THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Ninth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 28th, 1935. | $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

Effective April 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger an Mail	10.50 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.33 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.48 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.50 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday Only	8.25 a.m.
Passenger; Sunday	11.18 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	9.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.52 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.25 a.m.	8.45 a.m.
11.55 a.m.	8.55 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	11.35 a.m.
3.55 p.m.	3.35 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.55 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	8.15 p.m.

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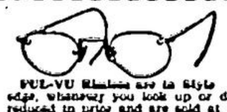
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THE WEAVER

At break of day the weaver stands,
A figure old and bent,
Within his hands so smooth and straight,
The threads of our good intent,
But ere the pattern is scarce begun,
The threads that were smooth and fine,
Are gnarled and twisted and must present,
At even, a marred design.

At eventide the weaver returns,
A figure old and bent,
To bring before the great White Throne
The result of our good intent,
But our Heavenly Father, with loving care,
A gentle touch and mild,
Unravels the threads and whispers low—
"Do better to-morrow, child."
—Willa Hoey

WE MISS YOU, DADDY

It was about a year ago that the following editorial was printed in the Rockville, Connecticut, Journal. Thereafter, to the editor's surprise, it was reprinted by most of the other papers of the country, and was used by highway safety, insurance companies, accident prevention organizations, motorists' publications and by others who are fighting the great war against the toll of automobile deaths. Here it is—and any motorist will surely think twice about taking chances after reading it:

"Tuesday morning there was a fatal accident on the Minterburn Hill and when the medical examiner was going through the pockets of the dead man a telegram was found. It was not very long, just the ordinary ten-word length, but it was a message that would make any father happy. It read: WE MISS YOU, DADDY. WHEN ARE YOU COMING HOME?

That was all. It was a message sent by one of the children of the man who was killed. He had received the message and was homeward bound. The clothes were minus money but in his pocket he carried that message.

"Whose who have little children and those who were once little children can think of the great blow to the child when the father did return home—DEAD.

"Daddy" will be missed by those children in the long years ahead. No longer will they have his support. His earnings, and, more important, his companionship.

"If ever there was a reason for people driving more carefully on the road, it is that they might get in an accident and deprive their own child or some other child of their 'Daddy'.

"More might be written, but let us repeat those words: 'We miss you, Daddy. When are you coming home?'"

The End of the Trail

By DUFORD JENNE

IT WAS Phil Weston's custom to leave his office at about four o'clock and drift down to the little avenue beneath where Abe Becher held forth. Under one of Abe's counters was a pile of philosophical works which he read with understanding, and Phil enjoyed chatting with the wise, intelligent old Jew. Besides, the shop to Phil was full of romance in the thousands of stories its counters told and in the people who came there. And it was there that he saw The Girl.

His interest was aroused still more as he saw she was offering Abe some old fashioned jewel, and accepted his price without objection or comment; and then Phil saw her, as Abe turned to his cash register, kiss the jewel, press it with white fingers before she laid it down.

"Some sweetheart's affair," Phil thought, but as she went out, he asked Abe to let him see it.

It was a pendant and a valuable one. He turned it over and read an inscription—"To Ruth from Mother." He stared at it, stirred by the few words.

"What arrangements did she make, Abe?" he asked.

Abe told him a week, and added that she had left her address so he could forward the pendant when she sent money to redeem the keepsake.

"There's something back of this," Phil advised himself, "and she is of no common sort."

When over a week passed and the jewel was not reclaimed, he acted quickly. He bought the jewel and went to the address. He found it—a clean but shabby boarding house in a dull and dismal end of the great city. After some debating with himself, he made up his mind to follow the trail to the end, even if the end was rubbish but not romance. He engaged a room, and that evening through the landlady, Mrs. McCarty, he met The Girl.

It was a brief meeting, but it told him much. She looked even more weary and worn than the week before, and in her brown eyes were shadows—and her name was not Ruth but Georgia Wright.

Then he fared her out for an evening, although Mrs. McCarty had warned him that the "gurl turned 'em down cold."

Using all his skill, Phil managed to break through her depression until the shadows went from her eyes. She seemed to forget herself under his fun and the cheery places to which he took her, and he sensed the real girl under the shadows. In a week's time, he knew he was hopelessly in love with her.

Weeks later, in the pleasant, half-dusk of the quiet restaurant which was their chosen place, he leaned back and looked at her. He had taken her to a happy play that night, and a glow had come to her cheeks and a light to her eyes.

"Ruth—" he began and stopped short. He had not used that name.

"Ruth!" How did you know?" she whispered.

He reached in his pocket and handed her the box with the pendant. She took it, looked, and pressed it convulsively to her lips. He saw under the soft light what he knew were tears.

Then, gently, he told her the story of his first sight of her in Abe's shop, and what he had done since. She listened in a tense silence that his keen and sympathetic mind told him meant a struggle for self-control, and he sought to aid her.

"Phil, why have you done this?" she asked breathlessly.

"The reason that a man gives truthfully probably but once in a lifetime—because I liked you from the first, and because I love you now," he answered quietly.

"Please, could we go home now?" she whispered.

As he turned from the attendant at the checking booth, he was almost startled at the change in the girl he loved—some mysterious change that made her beautiful in spite of the simple, cheap dress she wore.

A taxi was at hand, and soon they were rolling toward the city's outskirts. Phil was glad it was a long way home; even if she were to pass out of his life, he would have her with him for a while anyway. He glanced at her and saw that the little box was held tightly still as a child might cling to it.

He slipped his arm around her shoulder, and started to speak. She suddenly nestled to crumple against him, and with joy thrilling him, he kissed her wet cheek where the choked-back tears had fallen.

"I do love you, but—" Then she told the old human story: a girl whose mother had died, left in the care of a father to whom love was little or nothing, an engagement to her father's friend, her realization and her breaking of it, her father's anger, a wild scene—then her departure, and her struggle, untrained, alone in a great city, the change of her name to avoid pursuit; and finally, her hatred of love and all it suggested.

"That's because you don't know what it is—" he kissed her as he added: "I'll teach you."

She sighed and relaxed, snuggling against him as a child might, sure at last of love and protection.

Soil Erosion

Hordes of gullies now remind us we
should build our lands to stay,
And, departing, leave behind us fields
that will not float away.
Then when sons assume the mortgage on the land that's had our toil,
They'll not have to ask the question:
"Here's the farm, but where's the soil?

Gertie—I think its a shame to send those nice sailors to China. What will they do there?

Peggy—Good Heavens, Gert! Ain't you ever been out with a sailor?

The honeymoon is over, gentlemen, when your wife starts complaining about the noise you make getting breakfast.

PAUL (Worker with Hand and Brain)

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson, September 1, 1935

GOLDEN TEXT: "I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak." Acts 20. 35

LESSON PASSAGE: Acts 20: 33-35; Philippians 4: 4-13.

Thou art the Way.
Hadst thou been nothing but the goal
I cannot say
If thou hadst ever met my soul.
—Alice Meynell.

A Real Estate, 33-35

Christ left no legacy but a garment, his truth and his love. Paul had no estate requiring probate. John Wesley, who had handled the equivalent of millions in modern money left only a couple of silver spoons. Gandhi, influential leader in India, will have practically no personal estate, nor will Togawa of Japan although his book royalties have been large. One of the most dynamic religious leaders now alive has stated that if he dies owing any man anything, or any man owing him anything, it will be sin. We honor the men who live above personal desire of gain, yet in our western civilization eagerness to acquire an estate is almost universal. Paul worked with his own hands as a tentmaker and had but a meagre living, yet he has left a legacy of truth and of influence greater than if he died a multi-millionaire. Each young person should decide early in life whether to work primarily for material or moral and spiritual values.

Prayer and Peace, 4-7

Paul was not made by circumstances but made circumstances because he was himself a circumstance. His letter to the Philippians was written while in prison, yet he speaks of rejoicing in the Lord. He urges the Philippians to rejoice and to let their forbearance be known unto all men. He asks them not to worry or fret, but in a spirit of thanksgiving to let their requests be known to God. Paul in his own life had discovered the power of prayer. He was confident that the peace of God which passeth all understanding could guard the hearts and thoughts of the Philippians who were followers of Christ. Can this attitude to life mean anything to us to-day? Can it be adopted by thousands who have been unemployed or upon relief? Is it idle to talk about the peace of God to those who have been evicted from their homes? At least Paul had the right to speak because he had turned his imprisonment into a victory. During the past five years there have been demonstrations of spiritual victory in the midst of economic defeat. A widow receiving relief with barely enough for subsistence has been able to have joy in her own heart and to give joy to her children by trust in God and reassuring prayers. This possibility, of course, does not justify the economic injustices of our day, but it does indicate that people who are filled with God's Spirit can rise above circumstances.

The Inner Life, 8, 9

In large measure our destiny is determined by our thinking. The Psalmists stressed the importance of thoughts. Christ said, "As a man thinketh so is he." Isaac Watts said, "The mind is the measure of the man." Milton said that a mind could turn a heaven into hell, or a hell into a heaven. Paul urged the Philippians to think of the things that were true, honorable, just, pure, lovely and of good report. His own thought stream had been changed by his conversion on the Damascus Road. As a Christian Paul's thinking was radically different from his thinking as a Jew. His thoughts were so continually of Christ that he dared to hold himself up as an example for others to follow. A modern scholar whose books have been a wholesome influence had the habit of jotting down in a book the finest things he read or heard. He made a habit of pouring over these things leisurely. As a result his mind was stored with beautiful truths and interesting facts. It is a tragedy when the human brain and memory are used for spiteful and degrading thoughts. It is possible to have great thoughts constantly in our minds if we but choose to think them.

Contentment, 10-13

As a young man Paul was doubtless as ambitious and self-seeking as other young men. He had high hopes of position and power. Under the tuition of Christ his ideals had been transformed and he learned that in whatsoever state he was, therein to be content. Doubtless the lesson was not easily learned but Paul had learned it. He was so independent that he would work at his tentmaker's trade to support himself, although he was an active missionary and wrote a large part of the New Testament. When the Philippian Church sent him a gift he regarded it as an extra, not as stated support. He accepted want and hunger as discipline and turned loss into profit. Discontent arises when we look at a certain group of facts in our experience. Contentment may be maintained if we look at different groups of facts. A Christian seeks to live in a spirit of gratitude rather than of grumbling. It is a fact that not a few people who have lost nearly all their possessions are happier to-day than they were while prosperous because they have been freed from the domination of things and have discovered the reality of the spiritual.

Secret Strength, 13

Paul was one of the most vital men who ever lived, yet he gave all credit for his achievements to Christ. Starving, shipwrecked, flogged or imprisoned, he played the man, and he found strength for his heroism through the indwelling presence of the living Christ. What a tribute to Christ is the witness of Paul! "Christ was the divine Founder of the Christian Church; Paul was the greatest human figure in its spread and development. Christ the great Light, Paul the great satellite; the one the Master, the other the greatest messenger the Master has ever had. His was the brain and body which housed the keenest intellect and the warmest heart of his century and forged the logical framework and the great thought forms of Christianity; he was the man under God who made Christianity a world religion; he built the bridge between the Galilean Jews and the universal Christ, indeed, was himself the human bridge between the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith."

Questions for Discussion

1. Is "our aliqaisitive society" a just description?
2. What gave Paul inner peace in prison?
3. What determines your thought stream?
4. Can you make out a case for discontent?
5. How does Christ help us in everyday life?

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBIT A FEATURE AT THE C.N.E.

A new technique in exhibition displays features the Canadian National stamps exhibit this year, at the Canadian National Exhibition. It consists of the use of satin for display purposes with special drawings and designs dyed upon it by specially prepared dyes. It was developed by the National System and so intricate is the method used that only one craftsman could be found in Eastern Canada capable of performing the work.

One of the features of this new exhibition technique is the pleasing and glossy effect secured under indirect lighting. Probably the outstanding example shown is that featuring the 25th birthday of The International Limited, Canada's famous train which has operated daily, each way, since then, between Montreal and Chicago. A huge satin plaque, treated in the modernistic design, shows the route of the train and the various important cities it serves. The color scheme of a deep, unusual crimson and black, makes it, coupled with the big decorative plaque of a 6150-type locomotive, over the doorway, one of the centres of interest of the railway building.

Other satin displays of unusual interest and illustrating the varied treatment and wide opportunities offered by this new medium, are those featuring a West Indies scene, with the white hull of the "Lady Nelson" in the foreground, surrounded by other West Indies scenes, and of the Houses of Parliament, treated in a broad outline, with a splendid model of the Chateau Laurier, at Ottawa, in the foreground, and framed by transparencies of the various other Canadian National hotels and summer resorts. These two big satin displays flank a colorful, symbolic painting, outlining in a vivid pictorial way, the world-wide service by the Canadian National Express by land, on sea and in air.

The main exhibit of the Canadian National building this year is a topographical display showing the Canadian Rockies, with Jasper Park lodge nestling amid the huge mountains rising about the valley, and the main transcontinental line of the railway between Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver winding about their base. Done on a vast scale, covering more than 50 feet in width and 25 feet in depth, a bird's-eye view of this most famous of Canadian playgrounds is given in a manner in keeping with their grandeur. Many of the mountains, including the well-known Old Man Mountain, tower in their might about the lodge, while others are shown in their impressive ranges, rising in the background. Each mountain is done to scale and The Continental Limited is seen operating about their base, stopping at Jasper Station, while motor cars race to and from the station and lodge as the train draws to a stop, with rivers glistening in the valley and glaciers gleaming in the distance. Specially prepared for this year's big show, the typographical display combines the latest in mechanical invention for exhibition purposes with a scenic effect unequalled by past exhibits.

Another outstanding feature among the many interesting displays is that of the Canadian National Telegraphs, showing electrically the speedy cable service between London, Eng., and Montreal, a one minute service, and Vancouver, a two minute service. Flashing lights trace the seconds which separates the three cities, so far flung by miles, but brought together by cable and telegraph to only seconds of distance. In no other way would it be possible to give an effective demonstration of this fact as by this latest use of electricity to trace out, first the 60 seconds separating the "Heart of the Empire" and the "Queen City" and the 120 seconds required to span an ocean and a continent.

TEACH ME THESE

The following is suggested as a "Man's Prayer." It is a good one, and we would advise every reader to cut it out and place it where it may be a constant reminder. It reads: "Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces one pound and one hundred cents one dollar. Help me to live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age. Then when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers—make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple.—Here Lies a Man."

WHERE BRIBERY IS UNKNOWN

When everyone knows that newspaper men (the editors and reporters) are the least mercenary of all humans, it was surprising the other day to have a cynical individual assert that when he desired to have something published in a newspaper he paid someone on the staff therefor. The assertion was so preposterous that we did not bother even to scoff. Then a few days later, we were told that a man who had got himself into police court paid his lawyer an extra $10 to keep the story out of the newspapers.

We have lived among newspapermen for a good many years. They are delightful companions and we would see more of them if they were not so hardworking. And we say in all sincerity that we never have known of a newspaper man accepting a bribe to put a piece in the paper or to leave one out. This is not to say that even in this trade of high ethical standards there is not an occasional unworthy and untrustworthy individual. But whatever other sins may be justly fastened on the young and young-old men who slave for city editors, we are confident that treason to the institutions for whom they work is as rare a disease in Canada as leprosy.

Up to about twenty years ago, a newspaper writer's main remunerations were glory and circus tickets. Latterly, as newspapers became business properties rather than party organs, the cashier became more generous and regular in her administrations to the odd lot that worked at the queer old desks and ancient typewriters on the upper floors. But we know that these men and women remain more interested in their work than in lucre. So long as this condition continues bribery can make no headway.—The Printed Word.

HARVEST

Let songs arise to Thee, O God,
From every harvest field.
And let the nations praise Thy name
For what the earth doth yield.

We, to Thy holy altar, Lord,
The fairest sheaves do bring,
And with the first fruits, we present
To Thee our offering.

For Thou has in Thy goodness great,
With plenty filled the land,
No sparrow falleth to the ground,
Except by Thy command.

O give us grace that we may first,
The heavenly kingdom seek,
In confidence that Thou for us
Dost other blessings keep.

Enable us to look beyond
The things of time and see
That greater harvest when we shall
Be gathered unto Thee.
—Rev. Lawrence Sinclair,
Huntsville, Ontario.

WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY!

"THE NERVE of some people's kids." That's an old and well worn phrase, but it constantly comes to mind when we viewed with dismay the pile of free publicity that cluttered our desk during a three-day's absence last week attending the Press Convention in Toronto. This avalanche of free publicity concerns many things. It comes principally from organizations and firms who never spend a dollar with us for advertising. They seek a cheaper way out of it than paying for their publicity. One manufacturer who has not spent a dollar on advertising in The Statesman informs us in a four page story that there will be sensational developments in their plans to be announced soon. A manufacturer of cattle spray who never spent a five cent piece with us, expects us to publish a story about the remarkable sales of his product in this territory. The new political parties have also literally flooded our desk with pamphlets, stickers, mimeographed articles and reprint editorials in the hope of having it passed on, free of charge, to our readers. Then there's welfare and other uplift organizations who play on the sympathy and generosity of the editor for space in our "valuable" publication. These are only a few samples which have been short routed or detoured to the waste paper basket. We don't like to be mean or just plain crabby about this, but Bob himself would have plenty of trouble to control his emotions had he to put up with this racket of free publicity. Just imagine walking into a store where you've never spent a dime in your life, picking up a nice hat, book or pair of boots and walking out. Of course normal minded people don't do these things, which suggests that in the business world there are a lot of people who are not normal minded, or who think the editor is not.—Bowmanville Statesman.

THE EXPRESSION "he doesn't think" is often used, but in the majority of cases it is not to be taken too literally. Then there is the statute of "The Thinker" which may be found in all places of art and sculpture. The capacity to think intelligent and clean thoughts is most important. We unhesitatingly state that the prime need of every person in the present day is the power to think; the power to see problems, to relate facts to them, to use and enjoy ideas. If a young man or woman graduates from school or college with this power, all other things may in time, be added—they will find themselves intellectually and morally. We have just read an article which emphasized that one of the greatest causes of the present world's turmoil was the lack of capacity to think right thoughts for the benefit of mankind. Whether this is correct we are not prepared to corroborate.

However, it must be admitted, that in the mass of things that have to be "learned" quite often the ability of individuals to think is submerged. In consequence, too large a part of our citizens has left our schools without power of critical discrimination, at the mercy of special propaganda, and drifting from one plan and scheme to another according to the loudest clamor of the moment. Many who have escaped this tendency have found that they had to start their own education afresh. In this connection, we may say that our present system seems to be highly defective in opportunities for directed continuation of education. It is no disparagement of present efforts in "adult education" to say that the continued education of those who have left school should long ago have been made a paramount interest of public education. Some system must be adopted to develop "thinking" and thus eliminate the "follow the leader" principle—he may be wrong. There are too many people who do not think for themselves—hence they get into difficulty.—Smith Falls Record-News.

YOUTH AT THE WHEEL

A youthful contributor is somewhat heated over a suggestion by another writer that the minimum age limit for drivers of cars be made 18 years.

This youngster who signs himself "Not Quite Eighteen," says, "It is not the young men and young ladies that cause the accidents, but doddering old men and women."

Something might perhaps be said here about bad manners in referring to one's elders, but let it pass. What is really important is the question of fact.

According to statistics compiled by the Travelers Insurance Co., 16,850 drivers under 18 years of age were involved in accidents in the United States last year. In 980 cases these accidents were fatal.

During the same period drivers 65 years of age or older figured in 11,850 motor car mishaps, of which 850 were fatal.

The superiority of the immature young over the "doddering" aged is not very evident.—Detroit Free Press.

Advice to Youthful Lovers

He who courts and does not wed
May have to go to court instead.

When you speak to other people for their good, it is influence. When other people speak to you for your own good, it is interference.

Youth—At the beach last summer I flirted with a girl and she called an officer.

Friend—Lucky dog! I also flirted with one last summer and she called a preacher.

It's funny how some fellows can always be wrong and never know it.