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	8.37 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	8.45 a.m.
Passenger	7.08 p.m.
Passenger and mail	8.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.00 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule

LEAVE GEORGETOWN West	East
9.35 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
x11.35 a.m.	9.30 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
*2.55 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.55 p.m.	6.55 p.m.
6.55 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
10.55 p.m.	
†12.50 a.m.	

x Daily Except Saturday.
* Saturday Only.
† Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
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Recently the following testimonial was received by a patent medicine concern: For nine years I was totally deaf and after using your ear salve for only ten days I heard from my brother in Nebraska."

"Sambo," said the magistrate reproachfully to the negro before him, "I cannot conceive of a meaner, more cowardly act than yours of deserting your wife. Do you realize you are a deserter?" "If you knowed dat lady as I does," replied Sambo, "you wouldn't call me a deserter. Ah is a refugee—dat's what Ah is."

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The very finest Pumpkin—the very finest Lard—twin requirements of the very finest pie. 26c value for only 21c! If you wish the Pumpkin alone the special price is 10c per tin. Special price for the Lard alone is 12c per pkg. And see these other savings!—

Biscuits	Chocolate Marshmallows	2 lbs.	25c
Cherry Jam	Wagstaffe's—With Pectin	32-oz. Jar	25c
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CALAY	The Soap of Beautiful Women	4 Cakes	19c
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GOLDEN THREADS

For quiet, restful sleep through darkest night,
Bright sunlight glancing on my window-pane,
Gay-colored flowers that nod in morning light,
And the dull patter of swift-falling rain;
For birds that come again when winter's past
And build their nests beneath my sheltered eaves,
Dusk at the end of day, moonbeams that cast
Strange shadows of tall trees and waving leaves;
Flicker of firelight, the dear home fireside,
Chatter of childish voices as I sit and sew,
For happy evening hours that gently glide
While outside fall white, silent flakes of snow;
For golden threads like these that light each day
And shine across my path when joy takes flight,
Dear Lord, accept my gratitude. I pray,
Lest grief should dim my eyes, keep clear my sight.

PIONEER GOVERNMENT IN WESTERN ONTARIO

The twenty-second report of the Department of Public Records and Archives, by Colonel Alexander Fraser, LL.D., is just off the press. This year the Department has printed the Minutes of the General Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the London District from 1800 to 1818. It is to be regretted that three years of the Minutes, from 1800 to 1803, have not been preserved, a fact which more illustrates the necessity which exists for carefully preserving our important state records. The importance of these Minutes to students of Canadian history may be realized when it is seen that the quarter sessions were the smallest unit of municipal government in pioneer Ontario, with the exception of the town meetings which had little real power. The London District in 1800 stretched from the township of Rainham in Haldimand County to Aldborough in Elgin, and from Lake Erie to the Georgian Bay. Thus the early municipal government of a very large part of Ontario is covered.

As the quarter sessions were a court, the Minutes contain accounts of grand jury presentments and trials before petty juries as well as the ordinary business of a district council. When a true bill was found by the grand jury the case, if of a minor nature, such as assault and battery of which numerous examples are to be found in the Minutes, was tried immediately by a petty jury. Prisoners held for more heinous crimes were committed to jail or were allowed out on bail until the Assizes.

Other functions of the justices of the peace sittings in quarter sessions were to appoint constables, path masters, grant licences to tavern keepers, set the tax rate, grant licences to clergymen to perform marriage ceremony, pass accounts and appoint town offices in those townships where own meetings had not been held.

Just Natural

A witty darey orator was introduced by the chairman as "our colored brother."

He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not colored. I was born this way."

That's It

Pretzel—Are you economizing at your house?

Wetzel—No, we're simply eating less for the same money.

A Little Thing Like Clothes

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

"THAT," said Tom Winship, knocking the ash from his cigarette, "is the prettiest girl in this town."

They both looked after the retreating figure of Daisy Miller, dressed so neatly in her blue serge, with a black hat that was meant to cover, not adorn, the red-brown hair.

"If you give me a month I could have that girl so dead in love with me that any one could see it!" Arthur Baldwin offered.

"You've lost already, and I'll put ten on it, Art."

Daisy Miller's heart beat very fast as she washed the dinner dishes. She had really not seen anything of Arthur Baldwin since they were in high school together; she had thought less of him, and yet tonight he had telephoned her to ask permission to come over to see her.

"I don't see why he should want to see me," she thought, "I can't understand—" and yet she was flattered and she felt a new glow in the dullness of the gray days and an escape from monotony.

In her own room she surveyed her wardrobe critically. The gray challis was beyond redemption and her best crepe needed a patch under the arm; the only thing left was what she had on, the blue serge dress that had never been anything but useful.

Again she felt that strange new excitement when the bell wheezed and she opened the door to Arthur Baldwin. He stood a moment in the hall retaining her hand.

"I am glad to see you, Daisy!" he said, scrutinizing her white face.

There was an awkward silence for a moment after he had seated himself in the comfortable living room in the big chair across from Mr. Miller.

"How're you getting on with your law?" Mr. Miller inquired.

Arthur Baldwin found himself in the clutches of that inveterate old talker, and he listened to drowsy reminiscences of the '70's, while he fidgeted in his chair.

When at last he said good night he admitted it was one of the dullest evenings he had ever spent and quite unsuccessful except for his last remark to Daisy.

"You certainly have wonderful hair, Daisy," he said as he took her hand in the hall as he left.

He smirked to himself as he remembered the slow, almost pitiful flush that touched her cheeks.

"I'm old enough to know better," Daisy thought the next morning as she scanned the paper; but a new infection in the air had caught her and she explained to her father briefly that she was going to the city.

It must have been the hair that did it, but Daisy was unable to resist a hat that looked altogether alluring in one of the smartest shops on Fifth avenue.

But the hat made her suit look even older than ever; and Daisy plunged. She gasped when she saw herself in the new suit with its long, slim lines and its delicious golden brown color; with bewitching hat. But how shabby her shoes looked.

As a very last touch she bought herself a new pair.

"It'll take me years to save it all again," Daisy thought shamefacedly. "All the money that I put by for a rainy day!"

She settled herself down by the window in the train, feeling in her new clothes that she was too noticeable. She prayed that she would meet no one she knew. She moved over to a very margin of her seat as a big man sat down beside her; he looked at her casually and then cried, "Why, if it isn't Daisy Miller!"

"I used to be Bill when we were in school together," he laughed.

Daisy looked up at him; perhaps it was the new hat, perhaps it was the consciousness of that smart suit, yet there was a charm about that shy, bird-like glance that touched William Armstrong.

"Just come back to civilization," he explained. "I'm going to surprise my people. It's a long run from Arizona to New York!"

"How wonderful!" Daisy exclaimed softly. "I've always thought that was about the most interesting place to live—" then for some unaccountable reason she blushed.

"Not for your kind!" Armstrong said gruffly.

He touched tentatively the rich fur on her coat.

"Oh, this!" said Daisy with disdain. "As if clothes matter!"

"When a girl's as pretty as you are, Daisy, I guess you're right!" he said heartily.

"I'd like to drop in and talk with you about God's country!" he said as he wrung her hand in farewell.

That was why two days later Daisy Miller, answering the telephone, said softly:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Baldwin, but I have another engagement tonight!"

"Congratulations!" Tom Winship cried, holding out his hand to his betting partner. "When it comes to a lady-killer, Art, I must admit you never fail." He pointed a jeering finger to the notice printed in the evening paper.

"The engagement of Miss Daisy Miller to Mr. William Armstrong of Tucson, Ariz., was announced . . ."

KNEW ALL RIGHT

A darky was charged with theft. His lawyer decided to put him in the box in his own behalf. The magistrate, being doubtful if the darky understood the nature of an oath, undertook to examine him on the point.

"Henry," he said, "you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"

"Yes, sur," said Henry. "I'll go to hell and burn a long time."

"Quite right," replied the judge. "And now you know what will happen if you tell the truth?"

"Yes, suh," said Henry. "We lose the case."

CHRISTIAN GROWTH

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson, November 4, 1934

GOLDEN TEXT: "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." 2 Peter 3: 18.

LESSON PASSAGE: Luke 2: 41-52; 2 Peter 1: 5-8.

Let us put by some hour of every day
For holy things!—whether it be when dawn
Peers through the window pane, or when the noon
Flames, like a burnished topaz, in the vault,
Or when the thrush pours in the ear of eve
Its plaintive monody; some little hour
Wherein to hold rapt converse with the soul,
From sordidness and self a sanctuary,
Swept by the winnowing of unseen wings,
And touched by the White Light Ineffable!

—Clinton Scollard

Youth and Religion, 41, 42

In Nazareth where Jesus was brought up attention was given to religious education. There was parental instruction in the home, teaching of the law in the synagogue, and at the age of twelve, Jewish boys became sons of the Law and were taken to Jerusalem for their first visit to the Temple. What goes into the first of life goes into all of life. Attention is now being given to the training of children in the preschool period. Kindergarten schools establish valuable habits. Graded lessons in a curriculum adjusted to the advancing needs of the child are widely used. Age-group organizations such as Cubs, Explorers, Brownies, afford opportunities of expression. Many congregations now have Junior congregation where the worship is adapted to the understanding and age of boys and girls. The Church has a vital interest in the religious education of children, which implies making profession of their faith come from the Sunday School. Children have surprising religious capacity. Many religious teachers have been fearfully adult minded, but Jesus, perhaps remembering his own youth, placed the child in the midst, and stressed the importance of child education.

The Dominant Interest, 46-47

Having heard much about the Temple in his home and in the synagogue, it must have been a great event in the boyhood of Jesus when in company with the Nazareth pilgrims, singing the song of ascent, he first beheld the Temple. Other boys might have wished to visit places of historic interest because of military tradition, but Jesus found the chief place of interest to be the Temple. So fascinating was it to him that when the Nazareth pilgrims departed, he stayed behind. When Joseph and Mary, returning to search for him, found him in the Temple, he was listening to the teachers and asking them questions. Those who heard him were amazed at his understanding. In addition to the teaching he had received in Nazareth, he was thinking for himself. A child's questions should never be disregarded. The youthful mind is hungry for information, and each fact learned is a stimulus to thought. It is a sin against child welfare to make fun of the questions of children, even if their questions show immaturity of judgment. Back of the question there is a desire for knowledge which the wise teacher will foster. It is the duty of one generation to educate the next, and the question and answer is one of the best means of education.

A Foregleam of the Future, 48-51

Very often decisions as to life vocations are reached early in youth. Nearly every boy has planned to be an engineer, and nearly every girl has dreamed of becoming a nurse. Several occupations may attract in succession, but very often a final decision is made in the years from fifteen to seventeen. We cannot tell for certain when Jesus became clearly conscious of his mission. There was a foregleam of it in the Temple at the age of twelve. It became clearer at his baptism, and still more clear in the Garden of Gethsemane. His visit to the Temple at the age of twelve was a turning point in his life. When his mother gently chided him for lingering in the Temple, his answer was one of surprise, perhaps giving an echo of conversations with his mother in the Nazareth home. Even at the age of twelve the sense of destiny was upon him.

The Fourfold Life, 52

One great need in education is balance. We are familiar with the young man who is an expert in athletics, but cannot make use of books. We are also familiar with his opposite—the youth who is bookish but pays insufficient attention to health. The marvel of the life of Jesus is that it was so well balanced, so fully developed on every side. He was strong in body, and he was also active in mind. He was attractive and popular—one with his power of conversation would never lack companions—but he was also given to prayer and meditation. This verse, Luke 2: 52, has become a great ideal of religious education, expressing the four-fold life, calling for growth physically, mentally, socially and spiritually. A chief purpose of education is to develop a well-rounded personality.

Age and Religion, 2 Peter 1: 5

Each year of life may be good, but for those who learn how to live aright, each year may be better than the one before. The best of the wine is kept till the last of the feast. To live on this ascending scale, vital religion is necessary. Too many people think of religion as a kill-joy influence, but real religion is a process of addition, not subtraction. It gives zest, meaning and purpose to life. We may progressively increase our moral stature and spiritual perception. It has been said that adult education is the greatest recent educational discovery. A widely read book, "Life Begins at Forty," shows that if life has been lived properly up to forty, the greatest powers may be developed after forty. There may be lessening of physical ability, but there is an increase in good judgment and in purposeful living. Moral growth is possible from youth to age. In fact many people are at their best in old age. Sixty or seventy years of holy living produce a peace of countenance and a patience of spirit that are impossible in youth. Those who live a spiritual life grow in grace, and there is no age limit for this growth. "Life blossoms to its goal."

Questions for Discussion

1. Why is it the duty of each generation to educate the next?
2. What is the value of the discussion method?
3. When did Jesus become fully conscious of his mission?
4. Is modern education well balanced?
5. What are the signs of character growth?

FARMERS BEING ROBBED

We take the following from the Bracebridge Gazette of October 11th:

"Premiers, Finance Ministers, Ministers of Trade and Commerce, Ministers of Justice as well as Retail Jry in the political life in Canada blather about revival of business, detection of crime, deep waterways, reciprocity and lots of other poppycock. Magistrates and judges mete out punishment for petty theft. They turn the world upside down to catch and punish kidnappers who do not even get away with any loot. All this goes on while the most barefaced robberies are carried on openly. The Dominion supports a Minister of Agriculture; so does Ontario. What is their business? One would naturally suppose the business of Ministers of Agriculture would be to make the Governments, of which they are important parts, see that agriculture gets fair play. Yet in Toronto, right under the eyes of the Ontario Government, most barefaced robbery of farmers goes on without even reprimand. Are a few meat parkers more powerful than the Governments of Ontario and Canada? Here's this: Mr. John Lee, a good farmer near Bracebridge, shipped seven head of cattle to Toronto. They were yearlings and two year olds in fair condition. They averaged about 600 pounds. He got TWO CENTS A POUND for them. Out of that he had to pay freight and selling expenses. He got about $60 clear for the seven beef yearlings and two-year-olds. Meantime Hon. Arthur Hoskuck is scrapping about protection of stock buyers. Why does not Mr. Hoskuck drop some of these picayune squabbles and see that the fiends who are destroying agriculture in Ontario are brought to justice. What is the use of teaching agriculture in schools; running Agricultural Colleges; sending out pure bred sires and all the rest of it if the farmer with his agricultural training, his pure bred sires and the rest of it is forced to sell his beef for two cents a pound? What signifies holding up a bank compared with robbing 50% of the population of Ontario? Wake up, Mr. Attorney General Hoskuck, Mr. Minister of Agriculture Marshall and Premier Hepburn. Never mind the petty jobs, the school examinations, the pound keepers. Make and enforce laws that will give the public honest dealing in meat. Beef bought at 2 cents on the hoof means about 3 cents dressed. Make and enforce a law that packers may not charge more than 50% profit and thus give the retailer beef at 4½ cents a pound. Then make another 50% law for retailers so that they may not charge you and me more than 6¾ cents a pound for beef. Do something sensible like this and watch how soon the packers will pay farmers more for their cattle. These robber barons will soon decide they would rather make 50% on 8 cents than 50% on 3 cents and will pay according. If you big fellows do not know how to make sensible laws let us try. And I'm not joking either.

ALL NEWS THAT IS FIT TO PRINT

Getting out a high-class family journal is no picnic. If I print jokes, folks say I'm silly; if I don't they say I'm too serious. If I publish original matter they say I lack variety; if I publish things from other papers they say I'm too lazy to write. If I don't go to church, they say I'm a heathen; if I do go, I'm a hypocrite. If I stay in the office I ought to be out rustling news; if I rustle for news I'm not attending to business at the office. If I wear old clothes they say I'm a solven! If I wear new ones they say I must be making a pile of money even if the clothes aren't paid for. What in thunderation is a poor editor to do anyhow? Like as not somebody will say that I swiped this article from some other paper. So I did.—Exchange.

Just as governments everywhere set up a Minister of Labor, so they must now begin to think about a Minister of Leisure.—Havelock Ellis.

Playing Field

Supporter of visiting team — Rotten ground this! Hardly a blade of grass on it.

Home team's supporter — Well, you haven't come to graze have you?

PRAYER OF A TIRED WOMAN

Lord when my bedtime comes tonight I pray
Sleep shall blot out the problems of this day,
Let utter peace pervade, and quiet reign
This weary frame relax, this heart possess,
But, if through Nirvana there should gleam
The flickering pattern of a little dream,
Then, of Thy goodness, lead my lagging feet
Beside still waters in green pastures sweet,
Until I hear a voice or glimpse a smile
Of those I've loved and lost, a lonely while.
Let me not forget all care. So, when at length
Dawn wakens me, I shall have gained new strength
To gird my armor for another day
And with fresh courage get me on my way!

ARE YOU IN A RUT

Some one has said that the only difference between a rut and a grave is that the grave is deeper. The longer you stay in the rut, the nearer it comes to being a grave. Even the good rut has possibilities of danger in it and should be avoided.

The great danger of following a rut is that it destroys initiative. It requires no more mental effort to follow a rut than is required by a train of cars. A locomotive has no steering wheel while an automobile has. One travels in a rut and the other does not. The brain can go to sleep for all the effort that is required of it to keep your body moving once you get in a rut. Stay in the rut long enough, and you will find it almost impossible to have a new idea or to exercise the brain power.

How can you avoid getting in a rut? Here is the fellow who works at a machine all day. Maybe all he has to do is to move his foot up and down or to push a lever and then keep his eye on the machine. There is a rut which cannot be avoided.

That may be true as far as his job is concerned, but outside of that he can find plenty of ways of avoiding the rut. For instance, suppose he has formed the habit of taking the right-hand side of the street in walking to work. Let him try the left some morning. Or if he always crosses the street at a certain corner, let him try a new one.

If he hangs his hat on the same hook day in and day out let him try hanging it on a different hook. There is, also the matter of the morning paper. It is surprising how many ruts there are in such a harmless object as a newspaper.

A certain chap always reads the paper this way: he glances at the first page and reads the articles there. Most of them are continued on some inside page. Never mind! When he reaches the end of the article on that first page, he reads another and so on. When he has finished with the first page, he turns to the last page and reads right back toward the front. Unless the front page article is of unusual interest so that he wants to read it all then, he waits until he comes to that continuation on the inside page and then reads it. What would happen if that fellow should change his order of reading sometime? The chances are that it would be a good change for him to make. He is in a dangerous rut.

There are very simple everyday illustrations; but they are examples of ruts that you can easily fall into unless you are careful. There is probably nothing which men do that has not within it the possibilities of variety.—Albert A. Rand.

HALLOWE'EN RIDDLES

Who takes charge of the lights on Hallowe'en?
Jack o' Lantern.

If a witch could change herself into something to eat, what would it be?
A sandwich.

What creature do we need for a game of baseball?
A bat.

How would a witch's servant announce her car?
Your broom is at the door, Mum!

PALE, PEPLESS GIRL BECAME PRETTY —AND WASN'T SHE PLEASED!

It all happened in 30 days! In November the girl was pale, run-down and lacked vitality. Weight subnormal; only 91½ lbs. Her blood, when tested, was found to be low in red corpuscles and lower still in haemoglobin, the red substance in the red corpuscles. She was given a 30-day treatment. And what a happy change took place!

She gained nine pounds and her complexion glowed with rosy health. Her face rounded out and she became positively pretty. The treatment—as shown by a second blood test—had greatly increased the red corpuscles and haemoglobin in her blood, consequently she felt and looked radiantly well. The preparation that worked these wonders was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

This famous old remedy restores health in a most constructive way. We know that the blood carries nourishment and vitality to every part of the body. But unless the blood has a sufficient number of red corpuscles and red colouring substance called haemoglobin, it cannot carry on its vital work. It is here that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills produce constructive benefits. This remedy increases, in most cases, both the red corpuscles and the haemoglobin. Blood tests prove it!

Good looks and good health are too precious to neglect or experiment with. If your feelings and your mirror tell you that you are under-weight, nervous, sallow, easily tired out—take this tested remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for 30 days, as the girl mentioned above did. Then check up on beauty and health you have gained. Full size box is priced 50c.
2-G

Payment of 1934 Taxes

The Second Instalment of Taxes are due and payable at the

Municipal Office

—on—

Monday, Tuesday, & Wednesday November 5th, 6th, and 7th

The prompt payment of Taxes on above dates will be appreciated by Council.

W. G. MARSHALL, Collector.