# THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Seventh Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 16th, 1933. | $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 and Mail | 8.37 p.m. |
| Passengers for Toronto (Sunday's going East) | 9.44 p.m. |
| Passenger | 8.48 p.m. |
| Passengers for Toronto | 9.44 p.m. |
| **Going West** | |
| Passenger and Mail | 8.40 a.m. |
| [illegible] | 2.00 p.m. |
| Passenger and Mail | 6.46 p.m. |
| Passenger, Sunday | 10.18 p.m. |
| **Going North** | |
| Mail and Passenger | 2.40 a.m. |
| **Going South** | |
| Mail and Passenger | 6.45 p.m. |

TRAVELER BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE JUNE 5th, 1933
Leave Georgetown

| West | East |
|---|---|
| 9.30 a.m. | 8.15 a.m. |
| 12.30 p.m. | 10.30 a.m. |
| 1.15 p.m. | 1.15 p.m. |
| 4.15 p.m. | 4.45 p.m. |
| 6.15 p.m. | 6.30 p.m. |
| 8.15 p.m. | 9.15 p.m. |
| x11.55 p.m. | |

X—Sundays and Holidays only.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME

ARROW

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SALADA TEA

## HAPPY VACATIONISTS

Master William Herridge, son of Hon. W. D. Herridge, Canadian Minister to Washington and Mrs. Herridge, and nephew of Canada's Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, is seen here with his mother, both of them apparently enjoying themselves at Canada's great Maritime playground, the Katy's Cove beach of the Algonquin Hotel St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick, where they are spending their vacation. Major Herridge joined them there for a while.

A Guide Post You Can Trust

Public preference for Goodyears for 18 years is no haphazard verdict. Tires are not a small purchase. The motoring public thinks before it buys—and year after year its first thought is Goodyear.

The number of Goodyear Tires in service almost equals all other brands combined. This overwhelming preference, backed by the motoring public's hard-earned money, in lean years or good years, is the best answer to bewildering claims and boasts.

### THE SONG PEDDLAR

Just at the magic hour when the sun
dips over the hill,
I saw, where the road turns southward, a stranger pass by the mill.
He leaped the stile with a graceful bound, then strode where the weeds grow dense,
And, turning beneath our aspen-tree spied me astride the fence.

"Good even!" he cried and his merry brown eyes sparkled like fairy lights,
And he hummed, as he spoke, a haunting snatch of the paean of victor knights.
"And who may you be?" I questioned him, too curious to be wise.
"I," and his brown eyes twinkled, "am the Song-Peddler of the skies."

"No gold carry I in my buckskin bag, nor a pack these many moons.
Only the riddles upon my back and a pocketful of tunes.
And you may choose, my little man, a tune of your own!" he cried.
Then he opened wide his wallet brown and showed me the tunes inside.

"Now this," and he hummed a stanza, "is the chant of the autumn leaves;
And this" (now the music mounted!) "is the song that the south wind weaves.
To each living thing I give the tune that tells its season best—
A trill to the lark, a hymn to the trees, and three chords to the wind of the west."

Then he gave me a tune for my very own, that I may hum when I please—
A tune of laughter and boyish glee, a tune of joy and fun,
A tune like the heart of a happy boy when he plays in the wind and the sun.

Then, ere I had time to thank him, he doffed his chequered cap,
Made me a bow and a flourish, and closed his wallet-flap;
"I must be over the hill, now, to sell a tune to the bees."
And he strode across the high-road and vanished among the trees.

I sometimes doubt I've seen him, it seems so like a dream;
But then the tune comes bubbling forth, like a flashing, gold sunbeam—
The tune of laughter and boyish glee, the tune of joy and fun,
The tune for the heart of a happy boy when he plays in the wind and the sun.

### USUAL PROCEDURE

A doctor who was Superintendent of the Sunday School in a small village asked one of the boys this question:

"Willie, will you tell me what we must do in order to get to Heaven?"

Said Willie: "We must die."

"Very true," replied the doctor, "but tell me what we must do before we die."

"We must get sick," said Willie, "and send for you."

## Drive on the Right Side of the Road

An item of news is going about in the press to the effect that in the State of Michigan one motor car when it overtakes another must pass it on the lefthand side. That, of course, is and always has been in regulation in the Province of Ontario. Somebody having seen it in Michigan evidently commends it as a good idea.

On the highways of Ontario it too often happens that a motorist going nowhere and in no hurry to get his drive over—because it is pleasanter driving than sitting around on a hot day—pushes along at a slow pace and finds the middle of the road about the best line of least resistance he has to follow. He loiters along pretty close to the middle of the road. Another driver overtaking him does not know what to do. If the second driver should turn in to the right between the first car and the curb and attempt to pass trouble might result because the first driver has a legal right to swing to there at any time. It does seem that the motorist who has lawful possession of the curb position should use that position and not usurp the middle of the road to which cars going faster than his are entitled. One sign which one sees along the highways across the border is not seen here and it ought to be. It says "Motorists going at low speed must keep on the right side of the road."

There are some motorists who seem to arrogate to themselves the power of regulating of public conduct. They run their cars in the middle of the road get up a speed which they regard as equal to the speed regulation and feel they are justified in letting no cars get past them. They are wrong in this. They are not competent to interpret, administer and enforce the laws. It isn't their job. The drivers who follow them have no reason to suppose that they are trying to do this. They put other constructions on their action. Even a policeman off duty and in civilian pursuits is not a policman but a motorist. A magistrate motoring is a motorist, not a magistrate. Traffic officers are on the highways and even policemen off duty and magistrates in their private capacity as motorists are answerable to these men.

Several Toronto men who have motored a great deal across the border tell us that Ontario is behind the times in the way in which slow drivers use the centre of the road. Nobody can lawfully pass them on the right and no room is left for passing them on the right. When traffic is stopped it sometimes happens that several cars slip in on the wrong side and get by. The Department of Highways ought to put out signs instructing slow drivers to hug the right side of the road.

Athletes of both sexes who have competed at the Olympic Games will seek honors in the annual track meet at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. The "Ex" track meet is the oldest nd largest spiked shoe carnival in Canada. The meet will be held this year on Saturday, September 2nd.

Swimmers of both sexes from all parts of the world have entered the Canadian National Exhibition Marathon Swims again this year. Sprint swimmers will also be in attendance for the shorter races.

## Tenderfoot Showed Them Something

By JACK WOODFORD

IT WAS in New York that Marvin first met Eulalia. He had never seen a girl like her before. He couldn't imagine, at first, what it was about her that was so strangely different.

She was not (also) beautiful, as most of the girls he knew were—like hot house flowers. She was ruddily, healthily beautiful. Her lithe, slim figure had a brisk swing to it as she walked. Her hair seemed to have been dyed by the sheer gold of sunlight itself. Her teeth were perfectly matched pearls. She was so pretty she made him gasp. And then meeting her, dancing with her, taking her to a show or two, he began to understand.

She was a girl from the "wide open spaces," such as he had never seen before. That strength and power in her lovely, bright eyes came, doubtless, from looking along wide vistas; that glow in her cheeks was from early morning rides over her father's ranch. Marvin fell madly, desperately in love; so much so, in fact, that he followed Eulalia back to Arizona, to be near her.

Eulalia's father welcomed him, but just a bit derisively, until he learned that Marvin could ride. Then he provided him with a horse, and they all got ready to start out together.

Eulalia's father's foreman was to ride with them over the range. The foreman was a husky, roughly handsome man that Marvin could see was in love with Eulalia; Eulalia, Marvin noticed, viewed the foreman with at least admiration, perhaps for his rugged manliness. Marvin had to admit that he didn't cut much of a figure in the ranch picture.

Trouble started as soon as Marvin mounted his horse. He had never felt such horse muscles under him before; the horses he had ridden through Central park were, he realized now, almost toy mounts as compared with this one.

The horse reared. Marvin fell backward sprawled in the dust. The foreman and Eulalia and her father were most solicitous; but he could see the glint of contemptuous amusement in their eyes when they glanced at Eulalia; the glances seemed to say:

"Is this supposed to be a man!"

And so it went, day after day. In New York, Marvin remembered, he had made some progress in Eulalia's affections; but here . . . her interest in him seemed to be wavering. He was heartbroken; for she was the one girl for him, he knew. Not that she actually was contemptuous of him because he couldn't ride horses, and couldn't get along in the ranch country . . . but somehow because he did not show up bravely, in juxtaposition with her father and the foreman. At last, desperate, he spoke to New York over the long distance telephone. A day and a half passed, and a buzzing was heard over the ranch.

"That's funny," Eulalia's father said, "must be a mail plane off its route."

"Not at all," Marvin corrected; "just my plane I had sent down. Thought you'd all like a trip in the air—that is," he added pointedly, since the foreman was present, "unless you're afraid . . ." The foreman turned visibly pale; Eulalia's father looked startled; but he frowned. Eulalia was ecstatic. She said:

"A ride in a plane! Marvelous. And of course Don and Dad aren't afraid; they've both often admitted to me that there isn't anything in the world they're afraid of." After that, there was no question about the ride being a foursome.

It was mean, Marvin had to admit, to turn tail spins and do barrel rolls; but, after all, they had deliberately provided him with an almost unridable horse. At the end of the ride Don and Dad were wrecks!

"Never again!" Don swore, trying to make his legs behave so he could walk away from the plane as fast as possible.

"I'm too old to learn new tricks like that," Eulalia's father declared without reservations; "though I envy you youngsters growing up in this generation."

It was as they walked after supper, with the chromatic tints of the sunset's afterglow painting the raw land in pagan colors, that Marvin said:

"Honey, I'm wild about ranch life."

"And I'm crazy about city life," she admitted "though I sometimes thought maybe city men were puny as compared with western plains men. But as compared to running a plane, busting a broncho is child's play."

"How about our incorporating," he suggested, "and spending our time fifty-fifty, ranch and city?"

"A swell idea," she echoed.

The man in the moon saw their embrace and approved, even if, in the distance, a jackal did howl disapprovingly.

### St. Paul's Age Unknown

The exact date of St. Paul's birth is not known, but it is supposed to have been between the years 5 and 10 of the Christian era. As it is believed that Christ was born some four years previous to the date from which we count our years, it is to be supposed that Paul was from nine to fourteen years younger. Paul was born at Tarsus, in Asia Minor, but was sent to Jerusalem to be educated. He was beheaded at Rome in the year 67 or 68, during one of the persecutions of the Christians under Emperor Nero.

### WHEN DOGS MAY LEGALLY BE KILLED

According to the Municipal World, dogs may be killed when found without a tag, off the premises upon which they are habitually kept and not under the control of any person.

Any person may kill any dog:

(a) Which is found killing or injuring sheep.

(b) Which in a township or village is found between sunset and sunrise straying from the premises where the dog is habitually kept.

(c) Which is found straying at any time and not under proper control, upon premises where sheep are habitually kept.

## Too Many Holiday Accidents

Why do we dread to listen in on the flashes of news over the wire after each holiday? There is always a long list of those who have been in serious accidents.

Civic Holiday had its long list. Water and traffic claimed its victims. Some were very simple and could have been avoided by a little care, courtesy and common sense. It seems almost impossible to secure one hundred per cent. co-operation for caution. People seem to forget the simple rules of safety. They rush into dangerous waters without a thought of undertow, holes or their own physical strength or power. They jump into the waters without knowing the place and find that they are diving into shallow waters. They get into boats and canoes without knowing just how to handle them. A little swell comes up or wind and they are in danger.

People on holiday pleasures in cars rush along the road talking and laughing, forgetful of the fact that they are driving a powerful machine that demands careful attention and the clearest of brain and eye. It is a cut in or a sudden stop of the car in front or a swerve to the right or left that causes the accident. It was all so quick and due to the fact that for a moment there was a lapse of forgetfulness of the responsibility by the driver. If people will only stop and consider their duty there would be fewer accidents. Reports show that during the summer months there have been a greater number of serious accidents. There was a steady decrease previously but it seems to have taken a jump lately. Extra precautions must be exercised if the long list of weekly accidents is to be eliminated. It can be done with the co-operation and support of the people. Try when you are on the road or water to exercise that necessary care and sound judgment for the safety of all.

### DISCOVERING OUR TRUE SELFHOOD

For centuries men have read or listened to the words of the Master, loving his precepts and example and seeking to follow his lead. That there has not been a closer following and greater accomplishment is owing to the fact that his teachings have not been sufficiently understood or applied to present-day needs and activities. Yet, because of the eternal unchangeableness of God, what Jesus revealed as true regarding God and His creation is true now. No part of God's creation can fail; His laws can never be annulled. Faith in the triumph of all that is great and good is a foundation stone upon which to stand securely, and from every standpoint such enlightened faith is desirable above all else! Does not the glorious phrase "heirs of promise" lead us to expect the manifestation of good? This is surely a happier thing to do than to fear and predict the coming of evil.

God, Spirit, who made all, is responsible for His spiritual creation and its continuance, and steadfastly holds it in its original perfection. Man in God's likeness, reflecting and expressing God, is governed by this law of eternal perfection, and is consciously at-one with God. God is creating, giving, establishing; man is receiving, obeying, expressing. As one understands these spiritual facts, the true sense of self is established, and the counterfeit selfhood, which has often seemed to be such a disappointment, is rejected, together with its personal pride and self-will. Through this process we find true strength which blesses humanity because it reflects the divine.—Christian Science Monitor.

### WRITE YOUR OWN

Speaking of obituaries, did you ever read them over in an attempt to see what good the dead person really did in the world?

Of course, it's not always a fair test. So many obituary notices are written by editors and others, who don't know much about the person who has passed on, except the meagre details supplied in answers to questions. Or perhaps the story is written by some relative who hesitates to magnify the good points, or who may think them too worth mentioning.

But apart from these worthy people who suffer after their deaths from the efforts of their well-meaning biographers, we think of others whose life histories we have attempted to write, after knowing them for years, and what a task it has been sometimes. They were born and went to some school—for neither of which they can claim any credit. After that, they merely made a living, and perhaps were married, probably in Leap Year. But there was no one thing by which they would be particularly remembered. In order to make the obituary a decent length, it was necessary to put in a great deal about the funeral and its details.

And yet even those who have run along very much in the same rut all their lives probably had some notable experiences. It was the theory of a great English editor that every person had some great story, if he could but find it, and it was his hobby to talk with humble folk and try to dig up these stories. Thus he spoke to a sailor and discovered that he had been a survivor of the disaster which resulted in the death of Lord Kitchener.

So, we suggest that, if you have some story that should be known when you are gone, you should tell it to your family now, if they don't know it; or, better still, write it down and leave it where they know where to find it.

But, after all, the most satisfactory way is to do as the late Harry Tindale did—write out your own obituary and leave directions where it is. If you do that, your newspaper friends will call you Blessed.—Pergus-News Record.

### ONE TO A BICYCLE

With the renewed popularity of the bicycle there has followed a steady increase in the number of accidents involving these vehicles—such as increased, in fact, that the Department of Motor Vehicles, Queen's Park, has thrown out a warning against the growing tendency, particularly among younger cyclists, to carry passengers on the handlebars or other parts of their machines. Such practice is specifically forbidden in the Highway Traffic Act. The bicycle is built for the express purpose of transporting one person. To carry more than one person, the department points out, is both dangerous and illegal. During the month of June last there were 749 motor accidents. Of this number 80 were collisions between cars and bicycles. A total of 56 of the collisions occurred in urban centres and 13 in rural areas. One cyclist was killed, and 68 injured.

### MY NEIGHBOR

My neighbor accused me of unfriendliness—
That I lacked hospitality—
Neighbourly zest.
I thought he was wrong and to prove it spoke thus:
"I have not thrown a stone
Nor started a fuss.
I have left you alone—have not called at your door.
To bother your house.
What could I do more?
Never criticized you nor given abuse,
Nor arrested you when your chickens were loose."
My neighbor replied:
"All you say is the truth,
But a neighbor does more, to be friendly, forsooth.
You never have come to invite me to eat,
To ride in your car, midst the rain and the sleet.
You haven't brought over
Home flowers from your yard,
Nor offered your help when trials pressed hard."
My neighbor was right: the deeds that you do
Are the things that count most,
Not the things you don't do.
You think you are kind, since you never threw a stone,
But living and leaving your neighbor alone,
Your neighbor needs you
And your friendly mind
Expressed in words and acts that are kind.

—Jane Morse.

## Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By Edson R. Waite, Shawnee, Okla.

Hon. J. T. M. Anderson, Premier of Saskatchewan, says: "That few elements contribute more to human happiness and well being than 'Loyalty'."

In its personal application it is the epitome of the doctrine of the Nazarene, and in its general acceptance it is the buckler and bulwark of nations. There is no virtue more splendid, and few more universally esteemed. Without it there can be no true patriotism, nor can there be personal fidelity. It may be mistaken in its attachments, but the spirit of its very mistakes may have virtue.

Its practice builds nations and cements the whole fabric of human relationship. Its application to ideals adds a spiritual leaven to life and justifies faith in humanity.

It is admirable alike in the family and in the council chamber of the nation. It elevates the humble, and nothing so becomes those in the seats of the mighty.

It was his recognition of this inherent British quality which led Napoleon to exclaim: "Had my people been British, I could have lost Waterloo and still been Emperor."

Loyalty safeguards the state and develops the country. It surmounts difficulties and generates the patriotic faith that "moves mountains."

It achieves more than the most skillful materialism. It will suffer anything and come from the ordeal refined like a tempered sword blade.

It is beyond price. Skill and brains may be purchased and held for sale, but never true loyalty.

It was loyalty that builded the British Empire—loyalty to high traditions of honour, justice and integrity worked into the woof and warp of this stubborn island race for a thousand years.

Never were true loyalties so much needed as now. Many of the peoples of the world are passing through conditions which are causing widespread distress and suffering. It is by loyalty that we shall come to our own again—Patient, unswerving loyalty to our friends, to our country, and to our obligations, in respect to people and nations who, although sometimes alien to our blood race, occupy their own place in the great scheme of common humanity.

### LONG RUNS MADE BY MODERN LOCOMOTIVES

As a result of improvements in locomotive design, comparable with the best developments in the oil-electric engine, the Canadian National Railways now has locomotives capable of making runs of 800 miles without change, drawing heavy all-steel passenger trains, although only a few years ago changes had to be made every 100 to 150 miles.

These long runs without change—the longest being 801 miles between Winnipeg and Edmonton—have been made possibly by the use of superheaters to increase steam pressure and of auxiliary engines called "boosters" to increase power without materially adding to the deadweight; the employment of steel alloys in wearing parts, the mechanical lubrication of cylinder and valves, the use of grease instead of oil in lubricating all wearing surfaces, and by other refinements in design.

While the longest one-engine runs are performed b ythe Company's "Continental Limited," freight locomotives show similar improvements, notably between Montreal and Barnia, where heavy freight trains are drawn 811 miles without engine change.

There is as much difference, officials of the Canadian National Railways claim, between 1933 locomotive and one of 1918 as there is between two motor cars of those years.

### WEALTHY DAYS GONE BUT HAS NO REGRETS

William Taylor, Sidcup, England lives on what he describes as "a comparatively small income," has no regrets for those days when, according to a statement made in a court hearing, he used to earn 70,000 pounds a year.

"I live adequately," he said. "I work hard, and I run a car. What more can any man need?"

"In my wealthy days I lived about here, near Bromley, but that fact does not worry me. Believe me, most people expect a great deal too much of life. A great income is not necessary for any one. Fifteen shillings a week will feed anyone for both health and happiness. Another popular mistake is that it takes brains to make money. It does not. It takes a large helping of luck and a little ingenuity, that is all.

"I have raised cattle in western America and worked as a lumberman in Canada. All these things were only sidelines to my actual profession of electrical engineer."

Mr. Taylor has lived in most capitals of the world, has been in every European country except Sweden and while a resident of Russia in the old days was presented to the czar.

The Scots Guards Band from one of Great Britain's famous old line regiments dating back to 1674 will be heard at the Canadian National Exhibition in daily free concerts this year.