

# 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, Norval, Limehouse, Stewartown, Ballinlad 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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THE HERALD DOES JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS

## Poetry

### WORTH

It isn't what you do  
When life is just a melody  
And happy days go singing by  
Like notes upon a scale;  
It's how you carry on  
When paths are dark and you can see  
No light ahead; when every plan  
And effort seem to fall.

It isn't what you give,  
When you have all your heart's desire,  
And from your store, bestow largess  
To fill another's need;  
It's what you share when you possess  
No more than you require,  
And sacrifice to give,  
That is true charity, indeed.

It isn't what the world may claim  
You are and what you've done—  
Such tales may be distorted,  
And too often quite untrue;  
It's how you've triumphed o'er defeat,  
And victories you've won  
In your own secret soul,  
That are of priceless worth to you.  
—Maurine Highway.

### DIAM ROAD

My feet have found the wheel ruts in  
The grass  
Where once old wagons creaked  
Their slow way home;  
A startled heron lifts his wings to  
pass  
Into the dusk across the slough's  
dark loam;  
The spicy scent of alders sweeps the  
land;  
A hare hops swiftly down the fur-  
rowed ground;  
The moist night wind is like a healing  
hand;  
Through all this still, dim world  
there is no sound.  
And, drugged with sleep—the old for-  
gotten road  
Recalls no more the tramp of tired  
feet.  
Or wagons creaking homeward with  
their load  
Along a summer twilight—vague  
and sweet.  
But something of this dim road's  
peace is Thine.  
Dear God—the paved ways glitter—  
and they shine.  
—Grace Noll Crowell.

### PRAYER FOR A NEW HOUSE

Dear Lord, before we enter in  
Go Thou before us, opening the door.  
First give Thy blessing, ere the good  
friends come.  
To bless it. First Thy feet upon the  
floor.  
Treading the untrod carpet. Fill each  
room  
With peace and loving kindness. Make  
the air  
Congenial, that no swift or careless  
word  
Shall sound among these walls, and  
everywhere  
Spread gentleness—beside the waiting  
hearth.  
The kitchen, parlor, in the nursery,  
And in the guestroom. Keep the win-  
dows clean  
That face the dawn and sunset, that  
we see.  
Always the splendor of the world on  
side;  
Also, that strangers, neighbors passing  
by  
Shall sense a lovely world of peace in-  
side.  
Keep bright the torch lamps at the  
door when sky  
And wind are menacing. Make the door  
So strong that storm and fear shall  
not intrude.  
So easy opened that a child's soft hand  
Can swing it wide. Yet one thing more  
we pray.  
Grant we shall love home always—as  
today.

### OF FRIENDSHIP

He was my friend because I seemed to  
be  
Somehow responsive to his frang-  
ing mood;  
I checked to help, once, when he need-  
ed me,  
And found his friendship for his grati-  
tude.  
—Kenneth Wilson.

## October 9th Likely Date For Thanksgiving Day

Announcement by President Roosevelt of a plan to celebrate Thanksgiving Day in the United States a week earlier this year drew attention to the fact that in Canada this year's date for the annual harvest time holiday has not yet been fixed. In recent years it has been customary in Canada to celebrate Thanksgiving day on the second Monday in October. There was an exception, in 1935 when, because there was a general election on that date, the holiday was shifted to October 24, a Thursday. The date is fixed each year by Order-in-Council on recommendation of the Secretary of State. It is anticipated there will be an announcement within a week or two and that the day will be the second Monday in October unless another general election is to conflict with the customary date. The idea of setting apart one day of a number of days for ceremonies of thanksgiving for the bounties of nature and Providence dates back to the earliest history on this continent. It was the custom among the Indians and was observed by the Pilgrim Fathers after their first harvest at Plymouth in 1621. In 1864 President Lincoln fixed the fourth Thursday in November as the permanent Thanksgiving Day in the United States.

## FRIENDS OF WILD LIFE

Henry H. Graham  
in "Our Dumb Animals"

During one of my woodland rambles in the evergreen country I stumbled upon a lonely cabin inhabited by an old miner who worked a placer claim on a nearby stream.

Unlike most men of the deep woods he was an affable, talkative fellow and I soon got him started on my favorite subject—wild life.

"What kind of animals and birds do you have around here?" I asked him.

"Nearly everything—now," he replied, adding the word "now" significantly and giving me a knowing look.

"What do you mean by 'now'?" I inquired.

"I mean since this district became a game refuge established by the government," he declared with a happy twinkle in his eye. "When I first settled on this claim ten years or so ago there was hardly a thing that ran or flew in this whole section. A fellow could walk for days without seeing a deer, beaver or grouse. Heavy hunting had all but exterminated wild life.

"But how the picture has changed, and for the better! Last evening I saw a whole covey of grouse come down to the creek to drink. It was a beautiful sight. The other day five deer grazed on the hillside over yonder and watched them for ten minutes through field glasses. Now there are several beaver dams on the stream. Even an elk or two graze on the upper slopes. The snowshoe rabbits have come back and all sorts of song birds nest in the vicinity. I could see how happy he was about it all.

"That's wonderful," I enthused. "But I'll bet you do your part to keep the animals and birds staying around your place, don't you?"

He grinned. "I don't shoot at 'em, you can lay to that. I did place some rock salt out in the timber for the deer, and I built a few bird-houses." He pointed to the right at several neatly-made and nicely-painted little structures suspended to the limbs of a giant spruce.

"Do you stay here all winter?" I wanted to know.

He nodded. "I'm in this spot the year round except for an occasional trip to town for supplies."

"Then I suppose you feed the chickens, too," I suggested, anxious to draw him out.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "But they'd probably get along pretty well without the food I throw out. However, they're friendly little fellows. Each winter certain ones come right up to my back door to be fed. I learn to recognize them. They come very regularly and some are so tame they take food from my hand. I don't understand it."

"I do," I declared. "All forms of wild life are grateful for the helping hand. They know their friends. And I want to tell you what a wonderful work I think you are doing in helping the government bring back wild life to its former glory."

He blushed like a schoolboy.

I left that little wilderness shack happier than when I arrived. Somehow it made me feel good to know that the birds and animals of that section had so true a friend in the old miner who was never too busy or too tired to help his friends.

## Robert Finds a Way

By JENNIE M'GRAW  
© Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Service.

AS ROBERT entered the front door Myrl came in from the kitchen. Her fingers were sticky with dough, and her usually smooth brow was marred by a crease of impatience.

"Rob, will you just run down to the store and get me a small sack of flour? I'm making biscuits, and I haven't enough to roll them out."

Robert's own brow creased now.

"Gosh, Myrl, I've had a hard day, and I'm tired. Can't you use something else to finish the biscuits? Baking powder, or cornstarch, or something? Or let 'em go and have bread?"

Myrl's frown smoothed as she laughed.

"No, Rob, I can't use anything but flour, not even talcum powder. And you would have to go to the store for bread anyway. I was making biscuits because the bread was all gone. I didn't know the flour was so nearly gone, too."

Robert turned wearily and went out. He stopped at the corner of the house to see if the car was out, but the garage doors were closed, and he decided that it would not take much longer to walk than to get the car and then put it away again.

As he trudged the five long blocks to the store he was thinking hard. Every evening that week he had gone to the store to get something before he could have his dinner. Eggs one time, bread another, steak a third. And two mornings he had gone after things before breakfast. On both these mornings he had almost missed his train to the city.

Thinking back, he could see that Myrl had been getting more and more careless about keeping supplies in the house. There seemed to him to be little excuse for it. She had the telephone and the car to shop with.

She drove down to the little suburban shopping center nearly every day for other things, but she could not seem to find time to stock thearder. She was always meeting friends with whom to visit over sandwiches at the soda shop, or she had an engagement for luncheon, bridge or tea.

Everything else about the smart little bungalow she managed beautifully but the groceries were always running out. Robert reflected wryly that it had become easier to send him to the store than to order over the telephone or drive to the grocer's. He had become a glorified errand-boy, whose meals were delayed until he delivered the groceries.

He made his purchases from Mr. Smithson himself, and after asking for the bread that he knew must be hid for breakfast he leaned over the counter and talked earnestly to Mr. Smithson for several minutes. That gentleman looked astonished at first, but as Robert talked on he chuckled and nodded sympathetically.

"It's a go, Mr. Kern. There's a lot of 'em do that way."

"Six-thirty, then," Robert said, as he turned towards the door.

He whistled cheerfully as he carried the flour home, and waited patiently while the biscuits baked. Dinner over, they went to the neighborhood movie.

As she turned out the living-room lights for the night Myrl remarked, "You bought bread for breakfast, didn't you? I'd like a melon, though. Will you run down to the store and get one in the morning?"

"Yes," promised Robert, with a grim note in his voice that Myrl missed.

When the alarm tinkled at seven Myrl awoke and saw that Robert was up and gone. She decided that he had awakened early and gone out to the store without disturbing her. The coffee was just starting to "perk" when a flivver truck rattled up the drive and stopped before the kitchen door.

Almost before Myrl had time to wonder the door opened and Robert came briskly in with a melon. But such a Robert! He wore a big white apron, and a pencil was stuck jauntily over one ear. Myrl stared, dumbfounded.

"There's your melon, Mrs. Kern, and a nice one it is. Now if there is anything else you wish brought later, I can take the order right now, or you may telephone, if you prefer," and he poised an expectant pencil over a notebook.

Myrl had recovered her voice, if not her wits.

"Robert Kern, what does this mean? What are you doing with that apron and that truck?"

"Well," answered Robert, meekly. "I've got a part-time job with Mr. Smithson delivering groceries mornings and evenings. I've got so used to being a delivery boy I thought I might as well make it pay."

Myrl leaned against the table and laughed till the tears came.

"I get the point Rob. Take the truck and the apron back to Mr. Smithson and tell him I'll telephone an order that will break his truck down."

The delivery boy kissed her and departed, grinning. He had counted on Myrl's sense of humor, and it had not failed.

## RURAL TRAINING OF VALUE TO OFFICIAL, NAMED FOR NEW POST



M. W. Maxwell has been appointed Commissioner of Development and Natural Resources for the Canadian National Railways with headquarters at Montreal, according to announcement made from headquarters of the Company. Mr. Maxwell obtained the solid foundation of his training by teaching in rural communities. A native of St. David, New Brunswick, a farming centre, he followed his schooling by terms as a teacher in fishing villages and while doing so in the woods, in the employ of New Brunswick in the civil engineering course. Previous to graduation as an engineer, Mr. Maxwell had further experience as a teacher and a school principal in Manitoba. Later experience included employment in the Bureau of Economics, the Development and Resources Branch of the National Railways provides information required by industrial or commercial organizations contemplating the establishment of new plants or expansion of present facilities in Canada. It is under the jurisdiction of S. W. Fairweather, Chief of Research and Development, who also received his early training in rural New Brunswick.

## INTEREST IN TORONTO EX.

All offices of the Canadian National Railways in the United States, and particularly Chicago, report continued interest on the part of intending travellers in the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto which opens on Friday, August 25th, continuing until Saturday, September 9th. Special fares from Canadian centres will be in force during the period of the Toronto exhibition. Among numerous attractions a feature will be the music of the band of His Majesty's Royal Marines who are coming from England for the occasion.

Cheap  
"Does it cost much to have the shape of one's nose altered?" asks a correspondent. If one insults the right person, it doesn't cost anything.

## NOTABLE MESSAGE FROM BADEN-POWELL TO WORLD GATHERING OF ROVER SCOUTS

Of notable interest, against conditions in Europe and the Far East, was a special message of Lord Baden-Powell from his place of retirement in Kenya to the 3,600 Rover (senior) Scouts recently gathered for the 3rd World Rover Moot at Crieff, Scotland, from 22 different countries. Said the World Chief Scout in part:

You, the coming manhood of your several countries, are giving a real contribution to this pursuit of peace by coming together, as you are doing, from all countries to make friends with one another, and mutually to strengthen your belief in your ultimate success as an army of peace. Remember, you are only a small detachment of that army, which numbers not hundreds only, but millions of Scouts and old Scouts about the world, all following the same ideals and an army that will soon have to be reckoned with.

The evil of present times is that the leaders of certain countries have a too narrow sense of patriotism. They have a selfish desire to promote the ambitions of their own country without regard to the interests of others. On the other hand, whatever the leader's aims may be, the people themselves in every country under the sun desire peace. It is obvious that nations must work together for the common good if there is to be prosperity and happiness for all.

In these days of easier communications and the closer international relations of trade and commerce, it should be practicable that the first step towards peaceful co-operation between nations is that the different people should get to know each other better, and should practise that outstanding principle which is as important in your own individual life as it is between nations—namely, to understand with toleration the other fellow's point of view.

That is why I have just said that you Rovers are doing a real service towards international goodwill; you are doing it if you use the opportunity accorded by the Moot to make friends and to get to understand the ideas and feelings of your neighbours of other countries. Let this be your aim during the short time you are here together.

Differences of political views or of a religious form, or of nationality, do not influence you here, where you meet as brother men; brothers in Scouting, brothers as sons of the one Father, all following the same ends and trying all we can to help to bring goodwill and God's peace into the world in place of selfish bickering and war.

## EASILY IDENTIFIED

A city boy was out to take an inventory of a farm. He hadn't any experience in this type of work, but he managed to make a list of all the chattels and stock until he came to an animal which he was unable to identify—a goat.

So he phoned his boss and said: "What do you call this thing that's around here with a rough coat that's worn out in spots, a white beard, and a long sad face?"

"To wish his boss repented. That must be the owner."

Have you renewed?

## The SNAPSHOT GUILD

DON'T INCLUDE TOO MUCH



Close-up viewpoint eliminates furniture, surplus details—makes picture include just what you want, nothing more.

WHEN you snap a picture, do you get close enough to your subject?

This is one of the best ways to make your pictures simple and unified. Get close enough to eliminate objects and details that have nothing to do with the picture subject. Let your subject appear large enough to "dominate" the picture.

To make your pictures include just enough, and not too much, use your view finder carefully. Decide what you want to take, point the camera at the chosen subject, and move forward until the image in the view finder shows just the part you want. Then judge the distance carefully, focus accurately, and snap the picture.

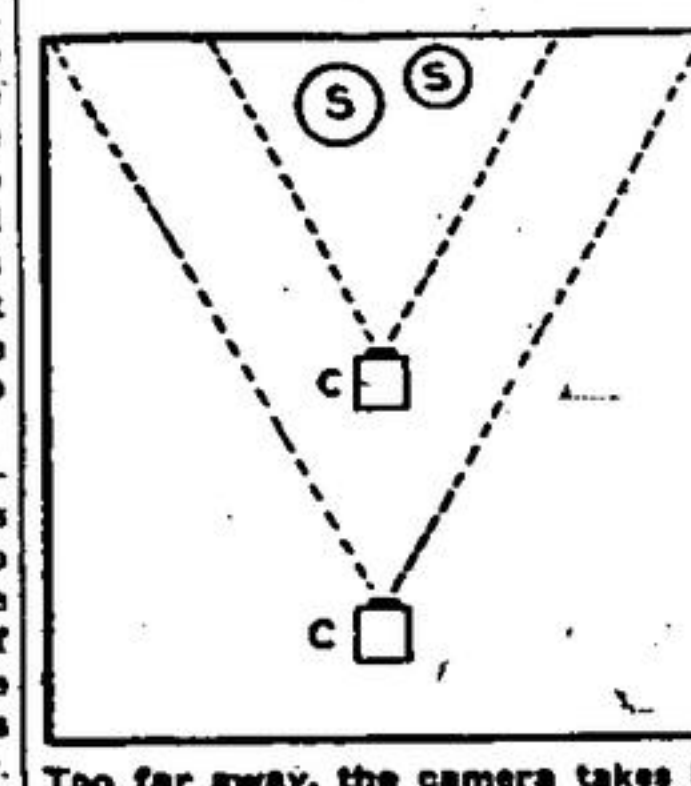
Most cameras, including box cameras, allow you to snap pictures when you are as near as six to eight feet to your subject. Some focus for closer distances. And, if you slip a portrait attachment on the camera lens, you can snap pictures at three and one-half feet or nearer.

When you get a picture that happens to include too much, try trim-

ming it until it looks right. Then have an enlargement made of the picture as trimmed.

Make it a rule to take pictures near enough to exclude everything that does not help your "picture idea." Soon you will find you are getting better pictures.

John van Gulder



Too far away, the camera takes in too much. Right distance, it takes in just enough.

## C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)  
Going East  
Passenger and Mail ..... 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 ..... 6:52 p.m.

## SUMMER TIME TABLE

Effective Sat., June 24th

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto

a 6:14 a.m., 9:18 a.m., 11:48 a.m.

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

9:13 p.m.

a—except Sundays

o—Sat. only

To London

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

x 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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Different Matter  
At a Washington dinner recently, a man sitting next to a lady was, to say the least, inebriated. He leaned at her and commented:  
"Shay, you're the ugliest woman I've ever seen!"  
Angrily the lady retorted: "And you're the drunkest man I've ever seen!"  
"I know, madam," replied the tipsy one, "but I've got over that in the morning."