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THE SELF-HEATING  
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**IRON**

FUEL COST ONLY **1/2c** AN HOUR!

Makes IRONING EASIER  
—Cuts Ironing Time One-Third!

THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO., LTD.  
TORONTO, ONTARIO  
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**N. A. ROBINSON**  
Live Stock Dealer and Butcher, Norval  
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NEW  
**FALL MILLINERY**

We invite the ladies to inspect our new stock of Fall Millinery in all the Latest Designs and Colors  
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**MISSIS CLARIDGE**  
Herald Block (Upstairs) Georgetown

TRAVEL BY  
LABOUR COUPONS

# "ALL ABOARD"

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

**REASONABLE FARES**

Tickets and Information  
**Long's Confectionery**  
PHONE 89 GEORGETOWN

Central Ontario us Lines, Limited

Read the Herald's subscription offer on page 1

**THE THING I MEANT TO DO**

I meant to make a friendly call. And let our neighbors know we welcomed them into our town. And kindly interest show, I meant to do it right away, but put it off somehow. Till months had quickly passed away. The house is empty now.

I had a friend, a dear, dear friend. So busy she was, she never had time to visit me. I used to write and she would just put it off, you know. And that is why this quest we try to do is so hard.

Your friend still lives? Then send that friend. A loving word today; perchance 'twill bring a soul fresh hope.

Dark clouds may drive away. 'Twill take a little time, 'tis true, but other work can wait. For sad the heart whose tender words are penned, alas! too late.

I meant to see a dear young girl whose friends were far away. And when her father's health took would lead her feet astray. The task was hard, and loath was I to such a task, but I meant to win. And now the one I meant to win has reached the depths of sin.

So many things I meant to do through blinding tears I weep. The warning word, the loving deed. The note of sympathy. The things you meant to do; now, Oh, do not let them wait. Until from out your quivering lips, You breathe the words "Too late!"

**Memories and Impressions of Georgetown High School**

(Continued from Last Week)

By Howard P. Oram

Mr. McLaughlin was good on discipline and as a teacher of classical subjects he was, to my mind, a fine form. He was a wonderful teacher. I never forget his methods in teaching drawing. I learned more about drawing under him than I have ever hoped to know. When I was teaching public school myself, later, I used his methods in drawing with excellent results. As a teacher of botany he used to amaze me with his remarkable grasp of the subject. I used to think how wonderful it was to trace a Canadian wild flower to its exact name, both botanical and common. In other words identify it through its genus and species. Mr. McLaughlin had a good sense of humor, and he can still see him sitting on the table swinging his legs teaching a history lesson. Making a joke of the historical personage or event. His smile through his glasses was a delight to see, and we were contagious. I recall a little incident that happened with me. He and Mr. Gibbard had their small room at the end of the boys' hall. Just here there is a door leading from the hall into Form I, and there is also a door leading from Form I into the main hall at the front. One winter day I was so troubled with cold that I could scarcely stand it any longer without some relief. I decided to visit Mr. McLaughlin's room and went out and rubbed my feet with snow. Just as the period closed I was waiting at the first form door leading into the boys' hall expecting Mr. McLaughlin to go out the other door into the main hall which he most invariably did. But not this time. He came out just where I was standing. I was in fear and trembling as he looked at me and said: "Well Oram what are you doing out here?" I explained what I had done and I was much relieved when he said, "Oh, very well."

For Lindsay, teacher of mathematics and science, could not be surpassed. I have only the faintest of recollections of his first year's work in these subjects. For those who found mathematics and science hard subjects, as compared with language and literature, I consider they were most fortunate to come under the tuition of one so considerate, so gentle, so patient and so kind. I remember how often she sat down beside me to explain some knotty problem that seemed so hard to grasp. Anyone who allowed any of her lessons to pass without a complete understanding of everything taken up had only himself to blame. That wouldn't happen if she knew it.

As a teacher of English, those who had just come from public school, Miss Hutt was the personification of all that was lowly, gentle, patient and refined. She didn't have to be stern to maintain discipline. No students that I know of would think of misbehaving or making a disturbance during her period. We thought too much of her. Her thoughtful kindness consideration, kind in the heart of every boy, I know it did with me, feeling very much akin to deep affection. It was from Miss Hutt that I got my first insight into Dickens and Shakespeare. For supplementary reading she read a large part of Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist and Shakespeare's "A You Like It." These opened up a life long study of Dickens and Shakespeare that has been a source of great joy and satisfaction. Having by quiet reading a strong liking for language, literature, grammar and composition these initial studies in English literature were a real delight.

Other teachers whom I studied were: Mr. R. D. Coult, principal; Mr. H. M. Wetherald, and Miss O. Watersworth. Mr. Coult taught English, classics and German. Mr. Wetherald, mathematics and science, and Miss Watersworth, commercial work, French, history to Form IV and Junior work.

No school ever had a more faithful, systematic, thoroughly competent, hard working principal than Mr. Coult. Good on discipline, he was generous to a fault, and no student who did his best had a more faithful and deep abiding friend than Mr. Coult. When very much annoyed, which did not happen very often, his face reddened then whitened, his eyes flashed and there was no mistaking what he had to say. I recall on one occasion he suspended George Bunn for jumping out the second form window into the flower bed, destroying some flowers.

Some boys know of one teacher who was more systematic and thorough than Mr. Coult. He never came to class room in preparation. He must have spent hours and hours in preparation for his lesson. No lesson he ever taught was slovenly or slipshod, but extremely thorough. G.H.S. was most fortunate in having for its principal for some years, Mr. R. D. Coult, and fortunate indeed were the pupils who studied under him. He always wore a white stiff front shirt, a wing collar and black frock in hand tie, and a blue serge suit.

Mr. H. M. Wetherald taught subjects that proved the hardest on the curriculum for me, and I found it hard to grasp a great many things that he did not make entirely clear. He did not seem to have the patience nor the sympathetic touch necessary to the making of a teacher one could confide in, nor in whose presence I for one could feel entirely at ease. No doubt many of the former pupils will recall that part of the high school curriculum devoted to commercial subjects as contrasted to the commercial section that gave me trouble was "annihilated." The problems ran something like this:

**What Rosalie Wanted**

By ALICE DUANE

DINK was sitting down on the day before commencement as Rosalie took a stroll to stroll quietly across one of the stone paths to her dormitory. But it was hard for any one as vivid as Rosalie, even in the grey shawl of a mid-June evening, to go anywhere unobserved. At any rate, Tom Johnson was her slender, white-limbed neighbor as clearly as if it had been illuminated by the sunlight of midday.

"Hello, Tom," said Rosalie, in a voice like heaven's music to Tom's ears, "is that you?"

"Well, yes," said Tom, and then felt the awkward hesitancy of his reply. "That is to say, he went on looking at her with his eyes fixed on her face, and then he said, 'You've got something to say to me.'"

"What?" thought Tom, how impossible it was for him to speak so freely and so effectively to Rosalie. Tom had never more than the inter-oblige duty of a neighborly acquaintance. He was a lovely and gentle, stood before him, he could not talk.

But this was his chance—his last chance, he told himself, as he stood long-legged and ill at ease before Rosalie.

"Rosalie," said Tom, "I want you to carry me."

"What?" exclaimed Rosalie, "how unprepared this all is!"

"Don't you see, Rosalie, you know you haven't give me a chance. You know I'd like to see you once a week, if you'd let me."

"If I'd let you, Tom? But I haven't time tonight. Tomorrow, as perhaps you'd like to see me, I'll be glad to see you. I've a thousand things to do to-morrow (and I'll be there tomorrow morning when, at twelve sharp, we sail for a vacation trip abroad. You know about it. It's the graduation gift to me. And I've got to write some letters and pack and get my baggage arranged for tomorrow and wash my hair and—"

"Yes, and then will right out of my life and maybe meet a duke or a count or something like that and marry him before I ever see you again."

"Perhaps, who knows?" said Rosalie. He lightly, "You'll come and see us in the States, won't you, wherever it is, won't you Tom?"

Tom stood stiffly, angrily before her. "Cut out the foolishness, Rosalie. He said he'd see me in my own life."

"All right," said Rosalie, soberly. "I'll be serious. Only I'll do the talking. I won't marry you, Tom. And I don't want to propose to me. I've tried to show you that I didn't, and I don't want to settle down, Tom. I want to go places and do things and have a good time without a schedule to follow in the case of my own life."

"Well, of course, Rosalie, of course you're going ahead. But why can't you promise not to get engaged while you're gone? If you won't promise now to marry me, promise that just to hold off till autumn when you come back."

"I suppose, well, if I Rosalie said, it would all be different, wouldn't it? But all this—"

"I'll be serious, Rosalie, I want something exciting. Different. It's the final Tom."

And she was off down the darkening path toward her room. Rosalie, a lover of Rosalie, this was, was sitting on the broad, stone terrace of her hotel in Switzerland, watching the long evening shadows of the mountains, looking across the distant mountains, throwing the valley into shadow. At Rosalie's elbow, on a small wicker stand, was a newly opened box of roses with a card of good wishes. The card was in German of position and wealth. Beside the roses was a party eaten box of chocolates with the card of a German and important young member of the Swiss government. Two or three weeks, a gift from a British army officer on holiday, were on the terrace.

**MEN AND THEIR DOGS**

The authorship of the aphorism "The more I see of men, the more I like dogs" has been attributed to all sorts of people, who in all probability never but cynically, Frederick the Great, seems to have claimed the thought it is generally attributed to him. It was the kind of thing that Frederick the Great would say since he was a devoted dog lover, and usually had one as his constant companion on his expeditions. A courtier, who could not imagine his master being otherwise than absorbed in affairs of state, was reported to find him one evening "sitting on the ground with a big platter of fried mutton, from which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with which he kept order among them, and showed the best bits to his favorites."

One of Frederick's dogs earned its name by its habit of sitting on the ground when the slightest sound would have aroused the envy of the king's harem. On the other hand, owed his freedom to a timely alarm raised by some of the king's dogs. It was reported that when the King was in the city, he was able to show some esteemed them as companions. Richard the Second had a favorite greyhound, whose friends used to say that he was the King's dog. The King to remark: "This dog's knowledge no other master than the King of England. He is used to this day, and so you will be tomorrow."

The toy spaniels that are now known after one of the Stuart dogs, were supposed to possess the power of drawing power from the human body. A sister-in-law of Louis XIV used them for another purpose. On being told of the invention of the eiderdown quilt she remarked: "I never in my life heard of eiderdown quilts. What are they? Warm in bed are six little doggies which he around me. No quilt is so warm as that of good dogs."

Henry VIII is said to have ordered the destruction of manillas because one of them had dared to talk to the king of beasts. A later prince, with finer admiration of courage, took under protection a dog who had survived the combat with a lion.

But getting down to the commoner, we find that his love for the dog usually paramount and affectionate—one of the world's famous speeches was concerning a dog.

In fact, one of the world's famous speeches was concerning a dog. It was delivered by the Duke of Orahau Vost, of Missouri, when representing the plaintiff in an action claiming damages for the death of a shooting of his dog by a neighbor. The jury, after two minutes' deliberation, awarded \$200 in damages. The \$200 asked—Jury B. Prior in Our Dumb Animals.

**HONEST**

Teacher: "Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth."

Tommy: "I wish I could—it's the toothache."

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

OF THE ESTATE OF CECILIA MCCOLL, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halifax, spinster, deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of the said Cecilia McColl, in the County of Halifax, in the Town of Georgetown, or about the twenty-eighth day of October, 1934, are required to send in to the undersigned solicitor on or before the first day of December, 1934, full particulars of their claims, and the securities they may hold therefor.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the first day of December, 1934, the Executors will proceed to distribute the said estate, having regard only to the claims of which they have had notice, and that they will not be liable to any person of whose claim they have had no notice, unless he can prove that he has received notice of the assets so distributed.

DATED at Georgetown the 31st day of October, 1934.

KENNETH M. LANGDON, Solicitor for Dr. Campbell Laidlaw and Dr. J. Hugh Laidlaw, the Executors.

**TAX SALE**

IN THE MATTER OF THE Treasurer's Sale of Land for Arrears of Taxes in the Township of Esquamaug, in the County of Halifax.

TAKE NOTICE THAT I have prepared the list of the names of the owners of arrears of taxes in the said Township of Esquamaug, and copy of the said list may be had by application to the Council Chambers at the Village of Stewartstown, in the said Township of Esquamaug.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that the said list is being published in the Ontario Gazette on Saturday, October 6th, Saturday, November 3rd, and Saturday, December 1st, 1934.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that unless such arrears and costs be sooner paid I shall in compliance with the provisions of the Act respecting public auction the said lands or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge the said taxes and costs in the Township Hall in the said Village of Stewartstown, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of Wednesday, the Ninth day of January, 1935.

DATED at Stewartstown, August 29th, 1934.

OSBORNE DESLIE, Treasurer of Township of Esquamaug.

**ACCIDENTS AND COMPENSATION**

There were 8,238 accidents reported to The Workmen's Compensation Board during the month of October, as compared with 4,605 during September, and 3,538 during October of 1933.

This brings the total number of accidents reported to date this year to 43,833, as compared with 35,857 for the same period last year.

The total benefits awarded amounted to \$22,250.18, which is \$2,500.00 more for compensation and \$7,433.33 for medical aid, which brings the total benefits awarded to date to \$3,688,826.82, as compared with \$3,003,948.00 for the corresponding period of 1933.

**WELL SUPPLIED**

Book Salesman: "This book on housekeeping will do half the work."

Mrs. Youngbridge: "Good! I'll take two."

**If you suffer**  
take advantage of this offer to try **KRUSCHEN** AT NO EXPENSE

Sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, overstrain — try Kruschen. Kruschen has brought relief to millions of people suffering from these ailments. Kruschen has the body of all foodstuffs of all poisons and harmful acids which are the root of your trouble or which may some day bring these ailments upon you.

Ask your druggist today for the Kruschen Salt Package. The contents of one Kruschen Salt Package and a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. Use the trial bottle first. Use it as prescribed and Kruschen's sea natural mineral salts will start you out to a new life. With your natural organs functioning as nature intended you will find new health and new energy. Try Kruschen today AT OUR EXPENSE! But remember, your druggist has only a limited supply.

**NEW CURRENCY WILL BE SMALLER**

The Canadian dollar is due for a considerable shrinkage between now and the first of the year, when the new Royal 75 cent and a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. Use the trial bottle first. Use it as prescribed and Kruschen's sea natural mineral salts will start you out to a new life. With your natural organs functioning as nature intended you will find new health and new energy. Try Kruschen today AT OUR EXPENSE! But remember, your druggist has only a limited supply.

**CANADIAN GAME FIELDS**

Honorable Thomas O. Murphy, of the Interior reports that this year there has been more than usual interest in Canada's hunting attractions, indicating that the charm of our autumn season and the benefit and enjoyment to be derived from a hunting trip in the Dominion are becoming more widely known. In order to meet the growing number of requests for information on this subject a publication bearing the title "Canadian Game Fields" was issued by the Department of the Interior some time ago but so great has been the demand for this new booklet that the original edition was soon exhausted and a reprint was found necessary and has been published recently. Fish and game clubs, railway passenger agents, and travel agents in Canada as well as in the United States, in all numbering 3,415, were supplied with copies for promotional purposes.

**TELEPHONE**

What your TELEPHONE does for you...

- Summons help when the breaks out.
- Calls the doctor in sudden illness.
- Calls the veterinary for sick or injured stock.
- Keeps you in touch with markets and prices.
- Gets quick service on repair parts for machinery.
- Enables you to arrange social affairs and meetings.
- Keeps you in touch with your neighbors and friends.

**Quick heat on cold mornings steady even heat all day**

for 'blue coal'

John McDonald  
QUEEN STREET GEORGETOWN

Phone 12w

**Advertising is Good for Us!**

That dusty picture of an optimist and a pessimist — the optimist seeing the doughnut and the pessimist the hole — is just a way of describing most of us: some of us habitually look on the bright side of things; others of us on the dark side. Always there are those who have a melancholy pleasure in fault-finding. And so there are always those who look upon advertising as an economic waste and a means by which the sale of inferior merchandise can be promoted. It is quite possible to discover wrong things about advertising — just as it is possible to find wrong things about water and air, about books and speeches, about motor cars and aeroplanes, about schools and churches, about Canadians and Scotsmen, about knives and forks.

Advertising is news and information, and who shall say that it is wrong to communicate news and information? It would be a pretty dull world, full of dull people, if there ceased to be a dissemination of news and information.

In all ages and in all countries those giving out news and information have attracted to themselves attentive audiences; and this is as true today as it was 1000, 2000, 3000 years ago.

What stores are busiest? Is it not those stores which give out most information about what they have to sell? The public is daily spending money — probably \$2 a day for every man, woman and child in the trading area covered by the circulation of our newspaper — or, say, \$2000 for every 1000 persons. So you can calculate for yourself — you, a retailer, what is spent daily in our own community for food and shelter and clothing, and for all the other things.



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