

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

PHONE No. 8

J. M. MOORE, Editor and Publisher
Garfield L. McGilvray, Assistant Editor

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, Ballinacra and Terra Cotta. Issued every Wednesday evening at the office on Main St., Georgetown.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$150 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., 5c 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 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

Poetry

GROWING OLD

A little more tired at close of day;
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame;
A little more care for a brother's name,
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and bend,
A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years,
The book is closed and the prayers are said,
And we are part of the countless dead,
Thrice happy then, if some soul can say,
"I live because he passed my way."

FLOWER COLORS

A golden sunbeam lost its way
And wandered at its will;
It kissed the yielding, soft, brown earth;
Up sprang a daffodil.
The rainbow missed its purple stripe,
And sought it high and low;
'Twas found in a cool, shady nook
Where fragrant violets grow.
One breezy eve a pink-tipped cloud
Sailed off into the air,
Then settled in a rose-filled spot
To tint the flowers there.
A bit of summer sky fell down
Into my garden plot,
And now I know whence comes the blue
Of the forget-me-not.
—Florence B. Steiner.

BEGIN TODAY

Dream not too much of what you'll do to-morrow,
How well you'll work perhaps another year;
To-morrow's change you do not need to borrow—
To-day is here.
Boast not too much of mountains you will master,
The while you linger in the vale below,
To dream is well, but plodding brings us faster
To where we go.
Talk not too much about some new endeavour
You mean to make a little later on;
Who idles now will idle on forever
'Till life is done.
Swear not some day to break some habit's fetter,
When this old year is dead and passed away;
If you have need of living, wiser better,
BEGIN TODAY!

DONKEY

He carried bricks in Babylon, and corn and wine and oil
In Egypt, Persia, China and the Thracian Chersonese;
He followed Mongol raiders through the forage and the spoil,
His neat black hoofs went clicking down the mountain-ways of Greece.
The bullock, horse and elephant are famed for mighty loads,
And famous is the camel of the shifting desert sands;
But, servant of our servants, on the roads that were no roads,
The little ass has packed for us the freight of all the lands.
Along the ancient highways and across the western plains,
Through forests, swamps and rivers where the current foamed and swirled,
In caravans, in multitudes, in long car-bobbing trains,
His patient tribe has borne for us the burdens of the world.
And still with wicked panniers and an urchin on his rump
To keep the balance even and to hold his hind legs down,
To building site, or market place, or village water pump
He makes his endless pilgrimage, he toils without renown.
—Arthur Gullerman in Saturday Evening Post.

Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not do to him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere explication of it.—Jewish.

THE PARADE

He said that they were wrong. It just couldn't be so. The Parade had passed that way ever since he was a kid. Didn't he remember when grandpa had put in hard sidewalks and real curbs—like the first in town—and how the youngsters sat on them and waved flags when the Parade went along? And each year during his boyhood, and after his years at college, the Parade passed the house just as regularly as the holiday came along. Lately, his own kiddies had hung their feet from the same curb and shrilled their voices at the marshal.

Then last year they said that the Parade would be routed down the Avenue, instead of passing the house. He said that they didn't know what they were talking about. The Parade had always come down this street—not the Avenue. Just wait and see! What if there were a lot of new people on the committee? Someone would tell them about it. He would, himself, and he did.

But the Parade had gone down the Avenue, just as they said it would. Of course, he hadn't gone over. No, sir, not he! And he wouldn't let the kiddies go, either. No such insult would be condoned by any of his family. The music wasn't so good, friends who went had told him. It was all too snappy, you know—girl drum-majors and such—not like the real Parade that used to come down his way. So he had written to Vox Pop and protested—twice he did so. And he talked about it to whomever he could get to bend an ear. It was a crying shame. What were they trying to do? Start the neighborhood downhill, after it had been known for years as the best street in town?

And now the holiday had come again. Decoration everywhere. His flag was out, too. Looked pretty well, though a bit moth-eaten here and there. It had stood for the same principles over the years. Nothing to be ashamed of there. Old Glory had witnessed the Parade many times, as it hung from its staff.
This year they hadn't published the route of the Parade—at least, he hadn't seen it. Perhaps they would be sensible and return to the traditional path. He hoped so. And so did the kiddies, though they didn't say so. Whenever anyone said anything about the Parade, it always set off Daddy. Too bad he took on that way. He was such a good Daddy about everything—except the Parade. Mommy had whispered to them not to go, him started—because of his heart, you know.

It was almost time for the Parade, wasn't it. Yes, his watch pointed to the quarter hour when it arrived at the corner. It took just fifteen minutes for them to march from Main Street. Again he looked at his watch, and then up the street. Nothing in sight. "Mother," he called. And, as he listened for her reply, he heard strains of music, marching music. Again he looked toward the corner. Music in the distance. Yes, he wasn't mistaken! "Mother," he called again. "What is it?" came her voice. "The kiddies—where are they?"

"I told them that they could go over to the Avenue and see the Parade. They wanted to see it, so much."
That was more than a year ago. He had sold his old house and bought a new one over on the Avenue. A new flag, too. And lawn chairs and everything. And last holiday, when the Parade came past the new house, the marshal saluted him and a snappy girl drum-major threw him a flower. Pretty nice! Pretty nice over here on the Avenue. "Tell you what," he was saying to a friend. "Tell you what. There's no use talking. You don't stay over on the old route when the Parade is coming down the Avenue—not if you want to see the Parade!"

This parable of the Parade was told by a friend of mine to a group of men as indicative of the attitude of too many business men and concerns who are still waiting for the Parade. After it has changed its route to the Avenue. Newer ideas, better methods—all that. You get the idea.—By J. T. MacKay in the Linotype News.

The Parade of events and happenings in Georgetown go into the homes of the buying public through the local newspaper. If you want to keep up with the times, and keep in contact with the buying public, Mr. Merchant, see that your advertisement appears in these columns every week.

MANY HELP PICK MEN FOR GOVERNMENT JOBS

That many prominent, highly-trained Canadians are willing to do their part without pay in helping to pick the best man for Government jobs is plainly written for anyone who troubles to turn to the last report of the Civil Service Commission, Ottawa.
Names of persons outstanding in the professional, academic and business life of the Dominion who have assisted the Commission on Advisory Examining Boards occupy four full pages of the report. This long list of judges, doctors, professors, bankers, engineers and architects testifies not only to the infinite variety of positions in the Government Service, but also to the effort made by the Commission to obtain the best available assistance for filling technical positions.
An Advisory Examining Board is usually set up to make a selection among candidates whose technical qualifications are vouched for by diplomas or certificates. It consists usually of a representative of the department that has the vacancy, examiners from the Commission's staff, and one or more specialists chosen to advise the Board on technical questions that might arise. This Board considers the claims made by each contestant on his application form, looks over the references submitted by persons who can vouch for his technical skill, and, after qualifications, and then calls for the best of them to appear for an oral examination. At this oral examination the careers of the candidates are examined more thoroughly and they are judged from the point of view of personal suitability as well.

THE WRONG NOTE

A new governor was paying his first visit to a Gold Coast town.
Two banners greeted him. The first said, "Welcome to our new Governor." The second was: "God help our Administration."
On another occasion, when the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, visited Mauritius, they expressed regret that they couldn't stay more than three days in the island. A local paper printed "stay" as "stand."

Poor Miss Reeve

By BERT STOVER
© Associated Newspapers.
WNU Service

AFTER that day when Mrs. Gaines brought back the rice pudding she had taken over to Miss Reeve's house, because she found her sitting up in bed and eating a roast chicken and ice cream (Miss Reeve had been recovering from a broken wrist), nobody had quite dared to pity the latter openly.

Yet she seemed so lonely, so "queer." When one saw her tripping down Main street, as likely as not carrying a pail containing a few blackberries picked from the hedgerows, she seemed like an old child. Not that she was insane. Miss Reeve had taught school, and, as far as anyone knew, there was no reason why she should play the part of village recluse. But there it was. Miss Reeve stayed alone and never visited. When she went to church she contrived to slip out before the rest of the congregation had left Main street, containing a few blackberries picked from the hedgerows, she seemed like an old child. Not that she was insane. Miss Reeve had taught school, and, as far as anyone knew, there was no reason why she should play the part of village recluse. But there it was. Miss Reeve stayed alone and never visited. 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