THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Seventh Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 30th, 1933. | $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	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.37 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Monday's going East	
Passenger	8.45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	9.40 a.m.
Passenger	3.06 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.46 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.46 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE JUNE 6th, 1933
Leave Georgetown

West	East
9.30 a.m.	8.15 a.m.
11.30 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
1.45 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
4.45 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
6.45 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
8.45 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
x11.45 p.m.	

Y—Sundays and Holidays only.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME
ARROW

DIRECTORY

LE ROY BALE
Barrister and Solicitor
Georgetown, Ontario
Office—Gregory Theatre Bldg. Mill St.

CLARENCE H. WIGGINS
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PHONE 675w BRAMPTON, Ont.

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Barristers, Etc.
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First Mortgage Money to Loan
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Phone 16 — Georgetown

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X-RAY
Drugless Therapist
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FRANK PETCH
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
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Prompt Service
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Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Successors to Coxter & Worth
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request - Phone 1043
Support our work in Greenwood Cemetery

The Solution

"Mary, these banisters always seem dusty. I was at the Joneses' to-day, and theirs are as bright and smooth as glass."

"She has three small boys, ma'am."

You will prefer it
SALADA TEA

N. A. ROBINSON
LiveStock Dealer and Butcher, Norval
LIVE STOCK TRUCKING
All loads fully insured
PHONE: Georgetown 101 - 13

ARROW BUS LINES
SPECIAL SERVICE
TORONTO—MILTON, Via STREETSVILLE
During period of Canadian National Exhibition
AUGUST 25th TO SEPTEMBER 9th

Leave	Daily Except Sundays		Leave	Daily Except Sundays	
Milton	6.15 a.m.	6.15 p.m.	Toronto	4.30 p.m.	10.30 p.m.
Hoyne	6.25 a.m.	6.25 p.m.	Dixie	5.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.
Omagh	6.30 a.m.	6.30 p.m.	Cooksville	5.10 p.m.	11.10 p.m.
Streetsville	6.50 a.m.	6.50 p.m.	Streetsville	5.20 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Cooksville	7.05 a.m.	7.05 p.m.	Omagh	5.40 p.m.	11.40 p.m.
Dixie	7.10 a.m.	7.10 p.m.	Hoyne	5.45 p.m.	11.45 p.m.
Toronto	x7.50 a.m.	7.50 p.m.	Milton	x5.55 p.m.	11.55 p.m.

x—Trips operate via Burnamthorpe Road

FARES:—

	Single	Return
Milton — Toronto	.75c	$1.35
Hoyne — Toronto	.65c	$1.20
Omagh — Toronto	.55c	$1.00
Streetsville — Toronto	.40c	.75c

Children Under 12 — Half Fare
FREE MOTOR COACH SERVICE PROVIDED TO ALL "ARROW" PASSENGERS TO AND FROM EXHIBITION GROUNDS
"ARROW" Coaches leave Western Entrance of Grounds, Lakeshore Road (Near New Ontario Building) at 6.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m.
ALL TIMES SHOWN EASTERN STANDARD TIME
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
WM. LONG'S — PHONE 89

ARROW BUS LINES
INCREASED SERVICE
TO CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO
Fri. August 25th to Sat. September 9th
Leave GEORGETOWN Daily:
x6.15 a.m. x8.20 a.m. 10.30 a.m. 1.15 p.m. 4.45 p.m. 6.55 p.m. 9.15 p.m.
x—Except Sundays
FREE MOTOR COACH SERVICE PROVIDED TO ALL "ARROW" PASSENGERS TO AND FROM EXHIBITION GROUNDS
"Arrow" Coaches Leave Western Entrance of Grounds, Lakeshore Road (Near New Ontario Building) at 5.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 10.30 p.m.
ALL TIMES SHOWN EASTERN STANDARD TIME
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
WM. LONG'S — PHONE 89

BACK TO NATURE

Oh, I want to go back
To that little log shack
In the woods, where its calm and serene,
Away from life's crush,
The grind and the rush,
Where its peaceful—you know what I mean.

Where there's no telephone,
Where your soul is you own,
With no nerve wracking noise to molest;
Where you can eat, rest and sleep
And let robust health keep
The greatest blessing man ever possessed.

Where there's plenty of room,
Where the wild flowers bloom,
Where the air smells so fragrant and sweet;
Where there's tall stately pine,
Where the wild grape vines twine,
Where there's moss-covered ground neath your feet.

Where there's cool shady nooks,
Where there's sweet babbling brooks,
Where the trout in the deep dark pools lie;
Where the wise night-owl hoots,
Where no gas wagon toots,
Where you can see a horse carriage go by.

Where there's old-fashioned folk
That visit and joke,
And tell tales of the pioneer past,
When this country was new
And old friendships were true,
And a friend was a friend to the last.

Where a cabin's your home
And five fingers your comb,
Where you drink at the creek when your dry,
And by the old candle light
You bed down at night
And dream dreams of the world going by.

Where the neighbors are kind,
Where no snobs you will find,
All the people are modest, sincere;
Where there's no clicks or class,
And none ever pass
Without greetings and hearty good cheer.

Where there's quiet and peace,
Where your joys will increase,
Good spirits are hovering near.
In these glens there's a charm,
You'll be safe from all harm,
Act your part and you've nothing to fear.

Back to nature's my theme,
This is no idle dream,
Forget past mistakes and start new;
Do not stop to regret,
There is time enough yet,
Back to nature means long life for you.

D. J. Hunter, Georgetown.

morning after? How Eno wakes you up, banishes heaviness, refreshes you! Take a glass of Eno—and feel a different person.
TAKE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

DAINTY FOODS for the Labor Day outing
Maybe Labor Day will be your last chance for a picnic this year . . . let's make it a jolly affair! Following is an array of goodies that will make preparation easy . . . and anything but costly . . . dainty foods at Carroll's saving prices.
CARROLL'S LIMITED

Oven-Fresh Marshmallow
Chocolate Biscuits 2 lbs. 27c
Fancy White TUNA large tin 25c
Kraft Mayonnaise 8½-oz. jar 23c
Devilled LOBSTER 3 tins 25c
VI-TONE 1-lb. tin 51c
Red Cross Fancy Red Coho
Salmon 2 ½-lb. tins 25c
XXX Vinegar Gal. 40c
To Wrap Lunches PARA SANI 100 ft. roll 23c
Catarac Dry large bottle 15c (Plus usual bottle deposit)
McLaren's SUMMER DRINKS btl. 23c
Delicious! Carroll's Breakfast BACON Pound 21c
McLaren's Big Queen
Olives 18-oz. jar 21c
Fresh Daily! Carroll's Wrapped BREAD Loaf 8c
FREE NUGGET SHOE POLISH!
With Every Purchase of a NEW FULL-POUND TIN OF POLIFLOR
Famous English Floor Wax in the New Easy-to-Use tin, we give 1 full size tin of Nugget Shoe Polish FREE.
NEW 1-lb. TIN OF POLIFLOR 49c
Chef IRISH STEW 2 tins 25c
Clark's SPAGHETTI lg. tin 10c
CHATEAU CHEESE ½-lb. pkg. 11c
Carroll's Indra FRESH COFFEE lb. 45c
Carroll's Tea GOLDEN TIP lb. 65c
NEW MIXED PICKLE SPICE pound 19c
Whole Cloves 2 oz. 5c
Ground Cinnamon 2 oz. 5c
Cassia Buds 3 oz. 10c
Ground Allspice 2 oz. 5c
Celery Seed 2 oz. 15c
Mustard Seed 2 oz. 5c
Japan Chilies 2 oz. 10c
Whole Black Pepper 2 oz. 5c
Tumeric 2 oz. 5c
Preserved Ginger lb. 19c
Crown Fruit Jars Med. Size doz. 1.09
Sunlight Soap 5 bars 25c
Stoneless Dates 2 lbs. 21c
Main Street Phone 357 Georgetown

Happy Ending of Bermuda Cruise

By LEETE STONE

"EXCUSE me," Danforth Evans said to a lovely girl leaning against the rail of the steamer Kingsth Bound for Bermuda, the first hour out. "Excuse me; but you dropped this paper out of the book under your arm." He held it out between two fingers and his smile was very winning.

"Ever so thankful. What a gorgeous sea!"

So started one of the million shipboard romances. It went like this:

"Yes, isn't it? May I step and chat awhile?"

"Please do!"

"I s'pose this is just a trifling escape from too pressing suitors for you?" Danforth Evans said in his best manner. "This little voyage, I mean," he added.

"May!" the girl turned squarely to face Danforth. "We'll get along famously on this voyage if you don't try to pull any highbrow, 'wealthy set' stuff on me. If I let you, you'd go on to relate that you're one of the special darlings of Southampton; that you're engaged but you hate it; that you've got the next best fortune to Ella Wendel's if your father dies conveniently soon . . . oh, I know the old stuff, big boy. This is my third sea voyage."

This outburst left Danforth Evans a bit aghast; but he rallied nobly.

"Quite right! You called my little bluff, lovely lady. I was about to suggest that I had a great deal of money in my own right, and that we, you and I ought to continue this cruise down through the Canal Zone and up to San Francisco where we might get married and start a tour of the world for a honeymoon. But you called me plenty. I'm a clerk at the men's furnishings in Jernegan's; and I've saved for this vacation for a year. There's the lowdown—and while I'm at it, let's not know each other's names. Let's you call me Dan; and I'll call you Nan—eh?"

"O. K., Dan; now we're on a straight footing. But tell me, you aren't engaged, are you? I was kidding about that—and I hope you aren't because you've got a free look about you. Ma, I'll be frank. I work in a department store, too—sales girl in ladies' lingerie. Now let's start square!"

"Righto, Nan! You guessed me the first time! I was going to tell you the whole sad story of how I was engaged by fond parents to my next door neighbor's daughter while we were both in kilts—on account of mutual money, you know. . . . Well, we'll cut out all that, Nan. There's going to be a moon tonight. I looked it up on the office calendar. Meet me here, and let's talk some more, will you?"

"O. K., big boy—I'll meet you anywhere, long as you're square. Understand?"

"Righto!"

They met that night as naturally as water is drawn from two streams into one. At the prow of the ship where they were bathed in moonlight, and the gilded phosphorescence tinged the leaping waves with silver.

"Remember! This is a shipboard romance, Dan. Nothing serious!" Nan reproved as he put his arm gently over her shoulders.

"Trust me; I know all about them," Dan flippantly responded.

When the short sail was over, however, there was something more than flippancy and insincerity in the gaze of these two.

"It may have been a shipboard romance," Dan murmured earnestly, "but I'll find you again on land; and when I do I'll keep you—just remember that."

Danforth Evans arrived at his ancestral mansion in Long Island a few weeks later after a good sunning and tanning on the beaches, quite fit for his father's brokerage office and the nerve-racking din of downtown New York. He found the house in festive array. His mother, a silver-haired dowager of society, greeted him with:

"Well, Danforth; I'm glad you wired me. Otherwise I'd have been sure you'd forgotten that tonight is my party for you and Blanche—she's just back from the Sacred Heart convent."

"Oh, gee, mother! This isn't the Middle ages! Why must I go through with that childish contract between dad and her dad. Don't make me go through with this childish engagement. Why, I haven't seen her since we ate lollypops together."

"Very well, my son. All I desire is that you meet her tonight. You might just happen to like her."

All of which explains why Danforth Evans was filled with a great disgust for family pacts and ancestral bunk in general, as his mother escorted him through the palatial drawing room to meet the girl he had been affianced to years ago.

"There she is, son! Talking to Blake Leigh. Isn't she sweet?"

"My God!" Danforth Evans muttered reverently. "It isn't be true—mother! You're kidding me! That isn't Blanche Heyward?"

Blanche had seen the grand approach and she turned to mother and son.

"Oh yes it is, Danny—but for the purpose of a Bermuda cruise I use Lorraine Grace or just plain Nan, instead. I recognized you the moment I saw you—that unmistakable nose—and I hated you for not knowing me. In spite of the fact that we haven't seen each other since lollypop days."

"Er . . . Er . . . Give me a little time," Danforth Evans stuttered with a beatific smile on his face.

WORLD'S TINIEST PARK

The world's tiniest park is claimed for Saint John, N.B., states the Tourist Bureau of the Canadian National Railways. It is called "Sullivan's Park" and measures twenty feet in length, with a width of six feet, and boasts two benches. It is located at the end of Main Street and overhangs Murray Street at a dizzy height.

Wonderful

Mrs. Jones: "Our new minister is wonderful. He brings things home to you that you never saw before."

Mrs. Robinson: "Our laundryman does the same."

MADE STUDY OF WHEAT

Herman Trelle, Champion Wheat Grower, Ably Assisted In His Great Work by Wife.

Whether it was because of his former national allegiance that Herman Trelle's offer of his services in the Great War was rejected, it turned out to be a great thing for Canada that this young engineer gave up his profession and brought a trained mind to bear on agricultural production. He has won scores of the highest prizes in world competition for the quality of his product, and has rendered a service to Canada such as

HERMAN TRELLE

gives by few men in the course of history. What kind of a man is Herman Trelle?

A correspondent in the Ottawa Citizen gives an interesting pen picture of the champion grain grower:

When travelling through the Peace River country several years ago I spent several days in Grande Prairie. Everyone was talking about Herman Trelle. Being informed he lived at Wembley, only some fifteen miles or so away, I motored out there with some friends. Upon our arrival at Trelle's farm, we found Mrs. Trelle and the hired man up on the roof of one of the outbuildings making some repairs! In the excitement of the arrival of guests and in her haste to get down to welcome us, Mrs. Trelle fell off the roof, but fortunately suffered no injury beyond a severe shaking up. Mrs. Trelle is an attractive, charming, highly educated and refined lady, really more at home in a drawing-room than doing hard manual labor on a ranch, and I merely mention this to demonstrate her spirit and the team-work that prevails on the Trelle menage. She explained that her husband was ill in bed and expressed regret that he could not meet us. She had hardly finished when her husband appeared in the door. He had heard us arriving, and ill as he was, he dressed, and came out to greet us and extend hospitality. Despite our protests he insisted on showing us all over his farm and in an interesting, fascinating manner explained the various types and grades of wheat, grain, hay, etc., that he was experimenting with. He speaks very animatedly, and reminds one very much of Jack Miner, the celebrated bird man of Kingsville, Ont.

It will be seen from this that Mrs. Trelle is no small contributor to her husband's success. Their farm is 1,000 acres, 450 miles north of the international boundary and is so far north that it drains toward the Arctic.

USES OF SEAWEED

Different Varieties Made Into Foods, Soaps, Fertilizers, Etc.

Seaweed has been consumed as food by the Japanese, Chinese and Hawaiians for many centuries, while Irish moss and seaweed products have graced our tables in various forms since colonial days when it was imported from England.

An early use of the weed was as fertilizer by farmers near the sea. To-day, besides serving as fertilizer and food, it is an ingredient of fine paper, knife handles and oriental curios. Kamchatka natives use its hollow stems as coils for distilleries, while Australians have discovered a species from which cloth, rope, twine and mats can be made.

Agar-agar, a dried, partially blended gelatinous extract of certain species of seaweeds, is used in ice creams, jellies, candies, pastries, cereal foods and many desserts and salad dressings. Cosmetics may contain agar-agar, and at the drug store one may buy it in adhesive tape and soap, and mixed with medicines. Isinglass and fly paper often contain agar-agar. Fish canners use it to pack soft fish which are likely to be shattered to pieces in transportation. It has eight times the strength of ordinary gelatine and is not as readily affected by climatic changes.

Canada Has Finest Hardwoods.

Canadian lumber is suitable for Canadian furniture, and we can teach our people through advertising that Canada has the finest hardwoods of any country in the world. It has durability and workability, and we have long taught the people that "imported" is not an adjective in the vocabulary of the salesman who would gain the business.—Sherbrooke Record.

Too Late Than.

Getting married is like a newspaper that is off the press. Errors that were overlooked are conspicuous when it is too late to correct them. —From the Toledo Blade.

Canadian Paint Industry.

Products made for sale in the paints, pigments and varnishes industry of Canada during the last fiscal year were valued at $23,966,603.

PEAS AND OATMEAL

Steamer, train and hotel chefs of the Canadian National agree that this makes good soup: Two lbs. of mutton, 3 qts. of water, 3 onions, 3 carrots, 3 turnips, 3 apples, parsley, thyme and bay leaf, 1 tablespoonful of curry powder, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, juice of a lemon. Fry the apples and vegetables in melted suet, and cook gently for 15 minutes. Sprinkle in the flour and curry powder, then add the meat cut in small pieces, some salt, the herbs and water. Skim this after it begins to boil, then cook slowly for 3 or 4 hours. Strain and force the meat through a sieve, then return to the soup. Serve with hot boiled rice. Add the lemon juice before serving.

AN OLD-TIME PIPER

More Pipes on This Continent Than In Scotland, It Is Claimed.

Angus McMillan Fraser is too old now for reels and Highland fings, but he still has his pipes and his memories of the time he carried off two first places in the National Highland Games at Inverness. The king piper of the Clan Fraser revived some of these memories as he sat in his New York rooms surrounded by trophies, plaids, feather bonnets, drones and chanters.

"I'm a Canadian born," said Mr. Fraser, "and I've only been twice to Scotland. But that doesn't make much difference. North America is a great place for the Scots, pipers, dancers and workers alike. I'm just as proud of having been once the champion Highland dancer of America, and of having piped from New York to Yukon and back, as I am of having been voted the best-dressed Highland gentleman at Inverness in 1911."

Mr. Fraser is astonishingly well versed in the lore of the pipes, the pibrock and the Black Watch. He knows of the Black Watch pipers who served at Fort Duquesne, the pipes which were brought over to America by early colonists, and the English governmental edict of the eighteenth century which forbade the use of Highland equipment in Scotland for 30 years and almost caused the virtue pipes to pass out of existence.

"Yes, the pipes have been in this country a long time. They came over here pretty near as early as the Mayflower, and they've stayed. I figure that there are more pipers' bands in America now than there were in all Scotland ten years before the war.

"The pipes I use and my band uses are the regular blow-pipes. We put our lungs to work. The Irish use the bellow-pipe, where the pressure is got on by the arm. You have to sit down to use the bellow-pipe, and that's why the Irish love them. But the Irish got them from the English, and sort of adopted them."

Mr. Fraser was twenty years old before his Scotch impulses came to the fore and he took up piping and dancing. He played with the old Canadian Militia Band in Toronto, and was pipe-major of the Highland Cadets of Montreal. In 1909 he went out to play with the Seattle Yukon Expedition, and from 1913 to 1919 he performed with Sir Harry Lauder.

LIBRARIES IN CANADA

More Books and Libraries Each Year —9,428,559 Volumes.

"Of making many books there is no end," wrote Solomon in 977 B.C. His statement is now more true today, taking the statistical survey of Canadian libraries as a criterion. This survey has been issued by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics. It deals with 1,110 Canadian libraries of which 860 are free public and association libraries, 133 university, college and normal school libraries and those of other educational institutions; 59 government libraries both Dominion and Provincial; 59 commercial and technical libraries; 219 other libraries, which include the parish libraries of the Province of Quebec, and such institutions as the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A.

The 1,110 libraries dealt with in the survey have on their shelves a total of 9,428,559 volumes, pamphlets, etc., of which the free public and association libraries have 4,981,013; university, college, and normal school libraries, 2,899,587; government libraries, 1,783,667; business and technical libraries, 464,888, and others, 301,704. The reported circulation for the period under review was 16,791,734.

The largest library in Canada is that at McGill University with 411,000 volumes, with the library of the Parliament of Canada, in Ottawa, second, with 400,000. The University of Toronto has 350,000. All the Canadian universities have substantial libraries each containing several thousand books. Another 250,000 volumes are in the Ontario Legislative Library at Toronto.

Among the law libraries the largest is that of the Law Society of Upper Canada with 70,000 volumes; the Advocates' Library in Montreal has 40,000. Toronto also claims the largest business and technical library—the Royal Canadian Institute, with 30,000 books. The second largest is the New Brunswick Provincial Museum at St. John with 35,000. A total of more than 407,000 books are in the public libraries in Montreal and over 336,000 in similar institutions in Toronto. The Ottawa public libraries are stocked with 136,000 volumes.

HERRING WORTH MUCH.

Taken In Ocean and Inland Waters Fish Used In Many Ways.

Herring are perhaps of too common occurrence to be rated as aristocrats among the fishes but they're worth a good many hundred thousand dollars to Canada every year. The annual marketed value of the Dominion's production of herring and sardine herring has gone well beyond the $3,000,000 mark. It may be expected to be back to such figures again when the economic situation has improved.

Herring are taken in the sea fisheries of both Canada's coasts as well as in the inland fisheries of Quebec and Ontario and in some waters of the Prairie Provinces. The largest production is in British Columbia. The common herring of the Atlantic is described by Halkett as "bluish in colour, shining silvery below; it may reach a length of about sixteen inches." The same authority says of the Pacific herring that "like the common herring it is bluish in color, is silvery on the sides and below, and may reach a length of about a foot and a half."

Wire Services of Dominion.

There are 373,000 miles of telegraph wire in Canada and six transoceanic cables have termini in Canada, five on the Atlantic and one in the Pacific.

PLEADING FROGS

In parts of the British West Indies one buys live frogs from native boys and fattens the frogs for food. These frogs attain a large size, as big as a small hen, and are delicious. They go by the name "crapaud," which shows the influence of French in the islands. One drawback is that the frogs become tame and are almost human in their gestures and expression, so that one hesitates to kill them.

Going Somewhere

Teacher: "Mary, what is wind?"

Mary: "Wind is—is air when it gets in a hurry!"

A DREAM

By MARY MORGAN WARE

The clock struck twelve sonorous notes. It did not disturb Agatha Jane Hangs, nor was it in any way responsible for her subsequent adventures, unless one might say that the moon being in the height of its glory at that time had something to do with them. I'm not certain as to that. The moon is blamed for a lot of things.

Agatha Jane was queer (at least, the neighbors said so), dark and thirty. Her father had always endeavored to get rid of all the night, could, he would be lovers as fast as they loomed on the horizon, very much to her dissatisfaction. Agatha Jane greatly desired to commit matrimony.

The Man-in-the-Moon turned the full benefit of his round, beaming face on Agatha Jane and beckoned to her.

She had two-thirds of a mind to respond. But what was the use? He had only two-quarters to spend. So she turned away with a sigh and wandered down the front walk.

An invisible fairy waved his wand and Agatha was more in love with love than ever. Her restlessness increased, and she wandered on and on. It seemed to her that she had walked miles when she was accosted by a potential entertainer.

"Evening," he hailed, cheerfully. "Come on, and have an ice cream."

Agatha thought an ice cream would be acceptable. It was awful hot for Christmas. She had rather more than half a mind to accept.

"Aw, come on, Ag!" he entreated, noting her hesitation. Everybody called her Ag, which was an aggravation. If he had called her anything else she would probably have gone with him, and thus started an entirely different set of adventures.

"Who wants ice cream at this time of year?" she retorted, with scorn. And teasing her head she resumed her travels.

After some more hours had elapsed and she had walked many miles, someone saluted her from the curb. Raising her eyes, she beheld a young man sitting in an automobile.

"Come on, take a spin," he invited eagerly.

Agatha realized that it was hotter every minute, and a spin would be more than pleasant. She had at least three-fourths of a mind to take the offered ride.

"Do come, Ag, please," he begged.

Christmas might be hot, hotter, hottest, she would receive no favors from anyone who was disrespectful enough to call her Ag. That ended it. So she negatived the invitation disdainfully. Cars were getting so common, anyway.

She turned listlessly homeward. What was the use? It was growing hotter, and there was no relief in sight. She might as well stay home.

What an awful noise! It sounded like a world full of heresies. Now it had stopped.

There was a handsome young man coming toward her.

"Come take a ride in my airship," he sang out.

"Where is it?" smiled Agatha.

"Just over there," he answered, waving his hand toward a waiting airplane.

She decided that it would be nicer than anything that had been offered and had made up her mind to go, but long repression would not yield too readily. Then—

"Please come along, Ag," he said, impatiently.

"No, I don't think I would care for it," she replied, coldly.

But scarcely had the words left her mouth than he picked her up and placed her in the airplane. She was glad he had and was enjoying herself immensely, when there came an awful jolt. Must have bumped a cloud. There was another.

"Ag," roared a voice which did not belong to the Angel Gabriel. "Ag," it came again, and the airplane hit the earth.

"What'dye want?" mumbled Agatha, rubbing her eyes open.

"I say, come here, quick, trouble has landed on our doorstep," bellowed her father.

Agatha appeared very soon thereafter in curl papers and kimona.

Not far from the door was an airplane, and near the doorstep lay the semiconscious aviator. What happened next belongs not to the dream.

The town clock boomed one sonorous stroke.

Always a Silver Lining.

When the world is dark and unloveliness there is something out of gear with anatomy. If you could only see it, there are the same colors in the rainbow as there were for Noah. The sun shines with the same luster here as it does in Hesperides. Even the clouds have silvery lining and the stars twinkle throughout the night. But the trouble is we often can't see them. There are a thousand smokes from the great busy world that obscure the sun. There are countless steams that hide the starlight. They obscure the light in the heavens above because the industry of mortals changes substances on the earth below. The more there is of it the greater the man-made things that turn our minds from the great nature-produced glories. And as we become rooted to the work of our hands do we lose contact with things eternal.—Exchange.

ADVENTURE

When all the world is young lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen!
Then hey! for boot and horse, lad,
Around the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day!

Objections

Mrs. O'Reilly: "An' what are ye going to name the babe?"

Mrs. Mulcahey: "We'll name her Hazel."

Mrs. O'Reilly: "What! With twenty-five saints to choose from, ye name her after a nut!"