THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday, Evening, December 28th, 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	10.20 a.m.
Passenger	6.27 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	8.12 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger	8.40 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.56 a.m.
Passenger	2.05 p.m.
Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

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Joe—"Pretty dull magazines you're getting out. You'll never interest the public in them."

Bill—"Who cares? They are for doctors and dentists to place on the tables in their waiting-rooms."

Doctor—"The thing for you to do is to stop thinking about yourself—just bury yourself in your work."

Patient—"Gosh—and be a coment miner."

Brown (visited in office by his wife) —"For heaven's sake, Helen, stop scattering cigarette ashes all over my rugs!"

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NEW YEAR BELLS

I've listened in the darkness of the nights that were so long,
My soul obsessed by sorrow, my lips too sad for song;
But in the blithesome ringing of New Year bells I heard
The message God was bringing, and a new-born courage stirred
My heart that had grown doubtful, almost doubtful, of His word.

I've listened in the shadow of a grief that none can guess,
I've missed a heart's devotion and a voice of tenderness;
But in the cadenced beauty of the New Year bells I knew
To carry on was duty, the thing that I should do;
That God was in His Heaven, and the promises were true.

—By Rena Stotenburg Travais.

JESS MEETS ADVENTURE

By Marguerite Asphwall

THE special train carrying the girls of the Allandale Academy to New York City, where they were to separate for the summer vacation, was stalled two hours from its destination. The more adventurous of the girls had slipped down the car steps and were racing along the hard track bed. The heat and the long-drawn-out tediousness of the journey had subtly relaxed discipline; besides, the teacher in charge of the rear car was ill with a blinding headache.

At last four long warning whistles from the engine announced the start. Laughing and breathless, the girls hastened to scramble aboard again, and those who had confined themselves to the platform, as they were suposed to do, went back to their seats with sighs of relief.

Jessie Dallam had only come out to the platform a minute or two before the warning whistle sounded. She had been deep in a new book about a girl of her own age who was having marvelous adventures. Jessie was the last to turn away from the platform. As she turned her heart seemed to stop its even beating. Several hundred yards away a small, plump figure in a blue-checked dress was bending in oblivious concentration over a stream that ran parallel with the track, and Jess saw with consternation the glint of the afternoon sun on a bright red head. No one who had ever seen that curly red head could mistake it as belonging to anyone except nine-year-old Melinda West, who was at once the school's pet and torment.

In the confusion of the stop Linnie must have wandered off unnoticed and was now lost to her surroundings in some new and fascinating diversion. The special was already moving and in a second or two would have gathered considerable headway.

Jess glanced about her frantically, uncertain what to do. She called for Miss Porter, the teacher in charge of their car, and then desperately for several of her classmates by name, but the noise of the train drowned her voice. Unfortunately, Linnie was on the opposite side of the track from that on which the conductor was looking out. Jess drew a long, frightened breath and then, hatless and coatless as she had run out of the car, sprang down the three steps on the side nearest Linnie, thus losing her final chance of being observed by the trainmen, and dropped as carefully as she could from the moving train. The speed of the train was greater than she had imagined, and she was flung forward on her knees and elbows on the hard ground. There was a bend in the track some distance ahead, and it seemed to the girl that the train whisked round the curve and out of sight before she had time to get her breath back. She and Linnie West were alone in the most deserted-looking stretch of country she had seen during the entire trip. Of course someone was bound to miss them eventually, but she had no way of knowing how soon. It was a very sober Jess that got painfully to her feet and climbed down the embankment to the meadow below where Linnie and her brook were holding converse together.

"Linnie, you bad, bad girl!" she accosted the unconscious culprit. "Do you realise the train has gone and we're left behind?"

The child lifted a pink and chubby countenance, the angelic fairness of which was slightly marred with long smears of mud. Her blue eyes widened incredulously, and she glanced over her shoulder down the long track.

"Jess!" she gasped. "You—you don't mean they've—gone?"

Jess's anger melted. "Well, there's no use getting scared," she said more calmly. "We'll just have to sit down here on this nice warm log and wait patiently till they come back for us."

"I'm awful sorry, Jess," the child said with engaging contriteness. "I never thought the ol' train would be mended up so quick. Honest I didn't. An' this brook has the darnin'est little fishes in it. Come an' look at them, Jess, while we're waiting."

Jess glanced nervously at her little gold wrist watch on its black ribbon. It was four o'clock. "All right, Linnie," she agreed absently. Her brain was busy with the problem that she was facing and the responsibility that was hers.

If their absence were discovered within the next few minutes, the conductor might order the train backed to its last stopping place. And of course in any case some one could be sent back at the next town in a car to hunt for them. Miss Benthoen, the principal of the Allandale Academy, was a very different woman from inefficient Miss Porter. As soon as Miss Benthoen took hold of the afternoon's tangle things would begin to happen swiftly; but Jess was afraid that through Miss Porter's helplessness and indecisive muddling the principal might not hear to their predicament immediately.

"I'll give them till five o'clock to come back or send some one," Jess reflected, "but if no one shows up by five, I think we ought to start walking along the track till we come to a station where there's a telephone."

Jess realized just then that neither she nor Linnie had any money with her, and the worried little frown between her eyes deepened. Moreover, Linnie couldn't walk very far, especially along the track, where the walking was hard for anyone at best, and especially for anyone with such short, fat legs as Linnie's.

"Look here, honey," said Jess after another glance at the wrist watch, "we'd better start down the track and hunt our friends up, I think."

"All right," Linnie agreed cheerfully.

They trudged forward bravely for the first mile, which brought them well round the bend in the track. There Jess stopped short and stared in dismay. Just ahead was a river, and the track went across it on a trestle. It would be decidedly risky for two weary girls, one of them handicapped by legs too short to be sure of safely spanning the gaps between the ties, to try to cross the trestle. Besides, there was another danger that Jess refused to risk—that of encountering a train when they were only part way across.

"We're going to leave the track here, Linnie, dear," she said gayly. "We're wasting time on this rough walking. There seems to be a kind of cart track going over that field and through the woods. Let's find out where it goes, shall we?"

The wheel ruts ran in a zigzag fashion across the field. At the far side the path entered the woods, and, following it, the two girls found the shelter of the trees cool and pleasant. The wood seemed, however, to be extensive, for at the end of twenty minutes of steady walking the girls did not appear to be near the other side. Jess felt her heart sinking.

Then they stepped unexpectedly out of a thick growth of underbrush upon a clearing in the midst of which stood an old one-room shack. Even in the gathering dusk it looked sadly in need of repairs from the sagging porch to the eaves of the ragged roof. Still it was a house and to Jess Dallam's worried eyes the most welcome sight they had beheld in many a day.

"I don't see any smoke coming out of the chimney, Jess," Linnie observed. "Maybe nobody's home."

The same fear had occurred to Jess herself. "Well, we'll soon find out," she said stoutly.

Evidently the latch had failed to catch, for at her first knock the door swung inward. A woman's startled voice called out thickly: "Who's there?"

Jess hesitated on the threshold, for there was about the tone something odd that alarmed her. She spoke timidly, holding Linnie so that the child was forced to stand behind her out of sight of whatever the cabin might contain. "It's two girls who have lost their way and want to ask directions to the nearest town."

There was a pause as if the woman inside were too much astonished to answer, and Jess seemed to hear the loud pounding of her own heart. She wondered whether the woman in the cabin would know that she was frightened.

"Norwich, you mean?" the voice asked huskily now. "Come in an' set down, an' I'll tell you how to go. 'Tain't far when you've two strong legs."

With a throb of relief Jess decided that the woman sounded kindly, and that perhaps her first hoarseness had been only a cold. So she went in, drawing Linnie with her. It was dark inside, but Jess's blinking eyes finally made out a woman lying on a cot bed in one corner. There was a stove at the far end of the room, and between stove and cot a homemade cradle from which came a low whimpering.

The woman raised herself on one arm and peered intently at her visitors. "Set down, do," she urged them hospitably, but she breathed with a queer, labored sound that made the girl look at her in quick apprehension.

Jess's eyes had now become more accustomed to the dimness, and she could see that the woman was young and had probably once been pretty. Now, however, she was worn and big-eyed, and there were two ominous spots of red on her prominent cheek bones. Ignorant though Jess was of sickness she was sure that the woman was seriously ill. Instantly her fears departed and were succeeded by pity and an eager desire to be of help.

"I'm afraid you're not well," she said, approaching the cot with soft steps. "Can't I do something for you—get some one? There must be some neighbor who would come to you."

"Yes—yes—neighbors," the woman muttered; the thickness had returned to her voice, and the flush in her cheeks was deepening. She clutched at Jess's arm with thin, work-worn hands. "It ain't a mile, but it might be ten for all I can do to make it. There's a can of condensed milk on the shelf," she added, raising herself again with sudden feverish energy on her pillow. "I tried to get it an' fainted. He's had nothin' all day—" Her voice trailed off into unintelligible murmurings.

"The milk's on the shelf, you say?" Jess asked brightly. "There, lie still and I'll get some for the baby and for you too."

She prepared the milk at once and let Linnie watch the baby while he drank it. Turning to the woman, she tried without success to get her also to take some.

As Jess worked she tried several

(Continued on Page 4)

COUNTY COUNCIL AND WARDEN'S DINNER

The final meeting of the Halton county council was held in the court house, Milton, on Friday last, all members present and the warden in the chair. Owing to the illness of the county clerk, the clerk's place was taken by Sheriff Brown.

A letter was read from the C. P. R. asking for relief from maintaining cattle guards at certain crossings in the county. After discussion, it was moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Readhead and carried, that no action be taken. It was later moved by Mr. Thetford that the council do go on record as being strongly opposed to any measures for the removal of the cattle-guards.

A very satisfactory report was read from the commissioners of the House of Refuge for the counties of Halton and Peel, part of which was as follows:

"Due to having a very small balance on hand at the beginning of the year, and with some extra expenditures, such as reinsuring the buildings and the insurance paid for a period of three years from February last, it was necessary to call on the counties for money to make payments and we have received to date the amounts of $1,050 from each county. We believed the aforesaid amounts would be all required for the year, but the inspector of public institutions, on his recent inspection of the house, made an order that fire escapes be installed. With 86 inmates at the present time, it is necessary to use the attic for sleeping quarters, which is the main reason for the need of fire escapes, the erection of which, we deem, would be more economical than to build additional accommodation at the present time. Consequently, they are being installed at the approximate cost of $1000, and it will be necessary to call on the counties next year for money to cover this expenditure."

Members of the council had approached the railway company with regard to the four trains which had been cut off at Campbellville. The railway company agreed to have one train stop night and morning for the convenience of children attending high school, and also to have one train stop during the afternoon.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Readhead, the retiring warden, thanked the members of the council for the very generous support they had given him during his year of office. No public office was easy going these days, and although it had been in many ways a difficult year, Mr. Readhead maintained he would look back to it as a year of pleasurable association with his fellow councillors.

In reply, each member of the council spoke with eloquence of the pleasure it had given them to work on the council under Warden Readhead's efficient leadership. Each one felt that although taxes were high, the council as a whole had honestly tried to curtail expenses as far as it was consistent.

WARDEN'S DINNER

The annual warden's dinner was held at the Mitchell Inn, Milton, on Friday evening last, when Warden Readhead was host to the members of the county council, county officials, ex-wardens, members of the Nelson township council and officials, and a number of friends. Over eighty guests were present, representing all walks of life in the county. The banquet began about eight o'clock, and a bountiful spread was served.

Ex-Warden W. A. Irving acted as toastmaster, and fulfilled the duties very capably and affably. The first toast was to "The King," which was responded to by singing God Save the King."

The toast to the "Dominion of Canada" was proposed by Donald McIntyre of Georgetown, and responded to by His Hobor Judge Munro, both of whom spoke of the natural resources of Canada and its great possibilities. Judge Munro said that the people of Canada were to be commended for the way they were facing the depression and present difficulties. He believed we had reached the bottom, and are climbing up again. Lack of gold was our trouble today. He referred at length to the book published by P. L. Robertson, of Milton, which he believed, if the proposals were put into effect, would help solve our problems.

Geo. Hillmer, ex-M.P.P., proposed the toast to the Province of Ontario, which was responded to by County Crown Attorney W. I. Dick and Wm. Hampshire.

County Crown Attorney Dick referred to the beautiful scenery in Ontario, which he termed the banner province of the Dominion, and especially Halton county.

Wm. Hampshire made one of his usual able speeches. He urged upon our young men to serve, not for themselves, but for others, which would help to solve the situation today.

Ex-Warden Amos Mason, of Acton, proposed the toast to Warden Readhead and the County of Halton. Mr. Mason referred to his pleasant associations at the county council, and commended the county council for the way they had carried out their duties under the leadership of Warden Readhead under present difficulties.

Warden Readhead replied, and said it was a pleasure for him to welcome the guests present, and expressed his thanks to all those who had accepted the invitation. He said there was no greater honor than that of being warden of the county of Halton. He was pleased to see W. J. Breckon, W. A. Irving and H. T. Foster present, with whom he had commenced his municipal career. He thanked the members of the county council for their co-operation during the year, and also all those who had contributed to the success of the evening.

The toast was also responded to by Reeve W. Morden, of Trafalgar, Reeve W. N. Robinson, of Oakville, and Reeve Geo. R. Harris of Burlington, who gave many interesting facts and figures regarding the work of the county council.

Before taking his seat, Reeve Morden presented Warden Readhead with a gold headed cane, as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by the members of the county council, and the pleasant associations with its members during the past year.

Warden Readhead made a suitable reply, thanking the members for the token, and expressing his deep appreciation for the gift, which he would cherish and which would refresh his memory of the many pleasant days spent at the county council.

During the evening music was provided by Bennett's orchestra, of Carlisle, and duets were very acceptably rendered by Rev. G. F. Kelly and Maurice Readhead, of Lowville, who were obliged to respond to encores.

"God Save the King" brought another successful annual function to a close.—Champion.

Starting the New Year Right

THERE must be a point to that conviction we have come to that a good start is an excellent thing. Having started well, a man may make a fool and fizzle of things anywhere along the road thereafter, but that makes no convincing argument against starting well. To turn aside from a very good beginning is at least a little more difficult than it is to keep on, having started badly. In a general way, good habits and right tendencies are quite as difficult to get tired of and to break away from as are bad habits and wrong tendencies, no matter what sarcastic pessimists may say. Starting right is that much anyway, and sometimes that much is a very great deal.

But what is it to start the New Year right and to make a really hopeful beginning on that first day of January? That isn't such an easy question to answer. Perhaps the easiest and surest way to get at it would be to think of some ways of beginning that would not be wise and right and good. For instance, it couldn't be a good beginning to start out in a mood of depression and filled with a multitude of fears and misgivings. No matter how easy it might seem to drop into such a mood, there isn't anything that could possibly meet us throughout the year that such a mood at its beginning could possibly help us to face. We could say, therefore, that to start out with a fine spirit of hopefulness and with the most invincible and strong-hearted courage that we can possibly rally ourselves to would be, so far at least, starting well. We can be rather sure that the year will be such as to make some real demands on that sort of mood, if we can begin with it and carry it with us more or less throughout its days and months.

But perhaps we think that there is not much to justify us in such a mood, and not much likelihood that we can hold to it for any great length of time or with any real certainty and assurance. Life looks so uncertain and gloomy ahead, both for ourselves, perhaps, and for the world in general, that it seems a poor time to be preaching optimism and courage. Well, all that can be said in answer to that is that it is a poorer time to be giving way to any other mood. Putting everything at its darkest, isn't it true that life nowhere or for any of us is so bad or hopeless that a fine courage and a spirit of real adventure cannot do something to make it better. We talk of the hoplessness of the situation, but as a matter of fact there has seldom been any one situation in the whole history of the world that has been anything like hopeless. The one great fact back of all our living is that fact of the remedial and recreative forces lying everywhere to hand with the Eternal God behind them working in His omnipotence to make all things better. Yes, it would be a very fine way to start the New Year—with a strong and cheerful faith in God for the realization of a new and better world which we would help Him to bring in.—Outlook.

OPINIONS

"It is an awful thing for a man to go through life without developing all the talents within himself."—John Erskine.

"The restoration of trade holds not only the economic but the social salvation of the world."—Owen D. Young.

"If you put the channel there things always flow in the right direction."—Lady Reading.

"We have emerged from our difficulties before and we shall do so again, advancing to ever higher standards of well-being."—Charles M. Schwab.

"It is hard for an imaginative person to be very happy." — Peter B. Kyne.

"I have no belief in inspiration."—William Butler Yeats.

"People nowadays go around denying there's anything to romance any more. They think it's fashionable to be cynical."—Lenore Liric.

"The times call for a soul-searching re-examination of our national purpose in life."—Herbert Hoover.

"The United States had better take warning now from the fate of several European countries." — Roger W Babson.

"A conservative is a fellow that's in office and wants to stay there."—Huey P. Long.

"It becomes more and more clear that individual competition needs to be supplemented and guided by public or collective planning."—Sir James Arthur Salter.

"We may come on a new 'golden age' if we get fear out of the world and get a new economic equilibrium established."—John Drinkwater.

"In New York, marriages are too short and novels are too long."—Paul Morand.

"I am sure of one thing—unless we get some step in disarmament there is chaos ahead."—Lord Astor.

"There is no record in human history of a happy philosopher; they exist only in romantic legends."—H. L. Mencken.

"The business world is no place for a woman."—Alice Foote MacDougall.

"One should always learn to love oneself for that is the only life-long romance."—Gabriee D'Annunzio.

"With the exception of capitalism, there is nothing so revolting as revolution."—George Bernard Shaw.

"Man lives only when he lives dangerously."—Sir Arthur Keith.

"The present is the invisible bridge over which the achievements of the past walk toward the shaping of the undetermined future."—Alfred Noyes.

"God is clever, but not dishonest."—Albert Einstein.

"There is no short cut to prosperity through the provision of governmental credit in huge amounts. What is needed primarily is not credit but business."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"Charm is sexual virility."—Joseph Hergesheimer.

"There is no swift and royal road to universal prosperity." — Thomas W. Lamont.

"Arguments which draw their demonstrations from probabilities are idle, and unless one is on one's guard against them they are very deceptive." Plato.

YEARS ARE COMING

Years are coming, years are going,
creeds may change and pass away,
But the light of love is growing stronger, surer, day by day.
He ye as the light of morning like the beauteous dawn unfold,
With your radiant lives adorning all the world in hues of gold.
Selfish claims will soon no longer raise their harsh discordant sounds,
For the law of love will conquer, bursting hatred's narrow bounds,
Human love will spread a glory, filling men with gladsome mirth,
Songs of joy proclaim the story of a fair transfigured earth.

—Author Unknown.

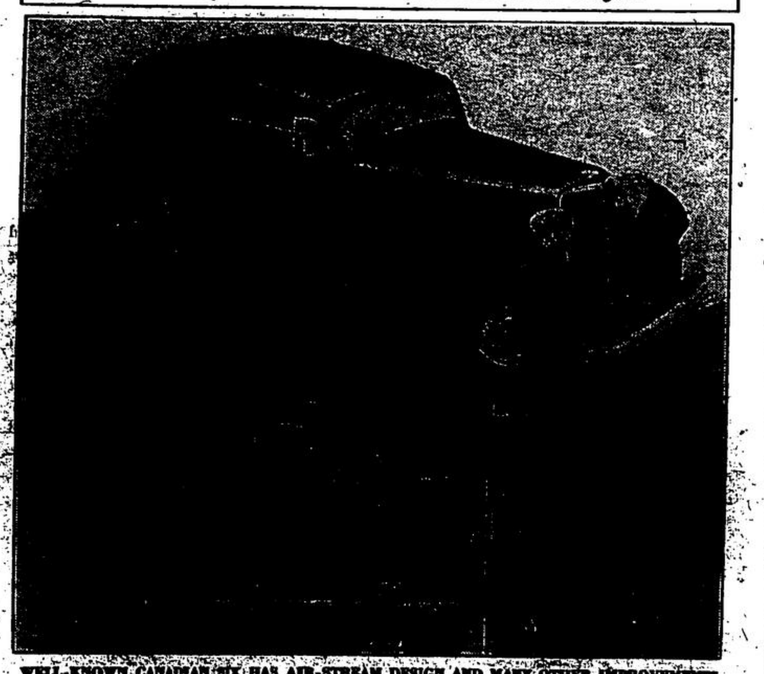
CANADA'S PRINCIPAL WINTER SPORT AREAS

The snowflakes gently drifting to earth though bearing no postmark are letters of invitation—invitation to Canada's winter sport fields where the principal attractions are skiing, skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing, hockey and curling. In every province these attractive pastimes are indulged in throughout the whole of the winter season. Each one is a pleasant diversion from the usual field and aquatic sports of summer, and these pleasant recreational activities are becoming increasingly popular both from a competitive and health-restorative standpoint. Covered and open-air rinks will be found in every city and nearly every town in Canada. Scores of hockey and curling contests are carried on in all part of the Dominion from December till March. Tobogganing, snowshoeing, ski-running and ski-jumping competitions are usually at the pinnacle of their excitement in January and February. Dog-racing events and winter carnivals are other sport features which create much interest and draw large numbers of spectators.

The most popular winter sport areas in Eastern Canada are found in Quebec city and vicinity, and Laurentians, Montreal and adjoining territory, Ottawa including the Gatineau district, and the Highlands of Ontario. Generally, skiing is carried on in the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to a somewhat lesser extent but skating, hockey, curling and ice-boating are leading attractions. Comfortable hotel accommodation is available in these places and all are easily reached over lines of the Canadian Pacific Railways.

The Prairie Provinces and British Columbia afford opportunities for all the usual winter sport activities. The Winnipeg bonspiel is the biggest annual curling tournament in the world. The Pas dog-derby is still the feature event of its kind drawing entries from many parts of Canada and the United States. Ski-running and ski-jumping at Banff, Alberta, and Revelstoke, British Columbia attract large numbers of visitors, while those who desire less strenuous sport will find opportunities to play golf on scenic courses on the islands and mainland of southwestern British Columbia owing to a climate which defies the onslaught of winter.

Chevrolet for 1933 Reveals New Style



WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN SIX HAS AIR-STREAM DESIGN AND MANY OTHER IMPROVEMENTS

Canadian to a greater degree than ever because it embodies ideas expressed by thousands of motorists of the Dominion, the Chevrolet Six is introduced with many interesting features. New air-stream design makes these cars among the most beautiful on the market. Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, one of the greatest closed car advancements of the year, is standard equipment. Mechanically, the Chevrolet Six is much improved. Picture above shows the beautiful standard coach. Below, at the left, a view of the front end. At the right, the rear quarter, showing the graceful air-stream lines and widened fender.

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