# The Richmond County Record

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR | ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, CANADA, JUNE 20, 1936 | $2.00 PER YEAR

The Record's Motto: "Pledged but to Truth, to Liberty and Law; No Favor Wins Us, and No Fear Shall Awe."



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## Agricultural News of Richmond County

LOWER L'ARDOISE—A Garden Club was organized on [illegible] with 13 members present. Sampson, secretary, read an article on the "Potato Beetle". Mr. [illegible] son, teacher, is the enthusiastic local leader.

POIRIERVILLE.—The La Ronde Garden Club was formed in Poirierville school-house the week in May with Eleanor [illegible] appointed president and Jean Olsen secretary. James Britten was appointed local leader.

SOLDIER'S COVE.—A Garden Club was organized here quite early in the spring. The secretary Mildred MacDonald, reports favorable progress being made. Other officers are Susan James, president; Betty MacDonald, vice-president; Margie MacDonald, treasurer; Wm. James, local leader. At their regular meeting on May 8 Mr. James gave a talk on the proper method of preparing a garden. This Club is fortunate in having such a progressive teacher as Miss Vida Walsh to help them along.

HAY COVE.—A Garden Club was reorganized here for 1936 and is the veteran Club for Richmond County. They have appointed as president Kaye MacNeil; vice-president, Peter MacLean; secretary, Francis Tobin. The directors are: Mary Tobin and William MacNeil. They have decided to meet every two weeks to discuss problems pertaining to gardening. The section also boasts of a first-class Girls' Sewing Circle.

Other Sewing Clubs in the county are the O. L. A. Club, Arichat and Lower River Inhabitants. They have already held [illegible] the girls during the past [illegible] Samples of this fancy work done by Jean and Helen Malzard were shown us last week and reflect the highest credit on these apt girl pupils and their talented teachers.

WEST ARICHAT.—A Boys' Garden Club, although the last to be formed, is none the less important. Their average age is 18 years; they are an energetic bunch of young farmers. Vincent Boudreau, secretary, writes that at a meeting held on June 8 officers were appointed. Rev. Fr. Briand, who takes a paternal interest in the welfare of the young, addressed the boys and helped them form their Club.

## Death of Robert Morrison Dundee

There passed away at his home at Dundee on June 3rd, Robert Morrison, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

Deceased was a life long resident of this community. Quiet and unassuming, he possessed a genial and kindly disposition, and was a favorite of the youth as well as of the older people, to all of whom he was a sincere and true friend and good neighbor. He will be greatly missed by the many who loved to visit his home.

He is survived by a widow who untiringly attended him during his severe illness; one daughter, Katherine H., graduate nurse of the N. S. Hospital Staff, Dartmouth, N. S., and one son Robert A. R., at home, other immediate relatives who survive are his sisters, Mrs. Hannah MacLean, Sydney, N. S. who was with him during his illness, Mrs. Arthur Thompson, Los Angles, California, and two brothers, Roderick, Seattle, Washington, and Alexander, LeMars, Iowa.

The funeral, which was largely attended, was held on June 5th. Rev. J. P. Kaye officiated at the services in the home and at the grave. Interment was held in the old cemetery at McIntosh Point, Dundee, where his fore-fathers and two children were previously laid to rest. The bereaved have the sympathy of the entire community.

A pool of thought does not necessarily find its outlet in a flow of language.


Satisfying
King Cole TEA
Old English Blend


## Mixing Christinity With Business

There are people not a few who most emphatically affirm that any attempt to mingle Christianity with business is doomed to certain failure. There are a good many more who, while they do not say so, steadily refuse to believe in the possibility, although they are careful not to give expression to this thought. We are convinced, however, that when a man honestly tries to mix the Golden Rule in his business to the greatest possible extent he will discover—possibly to his surprise—that the process can go a great deal farther than he had any idea of when he started.

It pays to treat humanly. It pays to do business with others as we would like them to do it with us. Even a rogue feels mean when he returns evil for good, when he treats the man who treats him well. He does it at times, and yet never makes a good job of it. He says there is the feeling that he is not playing the game. If anyone could get the practicability of putting Christianity into business, he might want to try it and see how it works.

## PETIT DE GRAT NEWS

Lobsters are getting rather scarce and the canneries are not so busy as they were last month. The Richmond Shorefish, Ltd., are canning chicken haddies for a Montreal firm.

Shipments to the American market are very light at present. The run of haddock is about over, as the traps and trawl fishermen made only small hauls the past week.

The netters are preparing for the herring season which opens in July 1st.

Miss Marie LeBlanc, of West Arichat, instructress in needlecraft, was visiting the Consolidated school and also the Little Anse school during the week.

Mrs. Alex David passed away at her home on the South Side recently. She was over eighty years of age, and a respected old lady with whom it was a pleasure to converse. Surviving her are her husband and a sister, Mrs. Victor Martell, widow. Also an adopted son, William David. The funeral took place at St. Joseph's R. C. Church. Rev. Alfred Boudreau, P. P., officiated at the church and grave. We extend our sympathy to her husband and relatives.

The M. V. Jean Francis, Capt. Gerhardt, was in port on Saturday to take on live lobsters and fish for Boston, Mass.

Rev. Father Fallon, who conducted a mission here last winter, was a guest of Rev. Alfred Boudreau for several days. His many friends are pleased to see him looking so well.

The M. V. Marion M., Capt. Lukeman, was in port on Sunday with a cargo of Little Bras D'Or coal consigned to her owners, A. & R. Loggie, Mulgrave, N. S.

Mrs. Fred E. Samson (nee Agnes Boudreau) and others of L'Ardoise, came over by motor boat on Wednesday. Mrs. Samson was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred L. Boudreau, Bridge.

Miss Elizabeth Samson is spending a few months with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Samson, Arichat.

## L'ARDOISE FLASHES

Murdock Monbourquette of West L'Ardoise, passed away on Sunday morning after a long illness, he leaves to mourn a widow and three children. They have the sympathy of the community.

A. A. LeBrun, tax collector, was around these parts the past week.

D. A. O'Neil, Acadia Gas Engine tepresentative passed through here on Friday.

Patrick Sampson, who has been attending St. Mary's College, Halifax, returned home last week.

Dan Monbourquette, of Sydney accompanied by his mother, sister Madeline and Miss Mary Kennedy were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martell on Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Landry, who has been employed in Halifax, arrived home on Saturday to spend a months vacatinn with her mother, Mrs. Pacian Landry, Gracieville.

Dr. and Mrs. B. A. LeBlanc, of Arichat, were motor visitors here on Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Samson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. LaVash, of Sydney were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Martell on Thursday.

## WEST ARICHAT NOTES

After spending six weeks at St. Martha's Hospital and at the Victoria General Mrs. E. G. Barnett returned on Saturday last much improved in health.

Mrs. Edmond Forgeron has been visiting at Mulgrave.

Miss Lillian Doiron spent the week-end at Port Royal with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Doiron.

Alfred Poirier and Conrad Gerrior have returned from Antigonish to spend the summer vacation.

On Thursday evening a dance was given at the Town Hall by the newly formed Credit Union. It was a big success, about 150 attending and a substantial sum was realized.

Died, on June 16th, Charles Marchand, aged 85, at Port Royal, of ills incident to old age.

"Mother may I go out to swim?'
"Yes, my darling daughter,
But see that you cover each
lovely limb—
The local critics think you
ought ter."






## Building A Monument

When a man departs this life the question generally asked, particularly if he has been prominent in business, is: What did he leave? This of course refers to dollars and other property, which has come to be the general conception of a person's value.

How long a man will be remembered depends upon what he leaves. If during his life his one accomplishment was the accumulation of wealth, his memory will be carried only by those who benefitted from his will, and then not for long.

There is, however, a legacy which time will never efface. Acts of kindness, deeds that benefit humanity, some work for the common good, a patriot to one's country, these are what really count. A man may leave this world poor in pocket but rich in spirit, leaving behind a memory that will not need a monument of granite or brass to remind people that he once lived. A monument of golden deeds long outlives the monument of golden dollars, and there is much more satisfaction in doing good deeds than ever can come from the acts necessary to pile up cash in large quantities. It is well to al- [illegible] What am I

## NORTH ILE MADAME

Mr. and Mrs. Elzie LeBlanc and Miss Mary Landry also Louis Samson, were motor visitors from Sydney on Sunday.

Recent new cars includes Angus Bona, Capt. Alfred Pertus, chevs, Lennox Mauger and Edward Mauger, Ford V 8 Trucks and Mr. Lantin a Chrysler Imperial Airflow.

Simon Langlois motored from Sydney on Saturday and returning was accompanied by his wife who was spending two weeks the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Harding.

Mrs. Leonard Fougere, returned home from Cape LaRonde, on Tuesday where she was employed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Mauger.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. John Landry a daughter. Congratulations.

Paul Fougere has launched his small schooner.

Capt. Leonard Pertus has completed repairs to the mainmast of his schooner Eldora.

James B. Landry attended a meeting of the Canadian Legion held in Arichat on Sunday.

Alphonse McDonald, James E. Fougere and Wilfred Cordeau employed at Red Islands, spent the week-end at home.

A. D. Rankin, agriculture representative, was a business visitor from St. Peters on Saturday.

Peter Petitpas and Angus Bona, local taxi drivers were to Sydney on Friday returning on Saturday.

Several young men journeyed to Louisdale the past week in search of employment, but it seems as through the boundary line of immigration is Lennox Ferry Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Landry of Halifax are the guest of Mr. Landry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Landry.

George Fougere and Francis McDonald left for Kentville where they secured employment.

J. H. Moulton representing a Sydney firm was calling on trade on Monday.

Mrs. Fidelle Langlois is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Joe Samson, Little Anse.

Several young men motored to Petit de Grat on Monday to dig a cellar for Willard Marchand.

# Between Two Ports

By TANJONG

"Two state rooms?" queried the clerk. "Yes it can be managed as long as you don't mind them being on opposite sides of the corridor; the boat is very careful this voyage."

"It doesn't matter a bit so long as they are in the same corridor," said Mrs. Harvey. "My husband is just recovering from a very severe accident and must on no account be disturbed by strangers; in fact, it is important that no one shall go into his room but his own Chinese boy and, of course, myself. Can that be arranged?"

"If you speak to the steward in charge, I've no doubt that he will arrange for complete privacy," smiled the clerk. Jolly little woman, this. What a shame to be tied to the care of an invalid husband. "We could provide ambulance transport,, madam, if you wish?"

"Thank you, that's already done," said Mrs. Harvey.

An hour before the scheduled time of departure, Mrs. Harvey, followed by a Chinese boy, carrying hand luggage, appeared on board the s.s. Amritsa, and at once sought the steward in charge.

Certainly, beamed the steward in charge, she should have her husband's stateroom arranged in any way she pleased. He was coming on board in half an hour? Then he would personally see to it at once. That room directly opposite? Yes, it was engaged, but he felt sure that he could persuade the occupant to exchange for another.

She spoke to the Chinese boy who hurried ashore, then, with the steward in charge and two underlings, she directed the preparations for her husband's arrival. Half an hour later she was on deck to meet a stretcher bearing a blanket-swathed form, borne by two Tamils.

"But where is Ah Kwee?" she asked.

A quiet voice from the stretcher replied: "I sent him back to the clinic to fetch my despatch-case. I forgot it. He'll be here in a few minutes."

The sick man was carried below to his room, the two Tamils went ashore, and the inquisitive passengers returned to their own affairs and farewells. Presently the Chinese, Ah Kwee, was seen on deck carrying a small despatch-case and looking about inquiringly for his mistress.

"Gone below," said someone, and Ah Kwee hurried down to the stateroom.

Nothing more was seen of Mrs. Harv[illegible] she [illegible] dressed and very fascinating.

"A Tuan Besar, a big pot from the east coast," said the-man-who-always-knows-everything. "Dysentery? No, accident, mauled by a tiger. He is being sent to a hospital in India. Heard it from the steward in charge.

"Stunning little woman," was another's comment. "Look at the skipper grinning like a dog. She seems to have got him hobbled all right."

Ah Kwee came to her chairside with a menu and they watched her choosing dishes for her husband's tray. Obviously his appetite wasn't too delicate. After dinner she returned to her husband's room and no more was seen of her that evening, but the Chinese boy appeared from time to time on various errands not unconnected with glasses and bottles, for no steward was allowed inside the door.

The strict privacy of her husband's room did not apply to her own; before lunch on the second day, she had made friends with a dozen of the principal passengers, and was giving a cocktail party in her own quarters, and the following night she invited a select few to play contract. In spite of the heat, before the end of the first week bridge in Mrs. Harveys cabin had become an institution.

She declined all return invitations, giving as an excuse that she feared to go too far away from her husband who was quite helpless, but it was remarked that throughout her entertainments, Ah Kwee gave very little attention to the invalid, most of his time being occupied in looking after the needs of her guests. In fact, it was Ah Kwee who mixed the cocktails that possessed a kick that was sadly lacking in those obtained from the ship's bars. He was always there at the right moment with cigarettes, matches, or any other thing one might require. Ah Kwee was a treasure.

"Have you had him long?" asked a guest.

"As a matter of fact, only since my husband's accident," replied Mrs. Harvey. "We got him from the mission."

"Seem to have known a thing or two at that mission," chuckled the inquirer, "I envy you that boy."

She nodded. "Yes, I'm quite fond of him." Apart from meals, Mrs. Harvey's first and only appearance in public was on the occasion of a dance. Among the women there was a busy inspection of wardrobes, for they suspected Mrs. Harvey of still unseen glories in the way of dress, but there were those who could certainly outshine her in a display of jewellery, and throughout the forenoon the purser's safe was in a constant state of siege.

During that same afternoon an unfortunate incident occurred. There had been a contract party in Mrs. Harvey's cabin, and when it broke up and losses were being settled, one of the women found her bag empty of money.

"That's very odd," she declared. "I cashed a cheque for ten pounds with the purser just before I came in here. What could have happened to it?"

"Perhaps you forgot to pick it up," someone suggested; but the purser's office produced two witnesses who were sure that they had seen the notes put in the bag.

Mrs. Harvey was distressed. Ah Kwee? Not possible! The boy was so innately honest, and as it happened it was one of the few occasions when he had spent most of the afternoon with th einvalid. Still, she would make the most searching inquiries, and if it was certain that the money with the invalid. Still, she would hold herself responsible for its return. The other members of the party were annoyed; if the woman was so stupid as to mislay her money, why bother little Mrs. Harvey? Of course the Chinese couldn't have taken it, he had had no opportunity.

The following morning the incident was forgotten, overshadowed by a far greater calamity; the diamond necklace that last night had sparkled on the plump neck of the Dutch magistrate's wife, was missing. She was so certain that it was in its proper place when she was sitting out on the boat deck with the rich factor from Sourabaya, because the clasp had caught in his sleeve. It was not until she was going to bed that the loss was discovered. She had at once given the alarm; in fact, she had aroused the whole ship with her hysterical indignation, and everyone who was not already asleep turned out and joined in the hunt. The captain was informed, and under his direction the search went on throughout the rest of the night, but there was no sign of the missing jewels.

Immediately after breakfast "boat stations" was sounded and all the passengers were assembled. The crew and stewards were paraded and their quarters thoroughly ransacked, all to no purpose. Then the captain regretted that he would be obliged to search the passengers' cabins. Very distressing, but fifteen thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, at [illegible] belonging to one of the most valued passengers; there was no alternative.

"Of course we will not trouble your husband," he said to Mrs. Harvey. "That would be ridiculous."

But she insisted; of course they must search his stateroom, why should he be exempted? She would go and tell Ah Kwee to warn her husband.

n a few minutes she was back looking puzzled and alarmed. She couldn't find Ah Kwee anywhere; her husband had not seen him since he had brought in the breakfast tray, and nobody seemed to know where he was. The chief steward declared that the Chinese had fetched his master's breakfast at the usual hour and then was supposed to have gone to his own meal. So the hue and cry turned on Ah Kwee, and he was just as undiscoverable as the necklace.

"Just as I thought," said the woman who had lost that ten pounds. "That Chinese."

"Do you think your husband would mind—?" began the captain apologetically.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Harvey. "You must come and talk to him at once. Of course, I had to tell him about it, and excitement is so bad for him; but it can't be helped."

The captain and the purser went to interview the invalid. They found him on his bed, a thin, pleasant-faced man of middle age with his leg and thigh still in plaster splints.

"This is very annoying for you, Captain," he said in his quiet voice. "I find it very hard to suspect my boy of dishonesty. He had a first-class reference when he came to me and I have always found him perfectly straight; in fact, I would trust him as I would myself. I assure you that he was in this room not more than an hour ago. One thing is certain. He cannot possibly have left the ship, he's probably having a shut-eye in a quiet corner. I believe he was up rather late last night looking after my wife's friends. Whereabouts are we now?"

"We shall be in Aden this afternoon," said the captain.

"Then if you set a watch he cannot get ashore without being seen. If he is found guilty I shall almost feel that I am to blame. I only wish I could be of more help, but my thigh is still in plaster. Rather awkward for me, too; I'm helpless without Ah Kwee and, as you know, I am transhipping."

"Don't worry about that," said the captain. "I'll send one of the sick-bay stewards to look after you now."



"Please don't trouble," Mrs. Harvey. "I can do a necessary until we leave He's used to me."

When the captain gone she said to her hus right, Frank?"

"Quite safe," he grinned. "Tucked down inside this dashed splint. How about a spot of whiskey and soda? And you'd better pitch this thing overboard before we get in sight of land." He pulled from under the coverlet a soft rubber mask, the placid features of Ah Kwee.

But the arm of the law is long, and they played the trick just once too often. Which explains how this story came to be told. — London "Tit-Bits".

"Black Spots" Aid Drive Against Accidents




Black circles bearing the grim announcement "Black Spot' have been erected on lamp standards in New Bridge street, London, England. They also bear the admonition "Pedestrians and drivers take care." These notices are to be erected at all danger spots in the city as part of the Ministry of Transport's drive against road casualties. This picture shows the "Black Spot" notice on a lamp standard in New Bridge street.

# Sold for Taxes

"The Winnipeg Free Press published a few days ago a full page of pictures showing some of the properties which have fallen into the hands of the city through tax sales" observes the Ft. William Times-Journal.

"It is interesting to look over the pictures and to speculate upon what has taken place in the lives of those individuals who, with high hopes of either profit or personal enjoyment, built the various buildings shown, but who were unable finally to carry the load and were obliged to sacrifice all the money invested and to hand the whole property over to the city. "The city," of course, means the rest of the taxpayers, as it is they who now own these old buildings and it is their problem to finance the streets, the sewers, the lighting wires, the telephones and the water mains which have been constructed to serve these buildings, to maintain the police force, whose members trudge a little farther than they might have found necessary, had these buildings, which, of course, occupy space, never been built.

There is a wholesome lesson to be learned from these pictures and the story that can be glanced from them. They show that the fine residential district of today may be the third-rate boarding house district a few years hence, that men may plan their business and select the sites on which it will be carried on, but success is an elusive jade. What is absolutely unescapeable, like the final dissolution of all flesh, is taxes."

Teacher: "My goodness, Willie! How did you get such dirty hands?"
Willie: "Washin' my face."

**Knew His Place**

Neverwed: "I hear you've signed up as skipper of the good ship 'Matrimony'."

Juastwed: "No, my wife's the skipper. I married a widow. I'm her second mate.'

## Sonnet

All earth awaits the miracle of Spring
[illegible]en Winter's fetters are at last unbound,
Though closely still they seem to fasten round
The hearts that have no song of hope to sing.
With lavish hand doth Mother Nature fling
The richest treasures in her storehouse found,
And yet of penury there is strange sound;
No paean of rejoicing here doth ring.
But, as in days of old the world's great need
Called forth the men of action, men who willed
A way should open, and whose word and deed
The spirit of the forward march instilled,
So shall there come new master-minds to lead
Men to high destiny, to dreams fulfilled.

—Margaret Gaukrodger.

## J. P. Morgan's Nose

(By O. O. McIntyre in the Reader's Digest.)

When the present Anne Lindbergh was a little girl, J. P. Morgan, the elder, was coming to tea at the Dwight Morrows'. Fearing the frankness of childhood, Mrs. Morrow talked to the little girl beforehand.

"I need not tell you," she said, "that it is rude to comment on anything peculiar about people you meet, so, of course, if you notice that Mr. Morgan's nose is different you won't say anything about it."

Upon meeting the famous guest Anne fixed her eyes relentlessly on the celebrated nose. Her mother noticed this with trepidation and tried, not too obviously, to speed her departure. At last the child was gone—safely gone.

Mrs. Morrow breathed a sigh of relief and, pouring a cup of tea, she asked her visitor with a new complacence, "And now, Mr. Morgan, will you have cream or lemon in your nose?"

## Wayward Tongue

Warm heart and coldly reas'ning brain
Both seek to hold his tongue in rein
Though neither can ensure its reign
For one whole moment in the day.
For such this tongue's inconstancy
To either tyrant's dominance:
It marks their failure to agree
And flouts their speechless impotence.
When most the heart yearns to express
Soft sentiments or sympathy,
The wayward tongue it can't suppress
Will subject to sharp reason be.
And so when reason would invoke
The tongue just censure to impart:
Alas, before a word is spoke
The traitor fawns upon the heart.
Thus wavering 'twixt the sovereign pair
This villain dual homage pays,
Of rightful blame or worthy praise.
So its possessor knows no share

Ottawa. —Laura R. Hughes.

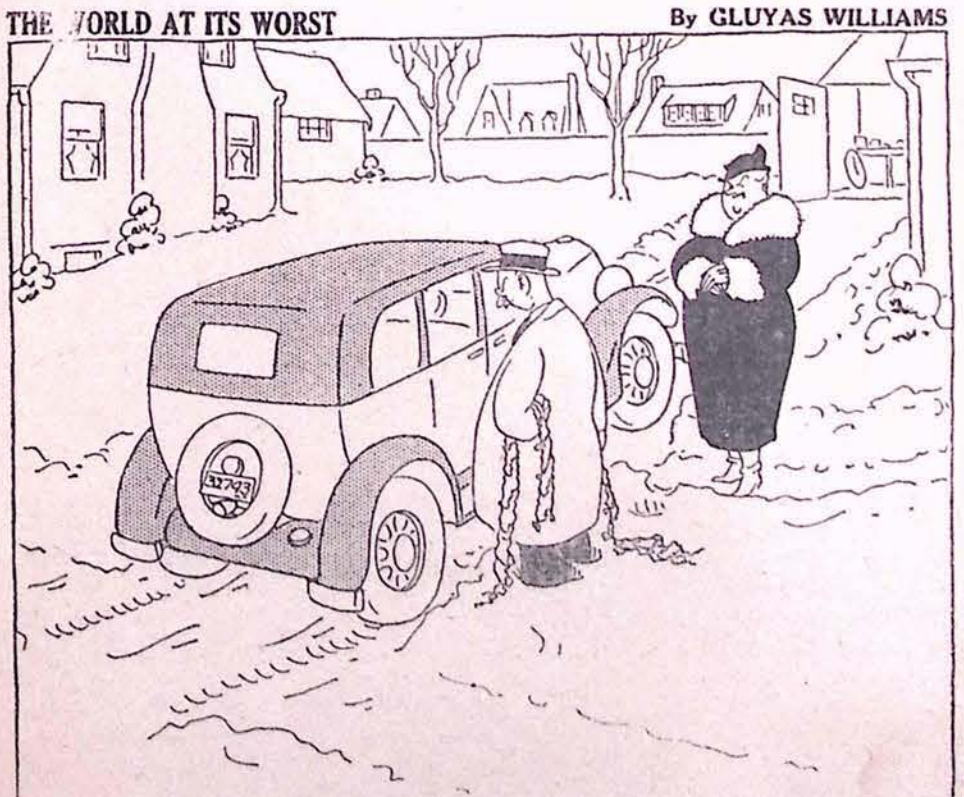
# Canada Receives A Compliment

"President Hauck of Maine University has again called the attention of Americans to the fact that knowsent in the neighboring republic obsent in the neighboring republic observes the Montreal Star." Dr. Hauck, a notable friend of Canada made a most interesting study of the matter some years ago. With the cooperation of a large number of schools on both sides of the line, he set a series of questions to young Canadians about the United Statea and to young Americans about Canada. Neither side altogether excelled in knowledge of their neighbors, but the little Canadians naturally went far ahead. A small nation living beside a great and populous one is inevitably more conscious of its neighbor than a large nation beside a small neighbor.

Based upon President Hauck's recent remarks, a number of Canadian papers have again raised the issue as to why this ignorance of Canada persists in the United States. They point out that, apart from feature news about Aberhart or the Dionettes, there is comparative little Canadian news in the American press. There is, however, one very comforting explanation. Canada is not thought of as a source of much trouble to its neighbor. It is not a "sore spot". If the Americans had experienced as much trouble in their relationships with us as with certain Latin-American countries, we would have become "news".

A confirmation of this is to hand. An American handbook entitled "An Atlas of Current Affairs," sets out, chiefly, the "sore spots' of the world, and places where trouble is likely to occur and to break into the news. Most of the space is devoted to obvious places like the Balkans, Middle Europe, Manchuria and Ethiopia. The United States itself gets brief mention for the Negro problem, rival interests in the Pacific, in the Caribbean, and "Yanqui Imperialismo" in Latin-America generally. Newfoundland in virtue of the fact that it had to be taken over by a Commission, gets a very brief chapter. Canada gets no mention at all."

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# HAD LUMBAGO FOR SIX YEARS

### Spent a Lot of Money Seeking Relief

For six years this man suffered with lumbago. After spending a great deal of money on various treatments he tried Kruschen Salts. Within three weeks he got welcome relief. He expresses his gratitude in the following letter:—

"For six years I have suffered from lumbago and rheumatism. I have spent a great deal of money on treatments, without avail. I was advised several times to try Kruschen Salts, but only recently did so. Now, after three weeks' treatment, I feel a new man, and walk with pleasure instead of pain. I sleep as I haven't slept for years, and am filled with a deep sense of gratitude to the chemists who have evolved Kruschen Salts.—R.T.

Lumbago, like gout and rheumatism, is frequently caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood. If you could see how Kruschen dulls those uric acid deposits, then dissolves them away altogether, you would agree that the Kruschen treatment must bring relief in many cases of lumbago.


# The Genius

"The latest writer about Shakespeare the man confesses, in effect, that there is little hope of learning more about him than already has been made known," observes the Ottawa Journal. "This is a good thing. It is not the man but the genius whom the world acclaims. Those who think they explain the creator of Lear and Juliet, Touchstone and Falstaff, by citing facts, real or supposed, about the man who was known to others as William Shakespeare are utterly mistaken.

"To understand Shakespeare, the creative genius, we must understand the England that made him, even to understand the world that made England. It is no wonder that the prying inquisitiveness about men of genius has provoked to their worst in our times those who engage in the ghoulish activity of "debunking." When admirers try to make a god of the man who was possessed by genius their errors are so many and so absurd that even a half-wit can lead the crowd in ridicule against them.

The man of genius, living or dead, has rights which all others are bound in decency to respect. The genius is openly displayed in the works produced whether those works be buildings, poems, laws or systems of thought. It is the right of anyone to examine those works, to appraise them, to explain. But the life behind the [illegible] more on display than any other. To inquire too deeply into it is not a work of acclaim or admiration but of morbid curiosity. It defeats its own ends. For the more the biographer deals with the life the farther he wanders from consideration of the genius which alone makes the life worthy of his attention. A biography so planned and produced may be a monument of devoted labor of ripe scholarship, of great literary skill, but it obscures rather than reveals that in which the world is interested, the workman whose creative power has enriched and glorified mankind. It is an error of pharisaism such as that which insisted upon regarding the gift upon the altar as greater than the altar itself."


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# Bank of Canada Plans Building

### Site Now Is Being Sought For Own Quarters At Ottawa

OTTAWA—Negotiations are being carried on by the Bank of Canada for purchase of a property on Wellington street on which it is proposed to erect a building which would serve the needs of the bank for many years to come. Graham Ford Towers, governor of the bank, questioned on the report that a property had been bought, said nothing had been settled.

The site for which negotiations are under way would place the bank premises in close proximity to the Confederation Building and the new Justice Building, which is now nearing completion. The new bank would be almost directly opposite the latter structure, which will house the department of Justice and offices of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

At the present time the Bank of Canada occupies rented quarters on Wellington street and will probably remain there at least until the present two-year lease expires. The proposal is to erect a modest building sufficiently roomy to provide for expansion.

Before Parliament prorogues it will be asked to consider a resolution which calls for the acquisition of sufficient shares for the Bank of Canada to give the government ownership of the controlling interest. Under the existing set-up it is largely under control of the government, but the intention is to obtain ownership as well as control.

# The Skunk as a Pet

Writes the Stratford Beacon-Herald.: "A news item the other day stated that some people in Ohio were due for a surprise on opening a box stolen from a parked car as the contents were—a pet skunk.

As a matter of fact skunks can be made very delightful pets. It is necessary, of course, to extract the sac containing the fluid which he uses for defence, but when that is done the result is very pleasing, for besides being a very pretty animal, the skunk is a gentle and playful companion and can be trained to do things just like a dog. People who have deodorized skunks report they are affectionate and amusing and quite harmless playmates for children.

People are too much down on the skunk. He is really one of the best friends a farmer has. He destroys more beetles, grasshoppers and small insect pests than all other animals put together. True, he eats eggs and sometimes kills a chicken, but the balance is heavily in his favor.

Quite a respectable family man is the skunk. If you are fortunate you may sometimes see him stepping along sedately at the head of his wife and children — about ten of them—in single file, searching for food. He does not seek to annoy anybody, but if you come upon him suddenly and startle him, look out. When he turns his back toward you it is time to run."

# No Extra Charge For Flying Post

### Air Mail Fees Between London and North Sea Countries Abolished

LONDON—No extra "air mail" fee is now necessary for postal air transport from the United Kingdom to Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden.

Letters and postcards addressed to places in those countries will be conveyed by air at the ordinary international postage rates whenever use of the air method will expedite delivery. Once again, Great Britain has taken, this time with the co-operation of four countries, a big step forward in the development of air mail services.

Air mail leaving London one morning is delivered by first post in Copenhagen the next.

"Italian Fascism is less concerned with the happiness of living Italians than with the gallant effort to make ancient Romans of them all."
—Dorothy Thompson.


## *"The Contester"*

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# *Farm Problems*

Conducted by
PROFESSOR HENRY G. BELL
with the co-operation of the various departments of Ontario Agricultural College.

**The business of farming is yearly becoming more and more dependent upon facts that have been gathered regarding livestock and livestock management, crop production, soil management, disease and insect control and business organization of the farming industry. Individual problems involving one or more of these, and many other phases of agriculture, engage the attention of Ontario farmers from day to day.**

**Through this column farmers may secure the latest information pertaining to their difficulties. To introduce this service Professor Bell has prepared the following typical problems to indicate the information which should be given in order that a satisfactory answer can be made.**

**If answer is desired by letter enclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply. Address all inquiries to Professor Henry G. Bell, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.**

N. V., Algoma Co. (a):—We wish to top dress our hay fields this spring with commercial fertilizer. The soil is clay, not acid in reaction. The hay is Timothy and Alsike. Which of the three should be used, Nitrate of Soda, Sulphate of Ammonia or Nitro Chalk? How much per acre, the sand being poor?

ANSWER: — Of the materials you mentioned, I believe you would be safest in top dressing your hay fields with Sulphate of Ammonia. This material applies 20 lbs. of pure Nitrogen to the 100 lbs. of salt. Its only objection is that it produces a slightly acid reaction. If you scatter it evenly on top of the dry grass at the rate of 150 lbs. per acre your grass should not suffer from burning. If it is applied when the grass is damp, there is a danger of the particles sticking to the leaves and having a burning effect on the grass. If you continue to top dress your soil with Sulphate of Ammonia, it will be necessary for you to lime your soils once in three or four years to counteract the acidity, otherwise, legumes, such as clovers, will die out. Nitrate of Soda is a neutral salt which carries 15 lbs of nitrogen to the 100 lbs. It is very soluble and readily taken up by the grass and legumes. Its only defect for your land is that it has a puddling effect on clay.

QUESTION II (b):—Is it good practice t ospread Wood Ashes over the manure piles and covered up again, then mixing it. Would it save the chemicals of the ashes or would it harm the manure? This is done for lack of space, to retain ashes under cover till spring.

ANSWER:—It is not good practice tice to spread Wood Ashes over ure pile. Ashes carry about 6% actual potash which, of course, would be a good addition to the manure. However, manure carries over 30% of active lime (CaO). This would have the effect of letting loose the Ammonia from the manure whereby you would lose nitrogen from the manure. I would advise storing the ashes, protected from rainfall and scattering it on the ground in the spring when you are getting the seed bed ready. This will give you full advantageous from the ashes.

# A Plague of Mice

### Over-running Southern Ontario—Short-Eared Owls Aid Farmers

Many parts of Southern Ontario are suffering from a plague of field mice. Young fruit trees and shrubs of many kinds have been girdled, corn left in stooks in the fields over winter has been robbed of [illegible] grain and grassland is honeycombed with the runways and burrows of the mice. Mice have been more abundant than they have been for many years.

At the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, there has recently been placed on view an interesting exhibit illustrating another phase of the mouse plague. This includes a pile of owl pellets containing the skulls of hundreds of mice eaten by short-eared owls, which roosted during the winter on the grounds of the Bathurst Golf Course just north of Toronto. The bones and hair of mice eaten by owls are not digested but are cast up in the form of compact pellets. A half bushel of these pellets were gathered up beneath ornamental evergreen trees which had served as winter roosts for several owls. Examination of 350 of these pellets selected at random from the pile revealed the remains of 536 mice and 4 birds.

The mouse whose unusual abundance is attracting such wide attention is the meadow or. field mouse, sometimes called vole. It is a stout mouse, covered with rather long brown hair. It is distinguished from the house mouse and the deer or white-footed mouse, the other two common species found in Ontario, by its short tail, small ears and tiny eyes. It is active by day while the other two are active at night.

Several causes have been suggested for the present abundance of field mice, including the scarcity of hawks and owls, many of which are known to feed extensively on mice. It is known that mice of several kinds vary in numbers from year to year in much the same way as the snow-shoe rabbit or varying hare does. Over a period of years, they gradually increase in numbers until unusual abundance is reached, when they begin to decline until they are again scarce. Such fluctuation recur with surprising regularity in the populations of many animals. In the case of the rabbit, it is nine or ten years between successive peaks. It is not known definitely what the mouse period is but it is probably four or five years. The present peak of numbers of the meadow mouse is an unusually high one.

Correspondents can assist the efforts being made to understand these fluctuations in animal numbers by communicating their observations on the present mouse plague to the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, Toronto.

### Sure To See It

Sister—"Where can I put this so I won't forget it when I go out?"

Brother (like all brothers)—"Put it on the looking-glass."

# *Quack Grass Wheat*

(Toronto Telegram)

Quack grass, hated in the United States as a noxious weed, has been hybridized with wheat by a Russian plant breeder, Dr. H. B. Tzitsin, the Tass Agency at Washington has been informed. The new grain grows perennially, like its quack grass parent. This, says Science Service, would presumably give it the double advantage of not having to be sown every year, and of covering and binding the soil against erosion with a continuous mat of roots.

Small-scale experiments with the hybrid grain indicate that it will yield more flour, bushel for bushel, than "straight" wheat. Bread baked from the hybrid grain flour is said to be of good quality and flavor.

Another of Dr. Tzitsin's hybrid wheats combines four wheat varieties in its pedigree, and is declared to be a phenomenally heavy yielder, one stalk producing as many as 400 grains. Still another hybrid wheat has been evolved for growing in the short-summered north; its grain can be matured in as little as 67 days.

# Car Lights

Howard Vincent O'Brien in Chicago Daily News writes: "The automobile headlight, however, remains at the horse-and-buggy level. Not a particle of progress seems to have been made in the effort to provide a light which will not blind the other fellow. There are various devices on the market which are supposed to eliminate glare. I have seen no evidence that they do.

On this trip I have seen a half-dozen large trucks lying overturned in ditches—grewsome spectacles. I cannot say what caused these mishaps, but I would guess (1 headlight glare, (2) sleepy drivers. Truck drivers are sometimes requred to work longer hours than the human frame can endure. And a sleepy driver is more dangerous than a drunken driver.

While on this theme I might mention that good driving seems to be on the increase. There is unquestionably less speed, and infrequent enough to be notable are instances of such follies as passing on hills and curves. Still at large, however, are numerous examples of the sort of imbecile who goes past parked cars at forty miles an hour and who sticks too close to the car in front of him."


# WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

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# Hurry Cited As Accident Cause

### Pedestrians, Cyclists and Motorists Would All Benefit by Making Haste Slowly.

Hurry is certainly one of the important causes of road accidents; hurry on the part of the motor-car driver, the pedestrian, the cyclist and other road users, writes Oliver Stewart in the London Morning Post. It is one of the hardest of all causes to deal with, which is perhaps why it is so rarely mentioned.

Most motorists have met fairly frequently the pedestrian who sees his omnibus starting on the other side of the road and who, in his hurry to catch it, darts across in front of oncoming traffic.

At such moments the pedestrian fails to note the speed of oncoming vehicles or whether the road is slippery or not. He fails to notice whether it is possible for him to be seen as he makes his sudden dive into the traffic. The only thing that carries him forward is the hurry to get on the step of that omnibus.

The cyclist in a hurry does various things. One of the commonest is to turn a left-hand corner while traffic is passing and, instead of awaiting an opening to get on the correct side of the road, to ride along close to the left-hand curb. This is a dangerous practice which is extraordinarily prevalent. One sympathises with those who ride delivery bicycles, who are often hard pressed to get through all their orders in the time allotted; but they should be persuaded, no matter how great the hurry, to resist the temptation to ride on the left-hand side of the road.

The motorist in a hurry manifests his condition by violent acceleration and braking and by frequent use of the horn. He makes stabs at every opening to try to get through and jumps away on the amber at the traffic lights. To be drunk in charge of a motor-car is regarded as a serious offence. To be in a desperate hurry in charge of a motor-car is more dangerous.

### Bad Manners

I have known drunken drivers who drive in a slow, rather dignified, and essentially safe way; but I have never known a driver who is in a desperate hurry to drive other than in an exceedingly dangerous way. Hurry is one of the prime causes of bad road manners, bad driving, and bad accidents.

So far those who make it their business to invent regulations have not hit on any means of determining a state of hurry, so they have not made it an offence when in charge of a motor-car. Possibly they do not appreciate what a large part it plays in road accidents. But motor-drivers should recognize the risks which attend it, and should train themselves to resist it. It is difficult, when the traffic refuses to "run" and every clock shows that the chances of catching that train, or being punctual for that important appointment are receding, to refuse to hurry; but such refusal forms an essential part of the training of every safe driver.

In a run of 50 miles the amount of time that can be gained by hurrying, as compared with fast, but safe driving, is extraordinarily small. The driver should learn to recognize his fastest safe speed, and refuse, no matter what the incentive, to go beyond it. No matter how one concentrates, one cannot drive through traffic and populous districts faster than a certain average — which varies slightly with the car, but very little with the driver — and the important thing is to recognize that average.

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# The Richmond County Record

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Arichat, C. B. June 20, 1936


## NOTE AND COMMENT

If in the days of Job it could be said that "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards" what should be said of present world conditions?

In the Conservative school of thought in Ontario, it sems to the RECORD, that the three R's appear to be Rowe, Religion and Repeal.

Totem poles are being carried away by British Columbia floods, but no doubt someone will soon totem back again.

When is a bathing suit not a bathing suit? asks a contemporary. When it's a lawsuit, apparently,

It's just the cussedness of things, but when the price of potatoes goes up the average grower has none to sell.

"Housewives Are Up in Arms," announces a contemporary. As long as it's their husbands' arms they are up in, no one is likely to criticise.

A gossip works with telling effect.

Neurologist claims people who drive cars seldom walk in their sleep. Some of them never walk at all. That's why they get so fat and sluggish.

A resident in the West Bay district claims that rabbits thereabouts have been known to climb trees. He even cites what claimed to be a "bunny-fide" case of this.

When Hon. Mr. Bennett was talking about judges why didn't he say something about those who will not pay their bills?

One swallow does not make a summer, but two or three of them sometimes make a motor accident.

Now that the really hot weather is at hand, the good ladies who have been shivering at intervals during the spring will no doubt bring ont their summer furs.

A court has ruled that parents have the right to spank their children. But many parents are too busy raising cane in other ways.

The local angler who used gold-fish for bait was certainly trying a bowled experiment.

A visit to Malcolm H. Morrison's Dundee Camping Resort will give you the glad and hopeful feeling that it is good to be alive, even if the business and industrial outlook looks none too good. A visit to this charming summer resort will drive away the blues, dispel all gloomy forebodings, and give one a new outlook on life.

A man came into our office the other day and stated positively that he had never told a lie in his life. He and George Washington will have rather a lonely time together later on.

## Another Letter From J. A. Boudreau

The Richmond County Record:

Dear Mr. Editor:—Time did not permit me to answer Mr. Stewart's letter in your issue of last week but while I have a little time at my disposal I shall ask permission to correct him again. He has another long letter in the Record. We have only just started our Study Clubs and our Co-operatives and it does not take much study to see that he puts his foot in it this time. In fact everything he says can be flatly contradicted. There is a funny price reasoning in his long letter. He tells us that the farmers and fishermen of Richmond County were all well of and prosperous not so many years ago and that they are all poor now as everybody knows. It is quite a few years before the beginning of the Extension program, since they got poor. The Royal Commission on the Fisheries of 1927 proved that pretty plainly. It certainly was not the co-operative movement that made them poor. Outside of Petit de Gras there has been until recently very little co-operation in Richmond County. It is true that Credit Unions have started in several communities throughout the county during the past few months, but surely Mr. Stewart would not expect these to make us all wealthy in a year or two, Now, what the fishermen and farmers want to ask Mr. Stewart is this: How is it that the people of Richmond County got so poor? Did they not have smart business men like Mr. Stewart handling their business for the last hundred years? They must have made a pretty bad job of it. Apparently the great sacrifices they have made in doing business for the people have all gone in vain. It is too bad that so much good effort put forth by Mr. Stewart and more like him in their great love for the people in servicing them as he says have not left the county in better condition. But there is beginning to be a great doubt in the minds of the people as to whether his way is the right one. He has had his chance to prove its worth and if the people believe that there is a better way that will improve their conditions why should they have to ask premission to try it out? It is about time that the business men realized that the majority of the people know the reason why they are in business is to make money for themselves and that they will only stay in business just as long as they are doing so. Mr. Stewart goes on to say that co-operative organizations thru which the people can buy flour, feed, fertilizer etc., are not good things at all and that these organizations should put up stores and pay taxes. Well as I have already mentioned in my last letter they will save enough money thru this kind of buying to pay their taxes and we want to tell Mr. Stewart that putting up stores is exactly what we are planning to do when we know enough about co operation, we are going to put up stores, run them, pay taxes and give all the other services that he has been trying to give. That may be sooner than Mr. Stewart likes. There is nothing new about the co-operative stores, over a dozen of them have been set up in Eastern Nova Scotia during the past five years. Mr. Stewart surely must know about the success of the British Canadian Co-operative of Sydney Mines which started about twenty five years ago with a few dollars capital and has done as high as $1,750,000 in one year. Last year they paid back in dividends to its members $76,546,79.

Abuse and threats on the part of Mr. Stewart is not going to get him anywhere. We know why he is worrying over the terrible way that the people are being fooled by what he calls men who have "only a sketchy knowledge of business" If he wants to know what the people think of the Extension program let him go to Harbor Boucher, Dover, Judique or Cheticamp or any of a dozen other places and ask what they think of it. They are saving money thru this movement and I am sure they will not ask Mr. Stewart's permission to keep on with the work.

He mentions a report that appeared in the Halifax dailies All kinds of foolish statements are being made by reporters to the press from time to time but we are not interested in such. This sort of thing fools nobody, what we are after facts and we are going to get them.

A few words again on Credit Unions. He gives the idea that the people are contributing their money to an outside organization. If he knows what a Credit Union means he must know that it is the people who own, operate and get all the benefits derived from it. The twenty five cents he mentions they lose is something to make him guess about. He states that the Credit Union demands 1 p. c. Perhaps Mr. Stewart never studied percentage and its applications much, at any rate the Credit Union law of Nova Scotia allows the Credit Union to charge a maximum of 1 p. c. per month on un paid balances which is a very different thing from charging 1 p. c. per month or 12 p. c. per year on a loan. When the government of Nova Scotia passed this law they doubtless studied this matter carefully, they then passed it which shows that there is nothing crooked about it. Mr, Stewart seems to think that Credit Unions have only started yesterday. He perhaps doesn't know that they have been in successful operation for the last 80 years and that there is nothing fishy about them. In any case his opposition is not going to have much effect.

The case of the fellow saving $10.00 on a suit in Truro is nothing else but true. We have ample proof of these little things when we know they heppen in our communities. Our own case proof is right here where a fellow saved $1.50 on two nets by borrowing $15.00 from our Credit Union.

The sad case of the poor people of Germany, Russia, etc., why even if they are all what Mr. Stewart says can he blame unions as the cause. Let him read the history of the Rochdale pioneers and then he will find something very startling enough to convince him that after all unions are great helps to communities. Those are only a few things out of many Mr. Editor that I am bringing to Mr. Stewart's attention, Surely if he thinks it over he will not use his head for anything else but his own business from now on.

Thanking you again for space Mr. Editor.

Yours truly

J. A. BOUDREAU

Petit De Gras, C. B.
June 15, 1936.


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H. Compton, physics research expert, recently returned from a trip to Honolulu on S. S. Aorangi, after studying activeness of the cosmic ray in the southern hemisphere. A specially constructed house on the liner's after-bridge contained the delicate apparatus for the purpose of securing more data on the little-known but ever present ray during the ship's Antipodean trip.


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Elizabeth Dadson

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Any Time is Tea Time
"SALADA"
TEA
304

# Postman's Knock

By RUSSELL HEATLEY

In Acacia Road the rat-a-tat of the postman's assault on the front doors coincides with train time for most of the people who inhabit it. At exactly 8.30 every morning he turns the corner of Acacia Road, plays a running tattoo on its knockers, and emerges triumphantly at the other end at almost exactly 8.42.

He likes Acacia Road, partly because he himself lives just round the corner from it, but mainly because it is unique in his round in having only one side, the whole of what would ordinarily be the odd-numbered houses being given over to the fence of a school playing-field.

One of his queer fancies, in fact, particularly during these past few weeks, when he has been more than usually worried, is to imagine that Acacia Road has two rows of houses in it, and to allow himself double the necessary time to deliver its load of bills and threats! In this way, he is comforted on the whole of his round by the knowledge that he has that much time in hand.

This morning at 8.30 Acacia Road was shrouded in mist. Throughout the whole road there was the usual morning expectancy, but in Number 10, where the postman's knock was due at exactly 8.33, intense expectancy reigned. Here, two ordinarily hungry young men, robed in the discreet black coats and striped trousers which would presently lend dignity to City offices, played with their breakfast and looked now and then at the clock.

At 8.30 George, the elder, said complacently: "Well, Cyril, old boy, in three minutes now, it'll be popped through the jolly old box. It'll be—er—faintly perfumed with—oh, help! The point is that I'm dead certain she'll accept. Tell you what. I bet you ten bob she marries me!"

Cyril scowled at his brother. "You're always so sure of yourself, aren't you. In a few minutes' time you may be laughing on the other side of your face. And—"

He broke off and glanced at the alarm clock, which now said 8.32. "First of all let's get this quite clear. You did tell Helen in your letter, didn't you, that unless she answered by return you'd take it that there was nothing doing?"

"I did," answered George, a little less smugly.

"And you told her not to reply at all if her answer was 'No'?"

George lit a cigarette.

"Correct, but she will say 'Yes' in about—twenty seconds—now."

The clock said 8.36. George's spirits fell, and his brother's rose correspondingly. There was a short silence, during which two pairs of eyes were glued on the clock, and two pairs of ears strained to hear the now doubtful rat-a-tat.

"Well," cried Cyril, triumphantly. "So that's that. Helen is not so smitten as you kidded yourself she was, and, by our arrangement, I am now at liberty to have a shot at her myself at lunch-time."

Two minutes later he popped his head round the kitchen door and shoulted jubilantly at George. He carried his bowler hat and neatly-rolled umbrella. "Cheer up, George. Too bad there wasn't a letter from Helen, but you didn't get my bills either. . . . By the way, old boy, I've borrowed ten bob out of your wallet to pay for the lunch. I'm a bit short myself. Bet you ten bob she says 'Yes' to me."

The door of Number 10 opened and Cyril emerged, whistling jubilantly. As he passed Number 22, Mrs. Lloyd peered out into the gloom, turned back and slammed the door.

When Mrs. Lloyd was what she called "dressed," people took her for thirty-five, but now, sleepy-eyed, faintly grimy, and with hair in curlers, she looked fifty, and momentarily Cyril had depressingly to dismiss the inconceivable thought that one day Helen might look like that.

Mrs. Lloyd sat down in a creaky wicker chair and, unseeingly, poured herself out another cup of strong tea. The hand with its broad wedding ring rested on the table; involuntarily she dropped in out of sight on to her lap.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. And he had forgotten. Suddenly Mrs. Lloyd's head sank forward and tears fell on the red table-cover, where the breakfast cloth failed to cover it. This was the first time she had cried over Wilfred for many years. Nor was the solitary fact that he had not even bothered to send her a card from Manchester the sole cause of her tears. This was merely the culminating symbol in a chain of small happenings which had led her to suspect that Wilfred no longer cared anything about her.

She was getting old and unattractive. No longer was it possible to disguiso this from herself, and during the long weekdays when Wilfred was away on his journeys, veiled but spiteful comments from her sister about the unusual opportunities of philandering enjoyed by travellers did not add to her composure. And Wilfred was still such a fine figure of a man!

Mrs. Lloyd dabbed her eyes with hands which had recently lit the kitchen fire. Why had she not taken her mother's advice about the dangers of marrying a traveller?

Highly-coloured, vivid pictures of what Wilfred might be getting up to with young hussies in the shops he called on flashed miserably across her mind. If only Wilfred had sent her even a postcard! To forget her entirely—that was the last straw.

Suddenly raised voices in the next-door kitchen reminded Mrs. Lloyd that others had their troubles. In general, Acacia Road keeps its domestic discords strictly private, but feeling in the Smith menage was now running so high that not even Acacia Road's pre-war walls could keep it completely from the ears of the people next door.

At this moment Mr. Smith stood at the kitchen door, furrows of bewilderment on his bald expanse of forehead, mild eyes blinking sheepishly behind his spectacles, while his wife bombarded him with a torrent of words on the old familiar topic—Mr. Smith's general failure to rise to the financial demands of his growing family.

"But, my dear," protested Mr. Smith, "we simply can't afford it! Next year, perhaps—"

"Next year!" Mrs. Smith shouted sarcastically. "Next year! Whatever wants doing or buying, it5s always next year with you. Ever since we've been married it's been next year this, and next year that, and the result is that we're always five years behind with everything."

She paused for breath. "And it isn't as if you hadn't got a decent job. The trouble with you, Claude, as mother always says, is that you're lazy, a spendthrift—on the wrong things—and selfish. You have what you want, but me and the children—we can wait until next year! I . . ."

Mr. Smith had been so preoccupied with a problem of his own during breakfast that he had hardly listened to his wife's initial outburst. It was this that had roused her to the present extremes of sarcasm. Mr. Smith had, the previous week, completed his only football pool coupon of the season. Subsequent research on the Sunday showed that he had forecast the result of twelve games with complete accuracy, and was due this morning to receive the sum of £755.

But just at 8.30, when the postman was almost due, Mr. Smith had remembered with a sinking heart that last year he had failed to send the two shillings which he owed to another pool promoter. Technically, therefore, he was on the black list, his entry of last week was null and void, and he was not entitled to his prize. On the other hand, there was a remote chance that his one misdemeanour might have been overlooked.

For Mr. Smith the five minutes during which the postman might have knocked were a nightmare of alternating hopes and fears, and the fears had proved to be well justified. There was no postman's knock at Number 24 that morning, and for the fiftieth time Mr. Smith thanked whatever powers had moved him to say nothing to his wife until he got his money.

As he thought of £755 lost, he shrank still more under his wife's torrent of words. £755 would have changed her from the virago of the moment into the pleasant creature he had married. Mr. Smith sighed and prepared to beat a strategic retreat. "Good-bye, my dear. 'Fraid I haven't time to talk it over now."

He went out into the mist, which was beginning to lift, and began to climb the hill to the station. Just as he disappeared round the corner, while a neighbouring clock struck nine, Postman Bill appeared agitatedly at the other end of Acacia Road and collided with an acquaintance.

"For the love of Mike, Bill!" exclaimed the latter. "You're half an hour late. What's happened?"

"It's a boy. Born at six this morning. They wouldn't let me see him or the missus earlier. So I just had to take a chance and pop in. They're fine. Both of 'em!"

He paused, then he grinned and said brusquely, "Gotter hurry now. Most of these 'ere look like bills. Don't suppose anybody's missed 'em. So long!"

At Number 10 he delivered a faintly perfumed acceptance of a proposal of marriage. For Mrs. Lloyd there was a small package which turned hell into heaven, although she kept him waiting while she dried her tears. And for Number 24 there was a cheque at which a thin, angular woman gazed with stupefaction and not a little suspicion.—London "Tit-Bits".

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## What Is a Boy?

He is a person who is going to carry on what you have started.

He is to sit right where you are sitting and attend when you are gone to those things you think are so important.

You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends upon him.

Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate, and occupy your place on the Supreme Bench.

He will assume control of your cities, towns and nation.

He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, universities and corporations.

All your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.

Your reputation and your future are in his hands.

All your work is for him, and the fate of the nations and of humanity is in his hands.

So it might be well to pay him some attention.

—Author Unknown.

## *Physical Defects In Young Common*

SWANSEA, Ont.—Of 24,000 public school children examined in Toronto during 1935, 9,000 were found to have physical defects, according to Miss Margaret Gould, general secretary of the Toronto Child Welfare Council. Those entering public school have a larger percentage of defects than those in high school, Miss Gould declared.

The man who never has money enough to pay his debts has too much of something else.—J. L. Basford.

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## Saving Vs. Hoarding

It is right that people should save, not just for the sake of saving, but only when one can afford to save. Following the the old saying of putting something aside for the rainy day is a good practice. Some, however, make a sin out of a virtue and saving may develop into a streak of meanness and thus some people become miserly because of fear and thus the greed for gold becomes their god.

To be thrifty is an excellent attribute, but to subtract from one's present happiness to add to the problematical sum of one's future happiness generally leads to misery.

When people are worried they will save more. When they are happy they will spend more. One of the noteworthy features of the depression has been the fact that saving accounts reached a new high level. People lost a sense of proportion, they were putting away for a rainy day, when by their tactics they were creating a rainy day. There is more gold, more money in the world today than ever, then why is there a depression, because the gold and money are hoarded out of circulation.


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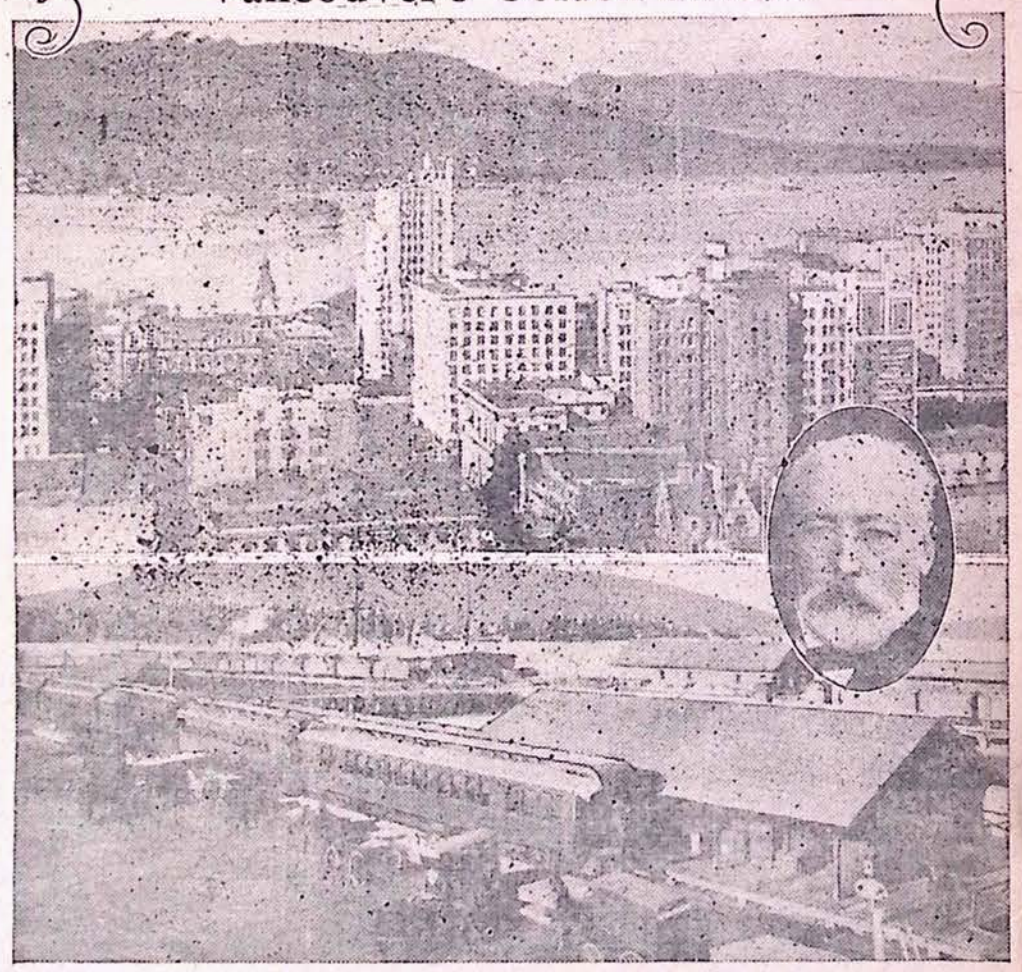
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## Vancouver's Golden Jubilee



Fifty years ago the first transcontinental Canadian Pacific Railway train from Montreal reached the Pacific Coast. This summer Vancouver, now the Gateway to the Orient and port for ships of the entire world, will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of its founding as the western terminal of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Commencing July 1 with Dominion and International Good Will Week, the programme concludes with the Canada Pacific Exhibition on September 7, and includes land and water sports, several weeks of grand pageantry, musical attractions, visit of American warships, a two-day air show with a solo flight across Canada planned as the highlight, floral decorations, visit of 15,000 Shriners in mid-July, traditional pageantry of an Aldershot tattoo, frontier week, street dancing and costume balls, and historical exhibits arranged to illustrate Vancouver's steady progress during the first half century of its existence.

Even before the beginning of the celebration proper, many colorful events will be given recognition, including Empire Day and horticulture show in May; Pioneers' festival on June 13-14; schools' programme in June; Eucharistic Congress, which will attract thousands, June 11 to 14; golf tournament, King's birthday, and religious dedicatory services.

One of the highlights of Vancouver's celebration will be the re-enacting of the arrival of the first Canadian Pacific train almost half a century ago. The venerable old engine, first to the coast, will be run again, with its original pilot, W. H. Evans, at the throttle. **Some of the old-timers who saw the first train arrive will also be present for the ceremony.** The Canadian Pacific Railway will run tours at low cost from Eastern Canada to the Pacific Coast for the event, with stop-over privileges at Banff Springs Hotel Chateau Lake Louise, and other famous Rocky Mountain resorts.

Pictures show the old and the new Vancouver, and Sir William Van Horne, second president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who chose the name of Vancouver in 1884 for the western terminal of the first trans-continental railway line.


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