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### LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

If you're looking for trouble, then you'll find it in abundance wherever you go. But should you and gladness be your daily quest, I'm sure you will find them north, south, east and west.

If you're looking for snubs every day of the week, I fear you will find what you constantly seek. But if you're preferred, say, to look for a smile, I know you will meet her within the next mile.

If you're looking for enemies, you will soon find them. A sinister menace wherever you be; but, if for a change, you should look for a friend, an early success would your effort attend.

If you're looking for trouble, it's easy to find. For it's seeking the people who have in mind to do a mischief. But though troubles come to each life unaware, the way is but short if contentment is there.

A.B.C. in Tit-Bits.

### ORDEAL BY WATER

(Continued from Page 1)

This is a boat we are handling, not a man, and sit on the weather side. No—on the other side, the left side. Do you want to drown?"

"God forbid," muttered Paintnot, scrambling clumsily to the place Gawin indicated. "Yes I would save that if I have no need of money for my father is to send eight pounds to me."

Gawin started. Had the tight lips said too much? He shot a searching glance at Paintnot, huddled in his seat, wondering when the cold spray dripped into his face and side.

"Eight pounds," thought Gawin. Why should Paintnot have mentioned the exact sum of eight pounds? Why should he have made his latest remark at all, except in order to throw suspicion away from himself?

"You stole my father's money," said Gawin, at a venture. "Confess it now to me, and I will intercede for you." Paintnot said nothing. His lips were locked tightly together. He would keep silent now, knowing there was no chance of his speaking.

Gawin knew it, too. His direct accusation had failed. Was there any other way in which he could force a confession? Some ordeal? Ordeal by water?

Gawin put the thought aside. He had no right to torture Paintnot, much as he wished to do so. And then a small tame sweeping down off the boat, nearly as if it were a feather in his thoughts that he failed to notice it, and then failed to hurt himself. The shallow water had dried and the two young men found themselves floundering in the icy water alongside her.

Paintnot was a strong swimmer, as befitted a Bay Colonist. He went after Paintnot, who being unable to swim, was drawn nearly as if by a magnet, distance of him. Clenching his hand into the boy's collar, Gawin towed him to the overturned stoppage, and then, as if by magic, he kept Paintnot's head above water. Gawin found that he could keep Paintnot's head above water, but he could not keep his own head above water.

Grimly, at that moment of intense effort, Gawin felt that Providence had sent him the very opportunity he had wanted. And when Paintnot, gasping and choking, began to moan with the effort of keeping his head above water, he possessed, the son of a Puritan, who ready for him.

"We are lost," gulped Paintnot.

"We are lost," said Gawin.

Across the bottom of the shallow, he could see the Boston shore and the little white houses in the distance. He saw men running along the deck of the Little Neptune, and a boat put out from her side. Paintnot was too low in the water to see it.

"I am dying," he wailed.

"I trust you have a clear conscience," said Gawin. "It is a awful thing to die unrepentant, with an unconfessed sin upon your soul."

A large wave curved over Paintnot's head. He choked for a full half-minute after he had emerged from it. Then he cried, to scramble higher in the boat, and the water was thwarted in this design by Gawin's strong arm, pressing him back.

"Is your head above water?" asked Gawin. "So is it with mine, soon. I feel it within me, I shall be constrained to keep my head above water."

"Master Gawin!" cried Paintnot, piteously. "Do not let me drown! Do not let my soul die! Hold me up until I can get out!"

"Be quick," bade Gawin. "Time is short."

This was true, because the boat, from the Little Neptune was now but a very short distance away. But to Paintnot, who saw nothing but Gawin's strong arm and the widening cold water that was choking him, there was no prospect of rescue.

"It is hidden in the attic under the floor. In the spring when the ships come in, I had it in mind to say that my father had sent me eight pounds. And you would allow Dick Scott to be sold for your sin?"

"My dear friend Paintnot," he is wicked. He deserves punishment. His voice died in a spluttering wail. Gawin had let him sink far deeper than he had before, and the self-confessed thief and liar came to the surface, strangling.

"I told you my strength was waning, so that I could not hold you as before," said Gawin, truthfully enough, for the icy water was beginning to lap over his head. "I would have held you up until you were ready to confess to me, why should you resist?"

"My father is a ruined man," answered Paintnot. "His house and loom have burned."

He choked again. Gawin, feeling more exhausted than ever, made up his mind to keep Paintnot's nose and lips above water until the rescue boat arrived.

"Be quick, life is short," he bade the sailors, when he had been pulled over the side to safety. "My servant here is a thief and a liar. He has stolen eight pounds from the bottom of the boat. Having swallowed much salt water, he presently became very ready to confess to me, but he would not believe that he was indeed dying. Gawin, on the other hand, felt now strength stir through his veins, as the boat returned to shore, and he hauled Paintnot ashore, in limp and subject state, only to find William Mayhew among the crowd who had hastened to the landing-place.

"Father," said Gawin, "the stolen money is hidden in the attic, and Paintnot Barstow has confessed to me." Paintnot Barstow was sobbing and confessing to you."

Gawin waited until he heard the wretched Paintnot muttering a confession, and then he hurried away to his home on Middle Street. He rubbed himself down, put on dry clothes, and had just time to cheer Dick with a word of assurance that the truth was out when Master Mayhew arrived.

"Richard," said the master, "you are forgiven for the theft of the ham, and you did not send him away, did you? It that you walk more circumspectly from now forward, you see to what heavy suspicion that wretched villain has brought you."

Dick took both the pardon and the warning with a manly face, having the wit to say nothing. Then he left the room, and William Mayhew made to Gawin what was, for him, a remarkable confession.

"Gawin," he said, "I misjudged those two youths. Paintnot Barstow is a perjured and graceless knave."

"You will not send him away, will you?"

"No," replied his father and he smiled slightly. "I can deal with him here." After a moment he added: "Gawin, my son, how did you bring that subtle villain to confess?"

Gawin looked up, with a little pale smile that made him very like his father.

"Sir," he said gravely, "for his soul's good I did persuade him."

When a southbound car crashed into the hay rack which John Ewing Cooksville was driving south on No. 10 highway Saturday, Mr. Ewing's son, William, who was walking behind the rack, was hurled to safety about a mile further on, one of the horses in the team collapsed, and Fred Irvine, Cooksville's driver, was hurled to draw the animal home on a stone-boat. The horse is still alive—but "can't get up."

### Here and There

Forty British sportsmen will make up five parties which have arranged to fish trout and salmon on the Miramichi River, N.B., during the continuation of winter. The sportsmen will be accompanied by an announcement by the provincial director of information and tourism in 1932.

Canada shipped more than 5,000,000 pairs of rubber and rubber-soled boots and shoes valued at approximately \$4,408,100 to more than 80 countries during 1931, according to information given out by the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce.

Travelling Canadian Pacific across the Dominion from Detroit and visiting Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Saint John prior to sailing by S.S. Melita for their home countries, eight European Ford Motor dealers were lately visited at all cities they stopped at.

S.S. Montclare, the ship that inaugurated Canadian Pacific ocean passenger service at Halifax Friday evening, when she sailed for her last visit to Maritime ports for the 1931-1932 season.

Scotland will send an official Trade Mission ship to Canada this spring, visiting the Dominion and developing closer business relations with Dominion. Over a hundred Scottish firms have already looked space on the ship which has been fitted out for the purpose by the Corporation of Glasgow.

Her Majesty, Queen Mary and her two sons, the Duke of York and Prince George, showed great interest in the Canadian Industries section at the British Industries Fair at Olympia, London, on the occasion of their visit. The Royal party was received by Hon. G. H. Stewart, High Commissioner for Canada.

The highest Canadian mountain peak was made in March when Russell H. Bennett of Miramichi, N.B., and Joe Welsch of Baie, accompanied the unprecedented feat of climbing to the peak of the Snow Dome, centre of the vast Columbia ice fields. The peak is over 11,000 feet above sea level.

Bargain rates are forecast for westward travel by the Canadian Pacific Railway, said C. B. Foster, passenger traffic manager of the Railway, after an official visit to the Pacific Coast. The successful experiment in popular low rates excursion from Toronto to Montreal at a cost below one-fourth of that of the ordinary return fare. There is every indication of heavy participation in the excursion.

In continuation of its policy of inter-city visits between the major centres of population in Eastern Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway will on August 20 open one of the most ambitious of these projects by running a round trip excursion from Toronto to Montreal at a cost below one-fourth of that of the ordinary return fare. There is every indication of heavy participation in the excursion.

All Canada, as well as many interested mining men in far distant lands, will have an opportunity of listening to the speech of His Excellency, the Governor General, the Earl of Bessborough, at the annual banquet of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy at Montreal Thursday evening, April 14th. The banquet will be held at 21 stations from Halifax to Vancouver over the lines of the Communications Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway. (283)

### IN BED WITH BACKACHE

"Two years ago I suffered with severe pains in the muscles of my back, and could with difficulty hold myself upright. At times I had to go to bed for a week at a time. I went to and from hospital for 2 months, and they certainly did me good, but they told me they could not keep giving me medicine, but that I needed complete rest for 6 months, away from the children. I could not bring myself to be parted from the children, so I did not go to hospital any more. I started using Kruschen Salts and have had no trouble with my back since. My Kruschen contains vital salts that go right down to the root cause of backache. As soon as you start on Kruschen, the sharpest pains of backache cease. As you persevere with the "little daily dose" the twinges become less and less frequent, until finally you hardly know what an ache or pain is. Then, if you persevere, you'll prevent the possibility of a relapse by continuing the tiny, tasteless pinch of Kruschen every morning.

Edward Clough, widely known Clough resident, and prominent in industrial circles died of the Central Hospital, Clough on Sunday last after a brief illness. Born in England, Mr. Clough, who was in his fifty-fifth year, had been a member of Clough for the past twenty-two years. For twenty years he had been Superintendent of the Clough Worested and Spinning Mills.

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John McDonald

PHONE 129 GEORGETOWN

### SPRING RECIPES

By Betty Barclay

Spring calls for lighter dishes—particularly if we wish to avoid Spring Fever, an annoying malady that follows the continuation of winter's heavy diet into warmer weather. Salads, raw vegetables, fruit cups, and that good old standby "rhubarb pie" are in order. Here are two excellent new recipes:

Jellied Rhubarb Pie  
1 package quick-setting gelatin dessert (lemon flavor)  
1 cup boiling water  
1 cup orange juice  
2 lbs. young strawberry rhubarb  
1 1/2 cups granulated sugar

Chill rhubarb in one-inch pieces. Steam in double boiler until tender, but unbroken. Add sugar when nearly done. Dissolve quick-setting gelatin dessert in boiling water. Measure any juice from rhubarb and add water if necessary to make 1/2 cup. Add to gelatin. Add orange juice. Chill until it begins to thicken and then fold in carefully, the pieces of rhubarb. Pour into small baked pastry shells and chill until firm. Garnish tops with marigolds or a rosette of softened cream cheese.

Cream Cheese and Vegetable Salad  
1 package quick-setting gelatin dessert (lemon flavor)  
1 cup boiling water  
1 cup cold water  
1/2 cup vinegar  
1 cream cheese  
2 tablespoons milk  
2 teaspoons minced parsley  
1 teaspoon grated onion  
1 teaspoon paprika  
1/2 cup small thinly-sliced beets  
1 cup cooked wax beans  
1/2 cup quick-setting gelatin and lemon juice: add boiling water and stir until completely dissolved. Add cold water and vinegar; cool. Soften cream cheese with milk, add parsley, onion and paprika. Add 1/2 cup of gelatin mixture.

Chill remaining gelatin until it begins to thicken; add beets and wax beans. Pour into melon mould and chill until firm. Then pour cream cheese mixture on top of this to fill mould. Chill until firm.

Golden Glow Dessert  
1 package lemon junket  
1 pint milk  
1 pint sliced apricots  
1/2 cup sugar

Prepare half the lemon junket with half the milk according to directions on package; pour into five individual dessert glasses. Rub the stewed dried apricots through a sieve and sweeten to taste. When the junket is firm, add a layer of apricots. Cover with the other half of the lemon junket prepared as the first. When firm, set away to chill.

Honey Ambrula Salad (Serves 12)  
Dip 4 or 5 orange slices in slightly-warmed honey which has been placed in a flat bowl or saucer. Then dip both sides of slices in coconut. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with dots of canned or maraschino cherry pieces.

Baked Orange Relish for Meat (Serves 6-8)  
2 large oranges  
3 or 4 slices canned pineapple  
8 whole cloves  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/2 cup pineapple juice  
1-3 cup sugar  
1 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice  
1 slice oranges thin, using skin and pulp. Cut up pineapple. Combine all ingredients and place in glass or earthen baking dish. Bake in moderate oven for 2 to 2 1/2 hours. This is a delicious relish with meats.



## YOU SHOULD BE DISCONTENTED

THAT man or woman who is completely contented is in a sorry state. Every man, woman and child should have aspirations—desires for something higher and better than is now possessed. It is Godlike to be discontented.

Poverty of mind and estate is a manifestation of contentedness.

Laborers, if they were properly discontented would raise the character and quality of their work, and would receive higher pay.

Men and women in salaried jobs doing manual or clerical work are unlikely to receive promotion if they exhibit contentedness.

Those who go farthest and highest in the world's estimation are they who have the creative impulse, plus initiative; they are those who strive to possess or reach what is beyond them.

Things beyond us are made known to us by and in advertisements. Advertisers dangle in front of us electric refrigerators, electric labor-saving domestic mechanisms, personal charm and beauty, the pleasures of travel, fine furniture and furnishings, the vigor and benefits of better health, cultural occupations and recreations, higher-paid employment, and the ways and means by which we can make our time and labor give us more money and more leisure.

Advertisements are designed to stir us out of bovine contentment by putting pictures before us—pictures of the imagination. These pictures create longings in us, and longings find a way of translating themselves into purpose, ambition and resolution.

NOT THE news, not the stories, not the information, not the entertaining and educational articles, contained in newspapers and magazines are the pushers of us toward something better and higher; it is the advertisements in them. They are urgent and narrow-purposed, and are vivid. They are deliberately devised to make us do something.

Perhaps contentment is permissible in those who have reached their seventieth birthday, but those younger than 70 who say they are completely content merely say that they have collapsed mentally and physically.

Ideals change, desires change, objectives change, but never should any of us be contented. And we'll never be contented if we keep reading advertisements.

Pictureful, pressurful advertisements! Let us all be grateful for and to them.

Advertisements Are the Foes of Contented Men and Women

This Advt. is sponsored by the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association