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	6.37 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	3.08 p.m.
Passenger and mail	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.50 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.
*3.55 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.15 p.m.	6.54 p.m.
6.35 p.m.	8.18 p.m.
10.35 p.m.	
†12.30 a.m.	

x Daily Except Saturday.
* Saturday Only.
† Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
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EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD

One might wonder how many young mothers in Canada who have read just what Dr. Dafoe ordered for the Dionne youngsters promptly copied it. Perhaps Dr. Dafoe has aided more babies than he has ever seen and Dionne girls may have been the means of securing scientific handling for a host of young babies in this country and in the United States who would otherwise have lacked it.—London Free Press.

Tactless

Uncle John came to stay, and before he left he gave his nephew a pound note.

"Now, be careful with that money, Tommy," he said. "Remember the saying, 'A fool and his money are soon parted'."

"Yes, uncle," replied Tommy, "but I want to thank you for parting with it, just the same."

Nothing has been heard of the mechanical lie detector for a long time. Possibly it was wrecked by over-loading.

The Club Optimist—Your business still at the old address?

The Club Pessimist—Yes, thanks; quite still.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Important to Taxpayers

The Second Instalment of Taxes is now past due and there is a considerable amount outstanding. Those in arrears are urged to attend to this matter at once.

5 Per cent Penalty will be added to all Taxes unpaid by Dec. 31st.

W. G. MARSHALL, Collector.

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ANOTHER YEAR

Another year has brought its meed of blessing,
Its meed of honour, and its meed of praise;
Its meed of love each day, each hour, caressing
Its meed of comfort for the weary days.
Its meed of suffering haply, and of sorrow,
That we might learn some lesson that was meet;
Or gather strength for some unforeseen morrow,
While sitting silent at our Master's feet.

Its meed of opportunities, abundant,
For sowing precious seed of golden grain,
For telling out the love of God, redundant
As summers sunshine, and as autumn's rain.
What of the vintage, Soul? When comes thy Master,
Shall He find fruitage fair, or naught but leaves?
If He should come to-day into thy pasture,
Would He find barren land or many sheaves?

O Soul! each year, each moment brings Him nearer,
And happy are we if with brimming hand
We wait our Lord, than whom none could be dearer,
And in His Holy presence perfect stand

—Jennie Wilson-Howell.

TESTS OF A CHRISTIAN

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson

GOLDEN TEXT: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him." 1 John 5: 1.

LESSON PASSAGE: 1 John 5: 1-12.

The trail lies ahead.
Then follow, ye who dare.

Belief, 1

This concluding lesson of the year is intended to serve as a review lesson for the three months' course on studies in the Christian life. The fifth chapter of the first epistle of John affords a convenient basis of study because it suggests several tests of Christian experience and growth. The first is the test of belief or faith. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that seek after him." If one does not believe in God, it is idle to seek to know him. In like manner the Christian faith has a fact basis. That Jesus lived and died, that his teachings have been preserved, that his is the noblest life ever lived upon earth, that he was in some special sense the Son of God, these are necessary axioms of Christian belief. Research and reason can substantiate some Christian facts, but there are others that become convictions only through experience of the grace of Christ in the believer's own life. There are many Christians who have long since passed the stage of doubt, or even the possibility of doubt. They know in whom they have believed.

Love, 2, 3

Christianity has been defined as heart education. It has a message for the mind, but it has even a greater contribution to make to the spirit of a life. If our hearts are filled with hates, we may be very sure that we have not caught the spirit of Christ. If we have love in our hearts towards our fellow men, then we have an inner guarantee that his spirit dwells in us. John was especially qualified to make the test of love as he is known as "the apostle of love." There is a tradition that when he was a very old man, he was carried about on a stretcher. He always said the same words, "Little children, love one another." When he was asked why this was his one message he replied: "Because it is the Lord's commandment, and if only it be done, it is enough." One of the surest proofs of having been born of God is to love the brotherhood. We have a natural affection for the members of our own families, but Jesus carried over this attitude of love towards outsiders, strangers, even sinners and outcasts. Some primitive religions required self-mutilation and self inflicted torture of their votaries, but Christ requires love, a grace that enriches experience and gives us a foretaste of heaven here on earth.

Victory, 4, 5

Here we find John talking about victory in the midst of a pagan world. Around him were polygamy, slavery, idol worship, poverty, cruelty and brutality. Yet he dares to speak of victory and of Christ overcoming the world. History has in large measure vindicated his assertion because those early Christians out-thought and outloved the pagans. One of the worst evils we have to fight to-day is the spirit of defeatism. It spreads poison like a plague and disheartens many Christian workers who only need to look up and lend a hand. When Jacques Cartier landed in Canada in 1534 and set up a cross among a few Indians, he was full of hope; why should Christians in 1934, when Christ has won so many victories in Canada, hang their heads hopelessly and think that his power has waned. Victory is not easy but it is possible. John saw people coming out of superstition in the first century into the glorious liberty of the gospel and he was cheered. The gospel of Christ is still the power of God unto salvation to those who believe. The most essential thing is the moral regeneration that comes through spiritual quickening. The defence is not from without but from within.

Witnessing, 6-10

Many seekers after God are pounding upon an open door. "The word is nigh thee, even in thine heart." The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord and God's Spirit may touch our spirits. Light is light whether in candle or sun, and spirit is spirit whether in God or man. Because man has been made in the divine image and because God has breathed his spirit into man, the Spirit of God is no foreigner, no intruder into man's personality. It is this experience of illumination and guidance by the Holy Spirit that banishes doubts and fears from Christians. They become so sure of God that it is no longer an open question. "Hereby his Spirit." Then we are able to give a convincing witness to others. Good news urges to be communicated, and if God's spirit is working in our lives, we will naturally feel the urge to tell others. When John wrote there were only a few thousands who could be called Christian, and now about one third of the nearly two billion people of the earth are in some sense Christian. This has been brought about by the witness of God's Spirit in Christians and their witnessing to their fellow men.

Life, 11, 12

There is an oft-repeating saying that while there is breath there is life. When breathing ceases, life soon ceases. Prayer may be likened to the breath of the soul. Is it too much to say that if we never breathe a prayer to God, we are not spiritually alive? To John the difference between a Christian and a non-Christian was as great as between life and death. Christ promised his followers abundant life, and some Christians demonstrate it. They have a radiance, a gladness and an energy that give evidence that they are living plus. True Christians are more alive than others; they have received the gift of eternal life. A Christian finds life in Christ. It is still happening. Thousands each year find spiritual life through surrender to Christ. The power of Christ is best seen in human lives. "He that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son hath not life."

Questions for Discussion

1. What does it mean to believe?
2. Why is love the greatest thing in the world?
3. How may we gain victory over self?
4. How does God's Spirit give an inner witness?
5. Spiritually, is it possible to be "dead and live" at one and the same time?

ESQUESING AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY SIXTH AT GUELPH

The class at the Guelph Winter Fair open to Agricultural Societies created a good deal of interest. In all some twenty-one different societies made entry. Each exhibit consisted of five different cereals grown by as many different growers. The Esquesing Society represented by Earl and Frank Wilson, Bruce Brigden, T. J. Brownridge and J. C. Cunningham, placed sixth in this strong competition. Congratulations are in order to the individual growers for their achievement and to the officers of the Esquesing Society for their initiative in thus bringing the quality of Halton's seeds to the public eye.

The estimated total increase of nearly 113 million dollars in the value of the 1934 field crops in Canada, as compared with 1933, is largely accounted for by increases in round figures of 37 million dollars in hay and clover; 36¼ million dollars in wheat; 31 million dollars in oats, and 10½ million dollars in barley.

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The Man I Love

By WALDO THAYER

YOU'RE gathered around to hear this last will and testament—gathered, I shall presume, as I instructed Mr. Attorney Willetts to have you. Beatrice on his left, Dick across from her, and Fred at the far end of the table. As I write I have a clear picture of you waiting eagerly for the important part of this.

Well, you shan't be kept in suspense long, my dears; though perhaps what's coming won't quite fulfill your expectations. You see, I'm putting this down just as I feel it, without any "I, Nancy Gregg being of sound mind" rigamarole. That's principally so there can't be any misunderstanding of what I have to say to you.

You three have been close to me during these last nine years—at least, so you think. In all that time, not one of you has missed spending some hours with me each day. My wants have been cared for by you jointly—using my money, of course. Each of you has possessed the same motive: desire to be the one or among the ones called to hear the reading of this document. And so it is.

To you I shall speak first, Beatrice, for you were the first to figure in this new life of mine—this bitter, bedridden mock of an existence. You it was who rushed to me in the hospital as soon as the studio notified you of my accident. And how grateful I was then for that apparent sisterly solicitude! It really wasn't until after the first year that I saw in you a duplicate of the wretched man we care called father.

For nine straight years you've been, in ever-mounting degree, a liar and a cheat. On four occasions that I'm certain of you've plotted to poison me and only held back through the most craven sort of fear. Does that make you know how thoroughly I've been aware of all you thought hidden? To you I make one bequest, Beatrice—the bed in which I have lain for this eternity shall be yours—if you keep and sleep in it yourself.

And now, Fred. All I have said already may be repeated to you; yet I feel no hatred, for you have been only weak and silly. Those you always were, too. I remember clearly your absurd, vain little mannerisms as we played that scene together the day I fell.

And ever since, day after weary day, you have come mincing in to see me with great sorrowful cow eyes and second grade roses. Could you think me so stupid as not to realize you stayed hours after your brief visits to my room, often overnight? That your chief mission in life was consoling Beatrice for her "privations" and "sacrifices," so that you might attain a firm grip upon my estate? You foolish, transparent little charlatan! I will you the lovely plaster cast which has embraced my body so many years.

As for your part, Dick, it is too shoddily shameful to dwell on long. To you I was engaged when it happened. Staunchly you reaffirmed devotion and your desire to marry. Only the strange new sanity of vision I had somehow acquired saved me from being fool enough to accept. Of course you were eager! I had a million and a half, you nothing; and an invalid wife in those circumstances would be ideal. And, since six months after my refusal, I have been aware that you were living on sums from my account, extorted through blackmail threats from Beatrice. To you, my gallant cavalier, I tender as a last gift the love letters you wrote me when we were young. May they bring you pleasure.

And so to the ending. One person there is, there has been, in all this wilderness of melancholy and disillusion who means anything of worth, of joy, to me. He is the man whose tender, yet wholly professional, ministrations have made this sluggish hall of inch-by-inch dying bearable. Kind and wise and wonderful, he has entered into my heart, become the sole object of such full and genuine emotions as I may still know. It is my single happiness now at last to bequeath without reservation, save as heretofore enumerated, all I own to Dr. John Renny.

One final word: Perhaps you who hear this wonder why he is not present. It is because I wish to spare him the unpleasantness of coming again into this house until all of you have left it forever. Therefore he has been notified privately of this will's terms. The rest of you will now please go, that the man I love may come home, for thus I like to think of it.

* * * * * * *

For a moment after the lawyer's droning voice ceased, there was no sound. Then savagely a chair scraped back and the large gray-haired man on his right arose.

"Well, of all the wild, monomaniacal messes I ever heard," he stated with vehemence, "that certainly is the limit! Why, it would be child's play to have it set aside—though of course I shan't dream of doing any such thing. I dare say our fine friend, the so clever doctor, has been notified and is waiting in high glee to take possession!"

Attorney Willetts slowly raised his head to meet the other's eyes. His tone's temper matched that of the moment.

"No," he said, "not exactly. I myself went this morning to tell Doctor Renny. His office door was open. He was in his chair, dead from a dose of cyanide. A framed photograph of Nancy Gregg lay face down on his desk. Under it I found a note which said simply: 'I'm coming, dearest.'"

THE "BEST SELLER"

The Bible Far in the Lead, With Annual Sales of Millions.

That the Bible is the "best seller" is now a commonplace, but it would be none the less true if far fewer copies were sold yearly than are distributed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Society deals not in thousands or hundreds of thousands, but in millions; and during the past year it sold well over ten and a half million copies of the Scriptures, whole or in part, but even this falls short of the Society's highest numerical achievement. Of great importance to the outside of the more civilized nations of the world is the Bible; and here the report of the Society, which justly holds that there is no book which humanity needs more, is not discouraging. If for those of British stock Bible reading should begin at home, the Society's statistics relating to home sales speak of more purchases than ever, if it is to be watched in foreign countries, the Society can point to several new versions, including the completed Hausa, and to the imminent publication of the Africaans Bible, which will set the seal of classics on that idiom. If again the Far East is to question, there is to be noted the lively interest taken in the Christian truth by the newspaper-reading public in Japan.

Descendant of Drake

Lonely Sea-Dog Lives in Obscurity Near Puget Sound.

Money doesn't mean much to Captain Thomas Drake who ran away from his native Devon at the age of 11 and has been wandering about the seven seas ever since.

Descendant of a greater Drake—Sir Francis Drake, who fired many a Spanish galleon returning treasure-laden from the Spanish Main—this 70-year-old seadog in his 60 years away from home has sailed in clippers, seen revolutions, shipwrecks and gone through the many adventures that come a sailor's way.

"All I need is money to buy grub," philosophized the old skipper, in an interview at Seattle, Wash. "It doesn't buy happiness. You see I have no money, don't want any, yet I'm happy. I've got what all those fellows with their big yachts are seeking, yet don't know how to get. I've got contentment, and that's true happiness."

For nine decades now Captain Drake has sailed alone. Once he sailed from Seattle to Kiel, Germany, in 53 days, in a tiny schooner called Pilgrim, later wrecked on the Dutch coast. Its successor, of the same name, is a trim little 37-foot vessel, and is it he recently completed a trip from Hawaii.

Sir Francis Drake was his great-great-great grandfather—"but that doesn't matter," says Seattle's Drake. Twenty-five years ago, on the death of his father, executors of the family estate sought the youthful renegade and found him living in a little village near Puget Sound. Shown an old newspaper recounting the finding of the long lost heir, Drake's only comment was "Yes, I'm the man."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Meet William Shakespeare, an employee of the Stratford-on-Avon Corporation, who claims he is a direct descendant of the celebrated English poet, who bore the same name. William is shown at his daily task of street-sweeping in the poet's birthplace.

Unearthed Roman Ruins

Farmer's Plough Turned Up Squares From Old Mosaic Pavement.

While a farmer named Robson was plowing in a field at Rudston, a village near Bridlington, England, he noticed that the share turned up tiny squares of colored chalk. His curiosity aroused, he began to dig, and less than [illegible] feet below the surface he came across a Roman pavement.

Finally, he laid bare a stretch 54 feet by 15 feet, in which there appeared, with amazing clearness of coloring, the helmeted head of a Roman with floral decorations about it.

A representative of the Yorkshire Archaeological Society saw the remains and pronounced them to be those of a Roman villa in a good state of preservation. There are two distinct pavements, one tesselated and the other in fine scroll work.

AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

Celebration of their wedding cost Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Krusto of Hamilton plenty. They started out on their honeymoon with a load of beer in their automobile. Motorcycle Officer Taylor smelled a rat, or beer, or something, and chased them five miles before he caught up with them. Mrs. Krusto tossed the beer bottles out at the officer, who dodged nimbly from side to side. There was none left when he stopped the happy couple. The next day Krusto was told in police court he must pay $150 or go to jail for three months. It was his second offense against the Ontario Liquor Control Act.

The Mayor's Suitcase

By B. C. CRAVEN

THE train pulled into the Craryville station and pulled out again. In no brief instant that it paused, two suitcases were tossed off and two passengers descended.

The bags were very similar—of brown leather with corners reinforced in brass—but their owners were as unlike as a rose and an elm tree. One was Miss Margaret Hawthorne, bound for a dance at the Craryville Country club; the other, young Simon Baldwin, mayor of Mansfield, guest of honor at the chamber of commerce banquet at the Hotel Mohawk.

At the baggage-room counter they nearly bumped elbows yet neither was actually aware of the other. Margaret was intent on her imminent meeting with a recently acquired fiancé, one Cyrus Underhill, while his honor was mulling over the climax of the speech he was scheduled to make.

Yet it was not very long afterward that each was reminded forcibly of the other.

Margaret, who had been asked to spend the week-end with Cyrus' Cousin Amelia, had gone up to her room and, kneeling on the floor, opened the suitcase and flung back the cover, only to utter a little shriek of consternation.

There lay within, carefully folded, a man's tuxedo; a pleated shirt; a collar; a black unmade bow tie; two spotless handkerchiefs.

Vaguely she recalled that there had been another passenger to alight from the train besides herself.

Well, there was a remote possibility that he might have discovered sooner than she the mistake and that, had he done so, he might have returned her bag at once to the station.

Margaret looked over the contents of the suitcase before her, but there was nothing to help her establish the identity of the man to whom they belonged.

Hastily, she put on her hat and coat again, went downstairs, and with a hurried word of explanation which Cousin Amelia only half understood flew out of the house and down the street to the corner where presently she caught a car.

Margaret had not yet seen Cyrus, but then she had not expected to. In the very letter which the postman had handed her that morning, as she was leaving the house, he had said that pressure of work at the office would probably detain him until seven, or eight o'clock.

The baggage master proved a disappointment. No, no one had returned any suitcase. No, he could not possibly say who had been. There had been several.

"Are you looking for somebody, miss?" the young bootblack who ran a stand on the platform had sauntered in and was trying to get the drift of the conversation.

"I am looking for the owner of this suitcase," said Margaret.

The youngster walked around the article in question, hands in his pockets. "I sure have seen that very grip before," he said earnestly. "It belongs to his honor, the mayor of Mansfield!"

"Mayor of Mansfield! But this is Craryville!"

"Well, he's a great traveler. Speeches and dinners all over the country. I used to be in the Mansfield station and every time he was going anywhere the mayor would get a shine from me."

"But how can I—why Cy!" If Margaret looked for Cyrus to take her in his arms, she was disappointed. Nor could her amazement at his unexpected appearance blind her to the fact that something was the matter. "Why, Cy, wherever did you spring from?"

"I called the house, Margaret, to see if you had arrived safely," said Cyrus stiffly. "Cousin Amelia said you had gone back to the station and that right after you left [illegible] had telephoned from the Hotel [illegible] and said he must talk with you at once!"

Margaret clutched her fiance's arm. "Oh, he must be waiting there. Call a taxi, Cy. It's the mayor of Mansfield!"

But Cyrus did not budge. "Just why should the mayor of Mansfield, or, for that matter, the governor of the state, be waiting at the Hotel Mohawk for the girl I am supposed to be engaged to?"

"How masculinely stupid!" Margaret thought. But there was no time to waste. "Get a taxi at once, dear," she insisted. "And I'll explain all about it on the way."

Twenty minutes later Margaret was talking with the mayor. "I'm so sorry, Miss Hawthorne, you should have gone to all this trouble. I wished to make sure you were really at that address before dispatching a boy with your suitcase."

"But how," inquired Margaret, "did you know about that address at all?"

"There was a letter on the very top," said his honor, with a smile, "from Cyrus. Believe me, however, I skipped everything but the address at the very end!"

"Wasn't he adorable!" sighed Margaret, some hours afterward, dancing dreamily in Cy's arms to the strains of a seductive waltz.

"Wasn't who—look here, Margaret, out it out. I happen to know that fellow's married and got three kids!"

That he knew nothing of the kind, didn't, under the circumstances, worry Cyrus.