THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
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C.N.R. Time Table
Effective April 25th
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	6.10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.00 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.36 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.32 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only	8.31 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.34 a.m.
Passenger	2.34 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger Sunday	11.19 p.m.
Daily Passenger, (except Sunday)	12.25 a.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.32 p.m.

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CROP REPORT

Below will be found a brief synopsis of telegraphic reports received at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal from its Branches, under date of July 8th, 1937:

General—Intense heat has prevailed in the Prairie Provinces during the past week and this, combined with inadequate moisture, has further reduced crop prospects. In Southern, Central and West Central Saskatchewan crops are virtually a total failure, and in most other sections of Saskatchewan as well as in Eastern and Northern Alberta, serious losses have occurred. In Manitoba, on the other hand, crop conditions at present are generally favourable. In Quebec ideal weather conditions have been experienced and all crops are showing rapid growth, with prospects generally promising. In Ontario frequent rains have stimulated the growth of vegetation and crops generally are above the average except in Northern Ontario, where the rainfall has been insufficient. In the Maritime Provinces crops continue to be adversely affected by dull and rainy weather, although there has been some improvement in weather conditions. In British Columbia there has been continued warm weather with favourable moisture conditions, and the general outlook is satisfactory for all crops other than cherries and strawberries.

Ontario—Rains have interfered with curing a heavy hay crop and the quality will be affected adversely in some sections. Fall wheat is changing colour and is promising. Spring grains are headed with a good length of straw. The canning of a satisfactory pea crop has commenced. Root crops, corn and tomatoes are progressing favourably and present warm weather is beneficial. Early apples, grapes and practically all varieties of small fruits promise satisfactory yields. Plums, pears, and late varieties of apples will be below average. Pastures are in excellent condition. Due to winter killing, production of alsike and red clover seed is expected to be below normal. Tobacco plants are making satisfactory growth, although there has been some hail damage in Norfolk County.

BUDGET GROCETERIA
"Your Dollar Buys More Here"
MAIN STREET — GEORGETOWN
PHONE 366 FREE DELIVERY

FOOD SPECIALS
Look at these prices

CERTO For Jams and Jellies 25c
Glacier Sardines - 8c
Lang's C. C. Sauce, 8 oz. 16c
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Tomatoes 2 1-2 size tins 2 tins 21c
Choice Prunes 2 lbs. 19c
Junket Ice Cream Mix, pkg. - 9c
Clark's Sandwich Spread 3 for 25c
BEEF — VEAL — TONGUE — HAM
Campbell's Tomato Juice 20 oz. 3 for 25c
Interlake Toilet Tissue - 3 for 25c
MATCHES 3 boxes 19c
Queen of Roses Pastry Flour
7 lbs. 27c - 24 lbs. 89c
Fancy Mixed Biscuits - 2 lbs. 29c
RAISINS Choice Quality 2 lbs. 23c
Electric Light Bulbs 60w 10c, 100w 25c
INSIDE FROSTED
Anna Lee Scott's Cake Flour, 3 lb. pkg. 33c
Lombard Plums 2 tins 19c
FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

THE BOOK OF LIFE

To all who enter life a book is given,
Wherein to write the story of the years;
And one by one the pages one before us—
For each new year a clean, fresh page appears.

We start each page with hope and high endeavor,
And firm resolve to keep it pure and clean;
But oft our spirits flag ere it is finished,
And saddened hearts mourn o'er "what might have been."

In vain we plead to write some pages over—
No word may we recall, or blot erase;
With humbled, contrite heart, we trace the record—
The old, sad tale of locust-eaten days.

Yet let us not give up—press on undaunted!
Sincere regret for errors of the past
Should spur us on to brave, renewed endeavor,
To make fresh pages fairer than the last.

And when, at length, the Book of Life is ended,
In simple trust resign it to His hand,
Who knew our every trial and temptations
He loveth us and He will understand.

—M. Adam.

CAN YOU GIVE THESE CHILDREN A HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY

Johnnie is eight years old. There is one thing he wants in life more than anything else. It is to gather eggs. But Johnnie lives in a tiny shack, built in a narrow alleyway behind an old shed. There isn't even a bird's nest to cheer him up. Can you imagine Johnnie with a basket, helping to gather eggs on a farm?

Then, there's a little girl of six. She likes to dance and sing. There isn't room to dance in the home in which she lives, so she dances in a dirty alley surrounded by factories. Imagine what she would do if she could dance in a grassy garden with flowers about her.

There's another little girl of twelve. She has a twisted spine, but faithfully does the exercises the doctor has prescribed each day. She has to do them in a tiny, overcrowded room. The doctor says she should spend at least a month in the country. Imagine how she would improve if she could do her exercises in the fresh open air!

These are but three cases picked at random out of the 900 applications on file at the Neighborhood Workers Association, Country Home Department. Unless kind persons who do not live in Toronto's downtown discomfort invite these children to spend a holiday with them, they face a summer of disappointment.

A letter to 22 Wellesley Street, Toronto, offering two weeks' holiday to a city child, is a simple thing to write, yet it may be the turning point in that child's life. It may mean the difference between a healthy future, or a life of illness. It may mean the difference between a happy, healthy mind, or a mind blasted by suffering and unhappiness.

The Neighborhood Workers Association supplies transportation within a radius of 150 miles from Toronto, and all children are medically examined before leaving the City. Invitations should be accompanied by a letter from the clergyman, or a well-known citizen of the community.

The man who does his best today will be a hard man to beat tomorrow.

YOUTH REJUVENATING AGRICULTURAL FAIRS

An atmosphere of spontaneous interest—a feeling of rejuvenation that promises to become a permanent feature—has been observed to pervade the various agricultural fairs now in full swing throughout the Dominion. The reason for this spirit of youthful alertness is not difficult to discover. In a great measure it is due to the increasing part taken in the exhibitions by the young members of the boys' and girls' farm clubs of Canada. The elder generation has taught the younger generation well, and the younger generation with its enthusiasm to learn is, in turn, interesting its elders in points they formerly did not seem to call for deep consideration.

The momentum thus created has developed a staff of affairs in which the zeal of youth regulates the tempo of the modern agricultural fair. Nowadays, it is not a question of whether or not any young farmerettes or farmers may be exhibitors at the fair, but what they are showing. And the most interested people in the exhibits of the younger people are the older folk.

The high standing of the young farmers and farmerettes as responsible exhibitors at Canadian agricultural fairs has been attained gradually and surely. A quarter of a century ago, the boys and girls' farm club movement in Canada was inaugurated, and one of the principles embodied in club work was "Learn to Do by Doing." This principle has been applied to the fullest extent, and the fact that each club member had to carry on one or other of the club projects on the home farm laid the foundation of the Dominion-wide club work which now forms an integral part in Canadian agricultural endeavour. The projects include Live Stock, embracing dairy cattle, beef cattle, swine, sheep, horses and poultry; Field Crops; Horticulture and Home Economics, under which comes, nutrition, gardening and canning, garment making, home making and local leadership.

From the home, the movement grew to local importance, and from the localities to province-wide and inter-provincial recognition, culminating in Dominion-wide prominence in the exhibition of work and the gaining of all-Canada trophies by the interprovincial champion teams at the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto. Thus, with the ardour of the girl and boy members of the farm club movement, it may truthfully be said that the Canadian agricultural fair has been rejuvenated by youth.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING IN PULPITS

The use of the pulpit to advertise all sorts of commercial events is coming in for sharp comment in many papers. Even the ministers themselves are beginning to feel that altogether too much is expected of them in the use of the pulpit for such announcements.

One minister in Owen Sound carried his protest to the pulpit, and denounced the growing demands for commercialization in no uncertain terms. In the course of his sermon he said:

"What would you think of the Acts of the Apostles if there could be found a few verses like this?—And it came to pass that St. Peter before his wonderful sermon on the day of Pentecost anounced: There will be a rummage sale on the market square of Jerusalem on the second day of the week. On the third day of the week there will be a whist drive in the Hall of Moses. On the fourth day of the week there will be a baking sale in Joseph's departmental store. On the fifth day of the week there will be a garden party on the Mount of Olives, with all sorts of raffles to make money for the preaching of the Gospel in foreign lands. I venture to say if anything like that appeared, we never would have heard of the Acts of the Apostles. Why then should our worship to Almighty God be so interrupted today?"

The pew as well as the pulpit would welcome some modification of the present extreme. And the remedy will come more quickly if the ministers would do as the Owen Sound man has done,—protest.

The cost involved in having the weekly notices issued in printed form, and distributed to the congregation in the pews, would be too small to serve as an argument against the reform of the present practice.

Change There

Gladys—"I'm so thrilled, dear. It's tomorrow that Reginald will conduct you to the altar."

Muriel—"Yes, darling, and right there Reginald will stop being a conductor and start being a brakeman and porter."

Caboose

The word "caboose" has a marine origin, coming from the Dutch word kabian-huys,—cabin house. The word train comes, far back, from the Latin word 'trahere', to pull or draw. Locomotive was put together from two other Latin words: 'locus,' a place; 'motere', to move.

Native of Georgetown Writes from New York

Last week we received a most interesting letter from a native of Georgetown now living in New York, Mrs. W. H. H. MacKellar, formerly Clara Speight. Mrs. MacKellar and her husband were very fortunate to see the "Amorphophallus Titanum" bloom for the first time on this continent. In the Bronx Botanical gardens, and thought it might be of interest to Herald readers to know more about this very rare plant. New York is only the third place in the civilized world to be able to grow this plant. The bloom of the Amorphophallus Titanum lasted for only 12 hours. The place was alive with photographers and reporters, Mrs. MacKellar states, and the plant was preserved and put up later for scientific study. Prior to the blooming of the plant, Mr. MacKellar, who is a writer of books and articles for newspapers and magazines, wrote the following regarding the plant, of which we have his permission to publish:—

New York—The world is full of strange things, and I have a penchant for seeing them. That is why I like to travel. We pass this way but once, and if we would get the most out of life, we must not miss anything. A few days ago, the New York newspapers told of an unusual happening that would shortly come to pass at the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx. It was the birth of the largest known flower on earth. So like Moses at the burning bush, I said to Bill: "We will step aside and see this strange sight." And we stepped aside into a Third Avenue El train, and went to Bronx Park.

The Botanical name of this plant is Amorphophallus Titanum, and it has no equivalent in English. The bulb from which it grew weighed 100 pounds. It was brought from Sumatra and planted here in 1932. This is its first attempt to blossom. Never before has one of these plants bloomed in this country. The officials at the garden say that they know of but three times that one has bloomed outside its native habitat in the Dutch Indies. The other occasions were, twice in Kew Gardens, London, and once in the Netherlands.

When I approached it, there was a bud six and a half feet tall gurgeoning from between two giant leaves. It was living in a great box of earth suspended over a water pool, for the plant has an unquenchable thirst, and must be watered continually. The pistil, waxy, yellowish green in color, was enclosed in a wrinkled sheath of a darker green shade. When it unfolds, its flower will have the appearance of a monster calla lily, and the interior will turn to a purplish hue. This denizen of the tropics reeks of the jungle, and its rank growth reflects the lush vegetation of the carboniferous age. It seems to belong to the epoch of the dinosaur and the reptile.

It has been growing at the speed of 7 inches each 24 hours and is due to bloom some time today (Thursday, June 8th). When the flower opens it will measure seven feet in height, and its diameter will be four feet. During the scanty four or five hours it will remain in bloom it will give off such an intorable stench that the public will be allowed to view it only through the glass walls. After blooming, it will slump down and die. At most, only a few thousands of people will have seen the Amorphophallus Titanum in flower.— But photographs are being taken twice daily, and the pictures will be shown in print and likely in the news reels.

Sumatra is the home of another mammoth flower called Rafflesia Arnoldo. This flower is more beautiful than the snake-like specimen on exhibition in the Bronx Botanical Garden. It was discovered in March, 1818, by Dr. Joseph Arnold, an English botanist. This plant is a parasite. It has no leaves, and it attaches itself to the roots of wild vines in the steaming jungle, opening something like a great pond lily. The centre of the stamen and pistils is 12 inches wide. The petals are 12 inches long and one-quarter to three-quarter inches thick. The diameter of the open flower is three feet. It is flesh color with purple mottles, and is said to be very beautiful. It is doubtful that the Rafflesia Aronoldo, from its very nature, could be cultivated outside its native Sumatra. These giants are both interesting for their very monstrosity, but for sheer loveliness what can approach the dear red, red rose of our home gardens?

[We wish to thank Mr. MacKellar for a copy of his book, "Five Minutes with Bill MacKellar," which we received under separate cover, and find most interesting.]

May—And May Not

Jones—"You have quite a variety of plants in your garden, but why are they all labelled 'May flower'?"

Brown—"You see, old man, they may flower, and they may not."

Particeps Criminis

He (shyly)—"I'm going to steal a kiss."

She—"Well, let the crime wave begin."

BOTANICAL NOTES FOR JULY

One day in July is enough for memory to be enriched forever if only with the sight of summer flowers as seen in contrast with their natural surroundings of water, grass, foliage and sky.

Everything, whatsoever, of beauty is seen at its best by virtue of contrasting surroundings. A precious gem is seen to perfection only in its setting.

At this season of the year a most restful lull in nature appears to take place. Even the hills lie waiting to receive the shadows of the clouds that slip, like birds, from shoulder to shoulder. These clouds, like everything else have a great richness this month, so proudly filled with white light that they quiver with intensity, throwing paths of ghostly radiance on the water that is blue, here and there ruffled darkly like tarnished silver—a perfection of contrast, superbly exquisite!

The woods are in their prime, but before the end of the month—alas! there will be signs that Nature is on the wane. Several of the spring plants that had struggled after blossoming, soon wither under the influence of a hot sunshine; but not to those fortunate ones which bloom later and are borne in marshy places, ponds and streams.

One of the most conspicuously beautiful of native water-plants is the pickerel weed, so-called because—it is said—that pickerels lay their eggs among the leaves. It is found growing from Nova Scotia to Ontario in mud, in the shallows of still waters. The bright beauty of its long spikes of blue, ragged flowers, seen at a distance will, perhaps, suggest larkspur; close acquaintance, however, will soon reveal the difference.

Another lover of damp places is the gorgeous purple loosestrife, of European origin, with its brilliant spikes of large magenta flowers. A very attractive and beautiful plant as well as most interesting, because through Darwin's study it has assumed an important place in his theoretical origin of species.

In July, cultivated plant life is in its zenith or at the peak of perfection. But here again this galaxy of bloom is seen at its best only by virtue of contrasting surroundings whether they be well-kept grass, fence, wall or hedge.

There is much to be seen and marvelled at in the introduction of choice new varieties of flowers especially when seen against a suitable background or framework.

At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, there is the famous collection of hedges. Many species of trees, both deciduous and evergreen, also shrubs have been trained and clipped into row after row of infinitely trim hedges. Great forest trees such as the pine, hemlock, larch, spruce, oak, beech, birch, elm and hornbeam are apparently all quite contented to become hedges in the merciful adjustment which Nature makes when what cannot be cured must be endured.

Flowering shrubs are flourishing in the form of lilac, dogwood, viburnum, caragana, spiraea, ninebark, currant, honeysuckle and hydrangea, to are fruit trees, for the mulberry is also forced to bow to the topiarist's art. A veritable example of perfection in horticultural craftmanship; some of them ten feet high—the result of many year's perseverance in the quest of a noble and living tribute to topiary.

TURMOIL, RUSH AND CROWDS

A visitor to London from Pitcairn Island remarked in an interview some days ago that life on the island was "very comfortable," and added: "We live by hand, for we have no cars or machinery." The statement will, no doubt, remind a number of people to cast envious eyes toward Pitcairn and similar idyllic communities. There are, and always have been, of course, "simple lifers" whace essentials for the enjoyment of living are somewhat akin to Mr. Battle's requirements for whist—"a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game."

But there are many who, without wishing to go all the way "back to nature," dislike and distrust modern machinery and the conditions it imposes. They remember that eminent authorities have warned us against inventing too fast; that novelists, imagining the next act in the human drama, have evisaged the machine out of control; and that a playwright has made our flesh creep with a new version of an old song:

Hush! Hush! Hush! Here comes the robot man.

Finally, they recoil from the rush, and turmoil, and the dangers of modern conditions.

Surely, though, "rush and turmoil" attaches a somewhat unjust stigma to speed and activity? Surely it is a strain to travel two days in a stage-coach than two hours in an express train? And if we have our "crowded hours" of far from glorious life, we cannot lay them altogether at the door of the machine—did not Horace Walpole, writing nearly 200 years ago, say: "This is the century of crowds?" —The Christian Science Monitor.

A Goal Achieved

By STANLEY CORDELL
© Associated Newspapers. WNU Service.

ADAM smiled at the girl whimsically, almost pityingly. "Did you ever hear the story of the dog chasing the train?" he asked.

An annoyed look came to the girl's face. But it vanished instantly, as if some instinct warned her. "A dog chasing a train?" she said. "It sounds rather quaint, Adam. Is it a funny story?"

"Well," said Adam, "it all depends on which side of the fence you are." Which brought the annoyed expression into the girl's eyes once more. Suddenly he laughed. "This dog chased the train for almost five years. I guess that is funny." He looked at her intently, as if trying to look beyond the blueness of her eyes to what lay beneath.

"Remember," he went on, "back there in Cedarville, when you were Sally Blane, the most popular girl in town, and how dissatisfied you were?"

She smiled, remembering. "Cedarville was always small," she said, "and being the most popular girl wasn't such a great honor."

"Every young man in town worshipped you, Sally, including myself."

"I wasn't very gracious, was I? I mean, that night when you proposed and I laughed at you."

"Your refusal wasn't more than I expected. I didn't amount to much then. I didn't even have poise or self-assurance or any of the things that girls admire in young men."

Sally laughed, as if the memory of all this pleased her. "And then two years later you proposed again. You had a job and were doing well with bright prospects for the future. You also had a new suit; I remember how proud you were of it."

"And then when you finally ran away with Rus Gardener, I was miserable. It was as if the only worthwhile thing in my life had been taken away. You see, I never had any folks, and very few friends. I was lonely and unhappy. But I kept on working, trying to get ahead. Somehow I felt that one day you might be proud of me, and that would make it all so worth while."

He paused, but Sally made no sound or movement, and a smile came to his lips. "I'll never forget how I knocked two of Andy Safforn's teeth out because I heard him say that you didn't really love Rus, that you had run away with him because he was rich. I didn't know then that Andy was merely repeating gossip that was general all over town. Every one thought the same thing. Verna Leighton, who was your closest friend, even said that you had admitted such a purpose to her. At any rate, about a week later, I went to Andy and apologized for what I'd done.

"And then, shortly after that, a rumor got abroad that you were in the city. You'd been there, and weren't looking so well. This news gave me a thrill. It seemed good just to know where you were and that you weren't too far away. Occasionally, thereafter, city goers returned to Cedarville to announce they'd met you here or there, and expressed varying opinions about your welfare.

"And then, after a while, I got a crazy idea that I wanted to see you myself. I had to see you. So I came to the city and was lucky enough to get a job almost at once. And then I looked you up and, Sally, I guess you'll never know how thrilled I was when you seemed actually glad to see me. And when you told me how Rus had lost all his money and you had separated, I hated him. You were unhappy, and I determined to do everything I could to change that.

"We saw a lot of each other Sally. And for a time it was glorious, for me like the realization of a dream. I didn't mind how you took advantage of my regard for you. I was glad enough to be kicked around and bullied, and laughed at because I'd never entirely got over my awkwardness. Like a willing, good-natured dog I was, faithful and patient."

Sally looked at him and there was a mist in her eyes. "It's true, Adam. Every word of it's true. But all that's changed now. It's all behind us. I've come to realize how much of a man you are, how much you mean to me. O, Adam, I do love you—more than anything."

Adam nodded. "I suppose you do. I'm convinced you do, or I wouldn't have gone to the bother of telling you the story of the dog that ran after the train. You see, when the dog caught the train, after chasing it for three or four days, he was terribly disappointed, and went home, promising himself never to do anything so foolish again."

The girl stood as one transfixed, staring wide-eyed and frightened seeing her dreams and hopes tumbling about her head. Adam had reached the door before she found her voice. She cried out once, plaintively, pitifully, reaching forth her hands. But the door opened and Adam went out.

Something Soft

First Mechanic—Which do you prefer, leather or fabric upholstery?

Second Mechanic—I like fabrics. Leather is too hard to wipe your hand on.—Chelsea Record.

A Fraud

Mike was going to London for the first time, and his friend Pat was giving him a few hints on what to do and where to go.

"Be careful about the Zoo, Mike," advised Pat. "You'll see foine animals if you follow the words 'To the Lions' or 'To the Elephants', but take no notice of the sign which says 'To the Exit'. It's a fraud, and it was outside I found myself when I went to look at it."

First Office Boy—The boss called me into consultation today.

Second Office Boy—G'wan!

First Office Boy — The boss had a dispute with the general manager as to who was leading the league just now in batting.

All Star VALUES

Fresh, Christie's FIG BARS 2 lbs. 29c
Crisp, Ginger SNAPS lb. 9c
Sugar (Coated) Kist PEANUTS lb. 15c
Chase and Sanborn's Dated COFFEE 1-lb. bag 36c
Burford Ontario PEACHES 2 No. 2 tins 25c
Kellogg's Corn FLAKES 3 pkgs. 23c
Serve Iced in Hot Weather VI-TONE 12-oz. tin 47c
McLaren's Queen OLIVES 3-oz. jar 10c
Cataract DRY Ginger ALE DEPOSIT EXTRA lg. btl. 12c
Guaranteed Glass Fruit JARS dozen 99c
Sealtite Rubber Jar RINGS dozen 5c
Prince Rupert Pink SALMON 1-lb. tin 10c
Kraft Miracle Whip DRESSING 8½-oz. jar 19c
Heinz Cider, Malt or Spirit VINEGAR 2 16½-oz. btls. 25c
Victory Sweet Mixed Pickles or RELISH 27-oz. jar 23c
Happy Vale Tomato CATCHUP 11½-oz. btl. 10c
Velveeta or Old English CHEESE 2 ½-lb. pkgs. 33c
Picnic HERRING 15-oz. tin 9c
Our Ham BOLOGNA lb. 14c
Our Sliced Side BACON 1-lb. pkg. 26c
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Sifto, Plain or Iodized, Shaker SALT 3 pkgs. 10c

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Sweet — Juicy — Nice Size
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