

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, Limehouse, Stewarttown, Ballinacraig 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.

ADVERTISING RATES—Legal notices, 12c per line for first insertion, 7c per line for each subsequent insertion. Readers, 8c per line for each insertion; if in black face type, 5c per line additional. Notices qualifying as "Coming Events," such as concerts, entertainments, society church or organization meetings, etc., 8c per line, minimum charge 25c. Reports of meetings held gladly inserted free. In memoriam notices 50c and 10c per line extra for poetry. Birth, marriage and death notices 50c. Small advertisements: one inch or less, 50c for first insertion and 25c for each subsequent insertion. Display advertising rates on application.

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.

STOCK TAKING

FORGET
Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer
Whenever you may meet it.

REMEMBER
Remember every kindness done
To you, whatever its measure,
Remember praise by others won,
And pass it on with pleasure,
Remember every promise made,
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

If you were requested to value a smile;
Then, after considering it for a while,
And calling to mind many smiles you have seen,
Just what would you say?

Suppose you're downhearted and filled
With blue,
Then someone comes smiling — It's
Just like good news —
Maybe you've been lonely, then
Someone came in,
And, smiling addressed you; Oh! how
Have you been?

You quarreled with your neighbor,
Harsh things did you say,
But he smiles when he meets you and
Bids you "Good day,"
And now when you meet him you
Smile at him, too,
So now you're good neighbors, this
Neighbor and you,
Just what was it worth?

When "Danny" had fever — so pale
And so weak —
The doctor had told you "It's nearing
The peak,"
As you watched, with your heart in
Your throat, by your child,
He opened his eyes and he saw you
And smiled,
Just what was it worth?

No song ever sung and no music you
Hear,
Can equal a smile that is loaded with
Cheer;
Though weary from labor you've
Struggled to go through,
You know there's a smile at home,
Waiting for you,
Just what is it worth?

To those who have scattered their
Smiles down the years,
Sometimes with a lift and sometimes
Through your tears,
If friends you might wish to leave
Something worthwhile,
Above all in value, bequeath them a
Smile.
Now if you were asked to value a
Smile
Just what would it be? —Andrew Russell.

MY HOME TOWN

My town is the place where my
Home is founded; where my business
is situated, and where my vote is
cast; where my children are educated;
where my neighbors dwell, and where
my life is chiefly lived. It is the
home spot for me.
My town has the right to my civic
loyalty. It supports me and I should
support it. My town wants my citizenship;
not my partisanship; my
friendliness, not my dissension; my
sympathy, not my criticism; my intelligence
not my indifference. My
town supplies me with protection,
trade, friends, education, schools,
churches, and the right to free, moral
citizenship.

It has some things that are better
than others; the best things I should
seek to make better, the worst things
I should help to suppress. Take it
all-in-all, it is my town, and it is
entitled to the best there is in me.
From the Municipal World.

The old vagrant stood before the
magistrate, who boomed:
"What's the matter with you? Can't
you behave yourself for one week?
You've been before this court at least
30 times. You've been charged with
drunkenness, shop-lifting, burglary,
assault and now you are accused of
beating your wife. What have you
to say for yourself?"
"Your Honor," declared the prisoner,
"nobody's perfect."

Pop

By KARIN ASHBAND
Wholes Syndicate, Inc.
W.H.U. Service.

Y'KNOW, it's awful not to be wanted. It's the most awful thing in the world. I know, because I never was wanted myself. Not that I blame nobody for that. I ain't much. Wouldn't take no prize at a beauty show or anything like that. I'm a scrawny red-head and I got freckles most as big as dimes.

Besides, I just happened. I don't believe I ever was born. I never had no father, nor no mother. Just the Home I run away from. Now I'm a newsy in business for myself, and it's a swell business, too. I don't mean maybe.

I run a Hot Dog Joint, too, where you can get a pup sandwich with mustard and a cup of steamin' coffee for a dime. That's a swell business, too—since I met Pop. I see, I'm aamin' some day to go to college, if I get along enough at night school. I dunno I don't worry about it none. The only thing I ever worried about was my Hot Dog Joint. It was run by a bunch o' crooks that was cheatin' me outa my rights. But then—well, that's where Pop comes into my story.

I seen him the first time on a cold day pullin' his thin coat round him to try to keep the wind out. He was lookin' in the window o' my Hot Dog Joint with that hungry look in

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

his eyes. Y'know, you seen that look on a mother what's kid's just died. You seen it on a gutter pup trailin' on somebody's heels hopin' to be adopted 'stead o' bein' kicked. Sure you have! I seen it on Bozo. That's the gutter pup I adopted. The scraggiest, dirtiest little cur anybody ever seen. But you'd orter see him now that he knows he's wanted! He's a prize dog, all right, and I don't mean maybe. Helps me take care o' my business.

Well, a kid that thought he was smart pulled Pop's whole whiskers. "Hi yi, Santy Claws," he yelled. "Tain't Christmas. Wadda ya hangin' round here for?"

That's where I come in on the picture. I dropped my papers, leavin' 'em for Bozo to watch, and I lit into that kid. I grabbed him by the collar, and rode him on the toe o' my right boot straight into the gutter. Then I turned to the old man.

"Hungry, Pop?" I says to him. He turned his bleared eyes on me. Gee, then I knew I'd just have to adopt him. His eyes was so much like Bozo's that day I found him. Pop just nodded, dumb-like. His wrinkled old hands was blue from the cold.

"Here," I says, "you go in there an' tell 'em Jack (that's me) says you can eat anything you want, see? —and—charge the bill to me."

When he come out, he looked different. Sort o' satisfied. "I can help you sell your papers for that, Son," says he.

Son! Gosh! Nobody never called me son before. So I gave him a heap o' papers, and say, they went like hot cakes. Before I knew it they was gone. So I fetched him another heap, and I went in and tended the Hot Dog Joint, leavin' him and Bozo, who was great friends by this time, to run the paper business.

That night, I says to him, "Me an' Bozo got an extra cot in our room you can use, Pop."

"Why are you so good to me, Son?" says he. "Oh," I says, leavin' the way with Bozo right at my heels, "I uster have a granddadd m'self once. Count o' him it's sort of good havin' you round."

That was the beginnin'. Pop and I make a good company. We got money in the bank now. He runs the Hot Dog Joint for me swell. No more crooked business. And seein' he just makes everybody come in there to eat. He's added corn beef and ham san'wiches to the menu, an' a couple easy puddin's—an' fruit for dessert. An' the place is clean as a whistle, as easy on the eyes as on the stomach. Guess it's good for the soul to know somebody wants you.

I never told him about never havin' a granddadd. Well, p'raps I had once. Who knows? Anyway, I got one now.

Pop! He's a grand old man. Funny, he thinks I'll be President some day. Guess I got to go to college now. He says that's what he's workin' so hard for. Gee, it's great just bein' wanted, an' knowin' somebody wants you to be somebody!

Making Pomanders
Ground skins, whole cloves, orange cinnamon and powderedorris root are used in making pomanders. The whole cloves are inserted in the skin of the orange until it is practically covered. It is then rolled in a mixture of equal parts of cinnamon and orris root, wrapped in tissue paper and put away for a week or ten days. This gives the cinnamon mixture time to eat the orange and add to its fragrance. Finally shake off the loose mixture and the pomander may be used as a sachet or as a moth repellent due to the cloves.

ESKIMOS GROW VEGETABLES

Garden Staff Lenses Disease in Labrador

Education of Eskimos on the rim of the Great White North, in Labrador, to supplement their diet of meat and fish with vegetables was recalled by Dr. F. C. Sears, professor of horticulture at the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, in an interview at Kenville, N.S.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell, famous founder of the Grenfell missions in Labrador, realized if disease were to be lessened among the Eskimos, something more was needed than the seven hospitals which had been established.

So he enlisted the services of Dr. Sears 11 years ago, to teach the Eskimos how to grow their own vegetables. The work was highly successful and the natives now produce in their own gardens enough vegetables to last them the entire year, with the possible exception of potatoes.

They have only three months summer season, from May 20 to Aug. 20. At first considerable difficulty was encountered in getting the Eskimos interested.

Without proper fertilizer and with the only seeds available being of poor quality, crops were practically negligible. Good seeds were secured, however, and a greenhouse was donated by a New England woman. Vegetable plants were raised and then set out, and the results were better crops and increased interest among the natives.

Potato growing, difficult owing to frosts, was gradually increasing, Dr. Sears said. From Red Bay, he had received a message that for the first time in the history of the settlement, no potatoes would have to be imported.

When he returns next summer for his 12th visit, Dr. Sears said he hoped to overcome the greatest difficulty, that of the scarcity of land on which crops can be grown—by starting a farming district on a small island about 100 miles inland from the coast near Northwest River.

"The climate improves further inland—away from the parade of icebergs down the coast."

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 8:35 p.m.
Passenger and Mail 11:19 p.m.
Saturdays only, leaving Toronto at 11:20 p.m., arriving at Georgetown 12:25 a.m.—First trip November 26th.

Going North
Mail and Passenger 8:45 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.
c2:55 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m.
b6:00 p.m. d11:05 p.m.
e11:50 p.m.

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

Tickets and information at
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Phone 89 — Georgetown

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COLLECTIONS
On January 7th, 1939, a Toronto client wrote us in part as follows: "I would surely recommend you to anyone I know who has bills to collect, as I am sure if they can be collected your Company can do it. I am sending you another note herewith."
Can we be of similar service to you?
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Boy Leaves Hospital Under His Own Power After Four Long Years

Lad's Parents Don't Pay Cent For Expert Care and Treatment

Eight-year-old Jim has gone back to the north country after four years in the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. He walked out, carrying his own handbag.

Four years earlier, when he was barely more than a baby, his parents made the long journey down to Toronto, bringing Jim with them. They appeared in the out-patient clinic at the Hospital for Sick Children and told the doctor that Jim had a sore back.

As they go with thousands of other patients every year, the doctors at the clinic gave the little boy a thorough examination. Some of the ablest physicians and surgeons in Toronto were there. They took X-rays, made blood tests and "sections," and found that Jim had a tubercular spine. They took him upstairs and put him to bed, while his father and mother stayed around for a few days and then went back up north.

Privately, the doctors thought that Jim had scarcely a chance to get better, but they worked over him unceasingly, turned loose all the magic of modern medicine for four long years, while the little boy ticked off his birthdays.

Well, it worked. Jim did get better, and he walked out of the hospital with a strong back set on two sturdy legs. He's up home again, in the bush country of Northern Ontario.

PARENTS DIDN'T PAY CENT
And because the day's hospitals are organized in an especially marvellous way, Jim's parents didn't pay a single cent for the four years of expert care and treatment. His municipality paid the Hospital for Sick Children the Public Ward rate of \$1.75 a day for every day the sick youngster was laid up and the Ontario Government paid the statutory rate of 50c. But it cost the hospital at least \$1.00 a day more than the \$2.25. The Hospital for Sick Children invested \$1,400.00 of its own money in Jim's recovery.

They do things like that every day in the week. The doctors who looked after Jim for four years are continually doing for helpless youngsters who come to them with bad tonsils, poor eyes, weak chests, hereditary diseases and a hundred other ailments.

Broken bones come in for setting. Babies who aren't feeding properly, and wither in infancy, whose teeth haven't been attended to since they were born, are looked after. The biggest men on the hospital's staff carry out their duties in the morning, diagnose troubles, and give the delicate operations and care to those who are already in hospital.

Last year, on instance, the highly skilled physicians and surgeons on the staff of the Hospital for Sick Children gave free of charge more than 50,000 hours of their valuable time. Put a value on it—say \$5.00 an hour, which is too little—and you have more than \$250,000 worth of medical services given away in a single hospital.

MOST IN PUBLIC WARDS
Joseph Bower, Superintendent of the Hospital, listened alertly to the

question, "How about it, now, don't the doctors and hospital make some profit out of the private patients who can afford to pay?"

"Would it be news," he asked, "that out of the 304 beds in the Hospital for Sick Children, 414 are in public wards? We had 9,000 patients last year, and less than five per cent of these were private patients."

"We are a public hospital, and like every public hospital, we are required by law to accept any patient who comes to our doors in need of treatment. We give them everything they need, and it's not unusual for the hospital to furnish from \$300 to \$400 worth of serum to a single patient suffering from pneumonia. Whatever the cost to us, we get only one regular allowance of \$2.35 a day, per patient."

Some serums are given free to the hospitals by the Provincial Department of Health; the others, not on a free list, must be paid for.

It's pretty obvious, then, that the hospital has to make up its operating loss some other way.

This is the reason for the regular annual appeal to humane and charitable citizens for donations.

The out-patient's clinic was crowded this morning. Waiting rooms and corridors were filled with parents and children from infants to adolescents. Several hundred come here every day, many from outside Toronto.

Of all the hundreds of fathers and mothers who brought in their ailing youngsters, a few, who could, paid 50 cents. There might be bills a little higher for X-ray and other special work, but the majority paid less and many nothing at all.

Look closely into the heart of the Hospital for Sick Children, and you will find not only kindness and superb skill but an organization that is almost unique in the world. It is Ontario's hospital for everyone in every municipality even to the farthest corners of the province.

100,000 VISITS A YEAR
"There is no statutory provision for establishing an out-patient's department in any hospital," said Mr. Bower. "But municipalities throughout the province have come to realize the importance of our out-patient department, since a very large proportion of the patients treated there would otherwise be occupying beds in the hospital. And that would result in a much increased financial load for the municipalities."

So there is one reason for the size of the great daily clinic, which hunts out the illa of thousands of youngsters and results in upwards of 100,000 visits a year.

The Hospital for Sick Children does not share in the funds collected by the Toronto Federation for Community Service because patients are admitted from all over Ontario.

Over \$23,000.00 is needed this year to meet the unavoidable deficit. Even small gifts are not only welcomed and appreciated but are the Hospital's assurance from the people of Ontario that they should continue the great work of serving sick and crippled children without regard as to race, creed or financial circumstances.

Your gift should be mailed to the Avenue Secretary, The Hospital for Sick Children, 67 College Street, Toronto.

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