

OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

What Would You Do

Last Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock a car stopped across from the Echo office. One fellow got out of it and staggered away. I saw at a glance that the chap at the wheel also was tight. He, too, got out and meandered off. After a while, two other chaps got into the car, carrying a carton or two or beer, and the crowd drew away. The beer was none of my affair, I presume. It was purchased legitimately and was as lawful merchandize as if it had been boots. But the driver was drunk, and in charge of a car. My ire rose at once at the thought of what might happen before he got home. What might happen to himself or to other people too. He had a silly senseless smirk on his face. I saw him try to spit a couple of times, and he could not land it past his chin. What would you have done under the circumstances? Would you have called the police? That was my first impulse, too, but I didn't do it. Why? Well, to be perfectly frank, I suppose it is because I am a moral coward. And it is because you are a moral coward, and your neighbor likewise and the whole lot of us, that the liquor question is so hard to handle. I guess the fellow got home all right, for I heard of no accidents. Had he got into a mixup and someone been killed, mightn't I have been charged with being what they term in legal phraseology, "an accessory before the act?"—Warton Canadian Echo.

Treat Them All Alike

In the city of Toronto some thousands of young folks are to be spared the strain of writing on the entrance examinations because their teachers have recommended them for promotion to the high schools without the necessity of a test. This privilege extended to the city students and denied the youngsters in the country has always looked to us like making flesh of the one and fish of the other. There would appear to be no good reason why a country school teacher, particularly if the inspector acquiesces, could not recommend pupils to the high school without an examination and what is permitted in the one case should, it seems to us, be permitted in the other.—Alliston Herald.

Township Clerkship a Big Job

One of the most important and exacting positions in a rural community nowadays is that of the Township Clerk. The fact that life is more complex to-day than it was a few years ago, effects municipalities just as it does individuals. The farmer who used to flounder around in a demerol and burn candles, now drives a car on a good township road and has hydro. All this spells township road superintendent, hydro bylaws, drainage bylaws, reports to the Highway Department, the filling out of questionnaires for Government departments in addition to the old-time duties of the Clerk. The Clerk has to be guide, counsellor and friend to green councillors and Reeve, and in order to do so, he must have a knowledge of law, book-keeping, mathematics, together with the wisdom of Solomon. If he does not keep his eye on the constant changes in the statute books his Council get tangled in legal difficulties and he will likely get the blame. For instance, in 1895 an Act was passed repealing the authority of the Council head to name one of a municipality not a hundred miles from here, the head of the Council went on naming an auditor the same as before for over twenty years before the error was discovered. To measure up fully to the requirements of his job, it will be seen that a Township Clerk should be a man of somewhat unusual attainments and as a matter of fact he usually is. Some of the Clerks who have served, and are serving in this district, are real pillars in the municipal structure. They serve for small salaries, far too small in many cases. The importance of their position generally appreciated and more generally appreciated by the Township Councils and by the ratepayers.—St. Marys Journal Argus.

One Example for Canada

Canadians have been disappointed because no move was made by the Postmaster-General, in the late session of Parliament, to again return to the one cent rate for post cards. The United States has set a good example to us in this regard. In the recent Congress, the one cent post card rate was again set up. If Canada were to follow suit we are sure the public would appreciate the concession, and the exchequer would not suffer, while the industry of the souvenir post card would boom.—Flesherton Advance.

SOCIAL CENTRE IN NORTHERN WOODS

Deep in the heart of the rugged North Country, hidden by pine topped hills and thick virgin forests, lies a chain of sparkling blue lakes known as Lake of Bays. Almost unknown to the outside world until a few years ago, these Lakes have become the summer playground of vacationists and tourists. The Lake of Bays district is large enough to enjoy seclusion and a holiday of backwoods life—if that is desired. If pleasure, gaiety and joyous companionship is your holiday goal, there are large, luxurious hotels—ultra-modern—where golf, tennis, bowling, swimming may occupy your time—where music and dancing

Monument to Heroic War Nurse



Mount Edith Cavell, in Jasper National Park, which will be visited by Canadian Weekly Newspaper editors and their wives after their Edmonton convention is one of the most strikingly beautiful peaks within easy reach of Jasper Park Lodge, and it is easily reached by means of the Cavell motor highway, which, after skirting the scenic golf course for which Jasper Park is now world-famous, climbs from the Athabasca Valley to the very foot of the Glacier of the Angels. Mount Edith Cavell was named in honor of Britain's heroic war nurse, and a visit to Jasper National Park inspired the following article by Thomas Arkie Clark, Dean of Men, University of Illinois, which was contributed to the Chicago Daily News.

"When Simon Garvey died—that was a good many years ago—he left a considerable sum of money to put up a monument to his memory. It was an imposing structure, as monuments went in our community, of sandstone and attracted attention. "I saw it a few weeks ago when I visited the old cemetery. Time has ravished it. Rain and hail and frost have eaten into it, and the foundations, none too firm at the beginning, are gradually crumbling. Fifty years more, and it will be a wreck, and Simon Garvey's name will have been forgotten. "Every normal human being cherishes the thought that he will do something during his lifetime that will cause him to be remembered.

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Crawford (Our Own Correspondent)

(Too Late for Last Week.) A quiet wedding of much interest was solemnized at the manse, Elmwood, on Thursday, June 21st, at high noon, when Miss Ethel Henderson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson, of Bentlinek, was united in marriage to James McDougall, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John McDougall of Hamilton. Rev. R. Young officiating. The bride looked very pretty in a white crepe-de-chine dress with lace and rhinestone trimmings and carried a bouquet of snowballs. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace. Following the ceremony the immediate relatives of the bride and groom motored to the Seales home, the 2nd concession of Brant where Miss Lizzie Henderson, sister of the bride was hostess at a well arranged wedding dinner. When Mr. and Mrs. McDougall left later for their wedding trip to Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara, Orangeville, the bride wore a sand dress with accessories to match and her travelling coat was navy fur trimming. They will take up residence on the groom's farm on the 8th concession Bentlinek. Their many friends wish them many happy years of wedded life. Mr. Herman Nelson of Toronto is spending his holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John White. Mr. Walter Boyce and sister, Miss Helen of Hamilton are holidaying for two weeks at their home here. Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Hewitt of Kin-

cardine were recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Boyce. Mrs. Archie Brown is supplying as teacher in Mulock school this week. We were very sorry to hear that Miss Turnbull, the teacher in S. S. No. 6, had met with an unfortunate accident. A small bone in her foot was broken while playing baseball, which will take three weeks at least to knit and fully recover. We hope for a speedy recovery. The fiftieth anniversary of Crawford United church will be held this Sunday and Monday, July 1 and 2. Service will be held both morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Little will conduct the morning service and Rev. Couen will take charge of the evening service. On Monday a garden party will be held on Mr. D. J. McDonald's lawn. A cordial invitation is extended to all to join in Sunday's worship and the garden party on the following evening. Mrs. Andrew Hastie is in Hanover this week staying with her nephews, J. D. and Alexander Brown while their mother is teaching. Miss Esther Petty has been engaged as teacher in S. S. No. 9. We wish her success. A very enjoyable picnic was held on the school grounds on Saturday afternoon, June 23rd. The ratepayers and pupils met to bid adieu to the popular teacher, Miss E. Allan, before her departure from their midst. There was a short program of song, recitation and speeches. At an appropriate time Miss Allan was called to the

platform and the presentation was made of a Coleman parlor lamp. Miss Allan, in a few well chosen words thanked the pupils and parents for the beautiful gift. The address is as follows: Dear Miss Allan: Having learned with regret that you have resigned your position as teacher of our school, we feel that we cannot allow you to leave our community and section without meeting and expressing to you our appreciation of your services while in our midst. During the comparatively short time you have been engaged here you have endeared yourself to pupils and parents alike. By your active interest in every phase of community life and in connection with the young people as well as by the faithful performance of your regular duties as teacher and your unflinching kindness to young and old you have won the respect and esteem of every one of us. As a slight memento to carry away with you, we ask you to accept this Coleman parlor lamp and we hope that your life in the years to come may be as bright and cheery as the light that this lamp will shed in your home. We trust that you will always remember with pleasure, as we shall, the year which you have spent as teacher of Crawford school.

"Signed on behalf of pupils, parents, and the community, Jessie McCaslin, Margaret White, Laura Kaufman, Nellie Stinson. An actress was taking her dog for a walk in the park. She met her deadliest rival clad in a new fur coat. The dog began to leap in a friendly fashion around the wearer of the coat, and his mistress apologized sweetly. "Do forgive my Fido," she said, "he's so keen on rabbiting."

New Bills for Old "You're getting a new car?" "Yes, we just couldn't afford running the old one any longer."

"Our friends have the same feeling about us, and it is that feeling which fills cemeteries with monuments to the dead. "Some of the most beautiful and wonderful structures of the world were built in honor of individuals—the Taj Mahal in India, the pyramids in Egypt, and the tomb of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, and that most beautiful monument in our own country, the memorial to Lincoln at Washington. "In modern times, at least, we have given much honor to the man who won distinction or gave his life in war. The tall shaft that rises high in the midst of Trafalgar Square keeps Nelson's achievements always before the minds of the busy Londoner. But these monuments, glorious as they are, seem insignificant and tawdry when compared with the monument which the Canadians have dedicated to a woman—Edith Cavell. "It rises 10,000 feet or more, towering above the surrounding peaks, one of the most beautiful of the beautiful mountains in the Canadian Rockies, snow-covered even in mid-summer, its 'ghost Glacier' hanging like a nun's veil over its glorious head. "One cannot keep his eyes off it. There are other beautiful mountains near by, too firm at the beginning, are gradually crumbling. Fifty years more, and it will be a wreck, and Simon Garvey's name will have been forgotten. "Every normal human being cherishes the thought that he will do something during his lifetime that will cause him to be remembered.

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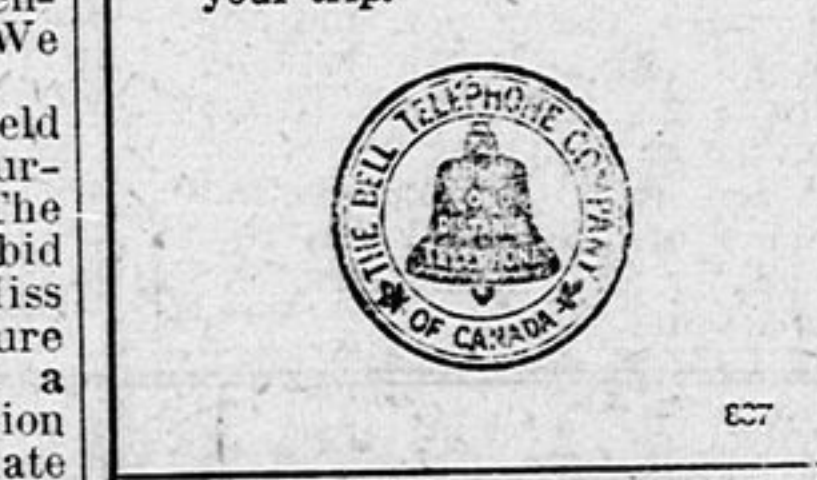
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