—Miss Florence Harrison, Milton.

Mission Bands and Baby Bands—Mrs. Buck, Limehouse.

Associate Helpers—Mrs. Atkinson, R. R. No. 2, Freeman.

Supply—Mrs. Earl Wilson, R. R. 3, Georgetown.

Strangers—Miss S. Hopkins, Burlington.

Literature—Mrs. Mary Hadley, Milton.

Missionary Monthly and World Friends—Mrs. Fruer, Georgetown.

Temperance—Mrs. Caldwell, Limehouse.

Press—Mrs. W. R. Clements, Milton.

A Splendid Address at Lions Club Luncheon

The following address was given by Mr. H. J. Rymes, Superintendent of the Central Ontario Bus Lines, Ltd., to the Lions Club, Georgetown, at their luncheon on April 18th.

Gentlemen:—It is indeed very pleasant to have an opportunity of visiting Georgetown, and meeting the officers and members of the Lions Club. In this day of enlightened civilization, I often wonder why we have not outgrown a custom of having after-dinner speeches which inflict discomfort as a rule, not only upon the speaker, but in many cases, to the people who have to listen. The very excellent dinner which I have enjoyed, was somewhat spoiled by the very fact that it was expected of me to make a very short speech afterwards, and did not serve as an aid to good digestion. It is my privilege to be the Superintendent of an Organization which is serving the public and supplying the demand of the present day in transportation, and which has in the past four years made tremendous advances and improvements. Our problems are many and we have faced them with courage and a firm belief that even today, that bus transportation is only in its infancy. Apart from our own work of supplying buses, training the drivers, establishing schedules and fair rates, and a multitude of other detail, relative to the business, we consider that it is absolutely necessary that we make a study; and have a personal knowledge of the conditions of each locality that we serve. May I, Gentlemen, at this point, make an observation of Georgetown. We know its industries, the number of people living in Georgetown and vicinity, and endeavour to keep in touch with the local conditions, which means so much to us. For example, you have two very good buildings in Georgetown which are now not being used, but from casual observations, offer a very excellent location for light manufacturing. Only last fall, my Company endeavoured to have a manufacturing Company move to Georgetown, and although in this case we were not successful, I can say that we have in other cases accomplished this kind of a move. Very shortly, we believe, a manufacturing Company, through our efforts will open a factory in a town west of Kitchener, which is served by Arrow buses.

Our reason is simple, the more Companies that locate in the territory that we serve, naturally means increased population, which will mean for us a greater interchange of passengers and greater revenue for our Company.

May I suggest that you appoint three members to form an Industrial Committee so that you may be able to keep in touch with possible new locators and show to them the advantages, etc., to starting up in Georgetown.

In June, 1928, Mr. Payne, the Managing Director of the Central Ontario Bus Lines, assumed control of the old Arrow Lines, which was endeavoring to operate a bus service through here since June of that year. I believe that you will all agree with me, that there has been a very decided and noticeable improvement in the type of vehicles, the type of drivers and the frequency and reliability of our operation. I had a farmer, the other side of St. Marys, tell me the other day, that he set his watch by our buses, and I do not mind confessing that I had a warm glow of satisfaction steal over me, when I realised how much and how well, the people noticed that we were operating, on time.

Mr. Payne has placed no restriction, within reason, on expenditures that have to be made to promote the safety and reliability of our service. Only on Saturday we took delivery of two more Motor Coaches, which brings our fleet up to eighteen motor coaches, and a number of sedan cars, which including Garage Equipment, represents a total investment of nearly one-half million dollars.

I have read that the bus lines are putting the railroads out of business, and now that with the extraordinary excursions, that the railroads have recently been running, people say that the railroads are out after the bus lines.

There is no fight between the railroad and the bus lines. The bus operators are supplying the public demand, which the railroad did not heed that has brought about by conditions which are continually and constantly changing.

Gentlemen, transportation twenty-five years from now, will no doubt be changed considerably from what it is now, and we, who are in the transportation business have our ears to the ground, or should I say more clearly, our eyes to the sky. Who can tell what the possibilities of the air may be and we are not going to bemoan our fate, if through short-sighted policy we are left behind.

Not so very long ago I read an article, in which store-keepers were advised that if they had merchandise on their shelves, which the buying public was not demanding, to get rid of them even if at a loss, and not have their money tied up in merchandise which was not turning over as it should. Good advice, but like medicine, hard to swallow, but mighty good for you if you can follow the orders. So it is in transportation, we must cater to the public. He who serves most, serves best.

I have not, as yet mentioned any figures, but I would like to quote a few statistics, relative to the private motor car, which was submitted to the Royal Commission, which recently sat at Ottawa, and was appointed by the Government to study the railway and transportation problem of Canada.

In 1909 there were 4,763 motor vehicles in Canada, 862 in Ontario. In 1930 there were 1,239,858 motor vehicles in Canada, 564,669 in Ontario.

What a tremendous increase in a few years in the private motor car and it is this, gentlemen, that has caused consternation to the railway and also to the bus operators. It is the private car that is competing with the transportation agencies, and it is our aim that we give a service that is so comfortable, so convenient, so reasonable in its charges, that you, gentlemen, will not drive your car to Toronto, but take the bus.

I have read, that the buses are unfair competitors to the Railway because they use the highway without paying for it. To go into all the details relative to this, would be lengthy and get somewhat dry, but let me say this, that the bus lines are taxed and taxed in our belief, far out of all economic reason, and have not at any time, as in the case with the railroad, been given any cash grants or land grants from the Government. Canada has added the railways, according to the statistics, shown in the Canada Year Book, to the extent of $1,786,454,490.00, which is paramount to $42,458.00 for every mile of railroad in Canada.

In the brief that was presented by the Ontario Motor Coach Association to the Royal Comission, it was shown that for every motor coach in service that the operator paid to the highway Department, for highway tax alone, $822.46 a year per vehicle.

In percentage of investment, the following figures tell a story which is self-explanatory.

C.P.R. All Taxes	1.01%
C.N.R. All Taxes	.23%
Ontario Bus Lines Highway tax alone	5.78%

I have attempted to give you, very briefly, our viewpoint on the problems of transportation, and what the outcome will be or what the Royal Commission recommendation will be, I do not know, but sincerely think that in the very near future, there must be co-ordination between railway and highway transportation.

For the past few years, we have heard a great deal of talk about hard times, and in spite of the economic conditions, which we have passed through, I am proud to say that Mr. Payne, our Managing Director has not seen fit to add to the depression by reducing wages, either by reducing working hours or the rate of pay, but on the contrary has accomplished all that he could reasonably afford to do by keeping all of our drivers and mechanics on the payroll, even during the winter time, when our business is quite naturally, a little slack.

Last Christmas, in addition to a small personal gift, every employee on the payroll was given a free Life Insurance Policy, free Accident Policy and free Sickness policy and it is the aim of my Company to increase this with each year of service, at no cost to the employee.

Our men are trained to have intelligent interest in our business and bonuses and awards are given to encourage helpful suggestions from our own ranks.

At the beginning of the next month, 80% of our drivers will be presented with their safety badges by the National Safety Council of America, as an emblem that each man wearing this safety badge has driven over 50,000 miles in the past twelve months, without having an accident of any kind, whether it was his fault or not. That gentlemen, is a record that the men may well be proud of, and my Company is proud to have such men in their ranks, serving you every day.

You are all well acquainted with Mr. Long, our Local Agent, and I think my Company is very fortunate in having Mr. Long representing us in Georgetown.

Mr. Chairman, and members of the Lions Club, I thank you for your kind invitation and also for your very kind attention, and hope that now I have made your acquaintance, that I may meet you more often."

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Rymes for his very interesting and able address.

PLAY FAIR WITH LOCAL MERCHANTS

This year, more than any other year, we have learned the value of co-operation. We have discovered that the failure of one person hurts the entire community, and have taken steps to protect ourselves by protecting each other.

For this reason those who are so unfortunately situated as not to be able to pay their bills need not fear to ask for an extension of credit if they do so in the right fashion. No merchant will deny a man time to get on his feet who puts the situation up to him in an honest fashion.

"Mr. Grocer," he may say, "I owe you quite a lot of money. The income of my household has been cut until I can hardly reach present expenses. I don't know when I can pay you my back bill, but I will pay cash for what I get from now on. If possible, I will pay off a dollar now and then on the old bill, but I want you to know that as long as I have any money to spend I will spend it in your store, and, at least, let you make a little profit of me until I recover."

No local merchant would turn such a man away. However, some men, who find they owe a big bill at a local store, can't face the local merchant. They turn on the man who has been giving them food to keep their families alive, and pay cash somewhere else because they can't face their benefactors.

Such an attitude is most unfair, to say the least. The local merchant who has extended credit, and who, if you only knew it, is the staunchest friend you have, deserves your cash business. He has dealt squarely with you has extended favors to you, and should be fairly treated in return.

There are many families who now would be going hungry if it were not for the local merchant. Against his better judgment, against the advice of other men, against every rule of good business he is extending credit to these families which is enabling them to keep alive. He is taking a chance on them because he believes in them and because he is confident that they will repay him when times get better.

It is the small town merchant who contributes to community funds, makes local celebrations possible, pays school taxes, church taxes, and town taxes. He is the man who fights for improvements and struggles to keep the town's pride alive. His success increases property values and brings prosperity to his district.

Treat your local merchant fairly. If you owe a bill, make some effort to pay it. If you have some money to spend, spend it with him. He deserves your business at all times, and now more than ever before since every dollar spent with him will help bring back local prosperity.

HOW IS YOUR FACE?

Is your face long and sorrowful—as though you had just attended the funeral of your best friend? If it isn't, you are not following the latest mode. It is fashionable, at the moment, to wear a dour expression—and to talk about hard times and the financial depression.

It doesn't make any difference whether hard-times have really affected your method of living—and, as a matter of fact, only a small percentage of the people are actually living less well than they were before the bubble of a fictitious prosperity burst two years ago. If you aren't talking with all your neighbors and associates about the hard times, you are distinctly out of the fashion.

This is the most hopeful condition yet shown. Prosperity always takes its beginning when all the people are talking about the depth of depression. It is then that the depression has reached its lowest level. It is from that point that progress starts.

Now that the air is so filled with these discussions, concerning the depression, let us all join in and get the load of talk off our chests, and minds. If we don't do it right away, we won't have the chance. Pretty soon we won't be able to find anyone to listen to us. Everybody will be busy getting ready for prosperity—for it always returns.—Vancouver Sun.

SENTIMENT

If wealth were all a man required
And all on earth to be desired,
Then he would be a fool to play
And let the dollars slip away.

If nothing mattered more than gain,
And having money ended pain,
Who'd stop at so much cash per hour
To read a book or grow a flower?

If money were the stamp of worth,
The source of fellowship and mirth,
Then he would be a fool who'd spend
The time it takes to make a friend.

But he's the fool who squanders health
And friendship's joys to pile up wealth
Who tramples beauty down and turns
His every thought to what he earns.

For peace and joy and heart's content
Are born and bred of sentiment,
And who spends all his time for gold
Shall sigh for friends when he is old.

—Edgar A. Guest

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHEN we see cars speeding through the town at speeds ranging from 35 to 50 miles an hour, and sometimes faster, we often wonder if these drivers are familiar with the law. We understand that towns do not set the speed limit in their own municipalities but that the provincial law reads 20 miles in urban towns and villages and 10 miles at street intersections. About 90 out of every 100 motorists violate this law every time they pass down main street and they would think they were being abused if they were summoned to appear in court.

DANGER IN WORN TIRES

It has been pretty definitely established that the rear right tire is the first to wear out, the rear left next, the front right next and the front left last of all.

As a result, practice has become almost general to shift the worn out rear tires to the front wheels with the idea of evening up the wear.

This, however, is dangerous. When a worn tire blows out on a rear wheel, while the car is travelling at a high rate of speed, the driver still has enough control of the front wheels to guide the car safely out of a dangerous skid.

When, however, a front tire lets go, and the car is moving fast, there is almost nothing the driver can do. The steering is thrown out of his control, the car is forced into a serious skid and there are great possibilities of injuries to all in the car.

Rather have a worn tire on a rear wheel, even though it will wear down so much faster, than risk it to the front. For greater safety, however, a tire that shows the first mark of a tread worn down to the fabric should be taken off and used only as a spare.

Even as a spare, it should be in use only long enough to get a good replacement.

KEEP ON GOING

To stop or not to stop when hailed by pedestrains on the side of the road is a question that not infrequently confronts motorists. The safest way, of course, is to keep right on going, but in a deserving case the kind-hearted motorist would not hesitate to give the person on foot a "lift."

A North Bay woman was faced with such a predicament when a man appered at the side of the road waving a white flag. She slowed down. When the man demanded her valuables she applied the accelerator and sped away. Under the circumstances she manifested great presence of mind and remarkable composure.

Very often it is a risky business to give strangers along the highways a "lift." The primary argument against such a practice is that motorists assume a financial responsibility for the safety of the passenger. The fact that the passenger is being transported without compensation does not alter his legal liability. Another argument is that oft times the motorist becomes a victim of his guest by assault or robbery.

The kind-hearted motorist has much to lose and little to gain from such practice.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF VALVE-IN-HEAD

One hundred and ten miles per hour over the waters of Lake Garda, Italy; 254 miles per hour on the sands of Daytona Beach; 415 miles per hour through the air at Calshot, England. These three sensational records were made within the year by a speed-boat, a racing car and an airplane, powered by valve-in-head engines.

Wherever the extremes of efficiency are demanded, such as in these supreme speed efforts, where engine performance and dependability are paramount, the valve-in-head engine is used exclusively, it is pointed out by F. A. Bower, chief engineer of the Buick Motor Company. Buick has made 2,650,000 valve-in-head engine since the first Buick was built nearly twenty-nine years ago. They are used in every one of the McLaughlin-Buick models in Canada, including the lowest-priced.

IT HAS BEEN SOLD

"Marketing" reported recently that a good story came out of a Toronto department store's February sale, at a sensational low price, of 10,000 women's dresses. All day long a mob of women fought for a chance to buy these dresses. A part of the tale relates to the unabashed doffing of dresses to try on new dresses—but men were not supposed to be in the vicinity. In the shuffling, dentures and spectacles and tempers were lost, and dresses were rent twain as women fought each other to possess them. The good story is: When one woman looked for her old dress to put it on again she couldn't find it. It had been sold!

ACCIDENTS AND COMPENSATION

There were 3,536 accidents reported to The Workmen's Compensation Board during the month of March, as compared with 4,023 during February, and 4,523 during March a year ago. The fatal accidents numbered 18, as against 29 in March last year.

The total benefits awarded amounted to $601,965.02, of which $429,880.04 was for compensation and $72,084.98 for medical aid.

The accidents reported for the first quarter of 1932 numbered 11,460, as compared with 12,893 for the same period last year.

The total benefits awarded during the first quarter of 1932 were $1,359,536.06, as compared with $1,646,188.71 during the same period a year ago.