THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, January 4th, 1933. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. W. BROOKS
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table

(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger and Mail	10.50 a.m.
Passenger	6.37 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.19 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger	8.46 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	9.56 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger	6.49 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.18 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.56 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.56 p.m.

ARROW
SCHEDULED BUS SERVICE
Eastern Standard Time
8.15 a.m. (10.30 a.m. Saturdays and Holidays only) 12.30 p.m. 2.35 p.m. 6.30 p.m., 10.30 p.m.
Richmond
7.15 a.m. daily except Sunday. 9.50 a.m. 1.15 p.m. 6.00 p.m. (7.15 Saturdays and Holidays only) 11.0 p.m. daily.
Richmond Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
LONG'S

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Prosperity

Prosperity makes millionaires and adversity makes men. Every lash of adversity is a lesson, every sting a veritable schoolmaster in the class of learning.

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The Leader for Forty Years
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—BY—
O. T. Walker, D.O.S.C.
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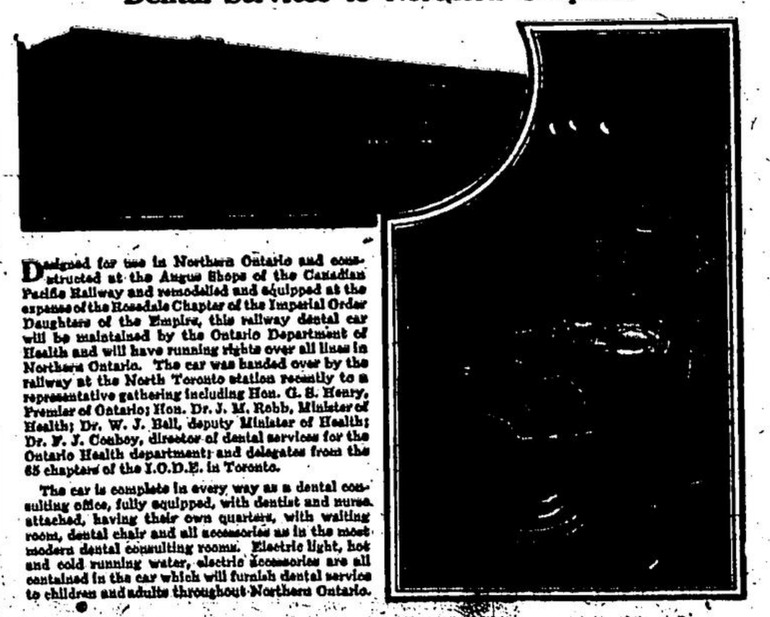
PIONEERS MEET AFTER HALF CENTURY

Half a century is a long way to look back and when Charlie Shaw (right) met Tom Wilson in the grounds of the Banff Springs Hotel last autumn, it was an occasion for both of them. Tom is a well-known character at the famous Rocky Mountain resort. He is the sole survivor of the Canadian Pacific's first exploration party of 1881, and was the first white man to see Lake Louise. Shaw, who makes his home in Kenmore, B.C., is the sole survivor of the survey party under C. E. Perry, C.E., which located the line across the Alberta prairies. The pair met, for the only time in their lives till 1931, in 1883, when Tom was working under Major A. B. Rogers, after whom Rogers Pass is named and Charlie was with Sir Sanford Fleming's memorable expedition through the Kicking Horse Pass. What this gallant pair of veterans must have had to say to each other when they renewed their acquaintance! From the days when they toiled over mountain and plain, blazing the way for the great steel girdle which now binds the provinces of the Dominion together, down to the present day, is history. Their cheery old termination has been, and is, reflected in the story of the world's greatest transportation system. The mantle of responsibility has passed from Mountstephen to Van Horne and from thence-forward to the broad shoulders of E.W. Beatty, chairman and president of the system. Many progressive improvements have been made. But the spirit which sent Tom and Charlie across hundreds of miles of unexplored territory remains unchanged, for the excellent reason that none better can be found.

Dental Services to Northern Outposts



Designed for use in Northern Ontario and constructed at the Angus Shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway and remodelled and equipped at the expense of the Rosedale Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, this railway dental car will be maintained by the Ontario Department of Health and will have running rights over all lines in Northern Ontario. The car was handed over by the railway at the North Toronto station recently to a representative gathering including Hon. G. S. Henry, Premier of Ontario; Hon. Dr. J. M. Robb, Minister of Health; Dr. W. J. Ball, deputy Minister of Health; Dr. F. J. Conboy, director of dental services for the Ontario Health department; and delegates from the 65 chapters of the I.O.D.E. in Toronto.

The car is complete in every way as a dental consulting office, fully equipped, with dentist and nurse attached, having their own quarters, with waiting room, dental chair and all accessories as in the most modern dental consulting rooms. Electric light, hot and cold running water, electric accessories are all contained in the car which will furnish dental service to children and adults throughout Northern Ontario.

TO THE NEW YEAR

Awhile the note of "Peace, Good-will" was lingering on the air,
I looked along the path of life and saw thee coming there;
The garlands of thy offering were love and joy and truth.
I seemed to hear thy advent-song, ere bore the lilt of youth.
And gems of wisdom and of love the old year gave to me
I gathered up to treasure them and go along with thee.
All down the path, through joy and pain, now sunshine and now tears,
I'll find my courage in the heart of Him who formed the years.
He knows the way and in His love will guide each step aright.
Through burning heat of noonday or the darkness of the night;
And all but gems of wisdom and of love thou hast for me,
I'll lay down over yonder where I say farewell to thee.

—E. Simpson Mackay

RAILWAYS CO-OPERATE TO EFFECT ECONOMIES

Montreal, Dec. 31—In order to discuss plans for the fullest possible co-operation between the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways the executive committee of the respective boards of directors recently held a joint meeting in Montreal. Announcement of this meeting was made jointly by Mr. E. W. Beatty and Mr. S. J. Hungerford. The statement follows:

"The executive officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways, with the approval of their respective boards of directors, have in the past co-operated to a certain extent in effecting economies in operation and in other days where uniform action appeared desirable. Believing that because of the necessity for the utmost economy in the operation of the railways this policy of co-operation should be carried forward to the fullest possible extent, the executive committee of the respective boards of directors met in the board room of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Windsor Street. The policy of further co-operation between the two railway companies was agreed upon and it was decided to appoint a joint committee to formulate plans for the carrying of it out."

A doctor instructed a poor Irishman to take the medicine he prescribed after every meal.

"Sure an' I will," Pat replied, "if ye'll only tell where I can get a meal to take before the medicine."

STOWAWAY

By Harford Powel, Jr.

You may remember Mike Burgler, whose real name is Mitchell Van Tassel, Jr. He is the boy who once bought a female elephant to save her from abusive treatment in a circus. Mike is the kind of boy who looks shy, and speaks low, and is never the leader of a gang. But when he talks, he says something.

I will never forget one evening in the room Bill King and I shared at Middletown Academy when Mike said: "Fellows, you know all about Charles A. Lindbergh's great flight to Paris, and the other remarkable flights that have been made to Germany, Honolulu, etc."

"Ask me another," said Stan Biddle, little knowing to what a startling surprise these words of Mike's would lead.

"Despite all these achievements," said Mike, "the art of flying is still very crude. The present-day ships are like the original railroad trains, which took such a horrible toll of human life before automatic signals and the air brake were invented. My father, a great believer in the practicability of flying, has taken steps to make it far more practicable still. He has found an inventor named Gustaven, who has devised a really safe airplane.

"In the first place—and this is a secret—the airplane will not fall like a plummet if the motor fails, but will come down as lightly as a parachute—in fact, more lightly. Secondly, Mr. Gustaven has invented automatic-control machinery. This apparatus will enable a plane to fly to Paris with no assistance from Lindbergh or any other operator. You merely set your course and let her flicker. If there are storms or contrary winds, the ship just climbs over them, while fog, so dangerous to human pilots, means nothing, obviously, to these automatic instruments."

"Oh, obviously," said Bill King.

"You can scoff," replied Mike, earnestly. "But you will remember that when Robert Fulton invented the steamship he set off from the dock in New York amidst the derisive laughter of the spectators. These are his own words. You may be derided, still, but my father has such faith that he has had a Gustaven airplane built, and after the tests are completed it will be brought to Philadelphia and sent on a non-stop flight to Paris and return!"

We were astounded. And our excitement grew when we learned, a few weeks later, that we were to have a chance to use the plane. By "we" I mean, as usual, Stan Biddle, Bill King and myself. Secret tests were conducted in the Panhandle district of Texas, and the famous ace and air-mail pilot, Sim Adams, was engaged to make the great demonstrating flight to Paris and returns.

Mike's father came to Middletown Academy at about this time. Although greatly distinguished as a Senator, a multi-millionaire, and a patron of the arts and sciences, he is a very smiling and democratic man, never pretending to be a boy himself or to talk boys' language. He is always welcome, therefore, in our rooms, and he frequently lets us come to his large estate near the academy grounds. "I'm glad to hear from Mitchell," he said to us, "that you are taking an intelligent interest in my airplane. It seemed to me that it's time for some one to quit putting up cash prizes that induce brave men to break their necks, and to spend the cash in improving the airplane itself. Come over to my place on your next free afternoon and see the new design."

We lost no time in accepting this invitation. The great new airplane, called the American Eagle, took our breath away. It proved to be as much larger than common airplanes as the steamship Leviathan is larger than the Santa Maria of Columbus. Instead of an exposed cockpit, there was a large cabin, heated, like an automobile, from the exhaust.

"Isn't it a wonder!" asked Mike proudly, while he was showing us over this immense ship.

"How high will it go?" Stan asked.

"The roof, as pilots say, varies with the amount of weight carried. Nevertheless, there is a secret apparatus that lightens the weight. I would explain it to you, if I were empowered to do so, but it will be given to the United States government. Fully loaded with enough gasoline to fly 9000 miles, the roof is about 28,500 feet; one mile higher than the top of Mount Everest. Consider what this means."

"I have considered," said Stan. "It means that there won't be enough air to breathe."

"That has been provided for," answered Mike. "There are compressed air tanks; also oxygen tanks. Naturally, the airplane will not seek its roof, unless it is hopping over a storm."

"The motors may not run at such heights."

"You remind me of the men who said that Fulton's ship couldn't steam to Albany. The motors are all fitted with superchargers. Any other questions?"

Stan and Bill were all ready with plenty of questions, and Mike lectured to them for a long time. Meanwhile, I was more interested in Sim Adams than in the ship, as I am not mechanically inclined. I found there was a small room for Sim, with a comfortable chair in which he could recline, and even sleep, while the automatic controls held the American Eagle on her course. The main cabin, which was big enough for ten passengers, now held emergency gasoline tanks for the round-trip flight to Paris, without landing. Under ordinary conditions, people would not wish to return so soon, but would land in Paris to view the cathedrals, art galleries, and other points of interest.

As Mike explained to us, this trip was intended to prove that the Gustaven ship was so reliable that one man, without radio aid, could take her to Paris and back.

"Even such an intrepid flyer as Commander Byrd," said Mike, "was compelled to postpone his start from day to day, waiting for good weather conditions. When landing, he had to recourse to a collapsible boat. Modern travelers will not stand for such inconveniences. They want to start at the advertised minute and arrive at their destinations without any delay. All the railroads and steamship companies know this. Instead of waiting for ideal weather—which never occurs, anyway—you just start this new airplane, rain or shine."

Senator Van Tassel heard this remark and was pleased by Mike's lucid explanation.

"The flight will be a great experience," he said. "Except for the obvious advantage of having a single passenger, for two hits I'd go myself."

"I'd go for nothing!" exclaimed Mike.

The Senator shook his head, smiling. "Sim Adams will prove the value of the controls by flying alone," he said, "and yet this will not tire him, because he can sleep whenever he pleases; just as Captain Wiggins used to lash the wheel and sleep soundly, when he sailed single-handed round the world on the Spray."

Back in the main cabin we found a small closet.

"This is for spare clothes, medical stores, and the like," said Mike.

"Just what, I thought," said Bill King, who comes from New London, Conn., and knows all about ships. "In every ship there is always some hatrel or cubby-hole, big enough for a stowaway."

We all laughed. The idea of stowing away on an airplane was ridiculous. But we forgot Mike. The laughter died down very soon, and I thought I saw him looking very closely, soon afterward, at the small closet on the airplane.

The non-stop flight was to start on September 20th. Our principal, Doctor Dupee, gave us permission to view the start of this heroic voyage over the clouds. We were glad indeed to hear his words. Setting our alarm clocks for 8 a.m., we were dressed and ready when the Senator's car came for us at 8.15. We invited our science teacher, Mr. Middlebank, to come too. It was a cold night, and we all wore plenty of clothes. Mike seemed to be the most fully dressed of all—he looked as if he had several sweaters under his fleece-lined coat.

There were crowds of people around the American Eagle. Her tank-like tires look as small as automobiles were climbing over her wings, and up a ladder into her cabin. While we looked on, from a distance, Mike climbed up too for a last look around.

We saw him clearly in the light of many electric lamps that lit up the ship. We thought it a suitable gesture, to wave at a proper distance and not gum up the preparations in any way. Senator Van Tassel was on the field, looking very nervous. We all felt nervous, too, and our knees trembled. Then we felt the queer little cold wind that comes just before the dawn.

"During the next forty hours," said Stan, "this plane will be cut off from everybody in the world. Sim Adams has no radio aboard. Perhaps some Nova Scotia farmer will have a glimpse of the American Eagle, soaring three or four miles over his head, but Sim will have no communication with people on shore or on the sea. He will be as far from human companionship as if he were living alone in the deserted moon."

"That's so," I answered. "But the prospect doesn't seem to worry him. Here he comes now, looking just as excited as if he were going to deliver milk."

In truth, Sim was a cool-looking bird. He sauntered over to the ladder with a straw in his mouth. He wore his flying helmet, too. There was no need of it, but habit is habit.

"Remember the purpose of this flight," said Senator Van Tassel, in serious and husky tones. "Do not stop for any reason whatever. Come home the shortest way, and in the shortest time."

"Right," drawled Sim.

He shut the cabin door, and in a few seconds the powerful motors began to roar, and the propellers sent back a blast of air that almost knocked you down. Old-fashioned airplanes, when heavily burdened, have to start from runways and get into the air as cumbrously as a fat old hen chased by a fox. They often fail to rise at all, and many men have been killed or wounded in accidents right at the start. The American Eagle, however, soared up as gracefully and lightly as an arrow shot from a bow. In a very few seconds she was merely a small speck against the most gorgeous sunrise I have ever seen.

"Now for some hot coffee," said the Senator. "Are we all here? Jack, Stan find Mike and tell him we are all going home for breakfast."

We searched high and low. Mike was nowhere on the field. We used our private whistle and called his name. All to no avail.

"Why couldn't he have waited for us?" asked the Senator, testily. "I never have to worry about him or send for him. I suppose he's accepted a lift home, and we'll find him there."

But we didn't. We called up the academy, and Mike could not be found there, either. We hurried back, after breakfast, just in time for assembly. Mike's seat was empty, which had never happened before. We had a boy once who ran away. Hop Carey by name. But Mike was no Hop. As Barker Johnson, our most popular teacher, said of Mike, he was as regular as the verb "amo," and as dependable as the multiplication table.

"This was getting serious," I said to Stan. "We had more fun than a barrel of monkeys when Hop ran away, but I can't believe that our gentle Mike would ever be A.W.O.L."

"Well, he is," said Stan. "You must learn to believe in facts, whether you like them or not. Tell me now. You saw Mike climb into the plane, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him climb down?"

I shook my head. And then I suddenly felt cold all over. I remembered that when Hop Carey ran away, he left a farewell note on his bureau; and I went quietly to Mike's room. Sure enough, there was a folded sheet on his table, and at the top of it were the words: 'Last Will and Testament.' Below them Mike had written:

"I, Mitchell Van Tassel, Jr., being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby give and bequeath all my worldly goods to my father, Senator Van Tassel, charging him to select from among them suitable keepsakes for Dr. Theophilus P. Dupee, beloved principal of Middleton Academy, and for my friends Jack Henderson, Stanley B. Biddle and William King. In witness thereof I have signed my name this 27th day of September, 1927, A.D."

Stan Biddle came into the room.

"Mike is evidently expecting some terrible fate," I said to him. "Here is his Last Will and Testament."

Stan gripped me by the arm and hurried me to Doctor Dupee's study. There I handed the document to the astonished principal.

"Poor, misguided boy," said the principal. "Why would have thought he was brooding about possible dissolution? Dear me! We must steel ourselves against morbid thoughts especially when young. Where is Mitchell now?"

"He is aboard the airplane American Eagle."

"Absurd. The airplane is in flight."

"Sir, Mitchell is in flight, too," answered Stan Biddle. "Three hours and seven minutes have elapsed," he added, consulting his watch. "Mitchell is undoubtedly passing over Cape Ann, Massachusetts."

"Outrageous!" said the doctor. "I

(Continued on Page 4)

Something on Religion

Editor Duncan, of the Wiarton Canadian Echo has the following to say to the Oxford Group:—

Our Minister was into my office the other evening and he asked me what I thought of the work of the Oxford Group, who are now in Toronto. Well, I said, they have nothing new to offer to the public, no new message. It is just a reiteration of the efficacy of Jesus Christ to help mankind, but being delivered under more or less novel conditions and circumstances in making considerable stir in the communities in which they visit. I think that the propagation of religion, the work of the churches, has become too much systematized and like other things in this life has developed into mere matter of form. Going to church is a respectable habit of respectable people, but I question if the church-goers get any real genuine inspiration from what might be termed the program of the average church service. "Money makes the mare go," is a well-known axiom. It certainly holds good in churches and so long as the church-goers will abundantly cough up on the collection plate the managers or deacons can put on a good program. We go to service. The minister gives a good sermon. We accept its truth as a mere matter of course as we did with the school-teacher when he taught us that two and two make four. But, if religion means anything, it means a way of life, a manner of deportment as we travel through life from the cradle to the grave. Love (best described as kindness) absolute honesty (which is revolutionary), and absolute unselfishness (which few practice,) these three are the outstanding virtues of the Christian life. Find me the possessor of these qualifications and I will point to you a Christian. My brother he is a church member or never enters a church door. To be very frank and honest as I let my mind roam over the people with whom I have mingled in my lifetime I can count less than a dozen, who will qualify. And I might add that none of them lived in Wiarton.

But these Oxford people, the Oxford Group, as they travel about propagating Christianity in a natural way mingling with the people, lay stress on sin, or rather on sins, and their category of sins is a pretty comprehensive one. They include the sins of the flesh, which is the common conception of the careful selection from the Ten Commandments and the criminal code; but they include the more subtle and deadly sins of the spirit, the sins of selfishness as well as the sins of sinners, those things that everybody commits and nobody confesses and which emasculate the life as nothing else does.

Yes, I admire their ideas and the way they are taking for disseminating them. Some new way, and this is one, of reaching the people must not be criticised, for apparently the formality of the churches is not as effective as it might be or as it was. And after all the one effort of a man should be to put into practice the things which so-called Christians are so much given to advocate, love, honesty, and unselfishness. And at this the great bulk of humanity has failed.

ASHGROVE

Following is the report of S. S. No. 2, Esquesing for the Fall term. Names appear in order of merit.

Sr. IV—Charlotte Wilson, Angus McNabb and Edith Wrigglesworth equal.

Jr. IV—Goldie Bowman, Orlo Bowman.

Sr. III—Marion Dick, William Bradley, Robert Alexander, Cleave Wilson.

Jr. III—William Alexander, Joy Riddell, John Bradley, Roy Bradley, Charles Well.

Sr. II—Frances Wrigglesworth.

Jr. II—Marion Bradley, Ward Brownridge, Margaret Alexander.

Sr. Primer—Betty Riddell, Douglas Currie, Dixon Bowman.

Jr. Pr.—Gilbert Wrigglesworth.

Ruth E. Girton, Teacher.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

Venerable Archdeacon Scott of Quebec, in addressing a body of students stressing the necessity of being true gentlemen, drew form his pocket a well-worn New Testament, and emphasized his point by substituting the word "gentleman" for the "charity" in St. Paul's famous chapter: "A gentleman suffereth long and is kind. A gentleman envieth not. A gentleman vaunteth not himself. A gentleman is not puffed up. A gentleman doth not behave himself unseemly. A gentleman doth not seek his own. A gentleman is not easily provoked. A gentleman thinketh no evil. A gentleman rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth." The same may as truthfully be said of a true lady.—Petrolia Advertiser-Topic.

CHANGE BIG MARSH INTO MUSKRAT FARM

A large area of marsh land in the Saskatchewan River delta southeast of The Pas is reported to be the scene of a huge muskrat-farming enterprise on which operations have started. The fur rancher is Thos Lamb, experienced fur trader and operator of the Moose Lake trading post, who, it is stated, has secured authority from the Manitoba Government to carry on muskrat farming on an area of 53,930 acres bounded by the Summerberry and Head rivers. The area amounts to upwards of 80 square miles and contains 134 lakes connected by a series of streams offering 341 miles of trapping lines. The lease of the island is for five years at the end of which time, if satisfactory progress has been made, a renewal would be given. Lamb is starting with 300 muskrats and expects to have 34,000 three years hence. The arrangement includes the building of dams and no fur to be taken until after three years. The district around The Pas and along the Hudson Bay Railway formerly produced a tremendous number of muskrats for the fur markets of the world. It is stated that 1,000,000 of these furs were shipped out of The Pas in 1902. In 1910 the number dropped to 300,000 and in 1926 only 40,000 were marketed, excessive trapping having depleted the area. The new enterprise of Tom Lamb therefore starts in an area recognized as probably the greatest natural breeding place for muskrats in North America and success will do much to restore the district's production of this fur. The area under one management is probably the largest muskrat farm in the world.

TOO LATE TOMORROW.

We travel only once this way,
And life is brief at best;
Past years seem but as yesterday,
So soon are we at rest.

The bloom of youth is early gone,
As fadeth soon the flower;
And old age cometh swiftly on
To meet the final hour.

Eyes though our years exceed four score,
They vanish swiftly away;
Divine, immutable the law
That man returns to clay.

Should we not strive to freely give
Some helpfulness each day?
The few brief years we have to live
Ere we must pass away.

A quick response to human need
May lift a load or sorrow;
The word of cheer, the kindly deed
May be too late tomorrow.

—Lyrik Harmata.

BEWARE OF THIS MALADY

Morbi Sabbatica or Sunday sickness is a disease to church-goers and the attack comes on suddenly on Sunday morning. No symptoms are felt on Saturday evening. The patient sleeps well, awakes feeling well, and eats a hearty breakfast, but about church-time the attack comes on and continues until morning service is over. At dinner time the patient feels easier and eats a good meal. In the afternoon he feels so much better that he can take a walk, talk politics, and read newspapers. Supper is taken with quite a relish, but another attack comes on when the bell rings for evening service, and he stays at home, retires early to rest, sleeps soundly, and wakes up next morning as well as he can be. No further symptoms appear until the following Sunday. The chief peculiarities of Morbi Sabbatinus are: Never appears except on Sunday; symptoms vary, but never affect sleep, meals or pleasure; generally attacks the head of the family, no physician is ever called in.

NEW ERA COMING JUDGE DECLARES

A new era of progress and prosperity will follow this period of depression, according to Judge Joseph Woeking in a charge to the Middlesex grand jury last week.

The judge recalled that soon after his appointment to the bench two years ago he referred to the prevalence of unemployment but since then he said conditions had become worse for both city workers and farmers. Nevertheless, he said, there were hopeful features.

"The difficulty of reparations has apparently been solved," he said, "and the British Empire has taken steps to make trade run more freely. If the war debts problems could be settled, and the nations could agree on some measure of disarmament it would not be long till the world would be back to normal. It should be remembered that, though times are bad, the country has been through hard times before and has later enjoyed its greatest prosperity.

"When I came to Canada from England in April of 1883 the country was in the beginning of as great a panic as that of 1929. Before the end of that year between 600 and 800 banks in the United States had failed. The farmer, then until 1897 went through the same difficulties that beset him today. My father tried in those terrible days to establish himself on a farm, and the picture of his difficulties has been driven into my soul. But later came the greatest prosperity and expansion this country has ever known.

"There is not the slightest doubt that good times will come again. We should not allow ourselves to become hysterical, panic-stricken or too pessimistic, but we should apply ourselves to the limit of our powers. In such times there should be no hoarding. Every employer, including farmers, should do all that is possible to give man work.

"On deposit in our banks today there is $1,500,000,000, and the amount is still growing when it ought to be out changing hands. A sad feature of present conditions is the fact that so many young men have had no work since leaving school. That unquestionably is a factor in undermining morale and is causing an increase in certain forms of crime."

WHO LOSES?

From The Trader and Canadian Jeweler: Here's a story that is going the rounds. Two unemployed men with 25 cents between them spun the coin for the joy of a bath. Jones won and departed with the quarter into the public baths. Smith followed him in, stole his clothes, and pawned them for $2. Walking down the street he saw clocks being sold in a jewelar's window for $40, one dollar down and the balance in payments. He signed a contract, paid one dollar and took the clock. Further down the street he pawned it for $18, and with the proceeds redeemed Jones' clothes which he returned. The jeweler, however, had identified the clock in the pawnbroker's window and had Smith arrested. Smith appeared in court, proved he was living up to his contract in the clock purchase and promptly entered a counter-charge for false arrest. He was awarded $1,360. Now both Jones and Smith have season tickets to the public bath and an unbounded admiration for jewelers.

GET JANUARY 17th TO OPEN FARLEY UNEMPLOYMENT

Tuesday, January 17th, is tentatively proposed as the date for the Dominion-Provincial conference on unemployment and allied problems. The premiers of all provinces are being communicated with on the subject of the date. Intimation to this effect was given by Prime Minister R. B. Bennett early last week.

The action of the Prime Minister towards the holding of a conference with Provincial representatives of all parts of the Dominion carries out the statement of Mr. Bennett on the floor of parliament last week shortly before the adjournment for recess.

A nation-wide contributory system of unemployment insurance will form part of the major discussions. The field of jurisdiction as between the Dominion and the provinces may be redistributed at the parley. This redistribution authority may apply not only in regard to social insurance but possibly income taxation and authority over company incorporations.