The Georgetown Herald

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The Georgetown Herald
W. MOORE
Publisher
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Canadian National Electric Railway

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Passenger ... 11.00 p.m.
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OUT OF A JOB.

All nature is sick from her heels to her hair,
W'en a fellow is out of a job.
She is all out of kilter and out of repair,
W'en a fellow is out of a job.
Ain't no juice in the earth and no ash in the sea,
Ain't no ginger in life in his land of the free,
An' the universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,
W'en a fellow is out of a job.

What's the good of blue skies and blossoming trees,
W'en a fellow is out of a job?
W'en your toy has large patches on both of his knees
W'en a fellow is out of a job?
Then patches, I say, look so big to your eye
That they shut out the landscape And cover the sky,
An' the sun can't shine through 'em the best it can try,
W'en a fellow is out of a job.

You are growing around, but you're out of the game,
You may be a success, but you're dead,
Yes dead, with no tombstone to pull up your name,
W'en a fellow is out of a job.

Every man that's a man wants to help push the world,
But he can't if he's out of a job,
He is left 'cos' he's left, on a shelf so it curled,
W'en a fellow is out of a job.
Ain't no juice in the earth an' no ash in the sea,
Ain't no ginger in life in this land of the free,
An' the universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,
W'en a fellow is out of a job.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE LOST GIRES

During the third term we young folks from the Old Squire's place attended the village academy. I attended the high school, and Theodora the intermediate school for a week previous to mine.

Jacko Gilman and myself (they was stuck in plenty on the farm; but indoors the girls had more leisure, and on Monday of that week Theodora went over to the Edwards farm to spend the day with her girlhood friend, Catherine.

On arriving she found Catherine about to set off on a trip in quest of wild herbs. Gathering wild herbs which she cured and sold at a Portland pharmacy, was one of the emoluments from which Catherine derived considerable sums much needed at that time for defraying expenses in the Edwards household.

The two friends greeted each other warmly. "Wouldn't you like to come along with me?" asked Catherine. "I'm going to get thoroughwort over at Beaver Meadows, beyond Shanklin's opening. It's a long way, as much as five miles, I guess, and Micky we doesn't like to have me go so far alone. I would dearly love to have you come. We can take our lunch; I will hitch up Jacko, and we can drive as far as the Shanklin place."

"Nothing could have suited Theodora better. She greatly enjoyed a jaunt behind the spirited, handsome horse. So she hurried off in high spirits to get ready and drove off in high spirits to be together. Catherine had taken the sun—a small one that had belonged to her brother Tom, before he left home.

"There's just a light charge for partridge's in it," she explained; "but I never put the cap on till I'm ready to shoot."

They drove slowly along the badly kept highway to the northward, for two miles, then diverged for a mile and a half along a rough road leading to the Shanklin opening. The place were a sadly desolate one. No one was then living at this solitary farm. The doors and windows were nailed up, and the roof of the barn had never been completely boarded and shingled.

When old Jacko had been securely tied in the shade of a tree, the two girls made off through the wood, and along Beaver Brook for another mile or more, to the foot of the meadows of that name, where thoroughwort was known to be growing abundantly.

They filled two sacks with thoroughwort, and after refreshing with them to the wagon ate their luncheon, for Jacko and started back for another stock of the homely herb. It was at this moment that a most ambitious project suddenly occurred to Catherine. "Now that you are here with me, Dead, I should like to go over to Pastor Bedelle's peppermint farm," she exclaimed. "The brook flows in Purvey's Mills. We've only to follow the brook," she explained. "The old doctor went back to Canada two years ago, and the March boys have told me about a lot of peppermint, catnip and other herbs growing up there, which nobody gathers now."

The desire to explore seems to have taken possession of both girls. With the herb sacks thrown over their shoulders, they set out, walking fast, Catherine carrying the gun. They followed the lower course of the brook toward the valley of Purvey's Stream. The distance proved greater than they had anticipated. However, and keeping to the brook for them several times into shin deep bogs they did go forward. At last reached a relatively dry and at last reached a little clearing of two or three acres, which Catherine said would be the place for the peppermint.

"We can still follow the general course of the brook and get on flatter ground," she said, to which poor Dead readily assented. They had advanced into the woods but a short way, however, when they found their progress impeded by the top of an enormous old dye— swamp maple that had recently been blown down, and, while making a detour to pass it the deep humming of bees was heard.

"Oh, it's a bee tree!" Catherine cried, and they recommenced it, yet by from a safe distance. The hollow trunk had been split partly open by the fall, and the crack as well as the air all about was black with the clustered insects—evidently a big swarm. At that time there's loss of money in that old hollow trunk!" Catherine exclaimed. "We will, tell our folks about it!"

As they stood there another wanderer of the woods was seized approaching from the opposite side of the fallen tree, a bear, attracted no doubt, by the smell of honey. The animal advanced toward the orifice in the trunk and, despite the stand of bees that were around his head attempted to thrust its paws inside. Then the girls distinguished the low whimpering of some creature near by and caught a glimpse of a small black object—no longer than a cat—busily creeping forward.

"It isn't that the bear's cubs" questioned Theodora in a whisper.

"Yes, it is!" Catherine exclaimed in a low breath. "And I think we'd better go, going!" she added quickly. "I'm glad I didn't shoot!"

Quickening up their pace considerably, they stole away through the already darkening forest and in their haste to escape from the bears and the bees went somehow astray from their proper course to the Shanklin opening.

At last it grew so dark that the girls could only stumble along in the dense wood.

"Dead, I'm afraid we have lost our way!" Catherine finally exclaimed.

In much coherent they still attempted to go on and at last perceived an opening behind them. "There's Shanklin's place!" Catherine cried. "Now we will find Jacko and hurry home!"

But when they emerged more fully into the cleared space it was found to be only a small, very similar opening with a long-deserted house on one side—not the Shanklin place at all! Then indeed they were utterly at a loss to imagine where they could be. Less experienced than her companion, Theodora was much frightened.

"It is now too dark for us to attempt to find our way back to the brook," said Catherine. "There is no use in wandering about. Dead. We shall have to stay here until morning."

They approached the camp, but at first shrank from entering the dark interior, though the old camp door stood ajar. Finally, however, Catherine ventured, timidly. The cabin had been entirely dismantled. There was absolutely nothing within save a split log with pegged legs, which had once served as a bench. On this they sat down.

"What a dreadful place!" Theodora moaned.

"If, you indeed a cheerless situation. They had no means of making a fire since they had not thought to bring matches with them, and, weary from their long tramp they sat on here for a time—for ignoring what else to do.

It began falling gently. [illegible] Then, before they knew it, [illegible] camp floor, cuddled close [illegible] and with nothing better to [illegible] sacks of peppermint for pillows actually fell asleep. But Theodora's [illegible] slept lightly. A curious noise soon roused her—like the rough tongue of some creature licking the door jambs outside. She listened intently; her alarm increasing. Heard in the darkness of the little cabin this raspy tongue was terribly suggestive of a blood-thirsty appetite. Unable to endure it alone, she wakened her sleeping companion.

"O, Kate!" Whatever can it be?" she whispered.

"It may be a bear, or perhaps a moose. Her has smelled salt and is licking round the doorway," she whispered back.

Then noisily, [illegible] picking up the little gun that lay close at hand, struck violently with the butt of it on the boards of the door. The response to this noisy satisfaction was a queer snort and the sound of rapidly receding footsteps.

Once more the two [illegible] Heavier approached the door, but [illegible] before departing, [illegible] fell asleep again.

At supper that evening, Jacko and a little later Theodora and Catherine, [illegible] Smith [illegible] Mrs. Edwards [illegible] opposite to the Edwards farm to drive subsequently her home.

"I found Catherine's mother in a state of [illegible] anxiety.

"The girls haven't come back!" she explained.

Returning home, and [illegible] our folks immediately [illegible] them. Addison hurriedly hitched up a span of the work horses while Willis and Ben. The old Squire had a cold that day, but he, [illegible] as we were starting off and got into the wagon with us. We then drove to the Shanklin opening, also [illegible] Jacko, hoping to meet the girls returning home.

Jacko whickered coldly and long-somely when we approached the opening, where we found him tied as the girls had left him, with the back of the vehicle stuffed full of thoroughwort. We discovered Theodora's little knitted shawl and one of Catherine's glove prize on the wagon seat. On [illegible] and we took set off at once with [illegible] intent, to go to the meadows, hoping as we went. We found the place where the girls had gathered herbs, but our shouts brought no reply, and, as it seemed unlikely that they would have ventured further, we returned to the Shanklin opening after [illegible] This [illegible] Squire was [illegible] a [illegible] "Boys, a small [illegible] [illegible] here who knows [illegible] It was [illegible] little [illegible] "Lady will find them [illegible] Nobody, [illegible] [illegible] short, [illegible] him [illegible] [illegible] The old Squire [illegible] Jacko and [illegible] [illegible] in the direction of the meadows.

Whereupon Ben, [illegible] and, with his hastened after the [illegible] Neither [illegible] hysterically I decided to remain behind with the Old Squire. The others went [illegible] little [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] following him, back to the [illegible] them all the way over to Dr. Doctor Bedelle's herb farm, and from there through the woods to the fallen tree [illegible] all at last they reached that old logging camp where the girls were passing the night.

In the gray of the cloudy September dawn Skip's joyful bark, blending with the voices of the boys, waked them from their uneasy slumbers; and less than an hour later they all reached us at Shanklin's place—Catherine very contrite and much ashamed at having lost her way, but Theodora is glad that she shed tears when she heard the Old Squire's cheery voice calling, "Good morning, girls! Think Roarin, you are safe!"

It was eight o'clock that morning before we finally reached home—greatly to the relief of the anxious members of the two farmhouses. The only replace for that night of grave apprehension was over a hundred weight of wild honey secured from the fallen bee tree that the girls had discovered.

THE REAL TOWN BUILDER

The man who spends his money at home is a community builder.

He may not have a great deal to spend, but if his pay cheque is turned into the local channels of trade it does more than [illegible] the wheels turning; he is a community builder.

[illegible] is worth a dozen others who, with [illegible] it out of [illegible] and from home.

Often when community builders are spoken of, the thoughts turn of the community of means and of source. They are looked up to as the community builders.

There are in every community men and women of small means who, by their unpretentious service, yet have spent all and, educated a family or boys and girls in the town and have spent their income with the home merchants and the home institutions.

These, while they do not often get the credit and encouragement for the worthy community builders and other in-store, supply, to home institutions are more helpful as town builders than many of those of larger means.

Our value as a community builder is not determined as being by what one has in the community, but it is by what one does for the community.

MAN'S FRIEND, THE HEN

If there [illegible] [illegible] a year we would all have [illegible] stomachs and nothing in about [illegible] here, Mabel Robb, of Alton, [illegible] Halton county, [illegible] Robb, of Alton, [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]