THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Seventh Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, July 25th, 1934. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

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

C.N.R. Time Table

(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	8.27 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and mail	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.00 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE MAY 7th, 1934
Leave Georgetown

West	East
9.25 a.m.	6.15 a.m.
11.25 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
1.25 p.m.	12.15 p.m.
3.25 p.m.	3.35 p.m.
5.25 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.25 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.50 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Bus Depot
WM. M. LONG'S STORE
ARROW

DIRECTORY

LE ROY DALE
Barrister and Solicitor
Georgetown, Ontario
Offices—Gregory Theatre Bldg., Mill St.

KENNETH M. LANGDON
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
First Mortgage Money to Loan
Offices: Main Street South
Phone 58 — Georgetown

SWINBURNE & RICHARDSON
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.
FRANK W. RICHARDSON, B.A.
Money to Loan
Telephone 548 Residence 555
Office-Anderson Bldg. — Queen St.
BRAMPTON

F. R. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S
Georgetown
Office Hours—9 to 6. Except Thursday Afternoons

A. M. NIELSEN
21st Year of Practice
Chiropractor
X-RAY
Drugless Therapist
Lady Attendant
Office over Dominion Store
Georgetown
Hours: 3 - 5 — 7.30 - 9.30 p.m.
Closed Thursday Phone 154w

FRANK PETCH
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the Counties of Peel and Halton
Prompt Service
Telephones
Cheltenham 36 r 23 Georgetown 61 r 3
Post Office—Cheltenham

Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Successors to Cater & Worth
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request - Phone 2418
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery

QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD PARSON

On a card in a church in the City of London is to be found the following list of qualifications said to be needed by a parson:

The strength of an ox.
The tenacity of a bulldog.
The daring of a lion.
The patience of a donkey.
The industry of a beaver.
The versatility of a chameleon.
The vision of an eagle.
The meekness of a lamb.
The hide of a rhinoceros.
The disposition of an angel.
The resignation of an incurable.
The loyalty of an apostle.
The heroism of a martyr.
The faithfulness of a prophet.
The tenderness of a shepherd.
The fervency of an evangelist.
The devotion of a mother.

MISTAKES OF LIFE

To expect to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike. Not to yield to unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowance for the weakness of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would live for ever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

Nova Scotia Guides Provide Real Thrills

When: During the full moon of August.

Place: Lake William, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Setting: A beautiful wooded lake with sloping banks clothed with evergreens and silver birches.

Performers: The licensed guides of Nova Scotia, true sportsman, celebrated for their skill in the various arts of hunting and woodcraft.

Lake William, Nova Scotia, has become well known in recent years as the scene of the Sports Tournament of the Nova Scotia Guides. These men stage a full week's program unique on this continent in atmosphere and appeal. Hundreds of tents are set amid majestic pines and birches, and at night the scene has irresistible charm. Numberless camp fires light up the surrounding forest and lake and the moonbeams strike the water and stray through the trees. Crowds gather around the camp fires and hearty community singing is a pleasing feature.

The days are given over to a varied and interesting program. 300 yard ranges are provided for heavy rifle contests and separate ranges for the .22 rifle and revolver contests. The Trap Shooting Association of the Maritime Provinces of Canada hold their annual shoot in connection with these sports. A sheltered cove affords a fine setting for fly-casting from a float along a line of markers to show distance. Last year Bill Elson, champion fly-caster of New England, broke the world's record for distance at this Meet. Exciting canoe races and burlesque and spectacular contests furnish fun and variety. Tub races, greased pole contests, canoe tilting, kettle boiling and landing the human fish are amongst the regular stunts. The latter is a strenuous contest between the best fly caster and a powerful swimmer with a special harness over his shoulders. The Nova Scotia Government exhibits at this Meet native wild animals including moose, deer, bear, raccoon and others, also native birds.

Many who attend the Nova Scotia Guides Tournament bring tent and blankets and roush it among the big trees. Others find abundant hotel accommodation in nearby hotels, country inns or farmhouses. Of course the best of fare is served on the grounds. The dates for the 1934 Meet are August 20—25.

INFANTS DIARRHOEA Corrected!
Frequent movements are easily always due to an irritation in the intestines set up by fermenting food which has not digested. Baby's Own Tablets gently and promptly aid nature in getting rid of this irritation. "At the first signs of peevishness or diarrhoea," writes Mrs. Alice A. Pepper, Glenalmond, Quebec, "I give Baby's Own Tablets and in a very short time baby would be well and smiling his thanks." They are a safe remedy for all simple baby ailments. 25c at all drug stores, or by Williams
BABY'S OWN TABLETS

MANY MODERN MODELS

Among the models in this new line of Safety Instant-Gas Stoves is one of the beautiful new buffet-type ranges, the kind with the table-top. It has all the refinements and modern features—an In-A-Drawer Broiler—Insulated Oven—Heat Indicator and a large, roomy Service Cabinet. The finish is clean, sparkling, bright enamel inream-tan rippletone with chromium plated trimmings. Truly a marvelous piece of kitchen furniture. All range models have concealed fuel tanks made of patented Everdur metal that lasts forever.

Other models include a smaller table-top range of the kitchenette apartment type as well as the conventional high oven and low oven ranges, cabinet models, etc., with prices to fit every purse.

Housewives in Georgetown are invited to see these new stoves which are now being displayed by your local Colman dealer.

Designer—Then you don't care for this futuristic art?

Buyer—No; let the people of the future enjoy it.

RUN SPECIAL TOUR TO HUDSON BAY

Announcement is made by the Canadian National Railways that a special, all-inclusive tour will be operated from Winnipeg to Churchill, on the Hudson Bay. It is proposed to make up a special train to leave Winnipeg on the morning of August 17th and to return six days later. This will include a 25-day stop-over at Manitoba's northern seaport. This trip will afford residents of Canada an excellent opportunity to see at first hand the activities at Churchill and to view for themselves the possibilities of the northern route for the shipping of grain. While there the elevator will be operating and boats will be loading with Western Canadian grain for overseas shipment. Stops will also be made at The Pas and Flin Flon. As passengers will be accommodated in sleepers throughout the trip, the accommodation given the tourists will be of the most modern type.

FOR YOUR OWN PICNIC

All leave home together! Baskets full of good things to eat from Carroll's. Head for the open country. Park at a place with grass below and shade above, somewhere near a laughing stream or rippling lake. Your own little picnic will be such a happy affair! To-day we feature all those dainty things that make your picnic really successful. And all priced so wonderfully low.

Royal Cream SANDWICH BISCUITS 2 lbs. 25c
Fresh, Dainty APPLE BLOSSOM BISCUITS 2 lbs. 25c

DEL MAIZ NIBLETS 2 tins 23c
MIRACLE WHIP DRESSING 8½-oz. jar 19c
PURE PEANUT BUTTER 2 lbs. 25c
SUNNY CEREAL SUNERA pkg. 19c

French's Prepared Mustard 2 jars 21c
Coronation Fancy Red Sockeye Salmon 2 ½-lb. tins 33c
Kraft Cheese Velveeta 2 ½-lb. pkgs. 25c
Glassco's New Season's Jam— Strawberry 32-oz. jar 29c
McLaren's Pimiento-Stuffed Olives 8-oz. jar 17c
Patricia Fancy Bristling Sardines tin 10c
McLaren's Assorted Picnic Punch Drinks bottle 19c

Maxwell House COFFEE 1-lb. tin 38c
CARROLL'S QUALITY FIRST ECONOMY ALWAYS LIMITED
Helmet CORNED BEEF 2 tins 19c

BANANAS ..... 3 lb. 21c CABBAGE ..... 2 for 9c
POTATOES ..... 15 lb. for 25c
Main Street Phone 375 Georgetown

CONDITIONS MIGHT BE WORSE

When y' git up in the mornin' with an ugly sort o' grouch,
Forgetting all th' pleasant dreams that hovered 'round yer couch;
When y'd like t' kill yer neighbor, an' upset th' world that is
An' put yer brother merchant man completely out of biz—
Jest remember, you're an atom in this great big universe
An' thank yer Lord that you're alive—conditions might be worse.

When y've got t' patch yer britches that y' wore last year, an' try
T' scrimp an' save, an' dig an' slave, in order t' git by;
Jest remember that yer Daddy, an' his Dad ahead o' him,
Found pickin' fer their livings at times a most awful slim.
So quit yer kickin' brother, an' sing instead o' curse—
Yer life can't all be sunshine—conditions might be worse.

When y' fail t' make a "home run" in the purtin' game o' life,
An' yer strength seems all too little fer to battle 'gainst th' strife,
When yer feelin' blue an' lonely an' y' don't know where t' steer
Fer t' find some true companion who will drive away yer fear—
Jest remember there are other fellows who are ridin' in a hearse
Who'd be glad t' have yer chances—condition might be worse.

ONTARIO MOTORISTS PAY HIGHEST PERCENTAGE OF GAS TAX

The following information is sent out by the Montreal Motorists League: Ontario automobile owners pay the highest percentage of tax on the gasoline they buy from service stations and, by a margin which ranges from one per cent. to eleven per cent. their tax contribution, per gallon, excells that of motorists in all other provinces.

These tabulations have been made by motor league executives on the service station charge for the cheapest gasoline, based on prices in effect at the end of 1933, since then fluctuations have not affected the percentage to any extent.

At that date, on a service station price range of 18 cents to 23.7 cents per gallon, for the lowest priced gasoline, with the tax at 6 cents, Ontario motorists paid from 25 per cent. to 33 1-3 per cent. in taxation, and the league figures, that on an average consumption of 15 miles to the gallon, the motorist's tax contribution worked out at 40 cents per 100 miles. This however, represented only part of the tax contribution of the motorists as, in addition, he had to pay for registration, etc., and also absorb the Federal taxes representing a part of the purchase price, and provide for depreciation, etc.

Prince Edward Island, with an 8 cents tax and with the price of 25 cents per gallon at that date, ran second to Ontario, the motorists on the island paying 32 per cent. of the tax on each gallon, while in Ontario's sister province, Manitoba, the percentage of tax to the gallon ranged from 30 to 33 per cent.

Ontario, in which 14.77 per cent. of the population owned motor vehicles in 1933, easily led all provinces in the total tax raised from gasoline and registrations and motorists in that province also earned the distinction of contributing, in these two taxes, 32.7 per cent. of the total current revenue of the province in 1933, according to official figures of the provincial government.

TREATING IVY POISONING

A few people are immune from the effects of poison ivy, but most campers know to their sorrow that poisoning by this mean plant is no joke. Many remedies are suggested to allay the burning and irritation, the simplest being the immediate washing of the parts affected with good, strong yellow laundry soap. An application of absorbent cotton saturated with a solution of common baking soda is simple and efficacious; also daubing with a 3 per cent. solution of potassium permanganate is widely recommended. Iodine tincture has also been found to be useful. Once the blisters have appeared, all rubbing should be avoided and care taken to localize infection by painting iodine around the edges of the sores. However, in cases severe poisoning, the aid of a physician should be obtained. On return from a day's outing where there was danger of meeting poison ivy, the liberal use of the strong yellow soap might prevent much suffering. Indeed, it is a good plan for campers and other holiday makers to carry a piece of this soap with them. As a protection when going among ivy, says the Dominion Botanist, it is well to wash all exposed skin surfaces with a 5 per cent. solution of ferric chloride in water, allowing it to remain on. This, of course, is merely a preventive measure, intended to neutralize the poison ivy oil. If oil is suspected to have reached the unprotected skin, scrubbing with laundry soap under running water is recommended to remove it before it penetrates. Dusting dry baking powder or boracic acid on oozing sores should be avoided, as they appear to seal the sores over with a hard crust, thus aggravating conditions. Frequent exposure of the sores to air gives relief.

VALUE OF ADVERTISING

Miss Margaret Pennell, Toronto advertising agent and president of the Women's Advertising Club, recently addressed 500 delegates to the Women's Institute in that city. She told them some worth while things about the value and scope of advertising. Pointing out that since 1929 newspapers have had their revenue cut in half—due to economic conditions—Miss Pennell also impressed upon her audience that "these newspapers still issue the best possible paper." She disposed of a somewhat widespread fallacy in undeniable argument when she said: "You have heard people say, 'All this expensive advertising must be paid for by someone—it is added to the cost of the article, so we pay. Things would be cheaper if firms did not advertise.' But it is not you or me who pays—for if it were not for the advertisers we would pay more for our newspaper; we would have a smaller selection and higher cost, because of smaller turnover. Through advertising our paper is put within our reach. We are the ones benefitted, not only through its news, but through those advertisements that give us the news of what is best, now in the shops and in our factories. It pays us as citizens when our papers have plenty of advertising. We benefit in lower cost of goods made possible by greater sales."

There is one thing that law of supply and demand does not govern, and this is the making of mistakes.

Rich or Poor

By MARY GOULD

"But Vivian, you must have known, all along, that I wanted to marry you."

Fred raised troubled eyes to the small, slender girl.

"Well," Vivian countered, "what if I did? And of course I did think—but you never said anything—and now this has just swept me off my feet, Fred. Can't you understand?"

"Understand!" Fred's eyes were angry now. "Of course I understand. Here I am, a poor young man. Not too good enough till this rich old fellow comes along and—"

"That's not fair, Fred, and you know it. I love Thorley Morehouse. If he didn't have a penny I'd still want to marry him."

"I'm sorry, Vivian. It sounds rotten. But you see how it looks. You and I've known each other for months and batted around together and I thought it was all settled."

Vivian's hard dignity left her. "Fred, I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I thought so, too, honestly. I did—I do—like you. And I didn't meet Thorley until last month. And I'm refusing you because I hope he'll ask me to marry him. It's my fault."

"You're right, of course, Vivian. It's just my hard luck. Well, I'll have to run along now."

As the hall door of her small apartment shut notably behind Fred, Vivian sank down in a big, cushioned wicker chair. She forced back the tears and looked about her cheerful, comfortable little living room. A great vase of Thorley's roses—the outstanding thing in the room. But the real room with its charm and its comfort had been there before she knew there was a Thorley Morehouse in the world—excepting as she had heard of the big brokerage house of Morehouse and Morehouse.

But she had met Thorley—she'd been sent to get a story from his brother's wife on how the women of Russia were meeting their new responsibilities. Thorley's brother had been doing some investigating in Russia, and the Star, on which Vivian was a reporter, had given her the assignment. She hadn't got the story. Mrs. Jack Morehouse wouldn't talk. And Thorley, who lived with them, had walked in on them chatting over tea and cinnamon toast.

What was the end of things—or the beginning—for Vivian. Thorley was forty-five—not an impossibly old man to Vivian's twenty-five years, though Fred seemed to think so. He was coming to see her tonight and Vivian knew the message he was bringing.

A bell rang. Vivian opened the door into the hall and waited, listening to firm, running steps coming up the stairs.

"Hello, Vivian," said Thorley, as he came, with a breath of the cold outdoors, into the warm little room. "Thank you for the roses," she said stiffly.

"Oh!" Some of the youth had gone from Thorley's voice. "Were they all right? Color and everything?"

"Lovely," said Vivian. "They're—in the kitchenette. It seemed warm here."

"Oh!" said Thorley again. "Well, Vivian, I suppose you know why I've come tonight." He took her cold hands in his firm warm ones. But he did not try to keep them when she drew them away. "I know I'm not good enough, Vivian—too old, and all that. But I adore you. When I was a youngster there was a girl I liked a lot—but she turned me down because I was poor. And there's never been anybody else, Vivian."

"Because you were poor, Thorley? How despicable. But—I'm sorry, Thorley. I can't."

Fifteen minutes later Vivian sat alone again in her room. She'd give herself five minutes more—the last she'd ever let herself think of Thorley. Then she'd telephone Fred.

The telephone rang. The Star office. One of the young reporters. Had she heard the news? Another big crash. Morehouse and Morehouse had gone under. Thought she'd be interested. Maybe she'd like a chance to come down and write up a good story of that Mrs. Jack Morehouse she interviewed the other day.

"Is Mr. Morehouse poor now?" asked Vivian. "Then I'm through—I mean, I'm resigning. Tell the boss. Good-by." And as quickly as she could she got Thorley's house on the telephone. His voice, after a minute of waiting.

"Oh, Thorley," she said. "You're poor. And I'm so glad. Come back, Thorley, as fast as you can. I want to tell you why I said I couldn't marry you and tell you why now I can."

To Vivian, the things she said made sense. To Thorley, it didn't matter that they didn't. He was with her in ten minutes.

"But, Vivian," he said, as he held her, sobbing, in his arms, "I don't know what you mean. But I don't care. I'm not poor, Vivian. But does that matter? It doesn't really matter. Money isn't what matters."

As Vivian stammered out her story, the telephone rang again. The Star office. Sorry, but that was a wild rumor they telephoned her before. It was Millhouse and company that had gone under.

Vivian went back to Thorley. "Thorley, I love you," she said, "I can't help it, whether you're rich or poor."

NEVER TOO LATE TO MARRY

Eighty-six veterans more than 80 years of age married in England and Wales in one year, according to the registrar-general's statistical review. Eighty-one of them are widowers. But only ten women—eight of them widows—more than 80 years old married. One man, more than 90 years old—a widower—was married. And 439 persons between 75 and 79—331 of them men—were married.

The way some folks hand out a dime tip you would think they were going to ask for a receipt.

HOW DO YOU LIVE IN A SMALL TOWN?

The other evening we were asked the question, "How do you people live in a small town?" Whether the questioner was looking for information or just being a smartie, it was hard to tell, but we suspected the latter motive. He might have been answered by another question, "How do people live in a city?" How do they live without neighborliness; how do they live in their cramped apartments where one has to step out into the hall to change his shirt or his mind; where everyone is hurrying to get some place and they can't because they have to jostle their way through crowded streets. Where everyone wears a harried look as though a bill collector was following on their heels trying to collect the instalment on the folding bathtub or the chiffonier-kitchen cabinet. Where you have to wait for minutes before you can make a mad rush across an intersection. Where pavements get so hot and tempers get hotter. Where walls are so thin that you can hear your apartment neighbor and his wife bickering over which small town they will visit next Sunday. Where people dash into a lunch room at noon, wolf a sandwich, and a cup-a-coffee, and then hustle back to a two-by-four office to shelter for the rest of the afternoon. Where the poor working girls have to spend their hard-earned shekels for make-up to make them look like ro-sy-cheeked small town girls.

Is it any wonder we looked askance at the city slicker when he asked "How do people live in a small town?" Humph! Why wouldn't we live in a small town where there are homes to live in? Where the merchants know at a glance whether the cheque is rubber or not. Where the way of the transgressor is hard and the cop calls you "Bill" instead of "Hey, you." Where the editor gets results if he announces he is out of potatoes. Where the wild life that stays out all night belongs to the cat family. Where everybody isn't three months behind on the instalments. Where you can breathe air that isn't tainted with gasoline. Where a strange girl arouses the interest of all the eligible young males. Where you can ride bicycles on the sidewalks (sometimes). Where no two girls can have the same dress. Where one passes the time-of-day with everyone they meet. And where the leaders of the city world are groomed for leadership. "How do we live in a small town?" Waal, I reckon we get by alright.

A STATESMAN IF HE DOES IT

Mitchell Hepburn, premier-elect of Ontario, made many striking promises during his recent election campaign and he has alarmed many of his supporters by continuing to do a great deal of talking since the election. He has burned behind him a few bridges that he may find it desirable to rebuild. But on the whole he has achieved what most people have been his purpose: to stir up public comment and find out what people really do think about his ideas. And this is highly desirable. It is better to find out in advance what weaknesses may be inherent in any policy than to pass legislation and find out afterward whether or not it is acceptable or workable.

There is an inclination to read a large measure of Socialism or radicalism into Mr. Hepburn's political promises. And in truth, one can find in his individual undertakings some rather ill considered commitments. But it is of greater importance that when one adds up all his interviews and speeches to arrive at the basic philosophy of his policy it is not Socialist, not radical, not revolutionary at all. In fact it is ultra-conservative to a marked degree.

In essence what Mr. Hepburn undertakes to do as prime minister is to stop the increase in public debt, to reduce it if possible, to cut provincial expenditures and to consider no present function of government sacred or inviolable until it has been demonstrated to be so.

A great many people have come into position of political power on the vague promise of cutting expenditures. But in the past generation, and until Mr. Hepburn was elected, no political leader has assumed office on a definite program of effecting economies in the only manner in which they can be effected, namely by abolishing entirely various offices, departments, commissions, bureaus and other limbs of government.

It has constantly been remarked by the more penetrating students of governmental cost that it is easier to start a new governmental department than to chloroform it when it has served its usefulness. So every year we have new functions assumed by government and almost never do we see some of the old ones dropped and restored to individual initiative.

If Mr. Hepburn is earnestly determined to effect some major operations to achieve his objective then he is deserving of the support of every good citizen in Canada. For what he has undertaken is a matter of national interest. If he succeeds he will have blazed a trail which other provincial premiers and the Dominion prime minister can avoid only at great political peril.

So much for Mr. Hepburn's aspirations. As to the sincerity of his promises and as to his ability to carry them through the answer is yet to be written. But the more conservative the citizen, the more he should wish Mr. Hepburn success in lopping away the mouldering branches on the tree of government.—The Financial Post.

TELEGRAPH MESSENGER IN FASTEST CYCLIST

Robert McLeod, a Canadian National Telegraphs messenger boy, of Toronto, is Canada's fastest bicycle rider As such he left Wednesday afternoon, last, on The Inter-City Limited, for Montreal, where he will compete as a Dominion entry in the British Empire Games. Although but 20, McLeod holds several enviable records, including the half-mile championship of 1934, and the Dominion championship for the half, one and two mile races. Prior to his leaving, D. E. Galloway, Assistant Vice-President, Canadian National Telegraphs, in behalf of the officers and staff of headquarters, presented him with a handsome travelling bag.

A child told his teacher that his father was very ill of ammonia.

Teacher—You mean pneumonia.

Child—I guess I oughta know, I saw him drink it.

Jack—Do you know I was in Washington the other day and saw the bed Hoover slept in.

Jill—How could you recognize it?

Jack—It had a big depression in the middle of it.

Every time a boy sprinkles the lawn he's glad his father didn't bring him up to be a fireman.

WITHOUT GOD, WE ARE HELPLESS

We are not so very clever after all.
We all depend on God.
We can manufacture if we have the goods,
Can serve fine meals if we grow the foods.
But—it all depends on God.

Artists can copy flowers and sunset,
But only God can make them.
The perfect contour of delicate petals
From gorgeous roses to lowly nettles
All he do is take them.
We can boast of fields of golden grain
If God sends us sun and rain.

Proud to say we have earned with hands
Beautiful home and fertile lands.
Without God—What have we done?
Tis very evident after all.
The world needs God.
He can send abundant crops or none
Can withhold the rain and dim the sun,
The world depends on God.

When all of us shall realize
The omnipotence of God;
Then will depression and poverty cease,
And war will be blotted out by peace
Because of the love of God.
—Wynne Bunning, Cedar Springs

THE DROWNING REASON IS HERE

Once again the press is filled with accounts of drownings. In some cases the victims have been good swimmers. No one, not even a good swimmer, can afford to take unnecessary chances. Anyone is liable to be rendered helpless with cramps. It may happen to you.

Places where swimming is indulged in should have life preservers handy, and, if possible, a boat. Drownings are sudden and unexpected. It is too late to act if one has to run far for a boat or for help.

Many a fishing party has ended in tragedy because someone did not keep seated in the boat, or because common sense was not used.

Children should not be allowed to bathe alone. Some responsible person should be in charge. A child may drown in a foot of water.

Why take a chance? Prevent drownings by care and common sense. Think!

PREVENT CHILDREN FROM DANGEROUS FUN

Announcement is made by the Investigation Department of the Canadian National Railways that a drive will be made to stop children from the dangerous practice of stealing rides on freight trains. While this form of amusement is more prevalent in, and about, cities and large centres of population, it also persists in rural districts, children attempting to board long freight trains when they slow down for grades. Freight conductors states that in many instances these juvenile offenders take greater risks than would an experienced trainman. Within the past 10 days a large number of narrow escapes have been reported of children who barely missed serious injury, or death. Over the week-end railway police made a round-up of a number of small offenders in the Toronto district and these were handed over to the Big Brothers for correction and to be educated to the dangers of their sport. The Investigation Department asks the co-operation of parents in an attempt to eliminate this practise and states that unless this form of amusement cease drastic action will be taken to protect the children from their own folly. The average offenders are in the neighborhood of about 12 years of age.

EXPRESS YOUR APPROVAL

Any sort of worker enjoys an expression of approval for good work. The singer who is repeatedly recalled by enthusiastic applause longs to sing better than ever, as a reward for her enthusiastic audience. The baseball player who sees the bleachers going wild over his three-base hit, does not express his pleasure just as the singer does, but he feels it just the same.

The motorman who holds up his car to wait for some one running half a block away, the clerk who takes pains to suit an exacting customer's taste, the cook who prepares a delicious dish, all deserve the same appreciation we give the artist and athlete. If we were readier to express our approval of work well done there would be more people trying to do well.

A VISITOR IN CANADA

A well-to-do American, disliking the way things were going there, sold his business, paid a long visit to Canada and has returned home in a mood to migrate to the Dominion.

He declares that he found life here calm, tranquil and enjoyable.

In Canada, he read of no kidnappings.

He could leave his car on the street without fear that either the car or anything in it would be stolen.

The people did not grasp their newspapers excitedly every morning, fearful lest the lawmakers had hatched some new and harassing legislative innovation.

The whole atmosphere breathed stability. Few Canadians were affected by the jitters, few talked nervously.

NO HAND IN SANDPAPER

Familiar as sandpaper is to everybody, yet there are few persons, indeed, who know that this universally used product has no sand in it.

Sand cannot be used for making sandpaper because it is not efficient for that purpose, due to the fact that most sand is water-worn and the particles are therefore more or less rounded and have no sharp cutting edge.

The fine abrasive particles on sandpaper are specially crushed flint or garnet or are products of the electric furnace, alumium oxide or silicon carbide.

The abrasive particles used in the manufacture of sandpaper, with a few exceptions, are not true crystals, nor are they alike. The particles, though, are carefully graded, varying in sizes and shape and have many edges and points, some of which are much sharper than others. Best results are obtained from grits approximately twice as long as they are wide.

Age-Old Wisdom

These four little words to you we shall tell—
"Mind your own Business"—then all will be well.

Junior—Laugh and the class laughs with you.
Teacher—But you stay after school alone.