

The Georgetown Herald

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher
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PIPE TOBACCO

MILD SOFT SMOKE

Spring is Just Around the Corner

Now is the time to have your car put in first-class condition. Ask us for an estimate. Work guaranteed.

**Gas, Oil and Lubricants
Tires and Batteries**

— ART SCOTT —

Shell Service Station
AT MONUMENT

PHONE 161 GEORGETOWN

BORROWING AT THE BANK
to operate more profitably

FARMING, DAIRYING, STOCK RAISING—and other lines of agricultural business often need improvements or new equipment, to stop waste and make better profits. Good managers in every line of business know where small expenditures would increase efficiency and profits. If they can spare the money from their working capital, they will spend it promptly for such purposes. If they have good security, but not the ready cash, they will wisely borrow.

Wherever, in Canada, agricultural business is carried on, there is a branch of the Bank of Montreal, acquainted with local needs and conditions, ready to consider applications for loans for such constructive purposes.

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
"a bank where small accounts are welcome"

Georgetown Branch: J. R. SMITH, Manager

MODERN, EXPERIENCED BANKING SERVICE... the Outcome of 120 Years' Successful Operation

FRIENDSHIP

I'm richer far than Croesus, that wealthy king old;
I envy not the Midas whose touch turned things to gold;
I count not my possessions in money or in land,
In navies, planes or armies that move at my command.

My wealth is much more real than any of these things;
It's quality is constant and full enjoyment brings.
I never have to worry for it will all ways stay.

When other kinds of riches take wings and fly away.

This wealth consists of friendships—the greatest gift on earth;
And as for other treasures, none can compare for worth.

They are my greatest assets, these friendships true and tried,
That stand life's strain and turmoil, the storms of time and tide.

That man is poor and wretched who is not blessed with friends—
The only sort of riches on which real joy depends;
Through poverty and sickness, through sorrow, loss, and pain,
The real friend never changes from year to year the same.

—H. W. Barker.

ESSENTIALS

Roll up your sleeves, lad, and begin;
Disarm misfortune with a grin;
Let discontent not wag your chin—
Let gratitude.

Do not try to find things all askew;
Don't be afraid of what is new;
Nor banish as unsound, untrue,
A platitude.

If folks don't act as you would choose,
Remember life is varied;
Your common sense; don't get the blues;
Show latitude.

Sing though in quavering sharps and flats
Love though the folks you love are cats,
Work though you're worn and weary—
That's the attitude.

—St. Clair Adams.

She (gushingly) — "Will you love me when I am old?"
He — "Love you? I shall idolize you. I shall worship the ground under your little feet. I shall — um — em — you are not going to look and act like your mother, are you?"

CORRECTING WRONG IDEAS OF RELIGION

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson, March 27, 1938.

GOLDEN TEXT: "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. Mark 7: 6.

LESSON PASSAGE: Mark 7: 1-13.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

Suspicion Sentiments, 12.

The more we study the Pharisees, the more we recognize how easy it is to slip into similar habits of mind. Our nation, or our denomination may become so dear to us that we are blinded to the merits of other traditions and customs. The Pharisees had high standards and made heroic efforts to live up to them, but in so doing they became intolerant of others. By magnifying incidentals to the size of essentials they became unable to appreciate the good qualities of others different from themselves. How do we judge others? Do we take as our standards social position, education, religious grouping? Are we able to appreciate the virtues of those outside our own set? Does the phrase "the lower classes" ever slip from our tongues or do we ever reveal our sense of superiority by speaking even jocularly of "the great unwashed"? Are we so self-confident in our superiority that we cannot see our own peculiarities? The Pharisees were so engrossed in their political and religious code that they could not recognize the moral grandeur of Christ. At the worst Christ's disciples only ate bread without washing their hands, not a very grave moral fault, but enough to cause suspicion in the minds of the Pharisees.

Points of View, 3, 4.

There is much to be said for the washing hands and cooking utensils and table linen if the motive be cleanliness and health. The germ theory of disease lends added sanction to this, but the Pharisees performed their ablutions through racial and religious exclusiveness. When they went to market, and breathed the same air as Gentiles or outcast Jews, they felt defiled and would not eat until they were ceremonially clean again. Do we ever have points of view like that, politically, for instance, or denominationally. At the ecumenical conferences held in Oxford and Edinburgh last year, the delegates were all first rather classified by differences in vestments, but as they thought and worshipped together they found that their agreements far outweighed their differences and a spirit of unity developed. The Pharisees had much in common with all Jews, the native land, the capital city of Jerusalem, the Temple, the Old Testament scriptures, ties of blood, tradition, national heroes, faith and even dangers. These were great realities appealing to patriotism and spiritual devotion, but the Pharisees allowed themselves to be separated from their brethren by details that to us appear now to be trivialities. Such is the divisible power of a point of view.

LIPS AND HEART, 5, 6.

Hypocrisy is a spiritual disease. Isaiah exposed the inconsistency of religious leaders who made a great outward show of piety but who privately were hard hearted and self-seeking. When the Pharisees asked Christ why his disciples did not observe ceremonial traditions closely, the Master recalled the saying of Isaiah in a parallel circumstance: "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." The Pharisees were thinking of other

things than those they spoke about. What distressed them really was not that the disciples were ceremonially careless but that Christ challenged their traditional discipline. They could not face. Their words did not conceal the accusation sent in their minds. Christ understood perfectly the actual cause of their criticism and antagonism. They were judging Christ because his spirit convicted them. He saw their divided lives. Are we much more concerned about what people hear us say than about what we really are?

Tradition, 7, 8.

A good tradition is morally helpful. There is vast value in the British traditions such as "play the game," or "take it on the chin." There are traditions woven into our folk lore such as "women and children first" that have often led to the noblest heroism. Some traditions, however, become outworn and outlive their usefulness. Buttons are worn on coatsleeves though the reason for being there has long disappeared. Getting married on hogmanay substitutes a very solemn contract to a festive occasion. Certain religious practices are observed from which the vitality has long since gone. We need to evaluate traditions, preserve the good in them and break out of line with progress. The tradition of patriotism once led to enlistment of soldiers for warfare but with modern mechanized, military methods there may need to be a new tradition established against war. The totalitarian state demands unquestioning obedience. A tradition of unthinking devotion is established, but followers of Christ place the law of God higher than the law of man and hold rights of conscience to be higher than social custom.

Pious Subterfuge, 9-13.

People reveal their real characters in money matters. They may sing patriotic songs lustily but do they declare purchases accurately at the customs office? They may spend money freely on sports or pleasures, but do they work free clinics or draw relief irregularly? There has to be constant supervision to prevent short measures and light weights. The money test reveals the character weakness. In religion too, church members will join in singing hymns full of passion for justice and brotherhood and yet indirectly tempt and tempt to swindle and unethical trade practices. Jesus even discovered pious people consecrating their property to God in order to escape the natural duty of supporting their parents; thus did they violate the fifth commandment and filial duty. Neglect of parents was bad enough but to escape it by the subterfuge of piety was sheer hypocrisy. It may be mentioned that though Jesus left no estate, on the cross he made provision for the support of his mother.

Questions for Discussion

1. Am I suspicious of others?
2. Is my mind closed by a point of view?
3. Are my words better than my thoughts?
4. Is my social attitude traditional or unconventional?
5. Does the profit motive ever make me deceptive?

WILLYS AVERAGES 42.6 MILES GALLON

A 14-day continuous driving test in which 7,712.5 miles were covered by a 1938 Willys stock Sedan entirely within the metropolitan area of Miami, Florida, has just been completed by W. D. "Buddy" Bolton, with an average of 42.6 miles per gallon of gasoline, according to word received here today by David R. Wilson, president of Willys-Overland Motor Inc.

While the car halted for refueling, the engine was never stopped during the 14-day test, which was made under the official supervision of Miami's South Florida Motor Club, an affiliate of the American Automobile Association.

Bolton, who holds the United States non-stop endurance record of 188 hours, was relieved for eight hours each day in the Miami test by Cal Williams.

The oil was not changed during the test and the official certification by the motor club shows that only 14 1/2 pints of oil was consumed during the 336-hours of continuous engine operation.

Only 189.93 gallons of gasoline were consumed at a total cost of \$46.68, or 610ths of one cent per mile. Despite warm weather only three pints of water were consumed during the two-weeks continuous running. No repairs were required during the test.

The record achieved in this test, which according to Bolton is a new high for a combined endurance and economy drive, is especially outstanding since routes covered by the car were confined to city streets of Miami during the season when traffic was at its height.

Only another record added to the increasing list of economy achievements made by Willys during the past year, records that no other standard car has been able to equal.

Tests in which thousands of Willys owners participated throughout the United States last summer showed an average of 43.8 miles per gallon and similar high mileage results have been obtained in a series of other official tests.

ONTARIO DIVORCES STEADILY INCREASE

Divorces granted to Ontario residents have shown an almost steady increase since 1913, according to statistics released at Ottawa. In 1913 there were 20 divorces. Last year Ontario courts granted divorces to 607.

Final decrees given by the Senate increased from 20 in 1913 to 207 in 1930, when jurisdiction was given Ontario courts. The following year during change from federal to provincial authority divorces dropped to 90.

In 1932 the figures resumed the steady increase shown prior to the change of authority. There were 341 that year. In 1933, divorces dropped to 204, but increased to 358 in 1934. There was a further increase in 1935 with 463 divorces granted. In 1936 519 final decrees were secured by Ontario residents.

Coals of Fire

By FLORENCE MARIE DRAKE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

"FACIAL!"

Edna May grinned a cheerful dismissal to Miss Cummings and approached her 10th customer of the day. It was really Miss Cummings' turn, of course, but it was almost 5:30, and Joe would be waiting outside in his rakish runabout.

Edna May hurried happily to herself as she shook out the fresh cover-all apron and selected the towels for the hot applications. She was comparing Joe, with his florid face and wilted collar, to crisp, well-bought Jim. Nothing wilted about him! No, sir! Still, Cummings seemed to like Joe. Funny world!

She was almost glad Jimmy was not coming for her tonight. She felt a shy, delicious thrill in missing him. Tomorrow he would come, all the more glad to see her since that out-of-town friend kept him tonight. The creams were ready and the violet ray apparatus was adjusted. Edna May turned to her customer, her manner briskly professional.

"Good looking wave," she noted with the instinct of the professional hairdresser. "Natural, too."

And then, for a second, her hands stayed their brisk massaging as her eyes met those of her customer in the mirror. She recognized her now, of course.

Jim's "girl back home!"

There were pictures of her in that old album of his, taken on canoeing trips, on picnics, at ball games, and at the county fair. Jim had told Edna May something of their times together. She was suddenly certain of the identity of his out-of-town guest.

"Live here!" she ventured, trying to make her voice impersonal, like that of a masseuse talking casually to pass away the time.

"No, I've come rather far," she confessed, "for a very special occasion."

Edna May bent her head a bit lower. She was glad that the other girl had closed her eyes and could not see the dark flush that reddened her cheeks. Customers sometimes waxed very confidential, especially about "very special occasions." The little beauty doctor fairly prayed that this one would not grow confidential about her Jim!

Her Jim! What a fool she must have been to fancy for a moment that he had forgotten the girl back home! He had jested about the old attachment, it is true, and she had thought—

Well, she was, anyhow, doing her best to make the other girl attractive for Jim; Jim, who had poked fun at her little beauty parlor, who detested the artificiality of it, even while he applauded the spirit of independence that prompted her to carry on; Jim, who hated any pretense or artificiality in anything or anyone.

A sudden naughty thought possessed Edna May. She had nearly finished the massage—the rouge pot stood there, close by. A tiny daub of rouge, there, near the ear, where it would escape her customer's hurried inspection, yet would stand out—a telltale against the natural coloring of her cheek; Edna May hated herself as she whisked the powder puff over the other girl's skin, leaving a malicious little smudge just below the ear, out of range of the mirror; yet, some little imp of jealousy urged her on, and the thought of Jimmy's avowed disgust at the use of rouge.

A second's suspense, and the trick had passed. Her customer was out of the chair, putting on her wraps.

At the door, she paused, with the same friendly smile as before.

"The occasion is very special," she said. "You may be interested to know that I am going to be married tonight."

She was gone. Edna May leaned against the empty chair, her world very desolate. The thing she had done was petty, of course, and she felt helpless and childish before this new turn of affairs. Thinking to stop a wedding with a daub of paint.

Wearily she went about the routine of closing shop, trying to picture Jimmy married, gone out of her world. Why, it would be like losing her ballast in life; like losing everything.

In her pain she had no thought of blame for him yet, but only the knowledge she had been petty, and that now she could never make it up. She avoided her own gaze in the mirrors that were all about her.

Yet that would never do! Her self-respect was more precious than anything else. For she was the one person whom she could never escape. She must phone Jim what she had done. He would never understand—no man ever would. But she would play square this time with him.

"Hello, Jimmy? Yes, this is Edna May. I called you—that is, I want to tell you—well, it happened this way! She came up here, Jimmy, and she told me. And I knew how you hated such things. And I just couldn't help it—honestly I couldn't. What? Tired? No, I'm all right. I tell you I just want to tell you how it happened. Jimmy, I can't bear to spoil your day if you are happy—and—What? Crying? No—of course not. It doesn't make any difference to me—only I just can't bear to have you think—What? Hysterical? Go home and go to bed? Theater tomorrow night! But, Jimmy, how can you talk so of your own wedding? Not yours? Your own best man? O-h-h, Jimmy!"

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	10:06 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	8:40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9:17 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only	7:13 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8:54 a.m.
Passenger	2:24 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:52 p.m.
Passenger	12:25 a.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 7:06 a.m.	4:15 p.m.
9:28 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
12:29 p.m.	9:15 p.m.

Westbound
(To Kitchener)

x 9:35 a.m.	c 2:55 p.m.	xb 8:50 p.m.
11:20 a.m.	a 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.

BUS DEPOT

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Phone 29 Georgetown

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Watts—"Don't judge a married man too harshly because he flirts with a waitress."
Catts—"Why not?"
Watts—"Well, he may be only playing for larger steaks."
Socialist Father—"What do you mean by playing truant; what makes you stay away from school?"
Son—"Class hatred, father."