

The Georgetown Herald

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher
Phone 8 Georgetown

THE SIMPLE THINGS

God of the rainbow and the rose that lies
Across the shadow of the sunset skies,
God of the mountain, created white
And of the brooks that multi-colored flow;
Is there no lesson for the mind of man
In these that show creation's primal plan?

Help me to see only ripened store
Of berries on the bushes by my door,
But green of leaf and symmetry of form,
And strength that does not break beneath the storm;
And let my eye look on the golden pear
And know that it is sweet and also fair.

God of the planets, lovely in their place,
And of the leaping trout's unchallenged grace;
God of the seashell's symmetry and hue,
God of the green fields, the skies of blue,
Is there no teaching in these things for me
Lest I grow blind, and fall somehow to see?

Help me to find the charm in dew and mist
And in a lily by the moonlight kissed,
The beauty in a field of ripened wheat,
A maple tree, the clover at my feet;
True happiness lies in the joys that spring
From seeing, as God sees, the simple things.

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T PASS

"A sad faced little fellow sits alone
In deep disgrace;
There's a lump arising in his throat
And tears drop down his face.
He wandered from his playmates, for
He doesn't want to hear
Their shouts of merry laughter, since
The world has lost its cheer
He has sipped the cup of sorrow, he
Has dipped the bitter glass;
And his heart is fairly breaking—
He's the boy who didn't pass.

"In the apple tree the robin sings a
cheery little song,
But he doesn't seem to hear it, showing
plainly something's wrong;
Come his faithful little sparrow for
a romp and a bit of play,
But the troubled little fellow bids him
sternly go away.
And alone, he sits in sorrow, with his
hair a tangled mass,
And his eyes are red with weeping
—he's the boy who didn't pass.

"Oh, you who boast a laughing son,
and speak of him as bright,
And you who love a little girl who
comes to you at night
With skipping eyes and dancing feet,
with hollows from her snout,
Turn to that lonely little lad who
thinks he is a fool,
And take him kindly by the hand,
the dullest of his class,
He is the one who most needs love,
the boy who didn't pass."

Her Tribute
Minister: "How are you, Mrs. McGuire? Have you been enjoying my sermons of late?"
"Enjoying them! I think I have. I was just telling my nabor, th' day, that ye are a rare fallen angel."

A religious old woman was asked whether or not she believed in evolution. "No, sir," she replied. "Where I came from doesn't bother me. It's where I am going that really counts."

May Moon Illusion

By ELAINE LE CLAIR
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service

ALMOST noiselessly the maroon car whirled along, now and again entering a zone sweet with the fragrance of opening fruit blossoms, but for the most part speeding its way between narrow white fences and low pine-studded hills.

Surreptitiously little Anne Taylor glanced at her watch—half an hour since they had left the city behind, them and almost as long since a word had been spoken.

Well, they might go to Pine Rock, and return, in utter silence, for all she cared!

And they might have done that if an overburdened apple bough had not scraped against the side of the car and showered Anne with its petals.

"Doesn't it look like confetti?" she murmured, and then bit her lip in embarrassment, while a dull red suffused her neck and mounted to the edge of her very golden shingle.

Roger Holt, glancing sideways, noted her confusion. Taking one hand from the wheel he laid it over Anne's small fingers. "Never mind, Anne. I'm not going to bother you any more. We'll have our ride out and then I'll go."

"Well, maybe it would be the best thing for both of us. As I've told

SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

you before, a girl has very definite ideas about the man she wants to marry—and when—

"What sort of a man do you want, Anne?"

"Don't interrupt—and when a girl is young and has all the world before her she can afford to wait."

"All right, I'm through making a fool of myself. We'll go to Pine Rock and watch the moon rise and then we will go—our own ways. Oh, say, what was that? Look around at that tire, will you?"

"It's flat," Anne announced. Her emotion did not equal Roger's.

"That being the case, I am going to fix it right now. Here, you can look at this evening paper—if it isn't too dark."

With a great show of interest Anne rustled the pages of the Gazette. Suddenly she paused in her haphazard turning to read twice through a column on the "personal" page. Then, thoughtfully, she folded up the paper and laid it to one side.

"Made quick work of that," and Roger wiped off his hands and took the wheel again. Anne moved closer to him.

Anne chatted nervously until the car was stopped and they got out to take the last steep climb on foot. "Remember the last time we were here, just after your class day, two years ago, Roger?"

"You sweetheart! To think that you remember, too! Look, Anne, the moon is coming up through those pines. Right at our feet—the moon rising."

"Roger Holt, I'm going to sit down on this ledge and watch that moon."

After what she considered the equivalent of 15 minutes had passed, Anne arose, and, placing her hands on Roger's shoulders, began to talk as though she were thinking to herself: "That moon is so new—so young and waiting. It seems almost breathless, at least, it makes me feel breathless. And there's nothing going to happen at all. It'll wane, and for a few nights lovers will miss it, and that is all there could be to it, or to life. If we there only make ourselves understand that nothing is going to happen—and—Oh, Roger!"

For Roger had sprung up and caught her in his arms, and very willingly she yielded to his caresses.

"Bless that moon," he exclaimed vehemently, as he at length released her. "Don't you bless it too, Anne, for showing the way?"

"It made you understand that life was right at hand, didn't it? Oh, Anne, this was my last chance, I was betting on it. Beauty makes us see things in their true light. The paint brush of Nature—"

"Oh, you darling old fool," said Anne softly.

Two hours later Mrs. Taylor met her young daughter at the door. "You're late, Anne. Then, after a moment's hesitation, Clayton's engaged. Did you know it?"

"Sure. Saw it in the paper tonight. Well, maybe I'll put my own in one of these days. Meanwhile, someone ought to send his fiancée a card of sympathy."

"Why, I thought you liked him. In fact—"

"Oh, that was just one of your pet illusions! Cheer up, Mother, I guess we all have 'em. Well, kiss me good-night. I'm just dying for sleep."

Once in her own room Anne leaned out of the window. The moon was high now—sailing white—guided by a single bright star.

"Nature's paintbrush," she muttered aloud, a little scornfully and a little lovingly. If he'd said 'printer's ink' he'd have come nearer the truth!

Caleb: Life-Time Devotion

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson, July 10th, 1938.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well to overcome it." Numbers 13: 30.

LESSON PASSAGE: Joshua 14: 6-15.

The things I really need
Are all quite sensible and wise.
The things I think I need
Are just to dazzle others' eyes.
Rebecca McCann.

One Grand Old Hero, 6-8.

Caleb's admittable old age was due to the way he had spent his youth. From youth to age he was a hero. He did not look for the easy places. He sought out the hard places. He took his life in his hand when he went as a spy into the land of Canaan. He was willing to bring in a minority report when the other spies took counsel of their fears. He, Charles Reynolds Brown says of Caleb: "This brave, modest, cheerful man, simple and rugged like Adam Bede, holds the centre of the stage through a large part of the book of Joshua as the man who had the courage to speak out in direct child-like fashion exactly what he thought. 'Forty years old I was when Moses sent me to spy out the land and I brought him word again as it was in my heart.' He was the real thing, the counsellor of his fears, the 'believe.' He had never ceased to regret that his advice had not been taken, yet he had not allowed his nature to become soured. He is an outstanding example of a man who knows how to grow old gracefully."

Cherishing A Promise, 9.

As a reward for his courage as a spy, Moses had promised Caleb that the land he had marked out would be given to him. Through the long years of delay, he had held to this promise of his trusted leader Moses. He felt that to doubt the promise would be to be disloyal to his leader. It is this same kind of faith that Christians need to have in Christ. To his followers Christ made certain promises. He promised to be with them. He promised that his kingdom would not fail. There are, oftentimes, dark days of individual experience and periods of stress in our affairs when it is hard for a Christian not to feel his faith wavering. Yet we have every reason to trust the word of Christ. He did not make these promises lightly, nor without full knowledge of the evils which his followers would have to live through. He knew that his followers on and in order that they might be saved by hope, but never to mislead those who have put their trust in him. Amidst the welter of industrial and international disquiet, Christians have need of patience and faith, but they have no ground for despair. It may appear to be a daring thing to believe in the final victory of this spiritual kingdom, but it is faith that is justified by the character of Christ.

A Young Old Man, 10, 11.

It is wise counsel to give to young people that they should never miss a chance to do good. It is especially with those who though old in years are still young in spirit. Caleb was such an one. He was eighty-five years old, but he still was planning to do new things. His eyes faced the future. The spirit of a pioneer was in him. He had a ring of confidence there in his words: "As yet I am as strong this day as I was the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, and so go and to come in." That was not the spirit of a man who had lost the confidence of a hardy saint whose faith was that the Lord kept him alive. Shakespeare has portrayed the character of a sturdy old man who attributed his strength in age to his clean living in youth. It may be difficult for young people to look fifty years ahead, but there is no question of the fact that the standards of youth determine the lot in old age. Young people who trifle with the laws of health in their twenties will find that nature may visit her retribution in the sixties, the seventies, or if happy life endures that long, Caleb's fine old age was the reward of his upright youth and middle life.

Give Me This Mountain, 12.

Other men might choose the plains, but Caleb asked for the hill. To cultivate the sloping land might be difficult, and the warriors of Hebron might attack him and their fenced cities might be difficult to overthrow, but Caleb, old as he was, did not fear to undertake the task. A young man heard a sermon from this text, and it became a proverb in his home. Whenever there was anything hard to do, he would say "Give me this mountain." Two positions were offered him, one safe and lucrative, the other that of daring pioneering. He turned from the tempting plains to the hills and said: "Give me this mountain." His unselfish youth is fitting him for an old age like that of Caleb. The hard places make the heroes. Mountains to be mastered by men with hearts like that of Caleb! The strong man of old was found on the mountain-side where the giants of difficulty confronted him, and all strong men march in the same brigade.

A Hero's Reward, 13, 14.

In the end Caleb was granted the land he desired. Joshua knew that his claim was just and assigned to him the land of Hebron. Joshua honored the man who had "wholly followed the Lord, the God of Israel." And the land had a rest from war. There was a chance for development in the arts of peace. Canada has had twenty years of peace following four years of war. The effects of the war are still felt. What a country Canada could be made if the full strength of the nation could be exerted for united purposes, as it was in war! What natural resources could be developed! What educational standards could be attained! What social welfare could be assured! What spiritual nobility could be achieved! All these ideals are part of the Kingdom of God on earth. Our Dominion has a rest from

war that it may advance in the higher victories of peace.

Questions For Discussion

1. Should the young think much of old age?
2. How many nations prevent treaties from being "scraps of paper"?
3. Is sufficient attention given to health teaching in homes, schools and churches?
4. Why do "cushy jobs" end to make "cushy" people?
5. How has a spirit of disunion and division developed in Canada since the war?

TRAINS TIMBER WOLVES AS SLED TEAM FOR BIG U.S. SPORTSMEN'S SHOWS

Big J. T. "Joe" Laflamme, 225-pound Frenchman, a former policeman in Montreal but now living at Gogama in Northern Ontario, is a visitor in the city who knows his timber wolves as well as a housewife knows her cake. In fact, he knows them so well that he is never quite sure just what they will do from one minute to the next but generally manages to keep them under control. He uses his timber wolves for the same purpose as the ordinary "hustlers" are used and prefers them to the more domesticated animal.

"Joe" came to town to meet Albert C. Rau, general manager of the Boston and New York Sportsman's Winter Show. They met in the office of C. K. Howard, Manager, Tourist and Convention Bureau of the Canadian National Railways, to make arrangements for sending a wolf team down to these American cities for the shows next winter. "And I'm going to be there, and with a team," Joe triumphantly stated. Just now he is on the hunt for a new team, his old one being played out. Joe said he knows of two timber wolves in Saskatchewan and he is endeavoring to get them. Between now and October he hopes to collect about five from the Sudbury area, which, linked with the other two he hopes to get, will give him a seven-wolf team.

He pointed out that due to business, he is unable to set out and attempt to collect the wolves himself. He did this with three of his last team, which he sold to an American movie concern for \$75 a head in 1928. Joe said he used a No. 3 beaver trap. Padded the trap on either paw with a bundle of cloth, he set them in an area where wolves were known to be heavy toll on deer. One of the wolves he caught, just by one toe, in a mink trap. Leather harness for a wolf team is no good, Joe pointed out. He stated he makes his own harness out of canvas. "A wolf would chew a set of leather harness to shreds," he declared. "One wolf I used as a lead would take a three-quarter-inch rope in his mouth and, without any exertion or strain on a muscle, would cut it in two."

In the vicinity of Gogama, Joe even skidded lugs with his famous wolf team. The last winter he had them, he recalled, the ice on the lakes was too thin to support a team of horses and there were no roads leading from Gogama into the bush. He had an all winter's job hauling provisions. "I had plenty of narrow escapes," he said. "One day I was skidding and I had a dog on the load. When I turned them around, one wolf, 'Pete' made for me. I had a pair of mitts in my sweater pocket and was lucky he hit the mitts and just grazed my stomach. I grabbed a jackpine tree and pulled away, shouting to another fellow to bring me my whip. Three cracks over the head with the butt of the whip and I knocked the wolf out. I was sorry when I saw him on the ground for I thought I had killed him. When he came around about five minutes later, I gave the command and headed for Gogama. I never went near

him and shortly after that he became tame. I could even let him run loose, and he would come to me on command."

Although he did try breeding wolves, he never had much success, Joe said. His attempt to breed a female wolf with a male husky were unsuccessful. He did, however, succeed in breeding three female huskies with male wolves, and one of the offspring is still in Gogama, he said.

A resident of Gogama since 1929, Joe collected his first pure wolf team in 1923 and the following year exhibited them in Montreal. In this team he had nine brawny timber wolves, the largest 95 pounds and the smallest 70 pounds. In 1925, with the same team, Joe went to Toronto. But the big thrill of his life came in 1928 when he boarded a Canadian National train at Gogama bound for New York to exhibit at Madison Square Gardens. "When I pushed them down Broadway, thousands of people stood in the streets cheering," he said.

And now Joe wants to repeat that experience, and when he gets his new team together he'll be on old Broadway again, with bells on.

DOCTOR ANSWERS THE QUESTION

Discussing the question of supporters and supporter selling, a number of druggists have stated that frequently the customer's expressed or implied fear that the regular wearing of a supporter may weaken him.

In an effort to obtain a solution to this problem, a prominent Toronto doctor was consulted on the following two points:

- (1) What does a supporter do for the wearer from your point of view?
- (2) Will the daily wearing of a supporter "weaken" the wearer?

The doctor's answers to these questions may be summarized as follows: "Before considering what a supporter will do for the wearer, it is well to understand what a supporter will not do. Because most ruptures are inguinal ruptures, arising from a condition present from birth, a supporter will not ordinarily relieve or prevent a rupture. A supporter can, of course, be of assistance in convalescence from a hernia operation or, indeed, may be of use after an abdominal operation.

"More important to the wearer are the things a supporter will do for him. If he is in good training and condition, he needs a supporter mainly for protection. If he is not in good training he needs a supporter not only for protection but to prevent fatigue."—Drug Merchandising.

Old-fashioned
Mrs. Up-to-date's baby was "out of sorts," so she went for the family doctor, who inquired about its teeth, etc.

"Well, the best thing you can do for baby is to give her a good dose of castor oil," said the doctor.

"But, doctor," said Mrs. Up-to-date, "castor oil is so old-fashioned."

"Well, madam!" said he, "so are babies."

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C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)
Georg East
Passenger 6:16 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 10:08 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 6:40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto 9:49 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only 8:31 p.m.
Georg 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.
Georg North
Mail and Passenger 8:45 a.m.
Georg South
Mail and Passenger 6:52 p.m.

GRAY COACH LINES

Summer Time Table
Effective Saturday, June 25th
LEAVE GEORGETOWN
To Toronto
8:08 a.m., 8:58 a.m., 11:43 a.m.,
2:18 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:15 p.m.,
9:10 p.m.
a—except Sundays
To London
8:35 a.m., 1:50 p.m., 7:50 p.m.
x—connections for Owen Sound
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Phone 89 — Georgetown

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The testimonial
"Missus... (engaging new cook): 'I want to tell you that my husband is very fussy about his food.'
Cook: 'Oh, I understand, ma'am. My husband was just the same. Nothing I ever cooked seemed to suit him.'
Germany is expected to spend \$4,500,000,000 on rearmament this year.