

The Georgetown Herald

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher
Phone 8 Georgetown

DOES IT PAY?

Does it pay, I wonder, to toll for gold
Till the back is bowed and bent,
Till the heart is old and the hair is white,
And life's best days are spent,
Till the eyes are blind with the yellow dust,
That we strive for day by day,
Till all we hear is the coin's dull clink,
I wonder does it pay?

Does it pay, I wonder, to strive for naught
But the pleasure life will give,
To dance all night and dream all day,
To be merry while we live,
To work and worry and fume and fret,
Over what we shall wear to-day,
What we shall eat and what we drink,
I wonder does it pay?

Does it pay, I wonder, to give our strength,
The treasures of heart and brain,
The gift of the gods and the skill of hand,
For that which brings no gain,
To labor for that which is bread alone,
And the things that pass away,
Till the heart is full of an aching void,
I wonder does it pay?

Does it pay, I wonder, to never stop
In the ceaseless rush and care
And list to the song of birds and brook,
Or wander through woodlands fair,
To never think of what lies beyond
The narrow sphere of to-day,
Till the new life dawns on our untried souls,
I wonder does it pay?

END OF A STRANGE CAREER

Tony Okend called himself "the hobo millionaire."
He carried \$1000 bills in his pocket, laid out cash for 12-cylinder motor cars and married a blond Chicago manicure girl.
Tony died last month at Miami, Fla., and the shreds of his strange career — 50 years a laborer, five years a millionaire — have been pieced together.
Tony Okend left his native Lithuania 35 years ago and worked as a railroad worker around Chicago before coming to Canada.
Tony was attending his trapline beside Long Lac, in northwestern Ontario, when along about 1925 his heel scraped back a patch of moss, and Tony was staring at quartz that glittered — pale gold!
When prospectors quietly invaded his country in 1932 Tony watched them narrowly.
He got to know Tom A. Johnston, an expert mining engineer and prospector.
Together they went to Tony's spot beside the lake and staked twelve claims.
The rich Long Lac Gold Mine was discovered.
Just like that, Tony Okend became a millionaire.
He bought a 10-acre estate at Oakville beside Lake Ontario, and put up a \$7000 fence to keep stray dogs off the property.
He got two twelve-cylinder motor cars and a huge speedboat.
As a joke he used to tender a \$1000 bill to his barber, after a shave and ask for the change.
"Have you heard? Smith is in the hospital."
"Really—how is that?"
"His dog bit him."
"But it was such a faithful hound."
"Yes, but one night Smith arrived home sober and the dog didn't recognize him."

"Patsy Adjusts Matters"

By SARAH E. MCGAHEY
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

"IT IS just as well that your firm has decided to pay its clerks by check hereafter, as I have never felt very safe in handing out a lot of money to the young women from your office when they called for the payroll—large payrolls are attracting thieves these days." The teller of the Merchants' National Bank smiled pleasantly at Margaret Beirne as he cashed her first check under the new office rule.

Margaret blushed. It was many a day since anyone had called her "young." "Thirty—young! It was nice of that teller, though, to think of her risk in carrying the payroll. Not many these days gave much thought to anybody except themselves. As she walked slowly homeward she felt she must be getting "mushy" to let a few considerate words from a mere business acquaintance make such an impression on her.

Life was getting terribly monotonous, just the same. The same old routine, day in and day out! How did others stand it? Hadn't she acted as mentor, chaparron and confidante to nearly a hundred girls, who had passed in and out under her supervision over a large number of girls in a mercantile house? Hadn't she given encouragement and a helping hand whenever needed? She wasn't throwing any bouquets at herself, either, when she admitted that she had done all these things.

Just now there was a new girl—Patricia Smith. The blondest girl she had ever seen—almost too attractive for a business office. She had been with them now for almost six months, and the readiness with which she took every suggestion and correction showed her eagerness to make good. She hadn't any mother, either, poor kid! Well, just another responsibility! Maybe she'd be thanked for it, maybe not.

With Patricia's advent the inevitable had happened. Nearly every single man in the outer office had found an excuse to visit the inner office, to consult Miss Beirne on matters about which they couldn't be told a thing. Patricia Smith kept her eyes on her book at such times and raced through her letters.

It rained hard the following night and she was hurrying out just behind Patsy when she noticed a green roadster, which swept the curb just as Patsy reached it, and a man's voice called out:

"Come along, kid—don't you know it's raining?"

Patsy tossed her head and kept on her way, but Miss Beirne walked finger at the traffic officer in the middle of the street.

"See that policeman?" she said sternly. "If ever I see you or your roadster around here again, I'll call him."

"So you're Miss Beirne! I've heard a lot about you," the young man said with a laugh, as he darted into the traffic.

The day came when Miss Beirne sadly felt it her duty to tell Patsy she had gone as far as she could get in that particular office.

"Stay here as long as you like," she told her, "but my advice is to get into an accountant's position in the banks or bonding houses, where you'll have a better future."

"As long as I work, I'm going to stay right here," said Patsy, decidedly.

Returning home from the public library several nights later, Miss Beirne got caught in a traffic jam just long enough to glimpse Patsy Smith in a luxurious limousine, resplendent in an evening gown of orchid velvet, with a glittering bandeau drawn low on her forehead.

The attentive young man of the green roadster was with her.

It was such a shock that she lay awake half the night thinking up a way to diplomatically approach Patsy and show her the folly of being seen about with a man so evidently not of her work-a-day world.

"Patsy," she began solemnly the next morning, "I'm going to speak to you just as your mother would."

"I'm glad of that, and I hope you will be my mother some day," was the unexpected reply of Patsy. "You like my father, don't you?"

"Why, child, I don't even know your father," said the startled Miss Beirne.

"You've talked a terrible lot about him," murmured Patsy.

"I've talked to you about no man," protested Miss Beirne, indignantly, "except, perhaps, that teller at the Merchants."

Patsy nodded.

"That's who I mean. He chose this office for me to demonstrate my ability to earn my own living should I ever have to—I'm to leave when my year is up and marry Bobby Burns. 'Member the night you threatened Bobby with a policeman?" Patsy laughed. "You should have heard 'my father laugh when I told him about it!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" asked Miss Beirne, reproachfully, striving wildly to remember some of the things she had said to Patsy.

"I wanted you to like me for myself, and not altogether because of father. Don't worry! He talks about you the same way you talk about him."

"Roger Smith your father!"

"He's my dad," laughed Patsy.

KINDNESS TO STRAY ANIMALS

One morning a kind-hearted woman opened her kitchen door to find a shaggy, ill-kept dog sitting huddled on the door-step. He shivered in the cold wind and looked up at her with hungry eyes. Mrs. Smith, herself a devoted friend to animals, immediately turned back into the kitchen and prepared a pan of food and another of warm milk and calling the dog, took them to the garage where he could eat his breakfast protected from the raw wind.

Mrs. Smith had noticed that the dog did not wear a collar and so felt certain he was without a home or owner. She hated to see the dog sent to the pound for lack of a license and yet she felt she could not keep him for she already had a dog of her own. Besides, her home, a busy street in a city is not the ideal place to keep a big shepherd collie.

"He ought to be on a farm where there are plenty of room to run," Mrs. Smith said to herself, realizing that there might be several farmers in that vicinity who would be only too glad to give the dog a home—if they knew about him. Suddenly, the idea came to Mrs. Smith to place a small ad in the local paper asking for a good home for this stray dog.

However, she waited a day to see if the dog would remain with her and if anyone might call to claim him.

The dog was only too glad to remain and showed how grateful he was for his warm home and the good meals by the expression in his eyes and the friendly wag of his tail. After two days had passed and she had not been able to learn of an owner, she placed her ad in the newspapers. For a small sum she found the paper would print her request in two different editions; but before the second paper appeared people began to call at her home to ask for the dog. Among the various applicants Mrs. Smith chose to give him to a kind-looking farmer with a family of boys and girls. The big dog seemed to take an immediate liking to the man and his little girl who accompanied him. Seeing this, Mrs. Smith felt the transaction would be a good one—the dog would get a good home and the farmer a good dog.

Several weeks later this kind lady had the opportunity of visiting at the farm to see how dog and master were getting along. What she saw more than repaid her for the effort on her part in securing the home. The dog's coat was no longer rough, his brown eyes had lost their hunted look and his lean body was beginning to show the result of "good food." Too, the farmer praised the dog, his quickness in learning to bring the cows from the pasture and in keeping the chickens out of the yard and garden. The three boys and two girls and the dog had formed a mutual admiration society!

Mrs. Smith's kindness to this stray animal is but an example of helping "one of the least of these." With just a little effort on the part of men, women, boys and girls everywhere, many of the stray animals who come to our doors, asking only for the right to live and the bit of shelter and food necessary for life, could be provided with good homes where they could spend their days contentedly, many of them very useful to their master and mistress—Lola M. Marmon, in "Our Dumb Animals."

Keep your eyes open before marriage; half shut afterwards.

HOUSES WITH SHUTTERS TO KEEP JUMBLES OUT

The people of Dominica — that happy isle in the British West Indies reached by the Canadian National Steamships — are happy, gentle and childlike and their lives are made up of laughter and forgettings, explains Miss Eleanor Early, authoress of "Ports of the Sun," who recently spent several months there. "They are eager to believe that the world is good, and their island has the charm of a vanished world."

Miss Early had a servant named Missy who had an antique hand-carved mahogany bed with four high posts and canopy of fine hand-made lace, but she sold it for four dollars. Miss Early says it was probably worth 50 times as much. But Missy had her heart set on an iron bed with a brass ball on every corner and casters on the legs.

Good cooks in Dominica, Miss Early says, come as high as \$1.50 a week. House maids get 25 cents and up, and house boys the same. The houses have beautiful thatched roofs and glassless windows, with shutters to keep the jumbles out. Jumbles, she explains, are evil spirits that fly around in the dark.

Wife: "I'm convinced you only married me because my father left me all his money."
Husband: "I didn't care a darn who left you the money."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The best method of cleaning fabric lampshades is to brush with a soft brush until all the dust has been removed. Parchment shades can be wiped clean with a soft cloth.

Recessed mirrored shelves in a small dining room are both decorative and useful and add a modern touch.

Aluminum, though it is affected by acids and alkalis, is easily cleaned with fine steel wool. It bends quickly, holds the heat, wears well, is light and not too expensive.

One of the quickest, simplest and best enjoyed first course appetizers is a halved grapefruit or Ugli fruit. Garnish centre with marachino or mint cherry.

Ever tried combining peanut butter with mashed bananas for a sandwich filling? The children—and the grown-ups too—will beg for more.

Give spinach an air of elegance and piquancy of flavor by serving it with Hollandaise sauce. And don't forget the garnish of hard-boiled egg slices.

Road maps tell a motorist everything he wants to know except how to fold them up again.

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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	10:00 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:40 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	2:34 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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GRAY COACH LINES

COACHES LEAVE GEORGETOWN

Eastbound	
7:08 a.m.	4:15 p.m.
9:26 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
12:26 p.m.	9:15 p.m.

Westbound	
(To Kitchener)	
x 9:35 a.m.	c 2:55 p.m.
x 11:20 a.m.	c 4:45 p.m.
x 1:55 p.m.	x 7:00 p.m.
	c 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.

W. H. LONG

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