

# The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication

The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 17th, 1932.

\$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

Going East	Time
Passenger and Mail	10:20 a.m.
Passenger	2:30 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	5:30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto	9:55 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2:30 p.m.
Passenger	5:12 p.m.
Passenger	9:55 p.m.

Going West	Time
Passenger and Mail	7:25 a.m.
Passenger	9:54 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	2:08 p.m.
Passenger	5:25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10:20 p.m.

Going North	Time
Mail and Passenger	8:55 a.m.

Going South	Time
Mail and Passenger	6:28 p.m.

## ARROW

### INCREASED BUS SERVICE

Eastern Standard Time

Westbound	Time	
8:55 a.m.	10:55 a.m.	12:55 a.m.
3:55 p.m.	5:55 p.m.	8:25 p.m. (Sat. only)
(11:55 p.m. Saturday only)		

Eastbound

Time	
6:15 a.m. daily except Sun.	9:00 a.m.
1:15 p.m.	4:40 p.m.
stops only on flag signs	
8:15 p.m. Saturdays and Holidays only.	

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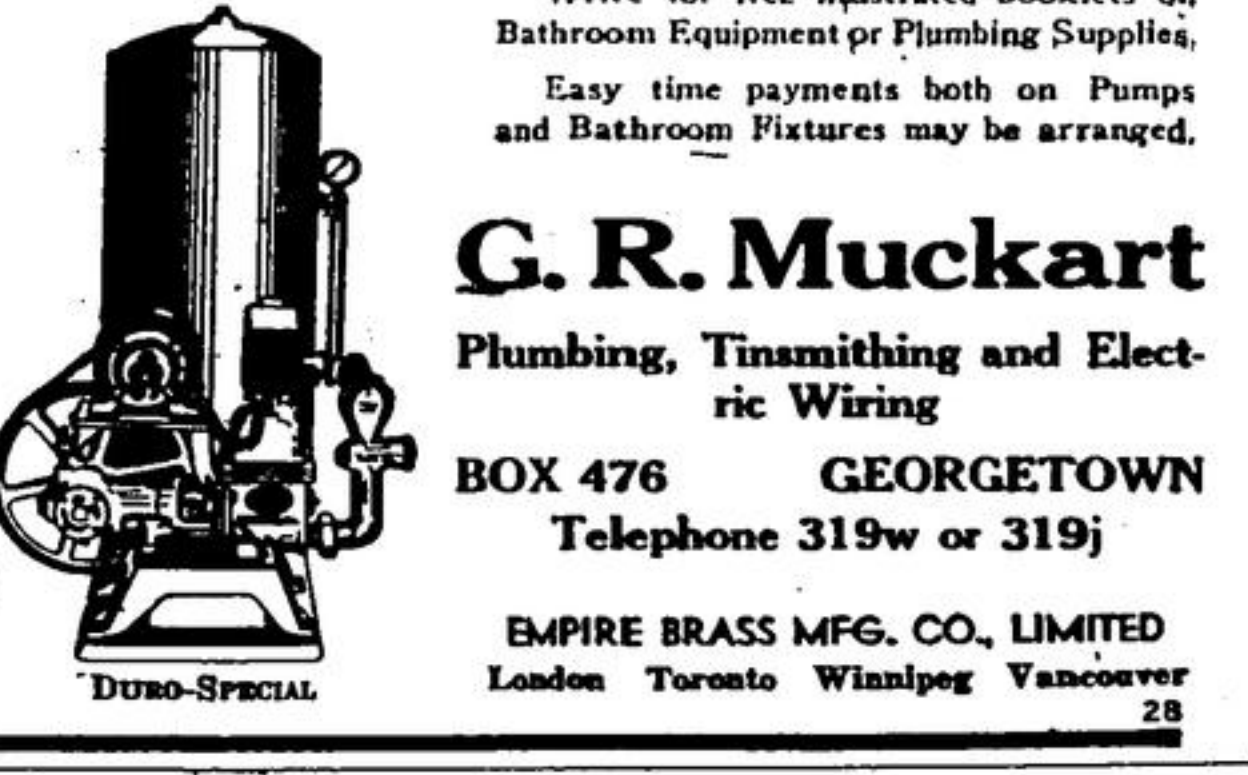
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Do you honestly believe that you get a bigger or better one dollar and fifty cents worth anywhere? If you agree with us that you do not, will you try to make our task of keeping our subscription list paid up, easier, by watching the label on your Herald and paying yours when it falls due? Thank you. Just to be sure—turn to the first page now and

"LOOK AT THE LABEL"

### BE NOT AFRAID TO PRAY

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right. Pray if thou canst, with hope, but ever pray. Though hope be weak, or sick with long waiting, pray. Pray in the darkness, if there is no light. Pray is the time rebuke from human hands. When war and discord on the earth shall cease; Yet every prayer for universal peace Avail the blessed time to expedite. Whither is good to wish, ask that of Heaven. Though it be what thou canst not hope to see; Pray to be perfect, though material. Forbid the spirit so on earth to be. But if for any wish thou darrest not pray. Then pray to God to cast that wish away. —Hartley Coleridge.

### HELEN MADE A MISTAKE

By Dorothy Douglas

NOT suspecting that adventure in the form of a small white card, was awaiting him just over his own threshold, young Doctor Gavin stepped within an apartment. The small white cardboard attracted his eyes even before he entered. He picked it up and read: "Dear Doctor Gavin: Will be expecting you and Bobby on Friday at six. Sorry you are not in. This was scratched in pencil across the face of the card, which further informed the young doctor that Helen Moore was the caller and her telephone number was Plaza 2110.

Now Doctor Gavin felt that at a stretch he might be the "doubtful" but he most certainly could not be Grace. Doctor Gavin had made a mistake and pushed her card under the wrong door. "But who is Grace? And must I make a round of all the apartments this evening in order that Helen's message reach its rightful destination? The doctor lifted his telephone and called Plaza 2110.

The voice that travelled over the wire was delightful. Upon making his reasons for calling her up known she seemed to relax. "It is Mrs. Berkley," Helen Moore said, "and I must have thought the front was the back. They have just moved in and have no telephone. It is so awkward. Yes, if you would be so very kind. Yes, I will hold the wire."

Doctor Gavin hesitated a moment before he answered his knock. His message reached its rightful destination. He asked if Mrs. Berkley would like to talk with Miss Moore. That was only the beginning of numerous messages that Doctor Gavin bore to the other apartment. It seemed as if Helen and Grace had ended every evening with a telephone call. Doctor Gavin realized that a meeting was inevitable.

"Doctor Gavin," said Grace after mature thought, "you come in and have dinner with us tomorrow night? Helen is coming and I know you feel a bit square about actually meeting her, so I thought you might like to see her first. I will tell Helen that you are Jack Deane, an old friend of mine from the West whom I particularly want her to meet."

So with fear and trembling he made his intruder already dead her best. Fortunately he had a bit of a cold and his voice was sufficiently unlike Doctor Gavin's to deceive Helen completely. Helen's curiosity being made, she could expect from the feminine world. Her hair was softly brown and eyes wide and intelligent, and her gown exquisite. Doctor Gavin found himself hurriedly and precipitately falling in love.

And Helen liked the friend from the West even though her ear was keyed to each footstep in the hall. She somehow felt disappointed that the doctor made no real attempt to know her.

"What part of the West do you come from?" she asked.

"Oedar Rapids, Iowa," he lied bravely never having even passed through the mid-West city.

"No! Really? Oedar didn't tell me that. I was born there."

And then the doctor was in for it. Such a volley of questions and inquiries! Doctor Gavin's answers were the answers that followed that Helen was more than a little suspicious that he had never seen Oedar Rapids or Iowa.

The doctor was in a fine position for a man who has just decided that he has intruded on a dinner. He looked around desperately for relief.

Suddenly a telephone bell rang and rang.

Helen heard it and her heart fluttered. Tom looked worried. Grace started and only Doctor Gavin seemed pleased.

"If you'll excuse me—I must answer my phone—might be an important call—like some, others of recent date."

He slipped out before a word was spoken.

"Grace! How could you?" Helen burst forth. "You said he was dark and short and had a mustache, and he's sandy and wonderfully built, and—" But Helen stopped and blushed. "Anyway I like him—do there."

"Knew you would," laughed Grace. "And on the way home in the doctor's grey coupe Helen said with an uneasy laugh, 'I have given you a good deal of trouble, doctor, by having made that mistake.'"

"Yes, and you will have to give me more than trouble before our accounts are straightened out," warned Helen, but her voice held more of an enunciation to continue than she was quite aware of.

Net a Change

The following conversation took place between a doctor and a gentleman after an auto wreck:

Centiman: "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me and yet you say I was to blame." Cop: "You certainly were."

Centiman: "Why is that?" Cop: "Because his father is Mayor, his brother Chief of Police, and I go with his side."

### I LIKE THE DEPRESSION

The following is an anonymous contribution, which has travelled around a lot, since it seems to strike a responsive chord in the breast of many an editor. Sorry we can't give credit where credit is due, but it strikes us that it came originally from some of the Service Club magazines—it rather sounds that way.

I like the depression. No more prosperity for me. I have had more fun since the depression started than I ever had in my life. I had forgotten how to live, what was like to eat common, everyday food. Fact is, I was getting a little high hat.

Then—And Now

Three years ago, one fine man of our outfit could be out of town at a time and he had to leave at the last minute and get back as soon as possible. Many times I have driven 100 miles to a banquet, sat through three hours of bunk in order to make a ten-minute speech, then driven the 100 miles back so as to be ready for work next morning. Nowadays we make these trips and we stay as long as we want to. The only thing that would leave the office now and it wouldn't make any difference.

It's great to drop into an office and find that you can spend an hour or two or three, or half a day just visiting with the people who are remaining valuable time. I like the depression. I am getting acquainted with my neighbors. In the last six months I have become acquainted with folks who have been living next door to me for three years. I am following the Biblical admonition: "Love your neighbor." One of my neighbors has one of the best-looking wives I have ever seen. She is a dandy. I am getting acquainted with my neighbors, learning to love them. I like the depression.

The Wife

Three years ago I was so busy and my wife was so busy that we didn't see much of each other, consequently we sort of lost interest in each other. One week I went home to dinner at 6:30 o'clock. I never had time to get anywhere else. If I did go on a party, I could never locate her. Since there was always a "blonde" or a "redhead" at the party, I was much about it. My wife belonged to all the clubs in town. She even joined the young mothers' club. We did not see each other for a long time. I was studying—and between playing bridge and going to clubs, she was never at home. I was studying—and between playing bridge and going to clubs, she was never at home. I was studying—and between playing bridge and going to clubs, she was never at home.

We like the depression. We have come down off our pedestal and are really living. The stiff collar and you are over the top, canting gaily through a cool mist, forest, and then Summit Lake. The view from the Bungalow Camp is magnificent. One of the wide valleys, with Takakaw Falls on the far side of the valley.

The Bungalow Camp, which has accommodations for 40 people, is situated in a meadow with a view of the sound of Takakaw Falls. It is an ideal place for hikers and walkers; and the best of the valley, east Takakaw Falls and the Twin Falls (two vast columns of water that drop almost perpendicularly) to the 2,000 feet level. The Yoho Glacier and the Wapiti fields. The Yoho Glacier is the most interesting in the Canadian Rockies, and is highly picturesque. A rest house is operated at Twin Falls, and the visitor can spend the night there.

THE WEST'S IMPROVED CONDITION

Rev. Dr. E. H. Olliver, of Saskatoon, who made many vigorous appeals in the East last year on behalf of the district of Southern Saskatchewan, has just completed an extensive tour of the West and is most optimistic in his outlook and concludes his remarks as follows:

"The whole 'feel' of the West is different, not only from the West of a year ago, but from the West of ten years ago. The country is far from the East at the present time. We are emerging from a great tribulation, and every good thing seems to be about about to God with thanksgiving. Of course, the prices are cruelly low. But in a way where the land is not drifting and it has rained, and may rain from time to time, it is good to be alive. Therefore will we not wear in the land where the sky comes down."

13,338 DRIVERS OF MOTOR VEHICLES IN AUTO ACCIDENTS IN 1931

There are many persons who attribute to the streets and highways to carelessness on the part of a few reckless drivers or to misadventure. These would receive a shock if they were to glance over the official summary of last year's accidents as compiled by the Motor Vehicles Branch of the Ontario Department of Highways.

No one believes there are thirteen thousand deaths and injuries each year so many as this were concerned in death or injury to 9,000 persons in the streets and highways of Ontario. If the streets and highways of Ontario are to be made safe for the use of our citizens, then men and women drivers of every type of motor vehicle will have to train themselves to the extent that their own and others' lives on sense every moment that they are behind the wheel.

### THROUGH THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Canadian Pacific Railway  
J. M. M.

(Continued from last week)

Last week we left you at Yoho National Park, but we continue from Field seven miles out by motor to Emerald Lake, by a fine road through the hush of a scented pine-forest. Soon you reach Natural Bridge—an ineffective effort on the part of nature to curb the foaming passage of the Kicking Horse by choking the river bed with huge boulders. The road becomes Snowpeak Avenue—because at either end of its straight cathedral, stiff avenue can be seen a towering snow-capped mountain.

The superb grand of Emerald Lake is almost beyond Nature's achievement in any other lake in the Rockies. The blue-green water, which is so clear and so still, reflects the sky and the surrounding mountains. The lake is a perfect mirror of the sky and the surrounding mountains. The lake is a perfect mirror of the sky and the surrounding mountains.

Emerald Lake has a fair supply of trout, and its vicinity affords many excellent excursions on foot. The trail there is a good trail all around the lake, which is the shortest hour and a half mile you've ever walked. The trail is the shortest hour and a half mile you've ever walked. The trail is the shortest hour and a half mile you've ever walked.

On the left is the granite shaft erected to the memory of Sir James Hector, the discoverer of the Kicking Horse Pass, which permits the Canadian Pacific Railway to cross the Rockies. The pass owes its name to the discovery of the Kicking Horse Pass, which permits the Canadian Pacific Railway to cross the Rockies.

Across the front of the hotel extends a wide view of the valley, an uninterrupted view of the valley, an uninterrupted view of the valley, an uninterrupted view of the valley, an uninterrupted view of the valley, an uninterrupted view of the valley.

Along the western shore of Lake Louise a delightful mile-and-a-half walk along a level trail affords splendid views of further peaks—Mount Haddock, Aberdeen and the Devil's Thumb. The trail affords splendid views of further peaks—Mount Haddock, Aberdeen and the Devil's Thumb.

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### A MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do. As soon as you have done it. Forget the praise that falls to you. The moment you have won it. Forget the slander that you hear. Before you can repeat it. Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer. Where ever you may meet it. Remember every kindness done to you, whatever its measure; Remember praise by others won. And pass it on with pleasure; Remember every promise made. And keep it to the letter; Remember those who love you and are a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happinesses That come your way in living; Forget each worry and distress; Be hopeful and forgiving; Remember good, remember truth; Remember heaven's above you. And you will find, through age and youth, True joys, and hearts to love you. —Priscilla Leonard.

A HOME MOTTO

What better verse could we frame and hang on our walls as a motto of our home than this, by Max Ehrmann. Whose? That is that entreat here. Forget the struggling world. And every trembling fear. Take from thy heart each evil thought. And all that selfishness. Within thy life hath wrought. For once within this place thou'lt find No master, servant's fear. Nor Master's voice unkind. Have all are kind of God's grace—Thou, too, dear heart, and here The rule of life is love.

SUN TO HIDE HER FACE

Ignoring world-wide depression, the Olympic games and the Conference at Ottawa, nature proceeds calmly with the preparation of one of her splendid spectacles. This is to be an eclipse of the sun, arranged for August 31st.

At long intervals these amazing phenomena excite the admiration and wonder of humanity, from the learned scientist to the dweller in the jungle. On such occasions some particular spot may be viewed as a special favored. Some years ago it was the neighborhood of Hamilton, where famous astronomers assembled to view an eclipse in its most impressive stage. This time it is the village of Parent in Quebec, from which the total eclipse may be viewed as a special favored. Some years ago it was the neighborhood of Hamilton, where famous astronomers assembled to view an eclipse in its most impressive stage. This time it is the village of Parent in Quebec, from which the total eclipse may be viewed as a special favored.

On the margin of this most perfect lake, in a wonderful Alpine flower garden where poppies, violets, columbines and other flowers bloom, a means of a light gasoline railway. This trip is through a deep forest, with the sky a narrow strip above the tree-tops, and a shoulder of the mountain, across a rushing mountain torrent, we come suddenly to the edge of the lake.

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### MODERN ALICE THRILLED

A modern Alice in a modern Wonderland was Miss Maile Parker, age 20, when she reached Montreal recently by the C. N. S. Lady Somerset. The charming visitor was taking a holiday from her duties as member of a bank staff in Hamilton, capital of Britain's Ontario province.

It was Miss Parker's first trip away from the island where her automotive transports are being made, except for a recently-built, double-decker railway. Within a half hour of her arrival in Montreal she had ridden in a motor car, seen a steam locomotive and looked up at buildings two deep stores high.

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