

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

PHONE No. 3

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

A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the Town of Georgetown and surrounding country, including the Villages of Glenshire, Walhalla, Norval, Limehouse, Stewarttown, Ballinfad and Terra Cotta. Issued every Wednesday evening at the office on Main St., Georgetown.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$1.50 per year in advance. United States \$2.00 additional. Single copies 5c. Both old and new addresses should be given when change of address is requested.

ADVERTISING RATES—Legal notices, 12c per line for first insertion, 8c 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 duly 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

The Country Weekly

"THE country weekly is possibly the most popular week-end visitor of the rural community, welcomed fifty-two times a year. In some families it has been a fixture for generations."

These two sentences are the opening of a chapter dealing with the country weekly and publicity in a book entitled, "How To Do Publicity" by Raymon C. Mayer.

"It is in most instances a tried and true friend," Mr. Mayer goes on, "arriving on Thursday or Friday. It puts on no airs, is as comfortable as an old shoe, talks the language of the people it visits, knows them well and understandingly, tells its news of the neighborhood simply and quickly in spirit of good-will, does not overstay its welcome and drops out of sight until another week rolls around."

"The country weekly has been for generations and still remains the sensitive news centre of towns, villages and the widespread countryside. It is woven out of the fabric of the lives of the people who read it. It maintains close association and intimate contact with them. No other vehicle for carrying information is more personal in its relationship with its readers."

This is a big order for the country weekly, but most of them are striving to give the best service possible to the community and its subscribers.

Poetry

GROWING OLD—EVENING MEDITATIONS

Have I been occupied to-day
With earthly things that pass away,
Or has my mind been stayed on Him,
Whose glory should be all my theme?
Have I the scriptures sought to hide
Within my heart and to abide
In Christ, my Lord, who died for me
That in Him I might holy be?
Have I so lived that some have seen
That on my Lord for strength I lean?
Have I to-day walked in God's light
And by His grace sought him aright?
Have I to-day God's work forgot
And been lukewarm, not cold or hot,
Or have I evil thoughts suppressed,
While looking upward, onward pressed?
Have I been earnest oft in prayer
That I might fruit to God may bear,
And some unsaved ones have I told
About God's judgement from of old?
Have I been patient, humble, meek,
Strong in the Lord though frail and weak,
And have I sought my Lord to please,
Or lived in selfishness and ease?
Have I for sinners sighed and wept
Because God's laws they have not kept,
And on the waters cast my bread,
Which shall be found, my Lord has said?
Have I been faithful in the least,
And has my joy in God increased?
The scriptures have I loved and read,
With meditations on them fed?
Have I my Lord confessed—obeyed
By His almighty, constant aid?
For earthly fame have I not cared,
But by my life the truth declared?
Have I been faithful, godly, true,
And kept that day before my view,
When I shall stand before my Lord,
Will this past day bring great reward?
Have I in all adorned to-day
God's doctrine, walking in His way,
And none at eventide do I
With gratitude praise God on high?
Have I in thought and word and deed
Been watchful lest I might mislead
And cause to stumble in the way
One of God's little ones to-day?
O Lord, forgive my lack of love,
And keep my mind on things above,
That, as each day shall come and go,
I may in grace and knowledge grow.

Comparisons

A Communist, a Fascist and a British worker were in a boat which capsized, and they started swimming for the shore. The Communist, swimming, shouting, forgot to close his mouth, swallowed a lot of water and sank.
The Fascist swam for some time, but he was keeping one arm outstretched in the customary position he soon tired and he, too, disappeared.
The British worker swam on. He kept his eyes on the shore when a white-hulled boat came and he was picked up. The boat was a lifeboat and he had no idea how long he had been in the water.

THIS GAME CALLED LIFE

We read the sporting page in every paper. Some playing games by artificial light; But there's the game of life we all are playing. I wonder just how many play it right?
Now in the game of baseball they quote Spalding. He's their authority on every play; They always go according to his teaching. And never play it any other way.
The game would surely be an awful muddle. And you can bet the players classed as fools; If everyone should play the game his own way. And disregarded each one of Spalding's rules.
And so it is with life; we have to play it. According to the One who made the game.
He made the rules and told us to observe them. If we refuse we've just ourselves to blame.
At times we're bound to make mistakes and errors. But who can say that these have been in vain; If they have served to teach some simple lesson. And helped to bring us down to earth again.
And then some day the Manager will call us. To get our pay. 'Twill be our rightful share.
The question won't be, "Who's the season's hero." But, "Who has played his part and played it square?"

PHOTO ISSUED IN U.S. HOUR FROM LONDON

A speed record in transmitting pictures from Europe to newspapers in the United States was established when an Associated Press picture of Sir Neville Henderson's arrival in London was delivered by trans-Atlantic cable and wirephoto.
Transmission from London started just after 8 a.m. (E.S.T.). It was received directly in the Associated Press office in New York, in negative form so fast that by 8:33 a.m. transmission over the Wirephoto Network began. Wirephoto transmission, completed by 8:45 a.m., enabled prints to be made one hour—almost to the minute—from the time the original picture started from London.

Skill Caution

An Aberdonian, whilst bathing, got into difficulties and a lifebuoy was put overboard to him. He had already given down twice and was about to sink for the third time when he shouted to the onlookers: "Is there any charge for the use of this?"

Lavender Lining

By MARY WAVERLY
Associated Newspapers
WNU Service

LOU EM shook out the fur coat almost savagely. So this was the end of her dreams of comfort. A punishment, somehow, was for her ever thinking of a little home in the country; all her own, and fat little checks coming in every month to keep the home fire burning. As if she wished harm to old Aunt Louise Emeline. But dreams and wishes were done now. Charities had received aunt's money, and to Lou Em had come some boxes of ancient clothing. The coat among them. No doubt the executors thought it too frail to be worth anything, or they may have thought it was but another cracked silk dress, as it lay in a trunk with its lavender lining outmost.

"It's not really worn. She must have had it made just before that accident that kept her bedridden afterward. But how old-fashioned! Look at those huge sleeves! Enough to make two coats. And that's an idea."

Lou Em's pale cheeks flushed as she pulled out the sleeves and straightened the collar of the rich garment.

"Genuine mink, for aunt would scorn imitation. And with my hair—" She held a sleeve up against her face. "I am not so ugly after all, with something beautiful on me. I'll just try that plan I thought of; I can only be laughed at, and maybe it'll work."

Swiftly she bundled the coat into the box in which her marked-down suit had come, and leaving the old silk and cloth frocks of her legacy on the floor, hurried down the boarding-house stairs. Saturday afternoon was not a good time for her experiment, but business girls cannot choose times.

The splendor of the new furrier's in the new building on the avenue of fashionable shops almost daunted Lou Em, but she would not give up, now that she was started.

"I have here a coat—" she stammered to the attendant.
"For the remodel, yes? See Mr. Moon."

Mr. Moon proved to be a young man with the most wonderful eyes and manners that Lou Em had ever approved of.
"How much will it cost?" she asked anxiously, trying to hide her feet with its cracked shoe. "Not too much, and could I—?"
"New lining of course. Something neat in beige. And recut to fit you. Something smart. Say, a \$150."

"Dollars?" inquired Lou Em dubiously. He might as well have said kingdoms. She had as many as he had dollars.

"But the extra fur! There's a lot of that! Look how long and full the coat is, and those sleeves—couldn't you—that is—surely it's worth something, that fur?"
Young Mr. Moon raised his eyebrows, and then he took a good look at Lou Em. He saw the cracked shoes and the too-much-washed crepe dress and the last-year's hat. He saw something else, too, for Mr. Moon was really an observing as well as a good young man.

"Most unusual, Miss. Henly, was it? But I'll ask the boss. He's in, I think. Can't promise, though."

Lou Em sat in the pale-gray reception room then and prayed for the five minutes that seemed five hours until Mr. Moon returned, followed by a human volcano, carrying the mink coat.
Mr. Schonbrunn of Schonbrunn Fur, Inc., was not ordinarily an excitable man, but now he appeared to be one huge sputter.

"You get this, where? This—this—I myself. See that's complete, the first work I do when I finish my apprentice. The lining, how I fought the old lady about that. But she beat, and for doing as she said I got \$50 extra."
"Ah, ah—the good old days when I was a young feller, them was it makes me cry—"

Mr. Schonbrunn's eyes indeed were tearful.
"You want a coat? I'll make you a coat of good mink, a grand coat, lining the best I got, but this coat in my office in a glass case, as long as I got it an' there you know why? That \$50 started me up. I traded a bit in small skins till I could leave the boss and start for myself. I come here—now look!"
Mr. Schonbrunn waved a prideful hand about the pale-gray salon, with its one priceless sable scarf on display.

"The lavender lining that made my fortune—" He stroked the silk caressingly. "Yes, you take the order, Moon. A mink coat of the best for the young lady. And you see to it personally. See that she's suited."

Mr. Moon would do that. Certainly he would. And there was much to talk about, Aunt Louise Emeline and the charities that probably needed his money, and Mr. Schonbrunn and his romantic streak, so that Mr. Moon came the next evening to Lou Em's boarding-house parlor. And kept coming and taking her out to get the good of the new coat.
He really was such an understanding young man that when his salary was raised Lou Em consented to give up the boarding house and as Mrs. Moon live in the dearest little flat where the new mink coat would be more at home.

In the NEWS — of the Week

Where to Canada?

With Great Britain mobilized for war against Hitler's threat to destroy the independence of Poland, the Canadian Government held emergency cabinet sessions; mobilized permanent forces, completed plans for coastal defense; worked feverishly to provide protection of vital communication systems throughout the country.

But while a spokesman for Australia declared emphatically that that Commonwealth was ready to send manpower to the mother country in the same generous manner as during the last great war, official Ottawa kept a significant silence on that point.
Why?
The answer may have been given officially from Ottawa by the time this column is in print, so swiftly do decisions come in the time of war crisis. But on the chance that Canadians are still in the dark on what they are expected to do with war an actuality; we present the shared conclusion of an unusually well-informed observer at Ottawa. He says:

"With Britain at war, Canada becomes the vital supply depot. Volunteers will embark to fight beside Englishmen, of course. But if conscription comes, it will likely be conscription of men and women to man farms and industrial plants to meet unprecedented demands for war materials of all kinds."
Some time ago, Prime Minister Mackenzie King declared that Canada would never again send an expeditionary force to fight in Europe. He was criticized then, and later when he repeated that statement. Then Dr. Manion was elevated to his position, as leader of the opposition. Shortly afterwards he was called into a conference with the Prime Minister who gave him much inside information to which he was entitled in his new position. Curiously enough, it became Dr. Manion's turn a little later to intimate also that there was little chance of another Canadian expeditionary force in the event of another war.

It was about this time that word got around that there was some sort of an understanding between the Canadian government and British officials under which Canada would take a new role in a big war.

With industry in Britain under constant threat from enemy planes during war, Canada was looked upon as a new strategic centre in which to carry on the business of keeping armies supplied with all the necessary war materials, guns and ammunition, clothing and foodstuffs.

Right or wrong, this answer would account for the odd silence at Ottawa whenever the opportunity time arrived for Canada to affirm her loyalty to the old country.

What affect war would have on business in Canada is so uncertain that it would be foolish to hazard a guess. It is interesting to observe however the seeming confidence of a number of key men in the country's ability to weather such a storm if it broke. As mentioned that Canada has kept her financial structure in a fair sea-going shape thanks to a sound money policy followed by the various governments at Ottawa since the end of the last war.

Talking about business, we should tell the amusing story of two Toronto business men who were deploring the state of business for these three weeks ago. Both were angry at optimistic statements being published in the press. One is in the textile trade, women's and girl's dresses, the other in leather goods manufacturing.
Last week they met at luncheon. The textile man was in a dither, roundly cursing customers who piled in orders all in a heap. He was at his wit's end to handle all the business being tossed at him. The leather goods man wasn't mad, but much surprised. His northern Ontario traveller had come back with the biggest orders in a long, long time. From Western Canada, the firm had just received an order for three car loads of his goods.

At the Canadian National Exhibition the attendance is another sign that there are more pay envelopes being given out each week. And patrons are spending their change with a lack of caution that is strongly reminiscent of former prosperous days.

WHEN IS A 'TENANT'?

Many people who have been accustomed to regard themselves as "tenants" within the meaning of the statute relating to municipal elections may find themselves without the right to vote at further elections, for the Legislature has adopted an amendment to the Assessment Act which makes a new definition of "tenants" and alters the status of many people enjoying that position under the law.
A tenant is no longer under the Assessment Act anyone who pays for the quarters occupied by himself and his family. Instead it is provided that he must live in a "domestic establishment of two or more rooms in which the occupants usually sleep and prepare their meals."

This means that the legal tenant of the future must not only sleep in his own quarters but must eat there. There are numerous cases in which single persons, either individually or in groups, occupy rooms and cook their own meals in them. They will gain the franchise. Similarly, there are many couples subletting rooms from their parents who will lose the same right because they take their meals with the old people.

The altered definition of a tenant will make considerable difference in future voter lists prepared for municipal use, and it should be borne in mind by people who wonder why their names do not appear on those lists.—Brockville Record and Times.

CANCER

The British Medical Journal says "It is admitted on all hands that with modern methods of treatment properly applied, many if not all cases of cancer are curable if treated in a sufficiently early stage."

Cancer is originally very small—a single cell so small that it can be seen only by a powerful microscope. This single cell divides and multiplies in an uncontrolled manner. The initial process is purely local and it is only at a later date, usually not long, that the cells begin to spread along the lymphatic channels and reach the nearest lymph glands. In the case of breast cancer key men in the country's ability to weather such a storm if it broke. As mentioned that Canada has kept her financial structure in a fair sea-going shape thanks to a sound money policy followed by the various governments at Ottawa since the end of the last war.

The early signs of cancer are important. They are a roughly lump, irregular bleedings, sores that do not heal, chronic hoarseness and changes in the ordinary habits of digestion and evacuation of the bowels.

Street: Carnival, September 14th.



"I know a BARGAIN when I see ONE!"

Come to think of it, he's right. For where will you find anything comparable in value—so much—for so very little? Every minute, day or night, the telephone is ready to serve your social, business or emergency needs. You may have grown accustomed to this service—you may think nothing of talking across continents and oceans!
But when you do think it over, you realize that the modern telephone represents the greatest value in terms of service that money can buy!

Telephone service is widely used because it is convenient, efficient, yet surprisingly inexpensive. Nothing else yields so much for what it costs!



C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)
Going East
Passenger 6.16 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 10.06 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 6.48 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 6.45 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
c—Sat. only
To London
x 9.35 a.m., 2.05 p.m., b 5.00 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
Gray Coach Lines

DIRECTORY

F. R. 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

LeROY DALE, K.C.
M. SYBIL BENNETT, B.A.
Barristers and Solicitors
Mill Street
GEORGETOWN — ONT.

KENNETH M. LANGDON
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public.
First Mortgage Money to Loan
Office—Gregory Theatre Bldg., Mill St.
Phone 55 — Georgetown

FRANK PETCH
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the Counties of Peel and Halton
Prompt Service
TELEPHONES:
Cheltenham 26 r 23, Georgetown 81 r 3
Post Office — Cheltenham

Walter T. Evans & Co
General Insurance
OCEAN STEAMSHIP SERVICE
REAL ESTATE
Main St., North — Georgetown
Phone 183

Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Successors to Cater & Worth
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request — Phone 2045
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery

A.M. NIELSEN
25th Year of Practice
Chiropractor
X-RAY
Drugless Therapist
Lady Attendant
Office over Dominion Store,
Georgetown
Hours: 2 - 8 - 7:30 - 9:30 p.m.
Closed Thursday Phone 159w

Isn't It the Truth
A boy in the dock in a Polish criminal court was being tested as to his mental powers. The magistrate, asked him: "How many states are there in Europe?"
Immediately the boy's counsel got up and, turning to the magistrate, said: "Sir, my client hasn't yet had time to read the morning papers and, counsel therefore, give a reliable reply."