

FLOWERS



Fresh from our Greenhouses

The Only Gift that Expresses the Sentiment of the Holiday Season

Endless varieties of gifts... But only ONE that expresses the true sentiment of the Christmas Season

A GIFT OF FLOWERS! Choose from our complete selection of lovely cut flowers and blooming plants.


Visit our store in the McGibbon Block previously occupied by H. W. Hinton.

Season's Greetings to All Our Customers!

Barber Floral Co.

For Delivery—Phone 47-W
GEORGETOWN
FLOWERS TELEGRAPHED ANYWHERE

A Joyous and Merry Christmas



A Happy Prosperous New Year!

That's our wish for you and yours during this most happy of seasons!

MISSIS CLARIDGE — Millinery
Herald Block Georgetown

CURLERS MET AT GUELPH

Owing to the rush for advertising last issue, the following interesting news item to curlers was unavoidably crowded out. The curlers met in Guelph on Tuesday evening, Dec. 12th, and a grand time was enjoyed by all who were privileged to attend. The Guelph club played hosts to rinks from Georgetown, Milton and Brampton and some fine scores were registered. Following are the results:

H. Aitken	W. J. Hedgson
H. Barallick	F. D. Dewan
Dr. Leggett	C. Earl
W. Wheeler skip, 11	F. Little skip, 7
F. C. McTague	A. S. Wellott
C. V. Robinson	C. Leocoaq
J. Harvey	J. Davidson
W. E. Hamilton sk. 10	J. Maxted sk. 11
Guelph	Georgetown
J. Heffernan	K. McKenzie
I. T. Cameron	J. Ritchie
H. McEwen	H. Cleave
F. R. Ramsey sk. 7	W. Long sk. 10
Guelph	Georgetown
W. J. Graham	F. Thompson
A. R. Burroughs	W. Bell
A. Dunsey	J. Richardson
W. A. Mahoney sk. 8	E. Thompson sk. 13
Guelph	Brampton
A. M. Laird	W. Bovaird
J. Richardson	Dr. McLean
M. Stepp	W. D. Bowler
F. J. Robinson sk. 12	H. McKellop sk. 7
Guelph	Brampton
H. Wheeler	C. Gregg
H. Chick	T. Tellock
H. Little	F. Fleming
Dr. Hyslop sk. 8	Judge Cochran sk. 6

OCEANS OF THE WORLD HAVE 57 KNOWN "DEEPS"

There are 57 known "deeps" among the oceans of the world, the largest of which is said to be Nares lying in the Atlantic and covering an area near the West Indies of some 67,000 square miles with a maximum depth of 27,972 feet. A "deep" is an area of ocean floor covered by more than 18,000 feet of water. Three-quarters of the Atlantic is covered by water exceeding 5000 feet in depth and over one-half by water exceeding 12,000 feet. The most striking feature of the Atlantic is the low central ridge dividing the ocean into eastern and western basins. The known location of these deeps is of tremendous importance to cable companies, states the Canadian National Telegraphs, as when laying cables along the ocean bottom it is the endeavor to secure a route which will afford most protection for the cables. Surveys of the ocean floor for cable laying are made by what is known as a Sonic Depth Sounder which sends out a "note" which is reflected back from the bottom of the ocean, the time interval indicating the depth.

Masonic Election Officers On December 8th

At a well attended meeting of Oread Lodge, A.F. & A.M. No. 219, Georgetown, on Friday evening, December 8th, the following officers were elected:

I.P.M.—Bro. Jos. Sanford.
Worshipful Master—Bro. T. McKay.
Senior Warden—Bro. Wilfred Leslie.
Junior Warden—Bro. K. M. Langdon.
Chaplain—V. Wor. Bro. W. G. O. Thompson.
Treasurer—W. Bro. E. W. Cole.
Secretary—W. Bro. Walter T. Evans.
Senior Deacon—Bro. E. V. MacCormack.
Junior Deacon—Bro. H. J. Heldman.
Inside Guard—Bro. Frank Wilson.
Tyler—Bro. Ross Thompson.
Senior Steward—Bro. Cyril Brantford.
Junior Steward—Bro. F. D. Charles.

Give GLASSES For Christmas

What gift will be remembered one day, one month or one year after Christmas?

A PAIR OF FIRST QUALITY GLASSES



Why not give this kind of a gift to Mother or Dad, Son or Daughter, for Christmas?

For your convenience we have Christmas gift certificates which guarantee a thorough eye examination and glasses of quality.

Come in and let us show you the different styles of mountings and glasses all at city prices.

CONSULT
O. T. WALKER, R.O.
Optometrist—Eyeglass 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.



BETTY PRICE dabbed a spot of rouge on each cheek, touched the places lightly for a natural effect, then dipped in the perfume bottle and rubbed the back of her small ears.

Tilting back the blurred mirror, she surveyed herself critically. The effect seemed entirely satisfactory. Betty sighed ecstatically. "I look like a million dollars," she breathed. "I can almost convince myself that I am a great lady tonight."

Carefully her silver-slipped feet descended the narrow stairs. She must get away as quickly as possible. What would the unromantic Mr. and Mrs. James Barstow say if they saw the Cinderella of their kitchen arrayed in garments like these? Betty chuckled at the thought. They would think she had gone crazy if they found out that she had spent a whole month's salary to rent the things she was wearing, and to buy a ticket for the opera. "But they never will find out," she told herself, as she carefully closed the back door behind her.

At the corner, she waited for a cab. On the way down, she heard the voice of Christmas everywhere. She saw its symbols in shop windows; in arches of green and red



Her prince was standing in the doorway, his evening clothes replaced by clean blue overalls.

strung across the streets. She told herself it must be the Christmas feeling in the air that made her do this daring thing. It was utterly ridiculous to dress up like a great lady, but one had to be different at Christmas. And life had been pretty dull for Betty since she had to accept the work she was doing. It offered very little inspiration.

The story of the opera took her back to a medieval world. In a few moments she was completely lost in its atmosphere, so much so that she failed to notice that the man seated at her right was sending admiring glances in her direction. When the curtain went up, he leaned over and spoke.

"I love this," he said simply.

"I do, too," Betty answered, with a little catch in her voice. It seemed incredible that he was speaking to her. He was really acting as if she belonged. By the time the curtain went up again they were calling each other Prince and Princess, taking the names of the two leading characters on the stage.

As the great drama moved to its close Betty tried to hurry away. She didn't want her Prince to find out what an impostor she was. But he had taken hold of her arm.

"Couldn't we go and have some coffee?" he suggested. "I know I'm a stranger to you, but—but it's Christmas—and—"

"I should say 'no,'" Betty told herself. "I should even tell him the truth about myself." Instead, she accompanied him to the coffee shop across the street. She couldn't deny herself this one hour of happiness. After it was over, well—Betty would not let her thoughts go further.

She almost forgot that she was playing a part as they sat together. They seemed to have so much in common. He had read widely—the type of books she liked; he took an interest in so many things she liked; seemed to be as romantic and visionary as herself. But he spoke no word to indicate that he wanted to see her again. She had been foolish to expect it.

Gloom enveloped the world for Betty next morning. As if to add to her humiliation and misery, a clogged-up drain was sending oozy brown water back into the sink. Her feet dragged across the floor as she answered the plumber's knock.

Then the world spun dizzily around her for a moment. A rush of joy wonder, lifted her heart. Her Prince was standing in the doorway, his evening clothes replaced by clean blue overalls, his good-looking face wrinkled in bewilderment.

"I—I thought you were—" he stammered.

"And I—I thought you were—" Betty gasped in answer.

When explanations were over, a make-believe Prince and Princess were wondering if Christmas wasn't the very nicest time for a wedding ceremony.



BABS was such a little girl to be disappointed at Christmas, but there seemed no other way.

Her mother called her to the bedside. "Babs, darling," she began softly, "Christmas will soon be here."

The little girl's eyes shone. "It won't be the same this year, darling. There won't be any presents, or well—anything."

"No Santa Claus?"

"You're going on five, Babs. Try to understand. What we call Santa Claus is really just the love people have for each other at Christmas." Her voice trailed off in a fit of coughing. "That pillow—there—now I can breathe. It isn't I don't love you, darling. I just can't do things this Christmas."

"Why, Mummy, you're crying!"

"No, no I'm not. See? Why don't you run out and play a bit? Get your coat and rubbers."

Babs went out into the snow very thoughtful. A group of children were



He came dressed as she had seen him first, and with a bag of toys.

playing down the block, but she didn't want company. She turned the other way.

Of course there was a Santa Claus. Hadn't he come last year? And all her playmates—he came to see them, too. How could Mummy be so mistaken?

She hadn't intended to come so far. But it was fun walking on the crisp, crunchy snow. And there, ahead, were men stringing lovely colored lights and bushes of greenery on lamp posts. They might know whether there was a Santa Claus.

"What's she want, Bill?"

"I can't just get it. Something about Santa Claus."

"Why, sure, kid. Just down the block. He's ringing a little bell."

The men laughed, and Babs laughed, too. Santa Claus! She would find Santa Claus!

Then she saw him, all dressed in red and with a long white beard. He was sitting by a big red box, and every now and then someone would drop money into it. Babs stood for a long while watching, fascinated by the red-clad figure.

At last the Santa Claus noticed her, and for a while he watched her, too, without speaking. It had started snowing again, great soft flakes. Suddenly Babs realized that she was cold, that she didn't dare to talk to Santa Claus, and that she didn't even know her way home. She began to cry.

The tinkling stopped, and the Santa Claus came over. "What's the matter?" he asked gently. She let him lead her back to the big red box. He took her up on his lap, and gave her the little bell to ring. Slowly she told her story. Mummy, who was so sick, had said there wasn't any Santa Claus this year. Babs took care of Mummy. She didn't know how to get home, but it was down that way some place.

"I think I had better see if we can't find your Mummy," Santa Claus declared. "She's probably worried about you."

They found the right neighborhood with no great difficulty. Babs insisted that Santa Claus come in, "to show Mummy there really is a Santa Claus," and he agreed. Then things began happening. There was a doctor, and a nurse, and Babs must be quiet, and mustn't see Mummy—not for days. Through it all Santa Claus kept coming back, only without the beard or red suit.

Until Christmas, that is, and then he came dressed as she had seen him first, even to the little bell, and with a big red box full of toys for her. "And as an even grander present," he said that Mummy was well enough to sit up.

"He was very tender to Mummy, and carried her gently to the big chair that was ready for her. Babs was sure that Mummy looked prettier than she had ever seen her."

"My," said Babs, "I wish you could stay here forever."

"And the Santa Claus man answered very gravely, "Thank you, Babs. There's nothing I should like better."

But he wasn't looking at Babs. It was more as though he were talking to Mummy. Babs didn't think to wonder why.

Anyway, Mummy

WHY



We appeal to you

FACTS AND FIGURES

Patients treated in the "Infant" Department during 1938 exceed

9,000

Total patient days

140,000

Total attendance at "Out-Patient" Department during the past year exceeds

79,777

Total expenses exceed

\$540,000

Total income from normal sources will be less than

\$450,000

Net deficit for year

\$90,000

Somewhere in Ontario, before this hour has ticked away, a little child will be stricken or injured—Pneumonia, Poliomyelitis, an automobile accident, or one of a hundred or more diseases or accidents will have found a victim.

The life of this little child may depend on the PROMPT ACTION of The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto.

Centralized here under one roof is every facility known to medical science for the effective prevention and cure of childhood disease and deformity.

More than 9,000 little children were treated here last year. ONE-THIRD of these children came from Ontario Municipalities outside the City of Toronto.

Most of them were children of parents unable to pay the low Public-Ward rates. But they were not denied any treatment or care that would assist in their recovery.

This humane policy resulted in a deficit of \$90,000 last year.

We appeal to responsible, charitable Ontario citizens for donations to help us meet this deficit and for practical encouragement to continue and expand this work next year.

Please... the life of a little child may be saved because you were kind and benevolent today. Send your donation, large or small... NOW.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

This Space Donated by The Georgetown Herald