

LETTER FROM CANADA.

Mr. W. C. Patrick Writes Interesting-ly of City of Toronto.

Toronto, Ont., Canada, Sept. 4.—Dear Herald: Having the pleasure of having a copy of the last week's Herald to read while here has suggested to me that it might be of some interest if I wrote you a little note about my visit here to the greatest of all national exhibitions, the Canadian National Exhibition, in company with Mrs. Patrick.

Rather suddenly I received orders from my house to report here to represent them at this exhibition, which necessitated quite a long trip from the South, and it has been the means of our traveling through some of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the United States to reach Toronto. This included the famous Shenandoah valley of Virginia, a short stop at Washington, passing through Baltimore, and Buffalo, N. Y., spending a day at Niagara Falls, and finally a wonderful boat trip on beautiful Lake Ontario, before reaching our destination. Having encountered very congested traveling conditions throughout a large part of the United States for the past several months I was not unprepared for the throngs which we have encountered on this trip, but other crowds pale into insignificance by comparison. It is quite evident that after a period of enforced remaining at home, or at least on this side of the Atlantic, our people have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the attempt to "see America." At Niagara an official told me that the crowds there were the largest for twenty years and this is not at all hard to believe.

I shall not attempt a description of the wonderful falls at Niagara; too many others who possess almost unlimited powers of description have failed dismally in that already. However, one cannot refrain from trying to put into words the awe with which he is inspired when brought into such close proximity to the splendor, the grandeur, the sublimity of this most wonderful work of nature. Nor can he look upon its magnitude without being impressed with the fact that the greatest of men is but an infinitesimal speck on God's creation.

Sometimes I wonder why it is that we cannot arrange to have that most august body, the United States Senate, spend a part of their time in the vicinity of these falls so that they might be set right on their false conception of their individual greatness.

Fortunately, we had enough sunshine to enhance the scenic value of Niagara, for, added to the beautiful coloring of the waters as they dashed themselves madly over each precipice to the rocks hundreds of feet below were the multitude of rainbows, and the effect was so different from that I had earlier in the year when after an extended period of rain parts of the falls resembled cascades of chocolate cream.

When we had become weary of the sightseeing feast which had been spread before us for hours we then thought to find rest and seclusion by hiring us away to Lewiston, a little terminus of the New York Central railroad on the lakeside, which is also by way of being the "port of embarkation" for Toronto. There we enjoyed possibly one hour of quietude before the crowds surged in our direction and spoiled our fun. However, we had had, in addition to our temporary rest, a ride alongside the whirlpool rapids which afforded us probably the greatest scenic trip of the entire continent.

Finally, when we were aboard boat for Toronto with so many others that one naturally wondered where all could possibly find even standing room, we settled down to enjoy the beauty of our surroundings and had the good fortune to witness an indescribably beautiful sunset. Arrived at the Toronto pier it was almost as much as one's life was worth to be caught in the mad rush for shore. We managed to get through without serious mishap and were soon making diligent search for a place where to rest our weary heads. Every available space seemed to be at a premium but the task was finally accomplished and we were soon to literally "fall asleep."

After having spent years in forming a mental picture of any thing or place, as we had done regarding Canada and our Canadian cousins, we awoke rather rudely to find that we were all wrong, and instead of finding customs and people strange they were much the same as one would find in the average city in good old Yankeeeland. If any great portion of Canada is as thoroughly Americanized as we have found Toronto then there is little reason to wonder at hearing the argument advanced that the two countries should be one, with one government as they are of one ideal.

Just here let me make a prediction which I do not believe will be long in being fulfilled; that is that not only will Canada become a part of

the United States eventually but so also will Mexico. This is going to come about through no great activity on our part other than the example which we are now and will be holding up to these two countries.

Commercially, Canada seems to have been making little progress of her own, for it is evident that she has been content to adapt Yankee ideas and Yankee merchandise to her needs. One of these fine days the people will begin to think and when they do they will not be satisfied with less than reciprocity with which to eliminate the burdensome duty which has been the means of amassing large fortunes for those manufacturers who are doing very little more than operating assembling plants for American made goods or at least factories which are replicas of American institutions. Either this or annexation, mark it.

I have referred already to the fact that this is the greatest of national exhibitions and having been assured of this in advance I might have been prepared to find an exposition on a rather large scale, however, I soon found that the bare statement was not enough to bring about a realization of the truth of it. Covering an area running well into square miles, it is composed altogether of permanent buildings, quite unlike our American fairs where the most pretentious buildings are merely temporary affairs which fall into the hands of the wrecker to be razed and sold as soon as the gates are closed on the last crowd, and for the most part very artistically designed and built. Every building is well filled with interesting and instructive exhibits and the automobile section (composed almost entirely of American made cars and trucks) is quite as large as our national automobile show which was held at Chicago last January and February. So numerous have been the entries that it has been necessary to bring here from Newfoundland the hangars which recently housed those airplanes which were successfully flown across the Atlantic in order to take care of the overflow from the permanent buildings.

For a distance of perhaps two miles these grounds stretch away along the lake front and it is here every day that one is permitted to witness the thrilling flights and "stunts" of some of Canada's most famous airmen, among whom is an "ace" with more than fifty German planes to his credit who leads the two others, all flying captured German Fokker planes. It is here also that one is thrilled by the spectacular motor boat races in which these boats of rather odd shapes make incredible speed.

The mention of airplanes suggests that the enclosed clipping is an account of probably the first aerial funeral cortege on record! This is taken from the Toronto Globe of September 4th:

First Airplane Funeral for Toronto.
Toronto had its first airplane funeral yesterday morning when the body of the five months old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Allan, 105 Trinity street, was taken to Mount Pleasant cemetery in a Curtiss machine. The funeral service was held at the family residence at 10 a. m. Rev. Cannon H. C. Dixon officiating. The mourners were then conveyed to the cemetery by motor, while the body was taken to the foot of Bathurst street in a motor hearse. Here two Curtiss machines were waiting. The tiny coffin was strapped into one of them in front of the pilot and the two planes commenced their flight at 11.15. They landed in perfect order to the east of the cemetery, where motors were again waiting and the remains conveyed to the grave and the ceremony concluded.

Who shall say that in future this will not become commonplace?

It was not our good fortune to be here at the opening of this exhibition on August 27th, but we were ably represented by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who pressed the opening button for us. We shall very likely remain until it has closed, however, after having been attended by more than one million people.

Enjoyable and instructive as such a trip as this is there is but one conclusion to reach after it is all over and that is that we have the greatest country on earth, or, to use the words of one of our doughboys in France: "That was a d— fine country we stole from the Indians." Yours,

W. C. PATRICK.

GASTON DECLINES JOB.

Aiken Man Doesn't Want to Supervise Census.

Aiken, Sept. 6.—Several weeks ago D. W. Gaston, Jr., was notified from Washington that he had been appointed census supervisor for the Second Congressional District. Mr. Gaston has declined the appointment in view of the fact that he has not the time to devote to it as has farming interests at present are absorbing his attention.

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FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 15, 1919.

For further information write

Mrs. W. D. Rice

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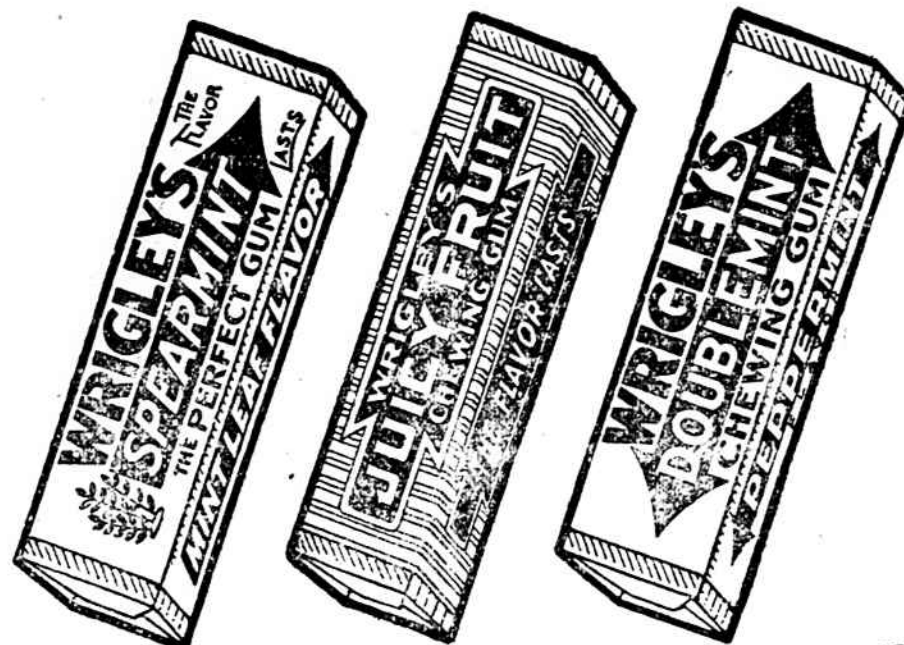
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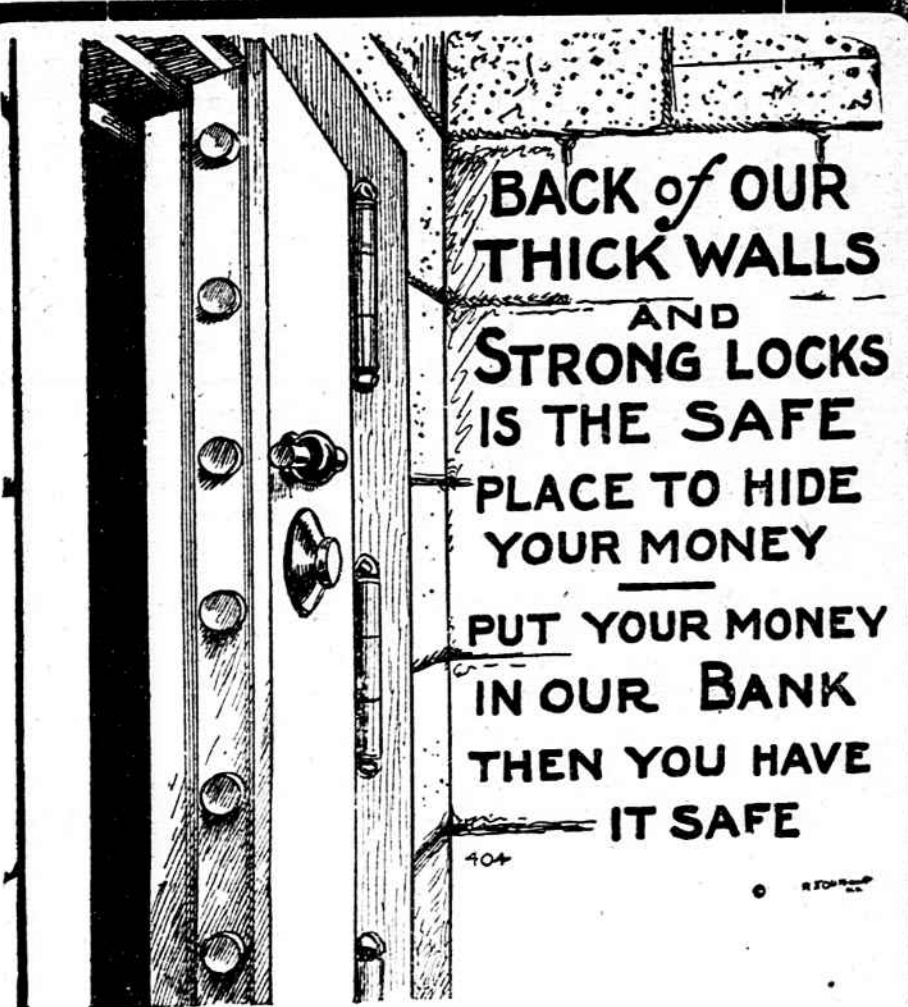
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