

Box 254 Graduate Canadian Horological Institute Phone 66



JERRY SMITH

WATCHES and CLOCKS
of All Descriptions
REPAIRED



Designer and Constructor
of Above
Twenty-One-Jewelled
Watch

Designer and
Constructor
of above Eight-Day
Chime Clock

30 Yonge Street - Richmond Hill, Ont.

If it's a Toothache, see your dentist
If it's a headache, see your doctor

And if you're needing COAL
see your Blue Coal Dealer

SEED GRAIN, FUEL, BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
AND FEEDS

I. D. RAMER & SON

PHONE 10

THE ELEVATOR

**BEST WISHES TO
THE LIONS CLUB**

From the Producers of

BEACON BRAND SMOKED FISH

— AND —

SUPERCHILLED FISH FILLETS

THE F. T. JAMES CO., LIMITED

29 CHURCH STREET,
TORONTO, ONTARIO

COMPLIMENTS

— AND —

BEST WISHES

— OF —

**G. H. WOOD
Company Limited**

Canada's largest Manufacturers of

LIQUID SOAPS

DISINFECTANTS

— AND —

SANITARY PRODUCTS

323 Keele Street

Toronto

Ontario

Telephone LYndhurst 7535

On Talking Scandinavian

(By Lion Frank Hogg)

Norway, Sweden and Denmark have, until April, been undoubtedly among the finest non-English-speaking countries in which to visit. The scenery is magnificent, due to the mountain vistas, the countless lakes, carefully preserved forests, and hundreds of miles of beaches, islands and fjords. The climate is moderated by the Gulf Stream which flows down the Norwegian coast. The people are wholesome, friendly and happy. There are no slums, such as are ever present in many European and American cities, to prod your social consciousness. And the food is so far superior to that found elsewhere that it defies description. But I do use the term "non-English-speaking"!

The guide books correctly assure you that English is spoken in the leading hotels, shops and railroad stations. Also the college students usually speak beautiful English. And certainly the population in general speaks English much better than most English speaking people speak any foreign language. Yet get off the beaten tourist routes, and you find that, linguistically, you and your hosts have little in common.

As I had been to Scandinavia previously, I naturally represented myself as an authority on all things related to travel when my Lioness and I recently had occasion to visit Denmark and Sweden. Besides my courage and a rather poorly-working knowledge of French and German, we had a Swedish-French dictionary. A Swedish Handbook that we had gave translations of such helpful sentences as "Will you pass the snuff, please." A typical example of the difficulty you encounter was when we started off on an all-day excursion, being assured in answer to our question put in all four languages, that we could get meals on the boat. The correct information was, of course, that we were supposed to take our own meals and

eat them on the boat. The result was a day's diet of coffee and ginger ale—thoughtfully provided to wash down the food we had not brought.

Or again, "If you go to Hven, you can get frequent boat service to Sweden" when what you were meant to learn was that "If you went to Hven, you could learn whether you could get frequent service to Sweden". And you go, and learn that you can't, and so come back and start over.

My wife's chief Swedish accomplishment was to learn to ask for a glass of fresh water — and hence guard against the national custom of retarding water as a designation for a noxious aerated beverage. But of course you never starve in a restaurant, as you can always point to something on the menu, and hope for success. The element of surprise is appetizing, in countries where raw fish and reindeer meat are staple foods.

In all, on reconsideration, there are worse things than the difficulty in understanding. Some years ago I visited with an eminent Swedish scholar who started by suggesting, in French, that he supposed (correctly) that I could speak no Swedish. Would I prefer to talk in German or French, as his English was poor? In the ensuing long conversation I murdered the German language, and used, when necessary, English or French words to help bury it. Imagine my consternation on learning later that my host read, wrote and talked fine English, but was too shy to talk English to English-speaking people.

On the whole, it is probably better to stick to the celebrated custom of frequenting only "English-Spoken Here" places, and assume the well known tourist attitude that if you repeat a question often enough, and loudly enough, in English in any country, you will finally be answered.

All In A State Of Mind

(By Lion "Dick" Edmunds)

There comes to each of us a time when we cannot see the way to travel; which is the best road for us.

Trouble is one of the earthly ills that comes to each member of the human family. It may be sickness, death, wayward children, financial, mental or spiritual worry. Even to those with an abundance of wealth comes worry; the worry caused by the responsibility of handling a superabundance of this world's goods.

Yet in all the sundry changes and chances that come our way, there is always at our command if we will use it, a Faith that "All things work together for good". If we will only exercise this Faith we shall surely end our worries, and follow the path that we should travel.

In every human being there is a God given quality that permits the exercise of this supreme Faith, if only he or she will make use of it. The trouble is that we get so taken up with, and surrounded by, the earthly things of this world, that we do not give our inmost being much of a chance to have an innings. Every day happenings loom so large in our consciousness that our inner self lies dormant.

It is just like every other part of our being, that we call our body. If we lie up for a considerable period, our legs do not function properly. If we do not exercise the muscles of our body they get flabby and of little value. So it is with these other parts, for such they are. To function in the right way it is necessary for them to be exercised.

The reins of this world are in the Hands of a Driver Who does not make mistakes, strange though some events may seem to us. The old saying still holds good "Man proposes but God disposes".

Because we have striven hard to attain some objective and failed is no reason for us to give up or lose heart. Conceivably it may be that the thing we worked for would not have been good for us. That may sound like "Sour grapes" but it still holds true.

Because we pray consistently for something which never comes to pass is no reason to lose faith. We are very finite mortals to say the least of it, and our minds are very seldom in tune with the Infinite.

Let us therefore open up our minds and hearts to the good things of this life—Faith, Joy, Friendship, Sympathy. Let us take down the shutters so that our blind eyes may see these things, and not allow Envy, Hatred, Malice, Uncharitableness, Worldliness to fill our lives.

We are too ready to destroy, and

not prepared to work to build. It is easy to pull down and hard to build. It is our opportunity and privilege, in this our day and generation to build a structure that shall be the envy and the hope of all peoples, in this Canada of ours—a Dominion that stretches from sea to sea.

Let us do it; first by setting our thinking straight individually; secondly by having faith that we can do it; and thirdly, lastly, by working for it, for faith without works is of no avail.

THE ISLAND

A song for England?
Nay, what is a song for England?

Our hearts go by green-cliffed Kin-sale

Among the gulls' white wings,
Or where, on Kentish forelands pale
The lighthouse beacon swings;
Our hearts go up the Mersey's tide,
Come in on Suffolk foam—
The blood that will not be denied
Moves fast, and calls us home

Our hearts now walk a secret round
On many a Cotswold hill,
For we are mixed of island ground,
The island draws us still;
Our hearts may pace a windy turn
Where Sussex downs are high,
Or watch the lights of London burn,
A bonfire in the sky!

What is the virtue of that soil
That flings her strength so wide?
Her ancient courage, patient toil,
Her stubborn, wordless pride?
A little land, yet loved therein
As any land may be,
Rejoicing in her discipline,
The salt stress of the sea.

Our hearts shall walk a Sherwood track,

Our lips taste English rain,
We thrill to see the Union Jack
Across some deep-sea land;
Though all the world be of rich cost
And marvellous with worth,
Yet if that island ground were lost
How empty were the earth!

A song for England?
Lo, every word we speak's a song
for England.

—Christopher Morley.

We learn, with regret, that the Misses McLean of Yonge St. have left our midst, taking up residence with nephew John at his recently purchased farm near Unionville. Their house has been leased by the Norman Cooks.

Women's Institute



Meetings held 2nd Thursday of every
month from Sept. to May

MUNICIPAL HALL 3 o'clock

Interesting Programs - Social Half Hour

The Women's Institute heartily commend the activities of the Lions Club. With similar aims and ideals these two organizations should, together, go far in enriching the life of the village. For twenty-seven years the work of the Women's Institute has steadily progressed in this community, and to-day is a very live organization working in the field of education, health, science, and all branches of homemaking.

Strangers Welcome at Every Meeting

MRS. T. MOORE, Pres. MRS. W. SAYERS, Sec.

Compliments of

**William
Paterson**

Limited

Brantford, Ontario

Makers of Denver Sandwich Bar



Dear Reader:

The men who control my destiny, Messrs. Willard Chocolates Limited, have been having a lot of fun lately. They've tricked a bunch of sports experts into sitting around a microphone at CFRB every Friday evening while Frank Cumine, the Master of Ceremonies, fires questions at them. Ted Reeve, Tommy Muns, Jack Purcell, Verne De Geer, and practically all of Canada's sports scribes and famous sports fans have appeared at one time or another on this amusing show.

Listen in next Friday at 8 p.m. we know you'll like Willard's "Game of Games". You'll learn how to make a little money by sending in questions, too. Don't say we didn't tip you off!

The programme is: Willard's "Game of Games"
The time is: Friday evenings, 8 o'clock
The station is: CFRB - Toronto.

Cheerio,
Sweet Marie.

WILLARD'S CHOCOLATES

TORONTO

ONTARIO