

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

PHONE No. 8

A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the Town of Georgetown and surrounding country, including the Villages of Glen Wild, Nass, 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 30c 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

THE BUILDERS

Industrious, tireless, long-armed
That morning brings to my window
pane—
A silhouette on the pale, bright sky,
Steel against air, the low brought
high.
I know men are working beneath your
power
(Cold the month and early the hour)
That crusted snowbanks have never a
chance
Where flames of an orange fire dance.
And others, passing, slow down to see
Men, blueprint and stone in unity—
Take heart, go whistling down the
street
Ready to carry, ready to meet.
While above the traffic's murmuring
Staccato notes of the iron ring,
And there at my window, beyond the
pane,
Is standing the tireless, long-armed
crane.
—Anneke Van Zindram.

THINK AND ACT

The kindly thoughts we have of other
people
Are often of such fragile substance
That we need to show and speak them
very quickly
For like the flowers they are so swift
to fade.
The impulses to friendly loving actions
That grow upon us in a generous
mood,
Are those we must not miss, lest we
should lose them
And fail to do some fair and lasting
good.
It's such a pity when our kind intentions
Vanish like petals dropping from our
sight,
But it's such a joy when generous
thinking,
Leads lovely acts like flowers towards
the light.

ARTICLE OF FAITH

Against brutality and wrong
Build us a fortress pledged to song;
Against the tyrant and the knave,
The vicious lord, the venal slave,
Against the darkness and the grave,
Against the horrors of the hour,
Beast passion and the lust for power—
Build us, oh, build the singing tower!
Now that the world is drenched with
blood,
And truth is trampled in the mud;
Now that the quest for beauty dulls,
And buzzards blacken over the skulls,
And man is once more crucified,
And the sky splits from side to side,
And the Four Feverish Horsemen ride
Build us a temple where the treasure
Of heart and mind in noble treasure
May stand though every house be
shaken.
Endure, though every tower be taken!
And from dead ashes reawaken
Once more in man's impatient breast
Hungers no death can put to rest—
The Dream, the Courage and the
Quest!
—Joseph Auslander in Saturday
Evening Post.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S FUR TRADE DAYS LINKED WITH SKI VALLEY IN JASPER

The Tonquin Valley, a section of
Jasper National Park famous among
skiers and skiers, owes its name to
an episode in Canadian history far
removed from it in place and time. In
1810, John Jacob Astor sent a ship
called the Tonquin from New York
and around Cape Horn to the mouth
of the Columbia River on the Pacific
Coast. There he had his fur-trading
settlement, Astoria, soon to be lost
to the North West Company and
called Fort George when that part of
the country became British.
In 1811, the Tonquin went north to
Hood's Bay—its captain, one Thomas
Meek, for his brutality, went a step
too far when he insulted an Indian
chief. The Indians took a terrible
revenge. They came on board and mas-
sacred all but five men, who hid in
the hold. Four of them afterwards
escaped in a boat, only to perish. The
fifth stayed on board and, when four
or five hundred Indians returned to
boat, blew the ship to pieces.
That was the end of the Tonquin
but its name persists in Jasper Na-
tional Park. Left there by Abenaki
who crossed the Rockies through Al-
berta. There when Astoria was given
up. There is also an Astoria River in
Jasper.

WHAT OTHER PAPERS HAVE TO SAY

TREASURES FOR POSTERITY

(Christian Science Monitor)
Who ever dreamed that some day
the contents of a small boy's pocket
would be preserved for posterity?
And not only of one boy, but of sev-
eral. Into a steel box sealed in the
corner of the new Madison
Square Boys Club in New York the
other day went a collection when boys
marched past it and turned their pockets
inside out to fill a time capsule
of typical boyhood.
Of course there was a jackknife,
tops, marbles and a magnet—yes, and
even a piece of wire and a wad of
knotted string. One boy sacrificed a
lollipop for posterity.
There are other treasures which
might have come from the pockets of
such boys as we used to know. What?
No fishhooks and sinkers, no nail or
two, no suspender buckle, no ball, no
whistle, no smooth stone from the
creek, no apple cores, no stamps to
trade, no jack-straws, no chunk of
putty, no stubby pencil, no acorns or
horse chestnuts?
But anyway, articles enough got in
to the box to reveal, someday, much
about boys of today.

MASS PRODUCTION SLOWLY KILLING SMALL TOWNS

(Bowmanville Statesman)
Ten people are thrown out of work.
Another ten or a dozen citizens are
dependent on the first group. Thus
the buying power of a score of people
has been lost to the town of Bowman-
ville. That is just one of many
cases affecting the closing this week
of the oldest bakery in this communi-
ty.
This calamity if it may be termed
such, brings close home the undesir-
able conditions which exist in many
small towns, and which we have dis-
cussed in these columns before, that of
outside bakers being allowed to
peddle their goods in town without
paying a cent of taxes. Think of it,
fifteen out-of-town brands of bread
being sold in a town of less than four
thousand population! This is in addi-
tion to our two local bakers.
What is the outcome? The survival
of the fittest, you say. And what a
penalty citizens are unconsciously pay-
ing for this modern trend of elimina-
tion of the small town baker by the
all-powerful mill-owned and chain
store baker whose chief interest is
dividends. Certainly not the welfare
of the community.
The ruthless competition these mo-
gular bakeries use, by their cut throat
and unethical methods, is driving
hundreds of town bakers to the wall.
Only a couple of weeks ago we rec-
orded the discontinuance of Newcastle's
old established bakery.
Who is taking the place of these
industrious and highly respected bak-
ers who are such an important part
of every town—public spirited in build-
ing up their communities, supporters
of all worthy causes, raise families
who are a credit to the town and
give employment to many local peo-
ple?
It's a certainty a delivery boy with
his horse and wagon, sent here by his
remote-controlled capitalist baker,
cannot fill the important place of the
local baker. Thus the towns are
becoming poorer in community build-
ers through the modern process of
mass production for profit.

ENDLESS RELIEF PROBLEMS

(Welland Tribune)
While Canada's relief recipients are
100,000 less than they were last win-
ter, the problem has not been solved
in any measure. There still are 725,000
persons in Canada who are unable to
supply their own subsistence.
How long these figures will represent
the situation is unpredictable. The
war has provided jobs for some, but
it is estimated by the Canadian Wel-
fare Council that agricultural recovery
in the west has been the most im-
portant single factor in the rehabili-
tation of the 100,000 former relief
recipients who have become self-sus-
taining.
The war has not yet called a large
contingent of man-power and industry
to not-yet-gained-to full war speed.
It may be some months before these
factors will exercise their maximum
influence on the relief situation, but
it is believed that there will be steady
reduction of the number requiring aid.
Despite every legitimate argu-
ment, this country is going to have a
permanent problem with regard to
people who are unable to support
themselves. Those who can earn
their own living might as well make up
their minds that they will have to
assist others in the maintenance
of a growing contingent of public de-
pendents. There are at present 180,
000 persons in Canada who are too
old to make a living. There are 4,000

blind who are receiving special grants,
33,000 children being cared for by
special agencies, 14,900 infirm or
homeless persons in charitable insti-
tutions are being supported under the
terms of the Mothers' Allowance plan.
In addition, the hospitals find that the
number of indigent patients is in-
creasing and the mental institutions
have many inmates who cannot pay
their way.
Even if, through war and the mo-
mentum of industry, we were to clear
the relief rolls of all those who are
capable of working, we still would
have a formidable contingent of per-
sons, who will have to be supported
from the public purse.

THE VALUE OF WORK

(Dunnville Gazette)
Every day in some newspaper can be
found some tale of misdeed or on the
part of a juvenile which is per-
tinent to a criminal record. Almost
invariably the account concludes with
the words, "The youth was unemploy-
ed."
This gives rise to opportunity for
castigation of the government which is
suggested to be made, if it desires, to
out of thin air, or to a denunciation
of the capitalist system to which
presumably, all critics place the blame
where we believe it rightfully belongs
—right in the home.
The modern child is a stranger to
work, and the disappearance of a
work environment is causing children
to grow up without experiencing the
value of money. No longer does the
average boy learn as much about work
around his own home as did his fa-
ther, and he ought to learn now for
his own good.
Not so long ago in Dunnville when
there was a moderate or heavy snow-
fall the sidewalks were shoveled clean
in short order by an army of boys,
and Dad had something to say about
it. If Junior did a decent job, he
was given a dollar. If he didn't, he
was sent to bed. The boy, who knew
the condition of his neighbor's side-
walk and plows a path into his own
home to find a husky boy sprawled
in a chair listening to the radio. Any
protect is met with the reply, "I
don't want to do a decent job. I
want to be a relief guy, ought to
have been along here an hour ago."
And Dad agrees that that's so, too.
It's a wonder somebody wouldn't get
some action considering the relief
costs: what the heck!
That in our opinion is one of the
basic causes of a lot of grief today—
and for the future. Boys who were
boys forty or fifty years ago, espe-
cially on a farm or in a country vil-
lage, remember their work and chores
as a joy, not as "guidance" or "char-
acter building." Looking back the
boy may realize the value of his work
and his father. But in those days, fill-
ing the wood box in the frosty twi-
light wasn't really a chore. It was a
prelude to a warm, cheerful evening
in the farmhouse with next day's les-
sons learned in the glow of a kero-
sene lamp beside a big pile of pop-
corn and hot Sp. apples.
In those halcyon days chores, in-
door and out, were a way of life. Boys
expected to be called upon to sacri-
fice some time from play for their
proper performance. There was a keen
glow of satisfaction in the comple-
tion of a good job and gradually
there was born in the boy some real-
ization of the fact that he was a really
useful member of the family, that he
was contributing something to the
family life, and usually he was to be
found in later life contributing some-
thing to his community. That is why
we have fine towns like Dunnville
throughout Ontario today. Boys who
learned the value of work on the
farm and in their village homes grew
to useful manhood thoroughly imbued
with the belief that there was
virtue in hard work. That is why
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United Church Women Assisting in Preparation War Materials for Army

Nearly 1000 units of the United
Church of Canada, representing 2700
organizations and at least 50,000 wo-
men, are now assisting in the prepara-
tion of material comforts for Cana-
dian soldiers, according to a report
presented to the War Service Commit-
tee of the United Church of Canada.
Rev. Dr. W. Harold Young, of Toron-
to, is chairman of the committee, with
Rev. Dr. Gordon A. Sisco and Rev.
J. R. Hutchinson joint secretaries.
Reports from eleven conferences of
the United Church reveal that, the
material prepared by the church
groups is being shipped to Red Cross
Society depots established throughout
Canada. Close co-operation is main-
tained between the church groups and
the Red Cross.
Many women are working on sol-
diers' comforts from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
the reports disclose.
A typical War Service Unit report
was presented to the Committee. It
came from the Rhodes Ave. United Church
Toronto and reported that the Wo-
man's Association, the Women's Mis-
sionary Society and the Auxiliary of
the Boy Scouts were all co-operating
in war service work. Mrs. Mary Rap-
son, secretary of the unit, stated that
during the past week they have been
knitted, as well as 16 scarves, two
pairs of mitts, four pairs of wristlets,
three baby jackets, eight bonnets, four
pairs of booties. The baby clothing
is for families of soldiers in training.

Roses, Anonymous

By RUTH KELLY
(McClure Syndicate.)
(WNU Service.)

Lola Mehan shook her shiny
black head sadly but firmly.
"There's no use talking, Tommy.
To him I'm just a secretary. All
he ever says to me is 'Take a let-
ter. What I need is glamor!'"
"Gee, Lola," Tommy looked
down at her importantly over his
basket of mail—"If you want that
guy, you're pretty enough to do
something about it."
They were talking about the boss,
T. Wallington Bradford. Wallie to
his friends. Dear Wallie to some of
them; including Lola, who never
really said it, though she thought it
pretty consistently. Tommy the of-
fice boy, of all people, understood.
Right now there was conniving in
his young blue eyes.
"Say, how about those passes to
the circus? Do I get 'em?"
"Didn't I promise?"
"Sure. Well, then—" he moved
toward the door. "Guess I'll be
going along to the post office."
When Lola came out of the boss'
office an hour later with about ten
letters to get out before five o'clock,
she found a long white box on her
desk. Flowers. She stared in a
daze at the card. "Thanks in ad-
vance for the passes," it said. She
was still staring at it when T. Wal-
lington Bradford approached a mi-
nute later.
"Birthday?" he inquired politely.
"No—that is, yes—" Lola jammed
the cover down somehow. "Almost,
anyway. It's—it's next month."
He thrust his hands into his pocket-
ets. There was amusement in his
eyes. "Oh—" Lola blushed, for he was
actually looking at her, curiously,
for the first time.
"Su—ay—" and Lola thrilled to the
note of alarm in his voice. "You
wouldn't rub out on me, would you?
Get married, I mean."
It was something to tell Tommy
when he stopped at her desk the
next day. "But you shouldn't have
spent the money, Tommy," she
said.
"It was worth it. Anyway, that
was my circus dollar and now you've
given me the passes I don't need it."
"What do you mean, Tommy Lin-
ton?"
"I mean a dollar ain't much to
gamble. Course it's up to you."
Tommy stared hard at Cross and
Bradford's prettiest stenographer.
"Maybe you've changed your mind.
Maybe you feel he ain't worth it—"
Lola reached into her bag, drew
out a crisp green bill. "You mean
isn't Tommy, not 'ain't," she said
reprovingly as she thrust the money
into his outstretched hand.
This time the flowers came while
the boss was out. When he came in
Lola was afraid he didn't see them.
He hardly glanced her way. But
he called to her a minute later.
"Well, whose birthday is it this
time? His?" He grinned. It was
a determined attempt, but, never-
theless, a grin. Lola felt suddenly
foolish, receiving flowers at the of-
fice.
"Hasn't he raised your salary so
you wouldn't leave him?" Tommy
pointed out to her several days
later.
"Yes, but—"
"Hasn't he had your desk moved
so he can look out at you?"
"That wasn't his reason. This is
more convenient."
"Says you!" Tommy moved away
dissatisfied. "The trouble with you
is, you're ungrateful." He was back
a minute later with a long white
box. Lola just gazed at him.
"Tommy, how dare'd you?"
"I didn't, Lola, honestly. This
box was out in the reception room
and Helen told me to bring it in to
you."
"Lola!"
T. Wallington Bradford's voice cut
the air like a knife. Lola jumped.
This was the end, she knew.
"Lola about the flowers—" T.
Wallington Bradford got up from his
desk, moved with long firm steps to
the door, closed it on the curious
eyes in the outer office. "Lola, I—"
He was standing over her now,
almost commanding her to look at
him. Lola lifted flushed cheeks.
"Honestly, Mr. Bradford, I don't
even know who sent them—"
She broke off in surprise. The
boss' eyes weren't the least bit an-
gry. In fact, they were searching
hers, almost frantically.
"Lola—what I mean is—well—I
hope you like them!"

TELEPHONE VOICE SAID REVEALING

IT BETRAYS YOUR TRUE CHARACTER

The Bell Telephone Company re-
cently conducted a contest to find
the operator with the nicest voice
technique. Has it ever occurred to
you to give any thought to your own
telephone voice and what it conveys
to the listener at the other end of the
wire? asks a letter to the Mon-
treal Star.
There is the voice whose "Hello"
says "Oh, D— the telephone for in-
terrupting me!" It is annoyed, turn-
ed own at the corner, short and
grumpy. You wish you hadn't called
the person who owns it and you will
not do it again unless you just have
to.
There is the "sorry-for-itself" voice
and you know you caught the owner
in a fit of self-pity which may even
be chronic. After you've talked a
minute it begins to perk up as long
as you do not ask it "How are you
feeling?" when it goes back to its for-
mer whining, dragging tones.
There is, a doctor I have occasion
to call from and then his voice
is always the same: "If you hadn't
been in trouble you would not have
called me and whatever it is keep your
shirt on, it may not be as bad as you
think—always calm, patient, sooth-
ing and never exasperated. Its owner
is full of human sympathy and un-
derstanding and used to dealing with
all types of people. It takes practice
to get a voice like that.
There is the voice which sings out
"hello" as though it hadn't a care in
the world and hopes you are the same.
There is the "in a hurry" voice of
the owner, who was just going out or
in the midst of a dozen things. It is
quick and decisive and tells you to
state your business as quickly and
concisely as possible because it hasn't
time to gossip or soliloquize but will
give polite attention to anything of
importance.
There is the voice which is saying
one thing and thinking another—it
doesn't ring true. It is just making
an excuse.
Oh, yes! Your telephone tells a
great deal more by its tones than by
what it says—it tells the kind of
person you are."

**SWEET
CAPORAL
CIGARETTES**
The sweet form in which
tobacco can be smoked.

RADIO REPAIRING

12 Years Experience
WE SPECIALIZE ON
THIS WORK.
J. SANFORD & SON
PHONE:
GEORGETOWN 34

Oh boy!
it's lots of fun
to travel by Cruiser—
When you want to treat
the Children or Mother and
Dad to a trip... send them
by Highway Cruiser for a
happy and carefree journey

**BUFFALO \$8.00
DETROIT \$9.00
TORONTO \$12.50
ROUND TRIP**

"I'll take
good care
of them"
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
W. H. LONG — PHONE 89
GRAY COACH LINES

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

Going East
Passenger and Mail 6:57 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 10:03 a.m.
Passenger and Mail 2:45 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto 8:41 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only 9:31 p.m.

Going West
Passenger and Mail 6:34 a.m.
Passenger, Daily except
Saturdays and Sunday 8:06 p.m.
Saturday Only 2:15 p.m.
Passenger and Mail 6:43 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday 11:19 p.m.
Passenger, Saturday night only
from Nov. 4 to Apr. 27 12:25 a.m.

Going North
Mail and Passenger 8:45 a.m.

Going South
Mail and Passenger 6:50 p.m.

TIME TABLE

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

To Toronto
7:06 a.m., 9:28 a.m., 12:18 p.m.,
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., 2:05 p.m.,
3:25 p.m., 4:45 a.m., 7:00 p.m.,
10:00 p.m., 11:15 p.m.,
11:50 p.m.

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

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

LoROY DALE, K.C.
M. SYBIL BENNETT, B.A.
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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
and
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE
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Monuments POLLOCK & INGHAM

Successors to Cater & Worth
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request — Phone 2648
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 — 5 — 7:30 — 9:30 p.m.
Closed Thursday Phone 159

DIPLOMATIC

He was conscious that trouble was
brewing when he went out in the
morning. When he got home that
night he learned what he had done.
With tears in her eyes his wife ex-
claimed: "I know you don't love me—
you've forgotten my birthday again!"
But he was a very quick thinker.
"Darling," he said, "I'm more sorry
than I can say—but it is really your
fault."
"My fault!" she exclaimed. "How
can that be?"
He took her hand in his. "How can
I remember your birthday," he asked,
"when there is never anything about
you to remind me that you are a day
older than you were a year ago?"

IN THE LONG AGO
The teacher had asked the class to
name all the States. One small urchin
responded so quickly and accurately
that she commended him for it.
"You did very well," she said,
"much better than I could have done
at your age."
"Yeah, and there was only thirteen
States, then, too."