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

Effective April 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	7.15 a.m.
Passenger an Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.33 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.46 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.46 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.46 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	7.00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	8.30 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.13 p.m.
Passenger	12.18 a.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.52 p.m.

TRAVELWAY BUS
New Schedule

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.35 a.m.	* 7.15 a.m.
x11.35 a.m.	9.35 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
x3.55 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.55 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
6.55 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
10.55 p.m.	
†11.50 a.m.	

(*) Daily except Sunday.
(s) Daily except Saturday.
(x) Saturday ONLY.
(†) Saturday, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.

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POINT LONG IN DISPUTE SOLVED BY OLD TREES

Further proof that North America and Asia were once joined or were parts of the same continent has been found in northern Alberta. Remains of trees said to be from fifteen to twenty million years old, yet perfectly preserved, were found in sticky tar sand near Fort McMurray. Gnarled branches and trunks of trees that could be whittled with a jack-knife, and even the leaves and the insects that fed upon the leaves, were in a good state of preservation, thanks to the air-tight embrace of the tar sand. Not only are these ancient trees far older than any previously discovered tree remains, but they are said to be the only known deposit of Jurassic period vegetation in its original state. The remains were discovered by the engineer of the Canadian federal department of mines, who is an authority on bitumen deposits.

Freddie: "I fell out of bed last night."

Mother: "Poor little fellow! You must have slept too near where you got in."

Freddie: "Not at all, mother, I slept too close to where I fell out."

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THIS LIFE

O, we are but a people yearning
For deathless things we cannot
claim—
For life is like a candle burning
Passionate with purple flame.

Through what strange substance
caused in strange fire
Was life created on that long-gone
day?
Through what sweet yearning came
the strong desire
To inhabit life within the lowly
clay?
What cloistered secrets of Infinite
Mind
Nurtured the seeding of this mortal
plain?
And what great pity, inscrutable, yet
kind
That gave a soul to grace the house
of Man?

The dawning—the sunset — another
day
Drains the candle—pause away.
Who knows what to-morrow brings:
Mags of beggars—crowns of kings?
(Yet who could till their hearts apart,
If he saw nothing but each heart?)
Who knows, as his life flows along,
Of which is right—of which is wrong?
Ah, purple candle, your waxen tears
Hides the secret of the years?
The dawning—the sunset — another
day
Drains the candle—pause away.

Mysterious Life, whose burning candle
glowing
Gives man the vanity skin to God—
Beautiful passion warmly, and sweetly
showing
Ephemeral lights wherein all beauty
trod—
Wherein all beauty ever more will
tread!
Heating the wine in polished skulls
of clay;
Intoxicating deadness of the dead—
And pouring roses o'er the mortal
way!

O, we are but a people learning
Life and time are but a name—
For life is but a candle burning
Passionate with purple flame.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

Never a day but I need you;
Never a day but I see
The wonderful depths of your loving,
And what it has meant unto me.

Never a day but I'm learning
How precious you were and how
true,
And how much of God went in making
The heart of a mother like you.

—Author Unknown.

They were discussing the bore of the seaside boarding house. "He would talk a dog's hind leg off," observed Smith.

"And even then," answered Brown, "he would go on with the tale."

Success
... SOCIALLY is mostly a matter of happy guests—and who ever heard of hungry people being happy! Hostesses who serve Carroll's Golden Tip Tea or Maple Leaf Mincemeat are praised continually and their homes are well loved by the flavour wise.

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Stephanie Goes South

By MARIAN F. JOHNSON

"GO SOUTH, Young Lady!" commanded the gay-colored placard in the window of Clayton's department store.

"Go what?" snapped Stephanie Chadwick.

The window was the dark of a ship; the models, bronzed men and daintily tanned girls made a charming group; Stephanie, herself, was one of them—the lady in white, perhaps!

"No—not the white," she decided, surveying the model with a critical eye. "Now that blue and pink over there, in the cotton mesh . . ."

"Go South, Young Lady," blared the poster persistently.

"If course," conceded Stephanie, a little uncertainly. "I could pretend!"

And so she slipped from the massive grey mist of the February afternoon into the humming treasure-house that was Clayton's department store.

"I'm going South," she curtsied to the saleswoman. "Let me see something appropriate, please!"

She began trying them on—the yellow sun dress with the hands of orange, and so back at all. And the great sun hat to match. The blue and pink cotton mesh. An organdie of delicate rose that billowed about her dark loveliness like a soft cloud.

With the evening things Stephanie came to earth again. She glanced desperately at her wrist watch, exclaimed, "Heavens! I'm late!" and began getting into her own things with feverish haste.

Stephanie passed, unnoticing, into the February slush. The South had lain the warm fingers of its golden sunshine upon her.

And so she clung to the mad game she had begun. She went to the steamship office, and stood, her hands filled with multi-colored folders, her heart racing.

"Steve Chadwick!" cried a familiar voice.

"Helen Blaine!" echoed Stephanie.

"This disgustingly good-looking creature is my cousin, John Roger Thorne," chattered Helen. "Stephanie Chadwick, John. I've hardly seen her since we were in school!"

Mr. Thorne's gray eyes looked from Stephanie's face to the hands with the folders.

"So you're going to Bermuda," he remarked.

"Bermuda," repeated Stephanie, with the lift of a sea breeze in her soft young voice.

"That's where I'm going!" exclaimed John Roger Thorne.

Stephanie's heart swept into a series of quick little bumps.

"I'll tell you," suggested Mr. Thorne, "let's all have dinner somewhere, and then dance . . ."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Stephanie, quickly. "I—I'm not dressed for it."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Helen. "We'll go to the theater, then. I'll call Ted King!"

Helen and Ted went off somewhere after dinner so Stephanie and John Roger explored alone—and talked. About Bermuda. John Roger described it to her.

It wouldn't do any harm just to listen, Stephanie told herself. She wouldn't have to see him again. She'd pretend it was all true just for tonight.

But John Roger Thorne seemed filled with a strong determination to see more of Stephanie. He wanted to call; to take her places; to get to be real friends before they started to Bermuda!

Standing one day before Clayton's window Stephanie looked at the young man model, and suddenly a cold little chill of realization caught at her heart. Tonight was their last evening together—here and John Roger. "She's going to Bermuda," she thought wretchedly, "but I'm staying at home!" And then the young man model began to blur and Stephanie had to walk very fast before she could see him clearly again.

"I'll make some sort of excuse," she decided. "I'll have to!"

• • •

"Tomorrow," murmured John Roger, softly. "Tomorrow, Steve!"

There was a lump in Stephanie's throat.

"I'm not going to Bermuda," she said. And suddenly he began to blur, like the young man model in Clayton's window.

"Why, Steve?" demanded John Roger. Wishing very fast, Stephanie told him. Not the excuse she had planned. Only the truth!

"It was a game," she confessed. "I was pretending—because I wanted so much to go! I never dreamed I'd see you again," she added hurriedly. "How ever could I know you'd be going there? And would keep coming to see me? And asking me questions? Well," she concluded, with a perfectly good laugh that was only a little shaky, "Good-by, John Roger. See Bermuda for me!"

"Now, listen here, young lady," said John Roger Thorne, holding her close, "don't think you're going to get away from me at this late date! You are going to Bermuda! Do you understand?"

Stephanie understood. They weren't in the cab at all. They were on the silver beach. She was wearing the rose-colored organdie cloud. She was in John Roger's arms and there was soft, stringed music playing. She could even catch the fragrance of orange blossoms—warm, and pungent and sweet!

"Julia has invited me to her golden wedding."

"Her golden wedding?"

"Yes, she is marrying a millionaire."

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PLANTING BULBS

As drainage is the greatest enemy of bulbs, the location of the fall planting should be carefully chosen. Contrary to the ideas of some gardeners cold weather does little injury to them, but water standing in the ground where they are planted will rot them.

The old way of building up tulip beds higher than the surrounding surface to ensure good drainage is still a good practice, especially if there is any doubt about pools of water forming or any generally damp condition. Lily bulbs, which are particularly likely to rot in too wet a location, are often planted each on a cushion of sand to assist drainage.

There are two methods practised in placing bulbs. Where beds are devoted solely to bulbs, the Dutch method is convenient. In this, the earth is thrown out of the bed to the depth required and the bulbs are set on the bottom of the excavation in the order desired. This method is well adapted to formal beds, where a pattern is to be worked out in the flowers. After the bulbs are placed according to the design the earth is thrown over them.

A method more widely practised in this country is to use a dibber, or pointed tool, which will make a hole in the soft earth of the bed or border. Where the bulbs are to be planted among perennials or near shrubs, the dibber method is advised, as it prevents disturbance of the roots of companion plants. A point to watch in dibber planting is that the bulb rests on soil in the bottom of the hole and is not hung; that is, left with an air hole beneath it caused by the point of the dibber. Drop a line fine soil into the hole to prevent this. It is always important in planting seeds, bulbs or plants to bring whatever is planted into close and firm contact with the soil. Only in this way can normal development proceed. Air holes next to roots or bulbs always cause trouble.

Bulbs are very susceptible to certain poisons which are contained in manures and manure should never be used in planting them except by an expert. While tulips are grown in Holland on a soil of sand, which has been built up by manuring for centuries, it is held that manure is never used until it has been buried for a year deep under ground. A good commercial plant food, worked into the ground a few days before planting, is easiest and best for amateur gardeners.

HIGH DESTINY FOR A TINY SEED THAY FELL ON A COWICHAN HILLSIDE

They took two trees off the hillside of Cowichan, B.C., the other day and brought them down to the waters edge and shaped them to make masts for King George's yacht. They were Douglas fir, straight as an arrow for more than a hundred feet, clean and limbless most of their length, the kind of timber that only the Pacific Coast can grow.

When the King is steering his own yacht, with a wet sail and following wind, it should please him to look up at his tall masts and realize how far they have travelled—what an immense variety of timber the Empire produces. Perhaps two centuries ago, just about this time of year, the cones on some great Douglas fir blew down the mountainside about Cowichan Lake. Of every thousand seeds, the experts tell us, only one on the average grew into a tiny seedings, and of these seedlings, possibly one in ten survived the first year. The tall masts now on their way to England were two of the lucky ones.

As the forest grew, the seedlings surged up, a thousand or so to the acre, as thick as hair on a dog's back—little Christmas trees such as you see along the highway today, each trying to grow higher than its neighbors, fighting for the precious sunlight. The fight was fierce and relentless and went on for half a century. By the time the two trees that were to make kingly masts had grown 50 feet in height and a foot or so through the butt, most of their neighbors had died, starved for lack of light in this upward surge toward the sun. Only the strongest could survive, only one tree from ten thousand of the seeds that fell on the hillside.

For another century, the survivors grew slowly, while the weak fell to the ground to sink back once more into the earth and enrich it. Before white man came to the island the King's masts were sizable trees and they continued to add one tiny ring of thickness about their trunks every year, until they were mature and ready for reaping—ready to carry great white wings of canvas on a royal vessel at the other side of the world.

A high destiny, this for a tiny seed that fell upon a mountainside a couple of centuries ago.—Victoria Times.

PERSONAL HABITS

The subject of personal habits is a very ticklish one, one which needs careful handling. It is an old saying that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and in this we will take the fool's chance. In fact, that is what many people are doing in their careless personal habits with fire every day of their lives. Pahaps the most effective way to approach the matter is to relate the results of some personal habits in other people, as people generally like to hear about the other fellow.

A man dropped a cigarette in a rubbish pile in a rooming house and burned to death eleven people.

A man dropped his cigarette in a couch in the lobby of an hotel. Fire resulted at 3 a.m. and resulted in the death of four people.

A mother in one of our leading college cities, for the five hundredth time, perhaps, started a fire with coal oil. The fire she started burned to death three children besides herself.

A man dropped a match on a garage floor, walked on and left it. A six-year-old child found it and ignited her clothing, which resulted in burns that caused her death a few hours later.

Man attempts to sleep and smoke at the same time—result, he set the bed afire, was overcome with smoke, and removed in an unconscious state. Only the timely arrival of the fire department saved him from being cremated alive.

Some grown-ups placed strike-anywhere matches on the kitchen table. Two small children acted upon the implied suggestion and carried some to their playhouse, and innocently started a fire. Result, a little boy was fatally burned.

But do you always think about the safety and welfare of those about you when you discard your match and cigarette stub? Are you mindful of the safety of the children in your home to the extent of providing safety matches, and keeping them out of their reach? Do you have proper respect for the dangerous properties of gasoline and always handle it with care?—Guelph Mercury.

THE PERSONALITY OF A CAT

There are cats and cats, just the same as there are people and people. There are some that are bright and intelligent, and even witty, having their own little ways and peculiarities; and there are others that are just cats.

In a small but beautiful parlor in one of the finest hotels in Washington, D.C., I was entertaining an afternoon caller. The lady had brought me a very rare bouquet and I held the flowers in my hand, while we were chatting. Soon I felt something rubbing against my knee and pulling on the stems and leaves of my gift. I looked down, and there was a fine large, yellow and white cat, apparently very friendly but helping himself to my flowers. I rubbed and petted him and allowed him to stay and enjoy the bouquet with me.

After the lady had gone, I took him in my arms and went out to the clerk. Loving animals as I do, I was much interested, and asked him if the hotel really had a cat that had the privilege of the house, a most unusual thing.

He said, "Well, Mrs. Jones, I will tell you the story of this cat. About seven years ago, one of the bell-boys saw a small kitten slip in at the revolving door, and as he didn't seem inclined to go out, the boy gently pushed him downstairs thinking we would not allow him on this floor. But the little kitten did not seem at all a basement kit, for he was sure to come up whenever he could possibly get the chance.

He would go along to the dining-rooms and insist on making friends with the head-waiter. As he grew a little older he grew bolder, and persisted in following the head-waiter whenever that dignitary ushered a person or party into the dining-room. It was very funny and cunning to see the cat walk deliberately in with the waiter, as if he were an assistant; then back to the door until another person wanted attention.

He finally was accepted as assistant head-waiter, and was much petted and admired by everyone. He seemed to know instinctively the time for serving, and was always at the door waiting. The story has been, and is told far and near, of our assistant cat, that has never for years been off duty, even for a day.

Now everything went well with our much beloved Tom, until one day a very richly gowned, aristocratic looking lady sailed into the dining room. After she had been seated by the head-waiter she raised her head haughtily, adjusted her lorgnette and solunted. "Do you mean to say," she asked, 'that that is really a cat that has followed us in? If so, have him removed at once.' The waiter told her that it was a cat, and that he was the pet of the hotel, saying, 'He follows me always, and thinks he is the assistant waiter, I guess.'

"'Really, call the proprietor.'

"The proprietor came in and the lady informed him that she had taken one of his best suites for a month, 'but, if that cat isn't removed, I shall cancel the arrangement. It's preposterous!'

"'Very well, Madame, we surely can't discharge our assistant. In these times of depression, he might not find another hotel where he would be treated so kindly and loved so well, and you, I know, can find many suites as good as ours. I am very sorry, but I think we will have to keep the cat.'"

Week-end Guest: "I've made up my mind not to retire until I'm seventy."

Host (whose hints regarding the lateness of the hour have been ignored): "In that case, old man, I hope you won't mind if I turn in now."

Young Authoress: "I am writing a book on how to bring up the first baby."

Friend: "Oh! And, by the way where is your little pet?"

"I've sent her away for six months while I write the book."

ODE TO SOLITUDE

Happy the man, whose wish and
care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields
with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him
shade,
In winter, fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft
away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.
Sound sleep by night; study and
ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does
please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—Alexander Pope.

SEVEN PILLARS

There are two goals to which human beings are constantly striving—Success and Happiness. They really constitute one goal, for they are inseparable. One cannot be obtained without the other. Any advice which would assist in this common struggle, therefore, should be welcome and valuable.

George Schicht, president of an Austrian Industrial concern, at a banquet in London, England, a short time ago, gave a number of rules of living, based upon the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," by Lawrence of Arabia. He called them the "Seven Pillars of Success and Happiness," and outlined them as follows:

1. Order—There is no success without order—order in our brains, in our offices, in our plans, in all our work.

2. Truth—Once we forsake the truth our difficulties will not become smaller. They will become greater and greater.

3. Devotion—There are people who think always of themselves. They never make a success of their lives.

4. Humanity—There is only one source of real happiness—to alleviate the suffering and lighten the burdens of our fellow men.

5. Self-control—To preserve one's self-control under all circumstances is one of the greatest achievements.

6. Perseverance — A man should have a definite aim in life and try again and again until he succeeds.

7. Enthusiasm—The really great things that have amazed the world have only been possible because of enthusiasm.—Chatham News.

TRIUMPH OF INVENTION IN "UNSINKABLE" VESSEL

One of the world's greatest inventions was the self-righting boat, the principle of which is used in all lifeboats. Cut out a piece of wood the shape of a slice of melon and you will find that no matter what you do with it in water, it rights itself in an instant.

Now another astonishing invention is announced—that of a ship which cannot be sunk. The inventor is M. Joseph Chartrain, a Frenchman. Tests were made with a model of an Atlantic liner twelve feet long and weighing half a ton.

The experts conducting the tests began by driving great holes in the model below the water line with crow-bars. A full-sized ship pierced with holes on the same scale would have sunk in a minute or two. No efforts on the part of the experts could make the model do anything more than settle down an inch or two in the water. The damaged model was tilted right over on its beam ends by great weights, but the moment these were removed it righted itself again.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

SHADOW SHOOTING

Experiment a little with shadow effects. You'll enjoy it.

DID you ever snap shadow pictures? If you haven't you have missed a lot of fun and failed to get some grotesque but fascinating pictures to add interest to your snapshot collection.

Shadow pictures are easy to make, too. The main requisite is a good, strong sun in the late afternoon or early morning. Late afternoon, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before the sun starts gradually to disappear below the horizon, is preferable, for your light is usually stronger at this time and casts deeper and sharper shadows.

The two pictures above are only a couple of examples of the many unusual pictures to be taken with the aid of a strong sun. The picture to the right was the result of an alert amateur's "nose for pictures". As he started down the steps of the elevated train platform—with his always ready camera—says he, "Here *is* a picture", so hurriedly set the diaphragm at *f*.11 and shutter speed at 1/25 of a second and—snap—he had a fine shadow picture. As the man at the bottom of the steps was walking away from the camera a shutter speed of 1/25 of a second was fast enough to stop action and still give the proper exposure.

Obviously the picture to the left was posed but it shows further possibilities for taking unusual shadow pictures. An ideal place for taking shadow pictures is on light colored ground; the cement sidewalk, the street or better yet—on beaches where the light sand accentuates the dark body and outline of the shadow.

You can also get unusual shadow pictures by standing so that your shadow is cast on the side of a building or a house.

Here's one thing to remember. If you take pictures with the shadow cast on a light colored surface the exposure should not be as long as that used in taking pictures with the shadows cast on a dark background. In other words you make your exposure for shadow pictures but little longer than you would for an ordinary snapshot with the same lighting conditions.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.