

Voice of the Press

Canada, The Empire and The World at Large

CANADA

HE HAS PAID HIS BILLS.

It was the old miller of the Dee who spoke those famous words, "I owe no penny I cannot pay, I thank the River Dee, which turns the wheels to grind the corn, to feed my babes and me." Approaching another year we feel quite the same about it as the miller of the Dee. We have been able to meet all our bills and to protect our credit, and for all this we are grateful to you and you and you. We would like you to know that we are appreciative and we hope we can return the compliment to you and yours when the opportunity arises.—Trenton Courier-Advocate.

A GERMAN BULLET.

A Canadian officer carried a German bullet in his pocket for two years. It had been fired at him by an enemy sniper when he put his head over the parapet on his first tour in the trenches. The sniper missed by an inch or two, the bullet plowing through the sand bags and falling into the trench.

The officer picked it up while it was still hot and venerated it as his lucky charm. He was never without it for the next two years. Then he lost it; lost it just before the opening of the battle of Amiens in 1918. He "kissed himself good-bye."

But nothing happened to him. He went through all the big battles of 1918 in which the Canadians were engaged, and he is still alive. He is living quietly in Edmonton and sometimes wonders why he ever felt as he did about that German bullet.—Edmonton Journal.

SOMETHING NEW

The address Mr. Bennett delivered to a nation-wide audience on Wednesday night was something new in political discussion. A vast improvement. Electioneering speeches in this country—and we assume Mr. Bennett's talk to be that—have not always been on a high plane. More often than not they have taken the form of self-glorification, of exaggerated claims and hyperbole, coupled with vituperation against opponents and counter policies. Of all such things, of the fustian which is put forward as an argument of the old bliffling clichés and catchwords, the Prime Minister's address was splendidly free. He did not attempt to tell that, owing to his genius and omnipotence, the country's problems had all been solved, and that, therefore, we should return him to office as a mere matter of common sense and sheer gratitude. On the contrary, Mr. Bennett confessed that, despite his best efforts, things were still bad; that new efforts would be necessary to cope with them. It was a new note, and refreshing. A note more honest, more stimulating and convincing.—Ottawa Journal.

THE WAY TO PEACE

The people of the world know, having been pretty well taught by the events of the past few years and especially by the lessons of 1914, that there are only two choices before them: the keeping of peace by collective action or the acceptance of the old idea of war as the ultimate and inevitable expression of policy. There is an undeniable movement everywhere towards a return to the ideals of the League. Of this there are many signs.—Winnipeg Free Press.

DIONNE QUINTS

In addition to a set of official guardians, the Dionne quintuplets have now a "board of management" to govern their interests. While they are infants, the famous five will probably not be much interested in who safeguards their welfare, so

long as the feeding bottle comes along on time. But along about 1945 we can imagine the beginnings of revolt. We can best illustrate what we mean by paraphrasing a popular rhyme:

Mother may I go in to swim?
No, my darling daughter,
Consult the board of management,
And don't go near the water.
—Ottawa Citizen.

THE MOVIES

The Ontario Council of Women recently suggested to the government establishing theatres in all cities of 10,000 or more for the showing of children's moving pictures. The government is hardly likely to act upon the suggestion, but it is an idea. As has been often argued, one reason for exasperation among the movie-going public is that present-day picture shows are intended for adults and minors alike. Adults have to sit through pictures censored for 13-year-old consumption, and the juveniles have to sit through pictures intended for adults.—Winnipeg Tribune.

STREAMLINING 70 YEARS OLD

And now it turns out that this streamlining of which we hear so much about in this speed-mad era is almost 70 years old. It has been discovered that a young lady teaches less than six years before being stung by Cupid's dart. The supposition is that the bright young farmer is looking for an intellectual wife. But in the city there are so many teachers and so few marrying men who want intellectuals as life companions, that the matrimonial opportunities of the school ma'ams are correspondingly lessened.—Petrola Advertiser-Topic.

"THEY" ARE ANSWERED

In the Stratford Beacon-Herald a woman signs her name and address to a letter which reads as follows:

"I would very much like to see in your paper to ask neighbors of mine to please stop scandal about one of my boys, see too, and also of my husband who is said to lash the boys with a horse whip. This is absolutely untrue and so is the story which is being told about a church basket which was never sent. Those who are interested will know well enough what I mean."

One can imagine the story behind such a letter, the painful circumstances that induced a woman to submit herself to unpleasant publicity for the sake once for all of bringing gossip out into the open. Not all victims of what "they say" have the courage of this woman. More often they suffer in silent bitterness, but they suffer none the less.

Charity ought to go deeper than Christmas baskets. It should cover words as well as deeds. Simple kindness is one of the greatest of the virtues, and if we are kind we do not peddle gossip about our neighbors or speak harshly of them even if we dislike or distrust them.—Ottawa Journal.

MOSTLY GOOD.

But in a world that is concerned, of necessity, with want, suffering, threats of war, depravity, murder and banditry, it is comforting to recall that, after all, "People—most people—are good."—Hamilton Herald.

INFLUENCE OF SLIPPERS

These Chinese were a wise people. They put themselves into slippers and slowed down the tempo of their world, for who can be hasty in act and speech when he is in slippers? To run then is hard, and comfort is an enemy of anger. But the Chinese have become westernized now and the slipper is going with their teaching of ethics. The smart oxford and technical education are replacing them, and we hope we in the west will not live to regret it.—Hamilton Spectator.

"Tarazan" Too Rough



Lupe Velez, fiery Mexican screen actress, has filed suit for divorce from Johnny Weissmuller, charging cruelty.

CUPID AND TEACHERS

It may interest rural lady teachers to know that chances of marriage are greatly in their favor. It is estimated that a young lady teaches less than six years before being stung by Cupid's dart. The supposition is that the bright young farmer is looking for an intellectual wife. But in the city there are so many teachers and so few marrying men who want intellectuals as life companions, that the matrimonial opportunities of the school ma'ams are correspondingly lessened.—Petrola Advertiser-Topic.

ALERT CHINESE MANUFACTURERS

Merchants and traders in the East have long since recalled that the Chinese manufacturer is turning out a class of goods that stands comparison with some of those turned out by European firms, but it was not till a few years ago that there was such a big demand for some of the leading Chinese manufactures. Rubber shoes turned out by a local factory are now being exported to Europe and America and it would be no exaggeration to say that these shoes are in every way up to the standard of "Western Shoes." This company has its head office in the Colony, and it is run on the lines of a modern and up-to-date factory, everything being carried out with clockwork precision. Cotton and silk socks, rattan ware and dry batteries also form a large part of the export trade, and as the manufacturers depend largely on exports for pushing their trade, they struck upon the happy idea of a trade exhibition, and no sooner was the first one over than plans for the second, and a more elaborate one, were prepared and discussed.—Hong Kong Press.

THE EMPIRE

AIR FORCE NEEDS

Today we need at least 20,000 aeroplanes. Built in series these would not cost more than £2,500 each, or a total outlay of £50,000,000. Last year we were fourth in air strength. Today we are eighth. Last year we had 420 first-line machines. Today we still have considerably fewer than 500 while Germany alone can produce 1,000 a week. Last year we were on the "edge of the risk." Today we are over the edge.—London Daily Mail.

IN BELFAST, TOO.

There will be a good deal of sympathy with a complaint made at the City Council yesterday by Councilor Clarke Scott as to the confusion caused by the similarity of the names of new streets in Belfast. Fashions change even in street names, as a comparison of a present-day directory with one of, say, fifty years ago will show. The old directories abound in alleys, courts, places, lanes and entries in the street nomenclature. Today we have in their place parks, drives, parades, crescents, gardens and avenue. The tendency of the moment is to group streets with the same prefix, calling one a park, another a crescent, another a drive, and so on. In actual practice this is causing considerable inconvenience.

Won't Predict 1935 Weather

METEOROLOGICAL BUREAU SAYS 24 HOURS IS ENOUGH

Toronto.—Weather during 1935 may be hot, cold or indifferent, but the chief weatherman—the meteorological bureau here—will make no predictions.

What the future holds in the way of weather is as much a mystery to the bureau as to the average citizen, John Patterson, director of the bureau stated. Accurate forecasts can be made 24 hours in advance, he said, but 48-hour prognostications cannot always be relied upon.

The forecasts of old-timers, who delight in calling the weather of the various seasons, basing their predictions on the thickness of bark on trees, thickness of hair on animals, and other of nature's protections for the period, are viewed with interest by the scientific branch. But the bureau, who tells the change in weather throughout Canada, makes no attempt to deny or confirm the predictions.

Toronto Humane Soc. Busy Year

RESPONDS TO 20,346 CALLS, REPORT REVEALS

Toronto.—Some idea of the vast amount of work accomplished by the Toronto Humane Society during the past year is instanced by the annual report which details the many duties of the inspectors. In all 20,346 calls were responded to, of which 6,248 were of an emergency nature.

Horses: Examined, 4,877; humanely destroyed, 93; sent to hospital or stable, 176; and brought to shelter, 78.

Dogs: Brought to shelter, 9,789; diseased and injured, destroyed, 6,073; placed in homes, 763; claimed by owners, 1,002; sent to veterinary hospital, 53, and observation cases for city, 248.

Cats: Brought to shelter, 18,153; humanely destroyed, 17,171, and placed in homes, 449.

Cattle, sheep and swine examined, 35,510; performing animals and birds examined, 185; other animals and birds examined, 2,850, and poultry examined, 37,504.

Summonses issued, 79; number of convictions, 62; complaints investigated, 2,659, and warnings issued, 1,789.

Canada's Progress Praised By Paper

London.—The Financial Times recently devoted a column and a half to the annual meeting and statement of the Bank of Montreal and in an editorial drew attention to the Dominion's progress, which, it pointed out, is being achieved without any resort to experimental panaceas either industrial or economic.

Lower Wheat Yield Forecast For 1935

Washington.—A winter wheat yield of 475,000,000 bushels in 1935—157,061,000 below the crop in normal years—was forecast by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The comparatively low production was predicted despite an increased area of 44,306,000 acres planted to winter wheat this year.

Lighter planting of spring wheat was also forecast by the Crop Reporting Board, due to a "tendency to expand winter wheat acreage" in the area in which both winter and spring wheat are planted.

Air Weather Post Planned In Britain

London.—A "National Aviation Meteorological Station" with programs to consist only of weather reports, weather forecasts and warnings for airmen, is to be erected by the Marconi Company on behalf of the Air Ministry at Cranwell, Lincolnshire.

This new station, operated by the Air Ministry, will transmit meteorological bulletins at regular intervals throughout the day for the information of aircraft and airmen. It will have several times the power of the present Heston station which transmits aviation weather reports.

Aviation To Play Big Part In B.W.I.

Port of Spain, Trinidad.—A forecast that aviation is destined to play a great part in bringing the West with each other was made recently by Colonial Secretary Sir Selwyn Grier as he returned home after a 4,500 mile aerial holiday jaunt.

Sir Selwyn declared that he and Lady Grier were "definitely air-minded" as the result of their trip—the first since he arrived here to become the island's Colonial Secretary. With Lady Grier, Sir Selwyn visited Jamaica, the Bahamas, Miami and other points.

Wanted: A Clergyman

London Times Advertisement.

Patron of vacant living in East Anglia invites recommendations. Net value about £500 large rectory and grounds. Primary qualification, capacity to be guide, philosopher, and friend to agricultural people, for which in this case gentle birth essential. Open mind towards Bishop Barnes, birth control, and psychic research secondary but helpful.

Criticisms of The Canadian Macaroni

Pioneer Descendants Not Sufficiently Honored

The aftermath of centenary celebrations in Australia brings out some criticism on the part of those who thought pioneer descendants not sufficiently honored. The woman's editor of the Melbourne Argus replies:

"To try to discover the descendants of the pioneers in order to honor them would have been a colossal task, for there are many of them, and their claims would have to be examined."

"An effort might have been made, I think, to gather together on this occasion the sons and daughters of people who arrived in the first quarter of a century of our history, for there would not be many of them. But the idea does seem to have occurred to anyone, although the records are probably available in the sheets of remembrance sent in to the Women's Centenary Council."

"It is difficult to think what more could have been done in the way of entertainments to make this centenary occasion one for rejoicing and pleasure. I should have liked more music in the streets on the opening day; I should even have been glad to hear people singing; and I should have liked to see the crowds on foot managed a little better to avoid congestion at special points, for it is a nerve-racking business to be caught in a dense crowd. The people did not seem light-hearted."

Quintuplets' Father

Every time Dr. Dafeo makes the simplest observation or when one of the Dionne babies smiles or cries, or when the proud mother of five-at-once wishes to speak, the newspapers and radio carry the message from one corner of the globe to the other. We, and many others, have wondered why nobody thinks of the father. But perhaps it's all for the best, according to the way Wilson Macdonald expresses Papa Dionne's feelings in a new Canadian classic:

Veteran School Teacher Dies In Manitoba

Margaret Sydney Christie, veteran school teacher of Manitoba and Winnipeg, died here at the age of 61 years, following a lengthy illness.

Miss Christie had a long school record throughout the province. She came before the turn of the century and attended the Winnipeg Normal school under Principal Dr. W. A. McIntyre. Her first teaching position was held at Carman, Oak Lake and Mountain Side school, near Deloraine. In April, 1906, Miss Christie joined the Winnipeg public school teaching staff and continued in her position actively until June, 1926, when she retired with a long service allowance.

Quintuplets' Father

QUINTUPLETS OF "CALENDAR"
Mebbe you 'ear of Calendar—
Not on de wall—no, no, no,
I meen de town of Calendar,
An' Monsieur Doc Dafeo.

Mos' everybody 'ear of Rome,
An' Lunnon an' New York;
But no one 'ear of Calendar,
Except wan burd—de stork.

Wan day dat stork 'e sit alone
Jus' houtside Calendar;
An' den 'e swear; 'Til mak' you
know,
Aroun' de world, by gar."

Dat burd was right—dis leetle town
She's known where'er you go;
An' heverbody in de world,
Knows Monsieur Doc Dafeo.

De papers now get hextra hout
Eef wan quintuplet sneeze,
An' heverbody send night-gown
To keep dose kids from freeze.

An' heverbody in de world
From Nord Bay to Cape 'Orn
Are telling what de mamma say
When all de chille was born.

An' what was said by Doc Dafeo
Eees publish heverbewhere,
But what de poor ole man 'e say
Nobody seems to care.

Aviation To Play Big Part In B.W.I.

Port of Spain, Trinidad.—A forecast that aviation is destined to play a great part in bringing the West with each other was made recently by Colonial Secretary Sir Selwyn Grier as he returned home after a 4,500 mile aerial holiday jaunt.

Sir Selwyn declared that he and Lady Grier were "definitely air-minded" as the result of their trip—the first since he arrived here to become the island's Colonial Secretary. With Lady Grier, Sir Selwyn visited Jamaica, the Bahamas, Miami and other points.

Passengers to the number of 32, 100 were carried on British commercial aircraft last year.

Have You Heard?

Did you give a cheerful greet the friend who came along? Or a churlish sort of "Hi" and then vanish in the throes as you rushed along the way? Or is some one mighty grateful to a deed you did today.

Woman—You can't see me. Neighbor—No but you can see it.

A depression seems to put retired actors and actresses into circulation.

Girl—I made this cake all by self.
Boy—Yes, I can understand but who helped you to lift it to the oven?

In matrimony the first days are the easiest.

Two drunks were staggering at an early hour of the morn when they got into an argy about the sun and the moon.

First Drunk—'I'll stetch thash the moon!
Second Drunk—'I'll just catch thash the sun.

Stopping a man who chances come that way, they asked him to settle the argument for them. Stranger (apologizing)—'S fellaah, but I'm a stranger in parth.

Although painful, the he learned during the depression useful.

Some people require very sleep, says an eminent sociologist. And, evidently, as soon as they get about it, those people move our neighborhood.

Wife—That child doesn't get temper from me!
Husband—No, there is some yours missing.

We are very curious to know goes on at the broadcasting station that make people laugh so hat the comedians.

Jones—So you don't advise to go there for your vacation? advertise good meals.

Smith—Yeh! You are them the mosquitoes around there.

As far as crooners are concerned about a coast-to-coast hush.

Horace—Well, Howard, you miserable. What's wrong?
Howard—I am up to the neck in debt.

Howard—It cannot be as bad as that.
Howard—It is. My hat is the thing I've paid for.

Tramp—All I ask is to be paid work in my line. But I must be vided with the proper equipment.
Citizen—What is your trade?
Tramp—I'm a capitalist.

The fact that you can shut eyes to the truth does not keep from being the truth, and you get about with shut eyes, so fact.

A young naval student was kept through the paces by an air sea captain.

Captain—What would you sudden storm sprang up on the board?
Naval Student—Throw out anchor, sir.

Captain—What would you do another storm sprang up?
Naval Student—Throw out other anchor, sir.

Captain—And if a terrible storm sprang up forward, what would do?
Naval Student—Throw out other anchor.

Captain—Hold on, where are getting all your anchors from?
Naval Student—From the place you're getting your store, sir.

Flower Famine

(For a Calendar)
From the first snowdrop to the latest rose
The interval is long; but let us yet
The season of black nights
blankest snows
That parts the rose from the violet!

Love counts not time by years.
I count my winters by their ering hours;
Love's days are reckon'd by smiles and tears.
My summers by their flowers.
—George Douglas, in "The Gorge Herald."

DAVID COPPERFIELD

Weekly Serial — Part 3

Based on the Novel by CHARLES DICKENS



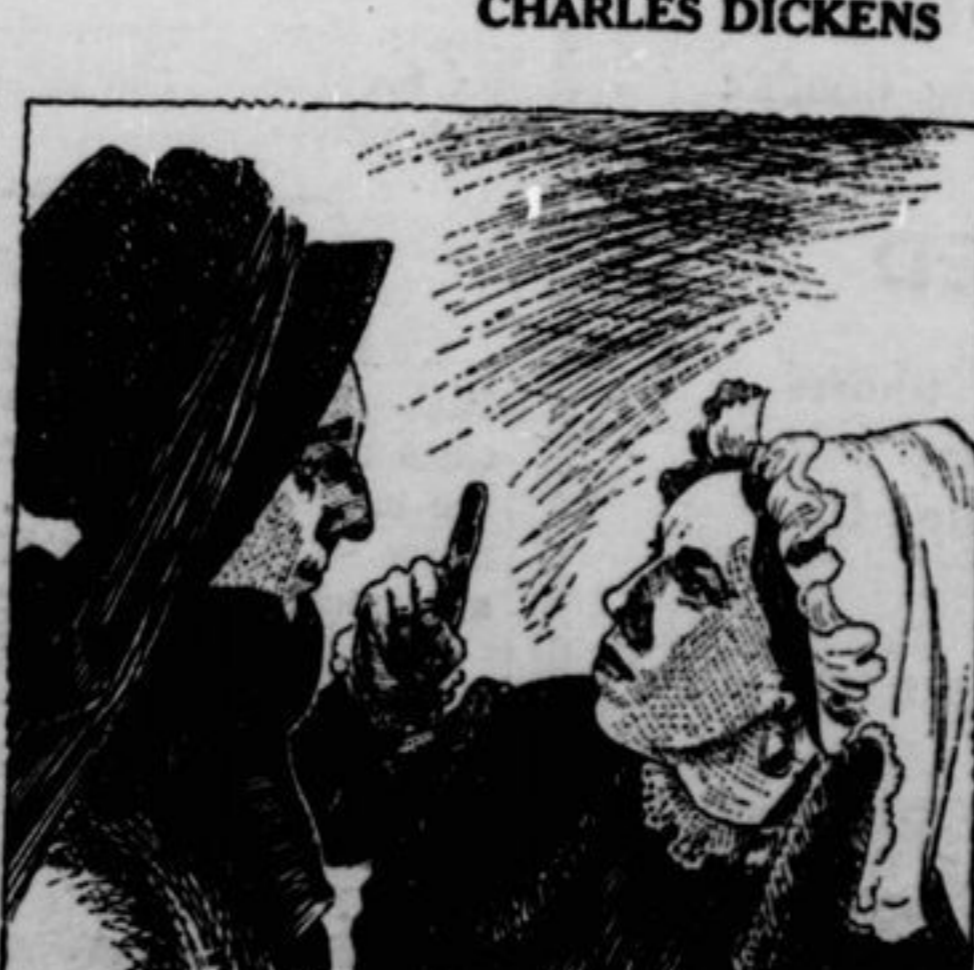
9 In the Spring, Mrs. Micawber's relatives pay their debts and release them from prison. But they are leaving for Plymouth to live with Mrs. Micawber's family. David is heartbroken until Mr. Micawber suggests that he go to his "cantankerous" Aunt Betsey Trotwood in Dover. The Micawbers' coach leaves amid loud farewells and David starts his journey.



10 At the very outset, he is robbed of his money and luggage box by a street loafer. He continues along the road to Dover on foot and encounters many dangers. He is nearly drowned in a violent thunderstorm, and then a Tinker Tramp beats him, stealing his one remaining morsel of food. But finally, he spies the Dover cliffs.



11 Aunt Betsey welcomes him with open motherly arms and her lodger, the jolly Mr. Dick, becomes his friend and playmate. But one day Aunt Betsey receives a letter saying the Murdstones are coming to take David away. Aunt Betsey sees them riding their donkeys over her precious, well-kept green and she runs out to drive them away.



12 A little later Aunt Betsey opens her door to them as if nothing had happened. The Murdstones declare David to be the worst boy in the world and they will have no mercy on him. Aunt Betsey orders them from the house. David is safe from the Murdstones—but another adventure awaits him. Be sure to watch next week's installment of "David Copperfield."