THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, September 28th, 1932. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto	9.55 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	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	8.50 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.22 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

ARROW
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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.
8.15 p.m. Sundays and Holidays only.

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TALK

We talk of depression and failure,
And mourn over times that are bad,
And seldom we say that a far brighter day
Is coming to make the world glad—
But we're used to the changeable weather,
And, though it is not always bright,
The very worst olime turns to sunshine in time
And darkness is vanquished by light.

We talk of the wars that are coming,
And make preparation for them,
And good news of Love which came from above
We either neglect or condemn;
We think that the wisdom of statesmen
May cure, by and by, every ill,
But the wisdom of God is just given the nod
Till He sends in the terrible bill!

We talk of the peoples around us
As if they were seeking our blood,
And mostly forget that we've never tried yet
A plan which is peaceful and good—
A Word coming down through the ages,
A clear, simple message divine,
To see in another a neighbor and brother,
And share with the world what is mine.

—A. B. Cooper.

HE BUMPED INTO THE PROMISED LAND

[A graphic story of the song-famed "Casey Jones" the Southern Engineer who rode to his death with one hand on the whistle cord and the other on the brake valve.—As told by R. H. Ayre in Canadian National Railways Magazine for Sept.]

THERE'S no use being a hero unless they make a song about you. And once you get into a ballad, you're booked for immortality.

Casey Jones was the sort of man who was made for song. Casey Jones went to glory in 1900 and he was no sooner dead than he was alive forever. A Negro wiper who loved him was moved to express his feelings as Negroes are wont to do—this is how spirituals grow; a writer of popular songs was intrigued by the story and the little tune; the name "Casey Jones" was irresistible; rail-roading had not up to that time been popularly celebrated in song. The time was ripe for a railroad ditty. "Casey Jones" caught on. It could be applied to any railroad. Casey worked for the Illinois Central. But that didn't matter. So long a she worked for a railroad. All the public asked was that he be a debonair engineer who died with one hand on the brake valve and the other on the whistle cord. He need not even be a real person. For a long time, people were not sure that Casey Jones had ever existed. The name "Casey Jones" was irresistible. His real name was John Luther Jones, but everyone knew him as "Casey" because he came from a little place in Kentucky which was pronounced that way although it was spelt "Cayce." Had his name been John Higginbottom, or even Casey Higginbottom, he would never have got into a song.

But every circumstance worked toward his immortality. He himself was irresistible. He was debonair, if you like. He was one of the most popular boys who ever handled a throttle. He was no gruff hogger without imagination who lived and worked and died a plodder. There was the essential human lovableness about him, the essential romantic flair. He may not have been a roisterer—they say he never took a drink in his life—but he was debonair. When he whistled over the crossings, he whistled with an air of his own; he played tunes on his whistle; everyone knew Casey's train. The schoolboys ran down to the fence to answer his toot and held no grudge against him when he whistled the alarm that the schoolhouse was burning down.

Casey was born on March 14th, 1864. His father was a schoolmaster at Jordan, Kentucky, and Casey went railroading because schoolmasters were no better paid in those days than they are today. He became an apprentice operator in the local station and soon learned to play the key with his own flourish. But Casey could never be satisfied sitting at a desk watching the trains go by. There was a thrill in doing his little bit to see that the lines were clear for the rushing monsters, a sense of responsibility, but what Casey wanted was to be flying himself. He dreamed of the day when he would sit peering out of the cab window, with one of those giants, whose heart was fire and in whose veins ran steam, yielding dutifully to the touch of his fingers. What a feeling of power he would have, reining the monster in or forcing it to greater and greater effort!

So young Casey dreamed and before long he had left the key and was out flagging. It was as a flagman that he went to Jackson, Tennessee. Six feet four and a half inches tall, with dark hair and yes, with a smiling mouth and a jaunty air, he soon won the heart of Janie Brady, whose mother kept the boarding house where he went to stay. Janie won Casey's heart, too, but his new love did not turn his thoughts from the old. Janie Brady was just another good reason why Casey Jones must become an engineer. He pushed ahead and was made a fireman.

Then Casey and Janie were married. Two weeks after the wedding, Casey left the Mobile & Ohio and joined the Illinois Central. As a fireman, he took great pride in his engine, and, as Mrs. Jones afterwards recalled "kept her bright and shining." But that was only a step. Casey's great day came in 1890 when he was promoted to the other side of the cab.

There was an even greater day to come. That was when Casey was given The Cannonball. But between the day he first took the throttle in his hand and the day The Cannonball run was his lay nearly ten years of faithful service, not only faithful, but distinguished service, Casey Jones service. Ed. Pacey, a conductor who knew Jones has written to the Erie Magazine: "In the early days of railroading there was a real glamour to the rails. Into this setting, Casey, engineer of The Cannonball Express, fitted perfectly. He was a giant and came of a great railroad family—Jones was famous for two things: he was a teetotaller in the days when abstinence was rare, and he was the most daring of all engineers in the days when schedules were simply 'get her there and make the time or come to the office and get your time.'"

That Casey Jones had individuality is borne out by everyone who knew him. "The reputation which Casey enjoyed was richly earned by numerous feats of resourcefulness, skill and downright daring" says R. E. Edrington, a fellow engineer. "He could perform feats with his famous 638 that no other engineer could equal with locomotives of the same class, or even with the same engine.

Firing for him was a back-breaking and hair-raising job, but his regular fireman, Sim Webb, was equal to every demand and held Casey in almost idolatrous regard, following him from one run to another through his entire career."

"We had a number of fast men," recalls A. J. "Patty" Thomas, a conductor who often worked with the famous engineer, "and since then I have had hundreds of good engineers pull me on different western roads. But I never met the equal of Casey Jones in rustling to get over the road.

"The whistle moan in the song is right. Casey could just about play a tune on the whistle. He could make the cold chills run up your back with it, and grin all the time. Everybody along the line knew Casey Jones' whistle.

"I never saw him with his mouth closed—he always had a smile or a broad grin. The faster he could get his engine to roll, the happier he was. He would lean out of the cab window to watch his drivers, and when he got her going so fast that the side rods looked solid, he would look at you and grin all over, happy as a boy with his first pair o fred boots. With all his fast running I never knew of him piling them up, of any but a few derailments and never a rear-ender. He was either Lucky, or else his judgment was as nearly perfect as human judgment can be."

Another old railroader who remembers Jones is Commander Lucius C. Dunn of the United States Navy, who once worked for the Illinois Central. "During my boyhood days," he says, "in the old home town, Water Valley, Miss., our home was just four doors away from the residence occupied by Casey Jones, his wife and two children. At that time Casey was a locomotive engineer employed by the Illinois Central Railroad, running engine No. 638 between Water Valley and Jackson, Tenn. I knew both Casey and his family very well, and in my early teens I rode in the cab of No. 638 with him several times, when he would take his engine from the roundhouse tracks to the freight yard to couple up to the train before pulling out of the terminal on his regular run.

"I also retain vivid recollections of how we youngsters would instantly recognize Casey Jones' whistle when blowing for old whistling board on the main line north of the town, as he pulled in and out on his run, there was no mistaking Casey's whistle, for he blew 'tunes of his own'; also, how the Negro boys driving mule-drawn delivery wagons about the town vied with one another in imitating the famous engineer's T-o-o-t! T-o-o-o-t! T-o-oo-ooo-oo-o-t! 'They 'lowed that dat Casey Jones man sho' pull a wicked whistle,' and we white juveniles thought so, too.

"Later on, Casey was transferred from Water Valley to Memphis, Tenn., where he ran in passenger service on the Illnois Central, between Memphis and Canton, Miss., It was while pulling his train on this run that he met his death in a wreck near Vaughn, Miss., 32 years ago."

The Cannonball Express was the crack train which ran between Chicago and New Orleans and Jones was the subject of much envy when, at the age of 36, he was given the great honor of taking it on the run between Jackson and Watter Valley, Mississippi. According to an article which appeared in the Mobile Register, he was chosen because he was known to be a "fearless hoghead," when the Illinois Central decided to run some really fast trains.

The story of his last run has been told many times and with variations. An article written by Hasel Manley for the Eagle Magazine gives it in the form of an interview with the engineer's widow.

"As the Cannonball was going toward New Orelans, a second Cannon ball was on the way to Chicago. Fresh crews took over the trains at various points along the line. Casey's run was from Jackson, Tenn., to Water Valley, Miss. And up and down the line Casey was known by his "whip-poorwill" whistle. It is said that no engineer has ever been able to imitate his method of blowing a locomotive siren. The deep musical tones vibrated over the countryside as Casey left Jackson station on the day of his death. That "whippoorwill' call from the engine was Casey's last boodbye to his wife."

Casey pulled up old Reno hill,
He tooted for the crossings with an awful shrill;
The switchman knew by the whistle's moans
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

"'On that last night,' Mrs. Jones recalled, 'it was April 29, 1900—my husband pulled into the Memphis station with the Cannonball at about 10 o'clock. He looked over the engine with his fireman, Sam Webb, and physically exhausted, both men went into the checking office. While they were there, a report came that the engineer on the southbound Cannonball had suddenly become ill and could not make the run. Tired though he was, Casey volunteered to 'double back' over the tracks he had just covered. Webb spoke up at once and said that if Casey was going back he, too, would go.

"'Since there was no other engineer qualified to guide the crack train, Casey was told to take the run. He requested the use of his regular locomotive, No. 638, and at 11 o'clock Casey and his fireman swung into the cab and were off.

"The night was foggy and the headlight could pierce the gloom for only about a hundred yards. As the train roared on, and Casey blew his whistle, many wondered why he was making the return trip that night. The first fifty miles were uneventful except that at a small town a freight train with a broken axle held up the Cannonball for half an hour. The accident blocked the main line. When Casey started again, he let out his engine to sixty miles an hour as Sam Webb piled coal into the greedy firebox.

"The details of the rest of that run were told to Mrs. Jones by Webb.

"'The train tore through the night. At length we reached the long grade that marked the town of Vaughn, Miss. Just below Vaughn was a siding, entered at a sharp curve. Casey approached this curve making sixty. In a fog we couldn't see more than three hundred feet ahead and not until Casey was about two hundred feet from the beginning of the side track did he see signal lights that meant a train was on the siding. The freight though, did not carry signal lights to indicate that there was another train beyond it, and the fog made it impossible to see. But Casey scarcely slackened speed. He knew the siding was a long one, and he'd passed

(Continued on Page 4)

KING BENNETT

By Farmer Delegate

And it came to pass, in the third year of the reign of King Bennett, a mightly depression prevailed in the land and the people murmured one to another. For were not four measures of corn sold for a shekel and the skin of a goat for ten farthings. Howbeit, many that would labor with their hands had no money to buy bread.

And, after many days, the people said among themselves, "Let us go unto the king, even unto King Bennett in the great City of Ottawa. Peradventure he will speak words of peace and comfort that will be pleasing in our ears."

And when the multitude were come from the uttermost parts of the land and began to draw onigh unto the city, the king said unto his armor-bearer, whose name was Spotton, and who leaned on his spear in the courts of the king's palace, "I pray thee, go down among the multitude and see what thing it is the people would require of me." So he went. But the sun was hot in the heavens and the man was great of stature.

And when the people were come to the gate of the city, they sent messengers unto the king saying, "We pray thee, come down unto us, and let us reason together, for the depression is great in the land and the people are sore pressed."

But the king sat at meat with one Rothermere, king of the east, so the messengers said unto the king, "Peradventure may it please the king to send two of his captains to speak with the people," but the king answered and said, "All the princes and captains are this day offering sacrifice to the great god Protection in the temple of High Tariffs."

Then said the messengers, "Peradventure, if it be pleasing unto the king, the people will send a chosen few from among the multitude to confer with the king or his captain in the king's palace."

But the king was wroth and smote upon the ground with a golf-stick, and said, "As my soul liveth, there shall none come into the king's house to confer with the king or his captains that putteth not his trust in the great god Protection that is in the temple of High Tariffs." And the high priests were Guthrie, Weir and Manion.

So the messengers returned unto the people and made known the words of the king. And there was a young man arose in their midst and spoke unto the people saying, "I, even I, was a follower of the king and helped put him on the throne, but we will no longer fight for the king.

And there was a prophetess named Agnes who prophesied saying, "The king will live to regret bitterly his action this day."

And it came to pass that the seer, Morrison, who in times past had given wise counsel unto the people, spake words of cheer and hope, and the people took counsel together how they might overthrow the great god Protection that was in the temple of High Tariffs. And many were turned from the king that day.—Farmers' Sun

SOME LESSONS TAUGHT BY MACHRAY AFFAIR

The people of Winnipeg may well be distressed by the sorry revelations of the defalcations of John A. Machray, K.C. Mr. Machray was generally regarded as one of the most honest and trustworthy of the city's lawyers and church laymen and the lack of close check upon his affairs by men who shared responsibility with him in connection with some of the trusts he handled was merely as evidence of the general feeling that Mr. Machray couldn't possibly do anything wrong. But as is so often the case, there was a confusion of the two ideas of honesty and judgment and Mr. Machray's associates find it no less easy to share the odium of what may turn out to be honest mistakes than they would to accept a portion of the blame for downright dishonesty.

It is not too early to point to a few of the lessons that this unfortunate affair imparts to those who are receptive to them. One of the first things made plain is that it is very, very wrong to place trust funds in the hands of a single individual or in a manner that has the same effect. The various educational and church funds under Mr. Machray should from the start have been in the capable, impersonal hands of trust companies who for moderate fees could have protected the trusts against the encroachment of dishonesty or inept mismanagement. What the Machray case has demonstrated in the case of public and quasi-public trust funds has on many previous occasions been demonstrated in the case of personal estates. The trust company, as trustee or executor, provides a measure of safety and careful management that cannot be obtained with complete assurance from any single person.

The second lesson of the Machray case is that pension funds, etc., particularly when they deal with a large number of very small parcels, can more effectively be handled by life insurance companies through insurance and pension schemes than by a confused set of accounts in the office of a lawyer.

After due condolences have been sent to the many public bodies and private individuals who have suffered in the Machray defalcations those who have contact with similar trust funds should seize the excuse to survey their own affairs and consider ways and means of insuring them against the depredation of bad - judgment.—The Financial Post.

CANADIANS WALK MORE

Old as it is, the adage "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" seems to hold true to-day, because they are not riding, people are walking, and that seems to be helping the boot and shoe industry. According to an increase of 10 per cent. in the output of the leather footwear industry in Canada for the first quarter of the current year as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

During the first quarter of this year 4,350,813 pairs of boots and shoes were produced in Canada as against 3,961,810 pairs during the corresponding period of 1931.

CANADA'S PUREBRED LIVE STOCK

In a report to the Minister of Agriculture, A. P. MacVannel, Chief Registration Officer, states that a total of 89,700 certificates for Canadian purebred live stock were issued during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1932. These were made up as follows: Cattle 32,368; horses 1,734; sheep 13,230; swine 10,139; foxes 21,886; dogs 7,380; poultry 1,611, and goats 123.

SAW BALL OF FIRE DROP FROM THE SKY

To be awakened from her sleep by an orange glow which filled the room, to run to the window, alarmed, to be further terrified by the sight of a ball of fire and a deafening explosion was a strange experience of Agnes Sanford, 23, who one morning recently witnessed this startling phenomena on the farm of her father, Thomas Sanford, four miles north of Cooksville.

"I was scared to death and thought at first it had something to do with the eclipse," said Miss Sanford, vividly describing her feelings.

"A queer orange light woke me up about a quarter to seven," she recalled. "It seemed to be pulsate and all through my room. The rain was coming down slowly in fact, of a thick nature and there was thunder and lightning. I ran to the window and saw that the strange glow was caused by the sun shining through the mist. Then, right there in front of my eyes and across the yard from the house was this strong, blinding light about the size of a football. As I put up my hand to shield my eyes it disappeared and at the same time came a terrific explosion. It seemed as if a ball of dynamite had burst about ten feet from the ground."

"We're congratulating ourselves it didn't come near the house," Miss Sanford laughed, "I guess that would have been just too bad."

"Did you suffer much from the shock?" she was asked. "Not for long," she replied, "the family soon came running and as soon as I realized that we were all still intact I felt all right. But I must admit that for a couple of minutes I was literally scared stiff."

These so-called "fire-balls" it is understood, are very rarely seen. The explosion appeared to do little damage, but contented itself by breaking off a few branches from nearby trees and tearing up tufts of grass by the roots. The ground underneath, where the ball exploded looked as if it had been slightly disturbed by a hoe.

The report was heard by a hundred families within a radius of about ten miles of the Sanford farm and alarm was general throughout the district until it was learned that no one had been hurt.

Other persons who had been awakened by the bang said it sounded more like an explosion than a thunderclap. Neighbors at first feared that the Sanford home had been struck by lightning.

Mr. Sanford said he had searched the ground thoroughly in the region where the ball exploded, but had not discovered particles of any kind.

John Patterson, director of the Toronto meterological bureau, stated that very little is known regarding this phenomena. "Very few fire-balls have been seen, and scientific knowledge concerning them is therefore scanty," he explained. "They usually occur during heavy storms, are composed only of gasses and, unlike the meteorite, leave no trace whatever."

HISTORIAN'S DISCOVERY

So much has been written about the capture of Quebec that it is startling to have the exploit put in a completely new light. This is done, at least for the great majority of those familiar with that stirring chapter in our history, by an article that Paul Montgomery contributes to the Canadian Magazine. He tells how the way was prepared for Wolfe by a member of the British Intelligence service, Major Patrick MacKellar. He was known in official communications simply as 'This Intelligent Gentleman' and the methods he employed, have been hitherto shrouded in mystery But the log and book map that he prepared are now in the possession of the archives at Ottada, and are considered the greatest of Canadian historical treasurers. They are the basis of Mr. Montgomery's narrative.

We are told how Pitt consulted MacKellar as to the possibility of having an agent of the Government get into Quebec to secure information regarding the defences and return safely to England. The reply was that this could be done in only one way, which MacKellar proceeded to explain. He was accordingly commissioned to undertake the task. As planned he proceeded to the Ohio country and then worked his way up to Fort Niagara. Here he told the French commander that he was a French fur trader from Louisburg, who had been captured by British troops, but had managed to escape. He had an imperfect knowledge of English, he said, but it was sufficient to enable him to follow talk which he heard while a prisoner about a new attack that was being planned. The commander immediately sent him on to Quebec so that he could give his information to Montcalm.

At the fortress, MacKellar convinced everyone that he was telling the truth and was the guest of the governor for some weeks. After he had accomplished his purposes he made his escape in a hay wagon, reached London by way of Boston and came back to Canada with Wolfe. When the British Commander fell on the Plains of Abraham he had MacKeller's map in his hand and had been able to make so thorough going a success of his operations largely because of what the intelligence officer had learned about Quebec during his stay there.

The fascination of the story can only be appreciated by reading it in detail. It makes one anxious to go to Ottawa and have a look at the material which the archives department prizes so highly. Mr. Montgomery also tells of another document that may be seen in Quebec. It is the letter of thanks which Wolfe sent to the sisters in one of the hospitals there who nursed some British soldiers in the preliminary skirmishes. He promised that their buildings would be immune from looting if his troops captured the city. It was Major MacKellar who, standing in the doorway of the hospital with cocked pistols, made good that promise after Wolfe's death.—Edmonton Journal.

C.N.R. HOTELS HAVE SURPLUS

Toronto, Sept. 23rd—Despite a decrease of nearly half a million in gross earnings on the Canadian National hotels system over an eight month period this year, the results show a substantial surplus this year as against a deficit last year, stated Walter Pratt, Montreal, general manager in charge of hotels, dining and sleeping cars, today.

"Put that fellow in one of the basement rooms," remarked Satan, carelessly.

"Fellow! Basement!" sputtered the new arrival. "I would have you to know, sir, that I was a prominent citizen in my late home, sir."

Satan smiled. "That may have been," he said, "but you won't cut any ice down here."

THERE'S NEVER A ROSE

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-light gladness voicing;
God give us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing!

—Anonymous.

THE NEW PERIOD OF MAN

The most wonderful of all modern prophecies is found in Tennyson's Locksley Hall:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be,
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm!
Till the war drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

PARLIAMENT will assemble on Thursday, October 6th, according to the official announcement made by Prime Minister Bennett.

A RURAL school district that delayed school re-opening until Tuesday, September 6, will lose more than $100 in Departmental grants while an urban centre that failed to open its school on September 1 will lose between $700 and $800, according to a report from the Department.

THE Post Office Department is issuing new postal note stamps shortly. These stamps are issued solely for the purpose of raising the value of postal notes in order to make up odd amounts up to nine cents. They are not to be used for any other postal business whatever and must not be accepted in payment of postage, revenue or excise tax.

THE DUTIES of an auditor carry with them a great responsibility. Justice W. J. Donovan, Winnipeg, has awarded damages of $26,000 against a firm of accountants who audited the books of the International Laboratories and failed to find or call the firm's attention to defalcations to the above amount stolen by the manager at different times.

THE idea of weeding persistent idlers out of overcrowded secondary schools in Ontario is spreading rapidly. A special committee of Hamilton trustees commended the action of Principal Gill of the Wentworth Technichal School, in refusing to allow "time serving" scholars to register again. It was decided to permit the scholars blacklisted by the principal to return on six weeks' probation. If they do not show signs of improvement and willingness to submit to discipline, they will be dismissed. The committee also decided to recommend a policy of investigation and house-cleaning not only in the technical but in all other schools operated by the board. It was pointed out that if the pupils are not sufficiently interested to work and their parents to insist that they do work, it is not only economically unsound from the point of view of educational costs, but also unfair to other pupils in the classes.

NOT in recent years has any one game called on more followers in the smaller centres than pitching horseshoes. In every one of the smaller communities one finds the pitchers of horseshoes in action, especially in the evening. We do not know of a community around here which has entirely escaped. Come to think of it, it is a good game. It must be fascinating or else people around here would not keep playing it. To be able to throw ringers and leaners requires practice and skill. It is an inexpensive sport; there is no uniform needed, nor is it necessary to keep on buying equipment. As far as we can learn the dues for the season, are very small, and in many cases there are no dues. It is a game at which youth can play, and which does not tax the strength of men well up in years. The amount of action needed in just about enough to keep his framework from getting squeaky, and besides that he has a chance to enjoy the friendship of other men around the community while the game is on. It is, in all, a very excellent game.

SPECIAL LOW RATES TO HUNTERS

Toronto, Sept. 23rd—Ontario hunters, going north for their annual outings at hunting clubs and camps, are to have the advantage of special low rates over Canadian railways, it was annoimced today by C. P. Riddell, Chairman of the Canadian Passenger Association: From October 15th to November 15th inclusive, on presentation of current year's hunting license, parties of five or more hunters travelling together may secure return tickets at one and one quarter times the regular first-class one-way fare. These tickets will be good from stations west of Kingston, Harrowsmith and Sharbot Lake and South of Perry Sound and Scotia Junction to points north of the two last-named stations but not west of Heron Bay, Longlac or Nakina nor east of Pembroke, Ont., or Amos, Que., and their limit will be 21 days but in no case later than December 1st. Arrangements have also been made by Canadian railways handling this hunters' traffic for the provision of special baggage cars, combination baggage and passenger cars and colonist coaches, with minimum number of tickets required for such facilities and with the provision that hunters may carry dogs, which are permitted in Ontario hunting, and their other paraphernalia in such cars without extra charge.

The teacher was giving a written examination in European geography. One question was:

"Why does the sun never set on the British Flag?"

Robert wrote for the answer:

"Because they take it in at night."