

The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Fifth Year of Publication

The Georgetown Herald Wednesday Evening, May 13th, 1931

\$1.50 per Annum in Advance; \$2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald

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

Canadian National Electric Railway

From April 26th until May 16 (Daylight Saving Time)	
Week Days until Friday	
To TORONTO	To GUELPH
6:40 a.m.	7:01 a.m.
9:21 a.m.	9:01 a.m.
11:20 a.m.	11:41 a.m.
1:40 p.m.	2:01 p.m.
4:09 p.m.	4:21 p.m.
6:29 p.m.	6:41 p.m.
8:49 p.m.	9:01 p.m.
11:49 p.m.	12:01 a.m.

Saturday, Sunday and Holidays	
6:40 a.m.	7:01 a.m.
9:21 a.m.	9:01 a.m.
11:20 a.m.	11:41 a.m.
1:40 p.m.	2:01 p.m.
4:09 p.m.	4:21 p.m.
6:29 p.m.	6:41 p.m.
8:49 p.m.	9:01 p.m.
10:49 p.m.	11:01 p.m.
12:49 a.m.	1:01 a.m.

Post freight same day delivery service
Freight picked up at Guelph
Georgetown, Phone 13.

C. N. R. Time Table

Standard Time	
Going East	
Passenger	6:43 a.m.
Passenger and mail	6:55 a.m.
Passenger	10:18 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:30 p.m.
Passenger	9:44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	2:29 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	2:41 p.m.
Passenger	9:44 p.m.

Going West	
Passenger and Mail	7:16 a.m.
Passenger	8:54 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:02 p.m.
Passenger	7:00 p.m.
Passenger	10:09 p.m.
Passenger	10:05 a.m.
Passenger	10:09 p.m.

Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8:55 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6:35 p.m.

Central Ontario Bus Lines Ltd

ARROW COACHES	
Going East	
9:50 a.m.	1:15 p.m.
10:15 p.m.	5:45 p.m.
Going West	
8:45 a.m.	12:45 p.m.
7:45 p.m.	10:15 p.m.
Days and Holidays	
9:45 p.m.	10:05 p.m.
ONLY	
At Bus Stop at Long's Store	

DIRECTORY

LE ROY DALE
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Georgetown, Ontario
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Office—O'Neill Block, Georgetown
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First Mortgage Money to Loan
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Physicians and Surgeons
Medical Office of Health in Requesting
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Office Hours—9 to 5, Except Thursday
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ANNOUNCING

THE INAUGURATION OF A
Regular Laundry Service
TO GEORGETOWN
EVERY
MONDAY and THURSDAY
IN THE FUTURE BY THE
Toronto Wet Wash Laundry

SERVICE No. 1
Damp Wash—20 lb. for \$1.00
The clothes returned damp ready for ironing.

SERVICE No. 2
Damp Wash, Flat Work Ironed
8c lb. - 12½ lb. for \$1.00
All flat pieces, such as table linen, bed linen and towels are returned ironed ready for use. The wearing apparel is returned damp ready to be ironed.

SERVICE No. 3
Dry Wash—7c lb. - 14 lb. for \$1.00
Clothes are returned dry same as they would be taken from line at home, ready for ironing.

SERVICE No. 4
Dry Wash Flat Ironing—10c lb. 10 lb. for \$1.00
The flat work is all finished as in system 2. The wearing apparel comes home dry.

SERVICE No. 5
Semi-finished—11c lb. - 9lb. \$1.00
Everything ironed. Flat work perfectly done. Wearing apparel done in such a manner that it is entirely finished except for a few of the fussy corners, and 90% can be worn without any further touching up.

SERVICE No. 6
Shirts fully finished at 11c each in addition to the weight charged in the service that they are in excepting damp and dry wash.

Everything washed in mild suds and rinsed in ten changes of water. Everything is washed in cotton nets, no marks are used.

A twenty-seven inch beautifully dressed doll, which says Mamma will be given to new customers, within the next two weeks, sending in six washings either weekly or fortnightly. Doll is on display at Mac's Barber Shop

AGENT
Mac's Barber Shop
PHONE 328 GEORGETOWN



WHAT A DIFFERENCE
90 DAYS MAKE!

TODAY A TODDLING CHICK... in 90 days a proud pullet about to lay. There's something to think about! Tiny bones and little muscles have grown several times in size... a delicate fuzz has sprouted into hundreds of feathers... a chick weighing grams has grown into a pullet weighing pounds... all in 90 short days!

A wonderful change... and only one thing can do it... good feed! This year consider Purina Startena Chow (mash) and Purina Chick Chow (scratch) or All-Mash Startena Chow for the first six weeks... and then Purina Growena and Purina Intermediate Hen Chow until your pullets are laying at 16 weeks.

Put these Chows before your chicks. You will see pullets that are built right... pullets that will lay eggs plenty in fall and winter when eggs are always worth good money.

STARTENA is much cheaper \$3.50 and \$3.95 per Bag
FOR SALE BY
P. G. EARLY
Phone 175 Georgetown

AN IRISH MOTHER

A wee allp drawin' water,
We ouid man at the plough,
No green-up on the plough,
That's the way we're farmin' now.
"No work and little pleasure"
Was the cry before they winn,
Now they're gettin' both full measure,
And I ought to be content.

Great wages men is givin'
In that land beyond the say,
But it's lonely-lonely livin'
That the shadder is away,
Oh the baby in the cradle,
Blue eyes and curlin' hair,
God knows 't'd give a grate
To have little Peter to care.

No doubt he'd find it funny,
Lying here upon the arm,
Him that's earnin' the good money
On a California farm.
"The shadder is away, or winn,
He sent last quarter day,
But it's lonely-lonely livin'
When the childer is away.

God is good—no better,
And the Devil might be worse,
Both months ago the Jenny
"Bringin' somethin' for the purse
And the old man's heart rejoices
When I read the doin' fine,
But it's oh! to hear the roarin'
And to feel their hands in mine.

To see the cattle driven,
And the young ones makin' hay,
"Is the lonely lad to live in,
Mary Kate upon the arm,
Och! but I'm the foolish woman—
Sure they're all grown up an' gone,
That our shadder may be forgivin',
An' not wan' to be a dunn,
I doubt 't'd stay in Havin',
If they'd gibber was away.

—The Nation.

Six Fathom Down

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

THE bestowain of the Merry Merchant had no more than been placed in hospital in Rio, where, a few days before, the vessel had discharged her cargo of cured codfish in drums, than Captain Take received seven applications from his own forecastle for the vessel's post. He was not the kind of man to be hurried toward any step by any agents of less importance than wind and tide. What happened in the open roadstead off Spauldard's wharf, he never intended to ferret off a two months' supply of water, proved that he had done wisely in waiting.

The anchor became fouled. In surging against it the crew had broken the windlass. The captain would not budge the cable. The mate, however, began operations by taking soundings. He had no more than found that the vessel rode in six fathoms of water than word came forward for all hands to "lay" aft and hear what the captain had to say to them.

"Lads," said the captain, "since we left the Rio I've received seven applications for the vacant berth of boson. Corney Killgrew is the only man of the lot—the only A.B.—who's not asked for things before. What's the trouble with ye, Corney?"

"Well, sir," replied Corney, awkwardly, "I don't be much of a hand at axin' for things before. I want a man wants to give me a berth he'll do it without my axin'."

"Right," replied the captain. "And then he continued, more quietly, "The man I want for boson is the best man out of the forecastle, so to my way of thinkin'—that axin' for things before me—who can clear my anchor for me. What she's foul of I don't know an' I can't think but the man who gets clear will have the best of the boat for this voyage, and for the next too, if he wants it. We'll all step forward, Punnell, and between you an' me we'll see that the trials are made fair an' ship-shape."

By a system of drawing scraps of paper from the mate's hat, the order in which the men were to make their trials was established. To the mind of a sailor, no choice is fatter than the blind selection of chance. Bill Wain was the fortunate possessor of the right to make the first attempt at the solving of the mystery. With an expression of derring-do on his wide, bewhiskered face, he stripped to his canvas trousers, made one end of a line fast about his waist, put the other end into the hands of his messmates with vague and husky directions as to when and how to haul him in, and then went over the side and into the water, and the fish within it, with a gasp that lightened his chest so that he could scarcely breathe. The majority of Newfoundland take sailors are belted in water. All have been fishermen in their earlier days—and there is a saying in the fishing-harbor that the quicker the water in those icy waters, the quicker a man sinks the brier the agony of mind and body.

Five minutes after descending the cable Bill went up it and over the rail. "She be fouled in an old hulk of a wreck, sir," he said.

"That'll do for you," replied the captain. "You hadn't so much as the top of your head under water. You'd better go ashore in the islands an' apply to a pastry cook."

The second man to go down the cable was Tim Kelley, and did better than Bill. At one time he was all under—entirely out of sight for at least two seconds. He felt himself to be something of a hero as he stepped on deck; but as he hadn't seen within thirty feet of the lower end of the cable, and was a poor hand at inventing, he had nothing to report.

And now it was Corney Killgrew's turn. Unlike most Newfoundlanders he could swim. He had been taught when a small boy, by an Englishman who took a bath every morning, and he had made a practice of going into the sea, especially in the tropics, whenever he deferred.

"Could a boson be lowered, sir?" he asked the captain. "I'd do better if I could go in from a boat."

"That's the first word of sense I've heard today," said the captain, and immediately gave orders for clearing a way from him.

Five minutes the boat was in the water and close against the taut cable with Corney aboard. He was brought Corney had a fair-sized coil of light line in the stern-sheets of the boat. He made one end fast, took the other in his hand, and dived overboard as cleanly as an otter. His eyes were wide open, and the vertical cable looked like a black pole beside him, wavering a little in the green gloom.

He laid his left hand on the great chart and glanced at it more slowly. A thought of sharks came to his mind. He stared round on every side, trying to pierce the green and amber shadows. He would see no living thing save a slender fish-like motion in the water. And now his lungs were aching for fresh air. Recalling his courage, and urging his lagging spirit with thought of the reward that awaited him if successful in the investigation, he slipped deeper, moving hand over hand down the cable. Now he came to the great anchor, hanging upright. He drew himself down to his head first. Hard and fast across one of the flukes lay something long and hapless with droppings of weed—some thing that looked like one of the very ribs of old earth. A glance showed him that it shrank gradually away as he went, and he slipped deeper, moving hand over hand down the cable. Now he came to the great anchor, hanging upright. He drew himself down to his head first. 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