THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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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	12.50 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.37 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 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	6.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE OCT. 1st, 1933
Leave Georgetown

West	East
9.30 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
x11.30 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
1.50 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
3.50 p.m.	Special Saturday
4.50 p.m.	4.50 p.m.
6.15 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
x11.30 p.m.	

Z—Daily except Saturday
X—Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME

ARROW

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EVENINGS AT HOME

I had forgotten that you could crochet
Or liked to hear a story read aloud.
So long it seems we've always gone away
To mingle somewhere with a babbling crowd.

When first we married and we used to rent
That upper flat on Fourteenth avenue,
We often sat together, quite content;
The supper dishes off I dried for you.

Do you remember how I tinkered then
With saw and hammer over soap-box shelf,
To save the cost of hiring expert men
And said, "My dear, I'll do that work myself."

The meal to-night was good! I've always said,
And now repeat it, old and ever true.
Although on this world's dainties I have fed,
No one can make an apple pie like you.

We've learned this lesson to our soul's delight;
For happiness we have no need to roam.
Their are some days the changing times can't blight,
And we can find contentment here at home.

—Edgar A. Guest

FAULT FINDING

Are you inclined to be a fault-finder? If so, you may at once put away the idea that you will ever be either happy or generally beloved. The fault finding, discontented individual is a perpetual cloud, constantly coming between us and the sun. We all try to give him or her a wide berth, for there is no more disagreeable companion; but perhaps most of all he is his own worst enemy, and so long as he wears the crooked spectacles of dissatisfaction he will see everything and everybody distorted, and the only thing on earth that is right or does right is himself, for the simple reason that himself he cannot see. He gets no happiness out of God's beautiful world; all things are either too long or too short; there is no satisfying the fault-finder. Are you inclined to put on these spectacles? Then don't. Home are born with them, others begin to put them on in fits of ill-temper, but beware how you put them on, they have a knack of stopping and it requires a severe wrench to remove them. I never yet knew a fault-finder to be a loveable person.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

By Edson R. Waite

The other day in a large city I visited a Relief Station, one of those places that is doing its best to help all unfortunates.

I watched the scores of able bodied men and women who, through no fault of their own, have to ask for food and clothing. They belong to the great army of unemployed. And then came those with a dragging step and halting gait, the sick and maimed, many of them disabled war veterans who are forced to ask for charity. Among the crowd were sick men and women, old and young, who could not work if they had a job—old men with aching bones, men and women with tales of a hacking cough and wasted frame, and others who told of hidden diseases that penetrate until death alone brings relief.

It would be deplorable if unemployment relief and help for the sick and crippled were allowed to slow down through apathy and indifference. It is quite true that it looks as if the tide has turned, but it will be a long time before this country can say it has no unemployed.

In the meantime, it is the duty of all communities and governments to help all those too numerous victims of the Economic storm until such a time as employment can be found for them.

The tide will never turn for those thousands of children who are disabled through sickness, the crippled men and women who could not work if they had an opportunity and the disabled war veterans who cannot work. Some way of permanent relief must be found for them.

THE WORLD'S TROUBLES

The world will work itself out of its troubles simply because it will have to do it. But the process is going to be painful in many respects, whether it be prolonged or not. As an agency in that recovery society will have to get back to a simpler, more normal life; it will have to become re-acquainted with nature; it will have to correct governmental waste, extravagance and incapacity; it will have to relinquish false gods of sheer materialism, artificiality and sensualism, and get itself a new set of standards; it will have to realize that true progress is not represented by large sky-scraping cities and the number of its enormously rich, but by the condition of its plain people, and particularly by the condition of those who do not live in the cities, who are engaged in the primary industries, which, in the last analysis, form the economic, and probably the social, backbone of a country. It will do all of these things.—Victoria, B.C., Times.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

There were 3,558 accidents reported to The Workmen's Compensation Board during the month of October, as compared with 3,403 during September, and 3,343 during October last year.

The fatal accidents numbered 30 as compared with 23 in September, and 32 in October a year ago.

The total benefits awarded amounted to $347,508.62, of which $289,236.19 was for compensation and $53,363.44 for medical aid, as compared with $388,402.85 awarded in September, and $317,560.31 awarded last October.

Nice Quiet Game

Mrs. Robinson could never take her husband's golf seriously. She was one of those people to whom all games are a mystery.

One day she accompanied him to the links and followed him round, grumbling all the way. At last he landed in a bunker, and spent some time floundering about in the sand.

His wife sat down on the top of the bunker, opened a novel, and said, quite affably, "You see, darling, I knew perfectly well you could do all your playing in one place if you wanted to.

Friend—"Say, old chap, you'd best cut loose from that Jones girl. She has a ferocious temper and so has her mother."

Victim—"Y-y-yes. But that's just why I daasn't cut loose from her!"

THE OPEN DOOR

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

"MY DEAR," advised Enid's mother, "you would be a very foolish girl not to accept your uncle's generosity. He has to take the trip to London and wants you with him. It will give you a chance to meet many men on board ship and I have no doubt you will come back quite ready to marry George Danbury."

"I know I ought to love him, mother, and his money could, perhaps, do a lot for Edward—but I just can't make up my mind."

"It is difficult, my daughter," agreed Mrs. Walker, "but after all George is a thoroughly good man, has heaps of money, and I think you would be happy with him in a year or two."

Enid sighed. "Yes, I suppose it is much the same, in a few years time, as long as one married a considerate type of man."

So Enid went on the ocean trip with Uncle Henry. George Danbury sent her great sheafs of flowers and baskets of fruit on the day of departure and Enid felt reasonably sure that upon her return she would give him the promise he wanted. But deep in her heart she knew that the great big thing called love was not in her life and that lack of money and her little brother's crippled state were the reasons for decision.

She met many men on board ship and found herself studying them and comparing them with George Danbury as a possible future mate. She was using all her wisdom over the trying problem but the more she tried to realize the future the more confused it became.

They reached London safely and Uncle Henry was obliged to tend business much of the time. Consequently Enid was left to wander about by herself. The idea of going back to New York and marrying George troubled her night and day. She felt that Edward might be cured if they could pay for the services of a great specialist. Every crippled man she saw stabbed her, for Enid could see little Edward growing up a helpless cripple and she herself in a position to perhaps prevent it.

Enid found herself frequently visiting the wonderful old churches—St. Paul's, Westminster, St. James—and finding in the shadowed, silent walls a great amount of spiritual help.

And then her feet led her into the door of old St. Martin's in the Field—that church whose doors are never shut, night or day, to the worn and weary. Human driftwood, asleep on the cushions, found safety, rest and help through the dark night.

Enid slipped in softly and found a seat in a darkened corner. A great surge of emotion swept over her and made her conscious of a tremendous and wonderful power working within the walls of that old church. There was tragedy, despair, poverty, scarred and hammered bodies of human beings. Yet underneath and round about all a spirit of consolation.

She went down on her knees and found herself praying for enlightenment, seeking the path which she should take and thereby do the most good during her span of life. She prayed, too, for those other poor souls that were so utterly, hopelessly dejected.

Enid found herself weeping softly. She didn't know exactly why—but perhaps she felt that a way was being opened up for her to follow. Perhaps she had drawn nearer her God and he was showing her a path.

She did not start when she felt the young curate's hand drop lightly, understandingly, on her shoulders, but she looked up and into the most kindly eyes she had ever seen—sympathetic, helpful and plainly asking her for the reason of her weeping.

She had watched him going slowly about the church, offering words of help here and a bit of money there—a man happy in the performance of his duty.

Before Enid knew it she was telling him about her problems and her crippled brother and Danbury and all that her marriage to him might mean to all members of her family.

He listened quietly as one used to the outpourings of the heart and all the time Enid felt herself being drawn toward him.

"This is a tremendous sacrifice you are asking of yourself," the young curate admitted. "marriage without love. But, on the other hand, pure love matches are not always happy. So many people seek personal happiness in marriage rather than looking upon it as the stepping stone toward the fulfillment of a greater destiny."

Enid looked up with such sudden comprehension in her big eyes that the young curate smiled. He had not underestimated the worth of this young girl who had sought light in old St. Martin's in the Field. His work had made of him a keen reader of human possibilities. "You would not be here," he added gently, "if you were one who could marry for money and what it can give. I think you love this chap—love him with so big a love that you have been afraid of it—afraid that you could not give him measure for measure—afraid that his wealth would stand between you, and I think that he is just giving you time to realize—all this."

The young curate passed on down the aisle of the old church and Enid's eyes followed him with an intense glow of happiness in them. He had unlocked and opened the great doors of love for her to enter, and somewhere in the soft distance she saw the reflected smile of Danbury's eyes.

A canny Scot telegraphed a proposal of marriage to his sweetheart back in the country. After waiting all day at the telegraph office for his reply, he received an affirmative answer late at night.

"Well, if I were you," said the telegraph operator, who delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I married a girl who kept me waiting so long for an answer."

"Na, an," he replied. "The lass for me is the lass who waits for the night rates."

Man—Is that new watch dog of yours any good?"

Neighbor—"I'll say! If you hear a suspicious noise at night, you've only got to wake him and he barks."

PAUL IN ATHENS

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson

NOVEMBER 19th

GOLDEN TEXT: "In him we live, and move, and have our being."—Acts 17: 28.

LESSON PASSAGE: Acts 17: 22-34.

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee."
—Whittier.

From Philippi to Athens

After being driven out of Philippi, a Roman military colony, Paul and his companions went to Thessalonica where the persecution was repeated, so they continued their journey to Berea only to be followed by hostile Jews again. Silas and Timothy remained in Berea while Paul was conducted by sea to Athens. Owing to his infirmity, whatever it was, he was unable to travel alone. Paul's escort returned with a request that Silas and Timothy should come at once. Meanwhile Paul waited for them at Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence." Athens was a great university centre and doubtless Paul wondered to himself how the gospel would be received in this seat of learning.

The Athenians

Athens was a city of surpassing architectural and artistic beauty. The Parthenon was there and the sculptures of Phiklias. Paul had little interest in buildings or in carved marble; for his soul was saddened by seeing the great city "wholly given to idolatry." To the Athenians it was "art" but to one of Paul's Jewish training it was "idolatry." The Athenians were polytheists and they had temples and altars in honor of all the forces of nature and the characteristics of mankind. They celebrated such qualities as Courage, Pity, Humor, Oblivion. A Roman writer said that there were more gods than men in Athens. Whoever discovered a new god was considered a benefactor of the city. The Athenians rejoiced in these artistic creations but Paul's spirit was stirred within him for he could not be reconciled to material representations of the Godhead.

The outstanding characteristic of the Athenians was mental curiosity. They were on the quest for intellectual novelties. Paul appeared to have something new so they took him to the Areopagus, an open court, and asked to know of this new doctrine, expressing very deferentially their interest in the Apostle's strange teaching and their desire to understand it. Their real motive was to pass the time and find diversion in debate. Athens was filled with learned men, dilettante philosophers who did nothing but propound and discuss new theories. The golden age of Athens had passed four hundred years before and the city was living on the memory of its greatness. Literature had degenerated to criticism, art to imitation, philosophy to scepticism and their polytheistic religion cared more for beauty than for truth and righteousness.

Paul's Sermon on Mars' Hill

Paul was passionately in earnest and he welcomed the opportunity to present Christ to these intellectual idlers. He stood in a famous place, Mars' Hill, in sight of a beautiful temple but he started at once to give his Christian teaching. His address as reported would only take two or three minutes to deliver so we conclude that it is but a brief summary of a long address in which Paul set forth Christian truth, contrasting it with Grecian philosophy. He began very tactfully, not as the Authorized Version suggests, by accusing them of being too superstitious, but by pointing out how religious the Athenians actually were. He said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are religious more than most." So far he commended them and took their misguided spiritual interest as a basis upon which to build.

The Athenians had exhausted invention to discover gods to which to erect altars and lest any should have been overlooked they had one with the inscription "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." It is improbably that this inscription was a profession of agnosticism but was indicative of the mental attitude of a devout polytheist. Paul seized upon this inscription as an introduction to his argument and said, "Whom therefore you worship without knowing, him declare I unto you." He claimed a knowledge of God that the Greeks did not possess.

He told of God as the Creator that made the world and all things therein, who since he is Lord of heaven and earth, cannot be localized in any earthly temple. Paul gave to those Athenians the Jewish conception of God's power as revealed in creation. He attributed the world of nature, not to a host of divinities but to one God. Over against their polytheism he set forth the Jewish doctrine of monotheism. The God of Creation could not be worshipped by images created by men's hands, for he is not in need of anything, seeing that He is the source of life, and breath and all things. Paul taught of God as the Creator of the world and of man, beginning with doctrines to which his hearers of polytheistic faith might be expected to agree.

A Successful Sermon

Was Paul's eloquent sermon at Athens a failure? Judged by immediate results it was. The method of suiting his argument to his hearers did not convince these philosophers full of intellectual pride. Only a few of his audience became converts and no strong mission church grew up in Athens. As though dissatisfied with his method Paul went to Corinth determined to preach nothing but Christ and him crucified. But judged by the test of time Paul's sermon was effective, for it is of permanent interest because of its stately argument, its clear logic, its spiritual depth, its illustration of missionary appeal, and this famous sermon of St. Paul has more influence to-day than when it was first preached.

Questions for Discussion

1. Was Athens a religious city?
2. Why did the Hebrews forbid the use of images in worship?
3. How does the world of nature reveal God?
4. How has Christ led men to trust in the Fatherhood of God?

The Sweet Young Thing entered the office of a fashionable dog kennel and tripped up to the handsome young man at the desk:

Sweet Young Thing (cooing) — "I want a pet."

Handsome Young Man (sadly)—"I'd love to, but the boss is very strict."

"Cities to Get a Break," says a newspaper headline. It's a well-known fact that a good many of them are almost or totally broke.

Canada's greatest industry is pulp and paper manufacturing. The Dominion exports more pulp and paper than all other countries in the world combined.

OUR COMMITTEE MEETING

For this and that and various things
Women, it seems, must get together
To work and plan the best we can,
Our demands to meet, and ways and means.

From nine to ten, from two to three,
Or any hour that's fast and fleeting,
There is a constant call for me
To go to some committee meeting.

Our church has always work to do;
In need of all you willing workers.
They ask for "just an hour or two"
Surely we will not be shirkers!
Though we have duties of our own
We should not drop before completing.
There comes the call by telephone
To go to some committee meeting.

No longer may we rear our bones
In quietude and contemplation,
But get together with the bunch,
Raise funds to save our reputation.
And we must talk of plans and schemes
The while a sandy bite we're eating.
Until, we vow, today it seems
Our lives are ogr committee meeting.

When over us the night shall fall,
And our poor souls go upward winging
Unto that heavenly realm, where all
Is bright with joy and gay with singing,
We hope to hear St. Peter say—
And we shall thank him for the greeting—
"Come in and rest, you poor old souls
For here there's no committee meeting"

—Mrs. Harry Lucas.

MOTOR ACCIDENTS

Figures released by the Motor Vehicle Branch show that 600 motor accidents occurred in Ontario during August. These caused 45 deaths, injuries to 603 people, and resulted in property damage of $100,697. While these figures are sufficiently alarming, they show quite a noticeable improvement when compared with the corresponding months of the previous two years. The accidents were 103 less than in August, 1931, and 84 less than in August, 1932. Fatalities were 23 less than in August, 1931, and 10 less than in August, 1932, and injuries were 133 less than in August, 1931, and 93 less than in August, 1932. Similarly the property damage was $31,358 less than in August, 1931, and $15,400 less than in August, 1932. On the other hand, collisions with railroad trains numbered 11, an increase of 5 over August, 1932, and caused 6 more deaths. Despite the improvement in the general accidents recorded, the number of accidents involving pedestrains increased this year. While many of this class of accidents are due to dangerous driving practices, the available evidence indicates that the majority are caused by some action on the part of the pedestrian which leaves the motorist little chance to avoid an accident. The conclusion is that a considerable proportion of these accidents could be avoided if pedestrians exercised greater care when crossing streets. As motorists usually reduce their speed at street crossings, it follows that pedestrians should cross streets at intersections. They should also cross only where the road is clear, and should not depend on other walkers, or upon a companion, for guidance. It is safer, too, for pedestrians on rural highways to walk on the left hand side of the road, facing oncoming traffic. They should be specially careful when darkness, rain or snow makes viability poor. Pedestrians should always cross streets in the open and not from behind parked vehicles. Parents, too, should see that their children play in safe places and never on the roadway.

PROVERBS OF CONDUCT

Do not carry too much sail.
Do not take up old grievances.
If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send.
Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.
Not many things imperfectly, but a few things well.
Never neglect an opportunity for improvement.
Never lose a tub for a ha'p-'orth of tar.
See that in avoiding cinders you step not on burning coal.
Never make a mountain out of a molehill.
If you intend to do a mean thing, wait until to-morrow; if a noble one, do it to-day.
Never order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself.
You will conquer more surely by prudence than by passion.
Do not look upon the vessel but upon that which it contains.
Tell not all you know nor judge of all you see if you would live in peace.
Pardon others often, thyself never.
It is a thousand times easier to contract a new habit than to get rid of an old one.

The following fish story is going the rounds: A man vows that not long ago, while on a fishing expedition, he spied a snake which had just caught a frog. Desiring the frog for bait, he tried unsuccessfully by prodding and other means to make the snake release its prey. Finally he pulled out a flask and poured a little liquor in the snake's mouth. The snake dropped the frog and slithered away.

Some time later, the fisherman felt a tug at his trousers, and found the snake, looking up expectantly — another and larger frog in his mouth.

A man stepped up to a grocer's cigar counter and bought two ten-cent cigars. A Scotchman who was waiting to be served pushed forward.

Scotchman—"You sell those cigars three for a quarter, don't you?"

Grocer—"Yes."

Scotchman—"Well, here's a nickel. I'll take the other one."