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	10.32 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. 9.50 a.m.
1.15 p.m. 4.40 p.m. (6.07 p.m. stops only on flag signal) 9.15 p.m.
6.15 p.m. Sundays and Holidays only.

Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
LONG'S

DIRECTORY

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Georgetown, Ontario
Offices—Gregory Theatre Bldg. Mill St.

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Offices—O'Neill Block, Georgetown
Telephone 158

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COLLECTIONS
Do we get Results?
A Toronto Client Writes:—
"I must say that I am very pleased with your work in handling my collections. I had considered these almost hopeless."
July 29, 1932.
Kelly & Aiken
"The Collectors"
ORANGEVILLE, ONTARIO
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Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Successors to Ostler & Worth
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Designs on Request - Phone 2043
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery

THE
New Way
TO
Buy Coal
'Blue Coal'
On Orders For 1 Ton Of Fuel or More
No Extra Delivery Charges to
NORVAL
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GLEN WILLIAMS
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—BY—
O. T. Walker, D.O.S.C.
Eyesight Specialist, Brampton
who will be at Watson's Drug Store, Georgetown
the Second Wednesday of every month
PHONE WATSON'S DRUG STORE FOR APPOINTMENT
Or you may consult O. T. WALKER at his Office in Brampton
The newest style of glasses at reasonable prices

Ontario's Record!

104 Children killed
1,827 injured
by automobiles
in 1931

Nearly half of these accidents were caused by children playing in the street!

What a shameful record—what a startling appeal to both mothers and motorists!
This year let us

Give Every Child a Chance!

MOTOR VEHICLES BRANCH
ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS

Leopold Macaulay,
MINISTER

WE DO JOB PRINTING

Can you buy as much anywhere for the money?

¶ Thrift is a most commendable trait. The practice of knowing what one gets for one's money—and getting it.

¶ Can you think of anything that gives you more value for your money than this:?

¶ Notice that friends of yours, or friends of your friends are, visiting; have visitors; are ill; have been bereaved; have rebuilt or remodelled their home; bought a new home; are officers in a society; have been blessed with a new baby; that they have had an accident, or been married. In fact, the intimate activities of the community family life are reflected in the pages of your local newspaper 52 weeks in every year.

¶ Besides, you read of your council's—town, township or county—activities; of the progress or retrogression of your district, and literally hundreds of other items.

¶ The business people send you each week messages of savings, latest styles, patterns, and weaves in wearables, and tasty, economical food stuffs. You can stay indoors for weeks and still be better informed of vital community affairs than many who are continually about and trust to hearsay for news, through your local paper.

¶ Do you honestly believe that you get a bigger or better one dollar and fifty cents worth anywhere? If you agree with us that you do not, will you try to make our task of keeping our subscription list paid up, easier, by watching the label on your Herald and paying yours when it falls due? Thank you. Just to be sure—turn to the first page now and

"LOOK AT THE LABEL."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.
This good old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has trouble enough of its own.

Sing and the hills will answer,
Sigh and it is lost on the air.
The echoes rebound to a joyful sound
But they shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve and they turn and go;
They want full measure of your pleasure;
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad and your friends are many,
Be sad and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine;
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast and your halls are crowded,
Fast and the world goes by—
Forget and forgive, it will help you to live,
But no man can help you to die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all march on
Thro' the narrow aisle of pain.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

By Harriet Lummis Smith

FARMER Wayland stopped work and looked at the sun. "Guess you'd better knock off, now," he said to his adopted son, Robert. "I want you to take a payment over to Hiram Watson. As long as you're going to college in the fall, I guess I don't need to tell you that I want a receipt."

Robert Wayland turned his flushed face toward the older man, "If anybody's going to stop work," he said, "why don't you? You go and pay Mr. Watson, while I stick to the job."

John Wayland's mouth twisted into a rather grim smile. The man had plenty of humor, but of a ragged sort that people sometimes had difficulty in recognising. "I guess I'll stand by my first idea," he replied. "You may be better at those logarithm things you were trying to explain to me the other day, but I'm better at the farm work yet awhile."

Under his tan, Robert flushed again. For ten years he had called John Wayland "father," but he had never reached the point of actually understanding him. He would have been amazed had he known the amount of pride and tenderness concealed under his foster father's rather gruff exterior. "I know my work is worth nothing compared to yours, only it seems tough to leave you sweating in this heat, while I go off on an errand anybody could do."

"You'll do your share of sweating I can't let you have one of the horses today, and Cryder said he wouldn't have the car fixed before Friday. You can take the trolley, of course, but you'll have a good two miles to walk."

"I'll be ready in ten minutes," declared Robert, as he started on a run for the house.

Mr. Wayland looked after the boy, as no one was on hand to observe him, his face was suddenly transformed by an expression of affection. "Folks say it's risky taking a boy when you don't know anything about his forebears," his thoughts ran, "but I'd like to know how many own sons would be more willing to do their share. We didn't make any mistake when we took Bob."

When Robert came downstairs handsome in his best suit, Mr. Wayland was sitting at the dining-room table, counting gold coins from a canvas bag, and placing them in little piles before him. The boy stood waiting with disapproval written on his expressive face. He had often discussed with his father the advisability of opening a checking account, but Mr. Wayland had little confidence in banks. Gold coin in a canvas bag, concealed in some hiding place he himself had selected, was his idea of security. "Five hundred dollars," he announced, and replacing the bag, he put it in Robert's hands. Then he laughed at the youth's wry face, "You're so keen on banks," he said, wait till you make some money, then you can put it all in one."

Robert smiled. "Yes, sir. I'd much rather carry a check for five hundred made out to Hiram Watson than all this gold."

"Hiram will take one as quick as the other. Remember the receipt."

As the young man left the house, Sophia, Mr. Wayland's aunt, looked after him, and shook her head lugubriously. The warping of her nature had begun many years ago in her youth when she had deluged in suspicion until now her habit was to think the worst of everyone. "I wouldn't do that if it were my money," she scaled now mournfully.

Her nephew's face became darkly red. "I'd trust Bob with every penny I've got."

"You don't know anything about the blood in his veins. We'll never know where the Peeks got him, since all their papers were destroyed at their death. Fires are awful things!"

"Maybe I didn't know anything about him when I took him, but I do now, and there was never a better boy than Bob. Mattie and I did the best job of our lives when we took him."

Aunt Sophia shook her head like a spinister old raven. "Blood will tell," she announced, and her nephew went out scowling.

A little later the heat of the afternoon was broken by a violent thunderstorm. All work was interrupted for a good hour, and the men worked longer than usual to make up for their rest. Although supper was an hour and a half late, Robert had not returned.

"Hadn't you better call Hiram Watson up?" asked Aunt Sophia as the family sat down to the table.

"What for?" demanded her nephew, gruffly.

"To see if Robert really did take him the money. It's a big temptation for a boy who never had anything."

Had anyone but Aunt Sophia made the suggestion Mr. Wayland might have acted on it. If he called up now, though, he thought, he would simply be sharing her doubts. "Robert will come home when he gets ready," he replied gruffly. "There's no use telephoning."

When at ten o'clock, Robert had not appeared, however, and Aunt Sophia had gone to bed, he attempted to telephone to Watson, only to find that the storm had put the wires out of commission. "Oh, well, the Watsons have asked him to stay all night, that's all," Mr. Watson consoled himself. Crimes of violence were unknown in the community, and the possibility of danger to Robert in carrying out his commission did not occur to either him or his wife. They went to bed and slept peacefully.

When morning came, and the boy had not appeared, Mrs. Wayland made no secret of her alarm. "It's not like Robert to leave you to do the chores. Maybe he got wet yesterday and caught cold, and is sick at the Watsons. You'd better drive over and see."

Mr. Wayland would not admit that he shared her anxiety. He only said, "I've got an errand in the village this morning. I'll drive out and see what ails Bob."

Several little matters delayed him, and it was past ten o'clock when he drove through the village. From the porch of Doctor Levett's home, a voice hailed him, and a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, came racing down the path to the wagon. "Good morning, Mr. Wayland," she cried.

The farmer drove his horse up to the curb and alighted. "Good morning, Cynthia," he cried.

"I'm coming out to supper in a day or two, so tell Auntie Wayland to please have short cake. But if Bob's home by that time, tell him I'm so angry that I don't know as I'll ever speak to him again."

"You are angry at Bob?"

"Yes, I am. I saw him on the train yesterday, and he wouldn't speak to me."

Mr. Wayland moved slightly. He stood with his feet apart, as if on a deck of a rocking ship. "You saw—Bob on the—train. Where?"

"Why, I've been at Helen's for a month, and I came down on the afternoon train. Bob got on at Warren Junction, and I supposed I'd have company all the way. I gave him a most dazzling smile, and would you believe it, he looked into my face and cut me dead! Now have I changed as much as that in a month?" The girl looked up laughingly into the rugged face that was staring down at her, then drew back with a start, "Oh, Mr. Wayland, are you sick?"

With an effort the man regained control of himself. "Sick?" No, what put that idea into your head?"

"Why, I don't know. You look so pale and queer."

Cynthia seemed to have forgotten the thread of her story until the man recalled it to her. "You were saying about Bob—"

"Oh, yes. He walked right by me without noticing my existence. I could have attracted his attention of course, but I was afraid somebody would think I was crying to scrape acquaintance with a stranger, I thought he'd get off at Mayfield, and then I was going to have a good laugh at him. But after I found he was going to the city—"

"Are you sure it was Bob?"

Cynthia Levett had already become vaguely aware of the tension in the mind of her listener. This question stole the blood from her cheek. "Am I sure it was Bob?" she repeated. "Why, I couldn't be mistaken in Bob. You know that."

"I didn't know whether you got a good look at him or not."

"Oh, yes I did. But why are you asking me all these questions?"

"I gave Bob five hundred dollars in cash yesterday to make a payment on that land I bought from Watson, and he hasn't come back."

The man and girl looked into each other's eyes. Cynthia's voice was hardly above a whisper when at last these words came, "There's a mistake. Bob couldn't—"

"That's the way I felt, but after all, we don't know what kind of blood is in him. What makes you think he was going to the city?"

"Why, he was talking to a young man across the aisle, who asked him if he knew a good hotel in the city that wasn't expensive. I hear Bob say, "I'm going to stay at the Hathaway House."

Mr. Wayland wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead. "I'll drive on to the Watson's, to see if I can get any news there."

It was noon before Mr. Wayland walked into his own home, and at the sight of him his wife threw up her hands. "He's dead," she cried.

Mr. Wayland sat down heavily in the nearest chair. "I wish that was all, Mattie."

"Oh, John, what do you mean?"

"He's stolen from us, Mattie. He never went near the Watson's, and yesterday Cynthia Levett saw him on the way to the city."

The broken-hearted man and woman stared at each other in a daze. The woman did not cry out, but in that moment of silence she tasted the anguish of death. At last she forced her white lips to ask, "What are you going to do?"

"I've done it already. The sheriff has gone to the city to bring him back."

"John. How could you? Our boy!" "He's not our boy after this. If the lad we've loved and trusted would do this, he's not going to get away with it. Cynthia heard him telling a young fellow the name of the hotel he was going to. Maybe that was just a blind. We'll see."

"Did Cynthia speak to him?"

"She bowed, but he didn't seem to notice her. He got on the train at Warren Junction."

"At Warren Junction! Why, how did he get there?"

"I don't know. Somebody might have given him a lift in a machine, and of course he wouldn't buy a ticket at this station."

The awful day lagged by. When Robert's non-appearance was necessarily explained to Aunt Sophia, she was gloomily triumphant over the fulfillment of her prophecy.

During the afternoon, Cynthia appeared, her eyes swollen with long weeping. "There must be some explanation," she said as she sat with Robert's foster parents in the living room. "Don't people's memories sometimes give way?"

Mr. Wayland smiled grimly. "Yes, they do, but it would be considerable of a coincidence if a young fellow's memory caved in just when he happened to have five hundred dollars in his pocket."

"Perhaps he's sick and delirious. There must be something. Robert couldn't have done such a thing."

To have Cynthia about was a comfort for she shared the grief of the others profoundly. Perceiving this, the girl accepted Mrs. Wayland's invitation to spend the night. She wanted to be on hand to hear the first word of any new developments, too.

About six o'clock the telephone rang, and a telegram was read over the wire. "Starting for home with prisoner, insists that he lives in Chicago and that his name is Kennedy, will bring him out to-night for your identification. Hoffman."

Mr. Wayland repeated the telegram to his breathless listeners. "He may be crazy." Cynthia cried. "For all we know, there is sanity in his family." "Or stealing," croaked Aunt Sophia. "Blood will tell."

At ten o'clock a motor drove to the door of the farmhouse. Mr. Way-

(Continued on Page 4)

PLAN FOR WINTER NOW

The Provincial government has announced that in conjunction with the Dominion government it is the government's intention to continue assistance to municipalities in the matter of direct relief, by the payment of two-thirds of the cost, the municipality bearing one-third. It has been further stated that where the municipality considers it is unable to assume even this one-third of the cost of direct relief, representation should be made to the Municipal board of the Provincial government for further relief assistance from the government. Certain municipalities have made such representations and have had their share of the cost reduced from a third to one-fifth.

It would seem that this is the opportune moment for all municipalities to give serious consideration to this question of fall and winter relief and to ascertain whether they will be in a position to bear this one-third cost or not. It would be most unwise to wait until the cold weather is upon us, and the unemployed are in need of fuel as well as food, to then consider the matter. We may as well face the fact that unemployment will be with us just as much this fall and winter as it was last fall and winter. But if we plan wisely now, much of the confusion, delay and suffering experienced last year can be prevented. Municipalities should encourage strong committees to get to work now in the endeavour to raise funds for this work of relief, and with the object of laying plans for proper control and distribution.

Many of the unemployed have been busy cultivating the little market garden patch, and planting such things as potatoes, beets, cabbages, etc. We most heartily commend them for this and in all good faith would suggest to them that it might be wiser to store some of their garden produce for the fall, rather than to try to sell them now for the very low prices that are paid. So many persons are hawking the small produce of their little plot from door to door, prices are low. Things like potatoes, beets, carrots, etc. may, with greater wisdom be stored for the hard days ahead.

A TIMELY WORLD

It is conceded on all sides that the present depression could be lifted if men had faith. Constant meditation upon evil reports and long periods of hope deferred have sickened the heart of the average man of today. True it is that faith in God is the first requisite to spiritual and material prosperity and faith in one's fellow-men. There can be no lasting growth of the spiritual man until God is made supreme object of man's faith. God will do His share. But, notwithstanding man, the free will agent, has an important part to play in keeping the temple of God free from corroding thoughts. The Psalmist evidently had come to such a conclusion when he prayed: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight!" As a Church, we have reached the place where we think upon things that are not acceptable to God, since they lack the essential of faith. The great apostle to the Gentiles, Paul, whose words echo so truly the voice of God, in writing to the Philippians, urged them to think upon "things of good report." The early Church was confronted with greater burdens than is the Church to-day. The whole world was the responsibility of a mere handful of persecuted men and women, and yet, in the face of the tremendous task and the empty treasury, they were enabled to attend to the "necessity of the saints" and push on in the great work of evangelisation.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!" Faithless thinking is the millstone about the neck of the Church and the world today. God has not failed, the food supply has not failed, though we oftentimes think it has. But men have failed, by placing their faith in the wrong objects; money has failed in its highest purpose because men have failed to honor God with his substance, and that does not apply, solely to the rich—it applies to every man, woman and child who has had the responsibility of spending a ten-pent piece, and who have deliberately wasted one penny of it on that which was not bread. Where is the individual that can escape that indictment? But God in waiting—waiting for a pentent people to confess their sins and to return in faith to Him. It is high time we, as Christ's representatives, started a campaign of right thinking. "Whatsoever things are of good report, meditate on these things."
—Outlook for Church in Globe.

IF BUICKS HAD EARS

What a story the McLaughlin-Buicks used by Imperial Conference delegates could tell if they could only speak: What political and trade secrets have been whispered within the luxurious interiors of these cars in the past few weeks at Ottawa. Says a writer in Mayfair: "Not the carillon, sending forth its music over the city from fifty-three bells—ten pounds to ten tons in weight—nor yet the architectural dignity of that pile of stone which crowns Parliament Hill. Not the cared-for charm of The Driveway, as our car rolled into Ottawa along the banks of a serene, indeed historic, Rideau River. Nor yet the avenue of flags which leads up to that turreted castle which is the Chateau Laurier.

Instead, it is the battery of Dominion-crested McLaughlin-Buicks, and the Royal crown cars of Government House which gives one the singular thrill on reaching Ottawa today. It is the 'new' theme in our motor-conscious lives.

Sleek, khaki-chauffeured motor cars dart at you from every line of traffic. They have first right to the choice parking places; they have right of way upon each and every occasion. With no license plate but the all-compelling "Imperial Economic Conference, 1932"—and the flag of the particular Dominion at the radiator cap—they assert their claim to precedence, noiselessly, swiftly as a Mercury. In the present scheme of Ottawa life, they take second place only to the viceregal cars from Rideau Hall. Actually, they excite more interest; Ottawa people have become accustomed to the 'crown' cars.

More than that: these very Buicks, if they ever could get together and hold confab of their own, probably could reveal a more accurate story of this soon-to-be-historic Conference than any official documents."

"When a doctor doctors a doctor, does he doctor the doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"

CROP REPORT

Below will be found a brief synopsis of telegraphic reports received at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal from its branches under date of Aug. 25th, 1932:—

General—Grain cutting is rapidly nearing completion in Manitoba and in Saskatchewan over 50% of the wheat has been cut. In Alberta and Northern Saskatchewan operations have been delayed by fairly general heavy rains. Threshing is now under way in all three Provinces and is general in Manitoba. In Quebec harvesting of grains is becoming general with good yields indicated, and later crops are developing normally. In the Maritime Provinces crop prospects generally are favourable. In British Columbia heavy rains have been beneficial to crops, though damage is reported in some districts. Prospects continue good.

Quebec—Haying operations are generally completed, the crop is below average. Good grain yields are anticipated. Corn is late but shows satisfactory growth. Potato and other root crops require warm weather. Tobacco is making favourable progress. Apple crop prospects are good. Pastures are holding out well.

Ontario—Threshing returns indicate that the yield of fall wheat is above the average and barley average, while oats in many sections did not fill well and the grain is light. In Southwestern Ontario sugar beets and beans have shown marked improvement and average crops are now expected. Some slight damage to corn from borer is reported and potato blight is fairly prevalent. The yield of early peaches was satisfactory and the late crop is promising. Grapes are also promising while apples show prospects greatly reduced from those of last year. Cutting and curing of tobacco is making satisfactory progress under favourable conditions and the former estimate of a good crop of satisfactory quality is borne out to date.

Maritime Provinces—The hay crop will be about average. Grains are ripening and promise a good yield. Potatoes show satisfactory progress but rot has developed in some districts due to excessive moisture. The Annapolis Valley apple crop is reported to be of a very good quality. Some early varieties are already on the market. Pastures continue in good condition.

PARLIAMENT TO MEET IN OCTOBER

The Dominion parliament will meet some time in October to consider the ratification of the four trade agreements negotiated with different states of the commonwealth at the Imperial Economic Conference. While the Ottawa house is in session other empire parliaments will be considering the tangable results of the conference twelve all-red trade treaties, designed to unite one quarter of the world's population in closer economic compact.

From the Canadian viewpoint the most important treaty is with the United Kingdom. In its broad outlines it secures for Canada a perferred position in the British market for such products as wheat, butter, eggs, cheese, fruits, copper, tobacco and modifications of restrictions against Canadian tobacco. In return Canada grants new or increased margins of preference on 250 manufactured goods, chiefly iron and steel ,textiles, chemicals and glass.

Canadian automobile manufacturers will secure triff concessions in the South African and Rhodesian markets through treaties with these Dominions. The Irish Free State is expected to materially increase its purchases of Canadian wheat.

From all parts of Canada the comments of Canadian statesmen, manufacturers and agriculturists express high hopes and gratification at the understandings arrived at by the conference. Prospects of increased trade with the United Kingdom are received with acclaim.

GAME REGULATIONS

Ignorance of the law does not excuse one for breaking it. Knowledge of the regulations below may save unpleasantness and perhaps more severe penalties.

It is unlawful in Ontario:

1. To employ a guide unless he is licensed.
2. To carry a loaded gun in a motor car or other vehicle.
3. To molest or destroy a den or usual place of habitation of any fur-bearing animal, other than wolf.
4. To use snares for any purpose in the Counties of Victoria, Peterboro, Hastings, Lennox, Addington, Frontenac, Leeds and Grenville.
5. To shoot between sunset and sunrise (standard time) or between sunset on Saturday and sunrise on the following Monday (standard time).
6. To shoot or spear muskrat, or to set a trap closer than five feet to muskrat house, burrow, feed house or push-up, or within 20 feet of a beaver house.
7. To permit the flesh of any animal or bird taken, suitable for food, to be destroyed or spoilt, or the of fur-bearing animals to be destroyed or spoilt.
8. To carry a fire-arm for the purpose of hunting in Essex, Kent, Lambton, Elgin, Middlesex, Oxford, Norfolk, Brant, Haldimand, Welland, Lincoln Wentworth, York, Peel, Halton, Waterloo, Perth, South Wellington and South Huron, without a license.
9. To angle or hunt without a license if you are a non-resident.
10. To take any small or large mouthed black bass, maskinonge, speckled trout, brown trout, rainbow trout or other Pacific trout, no matter how procured, or to sell pickerel (pike-perch or dore), pike or lake trout taken by angling or in any other manner, except under license. Non-residents may, on leaving the province, take the lawful catch of two days' fishing is shipping coupon supplied with angling license is attached to package containing such list.
12. To fish from a boat or other floating device or through the ice in the Counties of Victoria, Peterboro, Durham and Northumberland, and the waters of the river Trent and Lake Scugog in any county during the close season for the taking of bass and maskinonge.

SMILE CONTAGIOUS

Smile even if it hurts you. The results may be a surprise. This world is only a looking glass, giving back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and the world will return a sour look; laugh, and you will find it a joly companion.

TO A BEAUTIFUL CLOUD

Beautiful cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
Swimming in the pure quiet air!
Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow;
Where, midst their labor, pause the reaper train
As cool it comes along the grain.
Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee
In thy calm way o'er land and sea;
To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
On Earth as on an open book;
On streams that tie her realms with silver bands,
And the long ways that seam her lands;
And hear her humming cities and the sound
Of the great ocean breaking round.
Ay—I would sail upon thy air-borne car
To blooming regions distant far,
To where the sun of Audalusia shines
On his own olive-groves and vines,
Or the soft lights of Italy's bright sky
In smiles upon her ruins lie.
—William Cudden Bryant.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THERE'S considerable in the papers these days about a "Back to the land movement." We have noticed where some men have been offered $15 to $20 a month and their board to help with the harvest and they refused to go back to the land. These chaps would rather join in a demonstration demanding $10 a week for the heads of the family and $2 a week for every child as a cash contribution from the federal treasury.—Ex.

A GREAT many Ontario men who a few years ago threw up their jobs to secure what they thought were high-paying and lucrative positions in Detroit and other United States cities are back again in the home fold, poorer but wiser for their experiences. When dull times came to the big cities the Canadians were the first to get their walking tickets. Some had been residents of the Republic for twelve or fourteen years, but had failed to take out their final citizenship papers with the result that they were recently told to "get out."

IF you hear a person complimented, why don't you find an opportunity to tell him about it? This world needs more pleasant reports and fewer bitter criticisms. If you want to be popular, remember the nice things which one person says of another and then tell them. It is such a little thing to repeat a compliment. No matter how big and important the man, a genuine compliment gives pleasure. You like to hear pleasant things about yourself. You feel that you do is "not much," and that you are given little credit. And at the same time you seldom give or repeat compliments. Life has hard roads aplenty, pain and discouragements not a few. If you can make a sad experience less painful by saying a kind word, why not do it? Desist from repeating the evil things you hear.

THE Government of Saskatchewan has worked out a plan to allow the farmers to pay their debts in wheat. Until November it will be accepted on the basis of 70 cents per bushel. That will apply to dealings which farmers have had with the government in the way of relief and advances for seed grain, etc. Details are not given in full, but with the exception of binder twine the farmer can pay his obligations to the government with his wheat. Relief, as we have come to understand the word, is something which is not repaid by the person who receives it. If it has to be paid back it is not relief in this sense; it is a loan. The Saskatchewan idea is sensible. The farmers cannot pay their debts in the form of taxes and loans in cash because they have no cash. Wheat to them is the one medium of exchange, and it is reasonable to accept it at a fair price, even if that price is in advance of that paid on the open market.

FIRE statistics for the month of June and for the first six months of this year, reported by the Ontario Fire Marshall, just issued, show an increase in fires, but a decrease in losses not covered by insurance, in comparison with 1931.

There was an increase of 67 in fires reported for June, and for the period, January to June, an increase of 688. Losses not covered by insurance in June 1931, were $93,163, as compared with $91,289 not insurance covered for June 1932. From January to June the losses not taken care of by insurance in 1931 amounted to $1,573,758, while this year they fell to $781,574.

In the past six months 212 barns were burned, 6,949 dwellings, 645 stores and 162 factories. These figures show a decrease of 50 in barns and 38 in factories, and an increase of 746 in dwelling and 34 in stores over last year of the same period. The largest fire in the month of June was the burning of the Letherby lumber yard at Midland, with a loss estimated at $325,000.

THE incomes of most of us have been seriously reduced, salaried people, business people, farmers and wage earners; many are quite up against it with no income at all, and have to live on the surplus of former years. During the days of prosperity money came easily, and we became careless in our spending and extravagant in our imagined needs. What were regarded as luxuries but a few years ago, we have come to regard as necessities. Now with our reduced income we must give up many things, and it is interesting to observe the reactions of different persons to the enforced economy. Some become bitter, and blame the social order, the government and everything but their own lack of fore sight in not providing for the rainy day. Some are unable to readjust their spending to their reduced income, and are trying to carry on on their old schedule, until the bills come in, and the bank account is exhausted and necessity compels them to call a halt, and there are those who actually get a good deal of fun out of budgeting their reduced income. They consider and weigh values, plan what is necessary and what can be done, without, and find that after all a lowered income need not effect the lasting fundamentals of a happy home.

Every man expects to wake up some day and find himself famous. And as a rule he really does get as far as the waking up part.