

THE COURIER

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Thursday, May 2nd, 1918.

THE SITUATION.

There are persistent rumors that Germany contemplates making another brand of peace offer. It is the motives back of it will certainly be of an ulterior nature and it is beyond belief that the Allies will allow themselves to be caught by any such manoeuvring. There is too much at stake and too many valuable lives have been lost to render unsatisfactory patching up desirable. The Hun and all that his devilish cause represents must be given the quietus before this thing is finished no matter what the cost. That the Hohenzollern outfit are becoming apprehensive need not be doubted. The recently renewed offensive on the Western front which was to achieve such marvels, has not in any sense lived up to the intended program and in Austria murmurs continue to increase. The papers of the Fatherland are now calling upon the last named county to do something against Italy. Meanwhile it is announced that troops from Bohemia (forming part of the Dual Monarchy) are joining the Italian troops and that some are already in the fighting line.

Word from Palestine and Mesopotamia continues to tell of steady British advances. In the first named land, fortified positions in the hills south of Es-Salt have been taken and in Mesopotamia the Turks are on the run, with a heavy tally against them of guns and prisoners taken.

CHILDREN'S AID.

The Association of Children's Aid Societies are making arrangements for the celebration of the twenty-five years during which the Children's Protection Act has been in operation in the Province of Ontario. In the spring of 1892 the question of securing legislation from the Ontario Government was laid before the Premier, Sir Oliver Mowat, the result being that the announcement was made that the Ontario Government would introduce the best law for the care and protection of the children that could be devised, and further that the Provincial Secretary of that time, the Honorable J. M. Gibson, would be entrusted with the task of preparing it. In the spring of 1893 at the session of the Ontario Legislature, Mr. Gibson introduced a bill for prevention of cruelty to and better protection of children. It proved acceptable to all parties and was finally sanctioned by the Lieutenant-Governor in May, 1893.

During the last 25 years there has been a steady and ever-increasing growth in connection with the work of the Children's Aid Societies, until now there are 62 in active operation in Ontario, and nearly 2,000 philanthropic citizens give their time and thought to this cause. The Ontario Act has been adopted as the basis for similar acts in other Provinces in Canada, until, practically speaking, the influence of these societies is felt from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Many advanced social measures have resulted from the Children's Aid Movement, and great public sentiment created for the better care of children. In the Province of Ontario during the 25 years over 16,000 children have been cared for during minority by the Provincial and local organizations and nearly 700 former wards of the Society are known to have enlisted for overseas service.

The work is well organized and the system has been copied extensively by other countries. It is highly thought of by the judiciary and in fact by all who have occasion to deal with the work of legislation and Children's Aid Societies. The juvenile courts, although only in their infancy, are the result of the Children's Aid propaganda. Over 100,000 children have come within the protection of the act in one way and another, and between 14,000 and 15,000 have been placed in foster homes. Other provinces have now followed in the advanced steps taken by Ontario in placing such legislation on the statute books. Mr. Proudfoot praised the work of Mr. Kelso, which, he said, stood out prominently among those who had been engaged in social service work. Quite properly this twenty-fifth anniversary is to be marked in a special way. Brantfordites are well aware of the splendid work of the association through the local branch. The record here is merely a sample of that achieved at all

other points and the combined result is one of most momentous and far-reaching import.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

These are the joyous house-cleaning days when the carpet beating arm of the average male feels as if it should be carried round in a sling.

The reply of Mr. McMaster, Opposition critic of the budget speech in the Dominion House, was so stocky that it should have been taken to the hospital instanter.

Geraldine Farrar sang to an outside crowd in Boston on behalf of the Liberty Loan and when the hat was passed round \$10,000 was the response. Not all notes are met quite so easily.

The All High seas basis that he will put the British back on the English Channel. Not until they cross as part of a victorious host.

Cigarettes at present prices with regard to cost should be termed cigareats.

CHANGES MADE AT MASSEY-HARRIS

Franklin Grobb, Manager of Local Plant, Resigns the Position

REMAINS AN OFFICER

Important changes in the personnel of the management of the Brantford branch of the Massey-Harris were announced to-day. On account of the advancing years and somewhat impaired health of Mr. Franklin Grobb, who has for so many years been connected with the Brantford works as Manager of the plant, he has requested to be relieved of a large portion of the work which he has had in charge, and on this account some changes have been necessary to the staff.

Mr. S. B. Chadsey of Toronto, who has been assistant to the General Superintendent for some years past has been appointed Manager of the work of the company in advisory capacity.

Mr. John W. Dunn has also been appointed to the staff in the capacity of Superintendent, succeeding Mr. R. D. Johnson, who is taking up other important duties in connection with the company.

A further change which is being made is the appointment of Mr. John E. Harmer to the position of cashier in succession to Major Frank E. Hicks, who has resigned from the staff, his position having been filled temporarily during his absence overseas and while engaged in military duties in Canada.

Marlboro Sunday School. The annual meeting for the election of officers for the Marlboro Methodist Sunday School was held last evening. Reports were read from organized classes and departments and all showed satisfactory progress. The average attendance for the year was 258 being an increase of 20 over the previous year. The treasurer's report showed an average collection of \$5,650 per Sunday being a substantial increase over the previous year.

The following officers were re-elected: Hon. Supt., Rev. J. E. Peters; Superintendent, Alex. Lamb; Assistant Supt., F. W. Weldon; Secretary, E. C. Cradell; Treasurer, Wm. Anderson; Pianist, Miss E. Lamb and Miss M. Weldon; Supt. Cradell Roll, Mrs. H. Isaac; Supt. Primary, Miss E. Ham; Supt. Home Dept., Mr. W. Weller.

The Home Dept. has just been organized during the past year and has a membership of 39. The S.S. has a teaching staff of 32, which were also elected.

PARIS PLANS TO ORGANIZE BOY SCOUTS

Will Form Senior and Junior Troops and a Bicycle Band

OTHER NEWS OF PARIS

(From our own Correspondent) Paris, May 1.—Last evening a most enjoyable time was spent by the members of the Coney Island club at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Hicks. During the evening, Mr. D. Brockbank read an appropriate address to Mr. Hicks in honor of his birthday, while Mr. Brockbank presented him with a handsome umbrella on behalf of the club. A jolly time was spent in games and music, and before leaving a dainty repast was served. At a meeting held for the organization of the Boy Scouts, it was decided to form two troops, senior and junior, also a bugle band. A number of returned soldiers have kindly offered to assist. Another meeting will be held to-morrow evening in the "Y" at 7 p.m. Boys of the former bugle band are asked to bring their instruments with them. Much sympathy will be extended to Mrs. Isaac Stewart, Brantford St., in the death of her mother, Mrs. John Kitchen, which sad event occurred in the Brantford hospital. Deceased was well known to many in town, having resided here some years ago. Since Christmas, she has been visiting with Mrs. Stewart, and left Easter week to visit another daughter in Brantford, where she was taken ill. The Methodist Red Cross workers

beg to acknowledge with thanks the following donations: Mrs. T. O. Apps, \$5; Miss H. Shannon \$5; Howard Dunton, \$5; Irigoin, \$2; Miss A. Cox, \$2; Miss Forsyth, \$2; Mrs. Ridley \$1; also sewing on forty-four stretchers caps and 28 pyjama suits by the Paris Junction ladies.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. E. T. Hicks, yesterday afternoon, where they made and packed 25 comfort bags for Mr. Judson of the Welland Canal. These bags will be given to the sailors at the canal. At the close a social time was spent and dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. R. J. Seton Adamson has received word of the sudden death of her brother, Capt. R. C. Hill, of Seattle, Wash. Captain Hill belonged to the American Army medical corps, and was to have left shortly for duties overseas.

A third operator, unlike the two others, declared that there was little choice.

"Men and women are about alike on the telephone," she said, "and they run about the same as human nature everywhere else—some polite and some not; some considerate and some irritable. It's like any other job; you take the good and the bad and say, 'I'll just put up against you. You make the best of 'em angry or cheerful—and let it go at that.'"

TELEPHONE COURTESY

"Central's" Side of the Question—An Appeal for Consideration

Did it ever occur to you, Mr. and Mrs. Telephone, that when you pick up the receiver in your home or your home it's not part of the machinery, but a live person that responds with "Number, please?" And furthermore, did you ever stop to think when you are fussing and fretting about "This dreadful service!" and vowing that there never was such inefficiency since the invention of the telephone, that you are not much more impatient, and at the other end, and that it was aimed at you?

It's quite true, sir and madam; and the next time you are giggling and the hoop impatiently up and down and angrily demanding why under the sun you aren't receiving any attention, it might be well to exercise imagination a bit, and picture a girl at the other end who has her lights all going at once, manipulating plugs with deft fingers, answering a dozen questions at the same time, and back at you by demanding why you are angry as your own why under the sun you aren't exercising any consideration!

"This work makes you hard," said a telephone operator recently. "People say rude things to you, and it hurts, and you long to come back at them and hurt them too. Sometimes you can't help shouting out and saying things you oughtn't, but generally you just keep it bottled up inside, because 'polite'ness is one of the things hammered into you while you're going through training. I wish some people at the other end could be given the same course!"

This same girl hastened to say, however, that she did not mean all of it means the universal rule. There are people, she declared, who seem to understand something of the communications operator is sometimes up against, but she has a lot of wires being busy all at once, and who do not expect her to be able to do fifty things at the same moment.

There was no hesitation in her reply when asked which she preferred to deal with—her own sex or the opposite.

"Men!" she said with emphasis. "Any day in the week! I'd rather deal with a dozen men than one woman. The women are cranky and selfish. I don't mean all of them, of course—but just taking the average in general, and in comparison with the men. And they ask more questions to the square inch—'What's that?' 'What's that?' 'What's that?' 'Is this Blank 1000?'" a woman will ask.

"Yes," she is told.

"Such and such a firm?" she continues.

"Yes," is the answer again.

"On X street?" she persists.

"Yes," must be the polite answer—when what you feel like saying, "For mercy's sake, yes! How long does it take to get it through your head?"

"And take points of general information—there are twenty times as many women as men who fall for them. I dare say it's because the women have more time on their hands to waste. When Colonel Roosevelt was in the hospital, he never got around that he was dead. And then all our wires were busy. One girl got so nervous answering women who wanted to know if it was true or not that she took to saying 'Not yet.' Of course that made them all the more excited, and they wanted to know if he was on the verge of it."

"A few weeks ago there was a funny rumbling over in one section of the city. You've no idea how many women called up to find out what it was all about."

"She spoke with amusement about a sort of confiding trustfulness which is displayed by some women, who assume that the operator at the other end is authority on all things telephonic."

"A woman will call up and say, very sweetly, 'Give me such and such a store, please.'"

"What's the number, please?" we naturally ask her in reply.

"Why, don't you know?" she asks in surprise.

"No," we tell her.

"Well, then, look it up!" she says with asperity. "That's your job isn't it?"

"Usually to avoid argument, we simply connect her with information; but sometimes we tell her, with acid politeness, that we aren't animated telephone directories."

and unreasonable, I've got to admit. "Another operator took a quite different view of the situation."

The Considerate Sex.

"The women are more considerate than the men," she said. "A good many business men are so wrapped up in their own concerns that they think the world ought to stop moving when there's something of interest to them at stake. They can't understand how we can dream of attending anybody else's call when they're giving orders. Evidently they are kings in their own circles, and they are used to having everybody in sight jump around at their beck and call. It's rather fun to keep them waiting—show 'em they don't run the country!"

A third operator, unlike the two others, declared that there was little choice.

"Men and women are about alike on the telephone," she said, "and they run about the same as human nature everywhere else—some polite and some not; some considerate and some irritable. It's like any other job; you take the good and the bad and say, 'I'll just put up against you. You make the best of 'em angry or cheerful—and let it go at that.'"

FRENCH FARMERS.

The Reason Why They Live in Small Communities.

Of course the arrangement whereby country folk all live in villages and townships is the result of the most of those conditions which seem to us inevitable accompaniments of country life, for instance, the isolation and loneliness of the country and children. There is no isolation possible here, when, to shake hands with the woman of the next farm, you have only to lean out of your front door and say, 'Hello, neighbor!'

When your children go to get water from the fountain along with all the other children of the region, when you are less than five minutes' walk from church and the grocery store, when your children can wait till the school-bell is ringing before snatching up their books to go to school.

If they are country people who live in these dry-looking villages, "asked our American Ambassador boy, 'what makes them huddle up so close together and run the walk from church and the grocery store, when your children can wait till the school-bell is ringing before snatching up their books to go to school.'"

"The best answer to that was to open the door into our own bare, stone house, which, like all the others on the street, presented to the public eye an unalluring, long, gray-white, non-toe-clean plastered wall, broken by square windows designed for light only. The big door opening showed a stone-paved courtyard leading straight to what seemed at first glance an earthly paradise of green; an old, old garden with sun-bleached, a bit of green, golden gravel paths, and high old gray walls with grape-vines and fruit-trees carefully trained against them."

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Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XLIV

New Tactics

I remained with Elsie and the children for an hour. I was passionately fond of her children, they were such faintly, well behaved darlings. Clarence the oldest, was a manly little chap about seven, then Charles four, and Madge about two. In spite of her love of gaiety, Elsie's children never were neglected. She had a very capable nurse who was devoted to them.

With Della's help I had taken entire care of Donald. Mother often asked me for hours; or would come and stay with him while I went shopping, and as he was a very good baby I really was fit at all confine, because I was so busy.

When Bob came home to dinner I told him of my morning walk; and he called on Elsie.

"I hadn't been out for a couple of days and it did me good. My headache was cured almost magically."

"I have always told you not to stay in so closely," he returned.

"You women don't get half enough fresh air!" Then "I hope you told Elsie that we had decided to go to Creedmore's party, rather than that you had! I told her I should go!"

"I'm very sorry Bob that I told Elsie I wouldn't go without consulting you. It was very wrong. But so long as I did tell her so it would be in extremely bad taste for you to say you would go. Don't you think so?" I spoke very slowly and calmly.

"Bad taste nothing! what's that got to do with going to an affair given by one of my oldest friends, and an affair I wouldn't miss for a good deal. The bad taste was yours in even thinking I could be coerced."

"Why Bob, I told you I was sorry you were going, and I thought you would tell me. I told Elsie all about it, and also told her that I knew when you realized how I felt you would remain home with Donald and me."

"As Donald goes to bed before dinner, I can't see just why you bring him in; and as I have told Henry I'll surely shall go to his party. If you want a good time you will come along; but if you prefer to

remain at home—why, please yourself."

"You really mean to go?"

"I certainly shall and while we are on the subject, Margaret, I might as well tell you that I shall continue to go with all my old friends just as I used when mother was with me. You can, of course, please yourself about going with me, but I shall go every time I am invited. So don't decline any more invitations for me unless you wish to embarrass yourself."

"It may sound as if Bob spoke angrily; but he did not. His tone was so friendly; but I could see that he meant every word he said. I felt a shiver of apprehension run over me; was I to be obliged to keep on fighting the influence of these friends he knew before I met him? Well, if necessary, I would keep on fighting. I would let Bob see just how unhappy, how miserable I was made because of them; and because of the way he insisted upon clinging to them."

"Oh Bob, you can't mean what you say! You can't intend to make me unhappy when I love you so!" and I burst into tears.

"There, Margaret," Bob said after a few minutes "you will make yourself ill. You don't have to go, so why are you crying? I should think you would enjoy going with me, but if you don't that's up to you. But do stop crying, dear. Della will think I am beating you," he added whimsically.

"I rather you would!" I sobbed.

"I'd rather be beaten than not loved the same as I love you. I don't want anyone but you! I married you because I wanted to be with you. I could have seen you with other people, I married you to be alone with you; and thought you felt just the same toward me."

Bob made no reply; but took a magazine and commenced to read. I cried for another few minutes then I got up and wiped my eyes. Then I leaned over Bob's chair, and pressed a kiss upon his cheek at the same time telling him how much I loved him. I then went quietly out of the room and up stairs. If he will come along; but if you prefer to

asked why I didn't remain with him to see how nice it was to be alone. About an hour afterward he came up to go to bed.

"I thought I should find you fast asleep," he said. "That's a dandy number, Margaret, you must read it. 'And you didn't miss me?'"

"Miss you? What do you mean?"

"Why—oh nothing," I answered, then again I commenced to cry.

"For heaven's sake what are you crying about again?" Bob demanded.

"You don't even miss me when I leave the room," I sobbed.

"You have made yourself nervous by crying so much. I hate to see a woman your age crying over every little thing. Come now, and be sensible. He kissed me carelessly, and as usual was soon sleeping soundly. Continued in Friday's Issue

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It Works! Try It

Tells how to loosen a sore tender corn so it lifts out without pain.

Good news spreads rapidly and druggists here are kept busy dispensing freezone, the ether discovery of a Cincinnati man, which is said to loosen any corn so it lifts out with the fingers.

Ask at any pharmacy for a quarter ounce of freezone, which will cost very little, but is said to be sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You apply just a few drops on the tender, aching corn and instantly the soreness is relieved, and soon the corn is so shriveled that it lifts out without pain. It is a sticky substance which dries when applied and never inflames or even irritates the adjoining tissue.

This discovery will prevent thousands of deaths annually from lockjaw and infection heretofore resulting from the suicidal habit of cutting corns.