

The Georgetown Herald

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HEAVEN ENOUGH FOR HIM

Last evening I was talking with a grocer old and gray. Who had told me of a dream he had. 'Twas just the other day. While standing in his office The vision came to view. For he saw an angel enter Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel, 'I'm from Heaven. The Lord just sent me down To bring you up to glory. And don your golden crown. You've been a friend to everyone. And worked hard night and day. You have supported many. And from few received your pay.

And we want you up in glory Where you desire to be. So place your trusting hand in mine And come along with me. Then the angel and the grocer Started up to glory's gate. But when passing close to Hades, The angel murmured, 'Wait! I have a place to show you. It's the hottest place in hell, Where the ones that never paid you Do in torment always dwell.'

And behind the grocer saw them. His old patrons by the score. And grabbing up a chair and fan. He wished for nothing more. But was bound to sit and watch them As they sizzle, singe and burn. And his eyes would rest on debtors Whichever way they'd turn. Said the angel, 'Come on, grocer. There's the pearly gates to see.' But the grocer only murmured, 'This is heaven enough for me.'

—Anon.

"A MOTHER'S TE DEUM"

For all the mothers who, from day to day Guide little footsteps through life's mazing way. Binding up cuts and bruises made at play. We thank Thee, Lord.

For that dear tender comrade through the years When adolescence brings delight, or tears. Who, with sweet understanding soothes our fears. We thank Thee, Lord.

For one with face serene and smiling when Her beams are grown to dames and stalwart men. Has time to sit and mediate 'far ben.' We thank Thee, Lord.

For mothers dear, now entered into rest, Who have, through cross and faith attained that quest. And wait for us on 'Islands of the Blest.' We thank Thee, Lord.

—Alice Ann Dorey.

QUELPH WINTER FAIR ENTRIES POURING IN

Present indications point to a record entry list for the Ontario Provincial Winter Fair and Fur Stock Show, L. E. O'Neill, Secretary-Treasurer of the fair, stated today. Mr. O'Neill and other officials were highly delighted with prospects for a successful show and more than pleased with the number of exhibitors showing at Ouelph for the first time. The fair opens on Tuesday, November 30th and concludes December 2nd. There will be an exceptionally fine light horse show each night of the fair in the judging arena.

CHURCH, CASH AND CHRISTIANITY

After reading several church reports lately, the editor of the Collingwood Bulletin-Enterprise feels compelled to ask the question: "Are church members Christians?" He admits that one cannot judge a man's Christianity by the amount he gives to the church, as is well illustrated in the parable of the widow's mite. "On the other hand," writes Edith David Williams, "when a fairly well-fixed family give an average of five cents a Sunday to the upkeep of the church (as many families do) then there is something wrong."

"If you belong to a church which publishes a list of its subscribers," says the Collingwood editor, "you can prove for yourself that families who seem to have money enough for other things don't seem to feel any responsibility for keeping up the church: You will find that more than one family of your acquaintance probably did not give more than \$2.50 toward the upkeep of the building, the payment of the preacher's salary, the heating, lighting and other expenses, the music and the community activities. A much larger number probably paid less than \$2.50, or ten cents a Sunday for these purposes. They pay a quarter to see a game of almost any kind, and if the whole family attends, the total is several times that much, yet a nickel or a dime is the limit for the family on Sunday. One would think that any man who is a Christian would feel that it is worth at least a quarter a week to have the church kept alive in his community, not only for himself but for his children. Yet if you think that a majority of church members give more than \$13.00 a year for the upkeep of the church, you are probably due for a sad awakening."

Our own impression is that the above remarks by the Enterprise-Bulletin editor apply more largely to town and city than to country churches. In this district we know of country churches whose per capita givings greatly exceed those of the town. And yet a situation has arisen in rural churches about which we would like to say a word. During the recent depression when farm products were away down at the market, we have been impressed by the way in which individual farmers have kept up their church givings. Rural parsons felt that their members were in a bad way and in many cases they suggested the reduction of their salaries to a point that has placed them in a difficult position. That position has been made all the harder the past year or so since recovering conditions have made the cost of living higher. Many rural pastors today are having a harder time in meeting their bills than they ever had before.

Fortunately the farmer's position is improving. He is getting all round better prices. He is a fair-minded man and in time he will begin to restore his pastor's salary to a better basis. But in the meantime some rural preachers we know are having a tough time of it. They are in the humiliating and difficult position of not being able to make ends meet.—St. Mary's Journal-Argus.

WHICH HAD THE LAST WORD?

Messiauer, famous French artist of the nineteenth century, had a dog of which he was exceedingly fond. One day the animal broke one of his legs and Messiauer, agonized by such a misfortune, to his beloved pet, determined to entrust his chances of recovery to no other than the great Paris surgeon Nelaton. So he telegraphed in hot haste to the eminent doctor, urging him to come at once to his residence at Bougival, but not venturing to declare the real cause of his panic. Nelaton, thinking that one of the artist's family must be in need of him, was not long in arriving. Messiauer met him in the drawing-room and frantically plunged into conversation with him on various topics. He who had painted many battles and won many trophies knew not how to face this present affair! At length Nelaton, realising the value of his own time, asked to see the patient and the embarrassed artist requested a servant to bring him in. Howling with pain the wounded beast was borne into the room upon a magnificent cushion. Whereupon Messiauer, forgetting all else, cried out baselessly, "Save him, illustrious master! Save him!"

Nelaton, prince of surgical science as he was, employed all his skill in dressing the fracture and the animal swiftly recovered. The artist shortly afterwards wrote to the great man, expressing his undying gratitude for his kindness and requesting the amount of his bill. Nelaton sent a courteous reply, saying that when Messiauer next came to Paris he could call upon him and there they could settle the debt. This Messiauer soon did and was producing his pocket-book crammed with banknotes when Nelaton exclaimed, "Stop, Sir! You are a painter, are you not?" When the other answered affirmatively the surgeon went on, "Well, just put a coat of gray paint on those two panels which the cabinet makers have finished, and we'll call the debt settled!" It was indeed a delicate revenge, and one which Messiauer appreciated to the full. He went at once to work and at the end of a few days had, with amazing dexterity, painted two of his most exquisite pictures on the panels—A. Grace Gray, in Our Dumb Animals.

PILOTS UP IN THE AIR

Trans-Canada Airlines pilots are now being trained at Vancouver and Winnipeg in two new Lockheed Electra 10A's recently delivered. These big machines, which will ultimately go into service, have a capacity of 10 passengers, pilot and co-pilot. They are more than 30 feet long, have a wing span of 35 feet and weigh 10,500 pounds fully loaded. Maximum speed is 203 miles an hour with cruising speed of 180. Fuel capacity is 207 gallons.

CHANGES IN MUSIC FESTIVAL PROGRAM

Several changes were made in the Halton county music festival at an executive meeting held at Milton. Due to addition of music to the school curriculum and the new course of study stressing co-operation in group work, it was decided to cut down the solo classes to break the monotony and to shorten the time. Each rural school will have one soloist in each class and the urban schools limited to two contestants. The piano solos are to be cut from five to three classes, with an open piano duet for public and high schools. A clarinet solo class was introduced and the girls' double trio class changed to a mixed double trio. There are to be no classes for soprano or contralto soloists and no class for boys' unchanged.

A new massed choir class is to be introduced. Each music supervisor having a group of rural schools is to have a massed choir of forty voices, including every school under his supervision. In this way a better impression of the work being done in the rural school would be received. It was felt. The executive is trying to arrange for the next festival to be held in the spring.

HALTON COUNTY HOME AND SCHOOL COUNCIL

The annual meeting of the Halton County Home and School Council was held in Fisher's Corners school on Saturday afternoon last. Representatives were present from seven Home and School clubs. Miss Maude Brown presided. Reports from different committees on their year's work were presented. The retiring president, Mrs. Paul Fisher, Burlington, first vice-president, Clayton Reburn, Bronte; second vice-president, Mrs. P. Whittaker, Burlington; recording secretary, Mrs. Virgil Hopkins, Burlington; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. Sterling, Burlington; treasurer, Mrs. Percy Winn, Port Nelson. Mrs. Alice Brown, of the Federation of Home and School Clubs, Toronto, was the guest speaker. She spoke on the five-point program, her address being both instructive and interesting. Refreshments were served.

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.)

Increase of Corn Borers
General observation during the cutting and harvesting of the corn crop of Kent and Essex Counties has shown that an alarming increase in the number of corn borers has occurred, according to Dr. G. M. Sturrett, in charge of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory at Chatham.

It is apparent that the infestation is a severe one, since in 1927 and 1928, said Dr. Sturrett, application of clean-up methods will be required of farmers to insure success next year's crop.

Weather conditions were favourable to increase of borers this year. Abundance of moisture during planting was a feature noted during the heavy infestation of ten years ago, and similar conditions were prevalent this year. Essex, it is said, was particularly poor weather for growing.

Storing Potatoes
For best results, with stored potatoes, keep the bin temperature between 35 and 40 degrees. During the first eight or ten days of storage, however, allow a fairly high temperature, from 65 to 70 degrees, to hasten the formation of wound cork, which is important in healing bruised and cut potatoes and preventing rot. To reduce shrinkage, keep the bin fairly moist. Store only fully matured and sound potatoes. Be sure there is adequate ventilation. A slatted floor is useful for this purpose.

Handling of Poultry
The pre-cooling and proper handling of poultry killed on the farm or at a packing plant is particularly important because the bloom will be quickly lost if the birds are not pre-cooled without delay and also handled properly.

Poultry killed on the farm and sold dressed through local buyers or poultry pools where no pre-cooling facilities are available frequently lose their bloom, with the consequent depreciation in the sales appearance of best price on the market.

Poultry meat is a perishable product which will deteriorate rapidly unless properly handled. The market demand is for properly packed poultry with good bloom and bright appearance. Good bloom is first secured by proper finishing but is held after killing by proper handling and holding in correct temperature.

Some of the chief essentials in handling dressed poultry are:

1. See that all birds are bled and plucked properly and that the feet and the mouth are washed clean.
2. Birds should be hung up by both feet and allowed to pre-cool for twenty-four hours. The temperature for pre-cooling should be as close to 32 degrees as possible.
3. The temperatures should be checked frequently with a thermometer.
4. In transporting poultry to assembling of selling points it should be held at the same temperature at which it was pre-cooled.

One need not be a criminal to catch the force of this:

Two Loves

By SCOTT RYALL
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ALVAN MCFEE pressed his fingers against his coat, rubbed them as if to remove the nervous, burning desire. He crossed the lighted doorway, returned, crossed again.

Most of the crowd would be in the gaming rooms bending over the green baize tables, faces tense under the white glare of hanging lamps. Now the croupier would clear the board above a stack of yellow chips to the winner.

The winner, McFee set his jaw in grim determination. The action made him seem more ruggedly handsome than ever. But the lighted doorway drew him as a magnet gathers metal. He was born to gamble.

Janet Marlowe had said as she lay back on the warm brown drapings of the lounge, a colorful pillow drawn under her armpit: "You're not a boy, any more, Al."

"It just seems to be in my blood, Jay," he had answered, cheerfully, helping himself to one of her cigarettes. "If you figure it from a business standpoint, I'm doing all right. I break even."

"Are you counting all your losses?" she had asked curiously.

"Certainly. Why?"

"She straightened and suddenly her smiling face became gravel.

"Al, you're gambling my love!"

"Oh, come, Jay," he had remonstrated, "you know it isn't as serious as that!"

Then she had laughed, had told him she joked and sent him on. But he had never seen her more earnest than at that moment.

It was this which had kept him from entering the casino. The burning desire for the tables kept him from leaving it altogether. At last he went up the steps.

"Good evening, Mr. McFee," said a voice at his side, followed by a tantalizing laugh, and he turned to find Janet Marlowe.

"Oh," there was a moment of awkward silence. "I hardly expected you after—" he hesitated.

"The lecture? I wanted to understand the attraction?" She was looking at him intently.

"Will you sit aside for a while?" he asked uncomfortably, feeling instinctively that he didn't want her to play. It wouldn't do for Janet Marlowe to get the fever and those lines of despair. She wasn't like him, born to gamble. It wouldn't affect him. Wasn't all life a gamble anyway?

"Didn't you come to play?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he said bluntly.

"May I watch?"

"Of course."

He looked at her face as they moved toward the players. She slipped her arm familiarly in the crook of his elbow, but her glance was veiled, full of hidden meaning.

Then they were at the table. He gave a bill for chips and leaned over following the leaping dice with practiced glance. He did not play immediately. Neither did he notice when she left but as he finally placed a bet he looked over the table and saw her on the far side, smiling inscrutably.

The dice leaped and leaped again. The croupier drew in the winnings, paid a man at the table's end. The man bet again and the familiar lines worn by former losers slipped across his face.

McFee let a play go by. Janet was still watching. Then he pushed a bet across.

"Five to win," he said hoarsely.

"I'll gamble my love," said a laughing voice at the end of the table.

He whirled as if he had been struck. A dark-haired, gypsy-like girl was laughing up at her escort.

"Even if you lose, darling," he was saying, "I win."

McFee's mind seemed whirling. He forgot the dice, did not watch them go into the cup. These young people did not have the mark of the gamblers. They would get it. Now the girl playfully claimed she would gamble her love. But what of the time when he gambled her love?

McFee looked across to the place Janet had occupied, but a stout woman with a vulgar gob of diamonds was there. He glanced over the room, saw Janet hurrying toward the door, a flash of a handkerchief hastily dabbing her eyes.

"Janet!" he called. People turned, but she hurried on.

"Five!" called the croupier. "Gentleman wins on five."

But Alvan McFee was already halfway to the door. He caught her as she hurried along the outer walk, silently tucked her arm beneath his.

"My darling," he said softly, "I have only one love now."

She hid her face, sobbing softly. "I was afraid—afraid you'd never know there were two."

Reserving Politeness
"One who reserves his politeness only for those from whom he must ask favors," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "will not take offense if he is measured in esteem as a professional mendicant."

Highest Peak Reached
The highest peak ever reached by explorers is Nanda Devi in the Central Himalayas. It is 25,060 feet high and was climbed by the British-American Himalayan explorers.

Spanish Moss Harmless Plant Is Not Parasitic

Spanish moss, which is so common throughout the far South, is technically not a moss but a bromeliad of a member of the pineapple family, says the United States forest service. It is known botanically as Tillandsia usneoides and has many popular names such as Florida moss, New Orleans moss, tree-beard, and vegetable wool.

Spanish moss is commonly used for stuffings for mattresses, horse collars, automobile upholstery, and packing material. Seeds of bromeliads are produced in enormous numbers and are scattered far and wide by the wind. For the seeds have attachments for floating in the air, similar to those of milkweeds and dandelions.

Spanish moss is found principally growing on cypress and the broad-leaved trees. However, on wet sites, it occurs on several species of pine and cedar. Spanish moss, being a green plant, is not parasitic as commonly believed and, as far as is known, is harmless to its host tree. It belongs to the group of plants known as "epiphytes," meaning those which grow on the surface and depend upon their hosts for support but not for food. This explains why Spanish moss often grows on telegraph wire and wire fences.

Hornless Cattle Helped

British Isles to Fame

Of the three breeds of hornless cattle for which the British Isles are famous, the Galloway, the Red Poll, and the Aberdeen-Angus, the latter are by far the most numerous. They have spread to the far corners of the earth and their peculiar blockiness of form and easy-fatting propensities have made them the outstanding beef breed of today. Scientists sometimes dispute as to whether the first ancestors of modern domesticated cattle were horned or hornless.

Historically cattle with distinct and dominant hornless characteristics were being bred in parts of the counties of Aberdeen and Inverclyde in Angus before 1800. In those days, says an authority in the Montreal Herald, the Aberdeen cattle were called "humblers" and the Angus stock "doddies"; some were red and some were brindled but black predominated. The first pure-bred herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle in North America was founded at Guelph in the summer of 1876 when two heifers and a bull were imported to what is now the Ontario Agricultural college.

Origin of London

The few facts available indicate that London first rose out of obscurity early after the Roman occupation of Britain. In the first century of the Christian era. Its geographical position was the determining factor. A British oppidum, or stronghold, of the Catuvellauni that became Roman Verulam and is today St. Albans was sheltered behind the Middlesex forest when Julius Caesar, having landed in Kent in 54 B. C., made his raid. Upon that he was marched, crossing the Thames at some point that remains uncertain. Caesar makes no mention of London, the inference being that it did not exist. In A. D. 5 Cunobelin or Cymbeline succeeded to the throne of the confederated tribes in southern Britain. Early he transferred his seat of government to what became Roman Camulodunum (Colchester). London's site was well placed for the service of both cities. Its emergence was due to service as a landing stage for Continental trade with Britain. Tacitus refers to it as having been in A. D. 81 a place much frequented by merchants. The name London is not Roman but Celtic, and the Romans adopted it to their own Londinium.

"When in Rome," Etc.

The expression "When in Rome do as the Romans do" is not to be found in the Bible. It is attributed to St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, in the fourth century. In a letter of advice to St. Augustine he wrote: "When I am here (at Milan) I do not fast on a Saturday; when I am at Rome, I fast on a Saturday." As quoted by Jesse Taylor, his advice was: "When you are in Rome, live in the Roman style; when you are elsewhere, live as they live there." St. Augustine also refers to this in his own writings.

Ikon Painting Russian Art

Ikon painting is one of the few original Russian arts. Before the revolution every household, no matter how poor, had at least one religious picture before which an oil lamp constantly burned. The most famous center of ikon painting was Palekh. A remote little colony, 30 kilometers from the nearest railroad line, produced works of rare art. These paintings found their way all over Russia, into the palaces of czars and princes, as well as the homes of common people.

Yanks Show Paint Durability

In ancient Egyptian tombs, wood furniture and mummy cases have been discovered that are still in good condition, although painted over 5,000 years ago. Wall paintings often are found intact, where unpainted wood and stone have disintegrated.

Cathedral Dancing in Seville

Seville is one of the few spots in the Christian world where virtualistic dancing is a feature of religious service. At the festival of the Corpus Christi, ten choir boys dance before the altar to the accompaniment of castanets.

The Georgetown Herald

J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table

Effective Sept. 28th
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	7.10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.08 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	4.40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.17 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only	7.31 p.m.

Going West	
Passenger and Mail	5.34 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	3.24 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.52 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.19 p.m.

Going North	
Mail and Passenger	2.45 a.m.

Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.52 p.m.

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