

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 Coona. 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 daily signed by the advertiser and with such error correction 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

RICHES

These lift my heart on sudden wings,
Yet they are such familiar things!
The crimson of a robin's breast;
The purple of a thrush's throat;
A fragile nest on swaying bough;
Brown horses straining at the plough;
A firefly's lantern burning bright;
A cricket chanting in the night;
A flowery goblet lifted up
That a thyee bee might sup;
New lambs upon a quiet hill;
Bright streams where cattle drink
their fill—
How much of joy my heart would miss
Were there not riches such as this!
—Ruth Stirling Bauer.

I'M FEELING FINE

There ain't no use kickin' friend,
When things don't come your way
And grumble night and day
It does no good to holler round
The thing to do is curb your grief,
Cut out your little whine;
And when they ask you how you are,
Just say "I'm feeling fine."

There ain't no man alive but what
Is booked to get his slap;
There ain't no man that walks but
what
From trouble gets his rap
Go mangle with the bunch, old boy,
Where all the bright lights shine,
And when they ask you how you are,
Just say "I'm feeling fine."

Your heart may jest be bustin' with
Some real or fancied woe
But when you smile the other folks
Ain't really apt to know
The old world laughs at heartaches,
friend,
Be they yours or mine,
So when they ask you how you are,
Just say "I'm feelin' fine." —Anon.

CMON LETS TIDY UP

Go tidy up the old back yard,
And fix the falling fence,
Go get the winter's rubbish out
And make it all go hence.

The cellar, too, needs cleaning some,
And the storm doors should come
off,
And while you're 'bout it you should
fix
The broken-backed eavestrough.

The front lawn should be raked and
cleared,
The back walk needs repairs,
And there's a heap-a-junk to dig
From 'neath the cellar stairs.

All nature is now tidying up,
The grass is pushing through;
The leaves will soon be on the trees,
And make them look like new.

But if you do not have the time,
These little jobs to do,
Just give them to some jobless man,
Who needs them more than you.

THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS

Have wild or domestic animals any inherent or natural rights that we as human beings are bound to respect? The answer is, of course, an emphatic "Yes," but how often does it happen that these rights are ruthlessly trampled upon?
Man has been given "dominion over the beasts of the field." That dominion, or trust, implies a rule of reason, of air and honorable treatment which we owe to every creature which we have brought into being. We have previously violated this trust imposed upon us. We do so, for instance, when we cruelly cage up animals whose natural right it is to roam the woods and fields as Nature intended. We abuse those rights when we condone, by act or implication, rodeos, bullfights, cock-fights, or other such "amusements" which have as their motif the torture of helpless animals. We kill and maim and wound inoffensive creatures for "fun" or "sport," which constitutes one of the most scathing indictments to which we as trustees must answer some day. In toto it is a long sad tale of breach of faith.
The animal world has an inalienable right for a Constitution, a Bill of Rights or a Magna Carta. In the final analysis it can only be engraven in the hearts of all mankind, the result of love, understanding and appreciation of our dumb fellow creatures. That grand command of the Bible, "Do unto others as you would have done unto you," has a distinct application to all other forms of life, and we must in the next millennium be able to say, "I have loved them as myself." —"Our Dumb Animals."

A BUREAU TO ADVERTISE SMALL TOWNS

Instead of the government reaching down into the provincial and dominion coffers and assisting Toronto financially to build a sewage disposal plant within its own limits, it would be a tremendous stroke of business on the part of any government group to set up a bureau to further the interests of the smaller and larger towns of the province.
Travel north, south, east or west and you will pass through towns which some years ago had two, three or four and sometimes more thriving industries. Industries that were the life blood of the province, which absorbed a great amount of the now unemployed urban population. What is the picture today? There are few towns which have not a most desirable factory site lying idle, rotting through disuse and which will be finally torn down to avoid municipal taxes. All this is happening while the larger centres become over-burdened with growing pains, too large to handle their own public works and ask government to pay a portion of the burden.

Practically every town, especially in Western Ontario, has every facility and an abundance of hydro power with which to provide the facilities for almost any kind of industry. There was a time when transportation hindered manufacturing from coming to the smaller centre, but with trucking facilities, this is no longer true. Freight service today with the combined facilities of railroads and trucks have ample facilities to ship goods anywhere at costs lower than anytime in history.
While small towns manfully try to attract industry, their methods of salesmanship cannot compete with such large cities as Hamilton and Toronto, who have a staff of highly trained, efficient men interviewing, enticing every known type of industry available. In certain respects it is now available but it would be quite essential and more business-like to have a bureau with men capable of selling the idea and providing the information rather than the present indifferent way of handing out forms to be induced to come to the smaller towns if they were given the facts and costs of operating their particular factory in a small town. Labor troubles are few, housing propositions would not hinder development and any amount of labor is available of a class and type industry desires.

A bureau to promote industry in small towns with available and suitable factory sites would pay the province big dividends. If and when an industry wished to become established in Canada this information would be available. In certain respects it is now available but it would be quite essential and more business-like to have a bureau with men capable of selling the idea and providing the information rather than the present indifferent way of handing out forms to be induced to come to the smaller towns if they were given the facts and costs of operating their particular factory in a small town. Labor troubles are few, housing propositions would not hinder development and any amount of labor is available of a class and type industry desires.

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MANUFACTURER CHOOSES WEEKLIES

The Massey-Harris Co. is now running a series of advertisements in The Herald and other weekly newspapers. These advertisements do not take the place of the company's regular advertising schedule designed to keep farmers fully informed on the various machines and their features, but are in addition to these and are for the purpose of creating a higher regard for what farm implements have meant to the farmers of Canada. In a letter received at the beginning of this campaign, the advertising manager says: "Since goodwill building is the basis of the series, we felt that they should run in the publication which comes closest to the interests of its readers—their local paper—and so we have chosen your paper in a select list of Ontario Weeklies, to carry these messages." This is only another indication that no other medium can take the place of the small town paper.

THEY NEVER FAIL

Chubb—I am surprised that Parker has made such a phenomenal success as a weather forecaster.
Duff—I'm not. He threw away all his scientific instruments and depends on his oar to tell him when it is going to rain.
The highest service we can perform for others is to help them to help themselves.—Horace Mann.

"Just Married"

By MARY F. POWER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

FROM where she stood at the foot of the steps Miss Margot Norrie could see the frown deepening on her employer's face.

"If you think I'm going to wear those things, you're mistaken," J. Morey Crane said, and glared at his very capable housekeeper. "Wonder you don't want me to don my high water boots," contemptuously, pushing aside a pair of thick rubbers.

"But it's been raining, Mr. Crane," said Miss Norrie, persuasively. "I'm going to market, and there'll be nobody here—now Claribel's gone."

Mr. Crane took several turns about the driveway that encircled his palatial house and grounds. Pretty soon they'd be appointing a guardian over him, he thought savagely.

This morning he had discharged the cook. Claribel was a capable woman, to be sure, but given to arguing. Later he had reprimanded his tailor. And now he had, he hoped, put Miss Norrie in her place, so to speak. Once he had thought to marry Miss Norrie. But that was before he had met Adele.

Ah, Adele, the winsome "La Petite Chemise Fez"—wasn't that what it said on the program at the rustic theater? Was it? He couldn't be sure. La Petite—Well, something Frenchy, anyway.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

He was quite sure of winning Adele. Over the floral offering two nights ago she had smiled and dimpled in an encouraging manner. Then the note yesterday. The words burled their message into his brain. "The pearls are lovely—a pre-nuptial offering, honey?" (This sounded coy, but—) "Love from A. to Pop-sie."

Was it any wonder Mr. Crane walked giddily along as if on air this glorious June morning, and inwardly felt very smug indeed?

He had traversed half a mile when he came in sight of a huge apartment-like structure. Here was the town abode of the exquisite Adele. A sudden thought struck him. He might make a morning call. A bit unusual, perhaps, but the adorable Adele would understand. He started across the street, hesitated in front of a nasty puddle and—was lost!

From the driveway opposite there dashed a much-be-ribboned and placarded taxi, which drew up at the curb closely. Simultaneously a door in the aforementioned apartment house was suddenly dashed open and a couple descended on the run, amid a hail of rice, old shoes, and showery confetti.

Mr. Crane stood speechless, for there was something familiar about the bridal pair. Adele—and her manager! He felt weak. He had no time for conjecture, for the taxi, with its excited fare, shot across the street, careened a bit as the liveried chauffeur "stepped on it," and then, nearly sideswiping the dumbfounded Mr. Crane, as it showered him with muddy water it sped out of sight, the placard, "Just Married," swinging madly between the two rear wheels.

As if in a dream he heard Miss Norrie alternately crying over him and scolding him as she wiped the mud from his face and hands. And somehow Mr. Crane seemed to feel a deep and abiding appreciation for the kind Providence that had sent Margot Norrie to his home, even in the humble role of housekeeper.

"Faith" said she indignantly, "is your own mother wouldn't know you, Jimmy Crane. Have you no sense?"
"I guess—not," weakly and meekly.

She was wiping the ooze from his coat collar, when he suddenly captured her plump hand. "Miss Norrie," said he, "Margot! Is there any hope for a silly old jay-walker like me? I mean, would you consider marrying me?"

Miss Norrie paused for a brief moment, startled.
"Well, I might do lots worse," she said with a twinkle in her fine blue eyes.

Temperature Kills Fish

One of the most dangerous places for fish is in the Pacific ocean, off the coast of South America, where the cold Peruvian current from the south meets the warm "El nino" current from the north. Millions of fish are killed here annually, says Collier's Weekly, as they swim from one current to the other, by the sudden change in temperature.

How the Camel Breathes

The camel has a special set of muscles in its nose by means of which it can close up the nose altogether between breaths and open it just sufficiently wide in order to breathe. This is a special protection against the sand storms which frequently occur in the native country of camels.

Loans from \$25.00 UP

PERSONAL LOANS at the lowest rates...\$36 per \$1000—Repayable in 12 Monthly Instalments...

For any reasonable need—emergency or opportunity—we are glad to advance money to people with an assured income... Consult the manager of our nearest branch. You will appreciate his helpful attitude to your problems.

BANK OF MONTREAL

A BANK WHERE SMALL ACCOUNTS ARE WELCOME

"It's all right—I see them coming along the road now!"

When you've got a telephone you can reassure people quickly. In the country, farm homes are far away from each other—it takes a lot of time to send somebody "next door"—but it takes no time at all when you've got a telephone. Then you are in touch with your neighbours, with the stores in the village—and if your grown up children are working in nearby towns—you can hear their voices too. Every farm home should have a telephone—because it costs so little.



LOW RATES for FARM HOMES

They're laying RIB-ROLL Roofing and right over the old shingles, too!

With Preston "Rib-Roll" and "Tite-Lap" metal roofing there is no mass of old shingles lying around and no danger of exposing your building while re-roofing.

"Tite-Lap" and "Rib-Roll" made in the famous Council Standard quality, are guaranteed for 25 years. Sure protection against fire and weather for the best part of a lifetime.

Prices are lower than at this time last year because there is no sales tax. Write today for free estimate. Address Dept. 906.

Eastern Steel Products

C.N.R. TIME TABLE
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	6:16 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:06 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9:40 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only	8:31 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8:34 a.m.
Passenger, Daily except Saturdays and Sundays	6:06 p.m.
Saturday ONLY	1:45 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11:19 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8:45 a.m.
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Going South

Mail and Passenger	6:52 p.m.
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GRAY COACH LINES

Time Table
Standard Time
Effective Sunday, April 30th
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto	
a—6:14 a.m.	9:18 a.m.
c—2:23 p.m.	4:08 p.m.
	6:08 p.m.
	9:03 p.m.
To Kitchener	
x—9:35 a.m.	12:05 p.m.
a—4:05 p.m.	x—2:05 p.m.
d—10:35 p.m.	e—7:50 p.m.
	e—11:35 p.m.
x—Through to London	
a—Daily except Sun. and Hol.	
b—Sun. and Hol. Only	
c—Sat. Only	
d—Daily except Sat., Sun. and Hol.	
e—Sat., Sun. and Hol.	
g—Daily except Sun.	

Tickets and information at
W. H. LONG
Phone 88 — Georgetown

DIRECTORY

F. E. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
Georgetown
Office Hours—9 to 5, except Thursday Afternoons

DR. J. E. JACKSON
Dentist — X-Ray
Office hours: Daily 9 to 5
Evenings 7 to 9
PHONE 224W — GEORGETOWN

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M. SYBIL BENNETT, B.A.
Barristers and Solicitors
Mill Street
Georgetown, Ontario

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Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Successors to Cater & Worth
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request - Phone 2048
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

A. M. NIELSEN
25th Year of Practice
Chiropractor
X-RAY
Drugless Therapist
Ledy Attendant
Office over Dominion Store
Georgetown
Hours: 2 - 5 - 7:30 - 9:30 p.m.
Closed Thursday Phone 120W

"Last night was a night and no mistake," said Gliddy. "Do you know, I finished up in the police station?"
"Lucky dog," said Brown, utterance in his voice, "I found my way home."

Defendant (at police court) — "I was placed under arrest by a police jockey."
Solicitor—There is no such thing as a police jockey.
Defendant—"Well, he was on anyway."