THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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

C.N.R. Time Table
Effective April 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	7.15 a.m.
Passenger an Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.33 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.46 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.05 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.46 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, Suhday	11.13 p.m.
Passenger	12.18 a.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	8.55 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
8.35 a.m.	* 7.15 a.m.
x11.25 a.m.	9.25 a.m.
1.35 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
x3.55 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
5.35 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
*6.25 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
10.55 p.m.	
†12.55 a.m.	

(*) Daily except Sunday.
(x) Daily except Saturday.
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'SALADA' TEA is delicious

SAYS CRIMINALS BEGIN TRUANTS

Charging that 200,000 children now attending school in the United States will probably become criminals," John B. Quinn of St. Louis, retiring president of the League of Compulsory Education, startled his hearers at the twenty-fifth anniversary conference of officials. Mr. Quinn added that one might well ponder the challenge to society in this trend of children being "raised for the prisons."

Pupil attendance, juvenile welfare, juvenile delinquency, truancy and the problem of unemployed youth were among the subjects discussed by the educationists from all parts of Canada and the United States gathered at Toronto.

Too often children are forced to leave school under the age of 16 years without sufficient preparation for the duties of life, he declared, becoming liabilities in the form of idlers, wasters, or criminals.

In his opinion the jurisdiction of juvenile courts should be extended to deal with all minors instead of only those under the age of 16.

Juvenile delinquency is increasing in spite of the efforts of school workers and social agencies, declared Martin M. Hihn, director of attendance of Baltimore, Md. He maintained that home conditions of delquent children should be subjected to more careful investigation, with the health of the parents, financial standing and their general outlook on life taken into consideration.

That the vast majority of habitual criminals began as truants from school is a fact known to every criminologist, said Judge R. S. Hosking, of the Toronto Juvenile and Family Court, hence to make the proper adjustments so that a child ceases to absent himself from school is often to save him from the disgrace of a prison term later in life.

It costs $93 a year to educate the normal child, whereas it costs $560 a year to keep a convict in the penitentiary. Ninety-nine cents per citizen is spent on public health services, and $2.90 each on hospitalizing the indigents. Miss Margaret Gould of the Toronto Child Welfare Council brought out these facts in a plea for prevention rather than cure.

Certain imperfections in society as it is today are responsible for the fact that many children are being deprived of the right to an adequate education, said Dr. C. C. Goldring, superintendent of schools.

Some of the blame for problem children must fall on the teacher, some on the parents, but most of all on the curricula of the schools in which academic subjects are stressed at the expense of vocational and technical training. Said Dr. L. J. Simpson, Minister of Education for Ontario.

Other addresses were given by Dr. A. O. Heck, Ohio State University; Dr. C. L. Mosher of the New York State Department of Education, and R. E. Dugdale of Toledo.

Martin M. Hihn, of Baltimore, Md., was elected president of the organization, with R. E. Dugdale of Toledo, first vice-president; Nellie E. Gentleman, Niagara Falls, N.Y., secretary; and the 1935 president, John B. Quinn of St. Louis, Mo., was named treasurer.

The 1936 conference will be held in Springfield, Mo.

FEDERAL COMMISSION IS URGED FOR GAME

That game and fisheries conservation throughout Canada be divorced from politics, placed under a non-partisan federal commission, and organized to maintain and increase Canada's tourist traffic revenues, is urged by J. A. Griffiths, former game warden of Halton and member of the Halton County Game Protective Association directorate.

A solution advanced by Mr. Griffiths for getting such a federal commission out of politics is that its personnel be appointed by the chief justices of Canada's nine provinces, most of whom are anglers, including Sir William Mullock.

"Our game and fisheries problems should be controlled with regard to Canada as a whole, yet with powers to make regulations suitable to various districts."

At an approaching meeting of the Halton Game Protective Association steps will be taken to further an appeal for game game regulations.

"Too often," Mr. Griffiths pointed out, "a regulation that is vital to game protection in one section is thrown out because of the hardship it would work on another section.

"The principle of regulations by zones is already established in Ontario, as regards open seasons; but it might well be extended more generally."

A New Year Wish

May the Saints protect ye,
An' sorrow neglect ye,
An' bad luck to the one that — in't respect ye.
An' the top of the mornin' to all that belong to ye,
A long life to yourself,
An' that's the end of my song to ye.

MY CREED

(A good New Year's resolution)

To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill
And cling to faith and honor still;
To do my best and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame and sin;
To be the same when I'm alone
As when, my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham
Exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple mark behind
To keep my having lived in mind;
If, unlike to aught I show,
To be an honest, generous foe;
To play my little part, nor whine
That greater honors are not mine.
This, I believe, is all I need
For my philosophy and creed.

THE OLD-STYLE SPELLING BEE

The Rotary Club of the town of Simcoe staged something new in Norfolk county when a picked lot of champion spellers from all parts of the county participated in a spelling match to determine the county championship, senior and junior. Something new in a way, but really a revival of a very old-fashioned form of entertainment. Back in the olden days spelling matches, or spelling bees, were quite popular; but in recent years they have practically disappeared as a Friday afternoon feature in some of the public schools.

They were good fun and it was next to marvelous to look on and see difficult word after difficult word spelled correctly until one wondered when someone would slip. And there was always a long battle at the end, often ending in a draw, when the star spellers were left alone to uphold the honor of their side. Nowadays one wonders how long a spelling contest would last; for one of the penalties we seem to have paid for progress is loss of the knack—or gift—of correct spelling. The average business man has not time to bother about the correct spelling of a word—he dictates it to a stenographer and leaves it to her to do the rest. And the stenographer, if she is wise—and most of them are—keeps a dictionary in her desk for use in cases of emergency. Spelling is rapidly becoming a lost art.

People nowadays are looking for new ideas in the way of amusement; the endless round of teas, bridge and dancing becomes monotonous; amateur plays demand practise; musical affairs, unless fairly high class, do not attract. Why does someone not try the old-fashioned spelling bee?

It would be a drawing card, for instance, to stage a match between the City Council and the Board of Education, or a picked team from the Board of Trade. The Service Clubs might fatten their exchequers by an inter-club tournament. Even a city spelling league might be organized. Perhaps a restriction might be put on that school teachers and public school pupils be barred as handicapped.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

BIG NEWS
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Early Evening

By PAUL M. VEST

Bill Drake drained his glass and set it back on the table beside his chair. A warm, comfortable glow pervaded his body. He leaned his head against the back of his chair and endeavored to see the face of his friend, Dan Chapman, opposite him.

It was early evening and the two men sat before the great fireplace in the spacious library of their club. For years Chapman had known Drake. He had always considered him a quiet, temperate fellow. It was something of a shock now to see the man almost completely in his cups; even more of a shock to hear him boasting garrulously of numerous affairs with women.

"As I was saying," Drake continued, "nothing should stand in the way of love; friendship, honor, every other human relationship should be sacrificed for the Grand Passion. What are these stupid conventions that we must bow to them? So many old wives' tales not to be considered by intelligent men. Love is love, take it where you find it."

Chapman did not reply immediately. At last he said slowly: "Frankly, you rather amaze me, Drake. You see, I've always believed you a one-woman man. Oh, I know you ran around a bit before you married Helen, but for the last twelve years I thought you had never so much as looked at another woman."

"Oh, Helen's all right. But Lord, man, you can't expect a fellow to be tied down to one woman for twelve years."

"Many other women during these twelve years, Bob?"

"Many!" Drake raised his eyebrows quizzically. "Honestly, Dan, I don't remember just how many. And—here's a greater shock for your Puritan morals—some of the affairs were with the wives of my best friends, some of whom ever suspected a thing."

"And no question of honor ever bothered you, Bob?"

"You would take that attitude, Dan. You're too much of a prude. I'll bet you haven't had a real affair with a woman in the last ten years."

Chapman hesitated a moment, then very quietly he said: "Possibly I am a prude, Bob, but you know it's a question of how one looks at things. To me love means just one woman. Somehow I can't conceive of a lot of surreptitious, sneaking little affairs having anything to do with sincere emotion. I have loved only one woman all my life."

"Heaven help you! Loved only one woman and here you are an old bachelor. Tell me, Don Juan, were you ever bold enough to kiss her?"

Chapman ignored the sarcasm. "She is not free to marry, and I'm afraid both she and I place honor before love."

"I'd expect you to be such a fool," Drake sneered. "Forty years old and what have you got out of life? Honor be hanged; take your pleasure where you find it. You'll soon be an old man."

Chapman leaned forward in his chair, the muscles of his face tense. "But you do love Helen; she means more to you than any other woman, doesn't she?" he asked in a strained voice.

"Oh, Helen's all right. She makes a good home for me. She looks well presiding at a dinner table. . . ."

Chapman interrupted. "You mean you could conceive of a life without her; it wouldn't break you up entirely to lose her?"

Drake laughed easily. "You and your old-fashioned ideas, Dan! Of course it wouldn't. I'll admit it might be a bit inconvenient, but not for long; any number of women would be only too happy to take Helen's place. She didn't do so badly when she married me."

Chapman stared at Drake in blank amazement. Then abruptly, he got up from his chair. "Sorry, old man," he said quietly. "Think I'd better hurry along. Going my way?"

Drake shook his head. "Not just yet. But for Lord's sake take my advice and stop being a—d—d fool. Get something out of life, man, before you die."

"Perhaps I will, Bob—perhaps I will." When Chapman went out of the door his eyes were those of a very sager young man in love and his chin was resolutely set.

Alone, Drake sank down in his chair. His eyelids closed and he dozed off into a light sleep.

A few hours later he wakened and looked dazedly about the room. It was deserted except for a small Oriental boy emptying ash trays. He stared into the glowing coals and sighed heavily. From his inside pocket he extracted a letter which he wearily read:

"Don Darling: Our love is utterly hopeless. Neither of us would hurt Bob for anything in the world. Please do as I ask and go away somewhere if only for a while—we must forget—it is the only way. But believe me, dearest, I love you and shall always love you with all my heart. Helen."

As he read it over and over again, he swallowed hard and his eyes were suddenly wet. Then abruptly, he got up and went to his desk telephone. In a moment he had his butler. "Is Mrs. Drake in?" he asked.

"No sir," came back over the wire. "Mrs. Drake left with Mr. Chapman a short time ago. She said she did not expect to return. She left a note for you, sir."

He dropped the receiver and walked with bowed head back to the fireplace. With moist eyes he looked down at the dying embers. "Only ashes," he whispered huskily, "only ashes. . . ."

PEEPING

Why peep behind the curtains, dear,
To watch your neighbors acting queer?
Because perhaps they're peeping, too,
To see the funny things you do—
And rules on etiquette declare,
(Though maybe wrong), don't peep or stare.

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dance about them.

"I'll bet that you never saw any dancing like that back in the nineties, eh, Uncle?"

"Once—but the place was raided."

Birds that Helped Win Wars

The great part that carrier pigeons have played in warfare constitutes one of the most impressive chapters in history. In many cases, these feathered messengers actually helped to win wars and thus were partly responsible in altering the destinies of nations.

One of the earliest and most striking cases in which these birds helped to win a war occurred over 343 years ago. In 1573-74 the city of Leyden, the capital of South Holland (Europe), was besieged by the Spanish Army which gradually brought the defenders of the city and its inhabitants to a state of starvation. Matters became so serious in the city that the defenders, believing no assistance would soon come, decided to surrender to the Spaniards. But no sooner had this decision been reached than a carrier pigeon was seen to arrive and flutter above the city. The bird was shot by one of the soldiers really for food, but on picking up the dead bird he discovered that a message was tied to one of its legs. This message intimated that the Prince of Orange was coming to the aid of the city with a strong army. As a result of this message the besieged city held out until the arrival of the Prince whose army quickly routed the Spaniards. The pigeon that had delivered the fateful message was not forgotten; its body was recovered and stuffed, and, to this day, carefully preserved in a glass case, it occupies a prominent place in the City Hall at Leyden.

At the famous Battle of Waterloo carrier pigeons also rendered valuable service as messengers. In the South African War, which lasted from 1899 to 1902, the successful operations of the British troops were in no small measure due to the pigeon service. A similar service was adopted by both Japan and Russia in their war which took place in the early part of this century, and the feathered couriers proved of inestimable value to both belligerents.

But it was during the Great War of 1914-1918 that the pigeons really distinguished themselves, and there are many thousands of soldiers who survived that war who owe their lives to these birds. At the outbreak of the war, pigeons were not really thought of, as telephones were chiefly used for sending messages. Later, however, owing to the intense fire during battle it was found impracticable to depend upon telephone communication as the wires were so often cut by bullets, and the dangers in repairing them was so great. This led to pigeons being used for communication purposes, and the birds proved of inestimable value.

At one time there were over 5,000 pigeons engaged in message work for the Allied forces, and just how successful the birds were in this work may be gained from the fact that all told ninety per cent of them reached their destinations with their messages. The remainder of the birds were shot down by the enemy. Often, however, a bird survived after being shot, and although suffering tuttered feebly to its destination with its valuable message. A striking case in point occurred at the terrible battle of the Marne in 1915. A pigeon carrying a message was struck by a German bullet which tore away most of its right leg. Despite its suffering the bird arrived at its destination. But no sooner had it delivered its message than it dropped dead. The message the bird carried enabled the Allied troops to effectively repulse a German attack.

Another bird hero of the Great War was one concerned with a disaster in the North Sea. A British seaplane while engaged in submarine patrol work crashed in the North Sea, and the six men on board were cast adrift on a fragile raft. To summon assistance they sent out a pigeon they had on board. This bird, with a message tied to its leg, arrived at Portsmouth Naval Station and immediately dropped dead from exhaustion. As a result of the message it delivered, the six airmen were rescued just in time.

The exploits of the pigeons during the Great War would fill a huge volume; the birds took part in many stirring dramas of warfare both on land and sea, and assisted in no small way in the victory achieved by the Allied troops.—In "Our Dumb Animals."

FARMERS vs. FARMERS

(By "Irish Cobbler" in Port Arthur News-Chronicle)

We farmers often cuss and swear about the prices we are charged for goods we buy, but seldom do you ever hear a farmer berating another farmer for services rendered. I often wonder why no kick is made. Long arguments often take place over the sale of a horse, or a hog or a beast, as to price, and it ends in a take it or leave it, or a compromise, both sides giving way on a fifty-fifty basis. But when it comes to threshing, or bushing wood or grinding grain, jobs that some good farmers take on as sidelines, often wonder there is not more grumbling. Take threshing, for instance. It is a thing that has to be done, but whether I get fifty cents a bushel for grain or a dollar, it makes no difference to the price I pay for threshing, and threshing is a costly affair. Threshing clover seed is a slow business, but the clock ticks along inexorably, I am paying five cents a minute for threshing, and the seed may bring three cents a pound or thirty cents. I suppose the only truth about it is that the law of averages works out in the long run, and that what I lose this year I gain the next. The state naturally holds good of grinding that grain for feeding on the farm. I must have chop for the stock, and whether the barley is worth forty cents or ninety cents a bushel I must pay two bits for each two sacks I take down to the grinder. Here, however, I can get a bit of my own back. I know I have to pay twenty-five cents for each couple of bags, so why fill wheat sacks or flour sacks when bran and crushed oat sacks hold so much more. I guess I am not better than the other fellow. We all want as much for a nickel as a philosopher would want for a dime.

Now let me wind up this crack at the farmer by relating a story—it happened during the war. The farmer in question came into the blacksmith's shop with a share to sharpen. Whilst the smith was doing it, the farmer regaled him with his latest exploit. He had sold half a dozen hogs. He had expected at the best ten dollars a piece for them, but, he added, "I knew he—the butcher—had to have them so I charged him thirty dollars a piece, and he had to take them or leave them." The share sharpened, the smith handed it to the farmer. The latter said: "How much?" "A dollar and a half," said the forgeman. "What!" roared the farmer. "You thieving rascal; it is only fifty cents usually." "Yes," said the blacksmith, "but I have to buy some of that high priced pork you have just sold to the butcher."

A PROPHETIC VISION

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson, January 12th, 1936

GOLDEN TEXT—"Mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people." Luke 2: 30, 31.

LESSON PASSAGE: Luke 2: 25-35, 50.

The thought
Was this:
That a secret plan
Is hid in my hand;
That my hand is big,
Big,
Because of this plan:

That God,
Who dwells in my hand,
Knows this secret plan
Of the things He will do for the world
Using my hand!

—Kagawa.

The Making of a Saint, 25 . . .

Luke gives us the human touches of the gospel story. Matthew tells of the coming of the King but Luke tells of cousins, mothers, babes and lovely old people. This lesson pictures the aged Simeon holding aloft the infant Jesus. His eye may have been getting dim but his soul's eye had its second sight. Simeon was righteous and devout, looking for the consolation of Israel. In nearly every community there is at least one person who is a saint in the making. What had given to Simeon his lifelong religious interest? Was it the scripture that he had memorized in infancy, or the effect of public worship upon his thoughts? Had he learned it from his friends or by his own secret thinking? A lay man who gave lifelong service to the church was asked what had started him in service. He told of a college principal visiting his home—Overhearing the conversation of his father with the guest, he decided that he wanted to share the life that made men talk one to the other in the fine spirit.

The Light that Leads, 26-32

The Holy Spirit was upon Simeon. He had obeyed the inner voice until the Holy Spirit dwelt within him permanently. Certain convictions were held not because of logical proof but because of the promptings of the Holy Spirit. An impulse that he believed came from the Spirit of God led him on the very day that the month-old Baby Jesus was presented there and he recognized at once that the Saviour for whom he had been longing had come! It is a thousand pities that so many earnest Christians have such vague notions about the Holy Spirit, superstitious ideas even as though God's indwelling presence were uncanny.

The Nunc Dimittis, 28-32

Luke gives us three great songs: the Benedictus of Zacharias, the Magnificant of Mary and the Nunc Dimittis of the aged Simeon. In each case the song takes its name from the first word of the Latin version of the poems. It is frequently pointed out that the Nunc Dimittis is not an evensong at all but the swan song of an old man about to die. Even so, the Nunc Dimittis has a message for human hearts that, having been satisfied by praise and prayer, depart from the holy places of worship well content. For years Simeon had waited, hoping against hope, and now, at long last, his eyes had seen God's salvation and he was ready to depart in peace. He far transcended Judaism for in addition to thinking of Christ as the glory of Israel he boldly proclaimed him as "a light for revelation to the Gentiles." That catholicity for which Paul had to contend in both synagogue and church, the aged Simeon had reached holding the Baby Jesus in his arms.

A Prediction, 33-35

Looking into the future, Simeon made a prediction about the infant Jesus and his mother, Mary. As Joseph and Mary marvelled at the lofty faith of Simeon's song, the aged seer said to Mary: "Behold, this child is set for the falling and rising of many in Israel; and for a sign which is spoken against." How true! Set for the falling of the Pharisees and scribes and the rising of publicans and sinners; for the falling of Judas and the rising of John; for the falling of Annas and Caiaphas, Pilate and Herod and the rising of the apostles. Equally true was Simeon's prediction about Mary, the Mother of Jesus! "Yea and a sword shall pierce through thine own soul; that thoughts out of many hearts may be revealed." Many times did Mary feel the thrust of that sharp sword, when she saw him manifest his glory at Cana of Galilee, when he became a cause of division among her children, when she knew of his arrest and when with John before the cross she gazed upon her dying Son. Yet in the moment of the final sword thrust the Magnificat was most gloriously fulfilled.

Age and Infancy, 36 . . .

There has been a long and animated dispute about grading in the Sunday School that separated youth and age. One congregation recently ceased to have a Junior Congregation feeling that there was a great gain in having parents and children worshipping together. Certainly normal life does not segregate youth and age. The family is the first school of the child and then we occasionally find four generations, great grandparents, grandparents, parents and children. How much they have to teach one another! When Simeon sang his farewell song, age and infancy mingled in the Temple. And when Jesus made his visit to the Temple at the age of twelve, he was found listening to and questioning the learned doctors of the law. From the child's point of view, at least, it is a hardship to be sent to bed when company is being entertained because youth has so much to learn from overhearing the conversation of experienced age. Jesus as a boy was in daily contact with his parents: "And the child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him."

Questions for Discussion

1. What makes some people religious and others not?
2. Is the Holy Spirit real to you?
3. Does your congregation sing the Nunc Dimittis?
4. What was the sword that pierced Mary's heart?
5. Are we juvenile or adult minded?

At the Party

"I don't know what's the matter with that little man over there. He was so attentive a few moments ago and now he won't even look at me."

"Perhaps he saw me come in. He's my husband."

So Uncertain

Mrs. Opkins: "You're not lookin' too sunny, Mrs. Eggs."

Mrs. Eggs: "No, it's this we uncertain weather. One day it's wet and the next it's cold; you never know what to paw."

HOW HISTORY IS MADE BY ECONOMIC NECESSITY

Momentous decisions are made and drastic changes put into effect, sometimes without being very much apparent, yet, a system hoary with age is swept away. Such is the case with the decision of the National Government of China to do away with the silver monetary standard which has been in existence in that country for centuries. What hardly makes a ripple on the surface today some future historian will read into the record as a momentous change, yet hardly perceptible to the people of the time. And the immediate cause is a nation across the other side of the world, a mere infant compared with the years which the other counts up, stretching back into the dim distant past. When the United States adopted its "silver" purchase policy in June 1934, those in authority in China began to realise that the days of its silver monetary standard were numbered and there are indications that the new monetary system will be based on the amount of fine gold that can be bought in London, England, for, roughly, 30 cents in Canadian money! And so a city that was once a Roman camp in the days of Julius Caesar on the banks of the Thames sets the monetary values for a country which even at that time boasted an ancient civilization. China has always been a heavy purchaser of silver, states the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways, and had immense holdings. Of such are the warp and woof of destiny.

WINTER CRUISES TO SUNNY ISLES AND TROPIC SEAS

A cruise from Atlantic ports to Bermuda, the West Indies and mainland of South America by liners of the Canadian National Steamships offers that complete change not to be found elsewhere, for these liners enter a territory comparatively close to our shores, containing the world's most alluring and beautiful islands. These cruises are conducted at comparatively little cost of time or money, carrying the vacationist into areas totally different from accustomed scenes and habits of life and proving well worth the time and expense involved. But even this expense is very moderate, for, as an appreciative passenger remarked recently, "you don't have to be rich to take a cruise to the Caribbean," and the cruise fare even includes transfer charges, hotel accommodation and meals at southern terminal port.

Cruises to such tropical resorts as Bermuda, Dominica, Barbados, Trinidad and British Guiana, reached by three of the "Lady" liners in the "Eastern Service," with calls at other beautiful islands en route; and Bermuda, the Bahama Islands and Jamaica by two other "Lady" liners in the "Western Service" provide a rich contrast to the sterner aspects of winter in the north. In these colonies, warmth, the profusion of nature in all its loveliness and the colorful attractions of southern cosmopolitan life present a fascinating appeal. Here life amidst tropical grandeur naturally assumes a gracious and leisurely tempo unspoiled by civilization's march of progress.

Commencing the first of the year, there will be 33 cruises during the winter season consisting of weekly sailings of "Lady" liners from Boston to Bermuda and the various resorts in the British West Indies and mainland coast of South America, lasting form 9 to 30 days for the round trip, with departure from Halifax two days earlier. There will also be 4 sailings of "vagabond cruise" ships of 30 days' duration from Halifax on 4,500 mile voyages to several exotic ports in the Caribbean Sea and mainland, where palm trees flourish amidst a medley of people strange to the northerner, whose style of dress and customs have survived the Western influence. A traveller to the West Indies has no need to let the matter of wearing apparel be of any particular concern beyond the fact that in winter heavy clothing usually is needed when leaving from and returning to a northern port. Beyond that, clothing suitable for the months of June and July in the north is winter garb in the West Indies, with warm wraps to wear over light clothing in the evening. In this connection, seasoned travellers recommend the taking of as little clothing as possible, including, for the most part, only those articles which are sure to be need almost every day.

Helpful

In his sermon, a clergyman illustrated a point by saying: "One must plant roses in the sunshine, but if you want your fuschias to grow you must keep them in the shade."

After the service he was approached by one of the women of his congregation, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, I'm so grateful for that sermon!" she said, shaking his hand warmly. His heart glowed with this appreciation of his labors.

"Yes," she went on, "I never did know before what was the matter with my fuschias."

He Sympathized

Suitor: "I love your daughter devotedly, sir. I would suffer if I should cause her a moment's sorrow."

Father: "You said it, sonny. I know that girl."

He Knew

Teacher (to class): "What is an octopus?"

Small boy (who had just commenced to take Latin): "Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat."

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