The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, February 17th, 1932. | $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

C. N. R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East
Passenger and Mail ..... 10.20 a.m.
Passenger ..... 2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail ..... 6.30 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto ..... 9.55 p.m.

Sunday's going East
Passenger ..... 2.39 p.m.
Passenger ..... 8.12 p.m.
Passenger ..... 9.55 p.m.

Going West
Passenger and Mail ..... 7.25 a.m.
Passenger ..... 8.54 a.m.
Passenger ..... 2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail ..... 6.25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday ..... 8.31 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday ..... 10.22 p.m.

Going North
Mail and Passenger ..... 8.56 a.m.
Going South
Mail and Passenger ..... 6.28 p.m.

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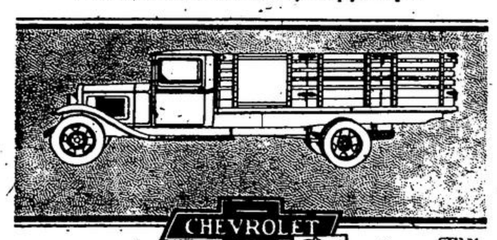

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IF THEY SHOULD RISE

If life flowed back and they should rise
From hillocks newly spaded down,
With youth still sparkling in their eyes,
And wander up the road to town,
And see the stars and feel the sun
And touch a tree and press a hand,
And feel the urge to laugh and run—
I wonder would they understand.

How could they ever comprehend
The downcast mouth, the furrowed brow,
The feeling we are near the end
And there is naught to save us now;
Would they sit down and join our bleat
About the little woes that rack,
Or tell us to get on our feet
And scale the heights by battling back?

Have we forgotten darker nights
When terror thundered through the skies,
When bugles sang and our delights
Were offered up in sacrifice,
When we were called upon to spend
Far more than wealth—our blood and bone—
Not for our own and gainful end,
But gifts on freedom's altar-stone?

God give us back the ancient fight,
Renew the courage of the Aisne,
Unfurl the flags, refresh the light
That swept the Argonne wood and plain,
Arouse us, God, to stir the marts,
To spin the wheels and strike our stride,
So we may face with braver hearts
The days to be for which they died.

—By Henry Gillen in the Boston Post.

A SECRET MARRIAGE

By F. A. Mitchel

"I see in this proposal, your majesty," said the prime minister, Van der Donken, to King Hubert, "a scheme to unite our kingdom of Liturie to that of Pomaria. Your majesty is well aware that the area of Pomaria is three times that of Liturie. If the Princess Catherine marries your son it will result in the annexation of your dominions to those of your hereditary enemies."

"That shall never be," said King Hubert, grinding his teeth.

"Unfortunately, the prince has met the princess, and she has captivated him."

"What sort of woman is she?"

"Inordinately ambitious. She is described by those of her suit as being avaricious, selfish and cruel."

"What can we do to turn the prince from her? I fear that to attack her will only enlist him in her defense."

"Your majesty, is right. We must accomplish our ends by diplomacy. The princess has your son in thrall. To win him from her we must inveigle her into a trap, and once she has entered it we must exercise all our ingenuity to prevent her getting out."

"Have you a plan?"

"I have. It is this: Let us give out that your majesty has been attacked by a disease that must prove fatal within a few months; that you desire the prince, who will inherit the throne after you, to marry at once on pain of your naming his cousin, Oscar, to succeed you in his stead. Catherine will not marry him without his inheritance. But she will not hesitate to permit him to sacrifice it for revenge upon your majesty for not consenting to the match. I shall endeavor to make some compromise with her by which we may rescue the prince from her."

Van der Donken was a marvel of astuteness, being regarded as equal in chicanery even to a woman. The king gave him carte blanche to do as he liked, and he set out at once for the capital of Pomaria, where he found Prince Carl in dalliance with the Princess Catherine. The minister announced to the young man that his father had not long to live, that a proposal had been made by King Otto of the neighboring kingdom of Brentino that the two kingdoms should be united by the marriage of Carl and King Otto's daughter, Xenia, and that the marriage should be celebrated at once. If the prince refused the crown should pass at his father's death to his cousin.

This interview between Van der Donken and Carl took place in the presence of Catherine. The prince looked at her for instructions as to his reply. She replied for him by stating that he was betrothed to her and would marry her. If any usurper took her place at his father's death the king of Pomaria would send an armed force to Liturie to seat its rightful sovereign on the throne.

Now, the kingdom of Brentino was even more powerful than that of Pomaria. The hand of the Princess Xenia had indeed been offered to Carl, and doubtless if Carl had seen her he would have obeyed his father. On receiving a refusal to King Hubert's plans the wily Van der Donken proposed to Carl and Catherine a compromise. He suggested that Carl marry some girl of low degree. His father, to withdraw him from such a union, would consent to a divorce and his marriage with Catherine. Again the prince looked at the princess for instructions. She agreed to take the matter under consideration and after long reflection consented to the plan, making it a condition that she should approve of the girl the prince married. Van der Donken agreed to this, though he well knew that Catherine would not consent to the prince marrying any girl who was capable of drawing him away from her.

The prince returned to Liturie with Van der Donken, it having been arranged that the princess should follow to inspect the girl he would marry as soon as one could be found to do so on receiving a price and giving her consent to a subsequent divorce. In due time the princess was called for and introduced into the hollse of a poor widow whose daughter had consented to the terms.

Anneke was the name of the bride, a little Dutch Girl in a number of petticoats and wooden shoes. Her complexion was brown, her face covered with pimples and her hair a fiery red. Her appearance was that of a half witted person. As soon as Catherine saw her she gave her consent to the marriage, which took place in her presence and that of Van der Donken and Anneke's mother. Then Carl went back to Pomaria with Catherine.

Meanwhile King Hubert had kept himself in seclusion, but as soon as his minister announced to him that his son had been married he appeared again in public apparently as well as ever. Catherine, hearing of his recovery, was quite taken back, fearing that she had been tricked. But, remembering the wedding with the homely Dutch girl, she took heart.

Then came Van der Donken to the prince with an order from his father to appear at court and prepare to go on a visit to the Princess Xenia, with whom a marriage for him had been contracted. The prince and Catherine after consultation agreed that the time had come for making known to his father his marriage and refusing to be divorced unless he were permitted to marry Catherine and inherit the crown as well. But Van der Donken said that King Hubert's mind was set on the Princess Xenia, and he believed that if she could be persuaded to decline Prince Carl the matter would be simplified. He suggested that Carl pay the visit to Xenia, but so made up that he would appear unattractive to her, and he could treat her so inderently or even rudely that she would refuse to marry him.

The minister finally persuaded Catherine to agree to this, and the prince went back to Liturie with Van der Donken. Then, having made his preparations for the journey, taking with him only two friends who were in his secret, he set out for the capital of Brentino. On the way he darkened his complexion. One of his friends an artist, painted little pimples all over his face, and the prince put on a red wig. He had been much repelled by these features on the part of Anneke and thought they might repel the princess Xenia.

When the formal introduction took place the princess raised her fan to her face—what for no one knew, but Prince Carl presumed that it was to conceal her disgust for him. But it seemed rather to conceal a smile, for she offered her hand to him most cordially. He bowed and kissed it, then looked up at a very beautiful girl. There was that in her appearance to remind him of some one he had seen before, but he could not place the person. He tried to say something disagreeable, but the words stuck in his throat. The princess slipped her hand on his arm and drew away from the others into an apartment where they would be alone together.

From the moment the prince saw the Princess Xenia he was attracted to her, an dit was not long before he regretted having disobeyed his father in refusing to marry her. The saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" did not pertain to him. The Princess Catherine being out of sight was out of mind. Nevertheless he had been so long dominated by her superior will that the idea of being unfaithful to her filled him with terror. At the same time the influence of the woman present became steadily stronger. The Princess Xenia did everything needful toconcentrate his mind upon herself. She gave fetes in her honor, and in each her costume was designed to enhance her beauty.

Prince Carl had promised Catherine that every day he would send her a message telling her how he was getting on in repelling the Princess Xenia. The day after his arrival at Brentino he wrote that he was acting as brutally as possible. But those about him noticed that his pimples had suddenly been healed. The second day he wrote that he had offended the princess. But while dressing that morning he washed off his dark complexion. The third day he wrote he was very near being sent away. Catherine he really believed to be true, for when sitting by Xenia she pulled off his wig and appeared to be very much displeased with him for coming to court disguised.

On the fourth day Carl wrote Catherine that something especial had happened; he would write her a full account of it soon. This is what he referred to:

When he joined the Princess Xenia he found in her stead his wife, Anneka. She threw her arms around his neck, but eh repelled her. Then she pulled off his red wig and, turning to a fountain, washed her face. Then she turning to him, he recognized the Princess Xenia.

"What does all this mean?" he asked.

"It means that your father, King Hubert, having received from my father an offer of my hand for you, informed us that so far as he was concerned the offer was accepted, but unfortunately you had fallen under the spell of another woman. If however, I would agree to a plan to defeat this other woman devised by his prime minister he hoped all would be well. I assented and was married to you as a homey simpleton."

The princess kicked off her wooden shoes and displayed a pair of tiny feet incased in kid shoes. She unfastened her petticoats and appeared in a morning gown of silk and lace. Next her bodice came off and showed a corsage to match her other apparel. Then the prince folded her in his arms.

The prince at once sent for Van der Donken, who came posthaste and was informed that Prince Carl and Princess Xenia, having been married secretly, desired that preparations for their public wedding should be made with as little delay as possible. The prince never wrote Catherine what had happened, having forgotten all about her. Van der Donken returned to King Hubert, and the king was so pleased with his management of the problem that he at once created him a duke.

An announcement made that the king dome of Liturie and Brentino would be united by the marriage of Prince Carl and the Princess Xenia filled the people of both kingdoms with delight A few weeks later a public marriage took place at the capital of Brentino, at which was great rejoicing. For many years Queen Xenia preserved the red wig and wooden shoes in which she had been privately married to King Carl, and after her death they were removed to the royal museum.

As for the Princess Catherine, she was so cut up by being tricked that she never married, and after her father's death the crown of Pomiaria passed to another branch of the royal family.

He—Why is it Nellie, that I never hear you ask anyone if your hat is on straight as I so often hear other women do.

She—Why dear, it's because I love you so much.

He—But I fail to see what that has got to do with it.

She—Just think how disgraceful and humiliating it would be to you were I to call anyone's attention to a hat I've worn for two years.

N. B.—The following Sunday she appeared in the very latest creation of the milliner's art.

"Rigger," warned one, "don't mess with me cause when you do you is shore flirtin' wid de hearse."

"Don't pesticate me, nigger," replied the other shaking his fist; "don't force me to press this upon you cause if I does, I'll hit you so hard I'll separate you from masin grape to a floting bpportunity."

"If you mess with me, nigger," eats, he first, "I'll jes make one pass and there'll be a man paitin' your face wid a spade to-morrow morning."

Eighteenth Parliament Now in Session

Ontario Legislature, Feb. 11, 1932.

Amid the pomp and ceremony, reflecting British democracy and self-government, the third session of the eighteenth Parliament in the history of the province was opened Wednesday afternoon before crowded galleries at Parliament Buildings. In brilliance of fashion and military parade, the opening prelude takes its place among the time-honoured ceremonies since Confederation.

In the absence of an appointee to the Lieutenant-Governorship, Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, and Administrator, delivered the Speech from the Throne, the august, benevolent demeanour of the Chief Justice, in his 88th year, creating a profound impression. Sir William arrived at Parliament Buildings accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. A. K. Kirkpatrick, where he reviewed the guards of Royal Canadian Dragoons and Royal Canadian Regiment troops, while a battery of field guns crashed out the salute of fifteen guns.

The actual ceremony was brief, Premier and Mrs. Henry preceded the arrival of the members of the Cabinet and their wives into the Chamber, Sir William being accompanied by an especially large number of members of the Militia, Col. W. Rhodes, and his grandson, Col. W. Pate Mulock, York Rangers.

The Speech from the Throne indicated that there will be legislation introduced during the session to provide for a modified moratorium on mortgages, under which all proposed foreclosures will be heard before a county judge and who will have all power to decide whether additional time is to be allowed on either principal or interest payments. There is also to be legislation amending the Old Age Pension Act, under which the Federal Government is to pay 75 per cent. of the total cost, and which, according to Hon. W. G. Martin, Minister of Public Welfare, is to mean an annual saving of $1,400,000 to the Province and $900,000 to municipalities. Other measures to be introduced are in connection with the amalgamation of the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board with the Bureau of Municipal Research, under which powers will be granted the latter to govern the finances of those municipalities which are insolvent or in a precarious financial condition. There are also to be amendments to the industrial farms act dealing with the administration of provincial penal institutions.

"At this time," said Sir William, "when communities everywhere are confronted with unusual problems arising out of world-wide economic conditions, we have reason for congratulation in the stability of the public credit and of our financial institutions. In common with other British citizens, our people look forward with deep interest to the approaching Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa and earnestly hope that the momentous gathering will permanently advance the prosperity of the Empire."

Touching on the development of the St. Lawrence, Sir William declared that in view of negotiations for the proposed seaway treaty, the federal and provincial authorities have conferred upon the appropriate division of the cost, as between navigation and power development of the International section of the St. Lawrence. Through co-operation of Federal, Provincial and Municipal Governments a considerable measure of relief has been extended to persons experiencing hardship on account of the prevailing unemployment. This relief has taken the form of opportunities for work but it has been necessary also to provide funds for direct relief. Owing to the favourable conditions, much progress was made in the construction of the trans-Canada Highway and other road improvements.

Dealing with agriculture, Sir William said: "while agricultural production was maintained at a high level the financial return was much below normal. New fields of usefulness are being developed by the Department of Agriculture. The Ontario Marketing Board recently created has organised the Fruit and Vegetable Growers Marketing Council and is giving special attention to the grading and marketing of a number of important farm products. It is gratifying to note that cold storage and central packing plants are being increased."

On Hydro, Sir William observed: "distribution of electrical energy by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission was continued during the year on an expanding scale, both as regards the number of municipalities served and the customers supplied. The Provincial Commission and the local commissions substantially increased their resolve funds. In the rural parts of the province, the demand for power called for the construction of over 1,200 miles of new transmission lines to supply nearly 9,000 additional consumers. By utilising the flow of the Ottawa River at Chats Falls, the commission has secured an important addition to its generating facilities second only in extent to the great Niagara development."

Highways have been extended, there being 200 miles added to the system, while payments by the Province to the municipalities for road purposes of nearly seven millions of dollars helped materially to lighten the burden of taxation; the Labour Department anticipates changes in the apprenticeship act, the Factory Act and the Mechanics Lien Act as well as legislation to make the Industrial Disputes Act of the Dominion operative in Ontario.

On Thursday, the House did not reconvene until 4.15 o'clock, instead of three o'clock, out of respect for the late Hon. Thomas Crawford, former Speaker of the House, who recently died. At the Opening, Premier Henry paid a glowing tribute to the former Speaker.

A TIP FOR THE MERCHANTS

A valued reader of this paper formerly a resident of Georgetown, and now living in the United States, in renewing her subscription, accompanies it with a tip which we pass along to our merchants. Here it is: "If some of the home merchants realised that those of us who are away read their 'ads' almost as carefully as we do the news items and when we don't see their 'ad' we just naturally wonder "has so and so gone out of business." Isn't it quite possible that readers who are not far away have the same reaction? Newcomers to the district very naturally look over the columns of the local paper for direction in the matter of buying. What is more likely than inpersuing the columns of the Herald they should assume that its advertising space furnishes an accurate directory of the town's business men that are co-operating in the matter of keeping the business interests of the town properly before the public.

Some Good Folks I Have Known

By Nixon Waterman

I have known some truly fine people in my time. I wish I might talk about many more. I was attracted toward them, not because they were physically or mentally distinguished in anyway, but chiefly because they were kind. Selfishness has been called the sum of all villainies; so kindness can be looked upon as being the sum of all virtues. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

"While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs."

Sixty-some years ago when the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, then building across Iowa, had reached Creston, then a typical frontier town in the southwest section of the state, my father, on one occasion was shipping two cars of grain to Chicago. While one car was filling and another was wanted, it was found that the only car available at that moment was one that had been switched on to a little-used side-track and left standing for some days. The foreman of the switchyard, on arranging to employ this car for my father's use, was addressed by an Irish woman living near the track:

"What do ye-be plannin' to do?" she asked as she saw the switch-engine heading for where the car stood.

"We're after this car to load it with grain," was the foreman's reply.

"Sure, now, ye can't take that car, can ye?" she inquired. "There's a pair o' robins got a nest underneath there on a cross-beam."

"What a melancholy circumstance!" said the foreman after an investigation had shown the mother bird was on the nest. "I don't know what I can do about it. The man wants to load this car today and there isn't another empty in the yard anywhere and I can't pick up one along the line before tomorrow." The switching-engine was moving toward the car to which it was to be attached. The yard-master motioned the engineer to stop. "Stay where you are till I give you further orders." Then he sought my father loading the first car, and said to him: "What are we to do? There's the only empty in the yard and I couldn't pick up another before tomorrow, and there's a robin in her nest on a cross-beam under that car."

Had he known my father well he could have guessed the answer. Another car was picked up and loaded on the morrow. never hear the robin's cheery morning call or more sober evening song without thinking that the singer may be a many-times removed grandchild of that pair that made their nest on a car cross-beam. And I always think pleasantly of that kind-hearted Irish woman and that sympathetic yard foreman.

I once had a neighbor who owned a fine cat. A man up the street with one of those peculiarly-divided natures that made him like dogs and dislike cats came along with his shredder. That cat, playing in the yard, was taken unawares and ran up a small insecure tree which, had there been time to choose, its inherent instinct would have told it not to trust. The dog was close after it and, doglike, continued to dance eagerly under the tree, desiring to get at it. The cat would have remained safely in its wabbly perch had not the man conceived the idea that it would prove interesting to shake the cat out of the tree and see the chase. He succeeded in shaking the cat out when the dog caught and injured it somewhat. The cat's owner arrived in time to save his pet's life. Then he said something to the dog's owner, and the dog's owner, said something in reply, and then there was the laying on of hands. Some days later when the dog owner had sufficiently recovered to appear in court, he haled my neighbor before a judge who, when he had heard all the evidence said to my neighbor:

"You did a good morning's work. More strength to you. The case is dismissed."

From that moment on I always admired that judge.

I went one day to call on a Negro friend who owns a happy little cabin home and garden in a Florida village. I found him watering his flower garden with a whisk-broom and a pail of water. "Why, Moses," said I, "why don't you use that?" pointing to a watering-pot that hung on a Cherokee rose support not far away.

"Yeah, why not? Dat's hit!" said he, chuckling. "I jes' bought dat new an' hung it up dar an' de fust thing Ah knowed, durin' the wet days we'en fer a while we wasn't waterin' de garden, a pair o' dem fly-catcher birds built a nest in it an' now I cain't fetch hit till dem pesky critters has done hatched out an' gone away."

All the neighbors said Moses was a good kind man.

One time a new neighbor came to the farm adjoining my father's. He was a stranger to the community and we could learn but little about him. He was dark-visaged and not too inviting in his manner.

We sought to keep him at arm's length until we learned more about him. When haying time came and he was cutting the grass in his meadow, we learned that he kept close watch for the nests of the meadow-larks and the bobolinks which were in his field and whenever he spied one he left about it a considerable spot of uncut grass. Then we knew him to be the kind-hearted man that, ever after, we warmly esteemed.

I have met a lot of fine folks in the world. One pretty sure way of finding out how they are is to note the degree of kindness with which they treat the furred and feathered creatures that depend on us for their well-being.

YOUR TEMPER

One of America's leading business men has this saying to his credit. "Every time a man loses his temper, he loses his head, and when he loses his head, he loses several chances."

That is a good quotation for peppery young people to remember. When you lose your temper, you lose your head. You may be irritated, indignant, angry without disaster, as long as your self control does not break down; but if you lose your temper, you have lost control. When you say things you do not mean and do things you are ashamed to remember afterwards, in losing your temper you have lost your head.

When you lose your head, you lose your chances, how many nobody knows. Many a promising youth has thrown away his chances for advancement because of the exhibition he made of himself in a fit of anger. Many a one is permanently disqualified because his tendency to lose his temper has undermined the confidence of his superiors. The chance to make worth-while friends is often lost because the inanities due to a loss of temper. Do not think of it as a little slip to lose your temper, for that slip threans further losses, how serious no one can tell.

GOOD TIMES BRIEF

In the good old days of money
When the skies were always sunny
And they made us wait thrpe months to buy their cars,
When the factory wheels were roaring
And the price of things was soaring,
And they charged us fifteen cents for poor cigars,
Pessimists went up and down
Scattering gloom throughout the town.

In those days now long departed
Building booms were quickly started
And a fortune could be gathered overnight,
Though the boys in linen collars
Had their pockets bulged with dollars
And most any dub could guess the market right.
Men in places high or humble
Over trifles used to grumble.

In the good old times regretted
People very often fretted
When they travelled 'cause they couldn't get a room,
And to have to take the cheaper
Upper berth within the sleeper
Made the passenger a minister of gloom.
Then a few dark hours of raining
Would set many folks complaining.

But how real cares beset us
And important problems fret us,
We should like to ride in uppers on the train,
How we'd grin if they would tell us
Not for three months could they sell us—
It would mean prosperity had come again.
What we sigh for—and it's funny—
Is the grief that follows money.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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How many of our greatest scientists, politicians, athletes, film stars, stage stars, etc. would be so popular and so well-known if it was not for press advertising, "they are being brought continually before the public, studied, talked about publicly, and made a general topic of conversation thereby popularizing and making them famous and sought after wherever they be throughout the world.

Get your particular line of commodity brought before the public in this manner, have your advertisements appear attractively, outstanding and modern.

Take a pride in your own particular ad lay-out, work to emulate even the very best advertisement you have ever seen, and remember that a little extra expense on a larger and more outstanding lay-out will repay you a hundred fold by the resultant drawing power upon the public. A good many imagine that an advertisement crammed full of every commodity they stock, is a help, but this is a mistaken idea, good size type with plenty of white spacing is a more popular and outstanding form of advertising. This also applies to window displays, just a nicely positioned line of goods, with a nice color effect is far superior and more attractive to crammed and dull windows.

Depressions and bad times would only be myths if more people realised that money spent on advertising is not wasted but an investment which brings in far more and quicker results than by banking or investing same money in stocks and shares. How many people would ridicule and impoverish this statement? But just give it a trial and see the results! Ask any regular or well-known advertiser why he has regular full-page advertisements. Do you think he loses or gains by his enterprising business methods? Well then, follow suit, get your share of the success that follows enterprise and common sense advertising.

A great deal of gray matter is needed when delving into and solving the very best and most attractive forms of advertising. The modern age calls for aggression and up-to-date methods with the least matter as possible, and yet attention. Use the very modes of advertising that were the greatest attraction to yourself, work to perfect these ideas, and you will know that they are original and have the same drawing power upon the public as it had upon you.

Are you going to be a success in 1932?. Is your business going to boom? You know what brings success, popularity and further business!. Advertising.

Now Mr. Everyman, you know your duty, support your local advertiser, aid him in further placing his commodities before you; it is to your advantage, making further employment to all concerned, more money in circulation as a whole on a far stronger pedestal of security than we have known during recent years.

National advertising I believe will be the greatest source of trade, the quickest way of securing International security and independence, if used in the proper and correct manner, therefore I say, "It pays to Advertise in 1932."

LOW WEEK END ROUND TRIP FARES

Will Remain in Force on C. P. and C. N. Railways

In response to public demand, low week-end round trip fares, which have been offered by the Canadian National, Canadian Pacific and other railway lines in the Dominion since last summer, will remain in force after February 29, the date originally set for their discontinuance.

In making this announcement, the Canadian Passenger Association draws attention to the privileges now in force and of which extension is now to be made. Round trip tickets between any Canadian stations for any week-end are offered by the railways at the rate of one and a quarter times the regular single fare. These tickets are good going from Friday noon until Sunday noon and returning until Monday night.

The travelling public will thus be able to continue its week-end journeys, which have been so popular during the past year, and it is anticipated that the volume of traffic will be even greater as the spring develops. The popularity of the concession is already assured by the thousands who have availed themselves of it, and its extension will, without doubt, be very welcome.

Judge: "Before I pronounce sentence, have you anything to say?"

Ex-Barber: "Yes, your honor. I'd like to shave the prosecuting attorney just once more."