The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, September 7th, 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

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger and Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger	3.30 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto	9.55 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2.30 p.m.
Passenger	6.13 p.m.
Passenger	9.05 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	7.25 a.m.
Passenger	8.54 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.23 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.28 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.38 p.m.

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3.55 p.m. 5.55 p.m. (8.25 p.m. Sat. only) (9.55 p.m. daily except Sat.) (11.55 p.m. Saturday only)

Eastbound
6.15 a.m. daily except Sun. 9.50 a.m.
1.15 p.m., 4.40 p.m. (6.07 p.m. stops only on flag signal) 9.15 p.m.
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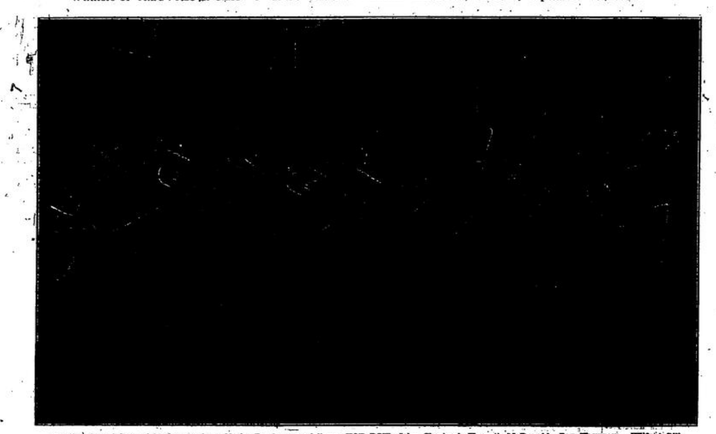

Reading from left to right the members of the Band are as follows:—TOP ROW—John Shepherd, Kenneth McDonald, Ray Thompson, Walter Diggins, James Clarke, Thomas Eason, Cecil Diggins, Anon Thurston, Roy Maglaughlin; MIDDLE ROW—Harold Wheeler, Albert Simson, Charlie Willson, Ernest Simson, Kenneth Weston, Joseph Carter, Reuben Eason, Arthur Herbert, Waldo Diggins; BOTTOM ROW—Roy King, Harry Hale, Roy Bradley, John Addy, Roy Norton, Bandmaster A. H. Perrott, Harvey King, Edward Ballingall, Wilfred Leslie, Mark Clark, Cyril Bransford, Wilfred Gill. Not in picture—Harry Cook, Ernest Pongraves, Alan Sinclair, Olaf Stapleton Jack Thompson, Norman Herbert, Walter Quandrell, Neil Cummings, Ed. Francis.

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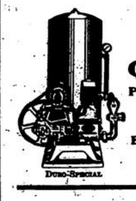

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DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up-hill,
When funds are low and debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't quit;
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though your pace is slow—
You may succeed with another blow.
Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man.
Often the struggler has given up,
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.
Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver lint of the clouds of doubt.
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're harder hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

BUCK WHEELER'S JUDY

By Dennis H. Stovall

EDNA and Minnie Keeper came into the sand-blown yard to bid their brother good-bye when he brought the noisy car to a halt within a few steps of the ranch house door. Edna handed him a slip of paper on which were written all the articles she and her sister wanted him to buy while he was at San Bernardino.

Jeff glanced at it and frowned. He grinned good-naturedly, however, when he looked at the two girls and shouted, "Say, I ought to leave a few things in! Sam Bordro for somebody else." Then he stuffed the paper in a pocket of his khaki shirt, leaned further over, and spoke just loud enough to be heard above the wild banging of the motor. "Don't look for me back before five, and please don't worry if I'm not back by six. I'll have to wait my turn at the land office. I am going to have old Buck Wheeler nailed down good and proper before I start home."

Waving a brown hand, the boy then started off. "Say girls," Jeff called over his shoulder, "don't forget to put that peaky roan colt in the stable real early this afternoon. You'd better get the cows in from the alfalfa pasture by five-thirty. Flute can help you with that job. If Buck Wheeler's Judy come over on her polka-dot piebald, don't let her annoy you."

"Don't you worry!" Edna answered. "Hurry along, big brother—We can run this ranch for one day anyhow without your help."

The little car skipped out across the browsed spaces of the Llano Plata as if bent on making the long trip in one leap, and for the first time the two girls were left alone on the isolated ranch.

Old Buck Wheeler was the nearest neighbor to the Keepers. His wife was dead, and he and Judy, his only child, a girl of sixteen, ran the ranch and raised a continual crop of trouble.

The Keepers had bravely taken possession of the Red Crag when hostilities had begun. Buck Wheeler and Judy had come over to serve the customary ultimatum. Old Buck had very little to say about the scenery or the climate, but he had offered the information in unmistakable language that a certain corner stake, or monument, was not at the boundary line the former owner indicated. (Indian it was buried under the sand, seven yards west. This meant that by had right and title to a considerable strip of land along the bottom of the arroyo, which the new owners of the Red Cray might wrongfully claim. "Let him have the old land," Edna and Minnie had said willingly enough. "What's a few acres more or less in a region where there is more land than atmosphere?" Jeff, however, had not been hullaed to pass the matter over merely on the desert patriarch's word.—To him this was a prima case of bluff. He was not going to be cown and set stock wash over jaun boot and spurs. He had taken up the claimship, and the land went on just as it had been going for years unmunbered.

'Ina made matters unpleasant for Edna and Minnie, in that they were denied the opportunity to get acquainted with Buck Wheeler's Judy. Except for that first day when she had come over with her father to make the preliminary announcement about the lost corner stake, she had never approached within speaking distance. The girls knew her hair was red, red as the ochre cliffs when the desert sun tanned on them. They had looked straight into her eyes that morning, too, and had noticed how deeply calm and blue they were. Indeed Judy had the manner and bearing of one who could take care of herself in almost any situation. She neither smiled nor scowled, but there was something in her silent gaze that had touched a responsive chord in the hearts of Edna and Minnie.

The sisters were thinking of Judy when they returned to the ranch house that morning Jeff left on his hurry trip to San Bernardino. Not for two days had they seen the red-haired girl. "I wish she would come over and give us a chance to be descent," Edna remarked, with a longing glance in the direction of the cluster of unpainted buildings and corrals that covered the floor of brown-grassed bench on the opposite side of the arroyo. "She thinks, of course, we are loaded for trouble, and have drawn a dead line between their ranch and ours."

"We didn't start animosities," Minnie reminded; "but Judy's dad lost no time in getting them under way. You can partly blame Jeff for flaring up the way he did. It isn't human nature to look pleasant when somebody goes out of his way to step on your toes."

"That's all true enough, still Judy may have little or nothing to do with it."

"Possibly not. As far as I'm concerned, Judy is welcome to come here and stay any time she pleases. It's her place to call."

The ranch house and all the Red Crag with its exciting domains of sun-blistered ridges, ravines, and the sand hills seemed unusually lonely this autumn morning. An oppressive stillness, accentuated by a dull, gray sky, made the isolation more complete. "Whew-w-w! I feel exactly as if we were the lone inhabitants of the moon!" ejaculated Edna, tossing off her big sun hat. "Let's get busy at something. Don't you notice what a funny feeling there is in the air right now? This must be earthquake weather!"

"Quiet your nerves, big sister. We don't have such weather out here. We are in southern California, you know. Let's read and mend, taking turns at the stocking bag and a book."

Making themselve comfortable on the living room lounge, the two Eastern promised themselves three hours or more of this occupation, for it was only eight o'clock, and there would be few outside chores to do till noon. As they darned and read, they paused now and then to look at the grayish sky, and to note with a growing sense of uneasiness the leaden pall that hung over the jagged tooth of old Grayback.

Minnie, who was the last to read, laid the book aside, for lunch time was drawing near. Edna proposed that they drive the roan colt in before dinner. Both had started toward the door when they heard a clattering of hoofs, as if one or more riders had rushed up to the house. This was followed by a deep-throated call of salutation, "Hello-oa-ay!"

A bit frightened and uncertain, the girls went to the door to discover Buck Wheeler and Judy in the yard. The rancher's bearded face were an expression of grave concern. "Aren't you girls alone?" When Edna answered with an affirmative shake of her head, the man continued bruskly, "I thought I saw that hotshot o' yours hittin' it off to town early this mornin'."

"Is there something you want of our brother?" Minnie inquired rather indignantly. A quizzical look of reproach from Edna prevented her from saying more.

"Nope! There ain't nothing your brother could do right now." Minnie's stinging words had not affected Buck in the least. He straightened in the saddle, and cocked an eye to the leaden sky. "Looks like there's a big blow," he informed. "Judy thought we'd better come over and tell you an' warn you to keep inside."

"Keep inside! Why? What's going to happen?" Edna stammered the broken question in a voice of anxiety. Her gaze on Judy, The latter had reined the little calico pony up near the step. Never had she been so close, and never had the two girls seen eyes that were so blue. Her lips were as red as wild zumac berries, and her features were attractive in spite of freckles and tan. Again, in Judy's calm look, Edna and Minnie caught a silent appeal, as if the girl wanted to speak to them, but lacked the courage.

"You folks are tenderfeet out in this country," declared old Buck with his frank sincerity. "I've lived here in these parts a long time, and my advice is for you to keep in the house for the next few hours. Judy and me have already driven your calves and that roan colt in the stable. Your cows will be safe over against the bluff."

With these words the bearded rancher turned his mount around, and rode off hurriedly, Judy's spotted cayuse following close behind. Edna and Minnie stood speechless, and watched the two riders drop out of sight into the arroyo.

Suddenly they were aroused by a puff of wind which lifted a cloud of dust and sand from the dry yards, hurling it against the side of the house. This was quickly followed by another puff, and then another, with a multitude of dust clouds rising from everywhere, like the smoke of a cannonade. Off to the east the horizon had turned to ink, and all the sky was overcast with a leaden portals.

"Something dreadful is going to happen!" declared Edna in a low voice of subdued fear, as she laid a trembling hand on Minnie's arm. "I can feel it. We must heed Buck Wheeler's warning, and go inside. We ought to know for sure if anything is the matter right out at the barn, though. Jeff left the stock in our care."

"Let's skip to the corral. We can get there and back in no time!" Minnie, with the impulsive zeal of the two, seized Edna's hand, and they went running across the yard. A fierce gust of wind struck them and almost hurled them from their feet. Before they realized what had happened, they were caught in the blinding swirl of flying sand. Enveloped in the smothering cloud buffeted by the gale, they were driven willy-nilly. Instead of reaching the corral gate, as they had intended doing, they were driven across the open lot, and on toward the bluffs. Before they knew it, they had lost all sense of direction. They could see no distance at all, for stocking themselve capable of and was hurled upon them. To breathe was impossible, so dense and stifling was the avalanche of gritty stuff that rained from everywhere, pelting their cheeks like a million bits of flint.

Unable to keep their feet, and afraid of being separated, the girls dropped to their knees, groping their way over the ground, but clinging lightly to each other. Whilly they struggled and pushed through the swirling mass, gasping and choking, they heard the muffled clattering of hoofs. For a dreadful moment they sat in a close huddle, afraid of being trampled on. Then the hoofbeats died away, and the two were starting on again when a girl's figure suddenly thrust through the blinding swirl. Scarcely daring to open their eyes, because of the flying sand, Edna and Minnie became aware of Judy's presence.

They left the grasp of her strong capable hands as she helped them up and led them on. Without a word, yet with the unerring certainty of one born to the terrors of the desert, she pulled them forward, from the shelter of one greasewood bush to another, until they came up under the projecting lee of the bluff several hundred yards behind the ranch house. Here, close against the brownsd cliff, was an old powder house or cave. In

(Continued on Page 4)

Regulations re Migratory Birds

The National Parks service of the Department of Interior, Ottawa, has just issued the regulations regarding migratory birds for the current year. A summary of the regulations as they apply to Ontario follows:

Open Seasons—Ducks, geese, brant, rails, coots and Wilson's or Jack-snipe in that part of Ontario lying north and west of the French and Mattawa Rivers and also including all Georgian Bay waters: September 1 to December 15th. In that part of Ontario lying south of the French and Mattawa Rivers (but not including any portion of the Georgian Bay waters): September 15 to December 15.

Eider Ducks—North of the Quebec-Cochrane, Winnipeg line of the Canadian National Railways; September 1 to December 15.

Woodcock—September 15 to November 30th.

CLOSED SEASONS

There is a closed season throughout the year on Wood Ducks, swans, cranes, curlew, willets, Godwits, upland plover, black-bellied and Golden plover, greater and yellow legs, avocets Dowitchers, knots, Oyster-catchers, phalaropes, stilts, surf-birds, turnstones and all the shore birds not provided with an open season in above schedule.

There is a closed season throughout the year on the following non-game birds:

Auks, auklets, murres, fulmars, gannets, grebes, guillemots, gulls, herons, jaegers, loons, murres, petrels puffins, shearwaters and terns; and there is a closed season throughout the year on the following insectivorous birds: bobolinks, catbirds, chickadees, flickers, flycatchers, grosbeaks, hummingbirds, kinglets, martins, meadowlarks, nighthawks or bullbats, nuthatches, orioles, robins, shrikes, swallows, swifts, tanagers, titmice, vireos, thrushes, warblers, waxwings, whip-poor-wills, woodpeckers and wrens and all other perching birds which feed entirely or chiefly on insects.

No person shall kill, hunt, capture, injure, take or molest any migratory game birds during the closed season; and no person shall sell, expose for sale, offer for sale, buy, trade or traffic in any migratory game bird at any time.

The taking of the nests or eggs of migratory game, migratory insectivorous and migratory non-game birds is prohibited.

The killing, hunting, capturing, taking or molesting of migratory insectivorous and migratory non-game birds, their nests or eggs is prohibited.

The possession of migratory game birds killed during the open season is allowed in Ontario until March 31, following open season.

Bag limits—Ducks 15, geese 15, brant 15, rails, coots and gallinules 25 in the aggregate, Wilson's or Jack-Snipe 25, Woodcock 8, and not more than 125 woodcock or 150 ducks in one season.

Guns and appliances—The use of automatic (auto-loading), swivel or machine guns, or battery, or any gun larger than number 10 gauge is prohibited, and the use of any aeroplane, power-boat, sail boat, wounded live birds as decoys, night light, and shooting from any horse-drawn or motor vehicle, is forbidden.

The shooting of migratory game birds earlier than sunrise or later than sunset is prohibited.

The penalty for violation of the Migratory Bird laws is a fine of not more than three hundred dollars and not less than ten dollars, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months, or both fine and imprisonment.

A TEST OF GOOD BREEDING

I have often been impressed by the manner of a person's treatment of animals in his treatment of persons; have often thought I would try to express the thought.

We know that one of the surest tests of good breeding lies in our attitude toward strangers. Diplomacy, selfish considerations, may prompt courtesy and kindness when we are dealing with acquaintances, but do we treat strangers similarly—the people we never saw before and expect never to see again?

Animals are like those strangers. If we are rude to the stranger it is because we know that he will have no opportunity to talk against us; and all animals, even the pets in our own households, are about strange for knowledge, some of us might have to sacrifice our reputations for good breeding—the reputation we have acquired with the people who might know if we were in some way if we were discourteous to them.

Politic choice between right and wrong can have no place in true character and good breeding. The rude, unkind person who can be otherwise when policy dictates is especially contemptible; for his occasional displays of the better self indicate a choice for meanness as his habitual demeanor.

Kindness toward all living things is a fundamental of character. Habitual, unselfish kindness marks the well-bred person, and precludes cruelty to unfairness to our dumb friends just as positively as to persons.

When a man pets his dog before people and the animal accepts those attentions with fear—which that man; he is a hypocrite! It is not going too far to say that a close observer can pick out the truly humane, dependable members of a family by watching the house pet's actions toward each member.

Good breeding and kindness are not a fine suit to be worn only on display occasions; rather they are a part of one's being, they either belong in a person or they do not.

Kindness is a foundation virtue; its manifestations are many and various, but when analysed they run back to a common source—the selfish desire to see other creatures comfortable and happy. Good breeding, when sincere, is just another name for kindness, filled with social politeness, etiquette, etc., we call it by various names; but one of the best tests of its worth, its sincerity and dependability, may be found in the person's attitude toward dumb animals.

MAN'S DISADVANTAGE

We read in the first chapter of Genesis that man was given dominion over the fish of the sea and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and yet not one of those forms of life that man was to take dominion over knows there is a depression on and their ruler is the only being who is worried. While the birds and beasts eat of the plenty of the land man goes hungry in the midst of plenty.—Goderich Star.

GIVE A THOUGHT

Give a thought to any plan
That will help a brother man,
Any scheme which shows a chance
Human comfort to enhance,
And put not your thought aside
Though success may be denied.

Give a thought to things that seem
Little better than a dream.
For, as clouds dispelve to blue,
Even dreams may yet come true,
And what seems an idle thought
Prove to be with blessing fraught.

Give a thought to those who are
From your circle very far,
Children who are seldom glad,
Old folks who are oftdn sad,
Mothers who, like yours of old,
May be worth their weight in gold.

Give a thought to what you may
Do for others every day.
Things which, though they trivial seem,
Heaven may brightest jewels deem
For the things of love and light
Shine resplendent in God's sight.
—A. B. Cooper.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A CONTEMPORARY has asked for an explanation of the common idea that a newspaper should devote a major part of its space to commenting upon or denouncing existing evils. In support of this argument that a newspaper should not limit itself to condemnation of the ills of the community, we would like to say that, all too frequently persistent criticism develops unwanted publicity. Often a matter is better to be left quiet than to be dragged before the public mind, discussed, pulled to pieces, commented upon and held up as a horrible example of all that is distasteful. Too often we are prone to look on the blackest side of a bonding sin and while we are busy criticising we might be more profitably engaged in bettering the lot of mankind generally. In our humble opinion a newspaper will be performing its allotted task if it furnishes a happy hour to its readers. We believe the moral calibre of a publication should be and, in the main is gauged by the class of literature it presents to its readers. Therefore, why should we seek in the gutter for our material when the fundamental aim of mankind is to seek happiness.—Powassan News.

WHY PAY INTEREST ON BORROWED TROUBLE

If the twin evils, Fear and Worry, could be eliminated the human race would be just one hundred per cent. improved. Worry springs from brooding over things that might happen. Fear arises from thinking too much over what might result if those things that might happen did happen. Fear and worry never yet have helped a situation. They make a difficult one more difficult.

Admittedly, in trying times, it is hard to keep from worrying. Yet worry can be avoided, or at least greatly lessened, by the simple expedient of making the best possible provision for the future and then concentrating on living one day at a time. In other words, plan ahead, but do not keep aimlessly turning over in the mind possibilities that could not be changed anyway. Ed. Howe, "the sage of Atchison," once remarked "I am an old man and I have had lots of troubles, but the worst of them were the ones that never happened."

Worry and fear thrive when one's thoughts turn in upon himself. When the mind can be directed away from self, fear and worry diminish.

Here is a case in point. Not long ago, the president of a large manufacturing concern found himself constantly worrying about his business, his associates, the state of his health, everything that came along. Wisely, he consulted his doctor.

"You have a farm up country," said his physician. "Go up there. Build a hen-house. Make a pig-sty. Do something with your hands. Go to bed early and stop thinking about yourself."

The manufacturer went. For six months he led the simple life. He went to bed early, arose early. Every day he did some work with his hands, work at which he was not skilled. He reshingled the barn roof. Never before had he done that sort of work and he had to demonstrate on what he was doing. He discovered that he was thinking much less about shingles than he was about himself. He had ceased to worry. He was cured.

Here, briefly, is another instance. A foreman of a machine shop was worried about his job. The fear that his work was unsatisfactory to his superior preyed on his mind. Determining to take his mind off his shop and off himself, he took up the cultivation of flowers. He concentrated on delphiniums as it grew well in that locality. He began studying that flower and hybridizing it. When he died recently he had succeeded in worry about himself and his work; and he had succeeded in, establishing a new and beautiful strain of the hardy larkspur.

For every man and woman there is some pastime, some hobby, some avocation that will prove so absorbing there will not be room left for fear or worry. This absorbing interest will help to banish borrowed trouble, will avoid the crouse of bridges before they are reached. Is it not worth searching for?—The Blue Bell.

WHEAT AND MOTOR CARS

The tremendous influence of a good wheat crop on Canada's morale, besides having to do with the golden stream starts to flow from the prairies, is easily understood from a study of economic effects. First of all, a man who grows a "medium" crop of wheat, at 25 bushels to the acre has 16,000 bushels of wheat, which is a very tidy fortune, and an important factor in local business revival. Then the effects of the crop extend down through railway, storage and harbor organizations and ultimately to industries generally throughout the country. The handling of the wheat crop is a big item both for domestic use and for export. Exports of Canadian wheat in the month of July this year were nearly 30,000,000 bushels, compared with 12,000,000 bushels in July, 1931.

The city of Vancouver is an example of a community benefiting from grain activity. The total shipments of grain from Vancouver for the crop year ending July, 1932 were over 94,000,000 bushels as compared to 74,000,000 bushels for the previous crop year.

Every cent added to the price of grain means several million dollars additional for the revival of Canadian business. Automobile manufacturers are confident that this year's good crop will mean increased demand for cars, especially in the Western provinces.