

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

PHONE No. 8
J. M. MOORE, Editor and Publisher

A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the Town of Georgetown and surrounding country, including the villages of Glen Williams, Norval, Linehouse, Stewartown, Ballinafad and Terra Cotta. Issued every Wednesday evening at the office on Main St., Georgetown.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$1.50 per year in advance. United States 50c additional. Single copies 3c. Both old and new addresses should be given when change of address is requested.

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Although every precaution will be taken to avoid error, The Herald accepts advertising in its columns on the understanding that it will not be liable for any error in any advertisement published hereunder unless a proof of such advertisement is requested by the advertiser and returned to The Herald business office duly signed by the advertiser and with such error or corrections plainly noted in writing thereon and in that case, if any error so noted is not corrected by The Herald, its liability shall not exceed such a proportion of the entire cost of such advertisement as the space occupied by the noted error bears to the whole space occupied by such advertisement.

THE HERALD DOES JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS.

SMILES

We cannot, of course, all be handsome
And it's hard for us all to be good—
We are sure now and then to be lonely
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy.
To be cheerful is much harder still—
But at least we can always be pleasant
If we make up our mind that we will.
And it pays every time to be kindly.
Although you feel worried and blue
If you smile all the world will be cheerful,
The world will smile right back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant.
No matter how low you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.
—The Compass

THE VERY LAST

I dreamt I saw two souls set forth
Through life and bearing loads;
They both were bent on heaven's ascent,
But followed different roads.
The one chanced on a well-worn track,
Where saints had trod before;
And, running straight, soon reached the gate
Of rest for evermore.
The other—God knows why he found
No path so sanctified,
Went blundering on from dawn till dawn,
Till all the world had died.
For many a tempting turn he took
To be betrayed by sin;
How oft he fell he wept to tell,
Yet dared to hope to win.
So, when the tired world's tolls were o'er,
And all the seasons past,
Sad, sick and sore he reached God's door,
And crept in—least and last.
And some stood by who wondered why
The Master spoke no blame;
They had not heard His tender word:
"I know the way you came."
—J. J. Bell

LOST KINGDOMS

And now I, too, am come of those who weep,
Through empty days and nights of bleak despair,
For dear, lost kingdoms that they could not keep;
I, too, must stand in alien fields and stare
With burning eyes upon a distant scene:
On halcyon hills, whose purple shadows lie
Caressingly on meadows far more green
Than those that claim this cold, unfriendly sky;
On wooded vales that know no wintry grief,
But stand unchanging through eternal spring;
Not theirs, the loss of cherished bloom and leaf,
Not theirs the pang of beauty's perishing,
Within us all the listening heart might hear
A lone child's grief for kingdoms lost and dear.
—Constance Davies Woodrow

HIGHEST IN HER CLASS

A number of Record of Performance certificates have been issued by the Federal Department of Agriculture to members of the Holstein herd of Clarence Anderson, Georgetown, during the month of September, according to the monthly test bulletin. Highest in her class was Dewdrop Burke Bonheur, who led 22 two-year-olds in the twice-a-day milking section of the 305 day division. Her official production is given as 438 lb. fat from 12835 lb. milk.

The cheering note "Really, this is shocking, Freddy," said his mother. "How is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?" "I don't worry, mum," said Freddy. "They teach the same at both schools."
Imagination was given a man to compensate him for what he is not, and sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.

The Child Effie

By CONNIE E. DAVIS
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WVU Service.

THE sun, at the end of that hot August day, bobbed mockingly like a huge red Jack-o'-lantern on the hill horizon, then swiftly dropped from sight. Evening came, and with it a cool breeze.

The two sisters sat side by side on the farmhouse piazza. Silence, more hostile than ever before, followed the argument that had been more bitter and determined. Aunt Florilla's hands were folded tightly on her spacious lap; her amiable mouth was set in strange lines of unyielding stubbornness. Aunt Jane's knitting needles clicked angrily and her austere countenance was grim in the gloom. The time was rapidly nearing when the question must be settled once for all.

Aunt Florilla first broke the unkindly silence, speaking in little, breathless sentences. "It's so important—and I've always given in to you, all my life. The child Effie," she gaped for words, "she is going to have what the rest of the family didn't."

"Yes," answered Aunt Jane harshly, "she is. She can go to normal school. Then when she's taught a while and saved some money, she can marry some nice, steady fellow if she wants to. But finishing school? Learn to use the right fork! Bah!" her voice shook with disdain.

The younger sister turned on her furiously, her pudgy hands gripping the arms of the chair. "Yes, learn to use the right fork!" she shrieked. "With her looks and a little training nothing will be too good for her. Any man would be proud of her as a wife. She could travel. But you," she choked on an hysterical sob, "you condemn her, your only niece, to the everlasting scrubbing and dishwashing of every other woman in this town."

SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Minutes passed. It was quite dark now. At last Florilla spoke again. "Jane," she said, and something in her low constrained voice startled the other. "You hold the whip hand and always have. The child Effie will do as you say if we have to put it up to her. But listen here, Jane, if you go against me this once in all our lives that I've stood out, then the day Effie goes to your normal school I leave here, too, forever."

A chill swept over Aunt Jane, the elder by 12 years, old age was fast becoming a reality to her, and what a hideous reality, alone. For the first time she wavered, but the old habit of dominating proved too strong and a wave of anger obliterated every other emotion. "Very well," she agreed crisply. "Be that as it may. Effie goes to normal school."

An hour passed. Night was well on its way. A clear bright moon lighted the tidy front lawn. A car stopped at the gate and a young girl jumped lightly to the ground.

"Not tonight, Dan," she said in a low voice, "it's too late. Goodnight." She lingered a few moments looking after the disappearing car, then came swiftly up the walk.

"You're still here," she called gayly, casually, but there was an excitement in her voice that both aunts would have been quick to notice ordinarily. "Of course we are," snorted Aunt Jane. "How in the world can we go to sleep with you gallivanting round the country all hours of the night?"

Effie started to speak, then stopped. Then she began again, hurriedly. "I must tell you. Dan asked me—we're engaged. We are going to get married in the spring."

Neither sister spoke. It was as though a thunderbolt from the summer sky had dropped in their midst. The girl broke the pause.

"I am afraid it's quite a surprise to you. I'm sorry, but I was afraid Dan didn't like me—and I couldn't say anything to you." She arose, a slender, radiant figure. "Don't say anything tonight, but wait till tomorrow." She broke off, and kissing them, ran into the house.

Aunt Jane it was who spoke first. "Florilla," she said, and there was a curious relief in her voice, "I guess them things ain't for us to say. Dan's a good boy."

She was striving in her inarticulate way to offer some sympathy to the other, whose disappointment she sensed must be greater than her own. But it was not until the two lay side by side in the big old-fashioned bedroom that Florilla answered her.

"Once I went to see our sister soon after Effie was born," she said gravely. "She was all dragged out, and the house wasn't any too tidy. I guess I must have hinted some sympathy for all at once she went to the old clothes basket you and I had rigged up as a crib, and picked up the baby. 'Florilla,' she said, 'real solemn like, never say anything like that again. Happy! I'm almost afraid to be so happy.'"
It was Florilla's way of giving in.

INSECT PESTS ON THE FARM

The army worm was the outstanding insect pest in August. The most serious outbreak of this insect within the last fifty years has taken place. The worms were most numerous and the damage greatest in the counties of Huron, Bruce, Grey, Simcoe, Durham, Waterloo, Wellington, York, Ontario and Durham, but there were minor outbreaks all over Old Ontario and also in several areas in New Ontario even as far west as Rainy River, Ontario.

The crops attacked were all kinds of grasses, including timothy and millet, oats, barley, spring wheat, corn and to a slight extent winter wheat. The chief damage was done to oats and barley. Hundreds of fields of these were very heavily attacked in the above mentioned counties. Wherever the poisoned bran bait was applied in time and properly distributed, it gave remarkably good results, a single application saving the crop. Wherever it was not applied or applied too late the crop was either ruined or severely damaged. The furrow method combined with poisoned bran also was a decided success in preventing the worms from marching from an infested field or fields into non-infested crops, especially corn.

Fortunately in even the worst areas there were uninfested fields, that either had no worms or very few, and this fact prevented the loss from being so great as it otherwise would have been. White grubs in some localities in central Ontario are abundant in sandy soil or soils of an open texture, and are attacking especially potato tubers. Grasshoppers have caused some

damage, chiefly in the counties of Carleton and Prescott. Poison for baiting was sent to those, with the result that little further damage is likely to take place.

Wheat stem maggots have been numerous in a number of barley and wheat fields as shown by the heads turning white prematurely without any kernels developing. This insect seldom does a great deal of damage.

A wheat stem sawfly, probably the same one as occurs in the wheat areas of our West, has been found in wheat fields in Prince Edward, Hastings and York counties. This is apparently a new insect for Ontario, and whether it will prove to be a serious pest remains to be seen.

It is too early yet to report on the European corn borer, but the indications are that there will be considerable damage in Essex and Kent. The variegated cutworm was found in many fields when examining for army worm. It is not numerous enough to cause any appreciable damage.

Trouble Brewing

"I," said the examiner at the naval college, "you stand facing east, will north be on your right hand or your left?"

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir," said the prospective cadet; "you see, I'm a stranger in these parts."

No Escape

"M'Nairn—Twas a fine sermon the day, Sandy, tho' maybe a wee bit personal for ye. Sandy (the village reprobate)—Ach! weel, mon, I dinna ken—it's a michty pair sermon that disna hit me somewhere!"



What's In A Name?

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The SNAPSHOT GUILD

PICTURES AT THE FAIR



Stock showings provide snapshot chances at the fair—and so do many other events. Take the camera wherever things are going on!

EXHIBITIONS and county fairs supply a wealth of picture material for the busy camera. So do street fairs and carnivals. Take your camera along when you visit these lively affairs, and you'll have no difficulty keeping it active all day long.

On such occasions, there is always plenty going on, and wherever things are happening one can find subjects for pictures. Especially do these events offer opportunities for the "off-guard" type of story-telling snapshots. The vendor of toy balloons making a sale, the fat man munching a hamburger at a midway booth, the "barber" in front of a sidewalk, the child gazing longingly at the merry-go-round—these are but samples of the dozens of picture

chances you may find in an afternoon's visit.

And there are many other types of snapshots to take. One always finds contests and exhibits, ranging from home-canned peaches to prize watermelons, chocolate layer-cakes and the "best bushels" of corn. Snapshots of the judging, as well as the exhibits, make good pictures for your collection. Too, there are horse and livestock shows that offer many picture-taking possibilities.

Keep your eyes open, try to capture the spirit of the fair in all its aspects, and you will come home with a pocket full of good snapshots. These occasions just give point to an old rule—if you want really good pictures, and plenty of them, take the camera where there's something going on!

John van Guilder.

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)
Going East
Passenger and Mail 7:00 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 10:00 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 6:40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto 9:41 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only 8:31 p.m.

Going West
Passenger and Mail 8:34 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 3:35 p.m.
Passenger and Mail 6:02 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday 11:10 p.m.
Saturdays only, leaving Toronto at 11:30 p.m., arriving at Georgetown 12:25 a.m.

Going North
Mail and Passenger 8:40 a.m.

Going South
Mail and Passenger 6:53 p.m.

GRAY COACH LINES

Time Table

Effective Sunday, September 25th
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto
a 7:08 a.m. 9:28 a.m. 11:48 a.m.
c 2:23 p.m. 4:38 p.m. 6:48 p.m.
9:03 p.m.

Westbound to London
9:35 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 2:05 p.m.
c 2:55 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m.
b 6:00 p.m. d 11:05 p.m.
e 11:50 p.m.

a—Except Sun. and Hol.
b—Sun. and Hol.
c—Sat. only.
d—Except Sat., Sun. and Hol.
e—Sat., Sun. and Hol.
x—To Kitchener.
y—To Stratford.

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