

A BIT OF FEELING

Francis S. Pounds, M.D.

I met a mature, robust man yesterday who stood by the side of a suburban road subsequent to a semi-tragic accident. This man, to me merely a casual neighbor, almost wept over a minor scene. At least, his voice shook and his eyes mistletoe perceptibly as he viewed there the loss of his pet dog. This dumb companion of his, a dumb, so-called—had fallen a victim to our machine age. The animal's body had been tossed to the side of a road—crushed, bleeding, and broken in every bone. Not that this Airedale could be counted an exceptional pet. He had exemplified evidently those affectionate traits quite common to his species. He had manifested, no doubt, the appearance of a real affection for his master; he qualified as a companion capable of tenderness; he could normally express sadness, show joy. As a pet, he responded to and readily reflected the moods and emotions of a man who had become his owner—and of this he seemed not ashamed. In brief, though only another dog, he gave evidence of possessing an inner, finer self after the manner of his own dumb nature. At any rate, he had something within—something eager to leap out in a display of feeling toward well-disposed men, a display which in turn excited a flow of feeling from men also. I stood for a moment by the roadside. I stood for a moment to meditate. Nothing of strong emotion held me. Yet here lay a man's honored dog—his close-bound pet—in a flash, stricken of life—stricken in the act of a leaping joy. Did not this seem a reckless loss? Did it not represent a needless sacrifice offered to a god of Speed? A sensitive-hearted man gave witness to a story. His manner, lacking speech, his loss, his grief, I stood not alone beside him. A small group had gathered. I recognized there a young woman of our community; the daughter of a high-salaried official—dead, incidentally, a daily well-respected one of our modern daughters, a girl college-bred, keen of mind, beautiful of body. At a glance, she appeared one of those young women fortunate enough to possess simply everything. I had given some understanding to the dog owner's grief. Instinctively, I turned to the young woman—the only feminine witness at hand, hoping for a response. As I searched her somewhat classic face, her lip abruptly curled, her bright eyes went hard. "Why," proffered she, wasn't he just a dog? Small loss, I should say, to grieve over. One can buy a dog—oh, any day! I looked aside. The dog's erstwhile master made no reply. Nevertheless, his rugged countenance took on one of the saddest changes I would wish to see. After a lingering glance at his silent pet, he turned away and hurried to his pretty cottage. No doubt he wished to remain alone—unassumed of a tender heart. Out of this trifling incident—one added to a score or more recently—several not so trifling, there came trooping to my mind a host of perplexing questions. Have we as people reached an apathetic stage, I asked myself, where emotion and feeling and normal human sentiment are to be reckoned as human fallings? Must it come true that the hardness born of our week-a-day lives, the demands drawn by our pleasures, the conflict appertaining to our popular sports—that these shall fall to soften under the influence of an extraordinary incident, be it tragic or fearsome, tender or sad? Must it come that we shall reserve fights, if I may say, to an animal born of brute creation, in reality made not (as we) in the image and likeness of his Creator? Perhaps I have drawn faulty conclusions! Perhaps I have borne down a bit hard on a daughter I otherwise admire. Perhaps I will be thought a trifle ancient. True, I was born in a day when men—albeit less-favored men—and women, knew each other for what they inwardly were, and were proud to be sufficiently human. In that day, or so it seemed to me, the finer sentiments of this human heart of ours expressed themselves in no great fear of shame or scorn, or shall I say ridicule. Even so, as an observer of venture-some spirit, may I not deplore casual phrases of our modern mode? I do deeply lament the evidences I find everywhere apparent that we are in danger of a declining—emotional life. I view with dismay a decided lessening of genuine feeling—not related to our rightly cherished pets only, but to men and women—to units of our own families. I do, without lack of insight, discern a boycott put on a sincere show of sentiment, unless it be purchased, sentiment as a vicarious experience in the semi-blackness of a cinema theatre. If it should follow that a materialistic trend is destined to crush out normally active sentiment, then the price we shall eventually pay for our spurious advancement will become a prohibitive price indeed to our better selves. Quite aptly, let us ask this: Dare we trink a fall in our soul life lower than the level of a domesticated animal?—"In Our Dumb Animals."

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION STATEMENT

The accidents reported to the Workmen's Compensation Board during the month of July numbered 4,903, as compared with 5,206 during June, and 6,763 during July a year ago. The benefits awarded amounted to \$483,992.27, of which \$406,692.21 was for compensation and \$77,300.06 was for medical aid. The accidents reported to date this year number 34,235, as compared with 37,364 during the corresponding period of 1937, and the benefits awarded amount to \$3,892,237.54, as compared with \$3,508,940.21 for the same period last year. He (after being kept waiting by unpunctual fiancée) "Well, I suppose I shouldn't complain; so far you've always got the day and month right."

All Wet

By TERESA PARKER. © Wholesaler Syndicate Inc. WNU Service.

IF I'D cooked the bacon in the first place everything would have been all right. I went away down to Market street to get the special kind of imported bacon that Eddie likes. Sort of a surprise for his late supper. He likes it with lamb kidneys. But when I got home Alice called up, and it seems there's something on her mind and only a "reading" can straighten it out. And Annie, too; she tells me there's something she wants to know, and won't I go to the medium's with them? I don't believe in that stuff myself, but I like Annie and Alice and, if it will help her peace of mind, well, I figure I can go to the medium's and get back home before Eddie (this being his night at the lodge) and do everybody a favor. So I says to her, "Sure, I'll go; let's get an early start." But Annie had to put all her kids to bed—six of 'em. And Annie's husband didn't like the idea of her going to a medium. I guess he knew what it was she wanted to know. When we got there we had to stand on the stairs until somebody came out and made room for us to go in. And I didn't enjoy that very much, as I was wearing my new satin slippers, the ones with the spiked heels. I don't like spiked heel, anyway, and I would never have bought them if I'd known how long I was going to have to stand on those stairs. It wasn't raining when we started for the medium's, just sort of drizzling, and I thought it would clear off, so I wore my new spring coat. Annie and Alice hadn't seen it before. Before the medium was ready to read us, Alice was looking at the clock, and Annie was telling one of the attendants that she had left her six children to come, but the attendant didn't seem to mind, and there was nothing to do but wait. And then our turn came, and we were the last three. Annie first and then me and then Alice. We would have saved a little time, if I'd put me last, because I wouldn't have waited. I don't believe in that stuff, although she told me the truth. She said everybody thought Annie was a millionaire, and that pleased Annie, 'cause she had her diamond engagement ring up where it would show. She said I should have been a lawyer and that I was going to New York. She told Alice that no one could ever take the place of someone who had gone, and Alice cried and got her money's worth. Then we got out and it was raining terrible. Annie wanted to take a taxi. I guess she felt like a millionaire after what the medium said. Alice didn't want a taxi, and I had to smooth matters over by saying there was a street car coming. We took it, and when we got to the end of the line, Alice had to take another car, and Annie and I had a long walk in the rain. Annie said her husband might not let her in, so I had better go to her house and explain about standing on the stairs so long. I felt sorry for Annie having such a cross husband and for Alice who had lost her husband. I was glad I had such a good husband who understood me. So I went to Annie's to see that everything was all right there and then I started home alone. I just realized it was awful late, after midnight. I wasn't afraid. That is not afraid of anything in front of me but I kept looking behind. You couldn't hear a step, it was raining so hard. And how the wind blew! I didn't mind. I knew I would find my Eddie when I got home and I wanted to be sympathized with. I was cold and wet. When I got there I rang the bell. And Eddie opened the door. "Oh, darling," I said, "I'm ruined," showing him my rain-soaked slippers and listening for sympathy. "Serves you right," he said, "running around a night like this." "But, Eddie, dear," I said, "trying to explain..." "I don't care where you've been," he yelled, "and I don't even want to know. But this partying out is a game I can play, too." I couldn't say anything; I was so cold and wet and tired. I walked into the kitchen and I smelled the imported bacon. I knew Eddie had cooked his own supper and I just sat down in a chair and cried. I had tried to please Alice by going to the medium's, and to please Annie by going to her house, and to please Eddie by going to Market street for the imported bacon, and everything was gone wrong. I don't know how long I was crying when I decided I better take off the wet clothes. Then I felt the spiked heel slippers being slipped off my feet; first the right and then the left. Then Eddie took off my rainsoaked hat and put his arms around me. "My poor little half-drowned kitten," he said, "and, gee, wasn't I glad I went to the medium's."

GARDENING NOTES

The Vegetable Garden. The vegetable gardener has much in common with the factory manager; both like to get as much from their production space as possible. To do this the gardener resorts to two doubling up arrangements called succession and companion plantings. He knows, for instance, that radishes take only a few weeks to mature, thus leaving a whole row or more of space for another crop. In this case, a mixture of radish and parsnip seed can be planted at the same time, the parsnip being slower, and bringing enough to give the radishes full sway for the first few weeks. This is called companion planting, as both crops grow together, although one is harvested before the other. Other companions for radishes are cabbages or peas between the rows. In this case two rows are planted in a space for only one, but as the radishes mature quickly and are used up, there remains only one row, with sufficient room for cabbages or peas. Another suggestion is parsnips or beets between rows of spinach. The spinach is a cool-season, fast grower, and is soon used up. Succession Plantings. In the case of succession plantings, the gardener waits until a quick growing vegetable is harvested, and then replants with another crop. Here are a few: Radishes followed by string beans. Early peas followed by turnips, carrots or beets. Early beans followed by late carrots, or beets. Spinach followed by sweet corn, tomatoes or beets. Young onions from sets followed by eggplants or peppers. Soil in Good Condition. There are a few exceptions which should be remembered. Root crops should not follow root crops, and the same is true of leaf crops. Turnips, carrots or beets, for instance should not follow radishes, or Swiss chard follow lettuce. In practicing succession plantings, it is well to see that the soil is in fine, rich condition, so that first crops may be harvested as soon as possible. Where needed add a complete plant food to the garden at the rate of 4 pounds for 100 square feet of surface soil. Forget-Me-Nots. Spray roses attacked by mildew with live of sulphur, one ounce to two gallons of water; to two gallons. Soak pot plants thoroughly before planting out and again afterwards in the evening. Earth up main crop potatoes. Give tomatoes under glass plenty of ventilation and water. Complete all bedding out for the summer show.

Continue to sow gold dust alyssum, anchusa, columbina, corocopa, sweet williams etc. for next year's show. Out away flowers from sweet peas, lupins, violas to promote fresh bloom. Sprinkling the Lawn. The usual method of passing an evening sprinkling the lawn may be a pleasant way to while away the hours, but it certainly does not do any good. Use a good lawn sprinkler that throws a spray like raindrops high into the air, falling gently upon the grass. Let the sprinkler remain in one position for an hour or two to really saturate the soil to a depth of four inches or more. One may water all day long, even during the hot noonday hours, since injury from this practice is more fictional than real. It certainly is much safer than watering late into the evening with nightfall leaving the grass wet. Dundas Plans to License Bicycles. In order to properly supervise the operation of bicycles in Dundas, it is now proposed to issue licenses covering their operation. The matter will be discussed at the next meeting of the council. It is suggested to charge a nominal fee of 25 cents. The reason for the proposed license lies in the fact that many cyclists appear to be lacking in care and courtesy while using the streets. The police will be able to check up the offenders. In this latter regard it has been pointed out that riding two and three abreast or with a passenger on the bike is not only dangerous but contrary to law. Motorists who have been urging close regulation of bicycle operation for years hope that some action will be taken. WHEN YOU WED. Marry when the year is new. Always loving, kind and true. When February birds do mate, You may wed, nor dread your fate. If you marry when March-winds blow Joy and sorrow both you'll know. Marry in April when you can, Joy for maiden and for man. Marry in the month of May, You will surely rue the day. Marry when June roses blow, Over land and sea you'll go. They who in July do wed, Must labor always for their bread. All who wed in August be Many a change are sure to see. Marry in September's shine, Your living will be rich and fine. If in October you do marry, Love will come but riches tarry. If you wed in bleak November Only joy will come, remember. When December's snows fall fast If you marry, love will last.

INFORMATION WANTED

regarding the descendants of those who took part in, exhibited at, or attended the Canadian National Exhibition during its early years. The Canadian National Exhibition desires to extend invitations to descendants of those who had any connection with the Exhibition during its early years (from 1879 to 1907), to attend the Exhibition on the opening day and to take part in the opening ceremonies. You are asked to write in or call at 8 King St. West, Toronto, for registration card, on the receipt of which, properly filled in, the official invitation and "Founders' Year" badge will be issued. FOUNDERS' YEAR. This year marks the Diamond Jubilee of the Exhibition, and as such it has been set aside as "Founders' Year" in honour of those men and women who supported the Exhibition during those early years by their organizing ability, their exhibits or their attendance. A special effort is being made to locate as many as possible of the descendants of those far-seeing pioneers, and to hold a gala reunion on the opening day of the Exhibition. For registration card write to or call in at Canadian National Exhibition office, 8 King St. West, Toronto. NEW ATTRACTIONS THIS YEAR. Royal Artillery Band. For the first time in history this famous band is leaving the British Isles to visit the C.N.E. Band concerts daily from the specially constructed Band Shell on the grounds. Guy Lombardo... Benny Goodman... Tommy Dorsey. An enormous marquee has been erected covering a dance floor 250 feet by 50 feet. Here the maestros of sweet and swing music will conduct their famous orchestras. Come and dance. Come to this greatest annual Exhibition on earth. Agriculture, art, science, engineering, dramatic exhibits by European countries. Horse-racing, stock judging, swimming, power boats, stunt drivers, fireworks. 350 acres of land and buildings. GEORGE BRIDGMAN, President. ELWOOD A. HUGHES, General Manager. CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION. AUG. 26 - SEP. 3. TORONTO. DIAMOND JUBILEE 1879-1938.

PRINTING SERVICE



What You Want! When You Want It!

Quality Printing

- LETTERHEADS, ENVELOPES, INVOICES, STATEMENTS, POSTERS, SALE BILLS, CIRCULARS, DODGERS, BUSINESS CARDS, BOOKLETS, CATALOGUES, RULED FORMS

If it is quality printing you want, at a cost no greater than you might pay for inferior work, then you will give us the opportunity of making estimate on your next order for printed matter. No job too large or too small. Our service department is at your call to help with layout, type selection and form of presentation. There is no extra charge for such service... Simply Phone No. 8.



THE GEORGETOWN HERALD. PHONE No. 8. MAIN STREET