

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

PHONE No. 8

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A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the Town of Georgetown and surrounding country, including the Villages of Glen Williams, Norway, Limehouse, 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.

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, 6c 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 examinations 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 and returned to proof of such advertisement is requested 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

THE CERTAIN FATE

He talked of age as something guaranteed,
Planned for it as a certainty and said:
"Gray-beard dependance was a thing to dread.
When one is old one must be free from need."
The poor house is a fearful place, indeed!
And swiftly are the years of harvest sped.
When I am old I must have meat and bread.
At seventy I shall want to sit and read.
Life was the thing he planned for to the last.
Always tomorrow's needs his eye could see.
With no assurance that it was to be,
The fear of Old Age seemed to hold him fast.
At life's uncertain fates he stood aghast.
Yet never thought of death, the certainty.

THEY SOFTLY WALK

They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out from the strong embrace;
They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands.
Nor look to see, nor try
To catch the sound of feet:
They have put off their shoes
To softly walk by day
Within our thought, to tread
At night our dream-led paths of sleep.
They are not lost who find
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all the olden years,
Nor lost are they who reach
The summit of their climb—
The peak above the clouds
And storms. They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
And stars and God.
They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed
They live a life again,
And shall live through the years,
Eternal life and glow
Each day and every hour,
As time declares their good,
Forgets the rest, and proves
Their immortality.

TIME FOR GOD

I have no time
For God today
Each day I fill
With many tasks;
I sweep and clean,
And cook until
The day is done.
And then for fun
I play I choose,
Or read the news;
Or just sit still,
The time to kill.
I have no time
For God today.
A vision came,
A vision fair,
Of One who stood
Beside my chair,
And followed all
The long day through,
While tasks were done
And during fun.
And when at last
The day was o'er,
And all was clean
And sweet once more,
I knew I'd time
For God this day.
—Mary A. Thomas

A MAN'S PRAYER

Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar. Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience without a gun under my pillow and untroubled by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.
Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square and that, in carrying it, I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.
Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money. Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own.
Guide me so that every night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I shall have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with my children.
And when comes the smell of flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crunching of wheels out in front, make the ceremony short, and the epitaph simple, "Here lies a man."

The Wonderland of Botany

The Way of the Willows
Most people revere hepatica and spring beauty as the first of our spring flowers to bloom, forgetting that the very early pussies on the willow wigs are flowers too; and which we so love to gather, bring into the home and watch with delight these grey pussies grow and gild themselves with the sunshine of their countless stamens. This is our first actual promise of the river going by with the light playing in the willows; when we would send a kiss of welcome to these silvery trees by the gently flowing water.

As every zephyr turns the silvery whiteness of the willow leaves to be kissed by the sun; there is a rustle, so cool and so fresh—one of the sweetest songs of June. A mournful, but a true river song, always suggestive of the lament, "Super flumina." Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept; when we remembered Sion, and the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our instruments. (Psalm 136)

There is an abundance of evidence in the willows have claimed the interest of writers from Old Testament times up to the present. Virgil, in his Georgics, draws attention to the habit: as being along the rivers: "Flumibus salices." Later, Shakespeare represents Dido lamenting the loss of Aeneas:
"In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."
In Canada, there are fifty or more species. Owing to the fact that they hybridize among themselves, the crosses and varieties produced are seemingly without number, and this makes the separation of the species extremely difficult, even to those who have a specialized knowledge of the group. Hence botanical wags have dubbed the willows as being flirtatious!

The early students of medicine and astrology ascribe to the willow all manner of healing virtues. Nicholas Culpeper writing in his quaint, but sometimes almost unquotable style of the seventeenth century, may have been aware of the unfortunate habits of these floral Don Juans, when he declares that the leaves bruised and boiled in wine have the power of subduing those inclined to over-zealousness. Possibly Mr. Culpeper's conception of a primitive vaccine!
Today however, medical science recalls which is contained in the bark, and the Egyptian willow is noted for the perfumed water distilled from its flowers in India.
Perhaps the most beautiful and best known is the weeping willow, whose native land is Asia. On the banks of the Euphrates, near Babylon, it is abundant. It is also found in China. That it is a favourite there is clear from the prominence given in most Chinese pictures of landscape, especially that of the famous willow pattern china.
From the earliest ages willows have proclaimed their utility. The hosts of Caesar invading England in the first century found the Britons defending themselves behind willow-woven shields and living in huts of matted willows smeared with mud. Willow wares, such as baskets and willow furniture, are as old as civilization, and that in its primitive stages.
From Briton's pointed sons I came,
And Baskin's is my barbarous name;
But now I am so modish grown
That Rome would claim me for her own.

It is a common sight in Europe to see groves of trees from which long swigs have been taken yearly from these uses. The stumps are called pollards, and the trees pollarded willows whose task has been to grow a yearly crop of withes for the basket-makers; yet each spring finds them bristling with new growth, and the promise of yet another harvest which never fails.

HOW TO GATHER EGGS
Eggs should be gathered in a wire mesh basket, not in an old bucket or any old thing which comes handy. When gathered they should be put in a cool place, in a cellar if possible, and not packed in crates until cool. Cooling is particularly important especially in helping to qualify for the Grade A class. There is little or no circulation in an egg crate, consequently eggs placed at once in crates do not cool, and the longer the eggs stay warm in the crate the more likely they are to become a poor grade. After a time the white in the egg tends to weaken, with the result that when the grader passes the egg in front of the light he places the egg in Grade B.

CHILDREN LOOK FOR VACATION

Twenty years ago an idea was born in the minds of the Neighborhood Workers Association of Toronto. In several rural newspapers a plea was made for country people to extend their hospitality, without remuneration, to one or two children from the city during the hot summer months. In that summer sixty children enjoyed a holiday such as they had never known before. Hostesses were asked wherever possible to receive two children at the same time.

From that small beginning the idea grew. They responded to the plea so readily that within three years the number of children being sent to the country had reached 236. Hostesses began to invite the same children back year after year and often their interest continued long after the children returned to the city.
Last summer, according to F. N. Stapleford, General Secretary of the Neighborhood Workers Association, 1,159 children were sent away from the city for two weeks or more.
Credit for the splendid growth of "the plan is largely due," says Mr. Stapleford, "to the co-operation of the rural papers, clergymen, women's organizations and the generous people of rural Ontario."

"Their hospitality and kindness have made dreams come true for many boys and girls. Boys who wanted more than anything in life to live on farms had their dreams realized. Children who were pale and thin from long weary months in the city, received new energy and happiness. For a few weeks they enjoyed the rightful heritage of every child—long sunny days, flowers, birds, trees, and an expanse of blue sky."

"The job is by no means finished. Each year brings its quota of needy children. This summer there are at least 1,200 youngsters who urgently require brief respite from the crowded city quarters in which they live. Once again we must appeal for the co-operation and interest of the rural dwellers," Mr. Stapleford states.

Regulations governing the country home plan are simple. Homes must be within a radius of 150 miles of Toronto. Transportation is supplied by the Neighborhood Workers Association, and children are medically examined before leaving town. Invitations must be accompanied by a reference from the local clergyman or a prominent member of the community, and should state the number of children desired, and the ages and sex preferred.

"Some small towns in the past have pooled their resources. Women with large homes have given the accommodation; women with time on their hands have provided picnics and other entertainment. Ministers have been invaluable in interesting members of their congregation in the adoption of a community plan." The general secretary states.

All letters of invitation or inquiry re the country home plan of vacation for city children should be addressed to the Neighborhood Workers Association, 22 Wellesley Street, Toronto.

Palmerston council struck the town's tax rate at 52 1/2 mills, a half mill less than last year.

Itching Burning Feet

Go to any good reliable drug store and get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil. Don't worry—this penetrating oil brings such ease and comfort that you'll be able to go about your work again, happy and without that unbearable itching and soreness. Rub on Emerald Oil tonight—freely, it does not stain, economize, and it's back everywhere.

THE BILLETING SYSTEM PASSES

Times are changing. The United Church Conference has no invitation for next year's gathering because congregations are no longer prepared to billet the delegates. In the old days the meetings of the old Methodist Conferences in particular were an event in the community. The fatted calf was killed. The spare bedroom was dusted and the parlor aired out. What an honour to billet a visiting delegate and particularly some prominent clergyman!

The whole family were placed on their best behaviour and the huge family bible given a place of prominence. One Western Ontario paper, after the delegates had departed, once published a cartoon of two chickens sticking their heads out from under a barn and repeating the familiar lines of an old Methodist hymn often sung at conference opening: "And we are still alive to see each other's faces."

It was equally an event for the delegates. In the days before automobiles travel was difficult and expensive. Ministers could not afford to travel far from their circuits. A visit to the

city, billeted in some fine city home, with an opportunity of inspiration from leaders of the church and to meet again old church and college friends meant more than it does today. And now the old custom, like so many good old Ontario customs, will likely go into the discard with this rapidly changing world. Homes are smaller; spare bedrooms are scarcer; women do not want the worry of passing the delegates to entertain. The change in social and religious life of more significance perhaps than it seems.

A BAKER WRITES HIS GIRL

Sweet Tart: You're waffle cute, and you're roll the world to me. I'm a well bread young fellow and that's a good reason why you should marry me when I raise the dough. Be my batter half, and everything will pan out all right. Icing your praises day and night because I loaf you. Doughnut refuse me, honey bun, or you're cruller than I think you are. I deserve a little oven, for you're the flour of my eggplant.

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 6:05 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.
Going South
Mail and Passenger 6:52 p.m.

GRAY COACH LINES

Time Table
(Standard Time)
Effective Sunday, April 30th
LEAVE GEORGETOWN
To Toronto
g 6:14 a.m. 9:18 a.m. 11:48 a.m.
c 2:23 p.m. 4:08 p.m. 6:08 p.m.
To Kitchener
x 9:25 a.m. 12:05 p.m. x 2:05 p.m.
a 4:05 p.m. x 6:00 p.m. e 7:50 p.m.
d 10:35 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
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Phone 89 — Georgetown

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THEIR MAJESTIES ENJOY LOCOMOTIVE RIDE



Queen Elizabeth, whose beauty and simple charm has endeared her to Canadians from coast to coast, completely won the hearts of Canadian Pacific Railway Engineer Jack Rutherford and Fireman Stan Lea of giant locomotive 5319 in which Their Majesties rode over the scenically beautiful section of mountains from Beavermouth to Stoney Creek, B.C., in their westward trip across Canada.

Their Majesties forsook the luxury of their special cars for a supreme railroading thrill—a ride in the leading engine of a "triple-header", their royal train at this point being powered by three of the Canadian Pacific Railway's largest locomotives.

With W. M. Neal, vice-president, western lines, Canadian Pacific Railway, Their Majesties entered the locomotive cab at Beavermouth. The 5300-class locomotives—the Belkirs—consist of ten new T-1-b locomotives designed last year by H. B. Bowen, chief of motive power and rolling stock, Canadian Pacific Railway, to power heavy passenger and freight trains in the Rocky Mountains. They are a further development of 20 locomotives of the same type which were built in 1923 and which have given most efficient service between Field and Revelstoke.

Each huge oil-burner with its tender weighs 728,000 pounds and has ten 63-inch driving wheels. It develops 5,000 horsepower, which is sufficient to haul 12 steel cars or 1,950 tons up a 2.2% grade. This is equal to more than 12,000 tons on level track. The engine has a maximum tractive effort of 90,000 pounds and the cylinder dimensions are 25 inches with a 32-inch stroke.