

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile
—Ruth Raeburn.

In May

The Midas touch has May, sweet maiden May—
For see, where'er she steps, each dawning day
The dandelions in happy crowds are seen
Like sunbeams gay, the spears of grass between.
The Midas touch has May, light-hearted May—
And watch her course on field and upland way,
Where gypsy buttercups all glad and bold
Are welcomed with the spring, by young and old.
The Midas touch has May, sweet winsome May—
The primrose, eyes of gold she gives. They say:
She sets the glowing cow-slip here and there,
By rill, or marshy pool, with shining hair;
The Midas touch has May, sweet winsome May.

—Alix Thorn.

Everybody would like more gold, and there is one kind of gold we all may have in May if we have eyes to see it, and hearts that desire to enjoy the beauty of the Creator's handiwork. Let the little children go into a field where the "dandelions in happy crowds are seen like sunbeams gay," and they are most delighted to gather the golden beauties. Both "young and old" like to wander in May in "field and upland way where gypsy buttercups are glad and gay are welcomed with the spring." And all who love a garden take delight in their first glimpse of the "eyes of gold" in the primrose and cowslip. It is, indeed true—"The Midas touch has May" and it takes the poet's talents to help us to see it.

To the Road

Now to the road again!
Robins and wood nymphs call,
Out from the sheltered house,
Out from the narrow hall.
Home is the friendly part
When the wild tempests blow,
Now that the springtime's here
Let us break bonds and go!
Out in the woodland deeps
Mystery hides and lures;
Over the hill is joy
Joy that all sorrow cures.
Fences and walls are grim,
Houses are rank with mould;
Forth! let us seek again
Youth and the realms of gold.
—Thos. Curtis Clark.
Poor indeed, is the man or woman who does not hear "the robin and wood nymphs call" or have no desire to solve the "mystery that hides and lures out in the woodland deeps." No one need be too old to have the desire to "seek again youth and the realms of gold" in God's gardens.
The Pipers of the Pool
Shrill and sweet, shrill and sweet,

Pipe the small frogs at my feet,
With little heads up thrust
Through the water's slimy crust
Like tightly folded sheaf
Of the mounting lily leaf.
Fresh and cool, fresh and cool,
Out across the marshy pool
Breathes the moist and virgin air,
While the small frogs piping there
Call the very heart of me.
Pipe my very spirit free.
—Kathleen M. Kenny.

Almost every man and woman who lived in the country near a pond during childhood, keeps a happy thought for the springtime "pipers of the pool." May brings to Ontario the blossoming orchards. Amy Campbell has painted this little word picture:
"A shower of apple blossoms blew
Across my path one day—
And I can ne'er forget, it seems,
That springtime way."
Thos. Curtis Clark asks us:
"What man could hate or envy know
When apple blossoms burst and blow?
When free at last, the kindly May
Endeavors winter's debts to pay—
In blossomtime."

GOOD REASON FOUND FOR GIVING YOUTH A CHANCE

It is hard for a parent to realize that youth can solve some of its problems and make some of its decisions without adult interference. The inability of adults to give a youth a chance to assume responsibility is of old standing. Most of us are unable to note the growing maturity of a boy. We keep on coddling and fathering him far beyond the point when he can make some of his decisions.
Thackeray found the same condition in his day, and out of the accumulation of wisdom gained in his study of mankind, wrote:
"We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age, there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors; and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs."—Richmond Palladium.

PRISON ON ROCK

There is probably no spot on earth which is more desolate and uninviting than the southern tip of South America. The land is barren and the natives are miserable specimens of humanity, stunted, ill-fed and dirty with no ideas of morality.
A large rock in the ocean to the south of the cape is the tip of a volcano and is used as a prison for long-term convicts of Argentina. There are about 800 prisoners with a guard of 100. As escape is impossible on account of the rugged character of the country a large company of guards is not regarded as essential. The convicts are compelled to work and are given opportunity to learn a trade with the possibility of accumulating money so that they may start a new life when released.

WHY BE PROUD?

By Bruce Barton

A gentleman who has held high governmental office without losing his sense of humor told me this story.
"I was in Washington a number of years ago when I received an urgent telephone call from a prominent friend of mine, whom I shall call Senator Jones.
"Come right over to the hotel," he exclaimed. "I have something wonderful to tell you."
The senator shut the door, pushed up the transom, and in great excitement whispered: "What do you think, Joe? The president has just informed me he is going to make me a member of his cabinet."
"That's fine," said my friend.
"But you don't seem excited," the senator complained.
"Surely, I'm excited. You wanted it, and I am glad you are to have it. It's a great office. You have had great predecessors. Let's see, who held the office under Wilson?"
"Mr. X," was the prompt response.
"And who held it under Taft?"
"Why—why" the senator stammered and flushed. Finally he burst out bitterly, "What are you trying to do, anyway, spill it all for me?"
"Not at all," my friend answered.
"I'm just reminding you about Rule Number VI. 'Thou shalt not take thyself too seriously.'"
History repeats itself. When Cicero finished up his term as governor of Sicily he imagined everybody in Rome had been watching him and talking about him. In this frame of mind he left Sicily for Rome, and on the way stopped at Baiae, the principal pleasure resort of those days.

He himself tells of his surprise when "the first friend he met exclaimed: 'How long since you left Rome and what was the news?'"
The next friend thought he had been in Africa. The third was under the impression he had been holding some minor position in a different province. No one knew or cared that he had been governor of Sicily.
It is very pleasant to be accorded recognition, to hold a good job, to "be somebody." But anyone who sacrifices the joy of living for the illusory hope of a place in history is cheating himself. Posterity will be busy with its own affairs. The United States is young; it has had only thirty-one presidents. Yet few of us can name even this small number correctly.
Lincoln, who was one of the wisest, had a favorite song. It was: "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

PIANOS ON THEIR HEADS

Pianos and similar articles are moved in the city of Pernambuco by a sextette of trained men who are all of the same height and powerfully built. They will lift a grand piano on their heads and then march along with a soldier-like precision. A misstep on the part of one would mean disaster. As they pass along the street they are preceded by their chief who clears the way for them and gives the orders to the porters. All pianos are moved in this manner, and these same men take care of all such jobs.

Miss Macphail's Letter

The extraordinary has happened. The Senate attracts full galleries, a large and formidable press representation and the headlines in the daily papers. It has become the Upper Chamber in truth. And the cause? Beauharnois! A Senate Committee has been studying the great power scandal, seeking to find to what degree the three Senators, McDougald, Haydon and Raymond, were responsible for the looting of the public purse, or, to be more accurate, to what extent they used their high positions as Senators of the Dominion of Canada to assist in the giving to private interests the valuable power resources of the St. Lawrence which should have been retained for the people of Canada as a whole; they being part of the private concern which benefitted at the people's expense.

Even Beauharnois might not have made the Senate the centre of interest had not the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen been the prosecutor. He is presumably the Crown Attorney, but actually the gleeful Tory partisan, exulting in his traditional enemies' downfall.

After a tedious presentation of the Committee's report by Senator Tanner, the Rt. Hon. George P. Graham upheld his three colleagues in an impassioned speech. With his eloquence and wit he sought to defend his friends from the deadly attack of the enemy. Senator Graham objected to an investigation into the conduct of any member of the Senate on a charge made by a member of the House of Commons; he sought thus to rally all the Senators to the defense of their own members. He condemned any self-righteous attitude by any party on the question of campaign funds, stating that they were legitimate and necessary and all parties needed them and collected them. It was, then, he said, only hypocrisy to deny the fact. Particularly in his defense of Senator Haydon, Mr. Graham pleaded with his heart; this was his associate for long years, the custodian of the party funds, his friend. "By birth, instinct, training, education and practice, he is a gentleman," he said.

Senator Graham resented the insinuation made by Senator Tanner that Andrew Haydon was not as sick as he pretended to be. So sick was he that Senator Graham felt ashamed, he said, to be one of the Committee who went to his house to examine him under oath. The charity and sympathy of all Senators should surround their colleague. He concluded with the words: "I reiterate my belief that I am as much a custodian of the honor and integrity of this House as any member in it, but I cannot condone the condemning of my colleagues, who, I think, are not guilty under the Act."

And then Meighen rose; the same Meighen we had known in the Commons. Not quite so light, not quite so bitter, but as able Meighen the imitable, the incomparable. With all dates and figures accurate (though without notes) and with just the right material gathered around each date and figure, clearing up perfectly as he went, never having to retrace, he relentlessly pursued the condemned Senators; not the three, Senator Raymond being from Quebec was handled with gloves on, but the other two. At the conclusion of three hours of perfect public speaking, they were as worms in the dust, and it would be a brave listener indeed who would rise and say "These are my friends."

Senator Meighen said that Senator Graham had not dealt with the essence of the report but only with the externals, "The fleas and insects surrounding the problem." He then gave a minute resume of the financial history of Beauharnois, from its original syndicate stage to the present. Its charter was secured from the Quebec Legislature, but its plans necessitated approval by the Dominion. "The efforts of Mr. Sweezy and his associates," proceeded Senator Meighen, "in securing approval of these plans constitute the main chapter in the drama."

"This is the crux of the question: did Sweezy or did he not induce others to take money for what could be nothing else than their political influence?" Since Mr. Sweezy, the Beauharnois President, engaged lawyers to create a proper atmosphere, "they were not so much lawyers as perfumers." However, they were successful; the much desired Order-in-Council being passed in 1929.

After gently disposing of Raymond, Mr. Meighen devoted himself to Senator Haydon. He was not, he said, going to compete with Senator Graham in eulogizing Senator Haydon. Senator Graham had placed about the condemned one's head a "halo as big as a spare tire." He then proceeded to show that Senator Haydon had received a retaining fee of \$50,000 from Mr. Sweezy, contingent on the approval of Mr. Sweezy's application to the Government for ratification of his St. Lawrence plan. Not only did the firm of McGiverin, Haydon and Ebbs, receive the \$50,000 but also \$15,000 a year for three years. They were being paid for getting the Order-in-Council through.

Senator Meighen charged, since the legal work would have been well paid with \$5,000. "This kind of legal work is the cheapest kind to say that they would get for it this \$50,000 retainer and \$15,000 for three years, is to affront the common sense of Parliament. The inherent facts tell us—and they are more powerful than opinions or statements of witnesses—the basic, outstanding, protruding facts," said Mr. Meighen, "scream against Senator Haydon."

In April 1928, Senator McDougald had said in the Senate that he was not interested in Beauharnois. Senator Meighen took some time to establish the apparent fact that Senator McDougald was, in all probability, the owner of what is called the Sifton shares, on that date. He did not hold the shares himself. The late Winfield Sifton, acting for Mr. Sweezy, asked Clare Moyer, a lawyer in Ottawa to act as trustee for 800 shares of the Beauharnois syndicate. He wanted Moyer to go to New York with him. This he did and in New York Sifton gave Moyer \$15,000 in bills, which were placed on deposit in the Wall Street branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Five days later, Mr. Meighen pointed out, Clare Moyer issued his cheque in Montreal for the entire deposit. Mr. Meighen stressed the secrecy that surrounded these transactions, the trip to New York, the payment in bills instead of cheques. There was still another trip to New York when the remaining price of the shares was paid over, this time in drafts which were so fashioned that the payer could not be identified. "Why were all the shades down and all the lights out?" Senator Meighen asked.

He then proceeded to deal with the value of the Sterling Industrial Corporation; this you will remember, was the corporation organized by McDougald and Henry, which Sweezy brought out for a million dollars, simply to get it out of the way and win the goodwill of McDougald and Henry. "It was the nuisance value of Sterling—and nothing else—that Sweezy wanted," Mr. Meighen stated. "McDougald, a Senator of Canada, used his nuisance value to enrich himself. Has a member of Parliament any right to capitalize himself by being a nuisance?"

"No one had ever given an explanation of why there had been such constant concealment in the transactions of Senator McDougald. Why was he constantly covering up his tracks? His actions showed that Senator McDougald knew his conduct to be unworthy of a public man. It was unfitting for it to appear in the light," said Senator Meighen. In conclusion he called on the Senators to vote on the merits of the question and no partisan bias should be allowed to influence any member of the Senate. Nevertheless the vote will be taken on strict party lines and I will be surprised if every Liberal Senator does not vote in defense of their colleagues and every Conservative Senator in condemnation of them.

If we had as high a regard for the honor of our public people as Great Britain has, not only these three Sen-

ators but all members of either House who seek personal gain at the expense of the country, would quickly be put out of public life.

We finished with the vote on the budget. Our group voted for our own amendment, which being the amendment to the amendment, was submitted first. In it we advocated the creation of new currency and the taking over by the Finance Department of the Federal Government the issuing of all money. Next came the Liberal sub-amendment. Some of our members voted for it and some against. I voted for it because it advocated lower tariffs and tariffs make the farmer's life more difficult. Then came the main motion which was supported only by Conservative members and Mr. Neill, the Independent from Comox-Alberni, British Columbia.

The Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition both made lengthy speeches; both well done in a heavy, wordy sort of way. Mr. King uses more words but understands them better than the Prime Minister. Oddly enough each of them made a curious error. The Prime Minister ridiculed Vincent Massey; accused him of holding "parlor meetings" of the "chosen few" when he was on a speaking tour for the Canadian Clubs across Canada. He was acting as an organizer for the Liberal party, the Prime Minister insinuated, and left pamphlets dealing with social reconstruction, not in an above-board way, but in an underground manner, according to the Prime Minister. Mr. Bennett then proceeded to read the pamphlet onto Hansard and this, he said, is the Mr. Massey who was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister

(Continued on page 6.)

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