THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald
J. E. BOOTH
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Member Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association

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

Going East
Passenger and Mail ..... 10.20 a.m.
Passenger and Mail ..... 6.37 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto ..... 9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East
Passenger ..... 6.46 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto ..... 9.44 p.m.

Going West
Passenger and Mail ..... 2.42 a.m.
Passenger ..... 2.50 p.m.
Passenger and Mail ..... 6.46 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday ..... 10.15 p.m.

Going North
Mail and Passenger ..... 8.45 a.m.
Going South
Mail and Passenger ..... 6.46 p.m.

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Bowie and his wife were at a local concert and Mrs. Brown loudly applauded one of the singers.

"Why, are you clapping for an encore? Her singing was terrible," said Brown irritably.

"I know—I," replied the wife, "but I want to have another good look at her frock."

Trouble is, there's more victors than spoils.

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada

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THE inherent strength of life assurance has been tested and proved during the past three years of general business recession, and the invaluable service it renders the public in times of emergency fully demonstrated.

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ITS assurances in force have increased since 1929 by $463,000,000; assets by $48,000,000. Its policyholders now number nearly a million.

STATEMENT *for* 1932

TOTAL ASSURANCES IN FORCE, December 31, 1932	$2,922,952,000
This huge amount, the accumulating volume of nearly a million Sun Life policyholders, will become payable to them or their dependents during this generation—stabilizing factor of great social and economic value.	
NEW ASSURANCES PAID FOR	284,098,000
TOTAL INCOME	161,407,000
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS	148,026,000
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER DISBURSEMENTS	13,381,000
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS AND BENEFICIARIES:	
During the year 1932	108,537,000
Since Organization	762,712,000
ASSETS — Bonds (government, municipal, public utility and others); stocks; preferred and common; loans on mortgages; real estate; loans on Company policies; cash in banks, and other assets	611,436,000
LIABILITIES — Almost nine-tenths of this sum represents the policy reserve—the amount set aside to guarantee all policy payments as they become due	597,241,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL ($2,000,000) and balance at credit of shareholders' account	$3,416,000
RESERVE for depreciation in mortgages and real estate	4,781,000
SURPLUS	5,098,000
	$14,195,000

The valuation of assets has been made on the basis prescribed for all companies by the Insurance Department of the Dominion of Canada.

Policy reserves have been valued by the full net level premium method, on bases more exacting than those required by the Insurance Act of the Dominion of Canada.

Applications for new assurance were received by the Company during 1932 at an average rate of more than $1,000,000 for every working day.

During 1932 the Company paid to policyholders and beneficiaries more than $360,000 for every working day.

Income from renewal premiums was the largest ever received by the Company in a single year.

Cash in repayment or reduction of policy loans exceeded in amount that of any previous year.

Revivals of lapsed policies were in excess of those of any previous year, with one exception.

The net amount of policy proceeds left with the Company at interest was substantially increased.

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"Georgetown Herald"

THERE'S A TOWN

There's a town called Don't You Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be Happy
Blossoms sweetly all the while;
Where the Never Grumble Bower
Stands beside the fragrant Try,
And the Never Give Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.
In the Valley of Contentment,
In the Province of I Will,
You will find the lovely city
At the foot of No Put Still.
There are thoroughfares Delight
In this charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very Seldom Frown.
Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent Earnest Prayer.
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't You Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile.

—Bothwell Times.

PALDI PAYS

By Irving Palmer Rodgers

MURRAY scowled as he edged into the cab of the big steam shovel with the levers that controlled it. At the young Italian's touch the cab swung quickly round with a loud rumble of gears and rollers; the steel arm dropped to an easy angle, and the shovel moved forward.

The Italian boy shifted a couple of levers; the shovel lifted, bit deep into the base of the nearest hill and then plowed forward away from the cab. Again Paldi's brown arms flew about; choked with dirt, the shovel moved upward toward the boom; the boom itself lifted, swung slowly round until it was over the small mountain of earth that spanned the ravine above the machine and halted; the shovel collapsed and deposited its load of dirt a yard from where its last load had dropped. Paldi sent the boom and cab swinging round for another load and faced about, smiling. "Now you like dat, boy?" he asked brightly. He suddenly shrank back as he saw to whom he had spoken. "Oh, I t'ought you Donaldson," he stammered.

"You thought wrong," growled Murray. "See here, I'm getting tired of your hanging around this thing all your spare time. Some day you'll get your locket or pants' leg caught in some of these gears, and we'll have to shut down while we pick the remains of you out of the cogs. Get out—right now!"

Paldi shut off the power and stepped back. "Donaldson say for me to run da shovel while he go to talk to da boss one minute," he explained, buttoning himself against the wall to let Murray get at the levers.

"Well, I'll take the job off your hands," Murray replied sourly. "This is no time for a greenhorn to be in charge here. You'd better get over on the other side of the hill with the rest of the wops before that dam goes out and you get washed away."

Paldi's dark eyes flashed at the hated word "wops," the name that Murray gave contemptuously to all foreigners, but he backed away obediently and left the cab without reply.

He had scarcely disappeared when Donaldson, the chief engineer, came hurrying in. The big Scotchman's face was full of indignation. "What's the idea of your firing Paldi out of here like that?" he demanded. "I met him just now, and he looked as if he had been pretty badly treated. What did you say to him?"

"Nothing much," grunted Murray. "I just told him to keep away from this concern."

"He wouldn't have been here if I hadn't suggested it," Donaldson declared. "It was my fault that he ever looked inside this cab. He was interested in the shovel, and I offered to teach him how to run it. I saw he was bright and felt sure that he could learn the trick, and I wasn't wrong. You know that. He's a better operator right now than you or I."

Murray could not deny it. "You pay too much attention to these wops," he argued. "You're always trying to do something for them, and it won't do anybody a bit of good. They don't appreciate it. They'll never try to do anything for you."

"You're mistaken," Donaldson replied quietly. "They never forget, and they'll pay me back somehow if I help them. Paldi will pay, just as sure as I'm alive, although I don't ask or care for pay."

"You'll see," Murray grunted.

Donaldson went to the door and stood there, looking out. He came back in a moment.

"Things look bad," he said, consulting his watch. "The creek has risen three inches in the past fifteen minutes. There's a good-sized lake back of that dam, and how much longer she'll hold is mighty uncertain. The men are getting skittish about working on her any longer; they won't work far from the ends, and it's up to us to keep the middle above water."

Murray swung the shovel round and loaded it before he replied. "Poor judgment anyway, trying to back that creek up with a pile of dirt," he muttered.

Donaldson turned again to the door and stood thoughtfully staring at the "pile of dirt." The temporary dam would have been all right if unexpected rains had not come. The construction company that employed him was building a steel and concrete bridge across Black River, where Cat Creek intersects it. As the water from the creek had threatened to make the foundations work of the bridge difficult, the steam shovel had been set in the creek bed, and the temporary dam had been started. The plan had been to hold back the water of the creek until the concrete abutments for the bridge could be completed. In ordinary circumstances the dam was more than high enough and strong enough, but a two days' downpour had made a veritable river of the little stream. Donaldson frowned at the dam, where the men were at work on either end, and then reentered the cab.

"I'm going up and take a look at things," he said. "The boss wants us to keep at work here as long as it isn't too risky, but he said for us to abandon the shovel at the first sign of the dam's going out. And when we see that it won't hold any longer we're to whistle, so the men at work about the bridge can get in the clear. If anything happens while I'm gone, tie the whistle cord down and run for the hill."

Murray nodded shortly, and Paldi, who had followed the chief engineer back to the big machine that so fascinated him, looked at Donaldson questioningly. "The engineer said, 'Better not bother Murray,' he said, laying a hand on the dark-skinned lad's shoulder. Then he hurried away.

Stopping in the doorway, Paldi watched his friend cross the old trestle bed and climb to one end of the dam; he saw him pass the workmen busy there and then walk out to the centre of the wall of dirt. Paldi still glowed with the warmth of Donaldson's manner, and now he felt as never before the worth of the chief engineer's letters. It had been almost everything to him, a lonely fellow who wanted to be something more than an ordinary laborer. He wanted to do work that was difficult and important, and Donaldson, understanding, had taught him to handle the big shovel, teaching him patiently during Paldi's hours off duty. Yes, Donaldson had been good to him, and some day he, Paldi, would show that he hadn't forgotten.

Donaldson was standing on the centre of the dam, directing the work of the shovel, and Murray was intent on following his signals. Paldi watched both the engineer and the shovel, but he found time also to scan the face of the dam from time to time. Suddenly he gave a sharp cry and stood transfixed. About halfway up the dirt wall a ragged black line had spread from hill to hill.

Murray, hearing Paldi's cry, looked around, and when he saw the young Italian's pointing finger and followed the direction it indicated he swung away from the battery of levers and, dashing past the Italian, fled toward the nearest hillside.

Paldi sprang to the place that Murray had vacated and, seizing the whistle cord, jerked it taut and tied it to a near-by ringbolt. The machine thrashed like a demon. The workmen on the dam fled headlong toward the hillsides, and not a minute too soon. The whole dam seemed suddenly to sluice upstream and settle. Water poured over all its crest except the slightly higher part where Donaldson was standing. The entire dam would collapse in a moment. The engineer seemed alive to his danger, but was powerless to help himself.

Though Paldi realized his own danger, he felt fear only for the big fellow who had been kind to him. For a moment he stood helpless and his breath came fast; then he reached for a familiar lever and drew it back.

Donaldson, feeling the dam topple and saw the water pouring over on either side of him, thought his hour had come. There seemed no way for him to escape. He thought of plunging down the face of the dam, but he realized that the whole dirt structure would sweep away before he could run to safety.

He had given up hope when suddenly the arm of the shovel jerked violently and then swept toward him. He saw it stop above him, saw the shovel drop downward within reach at his side. He glanced at the cab. Paldi's head and an arm were protruding from the window, and his arm was gesticulating violently. Donaldson understood. He leaped aboard the shovel even as the dam slid with a shudder from beneath him. He felt himself jerked high into the air, and as the arm came to rest he saw the yellow flood beneath him rush down upon the steam shovel and engulf it.

The arm trembled violently, but he knew that he was safe; the shovel was too well anchored to be overturned or torn from its moorings. But what of Paldi?

It took only a few minutes for the pent-up water to get away, and by that time Donaldson had swung over the shovel to the arm and down the steel framework to the cab. He wrenched open the door and sprang inside. Paldi lay unconscious on the floor, but when Donaldson, with a great fear, slid his hand inside the boy's shirt he found his heart still faintly beating. He took the young Italian in his arms and ran with him through the muddy water to the nearest hillside, where willing hands helped to bring back respiration.

Within half an hour Paldi was breathing regularly again, and not long afterward he was able to tell how he had escaped what had seemed certain drowning. "I t'ink it all over with me when I see da dam go out," he said, "an' I just grab da levers an' wait. Then da water hit da cab. De winds an' da door both slam shut, an' most of da water go by. A lot poured in where da tackle go out, though, an' da cab fill pretty fast. I climb up an' up till I reach da roof; then I swallow 'bout a barrel of water, an' I don't know anyt'ing anymore."

Donaldson caught the boy's hand. "It was a mighty nervy thing to do, Paldi," he said huskily. "But, my boy, you shouldn't have taken such a risk for me."

Paldi's dark eyes grew soft. "You been good to Paldi," he replied. "I thought dis a chance to pay a little." He closed his eyes, then opened them again, smiling. "Maybe you let me run da shovel some now?"

"You may run it all the time!" declared Donaldson. "Murray is through! You just lie low today, and tomorrow the old shovel will be waiting for you."

Paldi nodded brightly and closed his eyes again.

A WISH

The winds of God blow softly,
The winds of God blow true,
May they bear today from the far away
The peace of God's love to you.
May they blow to the North your troubles,
And blow to the South your fears.
From the East and the West bring all that is best,
With courage for coming years.

Ever Hear This One?
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OPENING OF ONTARIO LEGISLATURE

Marked by traditional procedure accompanying historic British parliamentary custom, the fourth session of the 18th Ontario Legislature was opened on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 15th, at Queen's Park by Hon. Dr. Herbert A. Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor, who officiated for the first time upon assuming office. Before crowded galleries of saintly clad women, Dr. Bruce wearing Windsor uniform ascended the dais where he read the Speech from the Throne setting the session in motion.

Dr. Bruce was accompanied to Parliament Buildings from Government House by Col. H. M. Mulock, newly appointed aide, who succeeds Col. Alex. Fraser, being last male Queen's Park by the travelling escort of Royal Canadian Dragoons. As his Honor neared Parliament Buildings a battery of four guns fired the vice-regal salute of fifteen guns, while the box guard from the Royal Canadian Regiment was inspected in front of the Parliament Buildings. Dr. and Mrs. Bruce were escorted to the Chamber by Premier George S. Henry. Following the official ceremony, the guests were entertained at tea by Hon. Col. and Mrs. T. Ashmore Kidd in the Speaker's apartment; while the state dinner was held in the evening by Dr. Bruce at Government House.

New school legislation was forecast in the Speech from the Throne which will make considerable saving to rural townships who find themselves in financial difficulties. This legislation proposed a reduction in the amounts which townships, under certain assessment conditions, are obliged to pay to school sections for teaching purposes. Under the present law, there is a proviso stipulating that where the average school section assessment in a township is $160,000, the township shall pay to every school board concerned the amount of $600 for each principal teacher and $450 for each assistant teacher. The new legislation will cut the same payment to $400 and the $300 to $267.50, or a 30 per cent. reduction.

Another important forecast is in connection with interest rates, the Speech declaring: "Circumstances are directing public and expert attention to the study and consideration of the prevailing rates of interest, as well as the importance of their relation to the economic and domestic life of the community." Premier Henry indicated that there is no intention of reducing interest rates on deposits in the Ontario Government Savings Offices, but that the government is ready to follow any lead that the Dominion authorities may lay down in connection with interest rates. At the recent interprovincial conference, interest rates were discussed, but the provinces indicated that any lead in this connection should come from the Dominion Parliament.

The Speech paid tribute to the conscientious services of Hon. W. D. Ross, former lieutenant-governor, and Right Hon. Sir William Mulock, administrator, while the inter-provincial conference was referred to in connection with existing duplications of public services and instances of overlapping legislation. Progress was made towards an understanding from which definite results may be expected.

An agreement, the Speech continued, has been reached between Federal and Provincial authorities concerning the development of the water powers of the international section of the St. Lawrence development. Upon ratification of the seaway treaty between the United States and Canada, the provincial house will be afforded an opportunity of pronouncing upon the proposed development. One of the outstanding achievements of the province during the past year was the completion of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway to James Bay, the line opening fresh avenues for the progress of Ontario with a wide range of attractive possibilities. The new terminus at Moosonee is destined to become an important distributing centre.

In connection with Northern Ontario, his Honour pointed out the importance of cheap and abundant electric power, which had prompted the purchase of the Abitibi Canyon Power project by means of which industry and mining in the north will be placed in an exceptionally favourable position.

Reference was made to the Budget Committee, appointed by Premier Henry, which is to give close scrutiny to expenditures while it is expected that the economies recommended by the committee, in addition to the retrenchment effected during the past fiscal year, will improve materially the financial outlook of the province.

Agriculture, the Speech pointed out, had its financial position further aggravated through Great Britain going from the gold standard. The prospect of an early return to better conditions is improved by the energetic work of the Marketing Board coupled with the plans for an intensive drive for British and Canadian markets. The Government anticipates further results from a definite effort to stimulate the consumption of Ontario's products by the people of the province under the Department of Agriculture.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission during the past year met all its financial obligations and further increased its reserves which now amounts to $42,500,000, while gold mining has placed Ontario in an enviable position and helped the province to sustain the credit of the Dominion. Last year, provincial subsidies in County and Township roads amounted to $3,547,720, and on King's Highways there was $7,708,848 expended for construction and maintenance. By the establishment of a plant for the development of radium products at the University of Toronto, one of the important recommendations of the Cancer Commission has been brought into force and the distribution of radium emanations commenced.

Reference was also made to the redistribution bill which is to be handled this session providing for a reduction of the size of the House probably to 97 seats. Relief is also to be provided for mortgagors especially home owners.

"I invite your earnest attention to the public business, and trust that your labours will advance the welfare of all classes and improve the conditions of the people," concluded Dr. Bruce.

"Is this train ever on time?"

"Boy," replied the guard, "we never worry about her ever being on time. We calculate we're satisfied if she's always on the track."

We can understand why a man might want a divorce, but we can't imagine why he should want to marry again the very next day. Can you?

BE LEADETH ME

In pastures green—Not always—sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,
And by still waters?—No, not always so—
Oft times the heavy billows round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go,
But when the storms beat loudest and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master stands by
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day.
In every path of thine I lead the way."
So whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter?—He is there."

ARE YOU A WHISPERER?

The tale bearer is called a whisperer in the Bible, and the Good Book also says that The Lord hates a whisperer because he makes trouble among friends. Are you a whisperer? Remember that the whispering has power to injure only those who listen to it. Therefore don't listen to the whisperer's vile tales and by gosh, don't both arguing with him. Just look at him straight between the two eyes! He will not meet your glance. His shifty eyes will not stand your silent challenge. The whisperer is like a snake in the grass. He stings when you are not on the alert. No one can be so sweet and so gracious to you as the whisperer. But behind your back he will do you harm that he would not dare to do before your face. He goes to those who are your friends, and by exaggerating your little faults and by twisting a little of your own innocent comments he sows in their hearts the tiny seeds that bring forth very evil fruit. The man thus a whisperer—who really is one of Satan's henchmen— endeavours to relate a bit of gossip, cut him or her short and refuse to listen.

YOU KNOW THE KIND

There is one man, I know him well, so we will call him Mr. A., as for they often stop to state he is a pleasant sort of fay.

"I met him out the other night," that's how I often hear it said, "and but for him the whole affair would fall as flat as pounded lead.

"He was the gayest thing let loose, he cracked the jokes for every one, when he's around it is so gay and folk they have such heaps of fun."

When he walks down along the street he bows and speaks to all he sees, he crosses on the village green and travels like a pleasant breeze.

Thus folk they talk of Mr. A., of what a splendid chap he be, and what a happy home must be where live such cheery men as he.

When Mr. A. he gets to home he never jokes in there at all, he slams the door and hangs his duds upon a hook out in the hall.

And then he hollers for his meals for he must get right out again, he has a meeting so he says with big and powerful groups of men.

He's never in his house at night, he wanders all around instead, he's got to stay out long enough to see the town gets put to bed.

I like to meet a cheery fay with humor parked inside his dome, and yet I like to know as well as how he's nice to them at home.—Ark.

RAILWAYMEN TOASTED INSTEAD OF ROASTED

Montreal, February 18th—"It is unusual for the railroads to be toasted instead of roasted" said Alistair Fraser, K.C., Acting Traffic Vice-President of the Canadian National Railways, in replying to the toast to the railways at the 50th annual dinner of the Canadian Railway Club of Montreal on Saturday night. "At the same time" said Mr. Fraser, "railroads in this country represent the greatest industry and opportunity for devoted public service. Without the railways there can be no Canada; there could have been no Canada and I urge you not to forget that fact. Pay no attention to the prophets of gloom and above all, don't let them destroy your railroads. If you do it will be a disaster for generations to come. Even if measured by the gold standard the clouds still have a silver lining." The Railway Club dinner was attended by railway men and representatives of railway supply houses from Montreal and other eastern Canadian cities.

TIMELY PARAGRAPHS

Prosperity, will it come, yes 'Will' it.

Buy more and help to buy more.

Knuckle to, don't knuckle under.

Never mind the business outlook, lookout for business.

Use idle money and employ the idle many.

The air of confidence is the finest trade wind.

Will good—and goodwill will follow.

A peace policy is the world's life insurance.

Spend for prosperity, don't hoard for posterity.

Optimism pays you. Pessimism makes you pay.

The highway to prosperity is through every tradesman's door.

Don't want for better times—work for them.

Create confidence by having it.

Trying times are times to try.

Good-bye gloom—Come on boom.

Determination will bring prosperity at last—to last.

The tide turns at low water, as well as high.

If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.

More spending, more working—more working, more spending.

Kill war debts—revive the world.

Spend wisely now and you'll get a good 'deal.'

Come down from the clouds and help to lift them.

Let's put prosperity on the map of Canada.

Spenders make money go round—circulation means prosperity.

Get back by pushing forward.

It will be a good job for everyone, if you find a job for someone.

Extra Girl—My brother just finished his course of swimming lessons.

Director—Did he get a diploma.

Extra Girl—No, but he would have if he hadn't drowned.

"Shall we have a friendly game of cards?"

"No, let's play bridge."