THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Eighth Year of Publication — The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, September 5th, 1934. — $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	4.27 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	8.40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	3.06 p.m.
Passenger and mail	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.60 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.45 p.m.

TRAVELING **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.
1.55 p.m.	12.15 p.m.
3.55 p.m.	2.55 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.55 p.m.	6.35 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Bus Depot
WM. M. LONG'S STORE
ARROW

DIRECTORY

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Offices—Gregory Theatre Bldg., Mill St.

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Office: Main Street South
Phone 55 — Georgetown

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.
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Office—Anderson Blk., Queen St.
BRAMPTON

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Designs on Request - Phone 1043
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery

WHERE LOYALISTS REST

When Saint John paid tribute to the United Empire Loyalists the old Loyalist burying ground came in for its share of attention. Laid out in 1784, a year after the Loyalists landed, this cemetery is in the heart of Saint John's business district. An act of 1848 closed the ground as far as burial was concerned.

High officials, British officers and private soldiers found a last resting place in the little cemetery. Few of the stones remain upright. Some are cracked and broken, and others are removed.

One of the notable graves is that of Christopher Billop, who met Lord Howe, commander of the British forces, Benjamin Franklin and John Quincy Adams in an effort to adjust the differences between the British authorities and revolting colonies. The scene of these endeavours was the present museum "Billop House" at Staten Island, N.Y.

A stone slab supported by four pillars marks the grave of John Milligan, who according to local tradition, fashioned the Robert Burns' mausoleum at Dumfries, Scotland. Milligan, an architect, civil engineer, and stone cutter was a native of Dumfriesshire, and records show that one John Milligan, of Dumfries, was awarded the tender for mason work on the mausoleum.

One of the most conspicuous monuments was erected in memory of Hon. James Putnam, last attorney-general under His Majesty in the province of Massachusetts.

The Cure

"How did you make your neighbor keep his hens in his own yard?"

"One night I bid a half a dozen eggs under a hen in my garden, and the next day I let him see me gather them. I wasn't bothered after that."

WINDSOR $4.10 RETURN — DETROIT $4.15 RETURN
Bargain—Sat. SEPT. 15 *from* GEORGETOWN
SEE HANDBILLS FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION
Tickets, Train Information, Handbills from Agents
CANADIAN NATIONAL
DEPOT AGENT Me — TOWN AGENT 161

Esquesing Fall Fair
AT GEORGETOWN
Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5th & 6th

Special Prizes

HORSES

1.	Single High Stepper, by T. A. Blakelock, M.P.P.	$ 5.00	$ 3.00
2.	Single Turnout (road) 1st prize to L. E. Fleck	5.00	3.00
3.	Best Farmer's Turnout (single) by H. K. Anderson, M.P.	5.00	3.00
4.	Best Lady Driver, by Georgetown Coating Mills	5.00	3.00
5.	Best Lady Rider, Horse or Harness	5.00	3.00
6.	Best Road Horse, by W. C. Beasy and H. Barnes	3.00	2.00
7.	Best General Horse on Ring, 1st prize cost, Cole Bros and Scott, Guelph; 2nd J. N. O'Neil	4.00	2.00
8.	Best Agricultural Horse on Ring, by John Irving, Milton	3.00	2.00
9.	Potato Race, 1st by D. Brill, hat	5.00	3.00
10.	Best Heavy Team on Grounds (including heavy draft, agricultural and general purpose, 1st $10.00 off any article purchased from Massey Harris Company, 2nd $5.00 off any article purchased from Massey Harris Company Agent, A. D. Hulme	10.00	5.00
11.	Best Colt, 2 years old and under, sired by Brilliant, by Wm. Brennan, to be debarred off next year's service fee	5.00	3.00
12.	Best Clydesdale Mare on Rein, limited to Overtime, by Neil E. McKinnon, $5.00 to be deducted from colt fee off Overtime limp	3.00	2.00
13.	Ladies' Potato Race, 1st by C. J. Buck, 2nd by W. O. Brownridge	3.00	2.00

CATTLE

1.	Best Jersey Female, by Credit Valley Creamery	3.00	2.00
2.	Best Registered Shorthorn Female	3.00	2.00
3.	Best Holstein Female	3.00	2.00
4.	Best Calf		
5.	Best Ayrshire Female	3.00	2.00
6.	Best group of three Dairy Cows, consisting of one mature cow, one two-year old heifer and one yearling, to be sired by a pure bred bull—a marble and onyx mantel clock, value $15.00. Any family having won a T. Eaton Co., Limited prize at a Fair in 1934 not eligible to compete	15.00	
7.	Best Beef Animal, 2 years and under, by McDonald and Halligan, Toronto	3.00	2.00
8.	Best Veal Calf, by Toronto Elevators, 1st prize 100 lbs. of calf meal, valued at $4.00	4.00	2.00
9.	Best Holstein Bull, any age, owned in Halton County, by Elton McLean	3.00	
10.	Best Calf shown by Boy or Girl, owned in Halton County 50 cts for 50 cts. showmanship by Dr. Peal, silver cup valued at $10.00, 2nd by Erwin & Goldfarb, 1st prize $5.00	10.00	4.00
11.	Judging Beef Cattle, by N. H. Brown's Bakery, Georgetown, boy 18 years and under	3.00	2.00
12.	Cow giving most milk at 4 o'clock day of Fair, by T. L. Leslie	3.00	2.00

SHEEP AND PIGS

1.	Best Pen of Pure Wool Sheep (not less than 4 sheep) 1 male, 3 females, by J. Beaumont	3.00	2.00
2.	Best Pen of Long Wool Sheep, 1 male, 3 females, by E. V. Barraclough	3.00	2.00
3.	Best Pen of Sheep, any breed (1 shear or over, 2 ewes, 2 raw lambs), by Lorne L. Mullin	3.00	2.00

MISCELLANEOUS

x 1.	Best 3 lbs. Butter in ½ prints, by R. D. Warren	$ 3.00	$
x 2.	Best Pair Dressed Chicken, by C. Lacey	3.00	
x 3.	Heaviest Pair Barred Rock Cockerels Dressed, by N. H. Robinson	3.00	
x 4.	Best Pair Dressed Chicken, by W. C. Anthony	$3.50	
x 5.	Best Pair Dressed Chicken, by A. J. Blackburn	3.50	
x 6.	Best Pair Dressed Chicken, by F. Kenny	3.50	
x 7.	Best Pair Dressed Chicken, by Thos. Hyke	3.50	
x 8.	Best Dressed Chicken, by James Graham	2.00	
x 9.	Best Pair Dres ed Chicken, Halton Cream and Butter Co.	5.00	
x10.	Best Dressed Chicken, by Morrison Motors, goods	3.00	
11.	Best 6 Hen Pullets, any breed, by Bray Hatcheries—35, 1 day old chicks, delivered any time in 1935	5.00	
12.	Best 6 lbs. Butter in 1 lb. prints, 1st by D. Laird, bedside table, value $3.00; 2nd Goods by Dominion Stores, 3 lbs. coffee	3.00	
13.	Best ½ doz. White Biscuits, 1 year's subscription to Peel Gazette	1.50	
14.	Best ½ doz. Brown Biscuits, 1 year's subscription to Brampton Conservator	1.50	
15.	Best ½ doz. Buns, 1 year's subscription to Peel Gazette	1.50	
16.	Best ½ doz. Cookies, 1 year's subscription to Brampton Conservator	1.50	
17.	Best doz. Butter Tarts, 1 year's subscription Brampton Conservator	1.50	
18.	Best Fruit Tarts, 1 year's subscription to Peel Gazette	1.50	
x19.	Best 1 bushel of table Apples, by Streetsville Creamery to be delivered	2.00	
20.	Best bushel of Goose Wheat, by Wm. Douse, Streetsville	2.00	
x21.	Best bushel of Northern Spy Apples, by Stone & Wellington Nursery Company, J. W. Borsole agent. $10.00 worth nursery stock to be delivered next spring when chosen from the agent. Apples to be delivered at 49 Wellington St., Toronto	10.00	
22.	Best Loaf of Home-made Bread, by Guelph Outfitters, Indine' hat valued	4.00	
23.	Best collection of Home-made Baking, 8 varieties, by Zellers, Guelph, goods valued	2.50	
24.	Best collection of Pastry, by Chas. W. Barber, Guelph 2, 5 lb pails of lard		
x25.	Best 3 pies, 1 apple, 1 fruit, 1 lemon—Pyrex plate by H. H. Thompson & Co., value	4.00	
	Five to be property of Directors		
26.	Best display of Cut Flowers, by C. P. Ready, goods value	3.00	
27.	Best Layer Cake, by Mathews-Wells, Guelph, 6 lb. glass jar of Rose brand sweet mixed pickles	1.00	
28.	Baby Show, by Inspector N. Guthrie, gold, 1st $3.00 2nd $250. Baby under 18 months	5.00	2.50
29.	Best Pot, exhibited by country boy or girl resident of Halton County, by Percy Leslie	3.00	2.00
30.	Best Land-bound Wheat of Grain, to be bound day of show, by M. Williamson	3.00	2.00
31.	Best display of Grain in Sheaf, not less than 3 sheaves, sheaf to be not less than 6 inches, 1st by A. E. Purnell, goods value $5.00; 2nd $3.00	5.00	2.50
32.	Fiddlers Contest—old time fiddler, 1st by J. McBean and old timer, and self in 2 days and Saturday	5.00	2.50
33.	Large Family on ground at Judge's stand at 3.30 pm 1st premium ham, Swift's Abbatoir $4.00; 2nd goods by Carroll's Store $3.00	4.00	3.00
34.	Best collection of Home-made Baking, by H. C. McClure, goods by lady in Esquesing township, consisting of 1 layer cake, 1 pie, ½ doz. tea biscuits, ½ doz. cookies and ½ doz. tarts, prize silk bed spread	5.00	
35.	Best pair of Pullets in table varieties, by W. J. Campbell, goods	2.50	
36.	Best display in Hall by Bank of Montreal to merchant or manufacturing firm	6.00	4.00
37.	Best collection of Vegetables, by Budd's Departmental Store, Guelph, man's shirt valued	1.50	
38.	Best ½ bushel Red Clover, by Morley Pettit	3.00	2.00

By J. M. Moore—

x Best Loaf home-made Bread, Georgetown Herald, 1 year	1.50	
x Largest ½ doz. Fresh Eggs, Georgetown Herald, 1 year	1.50	
x Best and neatest 1 lb. Butter, Georgetown Herald, 1 year	1.50	
x Best bushel Table Turnips, Georgetown Herald, 1 year	1.50	
x Best Dressed Young Goose, not less than 12 lbs., cash	4.00	

x x Articles to become the property of donor.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

I've wandered to the village—Tom;
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school-house playing ground
That sheltered you and me
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few are left, I know.
That played with us upon the green—
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom;
Barefooted boy, at play
Were spinning tops as we did Tom
With spirits just as gay
But Master sleeps upon the hill
Which round our school room rose,
Afforded us a sliding place
Just twenty years ago

The old school-house is altered now,
By new gray entry like the same
Our sensitive hall defaced
The same old bricks are in the wall
The bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same dear Tom
As twenty years ago

The spring that bubbled beneath the elm
(Come by the spreading beech)
Is very low. Twas nice to sip
That we could scarcely reach.
And kneeling down to get a drink
I fear Tom, I started so
To see how much that I had changed
Since twenty years ago

Nearby the spring, upon the elm
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's—just beneath it Tom,
And you did mine—the same
Some heartless wretch has peeled its bark.
'Tis dying sure but slow,
As just the ones whose names we cut
Died twenty years ago

My eyelids have been dry, Tom,
But tears came to my eyes
I thought of those we loved so well,
Those early sharers time
I visited the old churchyard
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Some twenty years ago

Yes, some are in the churchyard laid
Some sleep beneath the tree
But none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me!
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played
Just twenty years ago

—Author Unknown

EVEN FEEL THIN WAY?

"How much do I owe you? John's attitude was obviously unfriendly. He was a fine man physically and an all round good chap — the wholesome type who frowns upon tattles, small and mean. A sinking feeling came over me, not so much because I was about to lose a subscriber, but because I did not think John "that kind of a fellow." I was glancing at his subscription card and I told him that his paper was paid up to September 1st. "That will be $1.50" he said (placing that amount on the desk. Quiet. "You needn't send the paper any longer." More quiet. "I don't think your editorial this week." Still more quiet. I asked if there were any other issues of the paper to which he took exception. There was one other, the name of a friend of his was not given, due prominence in a certain event reported in the paper. Anything else? "No." According to your card, I said, you have received this paper for 117 weeks and 119 out of the 119 papers have met with your approval, but you are going to penalize me because in your opinion I failed to measure up on these two occasions. His irritation gave way to a quiet dignity of true greatness and John remained a subscriber to the paper and a staunch personal friend.

WHEN IS AN "OLD MAID"

The Cynics say that so-called progress is greatly over-rated, says the Sudbury-Star, but as a confessed optimist we rather think it's done at least one good thing, and that is to push back the deadline at which a lady is definitely put on the shelf matrimonially speaking. Nowadays a girl can be unmarried at 30 without feeling those sympathetic murmurs from feminine friends who have made their own starboard trek. But would you believe it, only 70 or so years ago a girl's family got flustered if at the age of 20 she showed no disposition to settling down in life, and even 60 years ago the age of 25 was the border line at which girls slipped into old-maidishness. Call it progress, retrogression or what you will, the marrying age three days is any age from 19 up, which is after all, a break for the ladies who want to get married sometime but just don't seem to get around to it as much celerity as they used to.

HOW SOON IS SOON?

What will history have to say of the thirty thousands who turned the clock back in Ontario, as a Toronto morning paper stated in a glaring headline (speaking the plain truth without intending it)? Ontario turned the spigot full open yesterday," said that newspaper, which has long been active in the support of the liquor interests, "and beer flowed out of taps and bottles for the first time in seventeen years legally and openly."

An intensive publicity campaign has been carried on by the trade in a determined effort to prove that the people of Ontario had at last obtained the dearest wish of their hearts. The fact is that the people of Ontario were not given a chance to vote on the question of increased facilities for drinking. The new law was foisted on them by the men who want to sell beer and wine, sell it to young and old alike, and sell it in ever-increasing quantities.

A well-known investigator made a tour of Toronto's down-town hotels on the first night of the "loosening up" of the liquor law, and this is what he reports:

"To-night I saw conditions that I hoped would never be witnessed in my native city of Toronto. I remember the old bar-room with its maudlin sounds and disgusting smells, but it was largely a masculine proposition. The new beverage rooms, with their mixed crowds, out-revelled the old bar. Fully forty per cent. of the drinkers in two large hotels were women, nearly, indeed, mere girls. If the liquor sold was not intoxicating, then the imbibers were mighty fine actors, for many of them gave perfect imitations of various degrees of tipsiness.

"For myself I have renewed my vows of hostility to the whole damnable liquor traffic. This condition must be ended. It will be ended. The moral sense of Canadians will soon assert itself."

But when? How soon is soon?—Salvation Army War Cry.

"The" Sally Whitcomb

By ALICE DUANE

SALLY Whitcomb, from her high window, watched the gloom gath ering on the terrace above the Lake Isabel, sister with interested remoteness.

"I'll cheer," she said. "I'll clap if I have to."

Depression had struck Sally a double blow. First it had killed her well-to-do father, after he had lost all his money in one of the financial crashes. She had gleefully looked ahead for a season of making money. As a result of her college diploma, natural taste and aptitude she had taught a few terrifying short young girls in a fashionable school. But short young girls, like everybody else, were feeling the depression, and the Rosecliff school found it necessary to curtail expenses. Sally, left at the last teacher taken on, had been the first laid off. And so other work seemed to be open to her.

So, after several months when the shade of her good fortune had long her only means of support, she had gratefully accepted employment from the mother of one of her old friends—new married and living abroad.

"It may be a bit trying, Sally," Mrs. Van Ardsdale had said. "Aunt Jane is a bit of a trial, and you have never lived There's a trained nurse, of course, to look after her, but she wants someone else, of course, to act as a sort of companion."

So Sally went to the Adirondacks with the Van Ardsdale as Aunt Jane's companion. It wasn't so bad. She had to be cheerful and helpful to her whole letters for her, she helped her do crossword and jigsaw puzzles. Aunt Jane always went to her room at six, and the nurse took charge of her then, so Sally's evenings were free.

She had been swimming in the lake while Aunt Jane had her usual afternoon nap when she first saw him. She hadn't seen him enter the lake. But there he was, sitting on the float when she came up from a dive.

"Nice work," he said, lazily, admiringly.

Sally pulled herself deftly up beside him.

"Nice water," she said. "When did you come? Today?"

"Yes. I'm Jack Barnwell. Ever hear of me?"

Sally racked her brain. "No," she said, after a minute. "I'm Sally Whitcomb."

"Sally," said Jack. "The Sally Whitcomb?"

Sally laughed. "Well, I'm Sally Whitcomb. I don't suppose there are two of me."

They sat silent, content, for a few minutes.

"Come on," he said suddenly, jumping up, and reaching out a hand to help Sally to her feet. "It's time to go dress. Race you to the dock."

They plunged together into the cold water and swam silently to the house.

Sally liked him, and sensed he liked her, too.

She had looked for him again the next afternoon when she went for her swim. But he hadn't been there.

Today Aunt Jane had been particularly trying, and Sally had missed her swim. "I'm not going to take a nap," Aunt Jane had said. "It's such a nice day I'm just going to sit awhile and work out that new crocheted mat."

"I'll float," said Sally to her reflection in the mirror, as she brushed her tarnished hair, "I'll make him like me."

After dinner that night she wandered away from the other guests in quest of Jack, who found him smoking under the pine trees at the edge of the little beach. He jumped to his feet as she came toward him. "It's you, isn't it? I was just going up to the house." And he started to walk away toward the voices on the terrace and the lights of the house.

"Well, you're not very polite," said Sally. He turned toward her suddenly and took both her hands in a strong, nervous grasp. "I came out specially to find you. Anything the matter with me?" Sally went on.

"Yes," said Jack steadily. "You're too flame-destructive. I'm trying to keep from being burned."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Sally quietly. "Is that all he said?"

"All? It was more than enough, when I went to Saratoga last year, years ago, with the calm and mistaken idea that that continent needed me to save it from itself. I'm not going to let you. I'd fallen for you then, your picture in the newspapers, one of the richest, most popular girls in town—"

"Well? Didn't you make good?"

"No. I lost what little I had. And now I'm out of a secretaryship for Van Ardsdale.

"But as an I, I mean, I haven't spent in the world but what the Van Ardsdale pay me to amuse their funny old aunt, and I thought you were, well, anyway—you seem—we match, don't we?"

And Jack decided that they did.

HOSPITALS IN CANADA

Canada is well supplied with hospitals. Records of hospital accommodation show that in 1931 there were 883 hospitals in Canada with a total bed capacity of 87,463 beds, which is at the rate of one bed to each 119 of the population. In proportion to population the most ample facilities are in British Columbia, where there is one hospital bed for 84 of the population. Of the 883 hospitals in Canada 458 are general public hospitals; the others are divided among a variety of class ifications, including 33 Dominion Government hospitals, 43 Red Cross hospitals, 31 tuberculosis hospitals and one cancer hospital.

FACING LIFE

H. L. Stevenson once wrote: "A frank and cheerful bearing doubt age, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well-armored for this world."

We might put it in other words and say, "Don't be overwhelmed by the responsibilities of your work, nor overcome by its trials. These are part of the job and although you should take your job seriously, you should never take yourself seriously."

Facing life properly is the duty of every one of us. And to do this, we should, as another writer puts it, "Avoid graves as we would avoid graves, for they are similar." Let us cultivate interests which have no bearing on our daily work. We must make opportunities of meeting men and women of wider mental range and experience. We can easily do this for dozens of societies exist which include members linked by some common interest we can share.

It makes no "bit" of difference what the aims of the club are, we may study the life of ants or the life of shakespeare, we may be interested in numismatics or botany. It may concentrate on photography or philosophy, the main thing should be that it coordinates with some hobby of ours utterly diverted from our daily work. In this way we are taken out of ourselves, we are given the tonic values of change, contrast and relief from routine, and we come in contact with a larger, more comprehensive world.

Ulysses returned from his Odyssey, exclaimed "I am part of all I have seen." In saying that Ulysses had offered a fragment of that universal truth by which not only heredity but environment, also, shapes our characters and models our ambitions. So in extending our interests above and beyond the sphere of daily work we enter into a larger world which in turn enlarges our ideas and thoughts. It is by this we gain a truer and wider perspective of our lives. We learn that nothing is permanent save change, that our task is to do our job completely, to share the burden and heat of the day, but not to let its cares and responsibilities warp our outlook. And in doing so we will grasp the full meaning of H. L. Stevenson's words in describing those who are well-armored. "Life in life is no dolorous affair of workaday routine but a colorful adventure which merits the full developments of all our talents and resources.—Hello!"

DON'T BE TOO SORRY FOR YOURSELF

There are many thousands of us who are so much less comfortably circumstanced now than we were a few years ago and who are compelled to forego so many things we used to enjoy, that it is easy for us to regard ourselves as proper objects of commiseration. And it is even easier for us to furnish our own sympathy. This is quite understandable; it is so hurt pride.

But there is danger in too ready an indulgence in self pity. It may tend to undermine our courage and faith and determination to make a personal recovery, which is the final unit of national recovery. And it also tends to make us less sympathetic with others who are in greater need of it. We are too busy with our own supply on ourselves.

The great majority of those who read this will do so in surroundings which are safe and comfortable. They will be well fed, well clothed and in good health. They will be able to count their friends by the hundreds. Their bank accounts may be depleted, their savings may have been absorbed, their incomes may be curtailed or temporarily cut off, and their credit may be strained. But they only need to be observant on their next walk down the street to realize their comparative good fortune.

Look at the chap who taps his cane upon the sidewalk to guide his cautious steps because of sightless eyes. Notice the cripple wending his way along the street. Note the twisted body of another, whose every laboured movement is a pitiful evidence of his handicapped life. See that poorly clad lad who has just passed you. Watch the features of another upon which the hand of hunger has left its mark.

All these may be observed in the course of a short stroll along any town or city street today. They have become such usual incidents that we are apt to pass them all unheeding. We are sure to do so if we be too intent upon our own lesser misfortunes. And yet, paraphrasing the classic statement of a certain Bishop of London, any one of us might truly say, for the grace of God that might be me.

Don't let us be too sorry for ourselves. Let us save some of our sympathy for others who are really entitled to it. And let it lead us to thoughtful, kindly helpfulness for them. There is nothing that will brighten our own outlook so much.—Canadian Statesman.

FIVE-MONTH YEAR SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED BY NOAH

Telling the seasons in olden days was a problem, Natural History says Epitzfinder Magazine. We tick off the months and months with a pencil, but the ancients calculated by the moon. It is said that Noah used the early Egyptian calendar of five-month year, thirty days to the month, and each month three weeks of ten days.

Sticks, tied in bundles, was the invariable way of telling the day and season with the greater part of the ancient world, and today some American Indians keep five bundles of thirty sticks, pulling out one stick for each day. The last bundle is repeated in each half-year to revel thing up, and the middle bundle is split in two to judge the approached midsummer or mid-winter.

In the South Sea islands the "moon stick" is used to determine the season. A notch is cut in the stick after each passing moon. Borneo uses a calendar consisting of varying lengths of tattooed poles. The Dyaks have a custom whereby they tell the season by the length of the sun's shadow. Calendar makers in some country in the season of sowing and plant time colored poles on the farms. By a system of queer calculation they adhud these poles to a certain length, marked on the ground. Invariably this shadow marking proves accurate, and in due time the calendar maker again tours the farms to receive his payment of part of the crop.

It Wouldn't Work

A little boy, after he had been put in bed, began to cry and the maid was sent upstairs to soothe him. After a short lull, the crying broke out with renewed vigor, and his father went to investigate.

"What's all this noise about?" he demanded.

"Well, Mary said if I kept on crying a noise with big green eyes would come and eat me the end of my bed, but it hasn't come yet."

TOM SAWYER AGAIN

Home: the Labatt home in London. Time: Saturday morning. The children playing on the balcony for the first time since the kidnapping.

Someone on the balcony remarked on the state of the lawn, littered with debris left by newspapermen and others who had been hanging the place. The policeman on guard had an idea. He called to some children playing near by, "How would you like to keep the papers as souvenirs of the Labatt case? You can have them if you pick them up, even the small ones."

In a few minutes the lawn was clean.

That policeman must have read Mark Twain's inimitable story of Tom Sawyer—you remember, if you ever read it, how Tom got the fence whitewashed. Simply made the whitewashing a privilege instead of a task.

Human nature has not changed since the days of Tom. How long would it have taken those youngsters to pick up all the debris if they had been ordered to do it. But it was different when they saw the chance of getting something for a few minutes' work—even if that something was really of no use to them.

Someone has said that exercise is work we don't have to do. Another way of expressing it is to the old proverb "Molasses catches more flies than vinegar." A useful lesson to be taught by each. Approach anyone—child or adult—in the right way and you can get him to do almost anything. Try to force him and he balks.

The lesson is that leading is always more successful than driving. Would that more of our leaders were really leaders instead of trying to be drivers!—Exchange

CHINESE SERVANTS ARE BADLY PAID

An investigation of social wages in Shanghai reveals the fact that even wealthy Chinese families pay their servants only one-third or even one-fourth of the wages paid by the average foreign family. A Chinese family, for instance, will pay $12 a month for a good cook, but a foreign family will pay from $30 to $45.

The Chinese habit of tipping lavishly accounts for the difference in the wage scale. No guest in a Chinese home ever thinks of leaving without handing out a "cumshaw" or tip—the money usually being wrapped in red paper for good luck.

At most mah jongh parties, a special suit, tray is prominently displayed, into which the winner of each game is supposed to put 10 per cent. of his winnings. The host or hostess will first take enough money from the suit tray to pay for the cigarettes and sweetmeats consumed, and will then hand the rest to the "No 1 boy" for distribution among the servants.

It is a sale day when the master of the house sends out a wedding gift. The recipient must pay the bearer 10 per cent. of the value of what he receives. If the tip is small, the servant reports to his master, and the master will be deeply offended at the implication that he sent a cheap present.

A MILE WITH ME

Oh, who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

—Henry Van Dyke.

KINDLY THINGS THAY WE CAN DO

There are kindly things that we can do
Each day that dawns the whole year through.
A helping hand to the feeble and old,
A little care for the homeless and cold

Perhaps you know of a tired old horse,
Whose driver is ugly, rough and coarse.
A man who has never been to school
And knows nothing at all of the Golden Rule

Don't you think if you spoke to him nice and polite
Would induce him to treat that old horse right?
Can't you think of some friendly thing to say
That would show that driver a kinder way?

Air the cats and kittens along your street,
Sheltered at night and with plenty to eat?
Are the birds supplied with plenty of crumbs
When snow and ice the world be numbs?

Are dogs given shelter from wind and rain
And saved from danger, blame and pain?
Do the horses that work in the blistering heat
Get plenty of water and oats to eat?

These are kindly things that we can do.
And this means me, and this means you.

—Alice Carroll.

SIGNIFICANT

Occasionally a merchant is heard to say, "my widows are my advertisers." Judging by the business done, some doubtless are. Over in Coalhaven, accepting the challenge of the News, a local merchant decided to experiment along this line. He placed a number of articles in the window and among others placed one item and marked it at one-fifth its regular retail price. And so far he has not received one inquiry concerning this particular item. Rather significant is it not?—North Hastings Marvel.

BAD MANNERS

The decline of manners has become clearly marked during the past few years and is by no means confined to the one sex. Ordinary politeness and civility have departed from the manse and their whole age apparently, something to be forgotten rather than promoted. It is now regarded in many quarters as the smart thing to be impolite and rude, and the influence of the home and the school which has fallen down in so many other things, is equally negligible in this regard.

Conscience

Moe was having a hard time trying to explain to Flaxie the science is

"Hit is somethin lak dis." Moe elucidated. "When you all do something wrong, dere's a small voice what tells you not to do it."

"Oh, yassah. Ah knows what dat is." Flaxie broke in. "Jee sackly what happened to me de yuthur night. When Ah was reachin' up for a chicken on a roost an' got full of a little ole bainty rooster." His small voice sounded so sad Ah put him back an' reached up an' got a big fat hen."

"You can't Stop stoking a steam engine" *said Wrigley*

Interviewed, and asked to what he attributed his phenomenal success, the late Mr. Wrigley, of chewing gum fame, replied, "To the consistent advertising of a good product."

"But," asked the reporter, "having captured practically the entire market, why continue to spend vast sums annually on advertising?"

Wrigley's reply was illuminating.

"Once having raised steam in an engine," he stated, "it requires continuous stoking to keep it up. Advertising stokes up business and keeps it running on a full head of steam."

This applies to your business, too. Don't make a secret of your product. Tell people all about it. Tell them what it does. Tell them its advantages. Tell them where to get it. Tell them through the Press and keep on telling them.

Everybody Reads Newspapers

Herald Advertising Pays