THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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

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

Going East

Passenger and Mail	12.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.37 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Sunday's going East

Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	3.32 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.44 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	12.15 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.45 p.m.

BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE JUNE 6th, 1933
Leave Georgetown

West	East
8.30 a.m.	6.15 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
1.30 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
6.30 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
8.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	

X—Sundays and Holidays only.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME

ARROW

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MOTHER NATURE'S BOY

(Dedicated to R. W. Chester Pettit)

Mother Nature never wearies;
She's a regular thoroughbred.
She knows what verdure should be
green
And apples should be red.

She makes a carpet of the leaves,
A coverlet of the snow;
She weaves the most majestic things,
Like spider webs, you know.

She sells the first shy crocus
When it is time for spring;
She can wake the river's torrents
And the brooklets merely sing.

She coaxes pussy willows out,
Hands buttercups and cream,
The hen's cozy in the meadow,
The trout that swims the stream.

She hands the hazy summer clouds
In piles like billows deep,
Then she sends the mervy breezes
That scatter them like sheep.

With myriads of fire flies
She lights the pasture land;
They glint about and in and out
At night on every hand.

She paints the children's rosy cheeks,
The butterflies gay wing;
She gives the bird its downy nest
And wastes not anything.

Mother Nature keeps her promise,
But her children mind obey,
Or else take bitter medicine;
She takes revenge always.

I love old Mother Nature,
who glides the world with joy;
I'll be wise when I am old
For now I'm just her boy.

—Annie Mabel Pettit

MIRAGE THAT IS MIRAGE

Roads in the southwest of Saskatchewan are referred to by the "Enterprise" of Maidand as "spaghetti." Evidently they are not conducive to long life in a motor car. Yet when Bert Pilkins journeyed to Regina recently to take delivery of a new Chevrolet, his old car—a 1928 model Chevrolet coupe—showed 84,000 miles on the gauge, and its general condition indicated it is still good for many thousands more. The Pilkins Chevrolet ran up its mileage in the southwestern part of the province.

Hostess—"Mary, you must put another plate at the table. An unexpected guest has arrived."

Maid—"But, I can't, madam, there is no more china."

Hostess—"Oh, that's all right. They will be so close together they won't know one plate from another anyhow."

POLICE LOSE POWER TO GIVE GUN PERMITS

Amendment to Criminal Code Places the Right with R.C.M.P. Heads —Present Ones Void

Police chiefs are among the persons who have been stripped of their jurisdiction to issue revolver permits, by an amendment to the criminal code passed at the recent session of the Dominion parliament. Now only "the commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police or any officer thereof duly authorized by the commissioner, or any person authorized by the attorney-general of any province" may issue these revolver permits.

Chief constables of the Dominion are not the only ones to be shorn of their power. According to the law as it stood before the recent amendment, officers of a provincial police or detective force, any stipendiary or district magistrate, police magistrate or acting police magistrate, or sheriff or any city, incorporated town or district municipality were empowered to issue permits, but all these have been passed up by the new legislation. If any of these officials still retain the right it will be derived solely from the special authorization of the attorney-general.

Prohibition of the possession of concealed, all existing permits will become automatically null and void on July 19th, and all persons desirous of carrying any firearms or other offensive weapons, will have to obtain permits to the forms set out in the recent criminal code amendment.

Sponsored by Hon. Hugh Guthrie, federal minister of justice, the new law aims to keep crime in check and especially to stem the rising tide of armed banditry by making it increasingly difficult for improper persons to obtain firearms and by increasing the penalties for breaches of the law regarding the carrying of concealed weapons.

An example of the severity of the enactment is seen in the section which provides a minimum of one year and maximum of five years' imprisonment for any person who carries any firearms capable of being concealed on the person without having obtained a permit in the proper form.

Carrying other weapons such as stilettos, skull crushers and metal knuckles, without a permit, makes a person liable to a fine of two months' imprisonment.

Any person found carrying a firearm while committing any criminal offence "shall be liable to a penalty of two years in addition to the penalties imposed in respect of the offence aforesaid of which he is convicted."

Prior to the amendment, a person in similar circumstances would have been liable to a fine of a mere $20 to $50 or to a jailterm not exceeding three months.

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INVOICES	BOOKS
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Proved He Was No Pickpocket

By ROSE BENTLEY

ELEANOR saw the broken chain of her bag dangling from the pocket of a smartly tailored green topcoat. Mustered inside the topcoat was a tall man, who seemed to be a barry.

She did not cry out—that was not the Bradley way. She simply left the crowded car and followed the man in the green coat. Eleanor's quick, pattering feet stopped short as the man suddenly passed under a lamppost and whirled about. His right hand thrust into his pocket as if in search of a weapon, and then remained there. His other hand—it wildly went up to remove his hat in sight of the girl forgetting fluidly near by.

"What have I got to do with it?"

"You should be ashamed of yourself!" she cried in sudden indignation. "You know it is to your coat pocket this very moment."

Then his right hand came out of his pocket and with it many Eleanor's pretty beaded bag with the cut and broken chain dangling. His face was a study in angry astonishment. She saw that his grey eyes flashed like steel as he faced her.

"I don't know who you are, madam," he said slowly, "but from what you say you seem to be the owner of this bag. Have you formed any idea of how it came to be in my pocket?"

Eleanor laughed contemptuously. "The sly rat revealed," she murmured rather falsetto. "and it will pay for this case—she wanted to—a pickpocket, I mean—to cut the handle of the bag and put it into the side pocket of his overcoat. And when the owner discovered the loss of the bag, the car was stopping and the cur a man in a grey overcoat alighting, and the way the handle of her bag hanging from his pocket—that is it!"

"That is only the beginning," he laughed shortly, "for I did not know the bag was in my pocket until I heard footsteps behind me and turned to see who it was—putting my hand into my pocket as I did so—and voila! The bag! The cut it is for cut stretched hand with a little bow. "I hope you will believe me."

"Thank you," unpressed Eleanor, tugging to and very much afraid of to the presence of the cool young criminal.

He stood aside so that she could pass on. They were near the corner, and just around the corner was the pretty row of bungalows where her brother lived. If she could only reach there in safety.

"I am afraid you did not believe my story, after all."

"It was a very—a very nice thing, indeed," she ignored him as she turned away. She did not go far. Before she reached the corner there was the sound of running feet.

The man in the green overcoat was still standing under the lamppost, and coming swiftly upon him from the rear was another man, who in an overcoat that looked green. There was something in his outstretched hand that he pointed at the first man, as he cried hoarsely:

"Give up that bag, cad!"

"What bag?" asked the first youth.

"The dicky handbag—its mine—it wasn't meant for you—no fooling."

The hand that held the weapon descended upon the head of the victim.

Eleanor remembered that there was a police whistle in the pretty bag in her hand, and she blew it shrilly.

The man heading over the poor youth first uttered an oath and dashed across the street and straight into the arms of a policeman, who carried him away to jail. Eleanor told her story in a shaky tone, but she did not mention the matter of the beaded bag, and the policeman who heard her assumed on a charge of assault.

The police website had commended all the residents of Great Ormsby, and among the foremost was Eleanor's brother. He went into the crowd gathered about the unknown man. He helped bring him to consciousness, and when he was once more on his feet, the man in the green overcoat suddenly gripped John Bradley's arm.

"Hello, John Bradley! I was on my way to see you!"

"The dickens you were—is it Hugo Lewis? Hugo, Mollie, this is Captain Lewis. You remember how he saved my life in France? Mollie is my wife—" Doctor John hustled his bedraggled and damaged guest toward home, and Eleanor hovered demurely near by. Her thoughts were chaotic. That hassle friend of John's—and she had insulted him—called him a pickpocket!

In the living room Eleanor told her story, and Captain Lewis grinned foolishly as he described his feelings upon finding the strange bag in his pocket. Later in the evening he murmured to Eleanor, "What do you think of my story, Miss Bradley?"

"I still think it was a very good story—a true story, after all."

"Some day—but never mind—that is another story," he muttered, and it was another story indeed—the second story he told—and the believed that, too!

Try It, and See

"I don't see why having your car overhauled should be such a depressing experience."

"You don't, eh? Well, it was overhauled by a motor cycle cop."

The difference between meddling and investigating is that we investigate and the other fellow meddles.

Husband—"Mary, after I did I wish you would marry Bill Henry."

Wife—"Why do you ask that?"

Husband—"Well, he introduced us."

Happy Youth—"One kiss, love, now you and I could die happy."

Bored Miss—"Yeah? Have your king."

Miss—"Oh and I have parted forever."

Man—"Good gracious! What else that mean?"

Miss—"A five pound box of candy in three an hour."

The Town is Like One Big Family

THE IDEAL CITIZEN

The following editorial is from the Kimbo Signal, and it appealed to us so strongly that we pass it along to our readers as "good medicine" that might well be taken in other communities.

"Have you ever noticed how inspirational and refreshing it is to go amongst a family where there is the greatest loyalty, love and co-operation between its members. And on the other hand, have you ever noticed how sickening and unedifying it is to go amongst a family whose members are always quarreling, distrustful, disloyal and not pulling together. What a difference there is in an individual's opinion of these two families?

A town is really just a big family or should be, to a certain extent. How the citizens of the town pull together for the good of the whole and how loyal they are to the interests of the town corporation just how much business that town will have in the district. The loyalty and co-operation of the citizens will determine the extent of the consideration and regard which other towns have for it.

To be an ideal citizen of Georgetown, or any other town, one must be ever ready to say something good to the town and the best boost by an opportunity for spreading abroad the good name. The unselfishness of an ideal citizen makes him want others to share opportunities, health and pleasure which his home town offers.

Loyalty is the first requisite for the ideal citizen. The love of the place and his neighbors which dismisses the thought of self-interest or policy and causes him to use the knowledge of duty which he does all in his power to make the town a better place to visit and live.

There are those distinct attributes which a citizen must possess toward the place in which he lives, which furnishes him food, shelter and association for himself, and family—to boost, to remain quiet or to knock. The booster is the ideal citizen who is never forgetful of the obligation which is due the home town. He is ever found at the front when any movement is launched which has a bearing on the advancement of the interests of the town. While others are slowly, if ever good is visible at all times. The quiet citizen is satisfied to let the neighbors do the work and content to let the town to step and let it rest. The knocker is the dam without a country. There is no room for him anywhere, his presence destroys the enthusiasm of every man or group of men who unfortunately come in contact with him, having no faith in his own ability to go forward, he naturally looks faith in the home town to be on an.

You have the chance to belong to either of the three classes. If you are a booster, your neighbor knows it and will honor you. If you are aligned with the quiet class you will not be regarded one way or the other, for the man who elects to steer in the middle of the stream gets no support from either side. If unfortunately, you are a knocker, get ready to be knocked, for assuredly it is coming to you. As you give, so will it it be meted out to you."

CONFERENCE AND THE CONFERENCE

Whether the World Economic Conference adjourns as recommended by the nations of the gold standard group or continues in session as urged by President Roosevelt on the basis of the message which produced the crisis, the world now has the benefit of knowing the issue that is at the root of the difficulties. The Conference devolved into a contest between two schools of money.

The key to the policy of President Roosevelt, it now appears, was contained in that sentence of his message in which said the United States "wants the kind of a dollar which a generation hence will have the same purchasing and debt-paying power as the dollar value we hope to attain in the near future." This indication, coming in the nature of Prof. Irving Fisher's plan for a dollar governed by the index of commodity prices.

Those while the nations of the gold standard group in the conference were intent on one kind of stabilization of the dollar, Mr. Roosevelt was said is intent on quite another kind of stabilization. The stabilization in terms of commodity prices and purchasing power is undeniably a bold and experimental undertaking, perhaps assuming as new to many Americans as it does to the orthodox financiers of Europe, but it is laden with magnificent promise if it can be accomplished.

The quest for a monetary unit of actually stable buying power holds probably broader implications of social justice than any other one economic proposal before mankind today. Whether the methods to be adopted by the Administration will succeed can be told only by the event. But some day and in some way a truer and more constant unit of wealth will be realized, as surely as there is a meaning to the word "value."

USE SALT IN HAY

Again the ways of our fathers are being found to have been guided by wisdom. Farmers to-day storing hay in their barns have largely forgotten the old method of putting three or four quarts of salt per load on the hay as it is pitched into the mows. Today it has been pretty clearly indicated that salt is a deterrent of spontaneous combustion and it is now believed on the best authority that Fire Marshal Machon that many fires which in August or September wipe out thousands of dollars worth of crops might have been prevented had a liberal supply of salt been used.

Some up-to-the-minute folk might think putting salt on hay was a mark of simplicity and that been done by their fathers because it was a custom and that science showed no value in the method. But statistics speak and it has taken outbreaks of fires all over certain sections of the country to rivet attention upon this very simple remedy and insurance.

It has been shown that it is unwise to jettison all the customs, the old wive, because they are old. The past may not have been able to explain them but the facts are there staring the present generation in the face. Much of the old medical treatments had a truth in the battle at prevention and gave taken human health and lives the at stake.

Don't let the present generation forget the salt on the hay! —Exchange.

Judy—"Does that story you are reading end in a modern way?"

Clara—"Yes, they are married and live happily thereafter for a few months."

Interesting News Items from Halton and District

Acton's tax rate has been set at 40 mills, the same as last year.

On July 19th, (to-day), the town of Bracebridge are voting on the highly controversial issue of whether the town shall have a liquor store.

By cutting salaries of all Collegiate Institute and public school teachers 10 per cent. Orillia Board of Education effected a saving of over $2,000.

Roy M. Lavery, Palgrave, was elected deputy grand treasurer of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America at the annual convention in Regina.

The contract for paving two miles of highway No. 2 east of Palgrave has been awarded to the King Paving Co., of Oakville. The pavement is to be laid twelve feet in width and will be very necessary and valued improvement to this important highway.

The power and woollen mills at Hallonville have been temporarily shut down and on Sunday and Monday last both ponds were drained in order to repair a break in the bulkhead.

Asst. D. MacLeod, Milverton, has a speedy car that can do sixty-eight miles an hour without any difficulty. Traffic police were convinced he was not loosing and his exhibition on the Centre Road set him back $15 and costs in highway court last week.

Some 10,000 gallons of food oil have been distributed on the unpaved streets in Perque.

With signatures of approximately half of Eastwood's ratepayers already affixed, a petition to the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario for a board of inquiry into that municipality's books will be forwarded to Toronto.

Acme Gardens Co. Ltd., are laying a sectional floor in Midland's big rink. The new floor is being put down in sections 4 feet by 12 feet and can easily be removed when its is to be taken for big public gatherings the Midland rink will be an ideal place.

The collecting in West Luther is becoming a difficult matter. A story is current that no buyers arrived for a tax sale on a farm in the township the other day, but a row developed between the proprietor and the tax collector to which the latter was injured.

Orangeville High School Board has engaged Mr. Harvey C. Graham, B.A., of Toronto, to succeed Mr. R. A. Young as science master; Miss Dorothy Kidd, B.A., of Woodbridge, succeeds Miss Bray as Modern teacher, and Miss Mary A. Walker, of Ord, will take Miss Calhoun's place as teacher of English and Art. Mr. Graham will receive an initial salary of $1400 and the two lady teachers commence at $1050.00 each. Miss Walker has been on the Dufferin staff for three years and Miss Kidd has had three years experience in Port Mowat High school.

R. W. Fox, for several years Collector of taxes for the Town of Milton, has resigned his position.

The Town of Southampton guaranteed the bonds of Plywoods Ltd., to the extent of $8000, and as this company, whose head factory is the U.S., is said to be in financial distress it is just possible that Southampton will have to make good their guarantee.

During the rush of harry picking Chief Kerr of Oakville called on his transient guests and was agreeably surprised when they welcomed the opportunity to earn ready cash.

CROP REPORT

Below will be found a brief synopsis of telegraphic reports received at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal:

GENERAL

Crops in the Prairie Provinces are entering upon the critical period with moisture conditions unsatisfactory over a wide area. Rains on a generous scale are required to promote growth and filling. In certain Southern and Central areas drought damage has been extensive and except in the Northern portions of the Provinces light yields are indicated. In Quebec recent rains have been beneficial to all crops except hay, the cutting of which should soon be general. In Ontario, while prolonged hot dry weather adversely affected grain crops and pastures, recent rains in most districts have been beneficial and conditions generally are fairly satisfactory. In the Maritime Provinces crops generally are two weeks late due to cool weather in June, but are now making satisfactory progress. In British Columbia, with a great improvement in the weather crops in most districts are now ripening under very satisfactory conditions. Details follow:

ONTARIO

Fall wheat, cutting of which has commenced, is ripening too quickly with the result that heads are not filling properly. Spring growth has been retarded by lack of moisture. Barley and oats are thin and show short growth, which may make harvesting difficult. Corn continues to make good progress. Under favourable conditions harvesting of a heavy and uniformly good hay crop is nearing completion. Tobacco plants have benefited from recent rains but burley is below average. The fruits are doing well but rain is badly needed in the Niagara fruit belt.

QUEBEC

Grains are promising but the straw will be short. Root crops are progressing well. Pastures have improved during the past week. Tobacco continues to make satisfactory growth.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

The following article is taken from the "Over the Tea Cups" column of the Toronto Star:

"Would you see a friend eat a big, fat potato-bug and not do anything about it?. . . . We know a girl who sat at a luncheon party the other day and saw a friend, sitting directly across from her, cut a piece of lettuce off, wrap it neatly around a big potato bug, which was crawling under the lettuce, and eat it with apparent relish. . . The girl-we-know could have stopped it by speaking quickly and loudly, but she knew it would embarrass her hostess frightfully and probably prevent all the other guests from eating their salad. So she held her breath and saw the potato-bug disappear. . . The girl who ate it evidently thought it was just another piece of celery! the other guests, not knowing anything about it, calmly ate their salads; and the girl-who-saw was the only one who really suffered, because she simply couldn't go for hars: . . What would you have done?"

The talking movies have a never-ending possibility, but we shudder to think of a slow motion picture of a man swallowing.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

YOU may lose your money and in some way find some to take its place. You may even lose the shirt from your back and earn another, but when you lose confidence in an individual or an organization, you have lost something that can never be returned to you.

HENRY FORD says the future of industry lies in small communities, and the Ball Bro. Muncie Star, agreeing with this view, remarks: "The smaller communities have the great advantages of cheaper living cost, lower taxes, and stable workers to live within walking distance of their work. There is also a better chance to take part in community activities, to have a garden, and to reach the open country quickly."

AN exchange says that a motorist who has just returned from a trip through Michigan remarks that though they have wonderful wide stretches of cement on their highways, the lack of trees and shrubbery along the way makes for monotony. On returning the line to Ontario he found our highways more inviting in appearance at this time of year. The planting of more trees would make the highway routes more attractive. It should be practicable in many cases to banish poles and wires to a point behind the fences, giving scope on the highway for ornamental trees or even fruit trees. There is a good deal of variety on most of our highways in regard to direction also. There is more interest in a gently curving road, instead of the long stretches of straight road that we are told are frequent over the line. Our roads in many places can still be improved by the planting of trees, not only on the roadside, but also around the farm buildings and in clumps and wood-lots. The use of more paint on buildings, particularly frame ones, would make the route much more inviting and attractive, as well as conserve, and make more valuable the property.

EDITOR Irwin, of the Durham Chronicle, will be recommended by his business associates for the essentials articles: "There are some people who try to emulate the old adage that jumped over the moon when they receive a statement of an account they have contracted and failed to pay. They vow never again to deal in that particular store or place of business that dared "insult" them with a bill. Their humiliation over the receiving of an account may be genuine, but it is foolish to the extreme. As one writer puts it, it is an honor to receive a bill. A bill is an indication that someone has faith in your honesty, and faith that you will some day liquidate the debt. Had he not possessed that faith in your integrity you would never have received the goods without the cash. We have heard a lot lately about the cash system being the only method for successful business. Why? Because too many people contract bills and make no effort to pay. Business with these people is a dead loss, and anything but a pleasure. On the other hand, when you walk into a place of business, ask for credit and receive it, make up your mind this is an evidence of confidence and something you in nature should respect. It is not the credit system that is wrong, but the abuse of it. So, dear reader, the next time you receive a bill, don't fly off the handle. The man who gave it to you trusted to your honesty, and perhaps needs what you owe him to pay somebody else who trusted him."

AN EDITOR IN EDITARIS

The Petrolia Advertiser-Topic, of which N. C. Hibbert is editor, leads off his editorial page, under the caption "We Take the Plunge," in the following manner:

"Before this issue reaches the hands of many of its readers, the editor will have taken what is likely to be the greatest step in his journey through this life. The marriage vows will have been taken and a solemn promise made to love, honor and cherish through life' one of God's noblest creatures.

"Looking back over thirty-five years of a life that has carried the writer through many experiences in business and pleasure, in peace and war, we can think of no step to which we look forward with greater anticipation than that of marriage.

"The wedding trip, which we start today, will soon be over, but it marks the beginning of a changed mode of living, a shouldering of new responsibilities in creating a home which, we hope, will be worthy of the name, and a sharing of the future with a helpmate who has a large task before her in converting an editorially carefree bachelor into a useful husband. The task is one which is at times likely to become irksome and will require the greatest diplomacy on the part of the 'better half,' but the writer is confident that his home life will be all that a good wife can make it.

"With issue we desert the ranks of bachelorhood and our hope is that we may be better able to serve Petrolia and community in the new role."

Heartiest congratulations are extended to the editor and to the happy bride felicitations for a placid voyage on the sea of matrimony.

POLICE SHOW COURTESY

A high percentage of unintentional traffic law violations are penalized inevitably under the present system. Police in St. John, N.B., however, seem to have evolved an excellent plan of separating the sheep from the goats. For strangers and others who violate minor traffic laws the first time, a courtesy windshield sticker has been issued by the Chief of Police. This procedure has won much respect and commendation, especially from tourists. The sticker, signed by the police constable, is a printed slip reading something like this: "You have unintentionally violated the traffic laws of this city by parking longer than allowed by law. We know this will not occur again. Thank you."

CARS HELP FAIR SUCCEED

A mighty impetus to motor touring is the Century of Progress Exposition of Chicago. The windy City looks for a total influx of three million cars or more, bringing at least twelve million persons to visit the Fair. Without a doubt, the World's Fair is stimulating the touring instinct this year. On the other hand, the motor car is doing its bit to make a success of the Exposition. Never before in history has any world's Fair had the ready-made assistance of motor transportation on such a scale. It looks as if both the Fair and the motor industry will "cash in" to some extent as a result of their joint enterprise.

ROSES FROM THORNS

I sit and scrape potatoes
Beside the kitchen door
And sometimes bits of peeling
Fly out upon the floor.
The knife is dull and heavy,
I beat the spirit small,
I sit and scrape potatoes,
But I don't scrape them well!

There's someone at the pump stand
In overalls of blue,
Those overalls are faded—
They have a patch or two.
His fair hair takes the sunshine,
His eyes laugh straight at me,
I sit and scrape potatoes,
As fluttered as can be!

I'm glad the door is open
So I can see him there;
Some day, perhaps, my fingers
May smooth his rumpled hair.
Those eyes, so full of laughter,
Make all my pulses sing—
I sit and scrape potatoes
As happy as a king!

Miss Moore Jamieson.

IF I KNEW

If I knew the box where mother were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
To hold open, I know, for me.
Then over the land, the sea, broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play
That the children's faces might hold
them fast
For many and many a day.
If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet
I would like to gather them every one
From nursery, school and street.
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

COURTESY IN NIGHT DRIVING

Driving into the dazzling lights of an on coming car is dangerous blindness—dangerous alike to the driver and the dazzled. And it is so unnecessary. To dim the lights of a car is so simple and easy a task that it seems that the danger involved by not doing so would compel a motorist approaching another car at night to take this simple precaution against the possibility of accident to his own car as well as the cars of others. It should not take a law to bring about the dimming of headlights. Common decency demands that a universal practice this simple rule of night driving etiquette, for it is etiquette, and good manners are just as essential on the road as in the ballroom.—Alton Craig Manor.

FASHIONS OF BYGONE DAYS BRIGHT AND GAY

Visitors to Saint John, New Brunswick, were astonished a few weeks ago to see in the windows of the department stores and dress shops displays confined to the fashions of the years ago, according to the Tourist Department of the Canadian National Railways. They were replicas of 1783 and were intended for the Loyalists Ball celebrating the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists from the revolting American colonies. The colors favored at that period were bright and gay, principally yellow, rose, tan, mauve and pink.

MORE PAPER NEVER FORGETS

Someone has well said that your home paper never loses interest in you. To this possibly you never have given a passing thought. No matter whether you like the newspaper or not, the editor likes you. If he is true to his profession and publishes a paper for the people, he allows no personal matter to interfere with his work of newsgathering. He may treat you as a stranger, yet always will he have what is likely to be the greatest step in his journey through this life. The marriage vows will have been taken and a solemn promise made to love, honor and cherish through life' one of God's noblest creatures.

"Looking back over thirty-five years of a life that has carried the writer through many experiences in business and pleasure, in peace and war, we can think of no step to which we look forward with greater anticipation than that of marriage.

"The wedding trip, which we start today, will soon be over, but it marks the beginning of a changed mode of living, a shouldering of new responsibilities in creating a home which, we hope, will be worthy of the name, and a sharing of the future with a helpmate who has a large task before her in converting an editorially carefree bachelor into a useful husband. The task is one which is at times likely to become irksome and will require the greatest diplomacy on the part of the 'better half,' but the writer is confident that his home life will be all that a good wife can make it.

"With issue we desert the ranks of bachelorhood and our hope is that we may be better able to serve Petrolia and community in the new role."

Heartiest congratulations are extended to the editor and to the happy bride felicitations for a placid voyage on the sea of matrimony.

POLICE SHOW COURTESY

A high percentage of unintentional traffic law violations are penalized inevitably under the present system. Police in St. John, N.B., however, seem to have evolved an excellent plan of separating the sheep from the goats. For strangers and others who violate minor traffic laws the first time, a courtesy windshield sticker has been issued by the Chief of Police. This procedure has won much respect and commendation, especially from tourists. The sticker, signed by the police constable, is a printed slip reading something like this: "You have unintentionally violated the traffic laws of this city by parking longer than allowed by law. We know this will not occur again. Thank you."

CARS HELP FAIR SUCCEED

A mighty impetus to motor touring is the Century of Progress Exposition of Chicago. The windy City looks for a total influx of three million cars or more, bringing at least twelve million persons to visit the Fair. Without a doubt, the World's Fair is stimulating the touring instinct this year. On the other hand, the motor car is doing its bit to make a success of the Exposition. Never before in history has any world's Fair had the ready-made assistance of motor transportation on such a scale. It looks as if both the Fair and the motor industry will "cash in" to some extent as a result of their joint enterprise.

LIVES WITH HIS COFFIN

Far from the roar of his native Paris, the giant hermit of the Jack County hills in Texas, sits beside the coffin in which he is to be buried—waiting for death.

The coffin, covered with a cloth, daily serves Albert Schnocke as a dining table in his remote little shack away from the world. Eight years ago he drove into town with a neighboring rancher and out of his life's savings bought the black satin casket with the silver handles and the nameplate with the engraved words "At Rest."

Schnocke passed his 90th birthday recently—an event he celebrated by eating a self-prepared dinner, served on the coffin.

Little is known of this strange recluse, who began a hermit's life beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitants. He can not hear and he speaks in barely more than monosyllables. From his fragmentary conversation a little of his life was learned.

Schnocke was born in Paris, France in 1842. He left France in his youth to seek adventure in America. He joined the Union forces in the Civil War and mustered out of service at old Fort Richardson, at Jacksboro.

Schnocke bought a few acres of land and built a small hut. He fashioned his clothes from sacks and lives off the herbs and wily life of the hills. Such were the tales that pictured him as "wild man" so that only the bravest neighbors went near his cabin.

Old settlers' folklore described him as having killed more Comanche Indians during the early Indian wars than any other white man.

What caused Schnocke to lead the life of a hermit he alone knows. He never married and has no known relatives. He never writes nor receives letters. His pastime is reading and his favorite work is Balzac's "A Bachelor's Establishment."

On the rare occasions when visitors call he uncovers the lid of the coffin, shows them the casket and with his shirt sleeve shines the plate with the engraved words "At Rest."

Mrs. B.—"Your new neighbors are great borrowers, aren't they?"

Mrs. B.—Yes, if they keep up their present pace my next party will have to be given at their house!"