



A cleric in Winchester, England, blesses a consignment of flour before its distribution to 1,000 persons on the Tichborne estate. The gift of the flour is to stave off an 800-year-old curse, which says that if the

"Lady Day" dole of flour for the Tichborne tenants is not forthcoming, there will be a generation of seven sons, followed by seven daughters, the fall of the House of Tichborne and dying out of the name.

**WHAT IS MONEY?**

(by Lewis Milligan)  
 What is money? That may sound like a silly question, but it is doubtful if the average individual can answer it, except in a superficial way, by saying that it is made up of coins and bills stamped by public authority for use as a medium of exchange. But is possible to have an abundance of such coins and bills and at the same time have very little real money, for their value depends solely upon the amount of things we can procure in exchange.

"There is too much money about in this country," says G.L. Schwartz in an article entitled "Money Illusions," which appeared in a recent issue of the Sunday Times (London). "Never," he says, "has the private sector of the economy been more solvent financially, and more hard up in real terms. Most farmers are out of debt, industrial concerns have large reserves, the bank are highly liquid, and many families have substantial holdings in certificates, post-office savings and other encashable investments. These reserves may impart a comforting sense of security, but what other solace do they provide in the prevailing austerity?"

As an example of this illusory security, Mr. Schwartz cites the current position of the Unemployment Insurance Fund, which has £400,000,000 to its credit. That would provide for the paying of £10 million a week for 40 weeks. But, asks Mr. Schwartz, "where is the £400,000,000, and by what is it represented? The surplus has largely accumulated over the war period and in real terms it doesn't exist. It was blown into the air, and it has gone up in smoke with the yield of savings certificates, defence bonds, and all the other war loans. This is not ancient Egypt. There is no Joseph who has stocked granaries with 400 million pounds of food-stuffs."

The illusion and delusion is that this fund of £400,000,000 is generally regarded as an asset—savings for a rainy day—whereas it merely represents claims. As Mr. Schwartz says: "The unemployed can preen themselves that they are being financed in their own right with their own money, but their real sustenance will come out of current output. With all this money saved up for a rainy day, behold us half paralyzed because we did not save up fuel for a cold day." Mr. Schwartz concludes: "What is true of coal is true of everything else. The doctrine that full employment can be achieved and smoothly maintained by an adequate supply of purchasing power has failed at the first test, and it can go on the shelf with its fellow-delusion that the problem of production has been solved."

When Mr. Schwartz asks, "Where is the £400,000,000?" he raises a question which is of fundamental importance in regard to real money. If the average worker who paid part of his wages into the Unemployment Insurance Fund, were asked that question, he would probably answer that it was deposited in the National Bank or invested in some way, ready to be drawn upon when needed. But governments, unlike private individuals or corporations, do not have a savings account—and where could they invest? The government lives from hand-to-mouth on current revenue from all sources, and its only savings would be in the form of an annual surplus which is credited to the estimates of expenditures for the ensuing year. All claims for unemployment and other social security schemes must be met out of current taxes or public loans.

The point is that while the government mints coins and prints bills, the value of such currency is dependent upon industrial enterprise, the productivity and the costs of labor and all services—including government services, for which taxes have to be paid. In other words, a nation's real wealth consists of an untrammelled and profitable industrial enterprise which builds up a capital structure, which in turn depends upon the reasonable co-operation of labor in keeping down the costs of production.

If labor were to take away, in industry and give a minimum of work in return, the purchasing power of money would decline, and industrial enterprise would die, for there would be no reserves to draw upon for future emergencies or even to meet the various claims of social security.



**RT. REV. D. T. OWEN**  
 Archbishop of Toronto and Primate of all Canada of the Church of England, who died of a heart attack in Toronto, was known in Stouffville where he had taken part in church functions only last summer at Christ Anglican Church. His last visit was on the occasion of receiving a class for confirmation, when the group were photographed on the lawn of Mrs. A. S. Leaney's.

**Poetical Advertising Of Bygone Days**

The following poetic gem has been unearthed as having appeared in a Detroit paper back in 1850. It has been forwarded to The Tribune as good enough to be filed in the archives of this newspaper. All in poetry the item was written for advertising purposes. The author is John Boyer who was an uncle of the Joseph Boyer whom Detroiters affectionally remember to this day.

John Boyer lived in the village of Stouffville, and conducted a business here, the lines handled being indicated in the poetical-advertising he inserted in the press of that day. Anyway, here is the notice:

All the goods the trade demands,  
 Ladies' bonnets, cloaks and shawls,  
 Laces, spools and cotton balls.  
 Buffalo robes, men's hats and caps,  
 Augers, chisels, hammers, traps;  
 Butts and hinges, nails and screws,  
 Ladies' slippers, boots and shoes.

And medicine too, for every kind  
 That in good druggists' shops you find  
 Nitre, foetid gum and aloes  
 Oil of spike and root of mallows.

And now my list I have to end,  
 'Tis just a sketch I wish to send,  
 That everyone who wants to buy,  
 May thus be led to come and try.

The Tribune gives you circulation audited by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, and shows nearly 2,300 paid-in-advance subscribers.

**SINCLAIR CORNELIUS BURGIS**

The death occurred at the home of his son Harry Burgis, Campbellford, a widely known and highly respected citizen of Brock Township, Sinclair Cornelius Burgis, who has been in failing health for a few weeks, but was active until a week before his death.

Father of Sinclair G. Burgis who owns property in Unionville but who resides in Toronto at present, he was born in Brock Township in 1867, son of the late John Cornelius Burgis and Louisa Grove and the only survivor of a family of eight. After receiving his education at an early age he started his trade as a painter and decorator serving the community faithfully and well for a period of sixty years.

Left to mourn his passing are four sons, Ernest A., Toronto, Sinclair G., Unionville, Alfred E. and Harry of Campbellford; four daughters, Mrs. Jack Ford (Mabel), Mrs. Roy Kemp (Cora), Mrs. Luke Hayes (Etta), all of Toronto and Mrs. Clarence Wright (Estelle), Woodville; 25 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

**TERRIFIED BY SNAKE**

**COILED IN BANANAS**

Sudbury, April 12—Three days ago a local wholesale truck driver hung a fresh stalk of bananas in the window of a grocery store owned by Mrs. William Paquette. At noon Wednesday, when Mrs. Paquette attempted to cut away dead foliage topping the stalk, a flat black head darted at the knife she held while a long forked tongue hissed anger at the intrusion. On a chair below the bananas, played Mrs. Paquette's grandson, two-year old Alphonse Brisson.

Hearing her mother scream, Mrs. Maurice Brisson ran from the kitchen immediately behind the store and discovered coiled around the stalk inside the bunched fruit an enormous black and yellow snake. Summoned from the basement Mr. Paquette called police aid. Constable Hubert Guillet secured the head of the now viciously aroused viper in a pair of pliers. "When he felt my grip on his head the snake uncoiled from the stalk and launched an attack against me," stated Constable Guillet.

Although estimated to be at least six feet in length, the reptile measured only about two inches in circumference, so Constable Archie Steward had no difficulty grasping the body, but found it necessary to plant both feet on the snake's tail as it thrashed around attempting to escape. An axe was called into use as the constables after a 15-minute struggle pulled the snake outdoors and chopped it in several sections. The bananas were part of a shipment from Cuba and the species of snake is not familiar here. No one was bitten in the struggle.

**STROKES SKUNK, NOT 'PERFUMED'**

Bolsover, April 9—Mrs. Wm. H. Miller was collecting eggs when she saw what mistook to be a cat and started to stroke it. She soon realized her mistake and vacated the hen house in haste leaving the skunk as temporary tenant.

Shortly after the skunk left the hen house only to meet its doom outside. One egg thief will steal no more eggs and Mrs. Miller considers herself very lucky that she was not "perfumed."

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