The Georgetown Herald

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The Georgetown Herald

J. M. MOORE
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Canadian National Electric Railways

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EASTBOUND Daily Trains	WESTBOUND Daily Trains
No. 2— 7.19 a.m.	No. 1— 7.35 a.m.
" 4— 9.57 a.m.	" 3— 9.35 a.m.
" 6—11.57 a.m.	" 5—11.35 a.m.
" 8— 1.57 p.m.	" 7— 1.35 p.m.
" 10— 3.57 p.m.	" 9— 3.35 p.m.
" 54— 4.57 p.m.	" 11— 5.35 p.m.
" 12— 5.57 p.m.	" 13— 7.35 p.m.
" 14— 7.57 p.m.	" 15— 9.35 p.m.
" 16— 9.57 p.m.	" 17—12.06 a.m.
" 18—11.53 p.m.	

Nos. 1 & 2 will run daily except Sunday.

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

Going East	
Passenger	7.23 a.m
Passenger	9.33 a.m.
Passenger	10.18 a.m.
Mail	12.06 p.m.
Passenger	4.00 p.m.
Mail	6.32 p.m.
Passenger	8.25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	7.21 p.m.
Going West	
Mail	7.40 a.m.
Passenger	8.53 a.m.
Passenger	10.28 a.m.
Passenger	2.13 p.m.
Mail	4.50 p.m.
Passenger	6.02 p.m.
Passenger	7.08 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.24 a.m.
Going North	
Mail	8.55 a.m.
Mail	4.55 p.m.
Going South	
Mail	11.23 a.m.
Mail	7.10 p.m.

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THE LEASEHOLD OF LIFE

"LIFE—the aim of which is service,
The dynamic of which is Love."
A.H.B.

"The silver and the gold are Mine
The cattle on a thousand hills"—
Such claim Almighty God is Thine!
At Thy behest all Nature thrills.

This glorious world! Thou madest all—
Air, Sea and Land, with all their brood;
Nature obeyed Thy mighty call,
Th' Omniscient Eye, who "called it good."

This done, Thy favorite creature man,
Dominion over all received,
To further then Thy perfect plan,
To man, "in trust," was given his "deed."

Man's lease at best is four score years;
E'en though a few extend their claim.
Their tenure held — 'mid hope and fears,
Falls then to Thy resistless Name.

Though man may view his acres broad,
To call it "mine"! is often prone;
His lands, and all his treasurers stored,
Revert at last, to God alone.

Man's best device, his highest skill,
Can not withstand th' Almighty claim;
Should he defy such august will,
Might earthquake cleave his land in twain!

His fields, though ploughed and sown with corn,
And labor given at priceless cost,
How oft with wind and storms are torn,
Fair blossoms killed with chilling frost!

And so frail man, if wise, perceives
His short-lived lease is not his own—
All that he hath, from God receives,
His life itself is but a loan!

Then let all own such Sovereign sway,
And cease to urge their fruitless quest;
"God owns the freehold"—we may say
"Life's but a easehold" at its best!

Henceforth throughout our tenure brief,
Wise "stewards" may we always prove;
This be our aim, come joy or grief,
To serve our God—and men, with love.

—W. W. Bell.
In the Bath Chronicle and Herald.

HALTON RIFLES

By Col. Ballantyne, D.S.O.

(Continued from last week)

PERSONALITIES—
COLONEL KERNS—
EQUITATION

There were many non-commissioned-officers in the Regiment during Colonel Kerns period of command who were qualified, having attended the Infantry School of Instruction. In one company there were four; and of these my thoughts turn back to Corporal Bob Lindsay, a very competent youngster, who afterwards became a regular and who went to the Boer war in the ranks of the Manchester Regiment. Bob was killed during the siege of Ladysmith in Natal, and was buried by the Boers.

It is said that Fame keeps a scroll on which she engraves the names and deeds of all such heroes as Bob. It would be better to say that she publishes a daily newspaper; the succeeding issues overspreading one another, with the latest the only one legible, and the only one in which the busy world is interested: and bar the records in the Orderly Room of the Manchesters, and other Imperial Regiments there is little trace of the sacrifice of those men who followed Buller and White at a time when this old Empire seemed to rock at the foundations. Such is Fame! such is life! and it is an interesting speculation as to how much thought will be given to the sacrifices of the recent war when Time has ticked off another thirty years.

Another of those non-commissioned-officer luminaries was Charlie Thompson, who like Lindsay began his Military career at that time. But Charlie's destiny was kinder, and while he served in the Boer War too, he escaped with a wound. He became an Instructor in the Permanent Force, and is now Colonel Thompson of the 391st United States Infantry stationed at Rochester, N.Y.

Sergeant John Reddy was another, and to his ability as an instructor, Reddy added that of marksmanship, and his skill brought much honour to the Halton Regiment.

In this catagory was Harry Kurts of Burlington, who during those years was Colour Sergeant, as well as a marksmen whose name is written into the records of the Ontario Rifle Association.

I remember the names of Sergeant Porter, Sergeant Armstrong, Sergeant Lever and many others who were very much in the picture in those days: for the drilling of the companies was to a large extent entrusted to the N.-C.O.; and the officers stood about with that air of detachment which is the badge of all the tribe of British Officers.

In the late nineties came General Hutton to replace Herbert in the command of the Canadian Militia; and I remember him as a Martinet who placed an overwhelming value on the importance of saluting.

At church parade he mounted a dais after the service, and addressed the Division on the importance of saluting, calling it the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—Discipline.

That is the wrong attitude, for the salute is really a fraternity sign and token given by brothers-in-arms, and as binding on the officer as it is on the private. It should be considered a privilege for one soudier to salute another, and the salute should be returned as regularly as it is given. I remember saluting Lord Roberts when in Africa, and he brought his hand to his helmet in return, in exactly the way prescribed in the drill book. There is but one form of salute for officer as well as private. All of which is by the way; and what I want to impress is that Church Service is no place to introduce such matters as saluting.

General Hutton afterwards had a good record in Africa, but not when in command of the Canadian Forces for he failed utterly in his estimation of the strength and temper of the Canadian who is not broken to saddle and spurs.

He afterwards re-organized the Australian forces, and made a good job of it, according to report; and I suspect that the hot fires of Canadian experience tempered him to the degree necessary to engrave efficiency on the metal of that fine sword of the Empire, the Military Forces of Australia.

Colonel William Kerns, however, is the outstanding personality of that time, and to my mind the embodiment of all the soldierly qualities that make for leadership.

During the recent war there were many termes coined, descriptive of the various types of officer, one of these being a glorified Sergeant Major", the type that knew all the drill from cover to cover and could reel off the detail word perfect, but who was at a loss when a situation arose that was not detailed in the book. Many such situations arose, and had Colonel Kerns been called to face them, he had sufficient fertility of resource to solve them, and sufficient force of personality to carry them through.

Another term was "a sublimated Orderly Room Clerk," applied to that type which will quote Kings Regulations and Orders, and Court Martial Proceedure with the fluency of an auctioneer; and whose daily movement oscilates between his orderly room and his tent, and who is as great a stranger to his Regiment in the field, as he is well known to the malefactors of the Regiment, who assemble daily for Orderly Room, under the caressing tones of the Sergeant Major. Such was not Kerns, for even had the Halton Regiment been deluged with the shower of reports and documents that made the life of the Overseas Colonel almost unbearable, he would have had sufficient organizing ability to take care of this element by proxy, giving him time to be with the Regiment in the great outdoors.

Nor did he make gestures to popularity: he burned no incense on the shrine of that most fickle Goddess; but he at all times commanded the respect of his Regiment because he kept his distance; and because he never got the Regiment into any situation, physical or otherwise from which he could not extricate it.

He looked well when in command of the Regiment, though his horse was always a problem to him and to us; for we were always speculating on his chances of surviving the many struggles between horse and rider which took place at the head of the column as the Regiment assembled at the close of the day's work, in column; and the band played as if they were participating in some initiation ceremony, at which the Commanding Officer was the candidate; the trombones prodding away at the ribs of the horse, and the other musicians blowing as if the height of their ambition was to separate the Colonel from his mount, or failing that, to blow horse and rider out to sea.

There were times when it looked as if the Colonel, like Bassanio, would "make a swan-like end, fading in music," but he was never thrown; and in those exhibitions of grit and tenacity we saw a commanding officer after our own heart, and one capable of leading the Regiment no matter how rough the way.

As a sequal to the above paragraph on strenuous equitation, I shall detail the event that was the climax of the day's work in the field, and the one to which we in the ranks looked forward with the keenest interest; not without a sense of anxiety.

In this case I shall use the Colonel in the abstract, as it applied to all the commanding officers in the Division, as well as to Colonel Kerns and all his successors in office, till the advent of the Sam Brown Belt, and sword scabbard made the art of returning swords, on horseback a matter of little moment.

The Regiment has closed to quarter column with the band on the directing flank, and thank Heaven for it silent—closing one side or part of it, of the area. In front the red coated phalanx of the York Rangers closes another, and on the reverse flank the line of tents the remaining one, and completing the quadrangle in which the third degree is to be exemplified, with the Commanding Officer the candidate, though sometimes he was accompanied by his adjutant or his second in command both of whom were also mounted.

The Regiment is told to stand at ease; and they do. The commanding officer then endeavors to return his sword; and this simple movement is simple when the officer is girded with what is known as the Sam Brown belt, but with the sword and sling of the early days it presented a problem compared with which the hunt for the keyhole following a wild party, or the search for a handkerchief in the elusive pocket of a swallow tail coat, were simple arithmetic. At the first movement of the sword the horse infers, that something terrible is about to happen to him, and he acts accordingly, rearing, plunging, sidestepping; while the commanding officer searches for the mouth of the scabbard with the point of the sword, holds like grim death to the curb rein; and endeavours to keep his spurs out of the sides of the frantic animal during which time the Regiment holds its breath and thanks God that it is an infantry and not a cavalry outfit.

Thank Heaven, he's made it, but the final test is still to come: the first round has been won by the Commanding Officer, but the horse comes prancing into the centre of the ring for the second.

Fall out the officers! The Captain of the front company clicks his heels, takes two steps forward, and brings his sword with a flourish to his chin, and then down to the salute, the point thereof missing the nose of the horse by a few inches, and the battle is joined again and continued as reinforcements continue to arrive in the person of other officers, who perform the same salute in the same way.

The angel with the flaming sword who expelled Adam from the Garden of Eden could not have been a more terrible apparition than these officers, presented to that poor horse, who but a few days before was peacefully grazing knee deep in his own meadow, or pulling a rubber tired buggy into some sleepy little village.

Later, the salute was given by all the officers in unison; some commanding officer starting the custom with the thought that if he had to take poison it were better to take it at one swallow. In this case he braced himself, and waited for the zero hour when the officer on the right gave the time, all coming to the salute together.

It was always a struggle in those days, for the horses were seldom if ever, broken, but the Colonel usually won: after which he led the procession of officers to the ante room of the Mess, to receive congratulations from the ladies on his superb equitation, as well as restoratives from the hands of the mess waiter; meanwhile the horse was ridden back to his stable, to be fed on good timothy hay and Government oats, and to moralize, no doubt on the amazing quantity of jangling equipment and tinware carried by mounted officers — his own officer in particular.

(Continued next week)

Teeswater old boys and girls will hold a re-union next summer and so far $2860 has been subscribed to assure its success.

A world's record for speed in building a concrete highway was established in Ontario last year by an Oakville man, declared R. M. Smith, Deputy Minister of Highways for Ontario, to a South Halton gathering of the Lions Club in Oakville. W. W. King, Oakville, the engineer referred to, had supervised the completion of one and a quarter miles of concrete highway on the Stratford-Goderich road near Clinton within one week. No approach to this speed, the speaker believed, had ever been reached on first class roads.

LIGHT ENOUGH

I cannot see the long night's walk
As my lantern I flash ahead,
If I look I see but the ghosts that stalk
In places of haunting dread.
But I can walk in the circle of light
That blazes my way through the heart of the night.

I cannot see the end of the way
That winds and climbs and falls,
Not even the portion set for to-day,
Nor what next hour befalls.
But with face to the breeze and with steady tread
I can walk in the road as it opens ahead.

I may not chart the life I live,
Its lands or seas or clime,
The plans I lay are leaking sieve,
Dripping the sands of time.
But I can live the best I know,
And follow the road wherever it go!

I cannot fathom the ways of God,
The whys and hows of life,
Often with questioning heart I plod
Through the land of toil and strife.
But I can choose the best today,
And the best will lead in the Father's way.

—Sheldon Shepard.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE Lord's Day Alliance suspects that golfing on Sunday is on the increase. Sunday golfers who spent hours last summer at the first tee, waiting to get started, will hope that the alliance will be able to do something about it to lessen this congestion.—Hamilton Spectator.

IF IT is true, as reported, that Ontario municipalities are to be required to take care of half of the obligation of the province for old age pensions, there promises to be a battle royal between Queen's Park and every hamlet, town and city in Ontario. Municipal taxpayers have all they can reasonably carry and unlike the province, they cannot resort to any new means of taxation.—St. Catharines Standard.

WE heard it said about a certain man:—"He goes to church because he thinks it helps his business," and we thought it a rather mean remark. But it appears that in this commercial age, even that desire on the part of men to help business through being identified with the church, offers an opportunity for an explanation. A few days ago a full page spread appeared in one of the Ottawa daily newspapers advertising the services of a certain church. Along the bottom of the advertisement were the names of 16 firms of shop-keepers, etc. who paid for the page advertisement. The Go-to-Church appeal was well put and splendidly worded. It would have had a more stronger appeal if the trade marks at the bottom had been left off. But perhaps if that had been done, the eighteen gentlemen would not have been willing to pay for the ad.—Exchange.

OUR FRIEND—THE DOG

In England a few months ago they had a Dog Week. Something like 3,500,000 dogs wagged their tails in delight at having been honored by the nation itself for this period.

Public talks, lectures and sermons were delivered about these faithful friends to man. The leading organizations of the country did their part to make the week a successful one. People were instructed about the care, training and responsibilities attached to the ownership of dogs.

No one who has ever owned a dog, or lived with one could regret such an honor given to this fine and loyal beast.

How understanding these dumb associates are! Even when greatly abused they rarely turn in anger, but the more appealingly look into their master's face, as though to say: "Don't you understand? I know that you have greater power than I, you are bigger, more intelligent, and more favored by Fate, but I have a love to give that is often greater than yours—because it is influenced by nothing outside a desire to serve."

Some of the most heroic feats performed in this world have been contributed by dogs. "Faithful unto death" can easily be applied to many a dog.

It is the rarest thing in the world for a dog to attack a child. He seems to understand its helplessness and to prefer the roughest sort of treatment rather than to do harm of the smallest degree.

The man's friend, the woman's friend, the child's friend—the friend of all— Few human beings die of a broken heart—but there are many instances where dogs have refused to longer live without their mastrs and have died upon their graves. Clear cases of broken hearts.

Give your love to a dog and he will refund it a thousand times — and he won't ask you whether you are good or bad. He doesn't care—so long as you are kind to him.

All of us could live finer lives and be better men and women if we would but learn from our friend—the Dog.

ACTON

The life of George Dade was tragically ended by drowning on Saturday last. For years he had been in poor health and suffering from a lingering illness, but up to a few months ago continued at his work at the Hewetson factory.

Mrs. John M. Warren, Toronto, formerly of Acton, has just been elected for the fourth year a member of the High School Board of York Township. He has been a member ever since the Board was organized. During his term two modern High School buildings have been erected. A third, to be erected this year, will have the benefit of his experience.

Out of respect to the memory of a former Principal, the late W. H. Stewart, the Acton Schools were closed last Thursday afternoon, the day of the funeral in Milton. All the teachers on both the High and Public School staffs who had known Mr. Stewart during his principalship here, attended the funeral in the County town.

The fortnightly meeting of the Knox Presbyterian Men's Club last evening had for the special speaker Mayor LeRoy Dale, of Georgetown. Mr. Dale gave a very helpful and practical talk on the subject, "The Commonwealth of Nations." In his address he pointed out the important place Canada occupies in the commonwealth of nations and the unparalleled opportunity young men in Canada have in their own country. Mr. Claas Landaborough led at the piano in the community singing. Instrumental numbers on the programme were supplied by John Black, Reg. Fenner, and Bob Hall. A vote of appreciation to Mr. Dale for his splendid address was tendered to the speaker of the evening. A debate is being arranged for the next meeting, to be held in two weeks.—Free Press.