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	4.12 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

Westbound
8.55 a.m. 10.55 a.m. 12.55 a.m.
3.55 p.m. 5.55 p.m. (8.25 p.m: Sat. only) (9.55 p.m. daily except Sat.)
(11.55 p.m. Saturday only)

Eastbound
6.15 a.m. daily except Sun. 9.30 a.m.
1.15 p.m. 4.40 p.m. (6.07 p.m. stops only on flag signal) 9.15 p.m.
8.15 p.m. Sundays and Holidays only.

Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
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"The Collectors"
at Orangeville, the quicker you will have funds on hand to meet your own requirements.
Established 1896 and "still lead the field."

Weekly Crop Report

From Peel County comes the report that fruit growers among the Lake west, have severe infestion of the apple scab on foliage in spite of the regular spraying. Orchards sprayed with lime sulphur are freer from scab than those sprayed with Bordeaux. Hay, especially red clover and grass hay, will be a short crop in most districts because of dry weather during the early part of June. The strawberry crop, due to drought in many districts, is smaller than anticipated, but nevertheless prices are the lowest in years.

In Wellington County, sheep dipping day was June 27th, when 15,000 sheep were carefully dipped in 53 community tanks and 12,000 treated for internal parasites at the same time. It has been amply demonstrated that the small margin of profit lies in scientific care. A total of 8,000 acres of Rutabagas were sown in Wellington in two weeks. In places where the soil is too dry, the land roller is used extensively to compact soil and bring up moisture to seed. Fall wheat promises to be an excellent crop in nearly every county. A meeting to deal with parasites of farm animals brought out 225 farmers in Durham county. It was the unanimous decision that steps be taken to control and eradicate, if possible, the warble fly pest. The alfalfa crop in Carleton County promises to give the best yield of hay this year due to the continued dry weather.

Lack of rain in June was noted throughout the province and has undoubtedly depleted the size of most crops.

Eno keeps you Clean Inwardly

It's far more important to clean the inside than the outside of a milk bottle. For the same reason, clean intestines are far more important than clean face and hands. Nothing will cleanse your intestines better than ENO'S "Fruit Salt." Take it regularly, morning or night. Be ENO conscious!

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9,241 Auto Accidents in Ontario . . . in 1931

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through Carelessness!

Safety demands eternal vigilance on the part of every man or woman who drives a motor vehicle. A moment of forgetfulness may bring a lifetime of regret.

DRIVE SAFELY—ALWAYS!

MOTOR VEHICLES BRANCH
ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS
Leopold Macaulay
Minister

YOU'LL REAP AS YOU HAVE SOWN

You may have a little notion
That the world is only chance,
That the harvest don't depend upon
The grain a fellow plants,
But there's an old-time saying,
By all nations it is known,
That when comes the time of harvest
You will reap as you have sown.

Every brush you give your counter
Is just so much stock-in-trade;
Every counter you have painted
Is a customer you've made.
Every time your name is painted
Is a dollar laid away;
Every thought you give your business
Hastens to a better day.

Then never mind the reaping,
If the sowing has been right,
For the laws of nature govern,
And she'll always treat you white.
Don't you be afraid of business,
Open out and make a show,
For the laws of nature govern,
And you'll reap just what you sow.

The Beginning on the Evan's Farm

By Buried Laumais Smith

As the boy approached the house a big leather grip in his hand, a dog suddenly emerged from his kennel. With a snarl, he leaped as if to hurl himself on the intruder. His chain foiled him in his attempt.

The boy with the grip did not seem perturbed. He stopped short and regarded the canine protestant with humorous kindliness.

"What's the matter old fellow?" he inquired, "You act rather suspicious of me, but I'm all right, honestly I am."

The dog's response was another outbreak of barking, the while he tugged at his chain. And suddenly the door of the farmhouse opened and a voice called, "Come along. There's nothing to be afraid of. The dog's chained."

The boy laughed softly to himself, as if there were something humorous in his observation. "Good night, old chap," he said to the dog over his shoulder. "We'll know each other better soon." And with that he walked on quickly, toward the oblong of light made by the open door.

The man awaited him in his shirt sleeves, though the night was chilly. He held in his hand an oil lamp. He did not extend his hand as the boy came up the steps, but nodded briefly, adding as he did so, "You're Mac, I suppose."

"Yes, Uncle John."

"Hope you're not too high toned to sit in the kitchen. It's the only place where there is a fire."

"A fire most anyplace would seem good to-night," the boy said. He set his bag on the floor and walked over to the range, holding his hands above the surface, and rubbing them with an air of satisfaction.

His uncle looked him over thoughtfully. "Haven't got you here under false pretenses, have I? You understand just how things are "

"I think so," the boy said composedly.

"The work for the year is pretty well finished by now, so you're not to expect any wages till next spring. And then I'll see what you're worth."

"Yes, I understand that."

"I hatch it here. There's not enough work to keep a servant girl busy, and anyhow, they are wasteful and extravagant. We'll take turns doing the cooking—you one day, and me the next."

"I hope you'll like my cooking," Mac said, with a touch of the same humor he had exhibited in addressing the dog.

"I'm not fussy about my vituals, and I don't expect you to be. This fall and winter you can find ways to make yourself useful, and when the spring comes, I'll know pretty well what you can do. I s'pose you're tired and would like to go to bed."

"Any time that suits you, Uncle."

"Well, we'll make an early start. Early to bed and early to rise,' you know. By the way, before I forget, I'll warn you about the dog."

Mac turned with a new air of interest. "Yes, sir."

"He's fierce, but that's not a bad thing, so long as his chain don't break. He's got a reputation all over, the country, and my chickens and my cherries are safe, while other people are having the worst sort of times. But I'm the only one he's not afraid of, so don't go too near him."

"We'll be friends, after a while," Mac remarked.

"Friends!" The word was a shout. "What are you talking about, boy? If you get any fool ideas in your head about petting him, you'll do it at your own risk."

Mac did not reply. He took his bag and followed his uncle to a room furnished with a cot bed, a table and a chair. But his good night was so cheerful that John Evans went to his own room—no whit more luxurious by the way, than that his nephew was perplexity. "I'm afraid," he said to himself, "he's got too much of his father in him." Mr. Evans had not really loved his sister, Mac's mother, but at least he had understood her, while his brother-in-law had always been in incomprehensible exigence.

Mr. Evans had an errand in town the next day and Mac was left in charge. He had hardly stepped out of the house when a cat, sunning itself on the walk, leaped aside, arching its back and spitting. At the same moment the dog emerged from his kennel and began to repeat the salute of the night before. Paying no attention to his outburst, Mac walked on to the barn. Several of the horses were out at pasture, but a large bay was in his stall, and turned his head at Mac's approach. Then suddenly he lashed out with his heels, barely missing his visitor. Mac whistled. "Say," he said drawing back a foot or two as he addressed the horse, "You give a fellow a nice welcome, don't you."

He returned to the house, picked up a plate of scraps which his uncle said were for the dog, added to it a portion of meat that was to serve as his own dinner, and went blithely in the direction of the kennel. The dog again began his barking as Mac approached, but as he came closer, the dog suddenly stopped and cowered doubtlessly arguing that the possession of an especially formidable weapon explained the fearlessness of the newcomer. Mac tossed him a piece of meat, and the dog made away with it, while he gazed at the donner with suspicious eyes.

"Now listen, old chap," Mac said as he went on tossing scraps, "I'm your master's nephew, and we're going to be good friends. My name is Mac, and apparently you haven't got any name. Uncle John never calls you anything but 'the dog.'"

The dog crunched a crust of bread which had been tossed to him, with his wary eyes on Mac's face.

"I'm going to name you after one of the best dogs I ever knew," said Mac. "His name was Roy, and so is yours Sorry, I haven't got anything more for you this morning, but I'll try and scrape up something more for you later in the day."

It was nearly a week later that Mac asked his uncle if he would be willing for him to ride one of the horses for doing errands that took him some distance. Mr. Evans took a moment to reply.

"There's only one horse that you could ride, and that's Jerry. But he's so slow that it'll take you longer than to walk."

"I'm not afraid of the other horses," Mac remarked.

Mr. Evans stared at the boy, then said: "You are welcome to try, but my horses aren't used to boys."

Some three weeks later, Mr. Evans met a neighbor in town. "Say," exclaimed Mr. Dunne at the sight of him, "what kind of a boy is that nephew of yours?"

"Why, what's he been doing?" said Mr. Evans He was rather surprised to find himself immediately on the defensive.

"That's what I want to know. He rode over to my place Tuesday on that bay horse of yours."

"You're mistaken. The boy couldn't ride that horse."

"That's what I thought, only Mac did. He had just an ordinary bridle."

"It must have been some other horse."

"I asked him if it was your bay, and he said it was."

Mr. Evans made no repty, but he cut his errand short and went directly home. "Have you been riding the bay horse?" he asked, when he saw his nephew.

"Yes, Uncle. You know you said I could."

"I thought you'd have the sense to keep away from him."

"He's gentle with me," said Mac.

"Gentle!" Mr. Evans' face flared up. He thought the boy was making sport of him. "You come out to the barn with me and show me how gentle he is."

"Yes, sir. I was going to suggest that." Mac rose and led the way. At the door of the barn, Mr. Evans stood back, alert and watchful

As Mac approached the stall, the bay turned his head and whinnied, much to his owner's surprise. Mac entered the stall, and Mr. Evans held back an exclamation of warning. In a moment he reproached himself for not having spoken. The horse seized Mac by the shoulder. Mr. Evans could hardly believe his ears when he heard the boy laughing.

"All right, you rascal. Here's your sugar."

He held up a lump in his palm, and the horse took it daintily As he let Mac stood with his arm about the bay's neck. When he came back to his uncle, Mr. Evans had little to say.

"You see, Uncle, there's not a bit of danger."

"Remains to be proven," Mr. Evans remarked. He longed to ask Mac how he had accomplished the miracle, but pride sealed his lips.

Though Mac was receiving no wages, he had brought a little money with him. As Christmas approached he began to buy small gifts, and to spend part of each evening wrapping them for the parcels post. And one night Mr. Evans remarked caustically that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Mac smiled. "I don't know of any nicer way to spend money than this."

"Keep what you have for yourself. The world's a pretty selfish proposition, and the sensible thing is not to bother your head about other people."

"I don't think," said Mac after a moment, "that I'd care to live that way."

"Listen to me, boy," Mr. Evans exclaimed, "you think that people are kind and generous and sympathetic. I tell you that is a mistake. Underneath, every man's for himself."

Mac made no reply. His uncle did not protest again against Mac's spending his money as he liked, but on the twenty-third of December, he said, "I'm going away to-morrow and I shan't be back till Tuesday."

"You're going to be away at Christmas?"

Mac did not reply and after a moment his uncle asked sharply, "How many presents have you got for those you sent away?"

"I haven't received any."

Mr. Evans laughed. "Didn't pay, did it?"

"Why I didn't send them to get others back."

"Don't you wish you had taken the money and bought something that you wanted?"

"Well have it as you like," said his uncle, and he turned on his heel and went away.

Christmas morning Mr. Evans drove into town, took a room at the little hotel and spent an hour or two going about, and exchanging comments with his acquaintances. Late in the afternoon he went to the post office, and the postmaster greeted him in an affable way. "You ought to have brought a basket John."

"What for?"

"There is somebody popular on the Evans farm." The postmaster began to put parcels, large and small, through the window, and Mr. Evans saw that they were all addressed to his nephew. He stuffed a number into his pocket, and the rest he carried in his arms; and went back to his room at the hotel.

He was thinking about Mac as he ate his dinner, of Mac alone on the farm. It would be a cheerless Christmas for the boy. Of course, Christmas was the same as any other day only Mac didn't think so. He finished his meal, put on his coat and went out again. The little jewelry store of Phineas Knight caught his eye and before he knew it he had walked in.

"Want to look at watches, Phin."

"Ladies watches? asked the jeweler, facetiduously.

"No, men's, and solid case."

A little later he paid his reckoning at the hotel, explained that he had changed his mind, and started for home. It was about eleven o'clock when he drove into the barn. From Mac's non-appearance he judged he had gone to bed. He was going to surprise the youngster in the morning.

But there was still a light in the kitchen. Mac sat in his uncle's big chair fast asleep. Roy, the dog, raised his head when Mr. Evans entered, and looked at his master as if imploring him to be quiet. Roy was curled up at Mac's feet and beside him purred contentedly the cat.

As John Evans stood looking, there came to his mind some passages of Scripture that he had dismissed as meaningless, passages that promised a new world, when love and trust should take the place of cruelty and fear. And it seemed to him as he stood looking through his tears, as the motionless trio, that a beginning had been made on the Evans farm.

History Professor—"What were the dying words of Lord Chesterfield "
Class in Unison—"They satisfy."

SPECIAL RAILWAY RATES FOR HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN CANADA

Montreal, June 28th—The holiday-in-Canada movement will be greatly stimulated this year by arrangements completed by canadian railways to issue return tickets from Montreal and points west in Quebec and Ontario as far as Sudbury, Capreol, Windsor and Sarnia, to Lower St. Lawrence and Maritime Provinces points, good for three weeks stay, at the rate of lone and one-tenth times the one-way first class fare, it has been announced by P. C. Riddell, Chairman of the Canadian Passenger Association.

The new low rates, permitting generous holiday periods along the eastern Canadian coast, will be in benefit during July and August. Passengers may use the return portions of these tickets at any time up to and including twenty-one days from date of issue. The effect, it is anticipated, will be to encourage many eastern Canadian families to spend their summer vacation at the delightful beach resorts of the Lower St. Lawrence, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island

Many delightful beaches and other resorts are located in the territories served under these unusually low fares, where warm sea bathing may be enjoyed during July and August.

THE POOR EDITOR

When is He Likely to Get His Cheque?—What in H—— is Coming Next?

Oh, well we'll print it anyhow:—"In reply to your recent requests to send you a cheque, I wish to inform you that the present shattered condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to take your requests seriously.

My present financial standing is due to the effect of dominion laws, provincial laws, municipal laws, county laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, traffic laws, by-laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws, mother-in-laws, and outlaws, all of which have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public.

Through these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, sales tax, amusement tax, gas tax, school tax, water tax, excess tax, auto tax, hydro tax and syn-tax.

In addition to these irritating taxes I am forced by the strong arm of the law to get a permit for this thing and a permit for that thing. I am required to get a business license, a city license, a provincial license, a sign license, a dog license, a motor license, a radio license, a liquor license—not to mention my marriage license.

I am also requested to contribute to every society and organization which inventive genius of man is capable of bringing into life.

For my own safety I am requested to carry life insurance, liability insurance, fire insurance, compensation insurance, accident insurance, collision insurance, rain insurance, hail insurance and business insurance.

The government has now so governed my business that it is no easy matter for me to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, introspected, suspected, disrespected, examined, required, summoned, fined, commanded and compelled and simply because I refused to donate to each and all, and to go out and beg or borrow or steal money to give away, I am cussed discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am nearly ruined.

I can tell you honestly that, failing a miracle, you won't be paid just now and the only reason I am holding on to life is simply just to see what in hell is coming next.

HOW LONG WILL THE DEPRESSION LAST?

A business depression started in—

1857	and lasted 12 months.
1869	and lasted 8 months.
1873	and lasted 30 months.
1884	and lasted 22 months.
1893	and lasted 25 months.
1903	and lasted 26 months.
1907	and lasted 12 months.
1914	and lasted 8 months.
1921	and lasted 14 months.

The men who emerged from these cycles rich and successful were those who took advantage of the knowledge that, when everybody was depressed and devoid of confidepce, then was the time for action.

The same situation exists to-day. The men who control the industrial affairs of this country are those whose eyes look towards the dawn; they equip themselves with devices that add to their personal efficiency and also to the efficiency of their organization. —Its Said and Done.

IDEAL OF TRUTH-TELLING "HARDEST THING IN LIFE"

On the moral side an inflexible habit of truth implies most of the virtues, courage, for example. With out courage, for example, truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue," was one of Sir Walter Scott's infrequent ethical judgments.

It is also a social grace. There is no greater bore than the man who, from some mental twist of defect, is habitually slipshod in his statements of fact. John Buchan, writing in the London Graphic, asserts: I do not refer to the pleasant habit of making things a little more dramatic and amusing than they actually are of giving story "a cocked hat and a horse; or the exaggerations and understatements which have a humorous purpose I mean the incurable, half-unconscious inexactness which afflicts some people who have no intent to deceive.

But when we pass from the obvious duties of not telling cowardly or cruel lies or aiming at the rough and ready fidelity to fact which ordinary life demands, we find the ideal of truth-telling a difficult one—the most difficult in life. A right conception of what truth means does not come early in education; it is its ultimate goal, and a goal not often reached.

THE KIND OF ADVERTISING THAT DOES NOT PAY

Herbert N. Casson, editor of the Efficiency Magazine, London, England, says the depression has lasted so long "because it is so well advertised." Newspapers, he says, have given it about 50 million dollars worth of space for nothing. Persons, bishops and archbishops have advertised it. Politicians have advertised it. Writers and lecturers have advertised it. Worst of all, even travelling salesmen, who ought to know better, have advertised it and carried the bad news from customer to customer.

Mr. Casson then issues this warning: "Everyone who talks depression and predicts disaster is advertising the depression. It keeps the fear of bad trade in men's minds; it prevents them from buying what they want to buy."

CROP REPORT

Below will be found a brief synopsis of reports received at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal from its branches, under date of June 23rd:—

In practically every important agricultural region in the Dominion the crops have been making excellent growth, although East of the Great Lakes rain will be needed in the near future if favourable prospects are to continue. Ideal weather throughout the Prairie Provinces has brought the grain along rapidly and wheat is now advancing into the shot blade stage in healthy condition. Moisture conditions generally are satisfactory at present. In Quebec crops are steadily progressing, though a general rain would be beneficial. In Ontario prospects for better than average crops have received a setback from two weeks of dry weather, though conditions are still reasonably satisfactory. In the Maritime Provinces growth has been somewhat slow, warmer weather being needed. In British Columbia growing conditions have been excellent and prospects are good.

Ontario—Fall wheat is in head and is exceptionally promising but some spaut is showing up. Clovers are heavy—timothy is fair, pastures are in fair condition. Spring grains, peas, beans, corn, roots, and small fruits have suffered from drought and yields will be seriously reduced unless good general rains occur within a few days. Grapes are promising. Tobacco planting has been completed and the stand is good with little damage from cutworm.

BRINGING THE FAMILY HOME

A farmer's wife from up near Chesley writes to the Enterprise suggesting that while so many are out of work in the cities, the sons and daughters of the farm who went to the cities in good times, should come back home this summer and do the work on the farm, letting their fathers and mothers have a well earned rest, and brightening up the old home by their presence.

It sounds like not a bad idea. Whether many of the city young people have returned to their farm homes is not certain, but in some places, a large number of unemployed young people from the cities have returned to their former homes in the small towns. This is a great thing for the population figures of the little places but it isn't so easy for the folks when dad still has his job and has to start in again and support his sons and daughters who scorned such jobs as the smaller towns provided in the prosperous times. When daughter comes back accompanied by a husband out of work and a growing family it doesn't always brighten up the old home.

The suggestion by the Chesley farmer's wife reminds us of an incident of our college days. A friend took a teacher's course, and then got a job as teacher on the Toronto staff. At the start she found his expenses higher than his salary, so he wrote to his father on a Carafraxa farm for some more money. The father wrote and told him to come back to the farm. At least he could get enough to live on and enough to eat, without borrowing money.—Fergus News-Record.

THAT RAINY DAY

"Well, it's come, Jim!"
"What's come, Frank?"
"That rainy day we've all been preparing for."

Jim and Frank were commuters. It was a rare evening when they did not catch the same train home, although they worked for different firms in the city.

Frank's firm was one of the last to really feel the need for rigid economy. The time had arrived, however, when all hands were urged to use the greatest care in outlay for equipment, material and such like up the outside jobs and in the office.

And so the call comes to all lines of business—the unanswerable demand that without impairment of efficiency every effort be put forth to make every dollar of outgo count.

There are few, if any, companies large or small, but can, without serious injury, spread a smaller appropriation over a larger area if the need arises.

Right here despite our keenest efforts there is still a whole lot of apparently little expenses, small in themselves, but taken together bulking large, which each one can have a part in wiping out. As Frank said, "the rainy day is here." In other words, not only is there the ever-present need but equally pressing is the urge to save all possible expense. Economy of operation is a first requisite of any good business—but right now it becomes an absolute necessity.

AGE NOT MERE MATTER OF PASSAGE OF YEARS

It is an old saying that a woman is as old as she looks and a man is as old as he feels. Women, who take an interest in life never look old, being full of gaiety and animation, and men who take an interest in life never feel old for the same reason. Actually, age is more a matter of mind than body, for a swift, flying mind keeps the body young, whereas a swift, flying body won't keep the mind young unless the wits are exercised and the pleasant emotions of life given full play.

If anyone disbelieves me, I merely point to the life statistics of insurance companies, which prove that a country clergyman has a far better expectation of life than the most highly exercised physical training instructor. The country clergyman leads a quiet, useful life, takes a deep interest in his fellow creatures, has a good conscience, and exercises his mind. The physical training instructor may have an equally good conscience but he concentrates on the exercise of his body; with the passing of years his wits begin to creak and suddenly he finds himself an old man in spite of all those long-arm balances and somersaults.

In short, if your years number eighty and you still want to live forever, you are young. If your years number twenty-five and you wouldn't care if you were bumped off tomorrow, you are old.—London Tid-Bits.

PRINTING TO ORDER

The Herald is in a position to fill any orders for commercial, poster or other business printing. Our equipment is modern, our workmanship is unsurpassed and our prices such as command your attention. Every dollar for printing spent in Georgetown helps employment in Georgetown. Are you listening Mr. Business Man? Phone 8 and we are at your command.

TWILIGHT

It is the twilight hour of day,
When in the west the sunlight dies,
The hills are veiled in silver gray,
The stars are hidden in the skies,
There is a hush upon the land,
There is a tremor in the grass,
And silently the pine trees stand
To let the twilight hour go past.

It is the twilight hour of life,
When all its ecstacies have fled,
Stilled is the sound of drum and fife,
And clouds are heavy overhead,
The leaves cease trembling on the bough,
The sun has left the mountain crest,
And youth's last hope is vanished now,
To leave no promise in the west.

Still in my heart where twilight dwells,
To fade at length to endless night,
There is an echo of glad bells;
There is remembrance of the light;
There is a flood of peace which fills
A soul that asks to carry on
Into the everlasting hills
The high white promises of dawn!

—Anne Campbell.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THIS is a universe which is ever changing, and so far as we can see has ever been so. We all should learn to change with it. Even our ideas may be outgrown.

A TORONTO paper recording a recent death says that the deceased "started in life as a newspaper reporter." Rather a tough assignment for an infant, we should say, opines the Forest Free Press.

ACCORDING to statistics more than half of the population is found in cities and towns. Motorists can tell you where to look for the other half, particularly on Sunday, when the highways are congested.

ONTARIO farmers are sending a large delegation to Ottawa on July 16th to impress on the government the necessity of furthering Empire trade in Agricultural products. The manufacturers have already presented their side of the case, so the government should be well primed for the Imperial Conference.

SOME of Georgetown's streets are receiving a customary treatment of gravel. This was long neede dand is much appreciated by the motoring public. It is regretted, however, that the supply of calcium chloride on hand is not used to alleviate the dust nuisance. Other towns have it on. Why not Georgetown?

DIRECTLY automobiles cost a lot of money. Indirectly, for the construction and maintenance of good roads and bridges, they cost immense sums of money. These highways of cement, asphalt or gravel have to be paid for by taxation. The most suitable and equitable form of taxation yet devised for the purpose is the tax on gasoline. The money raised by this tax should be spent on the roads, and not for other purposes.

OWING to the Firemen's Convention coming here on July 29th to Aug. 1st, the town should be all dressed up for the occasion. The decorating committee should have a plan to make everything look its best and have several loads of evergreens placed in town, so that the merchants and residents could get a supply to decorate their stores and residences. The citizens should take an interest in the town and decorate their homes with flags, bunting and evergreens for the occasion. Let the visitors see our town at it's best.

HERE'S some sound advice that many of us need. It is not a compostition, but we believe it is good medicine and should be taken by the afflicted three times a day until a cure is effected. Read it:

Some folks are so busy defending their dignity against imaginary and real affronts that they have time for nothing else. An innocent remark, a harmless glance, a moment of thoughtlessness and they are slighted. They wear their feelings on their shoulders. If you are one of the unfortunates, make a determined resolution to change right away. Happiness you can never know when you let yourself wallow in a frame of mind that keeps you ever thinking that people are trying to offend you and hurt you. There is enough misery in the natural order of your existence without going after more. Shake off that miserable feeling. People are not going out of their way to slight you. Change your tune. Instead of a frown, greet each imaginary insult with a smile. Your digestion will immediately improve and so will your disposition. Don't take yourself too seriously.

"ON TO OTTAWA" IS THEIR SLOGAN

The United Farmers of Ontario are making arrangements for a monster delegation to visit Ottawa on Saturday, July 16th, for the purpose of interviewing the Bennett government. The deputation will will undertake to express Agriculture's idea on Empire trade. Those charged with the arrangements for the interview state that the Ottawa Cabinet must have facts, must have a definite constructive policy and must have the interests of the Canadian people fully at heart if the coming Empire Economic Conference is to be productive of commensurate results. Canada has been an agricultural country in the past and agriculture will continue to be one of its chief interests for many years to come. It is therefore no more than fitting that agriculture should make its voice heard in connection with the deliberations of the Conference.

WORLD'S GRAIN SHOW BUILDING COMPLETED

The construction of the new building to house the exhibits for the World's Grain Exhibition and Conference which opens at Regina, on July 24th, 1933, is now completed and the gardens have been laid out and planted. The building is of permanent steel construction with stucco on the outside and white plaster board for the interior. It is the largest exclusive grain and seed exhibition building in the world.

"Yes, my new maid came to me from a very good family." "Really? I suppose the girl wanted a change."