

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

PHONE No. 8
J. M. MOORE, Editor and Publisher
Garfield L. McGillivray, Assistant Editor

A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the Town of Georgetown and surrounding country, including the Villages of Glen Wil-
liams, Norval, Limehouse, Stewarttown, 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.

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 or-
ganization 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 ad-
vertisements, one inch or less, 50c for first insertion and 25c for each sub-
sequent 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
copy 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
properly noted error. The cost of such advertisement as the space occupied
by the noted error bears to the whole space occupied by such adver-
tisement.

THE HERALD DOES JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS

Poetry

LOST YOUTH

Little lost youth of me, where are you
roaming.
You who were part of me only to-
day?
Why did you slip from me out in the
gloom,
Little lost youth of me, vanished
away?
Merry the sun in the morning was
streaming,
Laughter bent over me, friendship
was nigh,
Love sat beside me, whose raiment was
gleaming,
And you, little youth of me, nestled
close by.
Sorrow looked in at my casement, and
slowly
Laughter and sunshine grew silent
and gray,
Friendship grew closer, and love be-
came holy,
But you, little youth of me, wan-
dered away,
Little lost youth of me, why did you
leave me?
You of my life were so lovely a
part!
Long will the wrath of you haunt me
and grieve me,
Little lost youth of mine, slipped
from my heart.
—Eleanor Myers Jewett

ASLEEP AMONG HIS TOYS

I found my babe asleep among his
toys,
A quarter-hour I'd missed his foun-
d noise
And wondered what so quieted the
lad.
Saying: "He's never still unless he's
had."
But when I tiptoed in — Love's
stealthy spy —
A touching picture met my dotting eye:
One hand lay on the engine of his
train,
The other grasped a tiny aeroplane:
Upon his face a world-old look of
care —
Mankine in miniature lay dreaming
there!
I lifted him and hugged him to my
breast,
Kissed him, and laid him gently down
to rest!
Upon a couch the weary limbs re-
laxed,
The puckered brow, with wondering
overlax,
Overlax as troubled frown, and with
sigh
Of deep relief he slumbered on
While I,
With murmured words of choking ten-
derness,
Smoothed his warm cheek, his hands,
his wrinkled dress,
Did all the things we love-mad par-
ents do —
Old, old caresses that are ever new.
Sometime the great kind Father of
us all,
Noting we make no answer to His
call,
Tiptoeing in to whither we've been at
play,
Through all the hours of our allotted
day,
Will find us mid our playthings, fast
asleep,
Our toys about us in a tumbled heap,
Each weary hand upon a trunked lid —
Some phantom hope born in the marts
of trade,
Then, in His arms, the cares our
hearts possessed
Will yield their place to sweet and
dreamless rest.

THE KNOCKER

After God had created the buzzard,
the snake, the scorpion, the cottle and
other repulsive, noisome creatures
which are put on earth or in its water
to make decent mortals thankful that
they are not such as they, He had a
little substance left which was so un-
speakably vile that it could not be in-
corporated in anything else which He
had yet made. But He had to do
something with it, so He made the
knocker.
A knocker is a two-legged animal
with a corker soul, a water-soaked
brain, and a combination backbone of
felly and glue. Where other men
have their hearts be carried a tumor
of decayed principles. When the
knocker comes down the street, hon-
est men turn their backs, the angels
weep in heaven, and the devil shuts
the door of hell to keep him out.
Therefore, don't be a knocker. You
can't new wood with a hammer.—Ex.

C. P. R. Promotion



The promotion of H. C. James, assistant general passenger agent, Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Montreal to the similar post in charge of the Ontario District, with headquarters at Toronto, has been announced by George E. Carter, general passenger agent of the company. Mr. James succeeds the late C. B. Andrews and takes over his new duties November 1st. Mr. James in his 25 years' experience with the Canadian Pacific Railway has covered a wide field in Canada and the United States, embracing positions of ever increasing importance and responsibility.

DON'T RUN OVER MY LITTLE GIRL

Written by Phil Banfill
Dear Driver:
Today my daughter who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with white collar. She had on black shoes and wore white gloves. Her cocker spaniel whose name is "Scout," sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the futility of education as she waved goodbye and started off to the halls of learning.
Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her—the girl with the golden curls—and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head—and about the big girl who does not believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things—tremendously vital, unim-
portant things: then we studied spell-
ing, reading and arithmetic—and then to bed.
She's back there now—back in the nursery—sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's a doll cuddled in her right arm. You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy, when her doll is broken or her finger is cut, or her head gets bumped, I can fix it but when she starts to school when she walks across the street, then she's in your hands.
She's a nice kid. She can rug like a deer and dart about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons, but I cannot be with her all the time. I have to work to pay for her clothes and her education. So please help me look out for her. Please drive slowly and carefully past the schools and in-
tersections, and please remember that motor cars—issued in the interests of children—run out from behind parked the children by the Independent Order of Foresters, Port William.

LONG WAR IS NONSENSE

(Porcupine Advance)
In 1914 many people were mistaken in believing that the war could not last more than a few months. There seems to be a tendency on the part of many to make a mistake on the other side in regard to the probable duration of the present war. Obese Goering suggests that it may last ten years. That of course, is sheer nonsense. It will not take anything like that length of time for the French and British to reach Berlin at their present slow but steady advance.

SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTES
The sweet love in which tobacco can be used!

Advised by the Principal

By JANE OSBORNE
(McGillivray Service)

MARY DAWSON went timidly into the principal's room to sign the time chart that first day of her career as teacher in Public School No. 78. As she approached the table a young man drew back to let her precede him.
"Thank you," said Mary, and as she looked at him all she noticed was that he had red hair.
"I didn't know there were any men teachers here," she observed at once to one of the younger teachers whom she had met in the playground. "I saw one when I was signing in this morning—youth—with red hair—what grade does he teach?"
"That's Dick Mendham—teaches eighth-grade boys. There are three of 'em—if you call 'em men—newly seem like real men to me. But they have to have 'em to teach the big boys—they're such a rough crowd in a neighborhood like this."

Later Mary Dawson realized that this young woman's attitude toward the men teachers at No. 78 was characteristic of the attitude of the other women teachers there, who passed Mr. Mendham and the other two men in the corridors with amused or disdainful mien.
After Mary had been teaching for a month or more Miss Graham, the principal, asked her to stop in her office after school to see about report cards. It was a small matter Ham asked Mary to sit down and have a little chat. Miss Graham asked Mary how she liked her work. Mary said she liked to teach, though she was doing it to make a living.
"I'll give you a piece of advice," said Miss Graham, who was 50. "Snap out of it as soon as you can. Once the system gets you it will be hard to get out. You'll put off the idea of marriage because every year you'll look forward to a little more money the next. Then you'll begin to count the years to your retirement with a nice annuity the rest of your life. Now my advice to you is to marry your best young man soon—before you get obsessed with this idea of yearly increase and eventually retirement."

"But suppose I haven't a young man," said Mary smiling.
"Marry the first man that asks you—providing he's decent. Don't wait for a man who can guarantee a yearly increase and an annuity in your old age."
"I'll remember what you have said," said Mary with a little blush, and would have said more but Miss Graham interrupted.
"Don't go away," the principal was calling good naturedly—then in an aside to Mary: "There's poor Mr. Mendham—scared off because you're here. Somehow men teachers never seem like real men." Then raising her voice: "Come right in Mr. Mendham. I want to show you the new report cards."
Mary hurried out of the principal's room, tingling with a deep sort of resentment. It wasn't because of what Miss Graham had said about marriage. Undoubtedly she had given good advice. It was because of what she had said about Mr. Mendham. Mary herself liked Mr. Mendham and respected him.
One day she was leaving the school at the same time that Mr. Mendham passed out of the teachers' entrance, and because Miss Graham was standing by, Mary waited for him and asked him if he would walk with her—since they both went in the same direction. A few days later when he had walked home with her she asked him to come into tea at her boarding house. It was four o'clock and her boarding-house keeper, who was an English woman, always had tea in the little parlor.
A month later Mary found herself one evening after dinner eagerly waiting for Dick Mendham who had invited her to go to the theater with him. Mary wondered why she was so feverishly eager for the time of his arrival to come. Then as she walked beside him and later sat beside him in the subway going to the theater she reflected to herself that he looked much more attractive away from school. And coming back after the theater that night Richard Mendham asked Mary to be his wife. Mary accepted him at once.

"I never dreamed that you would have me—at least not right away," Dick told her, and Mary was wondering how much Miss Graham's advice had had to do with her quick decision. He was the first man who asked her, and she had accepted him. They planned to be married in the summer after school was over and Dick told Mary that he would never consent to her teaching after they were married. "Cute himself was giving up teaching when the summer came. He had a position waiting for him in a school-book publishing company and had been teaching for two years to fit himself for this work. His uncle was the president of the concern."
In June Mary announced her engagement to Miss Graham.
"Not Dick Mendham," said she, amazed. "What made you accept him?"
"You did," said Mary, her eyes glowing. "You told me to accept the first man that proposed. And I want to thank you for your very good advice."

Colonel Lindbergh and Canada

Colonel Lindbergh, in a continental-wide radio broadcast the other day, opposed President Roosevelt's suggested amendments to the U.S.A. Neutrality Act. Those amendments would permit Canada and her Allies to purchase munitions in the United States.

During the course of his speech Colonel Lindbergh made some references to Canada. He criticized Canada for adhering to the British Crown and for refusing to join with the United States in what he termed the U.S.A. "Independence." He suggested that Canada would probably drag the United States into war, and that the time would soon come when the United States would have to take under her own control all the space on the North American Continent.
These suggestions are new and hardy stuff, but their importance to Canada will depend upon the authority carried by the person who made them. Let us therefore examine Colonel Lindbergh's qualifications in this particular matter.

Colonel Lindbergh in 1927 piloted the 11th aircraft ever to cross the Atlantic Ocean. He was about the 60th person to cross. (The first aircraft and the first aviator crossed the Atlantic in 1919.) He was the first man to cross the Atlantic alone in an airplane, and for this remarkable feat he received the unstinted praise and plaudits of all the people, not only on the American Continent, but in France and Great Britain as well.
An unfortunate tragedy afterwards occurred in Colonel Lindbergh's life, for which he received universal sympathy, and as an aftermath of this tragedy Colonel Lindbergh left the United States, the place of his birth, and took up his residence for a number of years in England and France where he found that freedom of movement for his family, and that security, which he considered were not available to him in the United States.

Colonel Lindbergh, from his base in England, then made an investigation of the military flying forces of the world, and it is reported that he gave it as his opinion that the German Air Force, in both men and material, was far more extensive and far more efficient than that of any other country. Colonel Lindbergh, it is also reported, later considered taking up his residence in Germany, but was persuaded not to by high American authorities. He has the distinction of being the only man of an English-speaking race who was ever awarded a high Nazi decoration by Fuehrer Hitler and another by the Nazi air force.

Now these events in Colonel Lindbergh's life are either great distinctions or remarkable experiences, but it is difficult to think that they qual-

BOBBY PORTER PICKS A WINNER

Passes valuable tip along to others
Making the headlines is nothing new for Bobby Porter. Hard hitting outfielder with Toronto and now with Syracuse Chiefs, superb Balm Beach football player, star hockey player for Marlboro and other teams, he is one of the best and best liked all-around athletes in sport. Here is his rule for keeping fit.

"I take Kruschen Salt every morning of my life. It keeps me regular and to my way of thinking that is more than half the secret of good health. I recommend Kruschen to all those subjects to rheumatic pains,

I RECOMMEND KRUSCHEN TO ALL

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It's THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT

Buy him in any way to criticize with authority Canada's willing adherence to a crown to which she has belonged for many long years before the U.S. itself became a nation, and which Crown, incidentally, was itself the author of the opening up of the North American territories, which now comprise Canada and the United States, to the English-speaking race.

With all due courtesy, therefore, we take leave to suggest to Colonel Lindbergh that if he would devote his great authority as an expert in military aircraft and in air-bombing, to the persuading of the Nazi Government, which was so generous in giving him such fine decorations, to refrain from using aircraft to bomb civilians in open towns, then his time would be well and truly spent, and he would soon regain the respect and admiration which was showered upon him by the people of Canada, Great Britain and a few short years ago—Searle Grain Company, Limited.

The Old Way
A neuro mummy had a family of well-behaved boys. One day her mistress asked:
"Sally, how do you raise your boys so well?"
"Ah! tell you, missus," answered Sally. "Ah! I raise dem wid a barrel stave, and Ah raise 'em frequently."

A FEW REASONS
PROPERLY FITTED
DURABLE AND ACCURATE
BECOMING

Optical Needs Vary
There can never be a set rule for fitting or recommending glasses. The human eye has so many variations that every case is a distinct one. It requires training and skill to recognize and prescribe. We specialize in Eye Examination and good Glasses. Consult—
O. T. WALKER, R.O.
OPTOMETRIST, EYESIGHT SPECIALIST, Brampton
who is at **ROBB'S DRUG STORE, GEORGETOWN**, the second Wednesday of every month.
Or you may consult O. T. Walker at his office in Brampton.



YOU CAN SEE THE GUARANTEE*
blue coal.
The Colour GUARANTEES the Quality

W. H. Kentner & Son
— PHONE 12 —
GEORGETOWN
*Based on "The Standard" every Wed., Thurs., 9-9:30 p.m. Every Sat., Sun., 6:30-7 p.m.

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	7:06 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:03 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9:41 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only	8:31 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8:34 a.m.
Passenger, Daily except Saturdays and Sunday	6:09 p.m.
Saturday Only	2:15 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11:19 p.m.
Passenger, Saturday night only from Nov. 4 to Apr. 27	12:35 a.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8:45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6:00 p.m.

TIME TABLE

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto	
a 7:08 a.m.	9:28 a.m.
c 2:23 p.m.	4:38 p.m.
6:48 p.m.	9:03 p.m.
To London	
10:05 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
cx 2:55 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
6:00 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
cx 11:50 p.m.	

—except Sun. and Hol.; b—Sun. and Hol.; c—Saturday only; cx—except Sat., Sun. and Hol.; e—Sat., Sun. and Hol.; x—to Kitchener; y—to Stratford.

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A False Face
A Scottish miner found a young owl which had fallen out of its nest. He took it home, gave it food, then wrapped it up in a piece of old flannel and placed beside the fire before going to bed.
His mother came into the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the family. When she saw the visitor she gave a gasp.
"Oh, me!" she exclaimed. "There's our Jack's been at his tricks again! He's been and put a beak on the cat!"