

### The Georgetown Herald

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher  
Phone 8 Georgetown

#### THIS YEAR IS YOURS

God built and launched this year for you.  
Upon the bridge you stand,  
It is your ship, your own ship,  
And you are in command.  
Just what the twelve months' trip will do.  
Rests wholly, solely, friend with you:  
Your log-book, kept from day to day—  
My friend, what will it show?  
Have you, on your appointed way,  
Made progress—yes or no?  
The log will tell, like guiding star,  
The sort of captain that you are.  
Contrary winds may oft beset—  
Mountainous seas may press,  
Fierce storm prevail and false lights lure.  
You can't may know real stress.  
Yet does God's hand hold fast the helm.  
There's naught can ever your ship overwhelm.  
For weal or woe, this year is yours,  
Your ship is on life's sea,  
Your acts, as captain, must decide  
Whichever it shall be:  
So now in starting on your trip,  
Ask God to help you sail your ship  
—J. Back, in Adult Monthly.

#### THE GREATEST GIFT

A woman's heart is a wonderful thing  
It is made of molten gold.  
'Tis staunch and true  
As the heaven's own blue  
And the love there never grows old  
Within this heart is an endless world  
Of felt but unseen things—  
They live and grow,  
That we may know,  
That love is the king of kings.  
A woman's heart is a safety vault,  
Where you deposit your life,  
Your whole,  
She turns the key  
That none may see,  
And guards it with her soul.  
This same heart is an endless thing,  
It grows and expands with years,  
'Tis tender and strong—  
Forgiving the wrongs  
That bring the bitter tears.  
A woman's heart is the greatest gift  
God ever gave to man.  
'Tis his strength, his life,  
Through sunshine and strife,  
His soul is in her hands.  
I would rather have a woman's heart:  
That the world and all its gold,  
For 'tis staunch and true  
As the heaven's own blue,  
And the love that never grows old.

#### Hardy Family

A town dweller, walking in the country had a conversation with a farm laborer who, after a few minutes, volunteered the information that he was seventy-four.  
"You are remarkably fit for a man of seventy-four," said the town dweller.  
"How old was your father when he died?"  
"Father's not dead," replied the laborer; "there he is in the garden reading the paper to grandfather."

#### Mind Over Matter

He had never struck such a stuffy hotel in his life.  
In vain did he try to sleep. He had endeavored to open the windows before going to bed, but had found them all sealed. He tossed and turned. At last, in desperation, he got out of bed, wrapped a blanket round his hands and smashed a window. Then he breathed deeply, got back into bed, and fell into a deep refreshing sleep.  
Next morning he had to pay two dollars for smashing the wardrobe mirror.

### Big Sister Betty

By RUBY DOUGLAS  
McClure Newspaper Syndicate  
WNU Service.

BETTY JOYCE was a very practical young woman but inasmuch as she had had no training in so-called skilled work, she found it difficult to decide what method should be hers to earn her own living.  
"But it isn't immediate—this need to be economically independent," argued her mother.  
"No—but I am not getting younger. I am merely wasting time and getting discouraged. I have an idea but you will all laugh at me."  
"What is it?"  
"To take what money I have saved up—the few hundreds that I have saved since I was a child and kept my pennies in the red iron bank, my graduation money, Christmas money—you know how I finally got what I have saved. Mother—"

"Yes—but what then?" asked her mother.  
"I'm going to take a lease on the old Craft house—the one with the wide porch overlooking the little lake? Then I'm going to manage to screen it in, equip it with necessities and start an original little day nursery. I hear my friends complaining always that they could do this or that if it were not for the children to take care of."

BETTY'S mother's face was lighting up. "There is no doubt of your making a success of anything that has to do with children, dear. You have a real gift. It has proved a great help to me in bringing up Tom and Viola and Mary."  
Betty was pleased at her mother's approval.

"I shall have kiddie hoops, cribs, tables and chairs, a first-class refrigerator for the milk and feedings of the smaller ones and I shall manage to employ a young girl to help me. I believe I am practical enough to make it pay and I shall charge fifty cents per hour for the entire care and responsibility of a child from one month to three years. I know I can do it and that it will not be long before all the mothers in the town are blessing me. They will have to make their appointments ahead of time so that I shall have room for the kiddies and in this way a mother may go about her individual work or her pleasures with a clear conscience. They will find their babies well cared for and happy. I know it is my forte.

"I shall be known as 'Big Sister Betty,' so as to have an individual way of being known, and I think it will bring me in at least fifteen or twenty dollars a day. The rent of the old place isn't much and the expenses, after I get rid of my first cost, will not be heavy."

Big Sister Betty became a necessity in the town—in fact in the trio of towns lying close together, and there was not a day that there was a vacancy in the cheery nursery by the lakeside.

"Hello," said Betty one morning over the telephone that stood in the pantry where she worked over milk bottles and fruit juices.

"No—I seem not to know you—no—"  
"Oh—" she breathed. "Oh—"  
Then she recovered her poise. "But I don't take them that age," she protested. "And that would be after nursery hours," she continued laughing.

ON THE other end of the telephone stood the mother of the only love Betty had ever known. She and Frank Andrews had been boy and girl sweethearts and, in the way of all such young romance, it had not been without its shadows. They had quarreled and Frank had gone away. Betty, keeping it all to herself, had suffered and not until she had been able to absorb herself in this work, had she been able to find comfort. And now, here was his mother, at his instigation, calling her on the phone to say, jokingly, that she had a son to put in the nursery of "Big Sister Betty."

Betty had always been friendly with Frank's mother and perhaps he thought this a safe way to break the ice.  
"Perhaps your son would like to come and make his own appointment," suggested Betty.  
"That's all he wants—Betty, dear," said the anxious mother.

So if Betty laughed a trifle nervously as she played with the babies, it was because she could hardly wait for the moment when she should look once more into the eyes of the man she loved.  
"At last she found her hand in his. "I have studied medicine since I went away and am ready to settle down to practice anywhere so long as I can have the promise of you to help me, Betty," he said after a long time.

"But—my nursery. I can't give this all up after I have worked so hard to make it a success."  
The man was silent. "Would it not be possible for us to work together? Might we not evolve a plan by which we might both go on with our work and be—happy?"  
"My idea is that one may do anything one really wants to do," said Betty.

"Then—the question is—do you really want to? Do you still love me—Betty?"  
"We'll work together," she made answer.

### WILL YOU BE A WHITE CROSS DRIVER?

A white Cross Driver is a person who is pledged to do his part in saving life and avoiding injury to himself and others.  
He places life and limb before right of way.

#### PLEDGE

He has resolved:  
To be careful all the time when driving a car.  
To keep drink and driving apart.  
To obey the laws regulating the use of motor cars.  
To drive at reasonable and safe speeds at all times.  
To give undivided attention to his driving; to park if he wants to admire scenery or do "window shopping."  
To keep brakes, lights, horn, steering and tires in safe operating condition.  
To watch the car ahead and not follow too closely.  
To keep his own traffic lane except when passing and to pass only when there is a clear, level, straight stretch of road ahead and never on hills or curves.

To think of the car behind and signal his intentions before stopping, slowing or turning, or entering traffic lanes from a parked position; remembering that the driver behind cannot guess what the car ahead will do.  
To slow down at corners, at street intersections and schools and when passing parked cars.  
To come to a full stop and to make sure that the road is clear before entering a through highway.  
To observe road signs and signals.  
To be particularly watchful when passing bicyclists or pedestrians.  
To expect the unexpected at all times, particularly when children are on or near the road.  
To be courteous and considerate of others on the road.  
To drive as he would have others drive and thus by example to encourage others to drive as he does.

#### CANADIAN FISH AND CHEESE CASSEOLE

Place a layer of cooked peas or cooked spinach in the bottom of a large, shallow, greased baking dish. Place on the vegetables a layer of any variety of Canadian fish, using either slices of fish or fillets cut into suitable serving portions. Sprinkle salt and pepper and cooking oil over the fish. Place the dish in a hot oven for six or eight minutes. Then, having a cheese sauce ready, pour it over the fish, sprinkle with fine bread crumbs, dotted with butter, and put the dish back into the oven until the top is nicely browned. The cheese sauce may be made as follows: Melt two tablespoons of butter, blend with it two tablespoons of flour, and add a cup of liquid (a cup of milk or of milk and vegetable water combined), cook the mixture until it is thick and smooth, stirring constantly, and, before removing it from the stove add a half a cup of grated Canadian cheese, and continue to stir the sauce until the cheese is melted.  
Canadian fish are rich in vitamins and health-building minerals and having regard to nutritive value, are among the most nourishing of foods.

#### A Warning

Mrs. Jones (to husband who has ventured to assert himself): "Now Henry, understand once and for all, just because you've been on a 'Tondays' tour in Italy don't get the idea you're a second Mussolini!"

#### The Wretch!

Hubb: "Haven't I always given you my salary cheque on the first of every month?"  
Wife: "Yes, but you never told me you got paid on the first and the fifteenth, you embezzler!"

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

What has become of the comfortable armchairs which used to stand invitingly on the sidewalk in front of most country stores and hotels? asks the Fort Francis Times, and then continues to editorially answer its own question. Mostly they have disappeared in the tempo of the motor age, but the felicity and fellowship for which they stood in the horse-and-buggy days are not forgotten. Tilted back against the wall in one of those rush-bottomed, broad-armed chairs, a man or boy could rest in the shade and watch the world go-by. The custom was conducive to a serene outlook, to unhurried talk, to the spinning of yarns, and to discussion of "most anything from village news to politics and the state of the nation."

If talk tapered down to the weather as the only topic, or if you lounged alone awhile in one of the capacious chairs, you could always whistle and when, of a lazy summer afternoon even that was too much exertion, you could pull your straw hat down over your eyes to keep the flies away and just doze until someone or something came along to awaken you and your tilted chair came down on all four legs with a thud that brought you back to consciousness and conversation.  
City drummers were, as fond of the sidewalk chairs as country folks, and after calling on their customers relaxed an hour or two before the evening train.

### PLAN TO TAKE A BUSINESS COURSE AT SHAW SCHOOLS DAY-NIGHT CORRESPONDENCE

Phone or write for free booklet "Up With the Times." SHAW SCHOOLS, Head Office, 1138 Bay St., Toronto. (K. 2182)

### TELEPHONE TALKS IN THE WATSON FAMILY



### That LONG DISTANCE Habit is Catching!

The Watson youngsters are not merely playing telephone—they are playing Long Distance; for Long Distance is a habit with the Watson family—an inexpensive habit that saves anxiety and helps keep the family together. Let the telephone extend your horizon beyond your immediate neighbourhood. Let it keep you in touch with faraway relatives and friends—the cost is surprisingly small.

Reductions in telephone rates—local and long distance—in 1935, '36 and '37 have effected savings to telephone users in Ontario and Quebec of nearly one million dollars yearly.

## WE NEED YOUR HELP—THIS YEAR! EVERY YEAR!

Needy children from all over the Province are treated regardless of race, creed or financial circumstance.

This policy has been continued for over 60 years in the firm belief that everyone who understands the facts would want this great work to continue... would agree that no Ontario child should be denied a chance for health or escape from deformity if mere money makes the difference.

Over 95% of our beds are in Public Wards.  
The Hospital receives no support from the Toronto Federation for Community Service because patients are accepted from all parts of the Province.

We must therefore appeal to a humane and generous public to take care of an annual deficit... this year it is \$78,930.53.

Please mail a donation to the Appeal Secretary, 67 College Street, Toronto.

The thanks of little children will be your reward.

## The Hospital for Sick Children

This Space Donated by The Georgetown Herald.

### The Georgetown Herald

J. M. MOORE  
Publisher and Proprietor  
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

### C.N.R. TIME TABLE

Table with columns for direction (Going East, West, North, South) and train types (Passenger, Mail, etc.) with corresponding times.

### GRAY COACH LINES

Table showing coach departure times from Georgetown to Eastbound and Westbound destinations.

COACHES LEAVE GEORGETOWN  
Eastbound  
a 7:08 a.m. 4:15 p.m.  
9:28 a.m. 6:50 p.m.  
12:28 p.m. 9:15 p.m.  
Westbound  
(To Kitchener)  
x 8:36 a.m. c 2:55 p.m. xb 8:50 p.m.  
11:20 a.m. a 4:55 p.m. d 11:30 p.m.  
x 1:56 p.m. x 6:56 p.m. e 12:30 a.m.

W. H. LONG  
Phone 89 Georgetown

### DIRECTORY

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Designs on Request - Phone 2048  
Inspect our work in Greenwood  
Cemetery.

Handicapped  
"Poor old Bill! It's so short-sighted 'e's working 'imself to death."  
"Wol's 'is short sight got to do 'im in."  
"Well, 'e can't see when the boss ain't looking, so 'e 'as to keep on shovelling all the time!"