

### The Georgetown Herald

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**J. M. MOORE, Publisher**  
Phone 8 Georgetown

### Johnny's Iron Horse

By ALICE V. LINDLEY  
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WNU Service.

THINGS in Rawlins were progressing smoothly. That little town was the fortunate possessor of an exceptionally strong limb of the law. A fat, kind-eyed man was its sheriff, and while a student in physiognomy would not have been fooled by the fat one's apparent clumsiness, many a bad hombre had stopped a bullet before realizing his mistake. Then, too, right now the sheriff had a new deputy, who, due to the fact that he had tracked and captured a gang of marauders on foot far up in the hills, had come to be known as the Walkin' Deputy. Stories of his cleverness and nerve had been broadcast up and down the country, and just at present people with questionable characters seemed to have an almost superstitious fear of Rawlins.

For this respite the sheriff would have been duly thankful if it had not been for the peculiar actions of his new deputy. On the average of twice a week the Walkin' Deputy slicked down his hair, adjusted his tie and polished his boots, while the sheriff looked on with a mixture of curiosity and disgust.

"I bet you're sparkin' a gal, Johnny," he accused one night, after watching this procedure in silence several times in the vain hope of an explanation from his deputy.

"Yes, sir, I bet you're sparkin' a gal. Never did have any luck with deputes, nobow. Take Ed Starks, fer instance. He went 'n' died with the measles. Forty-two years old he was, too. Then there was Tom Hobson—he went to New York and got jailed. It was all in the papers, and he ain't been back home since. You can see fer yerself how it is with Fred Dawson. Married to that tongue-lashin' female Matilda. Nope, I ain't never had no luck with deputes. I thought you was goin' to be different, son—the sheriff's voice was pathetic, though his eyes twinkled—"but here you are, keepin' me all riled up stoppin' fights over that Iron Horse of yours, while you go sparkin'."

Old Mark Adams rode into town, leaving a trail of dust and profanity behind him, loudly demanding the sheriff. It was Johnny, however, who heard the details of the rustling going on up in Adams' section of the country.

That night, at the appointed hour, the Walkin' Deputy departed in state, leaving behind a disappointed sheriff.

"Thought sure he'd stay in town tonight, 'count of that rustlin' business. Wonder who that gal is, anyways. He heads in Mark Adams' direction, but I can't recollect no young gal out thataway."

About 10 o'clock the Walkin' Deputy emerged from a little white cottage far up in the hills and walked confidently over to his flivver. It was two miles farther down the trail that he felt something pressed against his back.

"You just stop that flivver, young feller," came a voice out of the darkness. "They's two of us joy ridin' in the back seat if you don't obey orders careful like. We ain't used to this buggy ridin' and we don't want no monkeyshines. We know why you been hangin' 'round that place up near old man Adams. You sure are a pretty smart Alec, like we been hearin', but you can't fool two old duffers like us. So we just decided to let you take a permanent vacation from this land of sorrows and worries, and, whew!!"

Johnny's active brain had taken in the situation quickly. These fellows thought he knew something and had already decided to dispose of him. Well, he had one chance—

Sliding far down in the seat, with a quick movement he stepped hard on the gas, sending the Iron Horse forward with a mighty jerk, straight toward the roughest section of country in that section.

Threats, curses, prayers, moans came from the back seat, while Johnny hung on to the wheel praying all the while that the car would hold together.

"When you got enough just throw them guns out," he ordered over his shoulder, "and sit up straight and pretty, or I'll make this thing do tricks Henry Ford never taught it."

"Them guns is gone," came a shaky voice from the rear seat. Then the voice rose to a wail. "For the love of Mik, stop this crazy rattletrap."

"All right, you joy riders," called Johnny. "Just remember there's more gas in this thing and, anyways, I got you covered now."

A few nights later the Walkin' Deputy and the Iron Horse, the latter not looking any the worse for its encounter with the rustlers, took their usual trail out of town.

"Tain't right to follow a gent when he goes to see his gal," remarked the sheriff to a couple of cow punchers who had been watching the Iron Horse out of sight. They looked at each other a moment, then with one accord each man went for his horse.

Later three men came in, sight of a flivver outlined in the moonlight against a white cottage. They dismounted and peered through a window. What they saw was the Walkin' Deputy deeply interested in a game of checkers. Opposite him sat a little old lady, her gray hair shining in the lamplight.

"Gosh!" breathed the sheriff. Three men mounted and silently rode away.

### "LISTENING IN"

Many complaints have been heard in regard to "listening in" on telephone conversations, especially on party lines, but no concrete solution has been put forward to solve the difficulty, and very little can be done about it. Of course, it is annoying to telephone companies as well as their subscribers, but what can be done about it unless a code of ethics could be adopted for telephone eavesdroppers? This fine sport (?) has been regarded with suspicion and distrust for years and, when it has been mentioned at all, has been alluded to with contempt. Persons who indulge in it are stricken with a moderate sense of shame when other persons who probably have participated in the practice themselves, rail against such means of accumulating information.

Personally, from considerable journalistic experience, we are in favor of the person who hangs an ear on the party line. On numerous occasions we have called parties in the country, and been unable to reach them, only to have some well-meaning neighbor explain where the party had gone and often vouchsafe the information we sought. Bless them, say we. We have never yet been sufficiently foolish to offer any confidential information, or seek it, over the telephone, and what we have talked about with our friends on circuits used by a neighborhood might just as well have been heard by all the users of that circuit, for it was intended for publication, anyway.

But there is a decent limit to that sort of thing; not so much in the amount of eavesdropping through the receiver, but in the manner which it is accomplished. We suggest that no right-thinking housewife would send her child to the phone to catch the local gossip, particularly when the child repeats what she or he hears to the parties engaged in conversation, and to others who are taking an interest in the call.

Some enthusiasts are much more polite in their behaviour. They put their hand over the transmitter and ease the receiver off the hook with as much care as though they were handling eggs. But almost invariably they overlook a ticking clock, a radio, or some other noise that betrays their presence on the line.

Such another type yanks the receiver off and makes a pretense of believing that their own number was called. When assured that they were not wanted, they cheerfully leave the receiver off and prepare to take part in the ensuing conversation. If any of this type of listener usually breathes very heavily into the transmitter, and provides quite a lot of static.

The perfect technique, research has proved, is to place the right hand flat across the mouth-piece of the phone, stand well to the left of the

phone, hold the hook down with the little finger of the left hand, remove the receiver from the hook with the other fingers of the same hand, and then allow the hook to rise. Care should be taken that, once the hook has established contact with the line, the entire phone should not be touched with anything hard, and the right hand should be kept perfectly still, to avoid scraping sounds. The hook should be pulled down with the finger before the receiver is replaced, when the listener has heard enough of the conversation in progress.

In this way the eavesdropper may take part in all conversations on the line without causing undue inconvenience to the parties holding the conversation, and may frequently get in on something without the conversing parties knowing that she or he is doing so. The right hand, or he is doing so, does not necessarily muffle all noise occurring in the home of the party listening in, but at least tones it down sufficiently that it does not interfere with the remarks of the parties calling.

Telephone users can accept these tips for what they are worth, but with discretion, and in the spirit in which this article was written.—Exchange.

### STILL OFFING THE PUBLIC

That it pays to buy at home where the local merchant stands behind the goods he sells was again painfully brought home to those Chesley citizens who made purchases of apples late last fall from a gyping visitor from over Meaford way. The dishonest vendor blew into town with a truck-load of apples which he was clearing out at bargain price per barrel. In every case the first few layers were of average-sized apples but further down they were nothing but mere runts and decidedly scrubby. Another case of being cheated by buying off the truck has been reported to us, only this time rows of paper had been stuffed in lower down in the barrel. If it isn't these so-called "smuggled" Persian rugs, which are nothing but cheap fakes, trucked-in apples or what-have-you, it's some other attempt being made to palm off a bunch of junk, and we pass along the foregoing information for the benefit of our readers who would be much better off dealing with reliable merchants in their own town than with these fly-by-night birds who are out to trim you every time.—Chesley Enterprise.

### The Georgetown Herald

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

### C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	7:10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:08 a.m.
Passenger	6:40 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9:17 p.m.
Passenger, Sundays only	7:13 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8:34 a.m.
Passenger	2:24 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:52 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11:19 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8:45 a.m.
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Going South

Mail and Passenger	6:52 p.m.
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### TIME TABLE GRAY COACH LINES

COACHES LEAVE GEORGETOWN

Eastbound

a 7:08 a.m.	4:15 p.m.
9:28 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
12:28 p.m.	9:15 p.m.

Westbound (To Kitchener)

x 8:35 a.m.	c 2:55 p.m.	xb 8:50 p.m.
11:20 a.m.	s 4:45 p.m.	d 11:35 p.m.
x 1:55 p.m.	x 7:00 p.m.	e 12:35 a.m.

x—Through to London  
a—Except Sun. and Hol.; b—Sun. and Hol.; c—Sat.; d—Except Sat., Sun. and Hol.; e—Sat., Sun. and Hol.

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# Georgetown Herald

Phone No. 8 Main Street

**LENT**

Lent gathers up her cloak of sombre shading  
In her reluctant hands.  
Her beauty heightens, fairest in its fading,  
As pensively she stands  
Awaiting Easter's benediction failing,  
Like silver stars at night,  
Before she can obey the summons calling  
Her to her upward flight.  
Awaiting Easter's wings that she must borrow  
Ere she can hope to fly—  
Those glorious wings that we shall see tomorrow  
Against the far, blue sky.  
Has not the purple of her vesture's lining  
Brought calm and rest to all?  
Has her dark robe had naught of golden shining  
Been naught but pleasure's pall?  
Who knows? Perhaps when to the world returning  
In youth's light joyousness,  
We'll wear some rarer jewels we found burning  
In Lent's black bordered dress.  
So hand in hand with fitful March she lingers  
To beg the crowning grace  
Of lifting with her pure and holy fingers  
The veil from April's face.  
Sweet, rosy April—laughing, singing,  
Waiting,  
Until the gateway swings,  
And Lent and she can kiss between the grating  
Of Easter's bliss.  
Too brief the bliss the parting comes with sorrow.  
Good-bye, dear Lent good-bye!  
We'll watch your fading wings, outlined tomorrow  
Against the far blue sky.  
—Pauline Johnson.

**FREED 300 ELK**

Nearly 300 wapiti are being set free in the wooded lakelands of north-western Alberta. Not that these fortunate elk have been in very severe confinement. Their lifetime home has been Elk Island National Park, 25 miles east of Edmonton. This game preserve, though fenced, is 51 square miles in extent, large enough to give its inmates every opportunity to follow their natural ways of life free from every dangerous foe.

At last reports the Elk Island range was supporting more than 2,000 elk, about the same number of buffalo, nearly 1,000 moose and several hundred deer. The available pasturage being overtaxed by the rapid growth of the herds, many of the surplus animals must be transferred or otherwise disposed of. The elk's new home is in the Whitecourt area north of the Athabaska River. Though unconfined, the liberated animals will, of course, be carefully watched and guarded from both human and four-footed killers as much as possible. A guardian will see that they have ample food in winter time.

A generation ago the magnificent North American wapiti, satellite of all the deer people, was threatened with extinction. But now his numbers have been increasing again in strictly protected areas. This Alberta venture, seeking to build an elk herd in an area outside the confines of the national parks, will be watched with interest by game conservationists. Some of the surplus moose may be set loose also.—W. J. Banks.

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Mr. Brown was interviewing an applicant for the position of caretaker.  
Mr. Brown—"How long were you in your last place?"  
Applicant—"A month."  
Mr. Brown—"That's not long. And the place before that?"  
Applicant—"Two weeks."  
Mr. Brown—"Not so good. And the place before that?"  
Applicant—"There wasn't no time before that, sir, I got off with a fine."