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	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.27 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Sunday's going East

Passenger	6.45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	9.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.58 p.m.
Passenger and mail	9.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.50 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	9.45 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	9.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE MAY 7th, 1934
Leave Georgetown

West	East
9.25 a.m.	6.15 a.m.
11.25 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
1.25 p.m.	12.15 p.m.
3.15 p.m.	3.25 p.m.
5.15 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.15 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.55 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
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"Oh, doctor," he moaned. "I feel awful. I can't eat, can't sleep, can't concentrate on my golf, and works a positive nightmare. What do you prescribe?"

"Propose to the girl and get it over!" retorted the doctor.

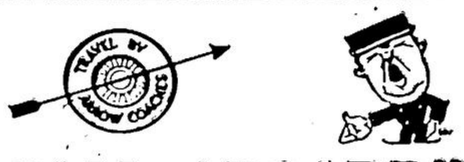
Here and There

The British Columbia Chapter of the I. O. D. E. held its "coming of age" meeting at the Empress Hotel, Victoria, recently, at its twenty-first annual convention. Premier Pattullo welcomed delegates from all over the province, and many distinguished guests were present.

The annual reduction in cost of summer railway travel under the heading of low summer fares, will be put into effect by the Canadian Pacific Railway on May 15th next, according to official announcement. The reduced fares will have extensive limits and stopovers.

Fort Hope, on the south bank of the Fraser River, ninety miles from Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific, is a place where the Almighty has most lavishly sat down in a land of wonderful beauty rivers and lakes abounding in game fish, writes H. Stone Kennedy, editor of Western Fisheries.

Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, leader of the Oxford Group movement, is expected to launch another campaign in western Canada this Spring, commencing at Winnipeg May 1, taking in Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria, and culminating with a selective "house party" at the Banff Springs Hotel early in June.



"ALL ABOARD"

Palmerston - Listowell
Wingham - Kincardine
Orangeville - Owen Sound
London - Windsor
and Intermediate Points
Detroit - Port Huron
and Northern Michigan

REASONABLE FARES

Tickets and Information
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The Georgetown Herald
GEORGETOWN TELEPHONE 8

BROKEN DREAMS OF LIFE

I had a dream so beautiful
It gripped my very soul.
I thought that it could surely be
Perfected and made whole.
But somehow in the press of time
The vision fainter grew,
Until one faintly glowing spark
Was all the dream I knew.

I dreamt that I would sing a song
Of comfort and such cheer
That people everywhere would rise
Above a world of fear.
But life of me took weary toll
As years sped quickly on,
And when at last I tried to sing,
The melody had gone.

I thought that I would save a soul
From carelessness and sin,
And so unclasp the Door of Hope
To bid him enter in.
Yet in the labor of the day
This dream became quite dim.
Just like the haunting cadence of
Some half-forgotten hymn

I felt that I would really be
A truly model wife,
And keep afar all discontent
With which such ties are rife
In travail, sickness, sorrow, care,
The lures of life I healed.
But in my mirrored inner self
I saw this, too, had failed.

Perhaps in that fair world to be
Of healing and of love,
The angels gently will repair
The dreams that I once wove
And there, where music's golden notes
Blend in sweet harmony,
My broken dreams will live again
For all eternity.

—Daisy Corbett

THE MISFORTUNE OF DOING AS YOU PLEASE

Paradoxical as it sounds, being allowed to do as you please is not always conductive to happiness. A child who was allowed to get just what he wanted, would probably be sick in a fortnight, and not able to eat anything. A boy allowed his own way in the matter of education would probably suffer agonies after he reached maturity over his ignorance.

Everyone recognizes that children will suffer for it if they are allowed to have their own way in everything. Those of you who are older do not always appreciate that you, too, will suffer from an excess of doing as you please. Rules that you must observe; authority that you must recognize are as important in your happiness now as when you were children. One of the worst ways to be miserable in is to have no other standard for your conduct than to do what you feel like doing.

Strange

Professor—"And are you sure that the story is original?"

Student—"Certainly it is."

Professor—"Well, well! I didn't think that I would ever live to see the day when I would meet Rudyard Kipling."

International Complications

By H. IRVING KING

WITH the approbation of her parents, Barbara Holden had become engaged to Benjamin Litherland. That ought to have settled it; there should have been nothing further except the wedding bells, the old shoes and the rice. But then, on the other hand, had there not been there would have been no story. Barbara and Ben were just two wholesome, rather common place, young people well established in their own social world.

Then Cassidi Rogers cast his eye upon Barbara and saw that she was fair. Then he investigated her father's financial standing and saw that it was fair, still. Then he began to look for points against Ben and stumbled across something which afforded him ghoulish glee.

Rogers and Ben had been in the same class at college and among their classmates had been a certain Harry Butterworth who had been appointed since his graduation United States consul at Porto Gulfo, a little banana port on the Central American coast. Ben and Harry had been not only classmates but friends, belonged to the same fraternity, etc.

The little republic in which Porto Gulfo was situated was lively all out of proportion to its size, and Harry wrote Ben such graphic accounts of the tropical scenery and of his own weird experiences that Ben, having nothing to do, took ship and went down to visit his old college chum. Having spent some time there, he came back and, a year later, fell in love with Barbara Holden.

It was after Rogers had gazed upon Barbara and upon her father's financial record and had become filled with a longing to possess them both that he met the former consul at Porto Gulfo, returned home and awaiting appointment to a more important post.

"Hullo, Butterworth," said Rogers. "Well, how is the rising young diplomat? Got an embassy yet?"

"Why, it's Rogers isn't it?" replied Harry. "Ever see any of the old boys now? Good old Ben Littlefield comes from your part of the country. Do you see much of him? I haven't seen him since he paid me a visit at Porto Gulfo. For the last year he has written only at rare intervals. When you see him ask him about his wife. Ask him if he has ever heard of her since they parted at Gulfo! Ha! ha! That's a good story. I'll tell you how it was. You see—" Just then a telegram was handed to Butterworth. "Great Scott!" he cried as he read it, "I must try and catch the next train for Washington. Ask Ben to tell you the story of his donkey bride. Ines Castellon. Ta, ta!"

Within a few days Rogers rang Barbara's front door bell at an hour when he was certain he would find the lovers together. They received him politely, though not enthusiastically. He was bowling, jolly, full of jokes. "Oh, by the way," said he at length, "I have just got back from New York. Met Harry Butterworth at the club. He talked a lot about you, Ben. Told me to be sure and ask you if you had heard from your wife, Ines Castellon that was, since you parted from her at Porto Gulfo. Seemed quite anxious about it."

Barbara sat pale, rigid—her eyes wide and anguished. Ben looked confused at first and then said with a laugh: "Oh, that? It's quite a story."

"Never mind now, old top," replied Rogers. "Some other time. I've delivered my message and must toddle."

As the door closed behind him, Ben turned and looked at Barbara. For the first time he realized the seriousness of the situation. "Barbara," said he, "what is the matter? You surely don't believe—"

"I don't know what to believe—what to think," she faltered. And then with "Oh, Ben! Oh, Ben!" she burst into tears and rushed from the room.

Ben tried to tell himself that Barbara was unreasonable, but then was she every? He must furnish an explanation, that was clear. He went and worked the long-distance telephone, at last getting what he wanted. Then he wrote a note to Barbara saying that he would not see her again until he had a full and satisfactory explanation to offer which would be within two or three days.

On the evening of the day specified Ben called at Barbara's home. With his card was sent up that of Harry Butterworth, late consul at Porto Gulfo. Barbara appeared, still pale.

Butterworth told his story. When Ben was at Porto Gulfo there was a revolution on as usual. Ines, President Castellon's daughter, was in Gulfo about to embark for Panama and safety. The rebel general tried to catch her and hold her as a hostage. She took refuge in the American consulate. The revolutionary general demanded her she as a native, not entitled to sanctuary. "Oh, you can't have her," said Butterworth, inspired by a happy thought. "She has just been married to this gentleman here, an American citizen. And the wife takes the nationality of the husband."

"It was a lie out of whole cloth—but it went. Ines was smuggled on board the Panama steamer that night and the next morning Ben took a fruit steamer for New Orleans. The fair Ines subsequently returned," concluded Harry, "and is now what do you think? The wife of the revolutionary general who tried to kidnap her—and the general is president of the stormy republic!"

WHO RULES U. S.?

The regular daily and nightly homicides, the regular stick-ups and hold-ups, the regular gang shootings and other crimes of violence continue at their regular rate. They are too familiar to be considered news. So, we ask, in good faith, who runs this country? We don't see how the decent people can claim to run it. We don't ever see how the city and state and national governments can claim to run it. If the people or the government did run it, do you think for a minute that a few thousand criminals could terrorize with impunity "the richest and most powerful nation on earth?"

Amos Pleads for Justice

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson, August 12th

GOLDEN TEXT: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Romans 13: 10

LESSON PASSAGE: Amos 5: 1, 10-15, 21-24.

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart may push the sea and land
Farther apart on either hand;
The soul may split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.

The Prophet Amos, I

Mobilize! Mobilize! You can do nothing as unto no sad a leader in economic reform to his hearers. The prophet Amos shows what can be done by a unit when that unit has truth and force. Amos stood alone. He had no organization back of him and he was not even trying to form "another organization." He was not a professional prophet; not the son of a prophet, but he had a conscience and he had thoughts. He was content to utter his thoughts in the name of the living God and leave results to time. His method has justified itself because his message has lived. For nearly three thousand years he has been challenging citizens and worshippers to righteousness. The first of the literary prophets, he stands out in history with more prominence than the kings during whose reign he taught. Amos was a seer. He uttered the words which he saw two years before the earthquake—he was himself a kind of moral earthquake.

An Unpopular Speaker, 10-13

Amos was not a pleasant man to have in a community. He uncovered too many unpleasant facts. He frankly said that he was speaking a dirge or lamentation against the house of Israel. He dared to indict a whole nation. Though he had lived in the Southern kingdom he prophesied against the Northern kingdom. Under the circumstances it would have been much more prudent to keep silent, but Amos was too conscientious to build his actions upon the little virtue of prudence. What loomed large in his sight was that the powerful were treading upon the poor, that the rich were building great city houses and country estates, that the lawcourts were influenced by bribes and that the poor had no protection or security. It was, as Amos said, "an evil time." To speak against such social conditions invited criticism and invited unpopularity. The prudent thing to do was to say nothing, but Amos was no safety-first prophet.

A Positive Note, 14,15

An Old Country preacher, visiting Canada and stressing the thought that religion is not talk but life, said that around modern churches there is a great rattling of milk-bottles but not enough milk, that some argumentative Christians are wizards on timetables but never take a train, that talking Christians forever chew but never swallow. Amos also, speaking for his own time, enunciated eternal principles of conduct. He counseled people to seek good and not evil if they really wanted to live abundantly. By obeying the dictates of conscience, they would be assured that God was with them. If they would hate the evil, love the good and establish justice, the Lord God of hosts would be gracious to the nation. If Amos were alive to-day he would be saying to Canadians: Put away grasping greed. Give every man a chance. Practise brotherhood and the depression will soon vanish and religion will become vital. He would not be popular but would he be right?

Formal Religion, 21-23

It was not that the people whom Amos rebuked were not religious. They were very religious in a formal way. They had feast days and great assemblies. They offered peace offerings and burnt offerings. They killed valuable fat beasts and burned them. They sang many songs accompanied by the melody of instruments. If Amos returned to Christian countries today, would he feel that he had spoken in vain? He would find millions of dollars invested in stately churches, ministers in rich vestments, gowned choirs singing to the tones of expense pipe organs, large conventions being held, but what he would ask would be—Are parents training their children to love God? Are politics free from graft? Are the rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer? Are the majority of citizens contented or is the country full of class strife? Are farmers receiving a fair return for their labor and are industrial workers protected against unemployment? Sacred music on Sunday cannot gloss over greed and injustice on Monday. Perhaps Saturday night is a better index of Christian character than 11 a.m. Sunday.

The Mighty Stream of Justice, 24

On the coast of Cornwall, in England, an instrument was set up to measure the velocity of the wind. The apparatus automatically registered the speed of the wind on charts and gave storm signals. One night the wind lifted the whole apparatus and blew it out into the sea. The instrument was mastered by the very force it sought to measure. Amos knew that occasionally social justice breaks forth with a power that transcends by-laws and precedents. "Let justice run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." Justice flowing as a mighty, expanding river would be more in accord with the will of God than sacrifices and sacred cantatas. Worship is important but only as a spur to justice, not as a substitute for justice. Real religion is not primarily a matter of music, architecture and poetry, but of honesty, brotherhood and justice. Stained glass windows and a "dim religious light" have their uses, but true religion is summed up in justice. The only true principle for humanity, said Amiel, is justice, but justice, absolute justice, is something to make us tremble because we are so far from attaining it. Justice has been defined as "the idea of God, the ideal of man, the rule of conduct written in the nature of mankind." Webster said that justice is the ligament that holds civilized beings and civilized nations together.

Questions for Discussion

1. Would Amos be welcomed in a modern service club?
2. Is prudence a Christian virtue?
3. Does your religion mean "don't" more than "do?"
4. What are the values and dangers in sacred music?
5. What is the source of your sense of justice?

ORANGE AND BLACK COLORS FOR 1935

Ontario license plates for 1935—perhaps not pleasant to think of so early in 1934—will be colored orange and black, it was announced at the Ontario Reformatory, where the plates are manufactured. They will carry black letters on an orange background.

Normal School Course

The Minister of Education makes the following announcement with regard to (1) the second year Normal school course, and (2) the validation of certificates.

The Second Year Course

1. The second Year Course will not be offered at any Normal school during the school year 1934-35, and all regulations set forth in Circulars 23 and 23C for 1934-35 will be ineffective in so far as they apply to this course for 1934-1935.

2. Those teacher-in-training who have secured Interim First and Second Class certificates after having attended an Ontario Normal school for one year in any of the years 1927-1928 to 1933-1934, inclusive, and who have not completed the second year course in an Ontario Normal school, will have their Interim certificates extended for the school year 1934-1935. The conditions upon which these Interim First and Second Class certificates may be made permanent will be announced by the Minister of Education at some time before June 1st, 1935.

3. At the end of each of the four school years 1934-1935, 1935-1936, 1936-1937, and 1937-1938, the Department of Education will pay a grant of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) directly to each teacher who has completed successfully the second year course in an Ontario Normal school, and who has been engaged as a teacher in an Ontario Public, Separate, or Continuation school during the year.

4. It will not be necessary for teachers holding Interim First and Second Class certificates, as noted above, to apply to the Department of Education for the extension and validation of their certificates for the school year 1934-1935. The Minister of Education will instruct all Public and Separate School Inspectors to the effect that these certificates will be valid for that year.

Permanent First Class Certificates

The Department of Education will continue to offer to those teachers who graduated from an Ontario Normal school before the school year 1927-1928, who have completed the required academic courses, and who hold Permanent Second Class certificates valid in the Province of Ontario, the privilege of writing upon a final examination for a Permanent First Class certificate without further attendance at a Normal School. The subjects for this examination will be those mentioned in Circular 23 for the 1934-1935 session, page 23, section 22 (6); and the content of the required subjects, mentioned as second year subjects, will be found in Circular 23C for 1934-1935. Copies of this circular, which is now withdrawn, may be obtained on application to the Department of Education.

TWENTY YEARS AGO LAST SATURDAY WORLD WAR BEGAN

Twenty years ago, August 4th, 1914, a "scrap of paper cast the British Empire into the Great War.

Whatever the casus belli, a European war was inevitable. Statesmen had planned one.

Within a week or two thousands of Canadians thronged the recruiting station, impatient lest the conflict be over before they reached France.

Four years and three months went by before the guns were silenced.

More than thirty nations were involved.

Sixty-five million men were mobilized.

Ten million men were killed in battle or died from wounds.

Twenty-one million men were wounded.

Eight million taken prisoner or "missing"—blown to pieces.

Ten in a row, two seconds apart, marching twenty-four hours a day, it would take forty-six days for the dead to march past you. So it has been figured.

It's hard to think in terms of the money cost when you think of the dead. But $208,000,000,000 was spent on destruction.

Canada alone sent 450,000 men overseas.

More than 60,000 were killed in battle or died or wounds.

More than 140,000 were wounded.

We spent $1,700,000,000.

In Canada, as in every other country, the physical and mental suffering is not finished.

Thousands of men maimed, blind, gassed, insane, are still in our institutions.

And by them, day after day, stride young men and women who were babies when the bugle sounded.

Now in their twenties they know nothing of the horrors of war.

But they have inherited the consequences of Versailles, Debts, World Depression, Growth of fresh suspicion, Revival of old hatred, Failure of effort toward disarmament.

Youth would do well to pause and think after these twenty years.

To have a thought for the youth of twenty years ago which in chivalrous spirit offered its all in the belief that the sacrifice would be good for mankind; that peace and security would be established.

To have a thought for those who came back and have carried on as soldiers and gentlemen through the crying days of reconstruction.

This new youth might well itself declare war this Fourth day of August. War on the agents of the armament profiteers who seek to undermine the world desire for peace. War on the international bankings which are ready to finance any war from which they may profit.

The need of chivalry and courage has not lessened.—MacLean's Magazine.

MAYBE WE NEED SLOW COPS NOT SPEED COPS

The Editor motored into Toronto Saturday evening, returning home on Sunday evening. We saw and experienced a fair share of what could well be termed heavy traffic. This was our observation: The greatest menace on the highways to-day is the slow driver! A motorist with a hundred or so miles to cover wants to travel along, at least up to the speed limit. We found ourselves doing not more than twenty and in a procession probably a mile long. Traffic coming the opposite way was likewise heavy and there was very little chance of cutting in. Although it was church hour, we must admit it wasn't prayers we were saying, and especially after a break did come and we got up front to behold a youth and his best girl, probably out for a ten mile drive in an old model Ford that should have long since gone into the scrap. The situation was ridiculous and disgusting. We observed several near crashes by motorists ahead of us endeavoring to break away. It seems logical that the speed laws could very profitably be revised, making it an offence to go too slow as well as to go too fast. Another thing: "old models" that do not come up to a certain standard should not be allowed on busy highways impeding the traffic and thereby menacing the safety of motorists in general—Creemore Star.

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkling silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and [illegible]
Through the long, bright summer hours
Share with her the heavy toil.
Here, her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow;
And the step that once was buoyant,
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long,
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What 'tis to come Home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain,
To the home so sad without her,
Never to return again.

STILL LONG FOR ADVENTURE

The age of adventure is dead, say some. People read of the old days when boys would run away from home to fight Indians or hunt buffaloes, or they would run away to sea. But now the frontier is all settled and the boys don't seem much interested in seafaring, but they still feel the same inner longing for adventure. Aviation supplies it to them more than anything else now. Innumerable boys are dreaming of great stunts in aeroplanes. This expanding field offers opportunities for some but a great many boys are dreaming of sensational adventure who are not fitted for any such stunts.

They dream so much of great exploits, that they are in danger of missing plain and simple opportunities within their reach.

CAR OWNERS PAY HEAVY PRICE FOR USE OF ROADS

Automobile owners in Canada are paying a heavy price for the use of roads of which there are 303,330 miles open for highway traffic in Canada in the most recent figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Of this total 91,311 are surfaced and 307,009 are unsurfaced. All these roads are outside of incorporated cities, towns and villages under the jurisdiction of provincial highways departments and also such roads under local jurisdiction.

The price of these roads to Canadian motorists in 1932 in the form of taxes on gasoline and registration amounted to $48,200,587 which is collected, under the original plan, for building and maintaining roads. This amount was paid by slightly more than 10 per cent of the population who owned motor vehicles in this year, 1,114,503 registrations being included in the Bureau's figures.

In the previous year, the Bureau showed a grand total of 308,396 miles of road open for traffic, so in the twelve month period there was an increase of only 24 miles in the whole of the Dominion, while revenue from registrations and gas tax increased from $42,231,077 to $48,200,587 in the same period.

Capital expenditures on roads in 1932 showed a drop of $14,135,328 from 1931, while maintenance expenditures in 1932 were $687,633 below the 1931 figures.

In the same period government collections in gasoline taxation and registration fees increased by $5,978,560 and last year preliminary reports of the Bureau show a further increase of $6,747,755 over the 1931 figures for gasoline taxation and registration.

CIGARETTE BUTTS CAUSE OF FIRES

During the hot weather, when the forest lands bake under tremendous heat waves, various reports are received by the operating department of the Canadian National Railways of fires which break out in the vicinity of the right-of-way but sufficiently far from the tracks to preclude the possibility of a locomotive starting the blaze. A typical report of this nature was one received from the Huntsville Subdivision, in the Muskoka District, which stated that early in the evening a fire was found burning more than 300 yards distant from the tracks and close to a road. Before the blaze could be extinguished by the use of sand 10 acres of stumps and slashing had been burned over. The cause was eventually fixed as a lighted cigarette butt carelessly thrown away from a passing vehicle. Before the fire was extinguished section men had to work many hours overtime. It is not generally known but all locomotives operating through forest lands carry every protection to prevent sparks starting fires.

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS WAY, BOYS?

If we could induce someone to hang up an inexpensive, but useful prize, we should run a little contest here for our readers. The thing would be simplicity itself; just write a few words to complete this line:

"The honeymoon is over when——"

For this is the time of year for that sort of thing. The June grooms are beginning to regain consciousness.

"By gosh, Bob," said a young fellow the other day to his older friend, "I almost had a battle with the wife last night; there were a couple of buttons off one of my shirts and she didn't seem any too anxious to fix them."

"Listen, son," laughed the veteran, "let me set you right. Never ask a woman to fix or mend anything. That sort of puts you in the position of being a fault finder and makes you unpopular. Now here's what I do. I pick up the shirt with the button off, or the socks that need mending and I stamp into the room where my wife is. "Where is the rag bag?" I ask, waving the garment around in front of her. "Rag-bag?" she'll come back. "Why you crazy man, you weren't thinking of throwing away that good shirt, were you. Give it here!" I protest but she takes it away from me, points out how a little sewing here and there will make it good as new and gets herself feeling very virtuous by scolding me for my extravagance."

TOO FAST

A passenger had been abusing the conductor for the slow progress of the train. Finally the exasperated official said:

"Look here, sir. If you don't like the speed of this train, get out and walk."

"Thanks so much," said the passenger, "but, to tell the truth, though I'm short of time, I'm not in such a hurry as all that."