The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication — The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, May 4th, 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 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.22 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

ARROW
INCREASED BUS SERVICE
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8.50 a.m., 12.50 p.m., 3.50 p.m. 6.50 p.m., (9.50 p.m. daily except Saturday) Saturday only 11.50 p.m.
10.50 a.m. Saturday, Sunday and holidays only.
Leave Georgetown Daily Eastbound
6.20 a.m. daily except Sunday
10.05 a.m., 2.20 p.m., 5.50 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
10.20 p.m. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays only.
Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
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Offices—O'Neill Block, Georgetown
Telephone 158

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EPITAPHS

Here lies the remains of Percival Sapp,
He drove a car with a girl on his lap.

Slumbering here is one Wm. Blake
He heard the bell but had no brake.

J. Smith lies here without his shoes
He drove a car while lit with booze.

Here is Mary Jane, but not alive,
She made her car go seventy-five.

Ed. Jones is lost to earthly wiles,
He turned a curve at fifty miles.

Beneath this turf lies Wm. Meak.
He used a match on a gas tank leak.

R. L. Johnston occupies this bunk,
He tried to drive while he was drunk.

Nellie stalled her car on a R. R. track,
She's gone away far and won't be back.

In a hearse just past was P. O'Shean
He battled liquor and gasoline.

Heaven help women like Mary Lamar
She took one lesson then drove a car.

O'er Mike O'Toole they just said mass
Reached for his brake but hit the gas.

Shed a tear for Maggy McGluck,
She missed a Ford but hit the truck.

A local lad with speeding vice
Is heading where they don't keep ice.

Try It and See

"I don't see why having your car overhauled should be such a depressing experience."
"You don't, eh? Well, it was overhauled by a motor cycle cop."

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MOTHER

At 'The Gateway of Memory' I am standing tonight, as the magic tapestry is woven of sweet remembered dreams of mother.

I remember how our mother would her nightly vigils keep. Once more I vision her white hands rest upon our heads as our night-time prayers were murmured at our mother's knee:

"Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands,
Tho' they were neither white nor small,
Yet my mother's hands were the fairest
And loveliest hands of all."

By troubled beds of illness I remember her patient ministry.

"Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands,
As they pressed my aching brow,
They cooled the fever and eased the pain,
Methinks I can feel them now."

As sunset hour our mother gathered her children about her and sang those sweet hymns of long ago. Though her voice now is blended with those angel voices, I know we shall behold our mother's sweet hands outstretched in welcome.

"Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands,
I shall clasp them again once more
As my feet touch the bank of the Heavenly Land
We shall meet on that shining shore."

—Marianus.

When the Bell-Buoy Tolled Its Warning

By Ernest Goes

"WHAT d'ye think o' the weather, Pete?" questioned Luther Barry, the fish-buyer, addressing Peter Condon, who had just stepped out of his dory at the landing in front of Barry's fish-house. "We're in for a storm, ain't we?"

"I think so, Lute," replied Condon, pulling his boat up a bit on the sand. "Thar's quite a leetle sea on outside. The old bar is tunin' up in purty good shape. Thar's some nasty breakers off thar. Speakin' o the bar, when I come by, the bell off thar wasn't ringin', an' it wasn't 'cause the sea was quiet, not by consider'ble."

"How d'ye 'count for it, Pete?"

"Sompin's the matter with the tongue on't, I guess," replied the fisherman. "The bell was swingin' like a good one. I had a good notion to pull over thar an' see what the trouble was, but the tide was settin' out purty strong to the east'ard, an' the wind quarterin', so I give up the idea."

"It 'ould be bad business if a vessel was to try to put into the river, an' dependin' on that bell buoy, fetched up on the bar," remarked Barry. "I wish ye'd pulled over thar an' seen what the trouble was."

Barry shortly returned to his place of business and resumed the packing of fish in barrels for shipment on the morning express. He looked so sober that Jim Sawyer, his helper, a youth of seventeen, asked if Condon had brought bad news.

"The bell buoy is out o' order down off the bar," replied Barry laconically.

"Don't it ring?" questioned Jim, a worried look coming into his eyes.

"No. Pete ought to have pulled over thar and seen what the trouble was. At times Pete don't have his wits with him. Night will be here inside o' two hours, an' you know what a nasty sea thar is off thar in a storm."

"Mr. Barry, I'm going to pull down-river and go outside," declared Jim, untying his apron. "I guess maybe I can fix it so it will ring. I'm expecting dad's vessel almost any time, and if I wasn't, some other vessel may be depending on that bell's ringing. It's up to us to do what we can."

"Wall, Jim, ye can go," replied Barry "Take my dory. Better take a hammer 'long with ye, an' a bit o' wire. Chances are thet the tongue has got rusted so thet it won't swing. I'll look for ye back about dusk. Ye'll have the tide with ye, goin', and both tide an' wind comin', for it's getting nigh the turn o' the tide now."

Jim picked up a hammer and three feet or more of hay-wire which was under the counter, and taking his jacket with him, he hastened down to where Barry's dory was pulled up on the sand.

"Whar ye headed for, Jim?" questioned Condon, who was busy cleaning his catch of fish.

"Going outside to see if I can tinker up the bell buoy so that it will ring," replied Jim. "It won't do to have that silent with a storm coming on."

"Ye've got good courage, Jim," declared the fisherman. "I ought to have done it myself. To tell the truth I didn't jest realize how important thet bell is out thar."

Jim shortly pushed off, and setting to the oars, headed downstream. There was quite a strong wind even there in the river, but the numerous bends in the channel broke the force of it to a considerable extent, and with a favorable tide, Jim rapidly made his way down toward the outside shore. When at last he passed through the mouth of the river, however, he found himself bucking a high sea, and it took him more than half an hour to cover the scant half mile to the bell buoy, which was securely moored just to the east of the bar. The dory shipped quite a bit of water on the way but at last he reached the buoy, and making his dory fast to it, he boarded it.

"Well, it's no wonder it don't ring" ejaculated Jim, stooping to look up into the bell. "The tongue is gone. It's a case of rigging a new one, I guess."

Jim stepped back into the boat after his hammer and the wire, and a moment later was at work. For half an hour he experimented with the hammer, trying to hang it in such a way that it would sound the bell. It was all to no purpose, however, for although it would strike occasionally, the resulting vibration was so uncertain and faint that it was practically worthless.

"I guess it's a case of pounding the old bell until daylight," growled Jim, at length giving up trying to adjust the hammer. "I suppose Mr. Barry will think I've taken a trip down to Davy Jones' locker, but there's no way out of it. I stay here!"

Night was then close at hand and Jim prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Luckily the wind, though very boisterous, was a warm one, comparatively speaking, so there was little likelihood of much discomfort from from cold. Looking under the stern-seat of the dory, Jim found an old oiled-suit and putting it on, he was enabled to keep dry as a bone.

Slipping within the steel cage which enclosed the bell, Jim now took his hammer out of his pocket, and fastening it securely to one of the steel bars, using the wire he had brought, he got ready for business. He knew that it was highly imperative that it be secured, lest during the night in a moment of drowsiness, it slip from his grasp. There was a plenty of wire to give play to the hammer, so, grasping it firmly, he began the doleful tolling of the bell.

With the passing of the hours and no sign of Jim's return, Barry got anxious. He hunted up Condon and both of them pulled down-river. As they neared the mouth of the river they heard the distant tolling of the bell.

"He's been there," [illegible] Condon, hoarsely, "but I guess it [illegible] cost him his life. We'd have met him afore this, if he'd got away all right. Thar was a tremendous sea sweepin' 'round that buoy when I come in from the fishin' grounds."

For half an hour the two men battled with the sea in an endeavor to reach the vicinity of the buoy, but after shipping much water, they gave up the struggle and headed for the shore. Reaching the neck, they pulled up the dory and pushed along the outer shore on foot, the while expecting that somewhere along the shore they would come upon a battered dory which would tell of one more tragedy of the sea.

When the two men returned to where the dory was drawn up on the sand, they looked seaward, the while listening to the mournful tolling of the bell.

"Thar's a vessel off ther, Pete!" exclaimed Barry suddenly. "She's headed for the river."

"You're right," cried Condon. "An to think thet thar wouldn't be no warnin' bell, but for poor Jim! An I could have fixed it jest as well as not this afternoon, only thet I was thet indifferent I wouldn't pull out thar, an' now Jim's gone!"

Meanwhile Jim had noted the approach of the vessel, and from time to time he struck the bell with his hammer. The time came when he saw the vessel veer off to the eastward of the bar and then head straight for the mouth of the river.

"Guess the man at the wheel heard the old bell," he chuckled. "She's headed all right now. Maybe it's dad's vessel; I hope so."

Barry and Condon paced the shore until daylight. The early dawn found them down near the mouth of the river. Slowly out of the mist emerged the dim shape of the bell-buoy. Barry made it out first.

"Pete!"

Barry stood staring seaward. His hand outstretched, he pointed and that one word escaped his lips.

"Lute!"

Condon stood rooted to the spot, his chin wabbling.

"Pete, thar's Jim!" chocked Barry. "He's been thar the hull night a-soundin' thet bell. Thar's my dory tied up to the buoy. He's gettin' ready to come in."

"You're right, Lute," said Condon drawing a deep breath.

"Jest look yonder, inside the mouth o' the river," said Barry. "Thar's the Lizzie an' George—Jim's father, cap'n. Thet's the schooner thet slipped in last night, She wouldn't be thar, but for Jim."

"Thet's the Lizzie an' George, an' no mistake!" cried Condon. "Tell it to the hull town, Lute. Let 'em know how Jim done it. Tell 'em how I come by yesterday, too lazy to pull out thar an' see what the trouble was. Don't spar' em a bit, I'll tell it, if ye don't."

Meanwhile Jim had made a safe get-away from the buoy, and now was fast approaching the mouth of the river. Barry and Condon, seeing him coming, pushed off in their dory, and just within the mouth of the river they pulled along side.

"Jim, we thought ye was lost!" exclaimed Barry.

"That was the only thing that worried me," replied Jim. "I knew I was safe out there. Got a bit seasick bobbing up and down, but that was all."

"Jim, thet was your father's schooner that come in," said Condon trying desperately to master his emotions. "Thar she is at anchor jest 'round the bend."

"Mr. Barry, I—I want to keep this hammer," said Jim. "I—I'll buy you a new one."

"No you won't, son!" cried Barry. "Thet hammer belongs to ye by right, after what ye did last night."

During the day a new tongue to the bell was put in place, and many times thereafter did Captain Sawyer make harbor guided by its tolling, but never again, he declares, did it toll so loudly, so plainly give its warning note as on that memorable night when his son had made each stroke tell.

A REBEL MUSKET

Highly prized by ex Reeve James F. McDonald, of Belfountain, is a flint-lock musket bought by his father in 1835. This, Mr. McDonald states, is the only gun which the Loyalists did not seize in Caledon Township during the rebellion of 1837.

McDonald's ancestors were on the rebel side, and during the long cold winter of that year William McDonald, grandfather of the present owner of the musket, hid Mackenzie in a cave on lot 1, 4th concession, west Caledon.

The story of how the gun was kept from seizure is an interesting one. William McDonald chiselled a space large enough for the weapon out of a large beam over the fireplace, replacing the wood and disguising the cache. Although the house was searched many times, the gun was never found.

The weapon is four feet long, weighs 12 pounds, is bound with brass, and has a brass sight. The barrel is covered with bird's-eye maple, to keep the steel from burning the hand. In the butt is a secret spring which opens a compartment in which rest balls and wadding.

McDonald recalls many stories of the rebels' stay in Caledon. When fear of capture compelled Mackenzie to move to King County, he was escorted by many of his stalwarts, stopping on the way at Caledon village, which was a Loyalist stronghold.

Some members of the party visited a tavern to reconnoitre, while Mackenzie and others remained outside. Thinking those who had gone inside had stayed too long, one of the party unwittingly walked into the hotel and shouted: "Come on, Mackenzie is freezing." What followed after mention of the rebel's name in the Loyalist stronghold resulted in Mackenzie and his party departing as fast as their team would carry them.

Speeding south on the centre road, their sleigh upset on the Caledon mountain, throwing off the box. The members of the group decided to abandon the box and escaped, finding it when they returned later, chopped to kindling wood.

Several rebel members of South Caledon families at that time were tried for treason in Toronto, two escaping to Goat Island. All were eventually pardoned. McDonald's father being freed because of his youth.

CANADA

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLAYGROUND

Wide Variety of Recreational Attractions—Canadians Fortunate in Holiday Advantages Their Country Offers

THE majority of Canadians probably do not realize what a wonderful choice of vacation opportunities this country offers. How many of us in any one province have first-hand knowledge of the wide range of attractions of our neighboring provinces? Many no doubt have gone abroad to seek a holiday, forgetting that our own Dominion is unequalled in the exceptional variety and range of its recreational resources. Surely a country which attracts visitors from other countries by the tens of millions must have recreational features of interest to its own citizens.

It is so easy to travel in Canada that an interprovincial tour is a recreation which every Canadian vacationist may well and profitably undertake. All the developed and much of the undeveloped part of the Dominion is easily accessible by train, boat or automobile. Canada is served by two of the world's greatest railway systems and a number of smaller lines. The equipment and service are of the highest standard. Steamers built specially for pleasure cruising afford many pleasant trips along the coast and on the extensive inland water system of lakes, rivers and canals. A cruise from the head of the Great Lakes to the Maritime Provinces is nearly equal, in distance, to an ocean voyage. Good roads lead to practically all scenic and sporting territories. Canada's road system includes many thousands of miles of surfaced highways, well equipped with direction signs and danger signals. Tourist accommodation, from campsite to hotel, is available almost everywhere.

National and provincial parks in Canada cover nearly 25,000 square miles. They are areas which have been withdrawn from exploitation and are being preserved in their virgin beauty and wildness, for purposes of pleasure and recreation. The largest national parks are in the Rocky Mountains section of Alberta, a region of unsurpassed scenic splendour admirably equipped by nature for all forms of sport and recreation. There are also important parks in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec. Accommodation ranges all the way from large modern hotels, to log cabins and tents. Fishing is one of the chief attractions in the parks, but game animals and birds are rigidly protected and their fearlessness never fails to interest visitors.

Throughout the Dominion there are many summer resort districts which offer a wide range of attraction and variety of accommodation. On the Atlantic coast in the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, are typical seashore resorts, where salt-water bathing, sailing and deep-sea fishing are the principal attractions. The rugged beauty of this coast and the picturesque charm of the fishing villages, at the head of every inlet, cannot fail to enchant the summer visitor.

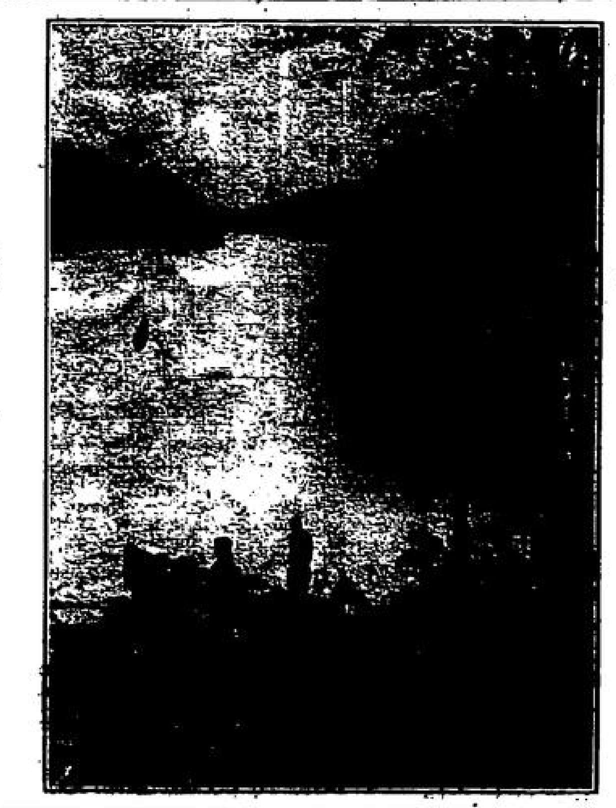
Quebec's summer playgrounds are of the most varied nature including as they do, sea-shore, mountain, lake and forest resorts. Along the lower St. Lawrence, summer colonies have been established at many points. North of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers the Laurentian mountains, clothed with pine forest and dotted with lakes, constitute a vast summer and winter playground. The Eastern Townships, which adjoin the international boundary, also have a number of well-established resorts, on picturesque lakes and rivers.

Ontario has perhaps the largest number and greatest variety of developed summer resorts of any of the provinces. The Thousand Islands, Lake of Bays, Muskoka Lakes, and Georgian bay are known throughout America, but there are in addition equally attractive, only slightly less known, districts. Accomodation includes everything from campsite to palatial hotel, and cottages may be rented, in any district.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta many attractive resorts are located along the shores of the lakes and rivers. The Canadian Rockies are world famous for scenic beauty and contain some of the most highly developed tourist resorts on the continent.

British Columbia, with varied and splendid scenic attractions, is a tourist wonderland. The province has majestic mountain ranges, and extensive lake area, stately forests, an imposing coast line, and many attractive resorts in settings of exceptional natural beauty.

For a number of years the Department of the Interior at Ottawa has been engaged in the promotion of the Canadian tourist industry, more especially the development of tourist travel from the United States to Canada. It is also endeavouring to influence Canadians to spend their vacation in the Dominion. The National Development Bureau of that Department will gladly furnish interprovincial road maps and other information for the use of those planning a Canadian tour, and where necessary will refer enquiries to provincial and local tourist organizations. Applicants should be as specific as possible as to the section of Canada in which they are interested, in order that available information may be supplied.



WILL WHEAT LEAD THE WAY?

Again the word comes from Europe that the supply of wheat is running short. Russia has hardly any for export, and it would appear to be short-sighted for that nation to be allowing any to leave the country. France, Germany and Italy will have to import and so will Greece. That means that countries having wheat for sale will be in a position to enter a market which does not belong entirely to the buyers; there should be an opportunity for sellers of wheat to have something to say about the price. Several despatches from Europe mention attempts which have been made to arrange credits for the purchase of wheat. It is doubtful whether these negotiations will get far. Any nation which is able to pay large bills each year for armaments is able to pay for wheat. These reports give rise to the claim that wheat is going to be the first commodity to point the way to recovery of values. Perhaps there is speculation in such a rumor, but there is also a degree of fact, for the same thing has taken place before. It happened after the panic of 1896, and it repeated in 1914 and in 1921. A moderate advance in the price of wheat would mean a great many million dollars of added wealth for Canada.

EVER NOTICE THIS?

Did you ever pause in a post office long enough to take a squint at the floor shortly after a number of people have received their mail?

If you have you were probably struck by the number of circulars and form letters and hand bills that littered it up. In fact you doubtless were struck with the fact that many of them had been thrown in the basket as soon as they were removed from the envelope, the recipient never even taking the trouble to give them a second glance.

But did you also notice that you didn't see anyone throwing the newspapers and especially the home town newspapers in the waste basket or on the floor? Did you notice that newspapers are always carried away instead of tossed away? Well, right there is a mighty good argument in favor of advertising in the local newspaper. The circular letter—a costly form of advertising—goes into the waste basket. The home-town paper goes into the home. Remember this and spend your advertising money accordingly.

First Lady—(after the row)—"I wonder if I'll lose my looks, too, when I'm your age!" Second Ditto—"You'll be lucky if you do!"

A WONDROUS GIFT

God gave to me a wondrous gift at birth,
One of His rarest gems of priceless worth,
To be a light to guide me on my way
Along's life's rugged pathway day by day;
Throughout the years this beacon ne'er has failed
To lead my steps aright, though oft assailed
By adverse wind—the upward course she knew,
And, Mother dear, this wondrous gift was you.

—Willa Hoey.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE government having added a cent a gallon to the gas tax, and the gas companies having followed suit by tacking an extra cent per gallon on to their price, the consumer has two incentives not to use quite so much of the pesky stuff.

THE son of a newspaper editor, who had just graduated from college and was ambitious to follow in his father's footsteps, asked his dad to give him some advice about how to run a newspaper. The answer was "You've come to the wrong person, my boy, ask any of my subscribers."

THIS was intended as a joke, but it is more than that; it very closely approaches a discreditable truth. Two women were conversing, when one of them quoted the oft-repeated saying that "One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The other woman sniffed, and said: "That certainly is not true of our town."

THE St. Thomas Times-Journal advocates a return to the three-cent coin, and we are inclined to endorse the idea. Many of our readers may not remember when three-cent coins were familiar currency, but they came in mighty handy at times, and would now, particularly as we have to pay that amount for a postage stamp.

A Canadian weekly which boasts the largest circulation in the country, announces that it is obliged to reduce its size on account of a decrease in advertising patronage, due to present business conditions. It further declares that if the reduction in the number of pages does not balance its budget it will be forced to add something to the subscription price until the world's business revives. We have here the key to the situation with regard to many newspapers. Subscription prices cannot be reduced, in fact, they may have to be increased, if they are to continue giving as good service, or even, in some cases, if they are not to cease publication.

APPEARANCES do lie at times! In New York city a short while ago Tony Mistak, a porter at $10 a week, was arrested for peddling pencils without a license. He was a pitiful object. The soles of his shoes were worn through. His clothes were old and torn and patched, and three were holes in every pocket—except one. Although there wasn't much use searching the poor fellow, they did look into the one good pocket. From it they pulled 25 $1,000 bills, 79 $100 bills and 17 $1 bills. That's a total of $32,917. "I worked for it," he said angrily when they questioned him. "I'm porter and I got $10 a week, and I saved this in 36 years."

IT HAD been generally supposed that the carbon monoxide gas thrown out from the exhaust pipe of an automobile was dangerous to human life only when within a closed garage. The other day, however a Toronto man was killed by these deadly fumes while stooping down behind his car to jack it up. Probably his face came directly in line with the exhaust pipe and the result was almost instantaneous death. This tragedy conveys a lesson to other motorists. It is not an uncommon thing for a car driver to have to jack up the rear end of his car, or to have to work around the wheels on the open road. The lesson of this accident is always to turn off the engine before attempting any work of this kind. Carbon monoxide gas is swift and deadly in its operation and it should be the care of every car driver to see that he runs no risk of coming within range of its death-dealing fumes.

WHY PAPER IS CONTINUED

Newspaper subscribers sometimes wonder why a publisher keeps on sending a paper when the subscription has expired. An exchange thus explains the matter:—

When a subscription is paid to a certain time, and time expires and the paper is stopped, it looks as if the editor doubted the integrity of the subscriber, and nine out of ten times the subscriber will give the editor a calling down for insinuating that his credit was no good. Rather than cast any reflection against a neighbor's honesty to pay a small debt it has been customary for newspapers to continue sending the paper after the time has expired. The city weeklies and dailies do not generally follow this rule as their subscribers are at a distance and they do not know their financial standing. One should deem it an honor to know that his credit is not doubted when the publisher continues to send the paper. Should the subscriber desire to have his paper discontinued, he should inform the publisher and remit to date if any is owing.

SALARIES OF JUDGES

Some interesting information was elicited in the House of Commons during the debate on civil service pay cuts. For example, it was stated that there are 276 judicial appointments in Canada. Of these the Chief Justice is the mostly highly paid, receiving $15,000 annually. The other members of the Supreme Court of Canada each receive $12,000 a year.

The annual stipends are divided as follows:

1	$15,000
6	12,000
18	10,000
113	9,000
2	8,000
3	7,000
133	6,000

The 276 judges receive a total of $1,986,000 in annual salaries. The judges' salaries are not affected by the pay cuts even though they are among the higher priced appointees.