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	6.27 p.m.
Passenger, 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	9.40 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
9.35 a.m.	6.15 a.m.
11.45 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	12.15 p.m.
3.55 p.m.	3.25 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.55 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.50 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
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AUTUMN MODES FEATURE KERCHIEF NECKLINE

The familiar kerchief draped neckline is so very much with us this season again that it must be mentioned in present records of fall fashions. Countless varieties of the new softly draped collars and necklines are in evidence, but the kerchief appears with a frequency that stars it as one of the important necklines of the season.

The fashion for rich fabrics in neckwear and in colors rather than white, makes the kerchief a plausible development and that classification applies to metals, velvets, taffetas and the soft furs like mole and lapin.

A good many of the kerchiefs look a little newer by the mere use of adjusting them inside a V or square cut neckline, so that just the lines of swathed drapery that are so becoming to most women, appear. The general character of most of the kerchief necklines for this fall is that the kerchief is smaller but is draped closer and higher on the neck.

MAKE IT SHORTS

Current rumpus over whether or not women should wear shorts on the golf course is another case of much ado about nothing—or even less. It's also merely history repeating itself. When women donned breeches and took to riding astride, there was a fierce fuss. And remember the bicycling bloomers? What a roar went up then! Yet the world's morals were not permanently injured thereby. Shorts, to be sure, are not always aesthetic. They display shapely, tanned limbs to advantage, but more often limbs are otherwise. However, they are both eminently practical and exceedingly comfortable. Anybody who can be practical and comfortable during this weather ought to be allowed to hop to it.—Border Cities Star.

Holiday Manners

By JANE OSBORN

TOM MASON had worked and prospered in the big city for seven years. He considered himself as much a New Yorker as any of his associates and was thoroughly sophisticated save in one respect. He couldn't endure to travel in the subway because, in order to get into the trains at all during rush hours, he had to push his way ahead of girls and women. Rather than yield a single point of his code of chivalry, he had stood one night for a half hour gallantly stepping back for every woman who came crowding near him to board a train.

Finally he had hurried away in disgust and had travelled an hour by surface car to his destination. For years now he had had a small bachelor's apartment within easy walking distance of his office and, never having married, he consoled himself that at least he didn't have to use the subway. Men who married apparently found more spacious apartments uptown or in Brooklyn or joined the army of commuters to New Jersey or Long Island, where the crowds at closing time were just as bad.

Then came a Wednesday afternoon before a holiday. By taking a six o'clock train south he could make a connection with another train that, sometime around dawn the next day, would bring him to the out of the way village nestling among southern hills which, faithful to old traditions, he called home. If he missed that six o'clock train he couldn't hope to get home for the holiday dinner.

Tom was delayed on important business in his office, took a taxi for the five blocks to his Washington square apartment to get his suitcase and found that the only way he could hope to catch his train from the Grand Central station was via the hated subway. And even then there would be little time to spare.

Crowds, hordes of people, were pouring into the subway station. With a firm grip on his suitcase, Tom forged forward with the horde. A girl headed for the gates seemed to stand between him and his chance of getting the train and Tom rushed rudely by her—so rudely that as he did so he heard a little gasp and a surprised "Of all things!" There was something in the softness of the voice—just a suggestion of a drawl—that set his conscience pricking. It was as if his own mother had gently reproved him. Tom looked back, saw the girl clearly and saw that at another entrance of the same train she was bravely trying to gain admission. She, too, carried a suitcase.

The satisfaction of having caught the train was marred by Tom's continued self reproof. Then, looking up as a porter escorted a passenger to the section just opposite his, he saw a face that was familiar and heard a voice saying "Thank you," to the porter, that it seemed to him he had heard a hundred times before.

For just a minute Tom racked his brain and then he knew it was the girl he had jostled in the subway. Tom knew that she recognized him. Now at least she could see that he had had to catch a train, but then so had she and he had very nearly prevented her from doing so.

"I don't believe you recognized me," she said, catching up to him in the vestibule of the train on the way to the diner. "You're Tom Mason—and I'm Caroline Dare. I used to spend my summers in Hastings when I was a little girl and you used to be home from college. Once you took me out in your car. I was only about ten and I don't believe I'd ever had such a good time."

So Tom asked for the privilege of taking Caroline to dinner—an invitation which she accepted. Caroline was working in the city—just for a lark—and now she was going back for a four days' holiday to join her family. She hadn't been there for ever so long, but it was the place in all the world that seemed most like home to her.

"People from that part of the country," she explained to Tom, "always seem so much more considerate and well bred than the people you meet in the cities."

Tom told Caroline how delighted he was that they might go on their journey together and made her promise that she would do a bit of exploring around the mountain slopes near Hastings with him during their vacation.

"I'd know you were from Hastings anywhere I met you," she said, with a mixture of shyness and temerity that Tom found delightful. "Do you know, while I was hurrying to catch this train a man almost knocked me down, and he never stopped to beg my pardon—just rushed on to catch his train. Couldn't imagine a man from Hastings doing a little thing like that, could you?"

"Did you have a chance to see what he looked like?" asked Tom eagerly.

"No. I was too much confused trying not to lose my balance. Why?"

"Because a man that treats a lady like that deserves a reprimand. I'd count it a privilege if I might give it to him for you. Personally, I seldom use the subways. When I marry I suppose I'll have to—every one goes up town or to Brooklyn, unless they commute—"

"I'd much prefer one of the reclaimed old residential sections down town," said Caroline. And because of that remark Tom Mason told his wife a few months later about the time he had almost knocked her over in the subway.

Two Irishmen met during a rainstorm. They argued, and inevitably the argument turned to a fight.

For a while Mike got the better of Paddy, then he slipped, and in a moment Paddy was on top of him.

"Now, then, me ole son of Ireland," he said, "will ye give in?"

"No," said Mike, trying to struggle up.

The fight continued and once again Paddy gained the upper hand.

"Give in now?" he asked.

"No!" cried Mike.

"Then change places with me," said Paddy. "I'm getting wet keeping the rain off ye."

Value of Pets in Child Training

Aw, gee, Mum!—I was only giving 'Beaver' the grizzly bits.

The situation required careful handling. Of course, we couldn't have Beaver disturbing our meals. On the other hand we had given the terrier to Billy for many sound reasons, one of the most important being to develop in him the principle of unselfishness. Billy had developed it with a vengeance. He would rather go to bed without his supper than let Beaver go hungry. We solved the problem of feeding the dog by letting Joan with another dime that he be given an juicy bone as compensation for the indignity.

Joan and I have concluded there are many positive lessons to be caught children in a fascinating way by placing them in complete charge of pets.

We began with Beaver. We first presented him to Billy with the understanding that he was to be responsible for Beaver's care. Within a few months we found the experiment so valuable for the plan of week of chastening—that we decided to add more pets. To the dog we added "Tiger" followed in succession by a rabbit and two guinea-pigs in charge of Billy and Donald, and the canaries, goldfish and a cat under the care of Dorothy and Barbara.

Quite apart from what animals add as a factor in character-building, in two years old Joan and I now hold that the great agencies for the education of children are the church, the home, the school and pets.

1. Caring for Pets P.S. has kept our children off the street.

We know where they are at school hours. They are either found in the back garden with their animals or out in the field not far from the house, gathering food. When their routine duties are done, the living quarters may need repairing or there may be a sick animal that needs attention. In one way or another, our children find their spare time so happily occupied with their hobbies, they have no desire to play in the streets.

2. Caring for Pets has developed their individuality and initiative.

For example: One morning Donald came running into the house with a dead rabbit in his arms. There was a small incision in its throat that spelled weasel. Here was a problem that demanded immediate solution. The lives of their beloved pets depended upon it! For the rest of the day, the four children racked their brains for a plan to humanely combat the weasle evil. It was Dorothy who solved the problem—to the satisfaction of the boys and the welfare of the rabbits.

3. Caring for pets has developed regular habits in our children.

It is a rigid rule, clearly understood by the children, that their pets are to be watered, fed and cleaned regularly. Otherwise, the animals must go. This regular routine keeps the children on their toes. We have had to check up Billy only once on this count. Something had attracted his attention, to the neglect of Beaver's meals. Billy was crimsoned—with Beaver, to do the duty. During the investigation, we found out that Beaver was suffering because of Billy's negligence. Deliberately drawing attention to Beaver, who sat on the rug with one ear dropping and his head cocked saucily, we broke the news to Billy that he would have to go to Aunt Jane's in the morning, because we couldn't face the thought of his starving in the garden. Billy gave one look at Beaver and that was enough. Catching him up in his arms, he fled tearfully to the backyard.

4. Caring for pets has taught our children thrift and unselfishness.

Instead of spending their pennies on candies and movies, the children put them into a fund reserved for the care of their pets. There is nearly always something required for which they are laying aside their pennies. This year Donald and the girls pooled their resources with what Billy had saved, to buy Beaver his licence. Last month the two boys paid for the repairing of the rabbit-hutch.

After all, this is an experiment that you must try for yourself. Give your children pets—but there is one difficulty that you must be prepared to meet. When they have been in charge of them awhile, they may want to turn your back garden into a home for every stray animal in the neighborhood. Last winter a timid fawn fled for protection into the field next to us, and at once our children wanted to adopt it. But this is a problem you will have to settle in your own way.—Edward J. Tucker, in "Our Dumb Animals."

WATERDOWN HAS "GHOST" SCARE

The village of Waterdown has a "ghost," which has terrorized the citizens for the past week, but a solution of the mystery is expected almost any time. Constable Lovejoy, reinforced by many citizens and young people of Hamilton, have nightly been prowling the streets, but without success. In fact it has been a hindrance to the authorities in solving the mystery. It is also surmised that many of its so-called appearances had been the work of jokers, who took advantage of the situation to have a bit of fun. Although these pranksters had been warned that the fun might end seriously, one woman sent her husband out to get a bottle of milk. During his absence she donned a white sheet, and when she "booed" him out out of the darkness he hit her over the head with the bottle, and to his surprise found it was his spouse, who was only playing a joke on him. She did not suffer serious injury. Citizens are all unnerved and doors are bolted and lights left on.

Angry villagers threatened police action against scores of Hamilton young men and women who invaded the town during the night and frightened their "gorilla ghost." The Hamilton youths made a complete search of the village, investigation nooks, in allys, searching under porches and peeking into parked cars, but no sign of the ghost could be found.

The last person reported who saw the ghost was Mrs. A. M. Sinclair, of Mill street. She ran into her house when she saw a "huge bulk, wearing a dark suit, go into an alley." From her window, she saw the object appear again, clad in a white sheet. She hid herself in fright when the ghost appeared on her porch and started pounding on the walls and windows.

A Mr. Tuck reported being slugged by a gorilla-faced object, a woman was molested and a young couple sitting parked in an automobile were scared out of their wits when the ghost poked its head through an open window.

A faint heart hasn't the ghost of a show where there is a strong-armed rival.

In the Big Swim at the "Ex" To-day

TO SWIM FOR WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP AND BIG CASH PRIZE

Six of the outstanding entrants in the 15-mile swimming Marathon staged to-day in Lake Ontario in front of the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto. The title of Champion of the World and a cash prize of $5,000 waits the winner, and $3,000 will be divided among the next five to finish. With favorable water conditions the men in this group should all show well to the front. No. 1 is Bill Dell of New York who has been in the money every year; No. 2, George Young of Toronto, who won the original Catalina swim and won once at Toronto; No. 3, Ken Taylor of Toronto, a powerful swimmer, who is regarded as somewhat of a dark horse this year; No. 4, Marvin Nelson, Fort Dodge, Iowa, whose name already appears twice on the trophy as winner; No. 5, Gianni Gambi, Ravenna, Italy, who finished second last year and is in fine shape now; No. 6, George Blagden, Memphis, Tenn., who won the long grind once.

CROP REPORT

Below will be found a brief synopsis of telegraphic reports received at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal from its branches under date of Aug. 21st:—

Harvesting is now general over the Prairie Provinces, and threshing has commenced in the Southern and Central areas as well as in some Northern districts. Heavy hail damage is reported in areas of Southern Alberta and over a considerable territory in Central Saskatchewan. The coarse grain crop is practically a total failure in extensive areas of Central and Southern Saskatchewan and in Southern Alberta and Southwest Manitoba, and in those areas yields of barley and oats are in prospect and fields are progressing satisfactorily except in some parts of the Eastern Townships. In Ontario harvesting of spring grains is nearing completion, with oats and barley giving better than average yields. In the Maritime Provinces, potatoes and apples show satisfactory progress and good grain yields seem assured, except in Nova Scotia they will likely be below average. In British Columbia root crops are in good condition and satisfactory yields are in prospect.

LIQUOR ADVERTISING IN ONTARIO

When papers and magazines by the thousands from Quebec, the United States and Great Britain are entering Ontario every day, which carry liquor advertisements, and nothing is said about the deteriorating effect which they have upon the morals of the Ontario citizens, one wonders at the sudden interest taken in their welfare by prohibiting the press of Ontario from taking these very same advertisements. The Government is evidently ashamed of the fact that it is in the liquor business, ashamed to advertise what it is offering for sale. Enough its branch stores scattered all over Ontario, and now in standard hotels, from Kenora to the Ottawa Valley, and from Windsor to Cochrane. Governments, as well as individuals, lose nothing by being consistent. It is an anomaly says the Premier to teach children temperance and to allow liquor advertising. It is a greater anomaly to sell something which the seller is ashamed to advertise.—Pembroke Standard-Observer.

BIG CUNARDER'S RUDDER

New problems of marine design face the builders of the Cunard super liner 534, which is under construction at Clydebank, Scotland, according to reports received by the officials of the line in New York. The final stage in the manufacture of the ship's 150-ton rudder, the largest of its kind ever built, has been reached and arrangements are being made for its attachment to the huge hull.

Workmen have been engaged several weeks at Clydebank assembling the parts of the rudder and great tubes now are being bored in its sides at which four bronze propellers, each of which weighs more than 30 tons, will be attached. The propellers were recently completed at London and officials of the shipyard are now arranging for clear roadways to Glasgow, so that the 400-mile run may be made with a minimum effect on normal traffic.

Two doors have been fitted into the sides of the rudder and a permanent steel ladder will run through the compartment which is enclosed by its steel walls. Struts and bars will hold the rudder rigid and the space within its walls will be sufficient to permit several men to move about.—New York Times.

Wife of Justice of the Peace (walking her husband)—Dear, a young couple down at the door wants you to make them man and wife. Are you going to do them a favor.

Justice of the Peace—Yes, I'm going back to sleep!

Mike—If I should break into your cellar do you think the coal would chute?

Pat—Don't know about the coal but the kindle wood.

AN OPEN LETTER

Whenever you're feeling a bit downhearted these days read this letter that a big business man sent to his bankers, and feel better.

It is impossible for me to make a further payment on my note. My present financial standing is due to the effects of government laws, state laws, county, city, corporation laws, by-laws. Mother-in-laws and outlaws that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through these various laws I have been held down, held up, walked on, sat on, flattened out, and I need until I do not know where I am, what I am, and why I am.

These laws compel me to pay a merchant's tax, income tax, capital stock tax, sales tax, auto tax, gas tax, school tax, tobacco tax, street tax, sinking and carpet tax.

The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined and re-examined, until all I now is that I am supplicated for money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I have to fall and go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cursed and discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am nearly ruined, so the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what is coming next."

BOLTON CHURCH GLEBE BOUGHT FOR FIVE SHILLINGS

Christ Church, Church of England, Bolton, now under the direction of Rev. Frank Herman, is unique in Peel County, in that the church was for years proprietor of a farm, deeded to the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Right Reverend John, in 1842. The farm still pays an annual dividend to the Church, and funds derived from this source were used some years ago in its redecoration.

The farm was originally deeded from the Crown to Asa Reynolds, who sold it in the same year, 1842, to Benjamin Thorne from whose hands it passed to the Church for the nominal sum of five shillings. The deed read "in trust for the benefit of the clergymen of the United Church of England and Ireland, doing duty, or who may hereafter be appointed to do duty at Bolton's Mills in the said Township of Albion, and as endowment for the living about to be established, and for no other purpose whatsoever."

Bolton's Mills was founded by Jas. Bolton, and the name in time was shortened to Bolton. Although in the early days of the congregation the rental of the farm was necessary to the clergy of the Church, increases in the congregation eventually found the incumbents of the church well provided for, and the money was turned into the church funds.

Man—My mother-in-law always puts another leaf on the table when I stay for dinner.

Friend—You must go away full.

Man—No, empty. It's a lettuce leaf.

TIPS FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS

Ab Jenkins, the man who holds more American Automobile Association records for distance, speed and endurance driving than any other driver—and has never had an accident—gives six practical suggestions for safe driving in the Rotarian Magazine. They are:

1. Keep both hands on the wheel.

"The only two people I know who are competent to drive one-handed are Eddie Rickenbacker and Ralph de Palma—and both of them use two hands."

2. Keep the best tires on the front wheels.

"The front-wheel blow-out is by far the more dangerous. When blow-outs do happen, danger can be averted by clinging stoutly to the steering-wheel."

3. Always test your brakes.

"During the first hundred yards of driving, I always test my brakes by pushing down the pedal. The brakes may have frozen, they may be greasy or need adjustment."

4. Be extremely careful at twilight.

"You have three times the accident hazard at twilight that you have at 8 o'clock. Relative visibility is, of course, the reason. Remember, 50 per cent. night-time crashes have a forty-two per cent. higher fatality than daylight accidents."

5. Don't use brakes in a skid.

"To come out of a skid throw out your clutch and maneuver the steering wheel so that the front wheels are in alignment with the rear ones, in other words go in the skid! Braking is ineffectual. Your main concern is to equalize traction on all four wheels, which you do by throwing out your clutch; your next move is to get all your wheels in line. As soon as you feel the skid weakening, let in the clutch, 'gun' the motor, and resume forward progress."

6. Study the road.

"Always reduce speed when passing from one type of road to another. Your right wheel should be approximately one and one-half feet from the outer edge of the highway. Running off the road is common. Thirty-one per cent. of accidents are due to pooling, while thirty-four per cent. are caused by cars going off the road."

DANGEROUS HATS

"As good to be out of the world as out of the fashion," said Colley Cibber. But it looks as if some of the ladies of today are likely to make their exit from the world due to that very thing, the fashion. In this case it is the fashion in hats that will be instrumental.

The latest cute little creations in feminine headgear are designed to be worn with the brim tilted sweetly over one eye and, of course, shut out the view on that side. A motorist the other day missed hitting a lady who stepped right into his way. She simply did not see him at all. The nicely-tilted little hat shut off all vision on one side.

Nobody seems to know just exactly who designs the fashions, but whoever it is—and it is said that feminine fashions are designed by men—he has a lot to answer for.—Calgary Herald.

THE PROPER CARE OF YOUR AUTOMOBILE

Selecting the Right Polish

IN the first article it was told how many motorists make the mistake of believing that their cars must be re-finished when the finish becomes dull and faded. In restoring the color and gloss of the finish, however, it is important that the right polishing material be selected. There is little advantage, for instance, in using an oily polish, because it doesn't remove the traffic film, but only forms an oil film over it.

The best results are obtained by the use of a polish which contains a mild solvent to soften the traffic film, and a light abrasive to clear away the chalked pigment and dirt.

When they start cleaning their cars, many people become alarmed when they see color coming away on the cloth. They assume that the polish is too severe, and will wear away the finish on the car. But there is nothing to fear when the properly formulated polish is used. The color on the cloth simply indicates that the tiny particles of pigment, loosened by the weathering, are being removed with the traffic film. This chalked pigment and accumulation of dirt and grease must be removed to uncover the hard live lacquer beneath.

Next: "Two Methods of Polishing"

Halton County Show in Year 1856

The following is taken from the report of the transactions of the Board of Agriculture of Upper Canada, as presented by George Buckland, Secretary to the Hon. P. M. Vankoughnet, Minister of Agriculture, for the years 1856-7, and published in Toronto, May 10th, 1858:—

October 28th, I attended by appointment, the Agricultural Show of the County of Halton, at Milton. The day was fine and the number of visitors very numerous. In many respects it resembled that of the Wentworth show. The cause of agriculture appears to be warmly espoused in all the sections of that great tract of country, formerly known as the "Gore District." At all events in Halton the farmers, with their wives, sons and daughters, take a lively interest in their Annual Exhibition, plainly testified, in whatever tends to foster and promote the interests of our native husbandry. I can only say that every department of the show contained several specimens of merit and that upon the whole it must be considered highly creditable to the farmers of Halton. The best of the live stock exhibited will if carefully managed soon effect a general improvement in the horses and cattle of the county. It is extraordinary what extensive benefits a few good pure bred bulls will confer upon a whole district in the course of three or four years. The grain, roots, and vegetables generally, considering the unfavorableness of the season for their better, were better than might have been anticipated there being several excellent specimens. In consequence of the great crowd of visitors I could not inspect the ladies' work, which embraced an extensive assortment, much of it was thought by those who had an opportunity of examining it, to be of excellent quality.

After dinner in the evening I gave an address to a large audience in the Court House and was followed by Mr McDougall of the Agriculture, Mr Clarke, the Secretary of the Society, Mr. White, and a number of other gentlemen, whose remarks on the state and improvement of agriculture, and upon the insect destroyers of our wheat crops, were both interesting and important. A meeting of this kind was certainly a rational and improving way of closing the proceedings of an Agricultural Show, and I left the County of Halton with a pleasing recollection of what I saw and heard.

In conclusion I would observe that it must be obvious to all who have opportunities of attending and observing our Agricultural Shows in different parts of the county, that their magnitude in many instances is now such as to require a suitable piece of ground, with permanent fence and convenient buildings, and more time to arrange and properly exhibit the various articles which make up the sum of such expositions. County Shows, where there is, or ought to be, much belonging to the mechanical, manufacturing, and ladies' departments, require two full days to commence and terminate the business in a systematic and instructive manner. A small charge for admission too would not be felt as a burden by individuals, and would materially improve the pecuniary resources of the Society. I trust these few hints will not be lost sight of by those who are more immediately concerned in the management of these Exhibitions.

Respectfully submitted,
Geo. Buckland

Toronto, November 24, 1856.

(We thank Miss Elizabeth Appelbe, Provincial Convenor of Historical Research and Current events for the Federated Women's Institute of Ontario, for loan of book containing above report.—Ed.)

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

This summer one can class sports clothes only as newer. In the window displays of shops which handle both ladies' and men's wear, it is almost impossible to tell for which sex the merchandise is intended. The main garments open to reproach are shorts, trousers, and those casual little linen jackets. Even the way it is buttoned does not indicate the sex of the article. When we women go masculine we do it thoroughly, you see.

Girls did you notice Joan Crawford's eyebrows in her picture "Sadie McKee?" Then, pencilled lines are definitely passe. Thank heavens for that; because they gave a face a vacant, surprised expression. The shapely, curved line now becoming popular is much more flattering. Well-groomed eyebrows, neither thick nor thin, make a perfect frame for your eyes. But remember that your eyebrows need frequent tweezing to guard against a moth-eaten effect.

One of the biggest mistakes any woman can make is to try to make herself look like someone else. Don't be so foolish. What attraction can a pretty face have if it is the exact copy of a lot of other pretty faces. Be individual. It isn't vanity to look into your mirror until you know your own face perfectly. But let your appraisal be critical. When you have discovered all your good points play up to them, and by so doing you will push the folks into the background. Try your hair in every conceivable manner, and you are bound to find just the coiffure for yourself. Experiment with your cosmetics until you find the most flattering type of makeup. And then dress yourself to suit your face. Be a type, but don't be stagey. Cultivate quiet, good taste in your dress. You will be surprised to learn that in finding your true self you will have enriched your personality; because, after all, beauty must go deeper than the skin.

Speaking of beauty beneath the skin; here are a few lines I once jotted down while reading a "Golden Rule Book."

The inner side of every cloud
Is always bright and shining;
And so I turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the silver lining.
—Exchange.

GIRL SWALLOWS TABLE FORK

Miss Lorraine Hewes of Owen Sound was recovering in hospital on Monday from an operation to remove an ordinary silver fork, 7½ inches long, from her stomach. Miss Hewes, who is 18 years old, swallowed the extra heavy fork while examining her throat. She suffered no inconvenience at the time, but consulted a physician at once, and the operation was performed three and a half hours later after an X-ray was taken to determine the exact location of the fork. The girl is making excellent progress and will be about again soon.

Scientists claim that each kiss shortens life three minutes. Life may be shorter, but—oh, how much sweeter.

THE OPTIMIST

I sing a song to the Optimist, to the man that is brave and strong,
Who keeps his head when things go right and smiles when things go wrong.
I am proud of the genial Optimist, his radiant voice and speech.
He helps to smooth the rugged path of all within his reach.
I like the way of the Optimist who looks for the bright and best,
He scatters sunshine as he goes and leaves his fellows blest.
So here's a song to the Optimist who joyously works and sings,
And daily doles this weary world the way to better things.

CONTENTMENT

If you cannot see the mountains,
Do not grumble or complain;
There is beauty in the flowers
As they grow upon the plain.
There is music in birds singing,
There is magic in the sky,
For our God has given freely
Gifts like these with our supply.

If you cannot see the ocean,
Do not go about and sigh;
But you climb to some given hilltop
And then watch the clouds go by.
Now then look down in the valley
At a field of waving wheat—
Life will seem much more worth living
And your day will be complete.

There is beauty all around you
If you but the beauty see;
There is promise in a rainbow
And a sermon in a tree.
Far-off scenes may often call you,
But I'm confident you'll find
There are things at hand will give you
Peace of heart, contended mind.
—Helen E. Maynard.

ANNIVERSARY OF PROVINCIAL BOUNDARY WAR

Fifty years ago to-day, writes Fred Williams in The Mail & Empire last week, the judicial committee of the Privy Council gave its decision in the long-drawn-out dispute as to the boundaries of Ontario and Manitoba. When the Province of Manitoba was created in 1871 it became necessary, of course, to define its eastern boundary, and, equally of course, Ontario was affected. Thereupon there began a dispute which put the Dominion and Ontario at loggerheads and eventually produced something very like interprovincial war.

At the outset Sir John Macdonald, for the Dominion, and John Sandfield Macdonald, for Ontario, entered into a friendly agreement to define the northern and western boundaries of Ontario; but there came a change of government in this province. Edward Blake refused the Macdonald offer. By the Quebec Act in 1774 the western boundary of the Province of Quebec (out of which Upper Canada evolved in 1791) had been defined as running from the junction of the Rivers Ohio and Mississippi "northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the merchant adventurers of England trading to Hudson's Bay." Part of that territory had become American territory by treaty. The question at issue in dividing the remainder was what was the meaning of the word "northward." Sir John Macdonald claimed that it meant "due north," which would have cut off Ontario about six miles east of Port Arthur, with the height of land as the northern boundary. Blake, and afterwards Mowat, claimed that the boundary should be "in a northerly direction along the Mississippi River to its source and then only due north," and that the northern boundary should be some 300 miles north of the height of land.

When the Macdonald government resigned in 1873 the matter was yet unsettled. The Mackenzie government appointed Sir Francis Hincks, Chief Justice Harrison and Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador to Washington, commissioners to arbitrate the dispute. They decided unanimously in favor of Ontario and ran the northern boundary from the Winnipeg River along the English River, Lac Seul, Lake St. Joseph, the Albany River and James Bay, 332 north of the height of land, thus more than doubling the area of this province.

When Sir John came back to office in 1878 he had to tackle the problem again, and, although an Ontario man and indisposed to do any injustice to the province which he had served so long, he had the interest of Manitoba to consider also. He refused to accept the award of the arbitrators; and there began the historic "war" between Macdonald and Mowat. The Dominon Parliament passed a bill giving to the Province of Manitoba part of the territory which the arbitrators had given to Ontario, with the result that the Ontario District of Algoma and the Manitoba constituency of Varennes overlapped and in 1883 the provinces came into collision over some lumber cutters at Rat Portage (now Kenora). The Manitoba police arrested an Ontario bar tender; the Ontario police arrested the Manitoba police; and Manitoba sent troops to the scene.

But there was no civil war! Better counsels prevailed. The two provinces agreed to submit a stated case to the Judicial Committee; the Dominion gave its assent; and the Privy Council upheld the award of the arbitrators confirming the claims of Ontario. Inasmuch as, though in Canada at the time, I knew little about the merits of the dispute, save by reading, I desire to state (in case any objection may be taken by some old-timer) that any authorities for the above brief summary of the facts are Prof. W. L. Grant and L. J. Burpee.

The territory of Ontario was further increased by the Borden government in 1912. The area now known as the District of Patricia, with an area of 146,410 square miles, was added to Ontario, which was also given a strip of territory five miles in width between Patricia and the Nelson River, to enable Ontario to have access to Port Nelson, then designated as the terminus of the Hudson's Bay railway.

Jean was Henry's small Scots neice and this was her first visit south of the Tweed. On Sunday the service at church had kept her enthralled.

"Do people who want to get married have to ask the minister to tell everyone?" she asked when they came out. "I should think Mr. Thomson must be awfully glad Miss Day is going to marry him at last, don't you Uncle Henry? He must be so tired of asking her."

Henry gave an audible gasp.

"I sup-ose he must, Jean. But who told you all this?"

"The minister! Weren't you listening? He said: 'I publish the banns of marriage of Richard Thomson and Mary Day. This is the third time of asking.'"