

### The Georgetown Herald

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher  
Phone 8 Georgetown

#### FRIENDS

We do not make our friends—we find them only,  
Where they have waited for us weary years;  
Some day we wander forth a little lonely,  
When lo, a comrade at our side appears.  
'Tis not discovery—'tis recognition—  
A glance, a greeting, and we grasp the hand,  
No explanation needed, no condition,  
Then we are friends at once we understand.  
And if our paths divide, if we must sever,  
Eyes turn away and clinging hands must part,  
It matters not, for we are friends forever,  
Distance may darken, but not hush the heart,  
We serve them out of eager love—not duty,  
And none so safe as he whom love defends;  
The tender words of Christ assume new beauty,  
"Henceforth not servants—I have called you friends."

#### THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small;  
The oak tree and the cedar tree  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours—  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.  
Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Opening day and night;  
Springing in valleys green and low  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness  
Where no man passes by?  
Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth;  
To comfort man, to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim,  
For who careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for Him.  
—Mary Howitt.

#### LIVESTOCK BREEDERS TO GATHER AT O.A.C.

The Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, will be the mecca for Ontario livestock men during the next few weeks when a number of Breeders' Associations will hold their annual field days at the College.

The Animal Husbandry Department of the O.A.C. headed by Professor R. G. Knox, has arranged for a number of special features including prominent speakers for each one of these events. One of the features will be a parade of college livestock.

All farmers and breeders of livestock are cordially invited to attend these field days which have a distinct educational as well as social value. Here are the dates to be remembered:

May 31—Feld and Holstein Field Day, O.A.C.  
June 2—Ontario Percheron Field Day, O.A.C.  
June 6 and 7—Eastern Canada Pasture Conference, O.A.C.  
June 8—Ontario Clydesdale Field Day, O.A.C.  
June 11—Shorthorn Field Day, O.A.C.  
June 14 and 15—Yorkshire Field Days, O.A.C.  
June 20 to 24—Farm and Home Week, O.A.C.

If a man harbors any sort of fear, it pervades through all his thinking, damages his personality, makes him landlord to a ghost.

### Two Yellow Chairs

By LYDIA LON ROBERTS  
© McClure, Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MYRA hurried along by her husband's side, taking two short, quick steps to his deliberate stride. Her lips were compressed, her blue eyes focused straight ahead. Edgar looked down at her and started to speak, then closed his lips in a patient smile.

He reflected that Myra was just about ready to start in on him. He knew the symptoms.

"Edgar," Myra exploded, "why didn't you talk? Why must you always sit like a dumb thing when we go visiting? See how nice Annie Ball's husband was, laying himself out to be interesting and full of pleasant talk. You hardly said a word the whole evening, and I was so mortified I wanted to scream. You know enough if you'd only let it out. Why didn't you say something?"

"I didn't know anything to say. You and Jim Ball kept the air circulating, and I was comfortable."

"Comfortable! Who expects to be comfortable when they're visiting!" Now Myra, you know it's no use expecting me to be as full of talk as a popcorn popper is of corn. Jim just naturally pops every time he opens his mouth, but it don't amount to much.

"That's right, make fun of a gentleman because he tried to make your wife have a pleasant evening!" Myra's voice wobbled and she took out her handkerchief. "It's the last time I'll ask you to go calling. I keep hoping each time that you'll talk, but I guess folks just have to think you're queer."

"But I thought I'd be in the way—I mean, I thought you could talk enough for us both—I mean—oh, I didn't know you thought you'd married a phonograph!"

"You needn't get excited," said Myra, with dignity. "We are almost home now, and you can retire into your shell—like the other clams." Several days passed in unusual

### SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

silence and finally Edgar inquired anxiously if Myra wasn't well.

"Perfectly," laughed his wife, airily, "but I merely got tired of being the phonograph."

Edgar's heart sank. This looked serious. He went around mournfully, trying to think of bright remarks which should rouse Myra to admiration and forgiveness, but he failed. He was almost relieved when Myra announced curtly one morning that her sister was ill and she was going to take care of her for a few days.

She went away, still silent, giving him a frosty peck for a kiss. Edgar retired to the cellar and thought. Was there any way he could turn himself into a sparkling, easy talker like Jim?

He squirmed at the idea of trying to be like Jim, whom he privately termed an empty-headed windmill. Still, he would do anything for Myra. Do—that was it, if he could only do something, but what she wanted was for him to say something.

A week later Myra came home. She was more cordial, and almost returned Edgar's hearty welcome, but caught herself in time. Edgar hung around her bashfully, and when she said briskly, "Well, I suppose I may as well start supper," he followed her to the kitchen.

Myra stopped on the kitchen threshold. Her eyes opened incredulously, then a flush of pleasure softened her face.

"Who did it? Did it cost much? I never saw anything prettier. I've always wanted a yellow kitchen. It looks like new. The creamy walls and the new blue and yellow oil-cloth at the sink, and those perfectly adorable chairs. Who suggested it?"

"I saw it in a magazine," replied Edgar, his eyes shining. He timidly put his arm around Myra.

"Edgar—talk!" She shook him impatiently, but laughed. "I shall die of curiosity if you don't. Do you mean to say you did this all yourself, working nights, and tended the garden, too? It makes a much prettier kitchen than Annie Ball's. Jim is no hand around the house."

"Did you paint those two old kitchen chairs that lovely yellow and put the little black bands around the backs and legs for decorations? I—why—those chairs are absolutely perfect. Edgar, say something!" Edgar's face clouded. He grew distressed. "Myra, I can't! You know I think an awful lot of you—but I can't talk—just for talk's sake—I can only do things like this—for you. I thought perhaps the walls and the yellow chairs might talk to you—for me."

"Edgar, you funny big baby," Myra looked at him protectively. "You dear!"

She choked and laughed together. "I didn't understand. I guess this kitchen says more than Jim can ever say. Those chairs—they talk right out loud about how good you are to a silly wife. You shan't talk if you don't want to."

### CARIBOU TAKE MOSS DIET ON RAIL TRIP

Winnipeg, Man.—With 20 bags of Arctic moss their only reminder of the northern environment from which they came, two live caribou have just passed through Winnipeg consigned to the United States Conservation Board at Baudette, Minn.

Taken from the abundance of wild life in Prince Albert National Park, Sask., and brought to Winnipeg over Canadian National lines, the two animals are being expressed South as an experiment on the part of the United States government. Should they live in their new surroundings, eight more, four bulls and four cows, will be shipped to Baudette.

While in Winnipeg, the caribou were subjected to the usual examination of all livestock entering the United States. The "medical" was conducted by Dr. Roy Gaskell, veterinary surgeon of Pembina, N. D. The Arctic moss that accompanied them is the chief form of sustenance of northland caribou.

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Don't swelter in a "hothouse" kitchen this summer. With a modern electric range, you can be cool and comfortable even on the hottest days. Thick, all-around insulation seals all the heat in the oven—prevents it from leaking out to raise-room temperatures. Surface elements concentrate their heat underneath your pots and pans... there's no flame to burn up refreshing oxygen, making the air hot and stuffy.

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**Check the HYDRO THRIFT PLAN**

To all citizens of Georgetown and Glen Williams installing Electric Ranges the Local Hydro Commission will make a grant of \$20.00 towards paying the extra cost of installing a three-wire service where required. This offer is good until August 1st, 1938.

Ranges must be purchased from local dealers in Georgetown in order to secure grant.

**HYDRO is yours... ENJOY its use**

### THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

J. M. MOORE  
Publisher and Proprietor

#### C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	6:16 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:08 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9:40 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only	8:31 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8:34 a.m.
Passenger	3:35 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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#### GRAY COACH LINES

TIME TABLE  
Standard Time  
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto

a 6:08 a.m.	4:10 p.m.
8:58 a.m.	6:15 p.m.
11:58 a.m.	9:10 p.m.
c 2:18 p.m.	

To Kitchener

x 9:30 a.m.	x 6:00 p.m.
11:55 a.m.	xb 8:50 p.m.
x 1:55 p.m.	d 10:35 p.m.
a 3:55 p.m.	e 11:35 p.m.

x—Through to London.  
a—Daily except Sun. and Hol.  
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c—Saturday ONLY.  
d—Daily except Sat., Sun. and Hol.  
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