

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 Chen Williams, Norval, Limbouse, Stewarttown, Ballina and Terra Cotta. Issued every Wednesday evening at the office on Main St., Georgetown.

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THE HERALD DOES JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be too late to council then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

THE DIFFICULT DAY

Have you never met it—that difficult day,
When nothing went right with your work,
When try though you would, both with hand and brain,
Your striving meant falling and falling again?
Have you never heard it, that hope in your soul,
That whispered, "Today I'll get nearer my goal?"
And then though you strained to the very last pinch,
The day came to nought and you gained not an inch?
Take heart and keep striving, press on with a will;
One morning will find you on top of the hill.
And then you will see looking down the rough ways,
That the steps leading up were those difficult days.

LIFE

By one great heart the universe is stirred;
By its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through the low sweet song of every bird.

By it the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
Joy feels that heart against his rapturous own
And on it, sorrow breathes her deepest groan;
It bounds through gladness and deepest pains.

Passionless beating through all time and space,
Relentless, calm, majestic on its march,
Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,
Or man's heart break, because of some dread fate!

'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling as in mother's tears,
And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have called that great Heart, God!

Margaret Deland

THE MISCHANCE OF A LIFETIME

One afternoon Mark Twain, who lost more than one hard-earned fortune by investing it in half-brained schemes described to him in glittering terms, observed a tall, spare man with kindly dark eyes and eager face, coming up the path with a strange contraption under his arm. Yes, it was an invention, and the man explained it to the humorist, who listened politely, but said he had been burned too often.

"But I'm not asking you to invest a fortune," exclaimed the man. "You can have as large a share as you want for \$500." Mark Twain shook his head; the invention didn't make sense. The tall stooped figure started away.

"What did you say your name was?" the author called after him.

"Bell," replied the inventor a little sadly. "Alexander Graham Bell."

Vernant Coryell in "The Christian Science Monitor."

Backwoodsmen (returning to his theatre seat after intermission)—Did I sleep on your toes as we went out?
Said man (grimly)—You did, sir.
Backwoodsmen—Here we are, Madam. This is our place.

Celia Seems Dumb

By GLORIA SINCLAIR
Associated Newspapers
WNU Service

CELIA DRAYTON'S coming to Dashville was heralded by considerable excitement in what fondly believed itself the "younger set." Dashville was fast emerging from villagehood and was eminently city-conspicuous. Celia came from New York. All the girls were prepared for ultra-sophistication.

A few came over to her aunt's farm to see her the very first evening. They found a pretty, healthy girl with a markedly simple straightforward manner.

"Dumb, she seems to me," said Violet Ray, who was in normal school, was too thin and had no "steady" boy friend.

"I've come down here to play tennis, get some swimming in a really truly lake and run wild in the sunshine," laughed Celia to her aunt later. "I simply won't be inveigled to bridge parties or indoor waste of time. Yes, dearest aunt, you may give one dance for me, only I really want to live in the lake, excepting when I'm on the tennis courts."

"Evidently she can't play bridge. I guess she's not much of a dancer, either. And, gosh, that dress had no style at all. You might buy it anywhere. I thought from what Mrs. Webber said her niece was something marvelous."

"Darn good looking," said the boys, hoping their tennis would pass muster.

Mrs. Webber laughed. "Never mind, Celia," she said, "I want them to see you dance—that's why I'm giving a dance for you. They're all run silly with trying to be what they believe New York is. They are just babies with new toys. Your uncle can't stay in the room when Milly Batt tries to smoke. He says she looks just like Guendolyn the Tame Chimpanzee who smoked at the last circus. I know you'll forgive them if they try to snub you. If they knew you were they'd crawl at your feet."

"But all I want is for them to be kind and friendly," said Celia, stretching her well-molded arms. "I'm simply spoiling for a swim."

"Did I tell you that Wyatt Fischer is coming tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Webber. "Well, he is. You know he is just through the Beaux Arts in Paris. He has been offered a position in his father's office in Philadelphia and we think he will go far."

"I knew him—a little—in New York," and Celia blushed slightly. "Well, he won't tell these good young people a word until we see he may—about anything," she said, vaguely.

"There isn't anything to tell," said Celia, "excepting that I am on the stage."

The farmhouse made a lovely setting for Mrs. Webber's dance. It was filled with fine old furniture and boasted wide rooms which had been recently floored with polished oak. Celia looked lovely in a simple pink dress that none but her aunt knew bore a Paris label.

The rooms were filled; some good jazz musicians gave their best. And in the middle of the evening young Wyatt walked in and smiled at Celia.

"So you're really back," was all she said.

"And with a real job," he replied meaningly, as she glided out on the floor.

"Gosh, she can dance all right," said Violet, powdering her uncomely nose.

"I'll say she can. But she has no line," responded Mildred Batt, who was short-winded and clumsy. "Line nothing! She's got it!" declared Polly Dawson, a freshman at the state university, good looking and a first-class athlete.

After a delicious supper Mrs. Webber, who loved young people and knew how to make an evening happy, rose and, nodding to Celia, said:

"We have tonight been celebrating my niece's engagement to Wyatt Fischer, whom you all know. Consternation registered on almost all the girls' faces. 'You will also like to hear that dear little Celia is 'Isolde' the dancer, whose picture I know you've seen in the rotogravure sections of your Sunday papers. She will be married from my home Tuesday next. Now, Celia, have you anything to say, dear?"

"Only that I do hope you will like me, for I am going to live here in the summertime. You see, Wyatt knows you all and I don't." The sweet, gentle voice went on: "I feel rather lost among you, for I am the only stranger."

Polly Dawson jumped up and ran to Celia and hugged her. "We'll be friends, for your service is fine and you can dance and you can swim." Every one laughed, for all loved impulsive Polly. "And we won't give a darn for the cats," she whispered naughtily in Celia's ear.

A Tribute to Books
Clarence Dubs's tribute to books is as follows: "The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man. Nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Monuments fall, nations perish, civilizations grow old and die out, and, after an era of darkness, new races build others. But in the world of books are volumes that have seen this happen again and again and yet live on, still young, still as fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead."

WILD LIFE SOUVENIRS

Fairs, whether they are small carnivals with only a Big Top and a few side show concessions, or whether they assume the splendor of the gilt-edged exhibits of a world centennial showing, myriads of attractions, are not fair sometimes to many forms of wild life which are sold as souvenirs at their concessions. Neither are many of the five-and-ten-cent stores in towns and cities, which ply a profitable souvenir trade with tourists, fair to small wild life souvenirs.

One hot August day, I wandered idly through a ten-cent store in Detroit. (The scene could easily have been duplicated in any number of dime-stores or carnivals shows in any number of American cities.) Hearing excited childish squeals of laughter, I was attracted to a counter where two small children and a man, presumably the youngsters' father, were laughing heartily at the amblings of a small turtle trying to crawl through a mesh wire.

"Ooh, Daddy," cried the dark-eyed boy, "aren't they pretty? Buy me one?" "Me too," chimed in his pig-tailed sister.

"What on earth would you kids do with a couple of turtles?" asked their father.

"Play with them," promptly replied the boy now poking a speculative finger at another small turtle in the shallow trough of water.

"No," firmly replied this intelligent Dad. "You can have some other but not a live turtle. And anyway," eyeing the half-dazed tortoise speculatively, "they look almost gone to me."

And about "gone" they truly were. These tiny, little creatures with their delicate shells painted with pin roses and violets announced in yellow letters on their backs that they were souvenirs of Detroit to the store's customers. But they told a sad tale in their half-dazed manner to discerning eyes of any interested scientist or wild life lover. Meant for the cool woods and waters they were instead captive in a hot store, handled by hundreds of curious people. Perhaps cruellest of all, they had not been properly fed or cared for.

I talked later with a woman who is an authority on turtles. She has trapped hundreds for scientific and research purposes but has never killed one. She said, "There is no law in knowing which prevents stores from selling these helpless turtles. But there should be some educative measures which would at least compel store managers to properly house the wild life creatures in their care."

She told me that some turtles are at home on land and on water as well. They need meat, like fresh hamburger or fish, in their diet as well as sea vegetation. "The prepared food put up in boxes and sometimes sold at the same counter with the luckless turtle is not a completely balanced diet," she said. "Some die of starvation, others

of thirst." "Thirst?" I asked surprised. "The poor things can't drink that water," she exclaimed in disgust. "It's unclean."

Yes, we both agreed, it will be a happy day when stores and fairs who ply a trade in small painted turtles, chameleons and other small forms of wild life souvenirs can educate the general public in properly caring for the pets they sell, by setting them a shining example.—Grace V. Sharris in Our Dumb Animals.

THE DROUGHT IS OVER IN THE WEST

Once more merchants in Saskatchewan are filling their shelves with goods. This summer they are selling more groceries, more repairs for cars and farm machinery, more hardware and overalls. In the fall they expect to turn over a lot of semi-luxury and capital goods like radios, automobiles, new tractors, houses and furniture. The long tragic years of drought are over, and so far as production is concerned the West is back to normal.

A few years ago pessimists croaked that the soil of the southern and central prairies was worn out, that the days of even normal crops were over. This summer these same prairies are a solid mass of heavy green. They produce a bumper yield of well over 400 million bushels. It was the lack of wheat rather than the low price which prolonged the great depression in the three prairie provinces. If a farmer has no crop at all, then the price of what he might have had is of only academic interest. This year there should be no lack of volume for the country at large and a reasonable return has been guaranteed to the grower. Along with the latter, the railways, elevators, storekeepers and the loan companies stand to benefit directly, and through them all Canadian business.—Financial Post.

"I'm all upset. We had to kill our dog this morning."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he wasn't any too well pleased."

Professor—I am going to speak on Luzz to-day. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?

Nearly every student raised his hand. Professor—Good. You are the group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

"They say 'meet me at the fountain' is being superceded by 'meet me at the flag-pole' at the Canadian National Exhibition. Small wonder, either, because the flag pole is 187 feet high— incidentally it is made from a single stick of Douglas fir—and simply couldn't be missed! So—meet your friends at the flag-pole this year—it's well worth an inspection.

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)
Going East
Passenger 6:16 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 10:08 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 6:53 p.m.

SUMMER TIME TABLE

Effective Sat., June 24th

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto

a 6:14 a.m., 9:18 a.m., 11:46 a.m.

c 2:23 p.m., 4:08 p.m., 6:08 p.m.

9:18 p.m.

s—except Sundays

o—Sat. only

To London

x 9:35 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 6:00 p.m.

z 7:50 p.m.

x—connections for Owen Sound

b—Sun. and Hol.

(Standard Time)

Tickets and information at

W. H. LONG, Phone 89

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Two Irishmen were in the mountains hunting. The one carrying the gun saw a grouse and carefully took aim. "Bingo," shouted the other. "The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," replied the first. "The bird will never wait!"

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

BETTER CHILD PICTURES



Your child pictures will be more interesting if they "tell a story." Show the child busy at something—such as this repair job. And don't stand too far back.

VIRTUALLY every parent takes snapshots of the children—and would like to take better ones. It's not difficult to take a good child picture, and there's no subject more appealing. But most of these pictures can be made still better, if attention is paid to a few common, easily-corrected faults.

The commonest faults are: lack of "story" interest, wrong choice of background or setting, subject too far from camera, and movement which blurs the picture.

Almost any child snapshot will be better if it "tells a story." Simply give the child something to do—dress a doll, draw a picture, fix a toy wagon wheel, blow soap bubbles. Such activity adds interest to the picture—and also makes picture taking more interesting for the child. Give a small baby a rattle or brightly-colored object to play with—it will arouse his interest, and you will get livelier, more expressive pictures.

Be careful in choosing backgrounds. Look beyond the subject—your camera lens will. Avoid a background that has a definite, obtrusive pattern, such as the side of a clapboarded house. And try for good contrast with the subject. For example, if the child is wearing light-colored

clothes, a dark hedge may make a good background. A hilltop with the child against a sky background is also good.

Examine the child snapshots you have taken. If the subject appears too small in most of them, you're taking pictures at too great a distance. See if you can't get closer. It's easy with a focusing camera, or an inexpensive box or folding type that has a "two-point" focus setting. A portrait attachment is also useful for "close-ups" at three and one-half feet or even a bit nearer. You need not fear cutting off part of your subject, provided you locate the subject accurately in the view finder and then do not move the camera when making the exposure.

Movement—either of camera or subject—blurs the picture. Take care to hold the camera still at the moment you snap the shutter. And, with a box camera, pick a time when the subject is not moving rapidly. If you have a finer camera, use a shutter speed of 1/100 second or faster, with a correspondingly larger lens opening.

Watch these points in taking child snapshots. They're all simple, no trouble—and they'll insure you better pictures.

John van Gelder