

The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Fifth Year of Publication

The Georgetown Herald Wednesday Evening, August 13th, 1930.

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

Canadian National Electric Railway

(Daylight Saving Time)

Eastbound	
Daily—Except Sunday	7:09 a.m.
Daily	9:21 a.m.
Daily	1:49 p.m.
Daily	3:59 p.m.
Daily	4:09 p.m.
Daily	5:29 p.m.
Daily	8:29 p.m.
Daily	7:49 p.m.
Daily	8:49 p.m.
Daily	9:51 p.m.
Daily	11:49 p.m.
Saturdays, Sundays, Holidays	
Westbound	
Daily except Sunday	7:21 a.m.
Daily	9:31 a.m.
Daily	11:41 a.m.
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Daily	6:41 p.m.
Daily	9:01 p.m.
Daily	12:01 p.m.

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C. N. R. Time Table

(Standard Time) Going East

Passenger	7:15 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	9:30 a.m.
Passenger	11:47 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:33 p.m.
Passenger	8:51 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	12:44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	7:14 a.m.
Passenger	9:30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	11:47 a.m.
Passenger	6:33 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10:08 a.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8:55 a.m.
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Going South

Mail and Passenger	7:10 p.m.
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THE WELCOME MAN

There's a man in the world, who is never turned down. Whenever he chances to stray, he gets the kind hand in the popular town. Or out where the farmers make hay, he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand. And deep in the isles of the woods; wherever he goes there's a welcoming hand—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. The failures of life sit around and complain. The gods haven't treated them right; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain. And they haven't their lanterns at night. Men are failures who fill with their sighs. The all of their own neighborhoods; there's a man who's greeted with loved eyes—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods. One fellow is laxy and watches the clock. And waits for the whistle to blow; and one has a hammer with which he will knock. And one tells a tale of woe. And one if requested would sell a mile. Will measure the perches and rods; but the one does his stunts with a whistle and the others with a smile. The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

How Linden Improved the Cooking

"I DESPISE mashed potatoes," said Linden, eyeing her plate disconsolately, "and I just abominable lamb chops. This one isn't even cooked through." "Try this one," said her father, pleasantly. "Don't you like the butter-beans?" asked Mrs. Braddock. Linden shrugged her shoulders. "I might as well properly be asked," said she, ungraciously. "There isn't enough salt in them." Patient Mrs. Braddock sighed. "I think Hannah does very well. You know she has been in this country only a short time, and she's a little older than you are. She has learned our ways very quickly." "But Linden continued to grumble even to the end of a really excellent meal. The bread, she averred, was too heavy; the butter-balls were too large; and the pudding was too sweet. "When I keep house," was her parting shot. "I shall have decent things to eat." "Linden is utterly unreasonable," said Mrs. Braddock, when the door had closed behind her daughter. "The worst of it is that it is largely our own fault. We have always encouraged her to express her opinion freely."

"Yes," said Mr. Braddock, "we have sat back and applauded when she has sugar-bored and sugar-bored. Mother says she is about as badly spoiled as a nice young girl can be." "Who began it, should like to know?" said Mrs. Braddock, bridling. "Didn't Grandma Braddock give her the sugar-bore when she was a child?" "For it, and didn't she let her pound the library table with the hammer when she was a child?" "Of all dotting grandmothers—" "I know, I know," said Mr. Braddock, hastily. "But Linden is not a child any longer. Why don't you let her try her hand at cooking for a while, since she isn't satisfied with the sugar-bore and the pudding?" "I will enjoy her meals better if she prepares them herself," returned Mrs. Braddock. "I've promised Hannah a week's vacation very soon. While she's gone I shall give Linden fewer lessons." "But Linden never received the lessons. Hannah had been gone less than twenty-four hours when Linden telegram called Mrs. Braddock to the bedside of a sick relative. "Go right along and never mind the house," said Linden. "I won't worry about the cooking. I believe I have a heavenly toast." "Provided somebody else makes the bread and the fire," Linden's brother, Maxwell, interposed. "Don't discourage her," said Mr. Braddock. "If the worst comes to the worst, there is an excellent restaurateur across the street from the office. We shall not starve in any case." "We shall starve if Mrs. Braddock" "I shall have to go whether Linden can cook or not. Perhaps you can induce Hannah to go for once, to have a try at breakfast broiled properly. You need not feel the slightest hesitation about bringing a friend home to dinner, dad, if you happen to feel like it." "This was said with a new-born air of dignity that sat somewhat ludicrously upon Linden's sixteen-year-old shoulders. The patronizing tone of her voice was too much for Max, who snickered and said: "You may laugh if you want to, but you are a good dinner tonight. I mean to devote the afternoon to cooking it." "Mrs. Braddock, in the bustle of departure, had no time for culinary instructions; but it is doubtful if Linden, in her exalted frame of mind, could have profited by anything of the kind. The coast was clear at last. Linden, with a business like air, put on a huge apron and started to inspect her domain. There was meat in the ice-box. Linden eyed it at first with satisfaction, but the feeling gradually gave place to doubt. "It's either mutton, veal, beef or pork, but there doesn't seem to be any distinguishing feature," said Linden, touching it gingerly with one finger. "I should think the butcher would label it. However, it doesn't matter particularly. I'll just read up the directions for cooking all four, and then choose the easiest way. Here's the book. 'Make a dressing'—well, it is not veal, at any rate, for there isn't any place to put the dressing. 'Baste well'—now, what does that mean? Oh, I know, there's a hole in my cloth. 'Put an apple in the mouth'—Oh, that is for a whole pig, Pahaw! This here cook-book isn't any good. I'll just cook the thing—whatever it is—in the oven, the way Hannah does." So Linden eyed the thing, which happened to be a leg of mutton; from the plate into a roasting pan, and called it a roast.

"Why," she exclaimed, "there isn't any fire in the stove! It's a good thing there's plenty of it, or the fire might never have started. Some unwashed weed and white potatoes followed the meat into the oven. "I should have something cooking on top of the stove," said Linden, looking around with a perplexed air. "Hannah always does. Oh, coffee, of course. I think I'll make jelly of these cran-

NOTES AND COMMENTS

TEACHING your children to be careful is part of your business. Many motor accidents would be avoided if the danger of playing on the streets were properly impressed. The Ontario Safety League directs special attention to this fact.

THAT was good advice the Department of Highways gave to motorists in its latest advertisement in a series of safety education articles. There is not the slightest doubt that the number of serious traffic accidents would be materially reduced if motorists generally would faithfully follow instructions and not get out of line when rounding curves or on the hills. The driver who tries to pass another machine on a curve or on a grade is unnecessarily taking a chance of finding his car squarely in the path of another automobile "travelling" in the opposite direction—and there can only be one end to that situation. A general compliance with the advice of the department, both at that point and in regard to making sure that there is ample room ahead before trying to pass another car would eliminate several of the most common causes of accidents. It is just ordinary horse sense to pass another car when there are some motorists who seem to be singularly lacking in that respect, and who prefer to take chances under the impression that by so doing they are saving time by shaving a few seconds off here and there—Peterboro Examiner.

THERE are various ways of showing good citizenship, most of them obligatory. To be a citizen in good standing one has to observe recognized laws and customs; he must contribute in taxes to the upkeep of the community. You are required to keep your premises in a sanitary condition. In other words, you are required to behave yourself generally. To be a good citizen, however, implies more than mere observance of laws. It means service, self-denial and sacrifice. Good citizenship means your support of movements that are intended to raise the standard of morality of living and to provide practical and adequate means for the physical training and the entertainment of the boys and girls, the young men and young women of your community. To simply live a passive, moral and regular life, you are only doing what you have to do. To do something for the good of others, to show a lively, practical interest in the welfare of others is being a good citizen. What a wonderful place we could make Georgetown if each and everyone of our citizens would become in fact and in earnest good citizens.

OUR submission to the tyranny of appearances is not dicterable at all. If we were not somewhat concerned with keeping them up, we should pretty soon cease to keep any thing up. To have no regard for appearances is to be a barbarian. No matter how simply we live, we always have the opportunity to show in our manners, our dress, and our dwellings an appreciation of the dignity and decency of life. We may have to postpone indefinitely getting the house painted, but we can see that the grass plot in front of it is always trim and neat. Our difficulties come when we undertake to keep up appearances that surpass. The man with one thousand dollars a year has appearances to maintain, as well as the man with five thousand a year, but the one thousand-dollar man's appearance should not emulate those of the five-thousand-dollar man. The hardest struggle to modern life, indeed, involved in keeping up a "proper" appearance on a fixed income, but in many cases the struggle is hard because the conception of a "proper" appearance is improper. The most difficult struggle of individuality is the common one of feeling that you must have possessions similar to your neighbors, or, if possible, a little better than his. How unintelligent is the unthinking family that must at pecuniary sacrifice have a piano as a parlor ornament, simply because there is a piano in the house on either side! A good many persons make extravagant purchases because they cannot bear not to have something that some one else "no better off than ourselves" has. The man who has a new automobile, for example, may be a little thing to remember about keeping up appearances is that they should be your own—not those of some one else.—Exchange.

CABINET MINISTERS OF NEW GOVERNMENT

Following the handing over of the great state seal by ex-Premier King at the government house at Ottawa, at 10 o'clock last Thursday the cabinet of the new prime minister of the Dominion, Hon. R. B. Bennett, was sworn in. The new ministry includes: Hon. H. E. Bennett, prime minister, secretary of state for external affairs and minister of finance. Hon. H. H. Stevens, minister of trade and commerce. Hon. Dr. R. J. Manion, minister of justice. Hon. E. N. Rhodes, minister of fisheries. Hon. Senator Gordon Robertson, minister of labor. Hon. Hugh Guthrie, minister of agriculture. Hon. Major Robert Weir, minister of inter-provincial affairs. Hon. Col. D. M. Sutherland, minister of defence. Hon. Dr. Murray MacLaren, minister of health and national pensions. Hon. E. R. Hyckman, minister of national revenue. Hon. H. A. Stewart, minister of public works. Hon. C. H. Caban, secretary of state. Hon. Maurice Dupre, solicitor-general. Hon. Alfred Durrance, minister of marine. Hon. Arthur Naave, postmaster-general. Hon. Sir Geo. Ferley, without portfolio. Hon. J. A. Macdonald, without portfolio. Hon. W. A. Gordon, minister of immigration and colonization and minister of mines.

Should be Boycotted for It

Two very pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting.

"There's another of those things that are so unfair," said one. "What is that?" said his friend. "Women doing men's work."

TEACHERS Study French

A party of 75 Ontario school teachers most of whom are women, have left for Quebec City to enlist in the summer school in French, being held for the third consecutive year at Sillery academy in that city. This is the special course which was arranged three years ago through the co-operation of the educational authorities of Quebec province with the Ontario Department of Education, with the idea of giving teachers of the French language in Ontario schools an opportunity of acquiring greater fluency and facility of expression by familiarizing themselves with the language in its French atmosphere.

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