THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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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.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.60 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	9.40 a.m.
Passenger	7.20 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.18 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.46 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE OCT. 1st, 1933
Leave Georgetown

West	East
9.25 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
z12.30 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
1.50 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
2.50 p.m.	Special Saturday
4.15 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
6.15 p.m.	6.55 p.m.
10.35 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
x11.50 p.m.	

Z—Daily except Saturday
X—Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.
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"At a church annual social the minister had taken for the subject of his address 'The Perfect Man.' Pausing after an eloquent passage he put this question to his audience: 'Has anyone here ever seen or heard of a perfect man?' After a thrilling silence, a little man stood up at the back and piped:
"Yes, sir, I have!"
"You mean to tell me that you have seen or heard of a perfect man?" demanded the incredulous minister.
"I've never seen him, sir, but I'm tired hearin' aboot him," piped the voice.
"And who is he?"
"My wife's first man!"

He—"Dancing is in my blood, you know."
She—"Then you must have a poor circulation. It hasn't reached your feet yet."

Life Saving Efforts

Fighting for the lives of men, women and children, is a never ceasing struggle at the Muskoka, the Toronto and the Queen Mary Hospitals, where nearly a thousand patients are now being treated for tuberculosis.

Perhaps you do not fully realize the predicament of the unfortunate victims of this dreaded disease, the majority of whom came from the families of the very poor.

Living in cramped quarters, where sunshine and fresh air are often as scanty as nourishing food, is it any wonder that consumption finds them out.

Frail and weak and tired, their plight is pitiful, but a haven awaits, where, with your help, most of them may be restored to health.

Will you please send what you can to assist in this great work. Please address George J. Reid, Treasurer, 223 College Street, Toronto 2.

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THE LARGEST LIFE

I lie upon my bed and hear and see.
The moon is rising through the glistening trees;
And momently a great and sombre breeze,
With a vast voice returning fitfully,
Comes like a deep-toned grief, and stirs in me,
Somehow, by some inexplicable art,
A sense of my soul's strangeness, and its part
In the dark march of human destiny.
What am I, then, and what are they that pass
Yonder, and love and laugh, and mourn and weep?
What shall they know of me, or I, alas!
Of them? Little. At times, as if from sleep,
We waken to this yearning passionate mood,
And tremble at our spiritual solitude.

Nay, never once to feel we are alone,
While the great human heart around us lies:
To make the smile on other lips our own,
To live upon the light in others' eyes:
To breathe without a doubt the limpid air
Of that most perfect love that knows no pain:
To say—I love you—only, and not care
Whether the love come back to us again:
Divine self-forgetfulness, at first
A task, and then a tonic, then a need:
To greet with open hands the best and worst,
And only for another's wound to bleed:
This is to see the beauty that God meant,
Wrapped round with life, ineffably content.

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
Till the human soul complete her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appal,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be greater for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.
—Archibald Lampman.

A man somewhat under the influence of good fellowship attempted to pass through the revolving door of a restaurant. Each time he entered he made the complete round and found himself in the street again. After several unsuccessful attempts he sat down on the pavement to work the thing out.

A moment later a young man walked rapidly up the street and went in. The door went round and a young woman came out. The inebriate was puzzled.

"What gets me," he remarked, "is what he did with his clothes."

There he paused and looked over the leaf.

"Weel, my friends," he said, "they begat ane anither richt doon to the end o' the page, and a lang way ower on the ither side, so we'll jist leave them to it. Off wi' ye to yer wark!"

Carroll's Great April Food Sale

Value Extraordinary! GOLDEN TIP TEA pound 65c	A New Blend of FINE COFFEE Fresh-Ground pound 25c	Our Pure No-Alum BAKING POWDER 16-oz. tin 19c	Ready-To-Use! Choice PITTED DATES 2 lbs. 23c

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Kirk's CASTILE SOAP 3 cakes 14c
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WAX BEANS — Aylmer Brand—Choice, Golden, Tender, Delightful — 2 No. 2 tins 23c
PLUM JAM — Wagstaffe's—Red and Seedless—Mark the big jar! — 40-oz. jar 23c

Sunset Lombard CHOICE PLUMS 3 No. 2 tins 25c
Fancy Santa Clara LARGE PRUNES 2 lbs. 25c
Robertson's Fancy MARMALADES 16-oz. jar 17c
Libby's Fancy FRUIT SALAD 8-oz. tin 10c
Libby's Rosedale PEACHES 2 No. 2 tins 29c

RINSO Speeds Washing With Floods of Suds! lg. pkg. 20c
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NEW CABBAGE 4c lb. — Free Delivery — TOMATOES 2 lb. 27c
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Ties That Bind

By BERTHA LEAH CROSS

NAOMI STEVENS sat on the back porch watching the dusk as it settled over the garden. To her, this time of day was the loneliest, and the hour when she felt the most let down, tired, old and disillusioned. This night she was feeling unusually so because of the letter from Laura, the second she'd had that week. In the letter she pleaded even more urgently with her to accept her invitation to go to Europe as her traveling companion.

"If I only could," she whispered. "But here I am, as always, tied hand and foot by mother. If mother could only see, could realize how terribly she hampers me in everything I want to do. Talk about the selfishness of the young—it's nothing in comparison to the old. They think only of themselves!"

All of her life Naomi had craved a good time. She longed for travel and excitement.

First it had been her father, who, parsimonious to the point of miserliness, had forced both her and her mother to scrimp and save; to go without and make over, while he hoarded his money. Then when he had died, two years ago, each had lacked initiative and urge to get out of the rut into which their lives had settled. It had taken but these letters, however, to light the flame of desire in Naomi's crushed ego.

"There's money," she told herself, "plenty of it. If only mother can be aroused . . ."

But the mother—a self-effacing little woman who had lived for forty years under the domination of her husband. Cowed, timid, shrinking, after those years of bondage. What force could galvanize her and make her forget her husband's reiterated statement: "Women's place is in the home." Could she be freed, emancipated from that obsession?

Naomi was now forty-five. She had let youth go by as she had love. Fred had become tired of waiting.

She had been a lovely girl with a wealth of curly, brown hair and large, wistful eyes filled with dreams. Other men had been attracted. But they, like Fred, had been appalled by too much interference, and later by too much prospective mother-in-law. They had passed by to other less hampered girls.

Now had come this opportunity. Galvanized into life, she let her thoughts dwell on this chance of a lifetime. Even the words in the letter were etched on her mind: "Come on, Naomi," her friend had written. "Check your mother with her sister and come with me."

The tears came now, faster and faster, stinging her eyes, overflowing—a perfect torrent of heart-breaking tears of longing.

Suddenly the tears stopped and she sat up with a snap. The fire in her eyes dried the tears: "I'm going!" she said aloud. "I'm going to Europe with Laura. Mother can go to California with the Lawsons." Red spots appeared on her cheeks. She had decided.

She began formulating in her mind her plan of procedure. First she would write Aunt Hattie that her mother was coming, if she could make her, and ask for her help. Then she would write Laura that she would arrive in New York ready to sail the seventh of July.

"I'm going to spend, spend, spend!" she said recklessly. "I am going to make myself young again and see life. For every dollar I've denied myself, I'll spend two."

After supper she walked to the village for the evening mail. She posted a letter to Laura telling her she would meet her in New York the sixth. "I've burned my bridges now," she thought. "I'm going straight home to break the news to mother. I'll find new interests, and new life, and youth," she told herself.

"Mother," she said abruptly. The swaying rocker stopped at the tenseness in Naomi's voice.

"Yes? What is it, Naomi?" Her tone held a mild surprise.

"I'm sailing the seventh of July with Laura."

"Sailing?" in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, sailing for Europe on the seventh. And I've made arrangements for you to stay with Aunt Hattie while I'm gone."

"You've made arrangements?" icily. "I haven't lost my mind, have I? Well, you've certainly taken a pretty independent step." Her quick anger cooled. She laid a hand on Naomi's with a quick pressure. Suddenly she laughed. "Child, you was afraid to tell me? I wondered what you had on your mind for a week."

"Yes, I was afraid. I was afraid you'd not want me to go. Oh, mother," her voice breaking. "I've got to go. I can't let this go by, as I have everything else in life." Her voice was growing shrill and rising a little. "Can't you see? Can't you understand?"

"I certainly can see," her mother replied slowly. "I have wanted a vacation for years and always thought I had to stay here at home on your account. But from now on, Naomi, these ties that bind are going to be elastic. They are going to stretch. For a month I've bin trying to get up courage to tell you that I'm dying to go to Californy. I've always wanted to go—and now I'm going."

A Canadian farmer of Scottish extraction kept up the religious traditions of his race by reading each morning to his family and his field workers a consecutive chapter of the Bible. One fine day in the harvesting season, when time was precious, he struck the sixth chapter of 1st Chronicles, which consists of eighty-one verses of genealogical names. He droned on till he came to:—

"And Shallum begat Hilkiah and Hilkiah begat Azariah, and Azariah begat Seraiah, and Seraiah begat Jehozadak."

It's more polite to say a man wins a bride than that he had one inflicted upon him.

The Child and the Kingdom

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson
April 8th

GOLDEN TEXT: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Matthew 19: 14.

LESSON PASSAGE: Matthew 18: 1-6, 12-14; 19: 13-15.

My little daughter shuns the shadowy dark
With childhood's blind, unreasoning fear,
Yet she will brave the blackest night, her hand
In mine, secure if I am near.

A child of larger growth, I dread dark ways
Of life I cannot understand;
And I have also triumphed over fear
By holding fast a Father's hand.
—Mabel Cornelia Matson.

Child Study

Seated in the laboratory of a college, a young girl dissecting a frog said, "I would much rather know what goes on in the mind of a child than what happens in the stomach of a frog." The remark was remembered by her desk mate, and, after her death, a department of child study was endowed which has continued to grow. One graduate of the department went to a large city and organized a clinic for stutterers, and nearly every case treated was cured. Another was alarmed at the high rate of maternal mortality, and carried on an educational campaign by which in the course of a few years her city had the lowest mortality rate on the continent. Experts both in day schools and Sunday schools are carrying on research in child psychology. In Canada the costs for education have gone up to $178,000,000. Compared with the huge sums spent on many things of lesser value, the amount is not excessive. It is an indication that the child is coming into his own.

Christ and the Child, 1-3

How did Jesus know so much about children? Many adults in middle life assert that they remember little of their childhood experiences, but it may be that Jesus had a clear recollection of his own childhood. We know that in the Nazareth home there were younger brothers and sisters and Jesus would observe them. Perhaps he started his use of parables by telling stories in the evenings. He had observed children in their play and spoke of their game of marriage and funerals. The gospel records tell of several children whom Jesus healed. Doubtless he talked with children in the homes where he visited. He knew how trustful and teachable they were, and he sought to develop in his disciples the same attitudes. When they asked who was the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he called to him a little child and set him in the midst. Frequently adults tell children to act like grown-ups, but Jesus told the disciples to become as little children. He did not wish his disciples to be childish, but he did wish them to be childlike.

The Childlike Heart, 4-6

Christ exalted the humility of a child. He identified himself with children and warned men that it was better to be drowned in the sea than to harm a child. What made him lay such emphasis upon child welfare? Had he seen children ill treated? Did his soul revolt against children being regarded as chattels and taken as slaves for debt? Had he met instances where parents had neglected the Jewish law, and had allowed children to grow up without religious training and moral guidance? What would Christ say about the economic mismanagement that has made children suffer in a land of plenty? What would he say about children being starved by war blockades? What would he say about little children having to work twelve hours a day in factories and mines? These are not childish sins, but adult sins having their rise in greed and avarice. To cure these adult sins, Christ held up the humility and naturalness of a child, and told his followers to become childlike. It is not an impossible ideal.

The Worth of People, 12-14

One of the ways in which the Pharisees showed contempt for people was in their harsh treatment of the outcasts, those who had transgressed the ceremonial law and were not in good standing in the synagogue. These were spoken of as dogs and lost sheep. Jesus spoke of a shepherd leaving his ninety and nine sheep that were safe and going out to find the one that was lost. If a shepherd values one sheep, how much more effort we should make to reclaim a human being who has gone astray? It is always a social loss when a person with possibilities of spiritual and moral growth gives up in despair and is content to abandon hope. How may this individual and social tragedy be averted? The best way is to begin with the child. Some of the most valuable religious attitudes may be established by the age of three, under wise teaching. If we give the right kind of education to youth, age will be much less likely to go astray. The only way to grow more roses is to plant more trees. To reform an adult at sixty is too wasteful of life; he should have been put on the right path at six. So may old age be as a lusty winter, and the best of the wine come at the end of the feast.

The Children's Charter, 19: 13-15

An artist has pictured Jesus sitting with the children of the world around him. The picture is not overdrawn because Christ has been the friend of children. Schools, orphanages, hospitals, playgrounds, toys, books and pets all bear witness to the ideals of child welfare inspired by Jesus who laid his hands upon little children and took them up in his arms. The disciples rebuked the parents of the children for approaching, but Jesus gently rebuked his disciples for keeping the children away. He said: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Nineteen centuries have not exhausted the truth in that profound saying. It has been more powerful in the last century than ever before. Christ's love for children must spread until there are no hungry children, no ignorant children, no ill born, maltreated and under-privileged children. The world moves forward on the feet of little children. The destiny of humanity to-morrow depends upon the training of the children of today.

Questions for Discussion

1. How far has the business depression affected children?
2. Is medical science conquering children's contagious diseases?
3. What right has the state to train the child?
4. How may children's aid acts be improved?
5. What would Christ have us do for children in home and church?

HALTON RURAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION

An organization has come into being recently that is worthy of note so far as the County of Halton is concerned. It is the Halton Rural Young People's Association and actually is a County Board, representing the various junior organizations built up through the activities of the local branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

This County Board is composed of representatives from each of the county clubs: Norval, Milton, Acton and Burlington, which have been developed following short course activities in Agriculture and Domestic Science held at these points. The purpose of this county board is to plan a complete junior program for the county, embracing various phases of work and assist the Agricultural Representative in carrying out this program. The need of this County Executive was felt by the young people themselves who realize that the junior program of work conducted by the local branch of the Department of Agriculture has grown to such an extent that it is no longer possible for any one individual to completely look after all the features. The officers of the board are:—

President—Cecil Chisholm, Milton.
1st Vice-president—Marie Blackall, Norval.
2nd Vice-president—George Rutt, Acton.
Secretary — Dorothea Macdonald.
Treasurer—A. G. Kirstine, Agricultural Representative.
Auditors—Walter Lindsay, Acton; Lloyd Miller, Burlington.
Directors—Acton—Margaret Brown, Velma Murray.
Norval—Spencer Wilson, Ellsworth Arnott and Edna Harrop.
Milton—Wilmer Mason, Isobel Tovell.
Burlington—Alice Ourby, Doris Jarvis and Herb Allen.

This county board has prepared and adopted a constitution under which they can operate and provide helpful leadership to the clubs in their local activities as well as conduct features which affect the county as a whole. They will have direct supervision over such county activities as Judging Competitions, field days and other features which will be introduced.

They have already instituted a Halton County Dramatic League in which for this year competition will be provided by the Burlington, Milton and Acton units. This Dramatic League will consist in the presentation of one act plays staged by the various units in competition. It is planned that the first of these elimination contests will be held between Burlington and Milton groups in the Community Hall, Palermo, on or about April 20th, following which the losers of that elimination will compete with the Acton group in Acton on or about April 25th. Then in the finals the winners at the Palermo elimination will meet the winners of the Acton elimination in all probably in the Princess Theatre, Milton, some time during the first week in May. This project is one that possesses considerable merit and is one that the County Board feels should receive support from all over the county. Watch your local papers for further announcement at a later date.

The newly formed County Board feel that they have a very definite contribution to make to the junior life and activity of the different communities and are making definite steps towards achieving this end.

THE HORSE AND THE HARD TIMES

The U. S. Department of Commerce has recently published a carefully prepared booklet entitled, "The Farm Horse." We summarize a few of its statements:

Before the coming of tractor, auto-truck and automobile it required approximately 18,000,000 acres of crop land to produce hay and grain for the horse, and about 3,000,000 acres of plowable land for his pasture. With the displacement of the horse by the machine something like 21,000,000 acres have, so released, resulted in surpluses of various crops and livestock; in many crops the surpluses have meant decreased prices for these farm products, greatly lowering farm purchasing power, and the reduction in the latter has affected the entire country.

The minimum figure of 18,000,000 acres released by the decrease in horses and mules between 1920 and 1930 is sufficient to produce yearly 6,000,000 bales of cotton, half the usual crop, or 250,000,000 bushels of wheat, about one-third of the wheat crop, or 487,000,000 bushels of corn, an amount sufficient to feed over 12,500,000 hog a year. In the three years since these figures were furnished by the 1930 census it is stated the surpluses have increased in magnitude and the adverse effects have become much more serious.

Of course, it is not to be understood that these 21,000,000 acres released have all been used to raise cotton, wheat and corn; the acreage has been spread among many crops. The result of the study, however you look at it, at least raises the question, How far has the abandonment of the horse and his replacement by the machine been responsible for the farmer's overproduction and low prices at which he has had to sell his products and so contributed to the difficult times of the last four years? Among the many causes of the dark days through which the farmer and all the rest of us have been passing, it certainly would seem as if the farmer's unhitching the horse, unbuckling the hames, stripping off the harness, pulling off the collar and then saying to him good-bye might not have been altogether the part of economic wisdom.—In Dumb Animals.

INDIANS AS ANIMAL LOVERS

Because the old-time Indians depended so largely on the destruction of wild animals for their very existence, the Red Man has been pictured by most white people as an implacable foe to animal life. Having had ample occasion to observe Indians minutely, I find that this idea is untenable.

Some of the tenderest acts toward defenceless animals I ever witnessed were performed by Indians. Having been in close contact with nature for untold centuries. These men of the woodlands and the plains know animals as no other folk; and that knowledge brings respect for feelings, and a love for their animal associates more than one would think.

I have known of certain Indians to boast that they never took an animal's life wantonly. Some are proud of the fact that they never owned a gun. And no wonder! It is a thing to feel a genuine pride in.

Indians are great lovers of pets. In boarding-schools, where dogs and cats cannot be conveniently kept, they will care for rats or mince and even snakes. Strange as it may seem, I have seen Red Man go out of their way in order to avoid the crushing of an insect.—James Athol.

JUST A BOY

Got to understand the lad—
He's not eager to be bad;
If the right he always knew,
Were he now exceeding wise
He would be as old as you.
He'd be just another of your size,
When he does things that annoy
Don't forget he's just a boy.

Could he know and understand,
He would need no guiding hand,
But he's young and hasn't learned
How life's corners must be turned;
Doesn't know from day to day,
There is more in life than play,
More to face than mirth, joy—
Don't forget he's just a boy.

Being just a boy he'll do
Much you will not want him to;
He'll be careless of his ways,
Have his disobedient days;
Willful, wild and headstrong, too,
Just as, when a boy, were you.
Things of value he'll destroy,
But reflect, he's just a boy.

Just a boy, who needs a friend,
Patient, kindly to the end,
Needs a father who will show
Him the things he wants to know.
Take him with you when you walk,
Listen when he wants to talk,
His companionship enjoy,
Don't forget he's just a boy!

BLAKELOCK CRITICIZES GOVERNMENT

On March 14th T. A. Blakelock, Halton's representative in the Ontario Legislature, made a speech on the floor of the House, in which he strongly criticized the Government in their administration of our Natural Resources, Dept. of Lands and Forests and Dept. of Game and Fisheries.

In concluding his remarks he said: "If this Government is sincere in its attempt to legislate in the best interests of the people of this Province, it will make a further decrease in the fees on Departmental Examinations. It will restore the previous grants to the Rural Public Schools; it will give people responsible Government instead of Government by Commission. It will assume the full cost of all Government Highways and it will abolish the Minimum Wage Board which is minimum in so far as it's activity is concerned but not in respect to the salaries drawn.

This will probably be my last opportunity to address this House before we face our masters, the people.

To my Honourable friends opposite I say that if ever there was a time in the history of the Province when we needed men of vision that time is now. The people of the Province are anxiously looking to the Legislature for leadership and a policy that will lead them out of this depression. What are they getting? Government members one after another, following their leader like a flock of sheep, rising to their feet in this House, spending about three quarters of their vocal powers in a bitter sarcastic denunciation of this small opposition group and the remaining one quarter of their speech in recommending proposed legislation that smacks of a last minute desperate vote catching appeal to the electors of their respective constituencies.

Now is not the time for drawing-room legislation or chesterfield administration. If the electors of this Province, and it is my firm conviction such will be their verdict, inform you that you have wasted your talents in riotous living, you have only yourself to blame. Our people are clamouring for a new deal and they have lost all hopes of ever receiving it from the hands of this administration.

When the ballots are counted I sincerely believe that the mantle of Leadership will be placed on the shoulders of Mr. Mitchell Hepburn, and the principles of responsibility Government—'Legislation of the people, for the people, by the people' will again be truly established in this fair province of ours."

PHILPOTT MAY RUN AS STRAIGHT INDEPENDENT

At a meeting in Milton on Friday evening last of the committee which had charge of his nomination last June, Captain Elmore Philpott explained recent developments in the C.C.F. in Ontario and announced he would address a large public meeting within the next few weeks at which he would suggest a definite plan of political action for Halton county and other rural ridings. Details of a new program were discussed briefly and it was agreed that representatives from the entire county be asked to ratify a program and also take steps to perfect and amplify a county-wide campaign of organization.

Captain Philpott also stated he would contest Halton county as a straight independent candidate, whether or not he received the support of the U.F.O. or C.C.F. clubs of the county, standing on his own ideals and merits, with a platform essentially similar though improved by past experience, to that of the U.F.O. and C.C.F. He also predicted that there would be at least as many straight independent farm candidates in the field as there would be C.C.F. candidates in urban ridings.—Champion.

OBITUARY

MRS. MARY E. R. ARNOTT

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Rutledge Arnott, 83, descendant of the Thompson family of Georgetown, and widow of William Arnott, died Sunday at the home of her daughter, 433 Parkside Dr., Toronto. She was born and educated in Streetsville and a resident of Toronto for 48 years. She was a member of St. Anne's Anglican church and was formerly an active worker there. One daughter, Mrs. S. Gurofsky; four sons, George, James, William and Frederick Arnott; 23 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren, all of Toronto, survive.

DAVID J. HAY

David J. Hay, Inspector of the Industrial Accident Prevention Associations, who died suddenly on Saturday last in Toronto, of a heart attack, had been on the staff of the organization since 1918, and was well known throughout industry in Ontario. He was well known among the manufacturers in Georgetown. He was born in Belleville and had, at one time, served with the Grand Trunk Railway System. He is survived by his widow and one daughter, as well as two sisters, Charlotte and Jessie Hay of Belleville; and two brothers, Joseph of Portland, and Robert of Vancouver. Mr. Hay was a member of Howard Park United Church, Toronto, and Georgina Lodge, A.F. and A.M. He had also retained his membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen.

The depression has one good thing to its credit, anyway. Not many men found it possible to lead a double life on $15 a week.