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—	7.19 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.
" 16—	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	12.06 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	7.06 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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DOMINION STORES
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CANNED GOODS WEEK
Special values in finest canned goods. The specials listed are but a few of the many fine offerings for this week.

Asparagus Cuttings	Lynn Valley,	tin 25c
Wax Beans	Domino Brand,	tin 25c
Diced Carrots	Aylmer Brand,	2 tins 25c
Sauerkraut	Libby's,	2 tins 25c
Golden Corn	Domino,	tin 18c
Spinach	Delmonte Brand,	tin 19c

Bayside Brand Choice Quality PEAS CORN or Tomatoes 2 Tins 23c
DELMONTE BRAND PINEAPPLE Hawaiian Crushed, tin 25c; Hawaiian Sliced tin 28c
BRUNSWICK SARDINES Tin 5c
Bayside Brand PEARS In Light Syrup 2 Tins 25c
Holly Brand PEACHES No. 2 Tin 19c

Chicken Haddie	Lily Brand,	tin 21c
Kipper Snacks	A Real Treat,	tin 5c
Lobster Paste	For Sandwiches,	2 tins 25c
Sardines	Finest Norwegian,	2 tins 25c
Crab Meat	Fancy Japanese	tin 35c
Pimentos	Finest Spanish,	2 tins 25c
Cherries	Red Pitted	tin 25c
Grapefruit	Canned, Florida	tin 25c

Rickmello Blend COFFEE ½-lb. Tin 29c 1-lb. Tin 55c
Choice Pink SALMON 1-lb. Tin 15c

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW

Yesterday! When I thought as a child, and the faith of a child I had,
When my heart was pure and my spirit clean, and ne'er a thought was bad,
When all the world seemed bright and fair, and all its people good,
I'd give my life for yesterday; who would not—if they could?

To-day! As a man I see life's faults, and long for yesterday;
I'm sick of life's myths, and humbugs, shams, the joys of the earth to-day;
With yesterday gone, to-day all wrong, the morrow shall see the birth
Of a life that higher and nobler is, a life to prove life's worth.

To-morrow! The hope of this earth below—let's start our morrow to-day;
Think of others besides ourselves, and smooth their troubles away—
To-day fast going, yesterday gone, the path of our life near trod;
Let's start our morrow to-day, right now, with yesterday's faith in God.

—Robert H. Venning

HALTON RIFLES

By Col. Ballantyne, D.S.O.

1900—SOUTH AFRICA—GENERALITIES

(Continued from last week)

Me that 'ave watched arf a world
'Eave up all shiny with dew,
Kopje on kop to the sun;
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through
Our elios blinkin' like fun—
Three sides of a thirty mile square,
Over valleys as big as a shire—
Are you there? Are you there? Are you there?
An' then the blind drum of our fire.....
An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the squire.
Me!

The above extract from Kipling's "Chant Pagan", gives a very fair picture of the vast area that formed the theatre of the operations during the Boer War; and at the same time the disgust of the discharged soldier, who had seen all this grandeur, with the cramped and colourless civil life he was forced to live on leaving the service and returning home.

In many respects the Boer War was unique; and one of these was the vast area which the operations covered; and another, the unusual political situation, which made the command and administration of the Military forces one of extreme delicacy.

It was a war of long marches, of "six thousand raw miles on the hoof"—a war in which the greatest scourge was interic fever, and where the death rate from this scourge and dysentery far exceeded that from the enemy weapons. The arrow that flieth by day accounted for many casualties, but the pestilence that walketh in darkness under the name of Interic Fever was the great fear that decimated the ranks of the Regiments, and filled the cemeteries that marked the march of the Armies across the veldt, inadequately watered for so many men and horses. There are times in Africa, when the Dongas are filled with raging torrents, but there are more times they had little to offer to an Army on the march with the thermometer between ninety and a hundred degrees.

It was a war against one of the cleverest guerilla warriors that ever mounted a horse, an enemy that knew every landmark in the country, and the position and use of every donga, every kopje and every ant hill, of which there were many; and on the other hand in which there were few maps, and none reliable; in which a compass was as useless as a brass button, owing to the iron stone in the soil; and in which direction had to be entrusted with local guides, many of whom were untrustworthy.

In the light of the fact that the line of trenches in Franch hardly moved during four years, it is interesting to note that the rate of movement in Africa covered the whole Orange Free State in a few weeks; and Infantry columns were known to march twenty six miles in one day.

It was a war of bivouac, where tents were unknown save in the convalescent camps and hospitals, and on the lines of communication. And that same line of communications, was the longest ever known in the History of War, for it reached from Cape Town to the Portugese Border, a distance of about thirtsen hundred miles; as far as from Toronto to Winnipeg. Every bridge, culvert, and mile of railway on that line had its garrison of troops; a fact that explains the great numbers that were required before the war could be ended.

It was a war in which the Heliograph and flag and Night signalling lamp were about the only means of inter-communication, and to these methods of visual signalling the sunshiney days and the clear bright nights, and the unusual hill formations called Kopjes, lent themselves.

It was a war of poor rations, and never too much of that; of biscuits and bully beef, the same kind of bully beef tins with which the men in some of the trenches in France were wont to pave the floor. The horses suffered terribly, and the Glanders, and mange and tsetse fly all contributed to make the life of those faithful creatures one of extreme misery.

So different was it all from the Great War in Europe, that one is forced to the conclusion that no two wars are alike, and that the topography, and physical geography, and the distance from the base are the elements that determine the character of war; and to which all such elements as weapons are quite subordinate. Cias would have been out of the question in Africa, as well as tanks and mechanical transport; and would be in any war where the rate of movement is so fast, and where the roads are not adapted for mechanical transport.

All the troops in Christendom—and it seems that most of the troops are in Christendom—could not have established a defensive line that was long enough, and strong enough to prevent the turning movements so impossible in the Great War in France; where one flank rested securely against a Neutral country, and the other against the North Sea. And it was this factor in France that turned the war into the war of position and stalemate; and gave rise to so many weapons such as gas; which according to some, are now standard equipment in war, no matter where it may take place. Again I say that the physical geography will always determine the character of war, and also determine the character of the weapons, and I make this statement not in any spirit of controversy, but in a spirit of enlightenment.

It was a war of ambush, of attacks on isolated posts; of cutting lines of communications; of capturing convoys of supplies; it was a war where the deadliest of weapons was used by the Boers, and that weapon is Surprise.

It was the greatest muster of the British Empire that had ever taken place—in fact it was the first time the troops of the Empire had ever assembled; and the place of assembly was amply large to accommodate them all. It took a full month to bring most of them across the seven seas, and some six weeks. Had the submarine been in vogue in those days, and a base had been convenient to the line of travel, the Port of Missing Ships would have had many interesting callers. Moreover, it was a war of bitter disappointments, and many shattered military reputations; quite as great as that of the Germans who spoke of the Great war—in anticipation—as a Hussar ride into Paris; and if Von Cluck failed in his run to first base in 1914, so did Sir Dedvers Buller in his race to the relief of the garrison at Ladysmith in 1899: though Buller was not put out on first as was Von Cluck. War is full of surprising disappointments, and a glance through the pages of History dealing with the wars of the past century, will reveal many proofs that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and that time and chance happeneth to them all.

Africa has been called the graveyard of military reputations, and brother Boer has been the grave digger in most cases; for like other Colonials or pioneers he did not learn his military lore from the pages of books; but in the hard school of experience in his struggle with the aborigines, such as the Zulas, and Basutas, and other war like Kaffir tribes.

His horse was part of him, and a wonderful little traveller he was: his Mauser rifle a tool in constant use in Peace as in War, and his eye trained to see across wide spaces; and his aim cultivated in his hunt for the flying Spring bok, and his great whiskers, affected by the elder Boers, as fine a camouflage as the screen of boughs from Birnum Wood, carried by the soldiers of Malcolm as they marched to try conclusions with the usurper McBeth.

His ancestry was either pioneer Dutch, or French Huguenot; and in either case he was a warrior with a background of fighting tradition that made him a warrior worthy of any steel, and a formidable and crafty foe.

His Library was his bible—the old Testament in particular—and he lived in it; away back in the camps of Moses, and Joshua and Jephtha; and the numerous deliveries in the Book of Judges were to him as prototypes and patterns for his own leaders to emulate in their own war with Amalek, Moab, or rather the Caanaanites, whom they could neither assimilate nor tolerate.

His bible was to him his Field Service Regulations; and I suspect his many night marches, his hawk-like swoops at the Lines of Communications; and his constant use of the weapon of Surprise, had their inspiration in the operations of the old Biblical Generals, such as Joshua, Gideon, Barak and Jonathan, and all the rest: and in this connection it is interesting to note that the road from Jerusalem to Jericho was cleared of Turks by Allenby's forces who were guided by a staff officer who adopted the stratagem of the loyal and soldierly Jonathan as recorded in the Book of Samuel.

But "the world do move", and the march of Civilisation led by Cecil Rhodes could not be stopped; and the persecution of the outlanders, and the taxation without representation applied by the Boers to the Caanaanites, who out-numbered them, and to those efforts and labours the wealth of the Republics was due, were sufficient cause for the trouble which is known to History as The Great Boer War.

He had many sympathizers in Europe, whose attitude was not because they hated the Boer less, but because they hated Britain more; and this feeling found tangible expression in the many soldiers of fortune who fared forth from many lands under the Banner of Liberty, so called, to help as they put it, the Boer against the invader. But he was all wrong, though it took the proverbial surgical operation to convince him: and in the end, the Brigades of mercenaries that served under the Piercolour, as the flag was called, went back home with a bad taste in their mouths, and with a conviction that if a man or a Nation takes care of his own affairs, he will have rather a large contract to fulfill.

The war saw few nouges destroyed, as the Boers defended no villages as in France; and left these with the enemy who did everything for them but paint them and keep them in repair. As in all Wars the British Army carefully considered the Political element, and atrocities, that besmirched the Banners of some of the armies in the Great War, were unheard of in Africa.

He had several generals who showed marked ability; and of these Botha and Smuts are the best known; though their reputation rests as much on their statesmanship as on their generalship.

The picturesque leader was, of course, the elusive Christian DeWet whose exploits against the Lines of Communication in the Free State place him in the front rank of Guerilla leaders. We might have thought more of him, if, in the Great War, he had not raised the Standard of Rebellion in South Africa; but even this subtraction, is little more than a spot on the Sun, when one ponders the respect he inspired during those years when every Pass and Ford had its garrison of enemy troops, and every trail was patrolled by Mounted Infantry. The iron had entered his soul, and I suspect that his cup of sorrow and bitterness overflowed when he was run to earth by his sometime colleague and friend General Louis Botha.

All of which is very general and abstract; and I write it as an introduction to the story of the men from the Halton Regiment who served out there, and whose exploits will be the subject of the next chapter.

(Continued next week)

GEORGETOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Circulation of Books for 1928

	Adults	Juven'l
General Works	13	93
Philosophy	17	..
Religion	64	3
Sociology	37	10
Philology	..	..
Natural Science	52	280
Useful Arts	23	13
Fine Arts	40	30
Literature	204	76
History	168	166
Travel	86	110
Biography	164	37
Fiction	10,788	3490
Total Home Use	11,665	4317
Grand Total		15,982

A well-known former resident of Trafalgar, Samuel M. Kenney, passed away in Hamilton on Thursday last aged eighty-two years. He had been living with his daughter, Mr. Bain Hudson, since the death of his wife some six years ago.

The Province, the municipality and the people themselves should share equally the expense of founding and maintaining deserted cemeteries, "in which rest so many of the pioneers of Ontario," is the opinion of Dr. T. E. Kaiser of Oshawa, chairman of a committee which met in the King Edward hotel recently.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THANKSGIVING Day and Armistice Day will continue to be celebrated in Canada as two distinct features of national life, the one in acknowledgement for the bounties of Providence and the other in homage to the memory of Canada's sons and daughters who gave their lives in the Great War. This was affirmed last week when the House of Commons rejected a resolution by F. W. Gershaw, the purpose of which was to combine both Thanksgiving and Armistice Days into one holiday on November 11th annually. Gershaw declared that his resolution had the indorsement of the Canadian Legion, many branches of which had approved the suggestion.

CORRESPONDENCE

BY MOTOR TO GEORGIA

The following letter from Miss Pettit, now wintering in the South will be read with interest by our subscribers.

Valdosta, Ga., March 17, 1929.

Dear Mr. Editor:

We found Valdosta looking very much the same as it did when we left here last May, although there have been a number of fine residences and apartment houses erected. Also a new men's college, called Emory College, a branch of Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, was opened last September for the first.

The trip down was very pleasant, with perfect weather all the way, and no detours.

Leaving the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, at 7.30 on Saturday morning February nine, we breakfasted in Hamilton. The highways were icy but the countryside with its fresh blanket of snow was a sight to be remembered. Saturday night we spent in Toledo, then Sunday morning turned south, across the state of Ohio.

Found the highways still covered with ice, with here and there a car or truck that had slithered into the ditch. One place on a rather steep hill-side, a large car and a wee Ford, of rather ancient vintage, had apparently tried conclusions, coming out, I would say, with about equal honours. The large car was in the ditch on one side, while the Ford had jumped the bank and landed some fifteen or twenty feet below right side up and to all appearances unhurt. The wrecker had arrived and was preparing to do the rescue act.

The State of Ohio, or some one in the State of Ohio, erects a wooden cross where ever a fatal accident has occured on the highway. Some places where there is a sharp turn, and sometimes beside a long, straight stretch of highway, there will be a number of crosses close together—rather a grim reminder.

Cincinnati is easy to drive through, being very much better posted than the first time we motored that way.

We came over a bit of new highway in Kentucky, which eliminates some of the hair-pin (and hair raising) mountain turns, but it also misses the best views of "ol' Kentuck," the country estates, the large stock barns, gates arranged to be opened from horseback, etc., etc.

After climbing and turning and climbing again, until one begins to wonder what next, comes the Cumberland Gap, an opening in the mountains where three states meet, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia.

Last year there was no snow below Cincinnati, this year there was a little snow as far south as Lexington, Kentucky. But the winter here has been much warmer than last.

Through Tennessee the highway follows the old Boone Trail, named for Daniel Boorn who was, I believe, a pioneer explorer or something of that sort. The Tennessee River is crossed by ferry—a large platform propelled by a water wheel driven by a gasoline engine. There is also a cable attachment over head to prevent the ferry floating down stream. Just now, on account of the flooded condition of the river, it is not in use I understand. I know I should not enjoy trying to cross under and abnormal conditions. It is interesting enough when conditions are normal.

A number of the rivers in Georgia are on the rampage just now, causing much loss and inconveniences. So far this part of the state has escaped. Our river here, the Withlacoochee, is behaving very nicely.

Coloured people are much more in evidence here than in Florida. Of course they have their own schools, also their own churches where they gather for meeting. They come on foot, on bicycles, in buggies, carts, or flivvers, in democrats or wagons (with chairs for seats and an iron kettle for heat if the day is cool), they may be driving horses, mules or oxen, but they come young and old, bring their lunch and spend the day.

But their real interest is a funeral. When a darkey dies there are three ceremonies, the "settin' up", the "burial" and the "funeral", the latter a Sunday service probably held a month later. A friend told me the other day of her coloured cook. "Aunt Mandy" had received word of the death of a friend and of course must go to the "settin' up" of the death of a friend "settin' up". Mrs. B— released her of the evening dish washing and away went Aunt Mandy. The next morning Mrs. B— asked, "Well, Aunt Mandy, how did the "settin' up' go?" "Oh, Mis B—, I'se so mad. I'se jest so mad. I didn' know what to do. Why when I got there that niggar wasn' dead tall!"

There is one thing about the darkys; there is no difficulty in providing for coloured orphan children. They are just naturally absorbed by the other families. They do not seem to mind in the least an extra child in the house. No matter how many they may have themselves.

Peach trees have been in bloom for some time, pear trees are past bloom and in full leaf. Japanese magnolia, Japonica, Jasemine, Daffodils, Roses, etc. are blooming. But this morning there was a touch of frost in the air.

Sincerely,
Esther Pettit.

ONLY A COMMA—BUT!

A pupil was having trouble with punctuation, and was being called down by the teacher.

"Never mind, sonny," said the visiting school board chairman, consolingly, "it's foolish to bother about commas. They don't amount to much anyway."

"Don't they?" replied the teacher, turning to the chairman. Then calling one of the pupils she ordered the boy to write on the board this sentence.

"The chairman of the board says the teacher is a fool." "Now," she continued, "put a comma after "board" and another after "teacher." —Exchange.

Alf. Holborne of Tottenham, started out on Monday afternoon for Beeton, riding a pony and in order to shorten the distance he followed the C.N.R. track. When crossing a culvert at the 7th line the pony stepped between the ties and one of its legs was broken and it had to be killed. A passenger train was held up for a short time as a result.—Tottenham Sentinel.