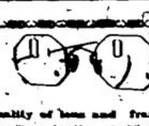
The Cost of Glasses



Depends largely on the quality of lens and frame you choose. We specialize in a thorough Eye Examination — 15 years experience. Our 1936 new low price on first quality glasses is just as reasonable as any of the large city houses. Consult

O. T. WALKER, R.O.

OPTOMETRIST, EYESIGHT SPECIALIST, Brampton

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From BRAMPTON, GEORGETOWN

AND ALL ADJACENT C.N.R. STATIONS

Fri., June 19 to Napanee, Kingston, Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Morrisburg, Cornwall, Uxbridge, Lindsay, Peterboro, Campbellford, Newmarket, Allandale, Penetang, Collingwood, Meaford, Barrie, Orillia, Midland, Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, Huntsville, North Bay, Parry Sound, Sudbury. All towns in New Ontario on line of Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Ry.; Nipissing Central Ry.; Kapuskasing, Longlac, Geraldton, Jellicoe, Beardmore.

NOTE: Tickets also sold for Trips 20 to Toronto etc., Friday, June 19.

Sat., June 20 to TORONTO Also to Brantford, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Owen Sound, Paisley, Palmerston, Paris, Port Elgin, St. Catharines, St. Marys, Sarnia, Southampton, Stratford, Strathroy, Walkerton, Wiarton, Wingham, Woodstock.

NAY, Chatham, Chesley, Clinton, Durham, Exeter, Fergus, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, Hanover, Harriston, Ingersoll, Kincardine, Kitchener, London, Listowel, Mitchell,

and Sat., June 20 Locally between Important Stations at which Excursion Tickets are sold—Ask Ticket Agent.

ATTRACTION — Riverdale Park, Toronto, Sunday, June 21, 1936 CANADIAN CORPS RE-UNION, DRUM HEAD SERVICE

For Fares, Return Limits, Train Information, Tickets, consult nearest Agent. See Handbills for complete list of destinations. TOURA

Canadian National

"Thanks for your Advertisement ... now I can go to sleep!"

A recent telephone advertisement began: "Somewhere, someone would be happy to hear your voice. Perhaps it's a boy at school, a convalescent friend, a husband travelling, or a mother back home and lonely." A few days after its publication a letter reached the Telephone Company:—

"Alone in my room tonight," it read, "in this little mountain town, thinking of my little red-headed boy at home, sick, I saw your advertisement and called home. Now I can go to sleep. Thank you for your advertisement."

● On *both* "Anyone" and "Person-to-Person" calls, Low Night rates apply after 7 p.m. and Low Week-end rates ALL DAY SUNDAY.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Watch Your Background

The young lady on the right seems to have sprouted wings, or is she about to be seized by birds of prey? These pictures illustrate the importance of observing backgrounds before you shoot.

SOMETIMES we amateur photographers, in trying to catch outdoor "safeguard" pictures of our friends, especially of children, take too little thought of the picture's background. We rush to the most convenient "shooting" point, take a haphazard aim and pull the trigger, as it were, much as if we feared being actually shot ourselves if we did not act quickly.

Too often we find that after all we did not win the skirmish because we discover when the picture is developed that in our haste we have included in the background some unpleasantly dominating or distracting object, or one so placed in relation to our subject as to create a photographic illusion that makes him look ridiculous. We find the angel face of Baby Ann competing with an overturned garbage can, or plump Aunt Julia seeming to be the pedestal of a flag pole, or we behold Uncle Henry grinning from ear to ear, but what ears! Each has been magnified to donkey-like proportions by the tips of fence pickets.

Such poorly composed pictures we may treasure just the same and say in parody that "It is better to have shot and lost than never to have shot at all," which may be true, but certainly we are not proud of them as examples of our ability to make artistic photographs.

Instead of taking chances with these "off-guard" pictures, it is worth while to stalk the subject until he voluntarily moves to a more scenically attractive place, or, if he does not move voluntarily, to entice him there. Even then we should take notice of what is behind him before snapping the picture, lest we include some large object that will distract attention or otherwise spoil the composition.

Of course, if it is to be a picture of a person engaged in some characteristic activity, objects that pertain to the activity properly belong in the picture, but to take a picture, for example, of a dainty maiden gathering flowers in the garden against a background of the family wash hanging on the line is not artistic composition. Let us take pains to exercise all the artistic judgment we possess in keeping our pictures free of the incongruous.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

INFLUENCE

Drop a pebble in the water,
And its ripples reach out far;
And the sunbeams dancing on them
May reflect them to a star.

Give a smile to someone passing,
Thereby make his morning glad;
It may greet you in the evening
When your own heart may be sad.

Do a deed of simple kindness;
Though its end you may not see,
It may reach, like widening ripples,
Down a long eternity.

—Joseph Morris.

ERIN

Mr. A. E. Graham, of Gore Bay, Ontario and his son Lee, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, spent the week-end with M. and Mrs. H. Matthews.

Mr. Clarence Wrigglesworth and friend, of Stratford; Hon. Duncan Marshall, Toronto; Mr. C. Patterson, Brampton, were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Wrigglesworth.

Following much discussion, by the Board, teachers of Erin Public School were all re-engaged for another school term, at the following salaries: Miss Waterman, $1,500; Miss Fuller, $1,200; Miss Abbott, $700; Miss Bainbridge $700; Miss Smith, $700.

Mr. Robert Campbell, of Fergus, spent the week-end with his brother, Mr. Walter Campbell.

Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Freda and Ruth, of Brampton, spent Sunday with Mrs. Jennie Hull.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Rossell assembled at their home on May 18th, the occasion being Mrs. Rossell's birthday. The party was a surprise to the family, and all enjoyed a very pleasant evening, during which Mrs. Rossell was presented with many useful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAllister, Mr and Mrs. Wm. McAllister and son Gordon, of Brown City, Mich.; Miss Phyllis Hillock, of Hamilton, visited their cousin Mr. Duncan Graham on Sunday. Mr. McAllister was formerly of the 9th line, Erin Twp.—Advocate.

MILTON

Mr. Ernest Thornton, from Saskatchewan visited his aunt, Mrs. Chas. Norris, Mill St., on Sunday, the first visit in thirty-five years.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Maude, of Detroit, visited their parents here over the week-end. Mr. L. Maude returned to Detroit with his son, where he will remain for a few weeks.

Claude McEachern, who is on the staff of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Calgary, Alta., returned home on Monday, after visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McEachern, for a few days.

Stanley Eszard, Milton truck owner, had an unusual experience on Friday last. He motored to Kelso, four miles west of Milton, to get a load of gravel in the pit owned by Adam Alexander. Mr. Eszard had to back his truck through three feet of snow in the pit to get to the gravel. Mr. Eszard declared he will not be surprised if the snow remains until July 12. He says there is enough snow there now to hold a skiing party.

Robert Beaty, 23 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Beaty, of Omagh, slipped on some moss on a rock at Rattlesnake Point on Sunday afternoon and fell 40 feet over the cliff, sustaining a fractured skull and a broken leg. He was with his brothers, Hugh and Maurice Beaty and some friends, who were spending the afternoon at the point, which is two miles south of Milton, in Nelson Township. Dr. C. K. Stevenson, of Milton had the injured man rushed to the Guelph General Hospital, where he died at five o'clock Wednesday afternoon last.—Champion.

ACTON

Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason left yesterday on a motor trip to Worcester, Mass., where they will visit with Mrs. Mason's mother Mrs. Algie and her sister there.

Mrs. P. A. Smith and Miss Pearl Smith left yesterday for a visit in Vancouver, B.C., and other western points.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy, Betty and Donald, of Detroit, Mich., spent the week-end at the home of his mother.

Mrs. James H. Reed and Mrs. E. H. Near, who accompanied their sister, Mrs. Alice Bridges and her daughter, Miss Louise, arrived at Cranbrook, B. C., after a wonderful trip, covering 3,300 miles. They called at St. Louis, Wayne, Kansas City, also Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Denver, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone Park. Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Near will return by train.

At the regular monthly meeting of Maple-dawn Lodge, No. 350, Past D.D.G.M. Sister Lappin with a few well chosen words presented Sister R. M. Browne with her P.W.M. Jewel, to which Sister Browne responded very ably. Just before the close of lodge, Sister Gamble called on Sister Lappin to come forward, and a short address was read by Sister Wilderspin, when Sister Gamble, on behalf of the members of No. 350, presented Sister Lappin with an Emblem Ring in appreciation of her work done as D.D.G.M. during the past two years.—Free Press.

Serious Play

"Shall we have a friendly game of cards?"

"No, let's play bridge."

Me For Bray's From Now On! Says E. Wright

"IT takes some real going to beat Bray stock," writes E. Wright of Islington. "There is no comparison between Bray's and other chicks. Me for Bray's from now on!"

Mr. Wright holds this strong opinion because of his experience with 300 Bray New Hampshire chicks which he got on March 14 this year. He lost just 3 out of 300, and how the others grew! At 9 weeks he sold 10 cockerels, and they weighed 31 lbs.—over 3 lbs. apiece at 9 weeks!

"I never saw chicks grow like these or look as good," Mr. Wright reports. This is the kind of growth that gives you November eggs from June-hatched pullets—or prime roasting chickens for the Fall markets. At our special "end-of-season" prices, you can get into this money making stock for a very low investment.

Come in—'phone—or write.

Fred W. Bray Limited
CHICK HATCHERY
GEO. BROWN, Agent
Norval — Ontario

CORRESPONDENCE

A VISITOR'S OPINION ON PASTEURIZATION OF MILK

Georgetown, Ont., June 6th, 1936.

The Editor, Georgetown Herald.

Dear Sir:—

I am only a visitor to Georgetown and have no right to criticize your local government. But what's the use of having friends if you don't find fault with them? What says the profound professor Servchimright? "Friends were designed to absorb the shocks of life's catastrophies."

I love Georgetown.

To me it is Arcadia in the glorious summer time after a hectic sojourn in the Babylon of Toronto. There—in common with hundreds of thousands of other simple city suckers—I am governed and taxed and tickled and tortured and legislated for and lectured at and preached to, morning, noon and night and then some!

I come to Georgetown for a breather. I come to Georgetown because to my simple mind it seems a place where all is splendidly elemental, unspoilt by high-brows, and inspired only by Nature's open Bible. A place where folk are governed by healthy instincts and Godly commonsense unimproved by mass production methods of urban civilization.

And now, alas, they tell me that Georgetown Council are joining the germ-hunting communities; that Georgetown milk henceforth and forever must be pasteurized or I cannot have it!

I protest, Sir. I don't care a hoot from Glenwilliam whether pasteurization is good or bad. I don't know anything about that. Neither does anybody else—not really and truly.

The king's physician recently told New York a thing or two about modern bio-chemistry, pathology, therapy, pharmaco-dynamic hysterics and what not. He showed that Galen, Hippocrates, Aesculapius and many a blither medico of ancient Greece had forgotten more about health than we moderns will ever know.

I never read anywhere that the milk that Romulus and Remus got from the wolf when the infant Roman race was being suckled had been sterilized.

However—perhaps I mustn't stress this point too far or some critic will wisecrack:—"No, that's just it! If the blooming milk HAD been sterilized there'd have been no Benito Mussolini today." So that's that.

But I like milk raw, full to the brim with living germs—good bad and indifferent. If you tell me that science has proved that pasteurization of milk makes for higher mentality—cures ingrowing toe-nails—and utterly annihilates "H.O.," then I answer "Oh, yeah!"

Science is always taking the joy out of life some way or another. If it isn't deadly germs she is discovering, it is some metaphysical tendency that gets crossed with pre-natal inhibitions and produces irresistibility of impulse in legalized thievery called high finance. You see I know all about it—being a product of a university city like Toronto. Therefore I bring the gospel of "Oh yeah!" to the lovely little hamlet of Georgetown, taking raw milk for my text.

I like my milk raw—provoking of course that the cows which give it are healthy and properly fed and housed and have sound principles. I'll take my chance for what follows.

I forget how many thousand of millions of germs Sir Arthur Keith says I have in my "innards"—most of them deadly little brutes and fighting all day and night to "get me."

But, bless you, Sir, they like it—and its the best thing in the world for me. If those undersized little beggars weren't tremendously military minded, revelling in war like any dozen peace-loving nations of modern Christendom it would be just too bad for me.

So I want my milk raw with a kick in it—not that half dead stuff, as mild as Uriah Heep's philosophy and inert as the League of Nations. Of course I have no quarrel with pasteurized milk as such. I get nothing else in the city of Toronto. All Toronto milk is pasteurized and civilized and progressive—like our one-armed restaurants and grab luncheons and prima donnas and virtuoso fiddlers and planists and magnificent hotels and skyscrapers and orators and preachers who can square any given controversial circle on any subject from garbage cans to bacteria in record time.

Therefore I want raw milk—unsophisticated milk—milk that is a dietetic reflex and expression of a community happily unspoilt and unexploited by scientific gulf. I ask Georgetown Councilmen to go slow on compulsion in this germ hunt. Or if they are really determined to follow the big city, then why pick on milk for a start? There are fully 57 varieties of things that should be pasteurized, sterilized, neutralized, humanized, harmonized and civilized to make life absolutely safe (according to science so-called) for democracy in Georgetown.

Yours faithfully,
Edward Wodson.

Is Milk Fattening Here is the Answer

A study of milk consumption recently conducted in a metropolitan centre on this continent reveals the fact that diversity of opinion exists regarding the "fattening" qualities of milk. Of the two thousand adults interviewed, sixty-one per cent of whom were women and thirty-nine per cent men, over two-thirds expressed the belief that milk is a fattening food, and the remainder, that it helped to reduce weight. In both cases the percentage was about the same for milk drinkers and non-milk drinkers.

It may seem strange to say that both opinions are correct, but such is the case. When milk is taken, either at or between meals, in addition to the amount of foods which keeps an individual at constant weight, it is natural that it will have a tendency to increase weight. On the other hand, because milk has a low calorie value compared with many foods, it is an important factor in the diet for reducing abnormal weight. The first requisite in every diet, whether it be one for reducing, increasing, or maintaining normal weight, is the inclusion of foods which will furnish basic building and regulating material. Milk supplies more nutrients to the body than any other single food, and should be given a prominent place in meals planned to "safely" reduce body weight. For the same reason milk is an excellent food for those underweight to use generously, since it adds, not only calories, but essential minerals and vitamines to the diet. It is easier to use extra amounts of milk than those other foods, as it can replace beverages lacking in nutritive value, and can be taken between meals and at bed-time without interfering with the regular meals. Then, too, milk is palatable and blends well with other foods.

Milk is a food which everyone needs—whether young or old, short or tall, fat or thin. Used as the foundation of the daily meals, the Milk Utilization Service, Dairy and Cold Storage Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture points out, this healthful food contributes to the fuel or energy requirements of the body. What is more important, milk furnishes bone, tooth and tissue building material, together with those indispensable factors—vitamines—all of which are essential to the attainment of health, growth and strength.

CORRESPONDENCE

JOSEPH BEAUMONT WRITES FROM OXFORD

The Mitre, Oxford.

On my first visit to London, in 1921, one of the first things I did was to register at the office of the High Commissioner in Victoria Street. There was no Canada House in those days. During this visit and later ones I did not come in contact with the High Commissioner, but received courtesies from the office. Tickets for the House of Commons, for the House of Lords, an invitation to be present at the trooping of the colours on the King's birthday, an invitation to the garden party at Buckingham Palace, notes of meetings commercial and social in which a visitor from Canada would be interested. It was at the time the Prince returned from a visit to South Africa and I received hints from the officer as to the best way to see the procession. Always when I returned I registered and received the same consideration. When I was there in 1931 for the first time I came in contact with the High Commissioner. In the meantime Canada House had come into being. It seemed that the Commissioner, the Hon. Howard Ferguson, was everywhere. I went to his reception July 1st at Canada House, was at the Dominion Day banquet at the Savoy where he presided and the Prime Minister spoke to a brilliant gathering. He was a guest of honour at the coming of age banquet of Overseas League at the Albert Hall at which the Prince of Wales spoke, and I saw he and Mrs. Ferguson at Grand Opera in Covent Gardens when the King and Queen were present. When I was there in 1933 there was a change in my condition and I was not out so much, but the service from the office had been improved and I received more personal consideration than at any previous time. They handled my mail and it was seen to that I received mail arriving from Canada the very morning I left for home.

I have registered this time as usual but there doesn't seem to be much doing. I am not feeling hurt or anything, but it seems queer—anyway its different.

For some time I paid visits of courtesy to Ontario House and it was always a pleasure to be received by Hon. Mr. Noxon. This is closed entirely. Somehow London does not seem just the same to a visiting Canadian.

Wednesday of last week I motored to Rochester which is the Cloisterham of Dickens last novel "Edwin Drood." The drive was very pleasant through the orchards of Kent, which were in full bloom, and the wheel countryside was very beautiful. I was shown part of the foundations of the cathedral that was placed 604 A.D.

Friday I came on to Oxford by bus. I came through Cheyne Walks where Carlyle used to live. One is always coming unexpectedly upon places of interest like this. This night week in Oxford and Thursday a big day on the river.

They have a new big theatre and the D'Oley Carte Opera Co. are giving three weeks of Gilbert and Sullivan. Last night Iolanthe was rapturously received. The Company is leaving shortly for the United States and I think their costumes have been renewed. At any rate they were fresh, colorful and clean, and the grouping effective. But the audience in its receptivity was splendid. The opera was evidently well-known and all the hits grasped, the principals were perfect, the chorus and ensemble magnificent. The opera is so perfectly English—the theme, the music and the wit. The actors are English and the audience. Never have I heard such enthusiastic roars of applause. I enlarge upon this because it was all so typically English. And the English are so real. In Time and Tide this week Lady Rhonda has an article, in the course of which she says "I began my notes this week by suggesting that England had the imperfections of her qualities. She has also the qualities of her imperfections. One which may one day prove of great value to the world as well as to ourselves is her sense of unity. A sense of unity is very rare in so big a nation as ours. I quote from Mrs. Dugdale's Life of Lord Balfour, 'I doubt if you would find it written in any book on the British constitution that the whole essence of British parliamentary government lies in the intention to make the thing work. We take it for granted. We have spent hundreds of years in elaborating a system that rests on that alone. It is so deep in us that we have lost sight of it. But it isn't so obvious to others. They learn about our parliamentary methods of obstruction, but nobody explains to them that when it comes to the point all our parliamentary parties are determined the machinery shant stop.'" And then Lady Rhonda tells a story: "Last March—just after Germany had marched into the Rhineland, when the League Council meeting was being held in London, the Germans made a point of seeing that a leading member of their delegation got into touch with a leading member of the Labor Party. "In the event," said the German representation, "of real trouble, I take it that the opposition would take its heaven sent chance to oppose the government tooth and nail?" The Labor Leader paused for a second: "In the event of real trouble," he said slowly, "we should be behind Baldwin to a man." The German threw up his hands in despair, "Oh, you English," he cried, "and we—if we so much as drop the truncheons they fall apart." Parliament is of course only a mirror of the country. We all have that underlying unity. Even when we are most at loggerheads we have a kind of certainty in one another. And I have felt it a great privilege to be here at a time when there is so much of difficulty facing the government and to observe the fine temper shown upon all sides.

The reference to "hundreds of years in perfecting parliamentary procedure brings me quite naturally to the Church. "From this spot for over 900 years have gone up prayers and praise to God." I came across this on Saturday. Think of it—hundreds of years before America was discovered or thought of. This thought was with me in Christ Church at the three services, Matins, Litany and Holy Communion. And how the ancient church perdits in her ways. How impatient we are in the new country. Some one always finding fault with the G.B.R.E. "When are we going to have a new Hymn Book?" Yet here I find the same Hymn Book I remember as a child—with of course additions. And our Canadian Prayer Book with its "enrichments." This Church does not seem to find it necessary to be always looking after some new thing. And the services how simple they are—and how thrilling in their simplicity. I have attended services—all possible—but I have heard no interpolations — just the centuries old Church's Prayers. And why do we not make more use of boys' voices? I have heard nothing but boy sopranos, and how lovely they are.

I have made friendly contacts here—notably a Rhode's scholar from Kansas City and enjoy the quiet. It is a busy city, but you step into a college quad and you seem out of the world. Some of the college gardens are very lovely, notably Magdalen. And the walks along the river his most delightful. In the Bodleian this morning the silence was deadly.

Joseph Beaumont.

JESUS CRUCIFIED

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT: "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Romans 5: 8.

LESSON PASSAGE: Luke 23: 33-46.

"All this, I did for thee,
What hast thou done for me?"

CALVARY, 33.

All four gospels tell the story of the crucifixion. The whole public ministry of our Lord was a prelude to this climax. Good Friday is the holiest of our holy days. Even after nineteen hundred years the moving story has lost none of its pathos. The cross tells us that Christ's own surrender was without reserve. It teaches us to take long views of life. For the time being Christ's love had a victory, but Christ won the victory that endures and grows. The cross is a symbol, but it is more; it is principle of conduct and an attitude of mind. It teaches us to live sacrificially—even a life of service is insufficient. Daily we must crucify ourselves, that our pride and selfish desires may die and that our Lords may live. God's love was back of the cross. The heart of the Eternal was suffering in order to win men to himself. On the cross Christ was not a victim; he was a victor. He won his victory over death and the grave and his sacrificial death enables us to have victory over sin. If we seek to live in the power of the cross we must take our religion into every phase of life. There must be no unconsecrated areas. Christ loved to the uttermost. He held nothing back.

Forgiveness, 34.

In his "Meditations on the Cross," Kagawa says that "Christ had the experience of loving his enemies. At the very moment when Christ was hanging upon the cross, he loved not only those to whom he was bound by ties of affection, but also those for whom he had a natural aversion. This love is immediately difficult to practice. Although among the famous men of Japanese history there are not a few of superior character, there are none who showed any love for those who subjected them to death. But Christ, who feels as God feels, forgave his enemies for crucifying him. When we hear this story of Christ's forgiveness, our hearts are stirred, and we wish that we too could forgive as he did. But when someone ever steps on our toes in a street car, now do we act? We feel like giving him a piece of our mind, and we grumble. Our practice is not in line with our wishful thinking. But Christ, who shared the heart of God, was able to say without a shadow of constraint, and with absolute serenity of spirit, 'Father, forgive them, for they no not what they are doing.' It is this spirit which has flowed down through the years from Christ's heart and has entered deeply into the hearts of those who long to know him and to be like him."

Unconscious Eulogy, 35-38.

Here we have true eulogies spoken in derision by the enemies of Jesus. The religious rulers of Jerusalem could not heal the sick or reclaim the sinful. Their jealousy of Jesus filled them with venom and they taunted Jesus on the cross, saying "He saved others." They could not understand why the Christ, the chosen of God, could not save himself from the cross. Over his head was placed an inscription written in Hebrew, Latin and Greek: "This is the King of the Jews." It was a studied insult, but "in summoning three of the leading languages of earth to that day to bear witness to the royalty of One who hung upon the cross; in summoning three forms of civilization, the Roman with its genius for philosophy and art, and the Hebrew with its genius for ethics and religion, to confess the Kingship of Jesus, they wrote more wisely than they knew. The One who hung there in apparent helplessness has become in all these lines of human advance the King of kings and Lord of lords."

Life Changing on the Cross, 39-43.

Throughout the years of his public ministry, Christ won men and women to God. The four gospels tell many stories of changed lives through the teaching and sympathy of Jesus. This was to be expected as he talked on the hill sides or read in the synagogues, but he actually won another to faith while he suffered on the cross. We are always waiting for a convenient season, but Christ so impressed one of his companions dying on the cross that the dying thief said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom." Christ replied: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." Even on the cross Christ won a sinner to a higher life. "Helpfulness was his daily, hourly habit. He could not pass through a crowded street without having some suffering woman touch the hem of his garment for her recovery. He could not enter Jericho without picking a sinful man out of the crowd, leaving him renewed, a son of Abraham to whose heart salvation had come. He could not suffer upon the cross without carrying a penitent robber in his arms into Paradise."

A Last Prayer, 46.

In times of crisis, words of scripture came to the lips of Jesus. In the wilderness, at the beginning of his ministry, he met the three temptation with three statements of scripture. Of the seven words from the cross two were quotations from the Psalms. His mind was stored with the choicest passages from Hebrew literature and he interpreted his experiences by them. His utter trust is shown by his dying upon the cross, God was still his Father. His faith had not changed or weakened from the day when his disciples had asked him to teach them to pray and he taught them to address God as "Our Father." In the Garden of Gethsemane, Christ had sought to learn the Father's will. Once he was sure of it, he did not hesitate to act even though it meant giving up life at the age of thirty-constant trust and dependence upon three. Christ would have us live in God, and when the last hour comes could we take nobler words upon our lips than to commit our destiny into the keeping of the loving heavenly Father.

Questions for Discussion

1. Can there be service without sacrifice?
2. Can we forgive our enemies without feeling self-righteous about our magnanimity?
3. How has Christ "saved others?"
4. Why was one thief penitent, the other impenitent?
5. "He died as he lived." Do we want to?

A Dash of Local Color

By NELSON S. BOND

CHET ANDERSON, grinding broad by, slid into a seat beside mine at Tony's.

"I've got time for one drink," he decided. "Then I've got to scoot over to the office. Just about make the deadline."

"Since when did you start writing deadline stuff?" I scoffed. "I thought the chit column was your specialty."

"One of Brown's brainstorms," explained Chet. "He's turned me into a sort of male sob sister. I take a ride into the cities every afternoon and come back with a local color jag on. I've got the biggest load here in my pockets . . . ." He tapped a couple of sheets of folded copy paper. "This story will knock 'em right off their pins. It's a natural. Let me tell you about it.

"I was driving along a road down East Orange way when I saw this old nigger hanging on a rail fence, chewing a blade of grass and looking at the sky, to see if it would rain tomorrow. He was the typical stage 'Rube' if ever I saw one. One glant at him and I knew I had my story for the day. I pulled up the car.

"'Hyah, Pop!' I said. 'How's tricks?'

"'Wal,' he opined, 'things could be better; they could be worse.'

"'Guess it's pretty sobby around here sometimes,' I said, taking a squint at the vacant fields and the lonely road, 'when all the folks come down to market.'

"'Well, you'd have died laughing.' I don't think the old boy quite knew whether I was kidding or serious. He just stood there looking at me.

"'Nevah very busy around these parts, Son,' he says, 'but there sure is lots of time for thinkin'.'

"I laughed. 'That might be all right for you, old timer,' I told him, 'but give me the Broadway glims every time. I'd get the jitters out here.'

"'Does a man good to do some thinkin' once in a while,' drawls the old fellow.

"'Maybe so,' I said, 'but in my business you have to act first and do your thinking afterward. I'm a newspaper reporter.'

"He nodded; sort of impressed.

"'I've done a mite of writin' myself,' he says, finally, 'long time sence.'

"That's when I started to get ticklish. I figured I'd just coax him along a bit and build up the story that was starting to line up in my mind.

"'Well,' I said, 'why didn't you stick to it?'

"'I gave it up,' said the old geezer seriously. 'I found that I couldn't worry and fret about handsome writin' and still live happy.'

"'Now, that was a shame,' I said, trying not to grin in his face. 'You might have become real famous if you'd kept at it.'

"'Oh, I still do a little,' he says earnestly . . . 'mebbe a page or two a day. Seems like it eases my mind a bit. But I don't work too hard at it.'

"A page of two a day—can you beat it? It tickled me when I thought of the hundreds of good men here in the city slapping out thousands of words a day and never even getting to first base. I felt a little bit sorry for the old duffer.

"'Tell you what I'll do,' I said. 'Send me some of the stuff you've written some time, and if it's any good for you, I'll try to fix it up and sell it for you. I've sold some things myself to magazines and newspapers. Maybe with a little reviving by somebody that knows the ropes your stuff will do for the syndicates.'

"The rube grins sort of sheepishly. 'Oh,' he says, 'I reckon I'll just go yammerin' along my own way.'

"'You'd better get off the farm, then,' I advised him, 'and come along into the city. H—l, man, you're just wasting your life out here.'

"He just figured. 'Guess I'd too old a dog to learn new tricks now,' he said—all seriousness, too. 'But thanks, anyway.'

"Well, I gave him my name, all the time trying my best to hold back the chuckles, but after I got down the road a piece I had to stop and let it out. Honest, I thought I'd never make it back home. I was that tickled. I wrote the whole darned story down a little while ago—and boy! does it look goofy on paper! Can't you see the headline?

UNKNOWN GENIUS WILL NOT MOVE TO CITY.
Happy Where I Am, Says Local Shakespeare."

New York will be nuts about it."

Chet chuckled and finished off his drink. I took a newspaper out of my pocket and unfolded it curiously. "Say Chet," I said, "do you ever read the Dispatch?"

"That rag?" said Chet. "I should say not! I stick to the Advertiser."

"I was wondering," I said. "There's a syndicated daily column in here under the byline of E. Rowe—the Sage of Pumpkin Corner. They call him the grand old man of letters. His column this evening starts out, 'I met myself today—myself as I was sixty odd years ago. A young man, fresh as a newly painted whip handle, and cocky as a gingerbread cake came to our little country retreat to teach us how to live. . . .'"

Chet clutched at the paper. "Let me see that!" he muttered thickly.

"It's almost midnight, Chet," I warned him. "You'll miss your deadline."

He flung the paper to the floor. "To—l with it!" he grunted. "Let's have another drink!"

ACCIDENTS AND COMPENSATION

The accidents reported to The Workmen's Compensation Board during the month of May numbered 4,574, as compared with 4,250 during April, and 4,734 during May of last year.

The benefits awarded amounted to $422,377.73, $334,443.04 of which was for compensation and $87,935.69 for medical aid.

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ALL SIZES FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN FROM

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MISSES CLARIDGE
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Good Prices Paid

Good prices paid for horses, injured cattle or anything suitable for fox meat. With injured animals must be secured IMMEDIATELY to be of use. Horses positively never resold under any condition.—Vanmatter Fox Farm. Phone 95 r. 31, Georgetown. 4tp

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A carload arriving weekly—25 head of Holstein, Ayrshire, Durham and pure-breds; fresh and springers. Each cow covered by a Dominion Government test chart and have been in a restricted area since 1929.—Apply to T. H. Graham, lot 12, Highway No. 10, 3 miles south of Brampton, Phone 234 r 4. 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 158, Georgetown. tf

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. Eaton, Ariella St., 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 321 or write Box 525—S. Walker, George St., Georgetown. 4tp tf

WOOD FOR SALE

Choice hardwood, Maple and Beech mixed soft wood. Most reasonable prices. Apply Jack Tout, Phone 351w, Georgetown. 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, Beech and Maple at $3.00 per cord. Mixed wood $2.50 per cord; Rails $2.50 per cord.

J. BRANDFORD
Phone 365 or 1321 Georgetown

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Leghorns 6c each

Hatch off each Saturday

THUS SAITH THE LORD:
Without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Heb. 11: 6.

Adolph Sandusky,
Queen & 1st Line W.
BRAMPTON
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