The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Fourth Year of Publication. Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, October 16th, 1929. $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

Canadian National Electric Railways

EASTBOUND Daily		WESTBOUND Daily	
Train		Train	
No. 50—	6.15 a m	No. 1—	8.01 a m
" 2—	7.50 am	" 3—10.01 am	
" 4—10.50 a.m.		" 5—12.01 am	
" 6—11.50 a m		" 7— 2.01 p m	
" 8— 1.50 p m		" 9— 4.01 p m	
" 10— 3.50 p m		" 11— 6.01 p m	
" 12— 5.50 p m		" 41— 7.01 p m	
" 14— 7.50 p m		" 13— 8.01 p m	
" 16— 9.50 p m		" 15—10.01 p m	
" 18—11.50 p m		" 17—12.01 a m	

No. 50, No. 2, No. 1 will run daily except Sunday. No. 41 to Acton only. Station Phone 13.

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

Going East	
Passenger	6.19 a.m.
Passenger	9.35 a.m.
Passenger	10.19 a.m.
Mail	12.15 p.m.
Passenger	4.00 p.m.
Mail	6.32 p.m.
Passenger	8.33 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	7.34 p.m.
Going West	
Mail	7.34 a.m.
Passenger	8.56 a.m.
Passenger	10.18 a.m.
Passenger	2.12 p.m.
Mail	4.50 p.m.
Passenger	6.03 p.m.
Passenger	7.08 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.16 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.

Central Ontario Bus Lines Ltd
ARROW COACHES

Leave Georgetown as follows:

East Bound:—	West Bound:—
9.45 a.m.	9.40 a.m.
12.25 p.m.	3.45 p.m.
7.55 p.m.	*8.40 p.m.
	**9.45 p.m.

*—I, except Saturday, Sunday, and holidays.
**—Saturday, Sunday and holidays.
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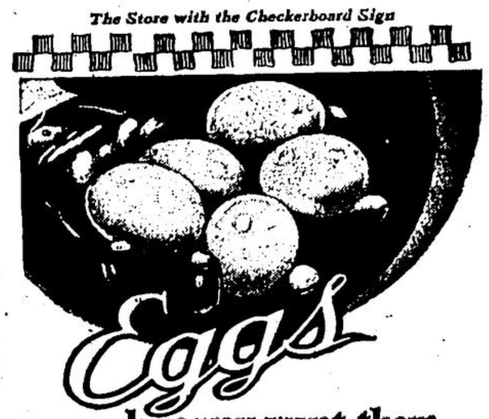
She: "The world is full of rascals—this morning the milkman gave me a counterfeit half-dollar. He: "Where is it my dear?" She: "Oh, I've already got rid of it—luckily the butcher took it."

The Store with the Checkerboard Sign



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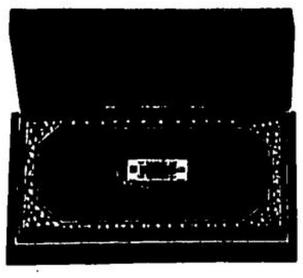

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In White Gold filled Cromium finish rectangular case, fitted with a 15-Jewel Movement.

$10.00

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TO THE
Electors of the County of Halton
IS A CHANGE NEEDED
IF SO
VOTE FOR
Thomas A. Blakelock
ACCEPTED CANDIDATE OF THE HALTON LIBERALS AND PROGRESSIVES FOR THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS ON OCTOBER 30TH.

You will hear no doubt, something to your advantage from the speakers mentioned, if you will attend any of the following meetings.

Oct. 19th Milton, 2 p.m. W. G. Abel, Toronto
Oct. 21st Acton, 8 p.m. A. R. Clute, K.C., Toronto
Oct. 24th Bronte, 8 p.m. Arthur Roebuck, Toronto
Oct. 26th Georgetown, 8 p.m. Dr. G. A. McQuibban, M.L.A., Mrs. F. Dewar.
Oct. 28th Burlington, 8 p.m. J. C. McRuer, K.C., Toronto.
Oct. 29th Oakville, 8 p.m. W. E. N. Sinclair, K. C., M.L.A., Ontario Provincial Liberal Leader.

Attractive Farm for Sale

100 acres, Norval district, $10,500, choice clay loam all under cultivation, excepting 3½ acres good orchard and 8 acres bush.

Large basement barn and seven roomed frame dwelling, running water.

This farm has a particular good name as a wheat and alsike farm and is a real money maker.

Walter T. Evans
Georgetown Ontario

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Dominion Stores has constantly sought to place its basis of friends . . . to build up a service manned by national managers who will serve you quickly and courteously. The stores are handled commercially but your interests are arranged as to save you dollars. These Dominion Stores save you time as well as money.

PANCAKES AND SYRUP
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Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour Reg. 14c	Crown or Dominion Corn Syrup 2 tins	29c
GRAPE JUICE Welch's	Bottle	32c
LUSHUS JELLIES Shirriff's	3 Pkts.	23c
COFFEE Select Blend	½ lb.	27c
FANCY RICE Domino Brand	2 1-lb. Pkts.	25c
TOMATO SOUP Clark's New Pack	Tin	10c
SULTANA RAISINS Choice Australian	lb.	15c
DOMINO BRAND PEAS We invite you to try a can of these tender, sweet peas. Fancy Quality	Tin	19c
VICTORY BRAND OLIVES A Real Bargain 25-oz. Jar Queen's Reg. 35c		21c
SOAP Infant's Delight	4 Cakes	25c
LEMON OIL Howe's	12-oz. Bottle	25c
SPINACH Delmonte	No. 2 Size Tin	19c
PRUNES Santa Clara	Large Size lb.	15c
PEANUT BUTTER Toy Pail		21c
MOLASSES Aunt Dinah's	Tin	10c
Choice Quality Canned Pumpkin Large Tin This is the time for Pumpkin Pie	10c	
Start the day right with Quaker Oats Lge. Pkg.		24c

How About Your Subscription

PASSING THE MILESTONE

I was thinking to-day as I sat by the road—
There are stripes on the tiger and spots on the toad,
For, as there are thorns on the brier and threads on the vine,
There are gray hairs, a-many, in your head and mine.
Now we're into the sixties—our young days have fled,
And as Time travels on with quickening tread,
He has touched us in passing with shadow and shine—
Leaving gray hairs a-many, in your head and mine.

So now they call us, "The old folks" —these children of ours;
They say we're the snowballs, while they are the flowers!
But we'll laugh at their jingles; why should we repine?
For youth has not perished in your heart or mine!
We are just living longer, and not growing old!
May your faith daily ripen, till the whole tale is told;
And though storm clouds should gather, and stars cease to shine,
May truth still be the treasure of your heart and mine!

—Walter Ratcliffe.

A SHORT LESSON

The day started wrong for foothill farmer Bill Brown. Bill a man, of punctual habits, overslept badly, and was mentally sore in consequence.

A scurry across to the barn to feed his stock, and Bill knew just what sort of a day it was going to be. The horse stable door was open, and a frayed halter rope was all that was left of a tethered colt Bill had been breaking. In his careless haste, he bumped his head hard against a manger pole. To add to his brimming cup of sorrow, his best cow was unaccountably sick, and an ambitious calf had squirmed through its restraining bars and found its mother. If you are a homestead farmer, you will have some slight idea of how Bill felt at breakfast time, and Bill was not a breezy "devil-may-care" bloke either. He was by way of being a grouser.

But the climax was saving itself until he had broken his fast. A score of lusty young range cattle were gorging themselves to repletion at his brightest green-feed stack, and when Bill saw this, and the "Lazy J" brand on every last brute, he went weary-eyed. He stormed down to his neighbor's shack and cut loose with the heaviest artillery in his vocabulary.

Jack Jones heard him out in a half-amused silence. He knew Bill well, and let the wordy torrent flow unchecked until it had run itself dry. Then he sympathised. "Too bad, Bill. I'll get the pony and help you run the critters off. I'm not doin' much to-day, so I o'n give you a hand to fix your outside fence, or fence your stacks, or both."

The cattle were run out in short order the outside fence repaired and the two were at work digging holes and setting posts for the stack fence. Bill with the memories of his recent troubles, heavy upon him, kept up a continuous monologue of hard-luck grousing. He groused at the country, the breachy stock, the price of cream, the feed market, and rounded out with roads and taxes. Jack stood it all, until he started in on the country again. Then he suddenly threw down his tamping stick in disgust, sat down and started filling his pipe.

"Enough is as good as a feast, Bill," he said quietly. "Don't you know what day it is?"

"Sure," replied the wondering Bill. "September 29th."

"And where were we ten years ago today?"

Bill's eyes held a far-away look as he remembered. "Why—Canal du Nord. This is the day we both got our last 'Blighties.'"

"Right," agreed Jack. "And do you remember what you said, when we were waiting to hop off from the Hindy Line?"

Bill wrinkled his brow thoughtfully, as he answered. "Can't say I do—at least, not all of it."

"Well, I do," said Jack firmly. "You said you'd gota hunch that you were due to get yours. You said, 'Gawd! If I could only get back to the old homestead, I'd be satisfied to grub stumps ten hours a day for the rest of my life.' You said that if you come through safe, you'd never kick, come hail, storm or pestilence."

"Did I say all that?" blankly, from Bill.

"You sure did," Jack told him, sternly. "And you said a whole lot more besides. Remember that last trip in, at Passchendale?"

Bill was silent with his thoughts, and Jack continued.

"I see you do. Well, now you're back again and gettin' on as good as any man in this settlement, you've got to be the grouser of the bunch. You're always knocking the country or the people, or some darn thing. You go plumb up in the air when the least thing goes a bit wrong."

Poor Bill scratched his head in dejection. This was the first time the mild-mannered Jack had called him down; it was also the first time he had been given a glimpse of himself as others saw him, and he didn't like the picture. "Am I really as bad as all that, Jack?" he asked.

"You're worse." Jack was chuckling inwardly. "You're a total wash-out. Why the blazes don't you pull out of the country if you're so dog-gone sick of it."

Bill turned these unpleasant truths over in his mind for a while, before his face wreathed in a slow smile. "You asked me some questions, Jack, now I'll ask you some. Remember the old Imperial sergeant-major we had at Barcos?"

Jack nodded. "What about him?"

"Remember his lecture on 'Esprit de corps' when we first joined up?"

"I sure do!"

"Well," said Bill. "Guess it's something like that. I figured I had a right to grouse about my own country, but if an outsider was to knock it, I'd jump him like a shot. And Jack, I don't pull out because it's the best place to live I know of."

"Good," commented Jack, jumping up and gripping the tamping stick. "That's what I wanted. Now we'll get on with this fence, and when you feel like grousing again, just remember the last Passchendaele trip and the Canal du Nord and—forget your grouse."

"Guess maybe I will," said Bill soberly.

A visitor to a harvest festival service at a country church was admiring the beautiful flowers on the altar and elsewhere.

"Yes," said the old verger, "they are very nice, I'll admit. They are given away to those who are sick after the sermon."

AN ESKIMO BANQUET

The Eskimos, Mr. Frank E. Kleinschmidt states in a recent interesting article in Asia, start out breakfastless when they go hunting the seal. It was twenty below zero on the morning when he rose to accompany his friend and host, Ipnosak, a mighty hunter, and he admits that he yearned for at least a cup of coffee—for a taste—for a sip. But no! It would have been against the code. The hunter who hunts fasting is believed to be fiercer, more determined, surer of success. Perhaps he is. Anyway, the fixed rule is first catch your seal. Then eat.

They were forunate that day. They caught an ugruk,—a great bearded seal, weighing over a thousand pounds, —and there was great rejoicing on their return to the village. Couriers were dispatched from house to house, inviting everybody to the feast.

The banquet was a sight in itself. Some score of persons of all ages from four to sixty fell on the seal meat, which was cut, distributed in strips and demolished, every morsel that was edible. They all sat round in the open on the frozen snow and ate the meat just as it was cut from the frozen joints. In this way the Artic natives prefer to eat meat—and indeed fish also.

The children were extraordinarily well-behaved, as all Eskimo youngsters appear to be. And there is a reason. The belief of the Eskimos in the reincarnation of departed spirits precludes all chastisement of their progeny. The child born today is verily believed to embody, without regard to sex, the spirit of the relative last deceased. Often I have had a small boy presented to me by a fond parent as "my grandmother," or a little girl as "my late uncle." Hence an erring child is corrected only by a shake of a head, a grunt, a wrinkling of the parent's nose. It is sufficient.

As part of the festivities after dinner there was a game of football on the ice. Everybody took part, young snow-white raiment made of the skin of the winter hare, to old Anok, the sixty-year-old grandam of the family, who, by the way, kicked off.

BEQUEST TO CHILDREN

Here is a bequest by an unknown author, writes J.J. Kelso, "and although it has been printed before it is worth reprinting so that a coming generation may receive the full benefit.'

"I give to fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, to use them justly, but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

"I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the field and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at.

"I devise to boys, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when trim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and which may be visited, together with strange noises, and all distant places the adventures there found. And I give the said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance or care.

CANADA HAS A BIG FUTURE

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the national wealth of Canada in 1927 was $27,687,000,000, and was increasing at the rate of $900,000,000 a year. If these figures are accurate, the per capita wealth of Canada two years ago was $2,969.

In 1922 the wealth of the United States was estimated at $320,000,000,000 and is population at 108,000,000. This gives a per capita wealth of about $3,000.

The ratio of wealth to population is thus very nearly the same in both countries. This may surprise some people who have listened to American boosters and Canadian pessimists.

There is nothing the matter with Canada. Indeed, in some respects she is better off than the United States. Alberta, for instance, claims that only one-sixth of her 60,000,000 acres capable of agricultural development are being farmed; she has 90,000 million tons of coal which have scarcely been scratched; she has 12,000,000 acres of forest reserves, and a large number of lakes which can support a thriving fishing industry.

No wonder her population has increased from 73,000 to 617,000 in a quarter century.

Saskatchewan with 6.78 per cent. of Canada's population, owns 10.83 per cent. of her wealth, and is still but little developed. Indeed, Canada's wealth is almost limitless, and with population flowing in to find it, work it and market it, Canada's future is far brighter than that of most countries on this globe.—From Detroit Free Press.

When I am dead, if men can say,
"He helped the world upon its way.
With all his faults of word and deed
Mankind did have some little need
Of what he gave"—Then in my grave
No greater honour shall I crave.
If they can say—if they but can—
"His way was straight; his soul was clean;
He did his best, he played the man;
His failings not unkind or mean;
He loved his fellowmen and tried
To help them"—I'll be satisfied.

"I will admit I haven't always lived as I should, but I do love your daughter sincerely, and if ever I should make her unhappy, I hope I will be made suffer for it."

"Don't let that worry you; she'll attend to that."

Mrs. Lonebody—My husband is away a good deal of the time and I want a parrot for company. Does this one use rough language?

Bird Seller—Lady, with that parrot in the house you'll never miss your husband.

I KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

Wouldn't this old world be better,
If the folks we meet would say,
"I know something good about you,"
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each handclasp, warm and true,
Carried with it the assurance
I know something good about you.

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If the good that's in us all
Were the only things about us
That folks bothered to recall.

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If we praised the good we see?
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice,
That fine way of thinking too?
You know something good about me!
I know something good about you!

BEFORE you start along the road to popularity, you must have five things packed ready to take with you: 1, Unselfishness. 2, Sincere Friendliness towards people of all ages. 3, Ability or willingness to adapt oneself to be at ease under various circumstances and with all people. 4, An unassuming manner. 5, A controlled tongue that refrains from gossip and needless criticism, and speaks kindly.

THE experiments looking towards a variety of wheat which will be "real wheat" and at the same time have complete rust-resisting qualities are being continued, said Dr. J. H. Grisdale, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and results are being confidently hoped for. While there are a number of rust-resisting varities, certain difficulties have stood in the way of their development generally, he said. At present these varities are being experimented upon.

THOSE who have had experience with a certain type of "Good" Samaritan" will appreciate this colored preacher's version of the well-known parable: 'Dere was a traveller on a lonely road, robbed an' left wounded an' helpless by de road side. As he laid dere various pussons passed him, but none ob' dem offered him any assistance. By an' by, howsomeever, a poor Samaritan come along, an' taking pity on de wounded man helped him on his mule an' took him to a tavern, where he ordered food an' rainment fo' de man, and tells de' tavern keeper to send de bill to de good Samaritan who come back an' pay him. Now, breddern an sistahs, dis am a true story," concluded the preacher, "fo' de tavern am standing to dis day, an' in de doorway is standin' de skeleton of de tavern keeper, waitin' fo' de good Samaritan to come back and pay de bill."

REPORTS are appearing in English newspapers that the Prince of Wales stands to make a fortune out of oil production on his High River Ranch. Some newspaper reports have estimated the possible profits as high as $5,000,000. This is regarded here as sheer guess work. The oil developments in the Turner Valley, which practically adjoins the Prince of Wales ranch, in the last few years have been on a very large scale. Turner Valley now produces more oil than all the rest of Canada put together and production is increasing every month. Enough is known to justify the prediction that one of the great oil fields of America, if not of the whole world, is being developed here. The fact that the Prince of Wales' ranch adjoins the proven structure has given rise to the speculations as to the fortune which may await the royal rancher as a result of his investment in Alberta some years ago. At present no wells are being drilled on the ranch but one is being drilled about half a mile away.

Armistice Day on Thanksgiving

Armistice day and Thanksgiving day coincide with respect to their both falling on Monday, Nov. 11 this year, and the current issue of the Canada Gazette accordingly publishes a proclamation declaring that day to be one of public thanksgiving.

Highly Insured

A recent issue of the Daily Star said: "There are 212 "million dollar lives" in the world to-day, among whom are included several prominent Toronto business men. Not least of these is Col. F. H. Deacon, Bay St., stockbroker, formerly of Milton, who is insured for $1,200,000."

Garden Home

The following donations gratefully received: cake and sandwiches, W. I. convention; blackboard, Mrs. T. G. Ramshaw; cakes, pies and sandwiches, St. David's Church, Campbellville; pies and sandwiches, S. L. Grace Church; cakes and pies, Grace Church garden party; $5 Miss May McMeeken, Norval S. S. No. 1; coat and hat, Miss Kathleen McArthur; buns and bread, Canada Bread Co.; apples, Wm. Hums; cake and sandwiches, W.C.T.U.

Fined for Poaching

For poaching on the premises of the Caledon Club, four Hamilton men paid fines totalling $30, with costs, in police court in Brampton Friday. The bench warned the men that any further poaching, particularly out of season, in either Caledon or Hillsburg, would be severely punished. The game warden at Orangeville, who is in charge of this district, laid the informations, and stated that any further offenders would be "ruthlessly prosecuted" if they are found fishing out of season or poaching.

Meadowvale Cattle for Japan

Two Japanese gentleman, representatives of the Japanese Govt., paid a visit to Sanford Farm, Meadowvale, of which Mr. J. B. Pearson is manager. They purchased a young bull and three heifers, milking Shorthorns, paying $2250 for the consignment, which will go forward to Japan at the end of the month. The demand for this class of cattle, with official records behind them, cannot be satisfied, the farm having oversold their supply.

Got a Ride Back Home

Two prisoners who had escaped from the Ontario Reformatory walked right back into the arms of justice one morning last week, when they asked Constable Cookman for a lift to Toronto. The Constable was very obliging and offered them the hospitality of his automobile. Upon recognising them from description furnished by the Guelph authorities, he called to his assistance two employees of the highway construction company and placed them under arrest, later having them sent back to the Reformatory. The miscreants were Harold Dewey and Floyd Smith.