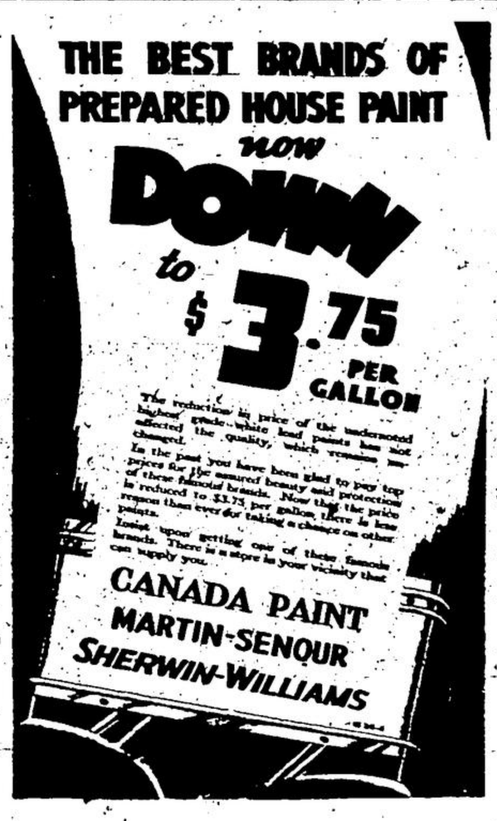


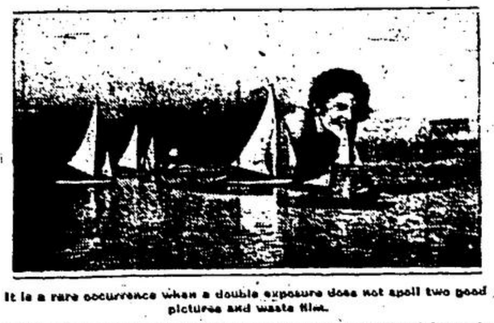
Thirty-Six Million in One Hand

Eight cheques totalling in value no less a sum than $36,755,610 changed hands on May 1 when the Canadian Pacific Railway paid off the balance in principal and interest due of the sixty million dollar loan contracted in 1933, and guaranteed by the Dominion Government at that time.

It will be remembered that in June of that year the Canadian Pacific had to raise the sixty millions to meet maturing obligations. The money markets of the world were then feeling the full effect of the financial crisis and were closed with the result that it was not possible for a Canadian institution to borrow so large a sum on advantageous terms. The Canadian banks therefore agreed to combine in making this loan, but as an added measure of security to the banks, the Dominion Government agreed to guarantee re-payment of the loan both as to principal and interest. The loan was to mature in five years, or might be paid off by the Canadian Pacific prior thereto on notice to be given to the banks. It has been paid off in full in less than three years, and the obligation of the Government to guarantee payment came to an end automatically the moment the cheques issued today were presented. Furthermore, since all interest and other charges have been paid by the Company, the entire transaction has not cost the Dominion Government one cent. The loan originally carried an interest rate of five per cent., but later this was reduced to four and a half per cent. New loans raised by the Company to pay this off were made at a still lower rate of interest.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Don't Forget to Turn the Key or Else—?



It is a rare occurrence when a double exposure does not spoil two good pictures and waste film.

THE above picture of a Brobdingnagian young lady miraculously reclining on the surface of the sea amidst a fleet of sailboats reminds us that while modern cameras are indeed close to being robots in their performance, they still demand the cooperation of human intelligence in order to function with the result expected.

The photograph is the curious consequence of a double exposure, illustrating the fact that the film behind your camera lens will not move over for the next picture by the exercise of its own free will. About that it is totally indifferent. You have to perform this operation yourself. If you forget it, and find that you have twice or thrice exposed the same frame of film, you may by chance get a picture as amusing and worth keeping as the one above, but in most cases you will have a meaningless jumble of superimposed shapes and shadows that will interest nobody, not even a Cubist. Result, you have lost two or three pictures that perhaps you can never take again and have wasted film.

Most of us have had this experience. Then why not get the habit of turning the key to the next exposure the very instant after you have taken a picture? If you haven't this habit as yet, and times come, as they always will, when you hesitate because you are not sure whether you turned the key, play safe; give it another turn rather than take the chance of spoiling two pictures.

Of course, you can find plenty of amusement in deliberately making double exposures in order to produce freak photographs. But these need careful planning to be successful. They must be done usually with still subjects and require minute accuracy in the focusing. A tripod is a first necessity. Astounding pictures may be produced by double exposures deliberately planned, but if you have success in such efforts, let your conscience and the credulity of your friends be your guides when you exhibit them.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

Railway Fares to be Reduced

Substantial reduction in railway passenger fares in Canada will become effective on June 1st, it was announced to-day by C. P. Riddell, chairman of the Canadian Passenger Association. Basic fares, for first class coach travel are being reduced approximately 13 per cent., bringing them approximately to pre-war level.

Day coach tickets at the new rates will also be good for passage in tourist sleeping cars on payment of regular berth fares for that class of accommodation. Round trip tickets will be good for six months instead of the present limit of 30 days. There will be a reduction in costs of standard parlour and sleeping car accommodation.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Work Wanted

Will appreciate an opportunity to do any kind of house repairing and decorating; also garden work of all kinds. Apply to T. J. Eason, Arletta St., Georgetown. tf

Wanted

New cess-pools, ditches and drains to dig. Old cess-pools, cisterns, etc., cleaned on short notice; also white-washing and any other work done.—Bathroom outfits complete, installed at lowest prices. James Williams, Box 159, Georgetown. tf

CONCRETE WORK

I am prepared to do concrete work of all kinds. Estimates given free of charge. If you require anything in this line Phone 331 or write Box 535—S. Walker, George St., Georgetown. 4tp tf

WOOD FOR SALE

Choice Maple Hardwood and Cedar Rails at right prices. Orders left at A. Hume's or at my home, Phone 55w promptly attended to.

A. LIVINGSTONE

WOOD FOR SALE

Choice hardwood, Maple and Beech mixed soft wood. Most reasonable prices. Apply Jack Tost, Phone 361w, Georgetown. —tf

Wood for Sale

Choice Hardwood, Beech and Maple at $3.00 per cord. Mixed wood $2.50 per cord. Rails $2.50 per cord.

J. BRANDFORD

Phone 365 or 1221 Georgetown

Cows for Sale

A CAR LOAD OF FRESH MILKERS AND SPRINGERS

Grade Holstein and Ayrshires, Government tubercular and blood tested. Our prices will suit you and we will arrange for their delivery. Apply to

MANSON HALL & SON

lot 7, 4th line West, Chinguacousy, two lots north of Huttonville. Phone Brampton 331 r 33. tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of MINNIE McKAY, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, widow, deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of the above named Minnie McKay, who died on or about the first day of May, 1936, at the Town of Georgetown, are required to send to the undersigned solicitor on or before the Fifth day of June, 1936, full particulars of their claims and any securities they may hold therefore.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the Fifth day of June, 1936, the said executors will proceed to distribute the estate, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have received notice, and that they will not be liable to any person of whose claim they will not then have received notice, for the assets so distributed.

DATED at Georgetown this second day of May, A.D. 1936.

KENNETH M. LANGDON,
Solicitor for Sholto Montford Buck and Clarence J. Buck, Executors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the Estate of HELEN WARREN, late of the Village of Glen Williams, in the County of Halton, widow deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all persons having claims or demands against the late Helen Warren, who died on or about the sixth day of April at the Village of Glen Williams, in the County of Halton, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to the undersigned solicitor herein for Alexander Warren and Joseph Beaumont the executors of the last Will and Testament of Helen Warren, widow, deceased, their names and addresses and full particulars in writing of their claims and statements of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the 13th day of June, 1936, the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and that the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim they shall not then have received notice.

DATED at Georgetown, Ontario, this 13th day of May, A.D. 1936.

LeROY DALE, K.C.
Solicitor for the said Alexander Warren and Joseph Beaumont.

Jesus Inspires Honesty

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou shalt not steal." Exodus 20: 15.

LESSON PASSAGE: Luke 19: 1-10, 45-48.

I heard Him call,
"Come follow"—that was all.
My gold grew dim,
My heart went after Him.
I rose and followed—that was all.
Who could not follow
If he heard Him call?

Inferiority Complex. 1—4

Zaccheus had a triple inferiority complex. He was small of stature, and felt that bigger people looked down upon him. His position as tax gatherer under the Roman government made him despised by his Jewish compatriots. Worse still, he knew that he was a subject of scorn, nor could he attend the synagogue as had been his custom in his youth. He was spurned both on racial and religious grounds and did not feel at home with either Romans or Jews. True, he was rich, but the fact that he had made money did not compensate him for loss of self-respect and social standing. Feeling that he was an outcast from society he exacted more taxes than was just, perhaps showing spite toward those who insulted him. His energy and ability had made him chief of the publicans, but that only added to his shame among his fellow countrymen. In some way he had heard that Jesus was passing through Jericho and he was curious to see him. Feeling that as a publican he had no dignity to preserve, Zaccheus ran ahead of the crowd and climbed into a sycomore tree in order that he might see Jesus. This was an unconventional action for a man holding a high government position, but Zaccheus had suffered so much humiliation that he no longer cared what people would think.

Challenge and Decision. 5, 6.

Zaccheus acted naturally and spontaneously. Climbing that tree was really a boyish trick and Jesus liked him for it. Seeing this diminutive man in the sycomore tree, Jesus invited himself to dinner at the house of the publican. Why did he do it? Clearly he saw that Zaccheus had personality. There was reality about him and resourcefulness. Jesus saw in him a man who could do things for the Kingdom of God upon earth if only he transferred his allegiance from money to the things of the spirit. When Zaccheus was challenged he made an immediate response. He made haste, scrambled down out of the sycomore tree, and received Jesus joyfully. Instead of postponing his decision until a more convenient season or putting forth an excuse that he wanted to have more time to investigate, he at once detected that there was a quality of character in Jesus that appealed to him. Instead of making excuses that he was a publican and unworthy to entertain Jesus; he gladly welcomed this stranger to his home, by that apparently chance meeting a new vista of life opened up for Zaccheus.

Restitution. 7, 8.

The crowd was blind as to what was happening. All that they could see was that a religious teacher had gone to be the guest of a publican, a man who was ostracized by strict Jews. Yet a moral miracle was happening; a sinner was being transformed into an honest and generous man. Zaccheus felt recalled to his better self. He knew that he had been dishonest and stingy and he decided to make amends at once. He offered to give half his goods to the poor and to restore fourfold to any whom he had robbed. Honesty became something of higher value to him than money. Self respect after all meant more to his inner life than heaping up a fortune. Zaccheus knew that he had to make wrong right before he could have peace with himself or with God. Something about the influence of Jesus made Zaccheus want to be an honest man. It is a genuine impluse of spiritual quickening that leads people to restore their ill-gotten gains and to cease living acquisitively. Man does not live by bread alone, and Zaccheus had found the higher, subsistence.

Seeking and Finding. 9, 10.

Zaccheus sought Jesus and Jesus sought Zaccheus. When the two met their purposes became one. As soon as Zaccheus had announced that he was ready to make restitution Jesus said that salvation had come to his house. What really did come to the house of Zaccheus? Friendship came, friendship with Jesus. Hope for the future came. A desire to be honest arrived. A feeling that the past could be atoned for, and the future could be better, came to Zaccheus. All this happened because Jesus recognised worth in Zaccheus, and gave him hope. It may have been a costly half day, viewed in terms of money. Undoubtedly it left Zaccheus a much poorer man, but he was greatly enriched in qualities of character and in spiritual capabilities. Salvation came to his house through the challenge of Jesus and the decision that Zaccheus made. Zaccheus found salvation when he welcomed Christ and made restitution. The parachute never opens until you jump."

A Commercialized Church. 45-48.

Arriving in Jerusalem Jesus went to the temple. This historic building had been erected at great sacrifice as a place of prayer. Worship, however, had been commercialized, and the priests were making profit by selling animals for sacrifice. They manipulated exchange and overcharged people. Jesus, who had been so cordial to Zaccheus, a publican, speedily drove out the money changers from the temple court. It is significant that Jesus was able to convert a publican on the Jericho road, but the religious leaders in Jerusalem institutionalized and is regarded as an end instead of a means. When the temple worship became a money making project, spiritual power departed. Christ was crucified because he dared to expose the dishonesty of a corrupt and worldly Church. He could save a sinner who was convicted of sin, but self-righteousness on the part of those who thought they were virtuous raised a barrier that was not overcome. Christ won the publicans to God, but the official religious leaders would not accept his way of life.

Questions for Discussion

1. For what do you make most frequently apology?
2. What is the greatest challange you ever received?
3. What makes us want to be honest?
4. If we are not winning are we sinning?
5. Is it possible for a church to live without religion?

Caretaker

A steward stood at the gangway of a big liner, giving instructions to the arriving passengers.

"First-class to the left; second to the right," he repeated at intervals.

A young woman stepped daintly aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward, he leaned forward and smiled politely.

"First or second, ma'am?" he asked.

"Oh," she blushed, "n-neither— I'm only the nurse!"

One Better

Father: "When I was a young man girls knew how to blush."

Daughter: "What was it you used to say to them?"

MILTON

Mrs. James Murray returned home last week after spending the winter in Toronto, with her neice, Mrs. Margaret Harbun.

Mrs. S. R. Bews and her sister, Miss F. M. Harrison, who have been spending the winter with relatives in Chicago, have returned home.

E. E. Gay, teller in the Bank of Toronto, has been transferred to the Barrie branch. His place will be taken by J. E. Daly, from Ottawa. Mr. Gay has been in Milton for two years and a-half and has made many friends, all of whom wish him success in his new position.

At Tuesday evening's meeting of the town council, it was unanimously decided that Milton, like all the live wire and up-to-date towns, should operate on fast time, to begin at midnight on Saturday, May 23rd, and end at midnight on Monday, Sept. 7th which is Labor Day.

About eight o'clock Sunday morning while Cameron Anderson was driving a truckload of milk, gathered from farmers in Nelson Township, to be transported to a creamery in Toronto, the steering gear locked while opposite the farm of the late Jacob Newell, two miles south of Milton, causing the truck, which is owned by Fred. Hayward, of Milton, to crash through a deep ditch and a wire fence, landing in a field upside down. Anderson, and his two companions George Gilbert and Bryce Hayward, all of Milton, were forced to smash the windshield to get free of the wreckage.—Champion.

ERIN

Mrs. W. Y. Gray who has been ill for a few days was removed to Guelph General Hospital for treatment on Sunday. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Scott and family, of Woodbridge; Mr. Dwight Evans, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Scott, and called on their father, Rev. J. A. Evans, who is ill.

There were no unusual fish stories since the opening of the season. Very few fish were caught in local streams; the only folks who enjoyed a mess of trout were those who are members of clubs where the pond or stream has been stocked.

Mr. C. W. McCutcheon purchased the old hotel property at Helfountain last Saturday, and has taken possession. Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon are well known in Erin, having farmed north of the village for a time, and have conducted a grocery business in Toronto in the meantime. They intend remodelling the property and opening up a modern grocery.

During the late hours of Sunday night, or early Monday morning, thieves entered the barn of Messrs. John and Daniel McMillan and carried away two small pigs about thirty five hens, a robe, coat and car jack.

Tracks were plainly visible where the loot was carried across the field and loaded on a motor vehicle, on the 22nd sideroad, Erin Township.—Advocate.

DO YOU USE SLANG?

I'm tellinyuh it's a cinch that if you use slang some wise guy will hand you the raspberry. Many an old bean tries to appear like a young persimp by spouting nifty words.

Jumpin' Jeepers! Some slang can pack a wallop that's a wow! Human word-punchers leave their victims smeared with veral claret. Swell idea! Yousir!

It's a punk idea that any rednosed loco can ankle into society, raxing the bandstand.—How do you get that way? Oh, boy, you'll spill the beans in business if you say "O-kay," "I get you," or "Get a load of this."

Suffering sciatica! Don't be cuckoo! Quit your kidding! Can the slang!

Slang is always under suspicion by well-bred people. True, some slang words, after long knocking, may gain admittion, like pardoned outlaws, into good society, but indulgence in slang may easily become a habit.

Society has its text words and phrases. It passes severe judgment upon anyone who says "I get you" for "I understand"; "hubby for "husband"; "goodness gracious" for "you surprize me"; "pardon me" for "I beg your pardon"; "hit the hay" for "go to bed."

Good society frowns upon such expressions as "See!" "Listen here," "I guess," simply elegant," "You don't say," "I'll bet you," "Is that right?"

Speech may be free from slang and still be expressive and picturesque. Usually an equivalent can be substituted that will enhance the speaker's style.

Concerning the use of slang there are diverse opinions. One avows that slang is born of necessity, while another will go any distance to avoid using it.

The safe course is to avoid vulgar and commonplace expressions at all times, and if you feel that you must use a popular slang phrase do so very sparingly.

Our best speakers do not indulge in slang. They can be brilliant and picturesque without descending to the commonplace. Of the purity of their English speech they are extremely jealous and, by the way, can you imagine the polished Lord Chesterfield ever indulging in slang?—By Grenville Kleiser.

Don't Forget the Corn Borer This Season

Speaking to a large gathering of farmers at the O.A.C. the Provincial Entomologist reminded his hearers that the corn borer last year came back with a vengance and increased on an average nearly three-fold. This increase he attributed largely to the moist warm weather last June and July—the critical months for the insect. The increase, however, was much greater in counties not under the Act than those under it. In many counties there is now much fear that the borer will again increase this year. The entomologist says there is little doubt that it will do so if we get nice moist growing weather again in June and July. And meteorologists seem to think that we are entering upon a series of wetter seasons.

To guard again such increase and the damage it would bring to the corn industry, it is necessary to remind growers that the Corn Borer Act will be enforced this year in all counties where it was enforced last year, and that the inspectors, owing to the serious situation, will be instructed to be stricter and firmer in seeing that it is complied with by all.

In counties where there is no Act the growers are urged to plow under all corn stubble carefully and to gather and burn or plow down any corn stalk or pieces of corn left unconsumed anywhere. This is because almost all the borers are in the stuble and other corn remnants until June and can be destroyed by burning or plowing these under, and not digging them up again.

Knew His English

Customs Officer (to Chinese immigrant): "What is your name?"

Chinese: "Sneese."

"Is that your real name?"

"No. He translate it into velly good English."

"Well, what is your native name?"

"Ah Choo."

TESTED RECIPES

Include Milk in Spring Menu

More care is necessary in planning and serving meals at this season than at any other time of the year, for appetites are probably not as keen as usual and bodies may need toning up after the winter months. A good rule to follow for the Springtime menu is to include in the meals every day about a quart of milk for each child and a pint for each adult. To please the children fruit juices or chocolate syrup may be added to milk occasionally when serving it as a beverage. Other ways in which this healthful food may be incorporated in the meals are in soups, supper dishes and deserts; also in sauces to be served with meats, fish or vegetables.

The following recipes, prepared by the Milk Utilization Service, Dairy and Cold Storage Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture, are recommended:

Cheese Soup

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
3 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup grated cheese

Melt butter, blend in flour and seasonings. Add milk. Stir until thick. Add grated cheese and cook over hot water for 5 minutes. Chopped fresh spinach or cooked spinach formed into small balls may be added to the cup before serving.

Maple Rice Pudding

½ cup rice
3 cups milk
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup maple syrup
3 egg whites
3 egg yolks
½ cup maple syrup

Boil rice in salted water until tender. Scald milk in double boiler. Stir cornstarch smooth in ½ cup maple syrup and add gradually to the hot milk. Stir until mixture thickens, and cook 15 minutes. Add rice and well-beaten egg yolks. Place in buttered baking dish. Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually add the ½ cup maple syrup, and spread over pudding. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until delicately browned (about 15 minutes.)

Fruit Custard

2 eggs or 4 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
1/8 teaspoon salt
2 cups scalded milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
Fruit

Beat eggs slightly. Add sugar and salt. Gradually add scalded milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Cool. Arrange fruit, sprinkled with sugar if desired, in bottom of serving dish. Pour cold custard sauce over fruit. Sectioned oranges, sliced bananas, cooked apples, canned pineapple, canned peaches, or a combination of fruits may be used. Garnish with whipped cream.

WAR

Everyone knows what Sherman said about war. But what Sherman knew about war was about as much as men of his day knew about electricity. The last war was horrible enough with its deadly devices—gigantic tanks crushing everything before them and flaming with shot and shell; poisonous gases spreading death far and wide; airplanes dropping bombs over defenseless cities and towns. Regard for men, women, and children noncombatants? None whatever. Before the end of the last war everything that human ingenuity could devise to maim, torture, murder soldier or citizen on the side of the enemy was used as if pity, compassion, or regard for human life had no place in the souls of men.

The next war! It seems impossible that there can be men mad enough, dehumanized enough, brutal enough, to allow such a thing, not to say declare it. But should another modern war come, it would break upon the world with atrocities and horrors before which fiends of the pit, should such creatures exist, might stand aghast. There are now fire bombs so deadly, and yet so light, that a single two-ton bomber, we are told, could carry and drop over a defenseless city without warning 2,000 of them. These immediately upon falling on street or roof burst into a liquid fire at a temperature of over 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Even a small airplane could drop scores of them and set a city on fire in as many places. Deadlier and deadlier gases are being studied in the war laboratories of every civilised—God save the mark—nation of the earth.

Who, facing these facts, will not strive by every means in his power to further every peace movement that makes its appeal to him? It seems quite believable that another war, with these latest inventions of death and destruction, might easily leave in ashes great cities of the contending nations and kill millions of citizens far from any battle line and mean the very suicide—of the contending nations.

What shall we do? Talk peace. Give for peace. Work for peace. Pray God for peace.—In Our Dumb Animals.

ACTON

All are glad to see Mr. Wm. Kenney able to be around again and down at the store after several weeks' illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bishop, Mrs. Emberson and Mrs. Ewart, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dills and children spent the week-end visiting in Waverley, N.Y. Mrs. A. MacPherson, who accompanied them, will remain there for a few weeks with her daughter, Miss Mary E. MacPherson.

When the little son of Mr. Stewart Malcolm fell into the pit at Tyler's garage, the other day, he received some nasty bruises and a bad shaking up.

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell quietly observed their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary at their home on Young Street, when friends tendered congratulations and good wishes.—Free Press.

Halton Jail Appointment Made

Official announcement has been made that Frank McNiven, a prominent farmer of Nassagaweya Township, and former Councillor of the Township, has been appointed Governor of Halton County jail at Milton, to succeed John S. McCallum, who has held the position for several years, and that Mrs. McNiven has received the post of matron. Calvin Fleming, a returned soldier, who has been Acting Turnkey since the dismissal of Arthur Mayes last July, when a prisoner, charged with attempted armed robbery, escaped from the jail, although badly shot in the leg, received notice of his permanent appointment of Turnkey. The new appointments took effect on Monday last.

Success is nothing more than doing your best and automatically getting ahead of others who aren't trying very hard.

Bonanza

By REX HINMAN

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"HOLY Sufferin' Coyotes!" Hank Barlow spat fiercely, exultantly, into leatherlike palms and began tearing away at the windlass. As he cranked, old Hank's pale eyes beneath the dirty, flopping hat searched the index of pinion gulches and granite strewn ridges for signs of Bill. "Bill—you old buzzard!" he called, "though Bill Tuffing was fifteen miles away. "Bill! I've found her! Do you hear? I've found her! We're rich!"

Gnarled, trembling fingers loosened the bucket from the rope and swung it over the rim of the shaft, dug deep into the broken, crumbling quartz. Stumbling, for Old Hank's blue eyes were watering now, he carried the bucket down the short trail into the ramp. No need to crush a sample of the stuff for a fire test. When he held the copper cup over the fire, dull yellow beads bubbled and danced seductively.

Sixty feet below the collar of the shaft, Old Hank had found it. The golden lure for 20 years of prospecting. Bill Tuffing and Hank Barlow had grown old and grizzled in the search.

A month since the treacherous rung in the ladder had given away. Old Hank had found Bill Tuffing groaning and paralyzed in the bottom of the shaft. His leg shattered and useless. Fifteen miles to the Junction. Fifteen miles of torture across the back of Jezebel, the lop-eared burro. These three, Old Hank and Bill and Jezebel, had shared each other's lives, their scanty comforts; more often only thirst and hunger. Jezebel was now sharing Bill's restraint in town. High pitched and vigorously had Jezebel protested.

"You'll have to wait for Bill." Old Hank had growled in parting.

As if to reassure himself, Old Hank knelt beside the bucket, hugged it to his scarred old chest. "Bill! We're rich!" And then, abruptly, Old Hank was staring at the brownish mass in the bucket. "Bill! Bill!" he groaned, straightening in sudden nausea. The bucketful steamed quivering with maggots. Fearfully Old Hank turned to march again the bitter of boulders and stunted pine that marked the Junction trail. "God! If Bill would only come."

But strain as he might, there was no Bill Tuffing, no lop-eared burro trudging up the slopes. Instead, in the adobe flat between red sandstone cliffs, Old Hank's watery eyes made out a distributing vision.

A camp was springing up. Stuffy houses, hotels where people lived indoors and grew soft and fat and lazy. Gone were the happy, luckless days for Old Hank and Bill and Jezebel.

Old Hank's lips and throat were burning. He staggered to the pine log wickiup and drank from the canteen. Brackish, tepid water that only deepened his thirst. And bubbling liquids from tall, gold-stemmed goblets were his, could always be his from now on for the asking. But the stuff in the crucible was boiling at Old Hank each time he stole a fearful glance. It seemed alive, hideously alive.

Slowly, regretfully, Old Hank emptied the yellow stuff back into that bucket and carried it up the hill. It was treason, lunacy; he knew that. After 20 years of weary search to find luxury. The black mouth of the shaft gaped at Old Hank, incredulous. Saffron eyes from the bucket stared up in remonstrance as he drew back a heavy boot. The bucket bumped accusingly against the cribbing as it fell. And Old Hank spat down defiantly, shamelessly, after it.

Twenty sticks of powder left. Old Hank gathered them into a bundle and began his last climb down the ladder. Midway to the bottom he tamped them in carefully behind the cribbing that held back the slide. The fuse sputtered and hissed as Old Hank clambered out. Their few belongings, bed roll, frying pan and digging tools, were being assembled when the blast came. The earth seemed to open and then fold up tight again as tons of dirt and rock blotted out Hank's guilty secret in the bottom of the hard earned shaft.

Five miles from the Junction Old Hank met them. Bill, bareheaded and whistling joyously, astride the plodding, lop-eared burro. His splints sticking crazily out from under a muslin night shirt.

"Jezebel don't like it in town. I had to bring her out where she could breathe." Bill grinned apologetically. "How's the mine-comin'?"

Old Hank was fondling Jezebel's long flopping ears. "Bill," Hank's watery blue eyes refused to meet those of his partner. "Bill, we ain't got no mine. Not even a shaft."

"How come? Dropped it somewhere in the brush?"

Old Hank gave Jezebel's ear a final tug. "It's too danged much work diggin' in an old shaft. Let's drift over into the Paradox. Lots of good free gold in the placers, there. That's what I was comin' down to the Junction to see you about."

Bill Tuffing scowled off across the adobe flats. "Funny how lazy you get all at once. I had a mighty hunch we'd struck somethin'. Somethin' that'd make it so we could take it easy for a while."

But Old Hank was already turning Jezebel to the new trail. "What in h—l would we do with you?" he was mumbling into a flopping, sympathetic ear. "Two old Sea taverns wearin' white collars and drinkin' through straws. And all the those hankerin' for somethin' we've already got."

CAR LIGHTS

Howard Vincent O'Brien in Chicago Daily News writes: "The automobile headlight, however, remains at the horse-and-buggy level. Not a particle of progress seems to have been made in the effort to provide a light which will not blind the other fellow. There are various devices on the market which are supposed to eliminate glare. I have seen no evidence that they do.

On this trip I have seen a half-dozen large trucks lying overturned in ditches—gruesome spectacles. I cannot say what caused these mishaps, but I would guess (1) headlight glare, (2) sleepy drivers. Truck drivers are sometimes required to work longer hours than the human frame can endure. And a sleepy driver is more dangerous than a drunken driver.

While on this theme I might mention that good driving seems to be on the increase. There is unquestionably less speed, and infrequent enough to be notable are instances of such follies as passing on hills and curves. Still at large, however, are numerous examples of the sort of imbecile who goes past parked cars at forty miles an hour and who sticks too close to the car in front of him."

ONTARIO

Warning to Corn Growers

Corn growers are hereby notified that the Corn Borer Act is in force in the County of Halton this spring and that the Provincial Entomologist has instructed all Inspectors to enforce it strictly, and see that all corn fields and plots are properly cleaned up by May 20th.

W. BOWMAN,
Township of Esquesing.
I. McMILLAN,
Township of Nassagaweya

RADIO REPAIRS

You are invited to come in and talk over your Radio problems. The advice of a trained Radio Service Engineer is yours for the asking.

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Hugh Lindsay

In the Lane Block

"Government Tuberculin"

TESED DAIRY COWS

PURE-BREDS and GRADES
Bred for Type and Production
Sixty Dollars and Up
Free delivery on truck loads.
Compensation certificates accepted as collateral.
60-Day re-test guaranteed

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Telephone 1323 Lindsay, Ontario

DEBTS — DEBTS

If you haven't already sent your list of accounts or notes to

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"The Collection Specialists"
—at—
ORANGEVILLE, Ontario
It would be wise to do so now.
Remember—No Collection — No Charge.
Established 1890.

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S.C. White Leghorns
May 9th—9c each
Each Saturday following 5c ea.
Barred Rocks
New Hampshire Reds
June 8c each
CUSTOM HATCHING
May 28th and each Thursday following:
2c an egg
Thus saith the Lord: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge."—Prov. 1: 7.

Adolph Sandusky

Queen St. 1st Line W.
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CIL FERTILIZERS

Spring is late and seeding will be done in a hurry. Don't let it delay you from treating your grain for Smut with the dust disinfectant

"CERESAN"

Can be done anytime independant from the weather.

Are you bothered with SCAB in your potatoes? Then treat your seed potatoes with

"SEMESAN BEL"

A handy and effective dip—4 Ounces will treat 15 bushels.

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Orders left at Mr. Alex. Hume's will receive prompt attention.

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THE way your chicks are packed for shipment is always important—perhaps even more important in hot weather than in cold.

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