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### BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know

The cost of education in the township of Teck, which township includes the rapidly growing town of Kirkland Lake, continues to grow, the estimates for school purposes this year being \$12,000.00 more than in 1932, despite the fact that the original estimates were trimmed as much as possible. The total cost for schools in Teck township this year is given as \$138,352.00.

#### KIRKLAND LAKE YOUNG LADY AWARDED \$1000 DAMAGES

In an action in which the defendant neither appeared personally nor was represented by counsel, Miss Ester Rantanen, residing in Kirkland Lake, and employed in a hotel there, was awarded, by Judge Hartman, \$1000 and costs on the High Court scale against Mr. W. Kerr, automobile sales agent, of Rouyn, when the case came up at Halleybury last week. The case, sequel to an automobile accident in Kirkland Lake last October, was the only business before the non-jury district court sittings, the other action, which had been entered, having been settled.

Miss Rantanen sued for \$2,000. She told the court that, while crossing main street at a designated crossing place, she was struck by a car driven by Kerr, and allegedly, at a high rate of speed. Plaintiff sustained, according to Dr. W. C. Rumball, who attended her, a fractured right wrist, injured knee cap, scalp wound and other bruises. She had been unable to walk for a month. Plaintiff said she had lost two months from work and she set her out-of-pocket expenses at \$238.

Blairmore, Alberta, Enterprise:—The only time when liquor makes a man go straight is when the road curves.

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#### Odd Plan to Reduce Cost of Various Governments

In these days when there are so many plans and schemes and suggestions for the reduction of both the cost and the machinery of governments in this country, the following editorial from The Simcoe Reformer may be of interest. It may be noted that one of the big arguments against the plan suggested is that it would force politics into municipal matters, and that would seldom prove of benefit to the municipality. However here is the article for the opinion and judgment of all who care to read:—

##### Has Ingenious Plan (From Simcoe Reformer)

A 79-year-old writer in the Farmers' Sun, seeking some method to relieve the tax burden, caused by over-government, on succeeding generations, makes quite a unique suggestion which would revolutionize our present system of municipal, provincial and federal governments. While it might prove quite unworkable and inapplicable and certainly would involve the scrapping of much of our political machinery, it at least has the merit of simplicity. The writer outlines his plan as follows:—

"Instead of our annual municipal elections, hold them every fourth year. There would be no provincial or federal elections. At the end of four years the reeves would constitute the county council for the next four years and choosing their wardens as at present, who at the end of four years would be promoted to the provincial legislature for the succeeding four years. They would choose their premier in the same manner as wardens are chosen. At the expiration of another four years, the nine premiers, attorney-general and finance ministers (twenty-seven in all) would constitute the federal government, choosing their premier in the same manner as the other bodies. All would conduct their legislative duties after the same fashion as our county councils do at present. Each group of nine would cost the country \$144,000 during one parliament, whereas we are paying now \$16,000 to each of 219 representatives that are serving no better than that many jumping-jacks. We would in Ontario decrease our provincial representatives by more than half, thus saving many more thousands."

The writer would have bye-elections only for municipal councils at low cost, thus saving the high cost of some provincial and federal bye-elections. The upper offices would be filled by a general moving-up. He would abolish the Senate and all Lieutenant-Governors, thus effecting a saving of \$3,000,000 during the life of one parliament of four years. "This proposal would breed statesmen instead of partisans and would dovetail nicely into our boys parliament which is composed of the cleanest and most brilliant youth of our land and would provide us with energetic and able reeves at an early age."

The author of this plan may have only a lovely but unworkable theory, but at least it has the merit of originality and may contain the germ of an idea for reducing the tremendous government overhead which we now quietly endure.

Toronto Saturday Night:—The financial crisis in the United States has produced a new crop of capitalists—the youthful possessors of toy banks.

#### The Horse, Ned, Died With Grin on Face

The Circumstantial Story of the Passing of the Nag of the Central Patricia Mine. Moral:—Save the Rum for the Staff.

This is the romantic story of a horse at the Central Patricia Mines in the Patricia area of the farther North. It has drama, comedy, pathos, and what have you. No one could do justice to this horse's tale like the writer of "Grab Samples" in The Northern Miner. So let "Grab Samples" tell the story. Here it is as given in "Grab Samples" last week:—

**Sad Tale of a Horse**  
This column referred a few weeks ago to "Ned," the luxurious horse that summer-restored for a couple of years at the Central Patricia gold mine and died when put into active service. In the previous account of his sybaritic existence and untimely death it was suggested that "Ned" passed away with a grin, sort of laughing up his felloak at the company that had provided him with an easy existence and couldn't collect work in return. The suspicion, it turns out, was more than well grounded. "Ned" actually died happily.

Alex Smith, M.E., who was the horse's mentor, guide and friend during the past few years at the Central Patricia property, recently arrived in Toronto and told the story. It appears that Alex took "Ned" out on a trip which included the crossing of a lake. The ice proved to be rotten, the horse went through and there was great excitement. After struggling with the plunging horse for a while the driver decided that it would be necessary to secure some sort of "pry" to help the animal out on to the lake surface. So Alex rushed to the shore, cut down a small tree and returned on the double, only to find that "Ned" had succeeded in getting out of the water unaided. But he was a sad looking horse. He shivered and shook and heaved and when an attempt was made to get him to run around, to aid circulation, he limped badly, having evidently strained a shoulder in his struggles.

"Ned" was helped back to camp and the situation was generally canvassed, with the result that it was decided to give the victim a stimulant. The engineer reluctantly invaded the camp medical stores where he knew a single bottle of rum remained, a lone crotch that had been carefully preserved for some human emergency. He regretfully fetched it out, polished the dust off its noble sides, held it up to the light and admired its rich, golden translucence. The chore boy stood by and drooled, while the cook, disguising his anxiety, offered suggestions, backed by alleged experiences of similar emergencies, as to the amount of liquor required to raise the temperature of a horse. The discussion became quite serious; all hands were aware that the animal was worth almost his weight in beaver skins, on account of his tremendous beard bill. "Ned" has been fed for two years on oats and hay hauled 120 miles at high cost and had not returned a tap of work in compensation. On the other hand the rum was precious, almost sacred in its isolation as the only "medicine" in leagues. While it lay in the stores, undisturbed and high-potential, it constituted no great temptation, but here, revealed to the light of day and with the prospect of being turned into horse stimulant, the assembled men were hard put to remember their duty.

What, they wanted to know, constituted a "snort" for a horse? The chore boy said a cupful in a pail of hot water; the cook arguing strenuously and lying industriously, averred that half a bottle was the limit, that any more would be disastrous. The engineer, who was the boss, claimed that the entire bottle wasn't a bit too much. Look what a horse drinks when he is taking on water; a man consumed a cupful but a horse drank a couple of pails, he said. A glass of liquor wouldn't polish up more than a couple of square inches of the animal's inner works. There was no use in being piggardly and losing the animal. The argument raged while the nag almost shook the rafters down in the stable and finally it was decided that the worst had come to the worst, that the rum had to be sacrificed to the common good of the company. Morosely the cook prepared a pail of hot water, poured in the liquor while all stood around and sniffed the powerful and delicious aroma. The chore boy, carrying the dose to the stable, covertly tried to snatch a swallow and burnt his tongue.

With great difficulty the men forced the hot liquid down "Ned's" throat. He might be, he suggested by his resistance, a high liver but he was likewise a teetotaler. The men had their will of him and he had a hot spot in his half frozen carcass. They stood about and awaited results.

"There is probably no animal in the world," said Mr. Smith, "with a more expressionless face than a horse. He

can't raise his eyebrows, turn up his nose or flutter his eyes. You have seen those pictures in the paper, where a famous race horse has just stepped off the track after winning \$50,000 for his owner? He looks just the same as though he had delivered a load of milk, no exultation, no pride, no airs at all. His only compensating features, his sole means of conveying his delight or chagrin are his ears and his legs. And when he says it with the latter it is usually the signal for the sudden departure of bystanders.

"After we had poured that pail of rum and hot water down his neck we stood nervously by and looked at "Ned." Almost at once his ears pricked up and presently they were working furiously back and forth, first one, then the other and then both together. No doubt, we thought, he hears his youth catching up to him on the long trail of years. Presently he began stepping about, lifting his stiff legs, edging over to the side of the stall. Tentatively he raised his rear end in a miniature buck jump; then he tried his front end and found that it was working too. So, he did a little rocking horse act for a while, starting pianissimo and gradually working up to fortissimo furioso. The stable shook as we retired to a more strategic position. "Tiring of this exercise or perhaps motivated by an access of alcoholic dignity he quit the fore-and-aft movement, stood still for a while, then braced his front feet and let fly with both hind legs with such enthusiasm that he threw a shoe up into the hay hole in the loft. The second kick dragged his nose to steady front legs out from under him and he fell on his wish-bone with a loud grunt. Nothing daunted he arose and gave forth a loud and raucous whinny, informing any equine within the range of his voice that, without fear of successful contradiction, he would say he was the best doggone horse that ever ate a wild oat. Echo answered, neigh, neigh.

"Then he got to thinking that he was a circus horse. He could hear a band, it seemed, and he would prance and sidle and caracole. A little later he became a war horse; he was startled by the roar of imaginary cannon, by the cry of "Charge" and charged about three feet and knocked down the side of his stall. Wherever he was going the terrain got rough and very slippery and "Ned" seemed to be haying some trouble; his legs began to wander about somewhat independently, one here, one there and occasionally they met and he kicked himself. You could almost hear him say "stop your crowding," the place must have seemed full of horses to "Ned."

"Presently he quietened down and leaned up against the stable wall and appeared to indulge in some thought. We came back in from the door where we had been watching the unedifying sight of "Ned's" demoralization and crowded around. Ned hung his head and large tears rolled down his cheeks. Yet you couldn't say he was sad, exactly. There was a sort of foolish grin on his face, as much as to say: "Well, well, well—it was a fine large evening anyhow." He hiccupped a couple of times and his breath was terrible. So we gave him a last look and went away. The cook said "Silly old fool" and the chore boy frowned and said "Harrumph". It was plain that they did not approve of these goings-on.

"The next morning when we went out to look at him "Ned" was lying there, dead, with that same silly grin. You can tell all his friends that he died happy."

#### New Origin Given for the Name of This Continent

"Americans" have been having a rather bad time lately. Of course, for years past the claim has been made with considerable weight that the "Americans," so called, have no exclusive right to the name abrogated to themselves. Canadians, people of Central and Southern America have equal right to the title of "Americans" it is argued. But people in the larger half of Northern America have contented themselves with the fine title of Canadians, while the South Americans have used the word "South" before the other title and let it go at that. So, to-day recognizing the difficulty of using the time and space to call them the people of the United States or similar proper name, and appreciating the impossibility of a term like "United Stateser" or their own manufactures "Usonian" or similar oddity, there has been a disposition to admit that the "Americans" with a big part of the gold of the world, and a large share of the earth's wealth, had about as complete a financial breakdown and money scarcity as known in any peaceful nation at any recent time.

It seems too bad that among their other troubles, the present should be taken as the time to tell "Americans" that they may have the name, but that their idea of where the name comes from is all wrong. In other words the idea is now put forward that America was not named after Amerigo Vespucci, as the history books have affirmed for so many years, but that the name actually was given the continent not through Columbus, but through the discoverer of what is now the Canadian part of the continent. That the continent should not only be named by the original discoverer of Canada (more or less), but that the name given should be a British one, will be a "starter" to "Americans" in general.

It may be said, however, that considerable weight is now given to the claim that America was named after Richard Amerike, a sheriff of Bristol, England, and not after the Italian, Amerigo Vespucci, who, it is said, was an obscure person, purveyor of beef or ships' chandler. It is claimed that John Cabot, who discovered North America in 1497, gave the name of his friend Richard Amerike to the continent he had discovered and this claim is supported by no less an authority than Edward Scott, a keeper of manuscripts at the British Museum, accord-

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