The Georgetown Herald

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The Georgetown Herald

J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

Canadian National Electric Railways

Toronto Suburban Railway

EASTBOUND Daily		WESTBOUND Daily	
Train		Train	
No. 2— 7.10	a.m.	No. 1— 7.35	a.m.
" 4— 9.57	a.m.	" 3— 9.35	a.m.
" 6—11.57	a.m.	" 5—11.35	a.m.
" 8— 1.57	p.m.	" 7— 1.35	p.m.
" 10— 3.57	p.m.	" 9— 3.35	p.m.
" 54— 4.57	p.m.	" 11— 5.35	p.m.
" 12— 5.57	p.m.	" 13— 7.35	p.m.
" 14— 7.57	p.m.	" 15— 9.35	p.m.
" 10— 9.57	p.m.	" 17—12.06	a.m.
" 18—11.53	p.m.		

Nos. 1 & 2 will run daily except Sunday.

C.N.R. TIME TABLE

Going East	
Passenger	7.23 a.m
Passenger	9:33 a.m.
Passenger	10.18 a.m.
Mail	12.09 p.m.
Passenger	4.00 p.m.
Mail	6.32 p.m.
Passenger	8.25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	7.21 p.m.
Going West	
Mail	7.40 a..m.
Passenger	8.53 a.m.
Passenger	10.28 a.m.
Passenger	2.12 p.m.
Mail	4.50 p.m.
Passenger	6.02 p.m.
Passenger	7.08 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.24 a.m.
Going North	
Mail	8.55 a.m.
Mail	4.55 p.m.
Going South	
Mail	11.23 a.m.
Mail	7.10 p.m.

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STEAM UP FOR LONDON

This model, a perfect working miniature of one of the Canadian National Railways' giant 6100 Northern type locomotives, is now on its way to London, England, where it will be exhibited in the European offices of the National system. John E. Wood, of Winnipeg, constructed it in his spare time, and it took him fourteen months of diligence and skill. The main frames and some of the other parts were made by apprentices in the Fort Rouge and Transcona shops. The model is correct in all external details and will work under its own power. The boiler has been tested to 150 pounds pressure. For the purposes of exhibition a motor was placed in the oak base to drive the wheels through a worm gear on the main driving axle. The over-all length of the model is eight feet, six inches, while the over-all length of the original 6100 is 94 feet, six inches. The model weighs approximately 275 pounds and the super-locomotive 326 tons.

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Promotions in C.N.R. Legal Dept.

With the approval of Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways, Gerard Ruel, Vice-President of legal affairs, has issued the following circular:

"Consequent upon the much regretted demise of William Craig Chisholm (formerly General Counsel) who was an officer of unusual ability, of sterling worth, and a universal favorite, the following changes in staff are made, taking effect immediately:

"Reginald H. M. Temple, formerly Assistant General Counsel, is promoted to General Counsel.

"Alistair Fraser, K.C., formerly Commission Counsel, is promoted to Assistant General Counsel.

"The position of Commission Counsel is abolished."

Mr. Temple (left), joined the Canadian Northern Railway, twenty-three years ago as a member of the Accounts Branch of the Construction Department. Later he became Claims Agent and from that position he was transferred to the Legal Department, subsequently becoming General Solicitor at Toronto. In April, 1919, Mr. Temple was appointed regional counsel with headquarters at Winnipeg. In May, 1926, Mr. Temple was appointed Assistant General Counsel on the promotion of the late Mr. Chisholm to the position of General Counsel.

Mr. Temple is a native of Toronto. On the occasion of the outbreak of the South African War he enlisted with the First Canadian Contingent under the then Col. Otter. He served in various capacities and was afterwards Commissioner of the Heidelberg District. Mr. Temple has the South African medal with four bars.

Major Alistair Fraser, M.C., K.C. (right), was born at New Glasgow, and is a son of Hon. D. C. Fraser, former Lieutenant-Governo. of Nova Scotia. He was called to the Bar in 1911, and created King's Counsel in 1921. He enlisted at the outbreak of the War in 1914, and served with the 17th Battalion, the P.P.C.L.I., and the 15th Battalion. He was afterwards A.D.C. to General Currie, Commander of the Canadian Corps. In 1919, he was appointed General Solicitor to the Canadian National Railways and Commission Counsel in 1923. Mr. Fraser will continue to deal with Railway Commission matters.

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Infant's Delight Soap 4 Cakes	25c
McCormick's Jersey Cream Soda Biscuits Pound	26c
Special Toy Pail PEANUT BUTTER Pail	17c

QUIT YOUR MEANNESS

Put your hammer in the locker;
Hide the sounding board likewise;
Anyone can be a knocker;
Anyone can criticise.
Cultivate a manner, winning
Though it hurts your face to smile,
And seems awkward in beginning
Be a booster for a while.

Let the blacksmith do the pounding,
That's the way he draws his pay;
You don't get a cent for hounding
Saint and sinner night and day.
Just for solid satisfaction
Drop a kind word in the slot,
And I'll warrant you'll get action
For your effort on the spot.

Kindness every time beats kicking;
Mirth is better than a frown;
Do not waste your time in picking
Flaws with others who are down
And it isn't so distressing
If you give the little boost
To the man the fates are pressing
When the chicks come home to roost.

Yes, the old world would be brighter
If you'd kindle friendship's flame
And thus make the trouble lighter
Of the man against the game.
Send your grouch on a vacation,
Give your grumbling tones the shake
And with grim determination
Throw the hammer in the lake.

HALTON RIFLES

By Col. Ballantyne, D.S.O.

THE REGIMENT GOES TO CHURCH
THE HONOUR IN 1894
COOKS-GROOMS SUNDAY

(Continued next week)

The Regiment did not forget the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is. They were not allowed; for Divisional Headquarters saw to it that the Halton Regiment was allotted a pew in the open air Temple; and that a diagram was prepared, on which was drawn the exact location of all the Regimental pews; with an intimation that the Regiment would be expected to fill this allotted space at the Church Service on Sunday morning.

This diagram arranged the Regiments in the form of a hollow square with the Headquarters Staff, clergy, musicians and visitors filling in the one side, and the pulpit erected of drums, in the center.

The phrase Church Service awakens many memories; and to those who were in France, the impromptu services held in the barns and stables in rest billets; where the Padre, carrying a suit case, bustled into the yard, exchanged a hurried greeting with the men, and announced that he was about to hold Divine Service.

Suiting the action to the word, he opened the suit case, and disclosed a small portable organ, which he set up on the barn floor; and the vestments of his office which he donned over his uniform. Meantime the men, pinched out their cigarettes, placed them behind their ears, and climbed into the seats of the cathedral, perching on the beams, or sitting on the floor about the walls wherever a vacant space offered.

The little organ wheezed, but was heard not, for the men sang lustily glancing only occasionally at the words of the hymns in the booklets, which were a part of the Church properties carried about by the Padre. The sermons were models of brevity, and appealed as a rule to good sportsmanship — to Justice and honour and patriotism and other of the Christian virtues, the texts coming frequently from the utterances of St. Paul, the great exponent of the virtues of good sportsmanship and true Christianity.

Those services in France were marked by the elemental simplicity that distinguished the ministrations of the Great Teacher on the shores of Lake Galilee. The Padre was earnest, and the men attentive and thoughtful, as they listened to the simple terms of the Gospel, while in the distance the never ending rumble and rattle of Artillery and Machine Gun fire betokened primative forces in conflict, a conflict from which these men were in temprrary respite.

Occasionally a shell would scream high overhead like some evil spirit from the forces of Darkness, or crash in some field nearby; but such disturbances were too commonplace to cause more than an exchange of smiles between the men or a close observation of the Padre, to see how he accepted such unusual attentions.

I recall another Church Service in Africa, where the whole force commanded by Sir Ian Hamilton assembled for service while on the march to the Drakensburg mountains. Twenty thousand in one service and all armed; and all singing as only the British soldier can sing, the Band of the First Royal Scots carrying the melody.

But we are discussing the service of the Halton Regiment, and will accompany them as they marched to church that beautiful June morning in 1894.

As the Regiment assembled in column, the Band played the Church Call, a beautiful melody contributing much to the atmosphere of Church Service, the alto horns running up and down the scale in a way that suggested a carillon of Cathedral bells. On this parade the Regiment was sized with the tall men on the flanks and the short in the center: it was also equalized, men being taken from the strong companies to fill up the weak; sometimes companies lost their identity altogether, as the Commanding Officer measured his family to the dimensions laid down on the diagram, before mentioned.

Two sergeants were detailed to report to the Church area as markers on which the front company made its alignment: these were Sergeant Reddy of Number Three and Sergeant Armstrong of Number Seven, and both were well qualified, and they had attended the School of Instruction.

Then the Colonel comes to the head of the Column, and we are off with the band leading; and everybody stepping out with the swagger befitting a Regiment that had been the selection of the eagle-eyed General Herbert.

We were always so proud when the was in front of our Column; for I doubt if the Regiment ever had a Commanding Officer, in whom it reposed more confidence.

There were four qualified Non-Commissioned Officers in our company that year, and one of them, Bob Lindsay was wont to say: "Cheer up, all's right with the world; here comes Colonel Kerns." When Colonel Kerns moved to the head of the Column, the men spontaneously raised their heads, and squared their shoulders—and when the Regiment will do that you can write it down that there is a real leader of men out in front. Such was Kerns.

As is usual there were men on the reverse flank who wore the uniform of the Regiment, but who were not dressed for church. They were not nonconformists, for these had gone to their own service earlier in the morning. They were the Cooks, of which Hiram Kennedy was chief; the grooms under Yorky Watson, and the Camp details under the Orderly Officer, whose duty it was to set the Regimental house in order, in view of the invasion of visitors, largely American, that thronged the lines during the day. These had to align the piles of tent blankets, clean up the lines, roll the tents, and otherwise put the camp in order suitable for the inspection of visitors from Civil life, as well as the official visitors, of whom the Camp Commandant was chief.

The Grooms were not a part of the parade—but who ever heard of Grooms or Transport men taking part in any parade they could get out of? Grooms are, and always will be under privileged due to the relationship on the one hand with the horse, and to the Officer who rides him on the other; the three form a triangle of friendship, as deep as it was silent.

No man can ride a horse, or care for a horse, without loving a horse; and this attitude on the part of officer and groom made Church Parade of secondary importance to the never ending care and grooming necessary to condition; hence exemption of Grooms from Church parade. An officer goes to see his horse, on Sunday morning. "How's Rock this morning, Dawson?" "Not so good, Sir; we need some good Timothy hay, sir. Hay musty, sir." The officer inspects the hay and the oats, strokes the nose of his long-faced chum; and says to Dawson: "exercise him Dawson, you won't be going to Church: I'll want him for parade in the morning." This little drama being repeated every time there was an extraordinary parade — except of course Muster Parade, at which not only Dawson but Rock as well had to appear in person to prove to the Paymaster that they had a flesh and blood existence, as well as a pen and ink one, on the pages of the Pay Sheets.

The Grooms and transport men of a Regiment are always a thing apart, a sort of a Cavalry unit within a Regiment, with the camaraderie and good fellowship that is the accompaniment of men who talk in terms of saddlery, and harness, and bridles, and snaffles and all the rest; and who address their horses at times in caressing terms, which we will not repeat, inasmuch as it is the Sabbath Day. The Cooks are also on the reverse flank, and are not going to Church. Texts have to be expounded, but dinners have to be compounded; the multitude must be fed, and the moral and spiritual fiber of the Regiment would snap like an overstrained bow string if it were to return from the Divine Services to find the fires cold in the cook house, and the dinner delayed because the spiritual yearnings of the cooks had been placed before the physical appetite of the Regiment. So the cooks are also on the exempted list as the providers of the loaves and fishes—the fishes being symbollic fishes; for I can't remember a time when fish was ever an issue of diet to the soldier, though there are many times when he has got it unofficially.

On this particular Church Service the interest centers; for it was the year when the Regiment had been selected as the smartest in the Division, and this selection was symbolized by the knapsack that rested on top of the stack of drums before mentioned; a knapsack that was provided by one of the Sergeants in Number Three Company of the Halton Regiment.

The Regiment was fully alive to the honour conferred; and if some of us marched to church that morning in the spirit of the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not like other men it is well to remember that though pride is listed as a debit quality, a certain modicum of it will lift the feet of a tired Regiment, or a tired individual, as will no other stimulant.

And for full measure to our cup of righteous pride, our band was selected to play the hymns, and lead in the singing of the congregation, an honour in the center of the quadrangle, the other eleven bands ensconced themselves behind the columns of worshippers and promptly fell asleep also as the manner of some is.

We were proud of our band, for they looked the part, as well as played the part; and the bass horns of Bandsmen Erwin and Fry as well as the others shone like the golden candlesticks about the altar in King Solomon's temple.

The strangest element in those Church Parades is the fact that no one every passes the collection plate. It may be that some one tried it at some time, and the result discouraged repetition. It might be difficult to justify such an act; for certain, nothing about the Church required repair: the organ was in good condition, and if not, there were a dozen others in reserve. It was a very picturesque gathering, under the blue arch of Heaven with the glorious oak groves in the distance; the white-washed buildings of the Compound near by as a background for the Artillery blue, the scarlet of the Infantry and the rifle green of the Halton and Haldimand and Norfolk Regiments. In the distance, the low Ramparts of old Fort George rose as a symbol of another day when General Brock and his Regulars assembled for Divine service to the accompaniment of the mutterings of approaching storm, a storm that broke over the hallowed slopes of Queenston Heights.

The interest of the many Sunday visitors centered in the messing arrangements; and perhaps some of them visited the lines in the attitude of one who visits a circus to watch the animals feed. It was in the days before the Mess tent had improved conditions, and when the Army Dixie was the camp kettle that served all the culinery needs,—as it still does on active service —that is where there are no camp kitchens, so called. It was the Pharisees who cleaned the outside of the cup and the platter, but not so the cooks of the Halton Regiment—not for that matter of any Regiment. They left the outside to the flames to purge and blacken, but the inside, was polished and scoured till it shone like silver on a plate rail. In fact they suggested Gunga Din:

Who for all his dirty hide
Was white, clear white, inside.

The same might be applied to the mess tins of the men from which they ate their meals as they sat around the tent, while the visitors from Toronto and from the American side thronged through the lines under the escort of friends, or of men who had volunteered to show them about.

(Continued from last week)

ERIN

Mr. Robert Stauffer, of the Canadian West is visiting with friends in this community after an absence of twenty-one years.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Maud and two daughters, Tilly and Edna, of Everton, visited with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bingham, on Monday.

Mrs. Robert Tyson quietly celebrated her 93rd birthday on Sunday last. Mrs. Tyson is in good health and is about the house daily.

Mr. Cecil Gibson was the victim of a painful accident on Saturday evening last. While skating on the rink, he fell and fractured his left forearm.

Miss Doris Gibson left on Friday, to enter St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, as nurse-in-training, whither the best wishes of a host of friends follow.

Friends of Miss Ruby Walker, R. N., of St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, will be sorry to learn that she met with an unfortunate accident recently falling on the icy pavement, causing a double fracture of her right leg. She will be confined in the Hospital for some time. —Advocate.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE people of the United States and the members of the Senate must have received a rude shock when Senator Burton rose to his feet in Washington and denied the necessity for naval parity between the United States and Great Britain, particularly following so many hot-headed speeches by so-called patriots, who would have it that nothing less than parity would satisfy the United States. Senator Burton pointed out the peculiar needs of Great Britain for a powerful navy and many light cruisers. He ridiculed the suggestion that the British navy might be used against the United States. The proximity of Canada, he said, was one of the many potent reasons why Great Britain would never attack the United States. He pleaded with the Senate not to make a mockery of the multilateral treaty by providing for increased armaments.

IF YOU would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels of histories you may have heard by accident, and, which, regarded, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreements of life; they will come, but they will grow larger if you remember them, and the constant thought of acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only send to make you more familiar with them from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet today; and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those loveable things which are lively and loveable. — Clifford Express.

THE Famous Hawkers, Peddlers and Transient Traders' Bill, which for three years has been the cause of hectic arguments in the Ontario Legislature, and which was thrice thrown out, is neither gone nor forgotten. In fact it will have a successor in the Ontario House this year. For some time it has been thought that what with the old bill being "killed" so uproariously last year, and what with Fred T. Smye, the Hamilton Conservative member who fathered it, being taken into the Cabinet a Minister without portfolio, the contentious measure might never reappear. But at least part of the old proposal will be back before the legislators within the course of a few days. This new bill, will be half of the old one, and, according to its sponsors, the chief features of contention have been eliminated.

THE harvest of deaths which the Grim Reaper has garnered in Halton and surrounding townships so far this winter is startlingly heavy, with particular reference to the toll exacted from among the ranks of the older people. From every town and village from every hamlet and district, the passing of pioneers who were the history-makers of Halton has been a matter of almost daily occurrence during the past few months. The influenza epidemic caused an appalling rise in the mortality rate among those who had passed the proverbial three score years and ten. It probably is the way of life that, outside of the immediate family and close friends of the battalion of elderly persons who recently have passed away, their demise is looked upon merely as something to be expected in the natural course of events. But, after all, there is something particularly sad and contemplative about the departure of those sturdy, oak-hearted souls who cleared the forest, created the farms, broke the trails, and built up the commerce and industry that makes this district the prosperous and modern community that it is today. It would take a large volume to tell of the trials and hardships, the adventure and experiences, the visions and satisfactions of those constructive pioneers who no more will tread the paths of their youth. But their toil and perseverance has left an indelible mark for the well-being of posterity that time will never efface, and they have well and truly earned the richer rewards to which they have been called.

RESPECT AT FUNERALS

The Toronto Mail and Empire comments on the fact that both King George and Marshal Foch caught cold on Armistice Day and both lives have been imperilled through the observance of a ceremonial. The Mail then recalls that "in less exalted circles it has long been proverbial that more fatal chills are caught at winter funerals than on any other occasion."

The comment, with its implied warning is most timely and valuable. Respect for the dead is a noble attribute. Attendance at funerals is not only a worthy tribute to a successful life which has been taken, but it also serves as an expression of sympathy to those who are bereaved, and who under such circumstances are deserving of this mark of respect and condolence.

But the habit of baring the head in raw wintry weather, thus accepting the risk of catching cold, is one which could be easily dispensed with, without any display of disrespect either to the deceased or the mourners.

The mere presence of a sympathizer at such an event is sufficient evidence of respect and sympathy, without the adoption of further symbols which while proper in their place at certain seasons of the year, are a source of danger in cold or otherwise inclement weather.

Hedda: "Why do you wear spats?"
Lucian: "In memory of my first wife."

* * *

Head of the House (furiously): "Who told you to put that paper on the wall?
Decorator: Your wife, sir.
Head of the House (mildly): Pretty, isn't it?

* * *

An Anglican bishop has received the following note from the vicar of a village in his diocese:—

"My Lord.—I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week-end?"

* * *

A Scotchman, who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the highlands of Scotland, where there is a tunnel every mile or so, went to Canada in his later years and settled in a new section on the plains of the West. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railway through that section, and the Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters.

"Hoot, mon," said he to the spokesman of the scheme, "ye canna build a railway across this country."

"Why not, Mr. McTavish?"

"Why not?" he repeated, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. "Why not? And dinna ye see the country's as flat as a pancake, and ye hae nae place whatever to run your toonels through?"