

Does YOUR System Make Excess Acid?

Acid indigestion, Colds, Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Constipation

OFTEN START THIS WAY

Some people are what are known as acid-makers. They can't help it—often they don't know it. The results of an excess of acid may seem just like ordinary stomach trouble—but they can't be put right by ordinary stomach remedies! Excess acid may be the reason why you wake up fat, sour, heavy-eyed, bilious—and the reason why fierce purgatives only leave you in the grip of a weakening habit and the same old symptoms.

But there's one thing that acid can't face. That's the neutralizing power of Vange Salts, the alkaline remedy with the natural mineral spa action. A teaspoonful in warm water surges through your system just like the medicinal spring water far away in England where Vange Salts come from. Excess acid is neutralized quickly, painlessly. Your blood is purified of poisons. Your sore stomach walls are soothed. And that mass of hard, poisonous waste matter lying in your intestines is softened gently, naturally, and passed out of your body. Then do you feel good! It's marvelous! But the most marvelous thing is that Vange Salts are only 60 cents a tin! At your drug store—but if you're wise, on your bathroom shelf tonight!

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Mrs. Toole (in store)—I've waited since 5 o'clock for my husband and now it's 8:30.
Clerk—And when were you to meet him?

CANADA'S NAVY GROWS LARGER

Four Destroyers and as Many Mine Sweepers Being Added

Launching at Quebec in August of H.M.C.S. Gaspé saw the third of Canada's four mine-sweepers, built to replace the ancient trawlers which had served in that capacity since the war, take the water. The fourth, H.M.C.S. Nootka, will be launched at North Vancouver later this month. The Pundy and the Comox have been sent down the ways and all four will likely be in commission before the end of the year. About the last week in August the Royal Canadian Navy was strengthened further when the two destroyers, Restigouche and Ottawa, arrived from England. They will be stationed at Esquimaut. The new destroyers are of the "C" class and were on the Royal Navy establishment as H.M.S. Crusader and H.M.S. Comet. The Comet which has been serving on the Mediterranean anti-prayer patrol was returned to Chatham, England, three months ago, for refitting. At that base she joined the Crusader. Both were taken over by the Canadian Naval Department in June.

WE CAN'T AMUSE OURSELVES

It is so easy nowadays to be amused by machinery and celluloid that we have largely ceased to amuse ourselves—and we are losing the knack. One of my earliest recollections is of seeing the walls of our house rung with violins. Musical evenings—songs string quartets, piano and violin playing—were common enough. When I was aged six or seven my mother used to take me to see the pantomime. We went to the gallery, and for weeks beforehand I used to practice stepping on and off chairs to accustomed my legs to climbing the steep gallery tiers. That pantomime occupied my mind before I saw it and for weeks afterwards. How different was my situation from that of the child who to-day goes to the pictures two or three times a week.

Another form of entertainment—although that is not quite the word perhaps—which was familiar to me in my boyhood was physical culture. Did Hackenschmidt and Madroll, the Terrible Turk, who was once paid in threepenny bills to persuade him it was a lot of money, inspire that fashion. I do not know, but my brothers were devoted to wrestling, boxing, and running, and their friends displayed muscles that to my wondering eyes resembled Sandow's. The all-in wrestling of today is a debased sport in comparison with the catch-as-catch-can and Graeco-Roman wrestling of those days. My impression is that those were times of more doing and less watching in both music and sport, and that we have grown nervy and restless and ill at ease in spirit, and that we lack the energy and time to become musicians or to practise the more spectacular athletics. A host of exceptions exist, but the trend is toward looking on.—Exchange

TERROR IN THE FOREST

Robert P. Young
Hey, are you sure that fire is out?" yelled Bill.
"Sure I'm sure," his brother snorted the reply.
"O.K., then," answered Bill. "We have a long way to go before dark, so let's get going."
The two boys shouldered their packs and hurried off on the trail home. They left behind them what they were certain was a dead fire, but they had taken no precautions to make sure of it. The "dead" fire remained dead for several hours, and then, suddenly, there was a burst of flame from the ashes! Swiftly the flames ate their way along the pine needles that lay on the ground. Then came the first tree. Ah, how the flames loved it. They flowed swiftly up the tree, growing larger all the time. They spotted another tree right next to them, so they leaped over there. More fun! The flames grew to a raging inferno with startling speed, sweeping on with the wind, and destroying everything in their path. And, faintly, just in front of the flames, the patter of feet could be felt, rather than heard, above the roar of the fire. Bear, deer, wildcats, and all the other animals of the forest ran together from this common enemy of them all. They ran with a blind terror seldom seen among animals. Grating into trees hidden by the blinding, choking smoke pall, they ran until they could run no more, falling down in defeat to be devoured by the hungry flames. Things like this take place every year in all parts of the land, and most of them are due to carelessness. It does not take but a minute for you to make sure that your camp fire is out, and it takes but an equally short time to use greater care in selecting a spot for your camp fire. There is no trouble involved in being sure that the match you tossed carelessly aside is out. Take the match in both hands and break in two pieces before tossing it aside, is one way of being sure. A great many lives and millions of dollars are lost each year in fires of this type. Sometimes whole towns have been wiped out, completely destroyed. All that is left is a desolate stretch of land with nothing but a few stumps and what remains of a few houses. There are no birds making life more cheerful with their sweet singing, nor are there any animals frolicking happily through the woods that has been destroyed. This is not a pretty picture. Just think of the dividends a little care pays you.—In "Our Dumb Animals."

Jasper—"Can you stand on your head, Peter?"
Peter—"Nope, it's too high!"

Agricultural Society Winners are Announced at Toronto Exhibition

London Branch of Ontario Vegetable Growers' Assoc. First in Exhibit of Ten Vegetables Open to all Classes

Keen competition featured every class in the Agricultural Society Section in grain and vegetable exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto. The London Branch of the Ontario Vegetable Growers' Association won first prize of \$85 for their exhibit of ten vegetables. Other prize winners in order of merit in this class were: Dixie, Peterboro, St. Catharines, Kingston, Toronto and Weston. Winners in the various classes, all in order of merit were: Sheaf Groups, Oats—S. E. Griffin, Acton; Alex. Stewart, Alisa Craig; Roy Goltz, Pakenburg; H. L. Goltz, Bracebridge; Norman Schmidt, Cayuga; George C. Chambers, Fenwick; Barley—S. E. Griffin, Roy Goltz, H. L. Goltz; Alex. Stewart, Norman Schmidt and Len A. Schmidt, Mildmay. Sheaf Groups in Div. One, comprising Muskoka, Parry Sound, Haliburton Nipissing, Manitoulin, Algoma and other districts in New Ontario; West and Wood, South Muskoka. Sheaf Groups in all counties west and south-west of York and Simcoe—Erin, North Middlesex, Esquimaux, Carrick. Five lots of grain or seed in sacks, Division 2 (York and Simcoe and all counties east of these two counties) Carp, 476 points; Cobden, 474; Renfrew, 473; Belleville, 472; Armprior, 468; Fitzroy, 455; Richmond Hill, 427. Five lots of grain or seed in Div. 3 (all counties west and south-west of York and Simcoe). Esquimaux, 474; Paris, 463; Woodstock, 462; Carr, 461; North Middlesex, 458 and recd, 452. Championship sheaf class in wheat—S. E. Griffin, Alex. Stewart, Thos. J. Brownridge, Georgetown; George C. Chambers, Norman Schmidt and Len. A. Schmidt.

IMPATIENT DRIVERS ARE DEADLY DRIVERS

"What's your hurry?" Stop a motorist on city streets and country highways and ask that question. Try to get a satisfactory answer. But you won't. They are just in a hurry, you will find, for no particular reason, except in rare cases. They make a dash for their own or some other person's life. They can't pause to respect the rights of some other person's life. They can't pause to respect the rights of the other fellow. They have no time to spare. They chafe at traffic signals that momentarily. They grudgingly make a pretense at obeying stop signs. They have got to go and keep going. All this hurry may be the modern tempo, or it may be just ordinary impatience, but whatever it is, the result is the same—death and suffering that could have been avoided but for impatient drivers. Ontario's motor accident records show conclusively the horror and tragedy which motorists who haven't a minute to spare leave behind them. Last year 168 people were killed and 1,838 were injured because drivers simply had to drive faster than road or traffic conditions warranted. Thirty-four were killed and 840 injured because drivers could not stay behind the car ahead for another minute. Forty-six were killed and another 48 injured because motorists had not time to wait until they got around a curve or over a hill before passing the other car. Sixty-five more died and 126 more were injured because drivers could not wait for a train to pass the crossing. Many times drivers had no time to wait for traffic signals to change, so they barged through red lights and injured pedestrians who thought they were safe crossing on the green. That list of accidents, impressive as it is, is only part of the indictment that could be drawn up against Ontario's impatient drivers, but it is sufficient to show the extent to which they are responsible for needless death and suffering. And it should be sufficient to remind motorists that life and limb are more valuable than minutes and seconds—and that in these times patience is more than a virtue. A moment's thought may save a life, so be thoughtful.

HOW THEY WOULDN'T DRESS AT HOME

We have no conscientious scruples about the wearing of shorts, slacks, house coats, bathing suits or trunks. We can stand them if their wearers can! But it is amazing the change that is wrought in the most sedate person by a visit to a summer resort. Women, who in their own town, would never appear on the street, even in the morning, without being hatless and gloved will wear overalls, a handkerchief on their head and back and arms weathering the weather like the best of tanned leather. We sit at our typewriter with one eye on the main street and we see a footer, six weeks say in the middle forties. He has a sport shirt on, and white shorts. They are very short shorts and below them extend at least a foot of gaunt bony thigh, a knobby knee, and a spindly calf, all of which adds to a No. 12 running shoe. If his pleasure goes down to postscript the 30's may look upon him something like we look on the dinosaurs. The skinny man and the fat from skinny woman, in our opinion, should, shall we say, expose with discretion. The old rhyme about "Mother may I go out to swim. Yes, my darling daughter; Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, But don't go near the water." was never taken literally twenty years ago, but this is a very liberal generation.—M.D., in Wilson Echo.

CANADA'S FARM PRODUCTS TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY RAIL

"Although highways and waterways play important parts in moving to market Canada's agricultural production, the burden of handling this enormous traffic falls largely on the railways," says an article in the current issue of the Canadian National Magazine. "In 1936, the Canadian National's railway net work handled over 7,000,000 tons of Canadian agricultural products, valued at \$250,000,000, and sufficient to fill 245,000 freight cars. Strung out end to end, these cars would reach from Montreal to beyond Saskatoon, a distance of over 1,800 miles. The C.N.R. performs the biggest and most essential service of all the agencies which procure for Canadian agriculture the world-wide market it enjoys. Providing transportation to market for Canadian agricultural products is one of the principal functions of the Canadian National, and so long as the C.N.R. continues to give this service, so long may Canadian farmers and ranches continue to have the benefits of the widest possible markets for their products."

Job—"I've an invention at last that will mean a fortune!"
Zeb—"What is it this time?"
Job—"Why, it's an extra key for a typewriter. When you don't know how to spell a word you hit that key and it makes a blur that might be an 'e' and 'a' or almost anything else you like."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of ARTHUR J. BLACKBURN, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, Tailor, deceased. ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of Arthur J. Blackburn aforesaid, who died on or about the 7th day of August, 1937, are hereby notified to send in to the undersigned Executor, on or before the 30th day of September, 1938, full particulars of their claims proved by affidavit. IMMEDIATELY after the said 30th day of September, 1938, the assets of the said deceased estate will be distributed thereto, having regard only to claims of which the Executor shall then have notice. Percy Franklin Blackburn, Executor. DATED at Georgetown this 30th day of August, 1938.



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