

"Jade"

By HELEN R. BARTON  
© Wheeler Syndicate Inc.  
WNU Service.

THE professor looked very sad in fact his expression bordered on the mournful and the cause of it all, though obviously ignoring the effect, was none other than the charming Mrs. Marie Goodell.

Mrs. Goodell ran the select boarding house wherein the professor spent his leisure hours, and made a decently good living from her 12 other boarders.

Mrs. Goodell was a widow and her means were sufficient to allow her to dress modishly and her youth was such that she inspired her one literary boarder to write startlingly intelligible odes and poems to her tawny hair, her snapping hazel eyes and her auburn figure. The professor wore the long lines of attending males and longed to throw each and every one of them into the chill bracing air of Wilson boulevard.

Not that the professor was interested in Mrs. Goodell as a man is usually interested in a sprightly, charming widow. Oh, No! The pro-

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

essor loved nobody but himself, and his passion for that self would not permit the transference of even a minor portion of affection upon anyone else.

For many years he had been the professor of chemistry at a great school in the Middle West, and so influential had been his teachings that the school was honored proud of a long list of noted scientists upon its alumni roll. And now the stock shares in several little thriving drug stores and made a neat living out of his earnings. Naturally conservative, he did not spend much, as most men did, but reserved his spare dollars for his only passion (excepting himself) that of collecting rare old bits of antique jade.

And in Mrs. Goodell he had found a sympathetic listener. He would talk on for hours in his soft, intellectual "classroom" murmur, explaining the history of each little trinket. Occasionally she would hold up a bit of especially colorful jade to her ears, and smile at the reflection of the tawny hair fringing the amazing green of the ornament.

And occasionally Mrs. Goodell would laugh comfortably over the whims of an old man, for the professor was fifty-one and she but twenty-six. Or she would disturb him with a flashing, eloquent glance from her merry hazel eyes.

At such times the professor would stamp to his room.

Today, the professor had struggled all the morning attempting to achieve a "darkly saturnine" smile. He hoped to annihilate his jibers with that look. He had read of it in a current magazine of worth, and he hoped to get practiced up on it so that he might squelch that frivolous Miss Bascomb, who taught French to the junior high students.

And the result had been ridiculous. It was too much. It was more that mortal man could stand. He would leave. He would return to the hills of his native New Hampshire and spend the rest of his days in peace and quiet away from this horde of gibbering females.

The effrontery of it! Miss Bascomb had said: "Pain in your old tum-tum, professor?" when he'd tried to smother the exuberance of the lively Miss Jennison with "a darkly saturnine" smile.

Mrs. Goodell smiled a knowing little smile, suggesting: "The professor is returning to his native health, the better to be a real lion in a little jungle—instead of vice versa!"

"Oh, now, professor! That's too bad. What will you do with all those lovely little pieces of green glass—with nobody to show 'em to?" continued the irrepressible Miss Jennison.

"I fancy my jade will be appreciated as well—elsewhere!" remarked the professor, stiffly.

"Well, you know—each to his own kind!" laughed Miss Bascomb, and not until he was on the train did he completely realize the significance of her remark and then it brought a deep red flush to his soft, heavy pink cheeks. "Jade-to-jade!" he muttered, and stared out over the flat prairie with a new bitterness in his heart.

Back on Wilson boulevard, Mrs. Goodell and her merry family made merrier than ever, their jolly bits flashing with keened edges at one another. Only Mrs. Goodell remarked slowly, as she moved the professor's chair back to the wall and moved the other places nearer with that look. "He had read of it in a current magazine of worth, and he hoped to get practiced up on it so that he might squelch that frivolous Miss Bascomb, who taught French to the junior high students."

And unknown to Mrs. Goodell, Professor Rand was ruthlessly destroying the tiny green shoot of what might have bloomed into love, had not he fled so hastily, for he knew at last, now that he'd burned his bridges, that he might have learned to like little Mrs. Marie Goodell a great deal more than he liked his jade.

BOTANICAL NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER

The arrival of September suggests to many people the end of summer and consequently a season of dirge and lamentation; others would sing psalms to the relief of cooler nights of sweet repose which the turn of the year brings with that soft gauzy wistfulness of the countryside, so redolent of the evanescent enchantment of spring.

The fall of dew-splashed gossamer is one of the many charms of sweet September. Numberless threads of the very finest silk, made by tiny spiders; supposed in simpler times to supply the looms with which fairies wove the material for their dainty little dresses.

Then there is the mystic fascination of the huge, orange harvest moon by night, while by day the September sun touches the blushing trees gently, as with a benison. Towards the end of the month many of these trees will turn into a blaze of glory.

The sumacs are among the first to change; not only their beautiful fernlike leaves shade into purple, crimson and orange, but the erect, tight, velvety clusters of fruit become red, and persist after the leaves have fallen. The berries are clothed with a hairy stickiness that is pleasurable to eat. These trees and shrubs are often found growing on hot, dry hillsides, when their fruit—it is said—offers a grateful refreshment to the thirsty traveller, whether sucked in the mouth with bared teeth or acid-coating, or steeped in water to serve as a woodland lemonade.

Another contribution to September's splendour is the ideal colour combination of gold and royal purple made by the goldenrods and Michaelmas daisies.

At this time the goldenrods flood the world with gold. In their over eighty different kinds of all shapes and sizes they may be seen growing everywhere from the tops of mountains to the roadside. There are also those which live in the woods and others which prefer to dwell in the swamps.

All the Canadian goldenrods have yellow flowers except one, and that is known as Silver-rod (Solidago bicolor) because its flowers are cream-white. Only an expert can name most of the species; there are, however, some outstanding kinds which are recognizable by the average botanist; such as the Blue-stemmed or Wreath Goldenrod (S. caesia), whose unbranched stem is studied, for nearly its entire length, with pale yellow clusters of flowers in the axils of its feather-veined leaves. It favours moles woods and thickets. Another woodland species is the Zig-zag (S. flexicaulis), so-called on account of its prolonged angled stem adorned with small clusters of flowers, in much the same manner as S. caesia, but its saw-edged leaves are oval. In the swamps and peat bogs the Bog Goldenrod (S. uliginosa) sends up two to four feet high a densely flowered oblong terminal spike of flowers; its short branches are so appressed that it has a wandlike effect. The leaves are long and narrow; the lowest often measuring nine inches long. But perhaps the best known of all are the Canada Goldenrod (S. canadensis) and the Tall Goldenrod (S. altissima) which transform whole acres into lakes of gold with their waving plumes of pyramid-shaped clusters of flowers. One much resembles the other, but the Tall Goldenrod is taller and has larger flowerheads, while Canada Goldenrod has nearly the smallest flowerheads of them all.

The Asters or Michaelmas Daisies (so-called because the feast of St. Michael falls on September 29th)

form another large and complicated group of plants, and are in many cases hard to tell apart. But a few can be named at sight: such as the Large-leaved Aster (Aster macrophyllus), so-called because of its three or four conspicuous leaves on long stems in a clump near the ground. It grows in shady places, as does the heart-leaved Aster (A. cordifolius) with its masses of pale-lavender flowerheads. But the best of them all is the New England Aster (A. novae-angliae) with its huge branching clusters of large violet or magenta-purple flowerheads.

And so dressed in gold and royal purple, September, as with a fanfare of trumpets, hails the harvest.

It is all very wonderful this march of Flora's year; which starts with the primitive catkin-bearing families and ends triumphantly with the newest and most complex—the composite—to which the goldenrods and asters belong.

SALES PROMOTION HEAD IS APPOINTED BY HYDRO

Morris J. McHenry to Direct New Department

Formation of a Hydro sales promotion department under the direction of Morris J. McHenry is announced by the Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission, through its chairman and chief engineer, Dr. T. H. Hogg.

Mr. McHenry, the central figure in this new department of Ontario's public utility-owned power system, will be responsible for dissemination of information on the varied uses of electric service. The Commission, it was explained in the announcement, believes that its duties are not fully discharged by simply making available low-cost electric service throughout the Province. It feels that if the great range of uses and benefits of electric service in the home, farm and industry were better known, the consumption of power would be increased and its cost to the consumer further diminished.

Widespread and intimate contact with the electrical industry and the power problems of Ontario highly qualify Mr. McHenry to direct this new department within the Hydro Commission. He was graduated from McGill University, Department of Electrical Engineering in 1910; was associated with Messrs. Smith, Berry & Chace, consulting engineers, Toronto; in 1912 joined the staff of the Apparatus Division, Toronto District Office, Canadian General Electric Company; in 1918 became manager of the Walkerville Hydro Electric System, where he completed an extensive rehabilitation program; became sales manager of the Ferranti Electric Company Limited; and in 1928 returned to the Canadian General Electric Company as manager of the U.S. Sales Department. Since 1930 he has been Toronto district manager of C-O-E.

Widely known in power circles across the entire continent, Mr. McHenry is past president of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario, and a former member of the Board of Governors. He is president of the Electric Service League, Toronto.

In his new capacity Mr. McHenry will report directly to the Ontario Hydro Commission, and he will commence his duties about the middle of September.

According to the first estimate of the 1938 fall wheat crop in Ontario, production is placed at 20,037,000 bushels, an increase of 1,348,000 bushels over 1937.

Agricultural Societies' Fairs and Exhibitions, 1938

Table listing agricultural societies' fairs and exhibitions for 1938, including locations like Georgetown, Belleville, Orillia, and dates from August to December.

WE SHOULD ALL BE HAPPY NOW

Cheer up, dear people, we have now found through the Ottawa Journal's editorial columns that the fifty or sixty millions of dollars we pay into the treasury every year to take care of that lame duck, the Government owned railway is not lost. The following by The Journal's writer should show how to do it:

The fallacy that money which we pay to the Government for a service such as our Canadian National railways is "lost." How is it lost? This money isn't thrown into the ocean. Doesn't disappear. It is paid to producers of materials who employ workers, paid to bond holders who in turn use it to buy goods and services from other Canadians, to employ other Canadians. Thus, apart altogether from the value that we get in national service the money we put up for Canadian National railways' deficit finds its way into the pockets of our Canadian people, its full purchasing power remaining to help Canadians. Sounds almost like an argument to wreck the Journal building and plant in order to provide work and wages to rebuild it—only the public treasury could not be "kouched" for the money. —Renfrew Mercury.

A new department order requires that all postmasters must count the number of pieces of mail coming into the office. More delay, and for what?

When you require Printing of any kind, phone No. 6, the Georgetown Herald. Envelopes, letterheads, invoices, statements, sale bills, circulars, etc. etc.

Schools Reopen on Sept. 6th

Definite announcement that the reopening date for high and public schools is Tuesday, Sept. 6th, has been made by the Ontario department of education. The day follows Labor Day, which is observed as a public holiday. The opening date is the same all over the province, but because Labor Day does not come until Sept. 5th, pupils will have a few more days than they would otherwise have if school started on the first of the month. Pupils are urged to be on hand on opening day.

RADIO REPAIRING advertisement with contact information for J. SANFORD & SON in Georgetown.

MILLINERY advertisement for Misses Claridge, featuring hats from \$1.00 up and contact details for Main Street, Georgetown.

Large advertisement for CARROLL'S food products, listing items like oranges, peaches, grapes, and various canned goods with prices.

Large advertisement for CARROLL'S food products, featuring a variety of items like pancakes, syrups, biscuits, marmalade, and more, with prices and contact information.