THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Seventy-First Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 25th, 1937. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. E. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
Effective April 25th
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	6.10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.09 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	3.24 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	12.50 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	6.52 p.m.

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MILTON

George E. Elliott is acting Crown Attorney during the absence of Crown Attorney W. I. Dick, K.C., who, with Mrs. Dick is holidaying in the Haliburton district.

Mrs. Bartleman, wife of Mayor Bartleman, of Timmins, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hemstreet.

Miss Ruth MacNabb, who underwent an operation for appendicitis in Guelph General Hospital on Wednesday of last week, is, we are pleased to say, doing nicely. Her many friends hope she will have a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Fleming and children, of Forest, are spending their vacation at the home of her mother, Mrs. R. M. Brown.

Postmaster and Mrs. Russell M. Clements and daughter, Miss Eleanor, are spending their vacation at Honey Harbor, on Georgian Bay.

At the regular meeting of the town council on Tuesday evening, Milton's tax rate for 1937 was struck at 39.5 mills. Taxes for the town are due in three equal instalments—Sept. 15, Oct. 20, and Nov. 24. A system introduced last year whereby any person paying the entire taxes for the year by Sept. 30, will be allowed a 2 per cent. discount, provided all arrears are paid, will be continued this year in view of the success last year. Adam Sproat was appointed tax collector at a salary of $100.—Champion.

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Canada's Favourite Tea
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THE PERFECT GUM
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Only a few Dollars a Month for these exceptional ROOFING VALUES
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Get the finest roofing money can buy on easy payments, spread over three years. Tite-Lap and Rib Roll roofings are durable, handsome in appearance, fire-proof; even lightning-proof if erected according to the Lightning Rod Act. Buy from a company that has served you honestly for years — whose products set the pace — Eastern Steel Products Limited.
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STATITE
A drive-screw nail, developed by the Frontenac Lake Steel Mill. Tubes has thousands much force to drive it out of a sheathing board as a standard barbed roofing nail.
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Write for literature on the famous Jameway Poultry Equipment. Complete line of incubators, brooder stoves, poultry houses, equipment for all kinds. Specialists in ventilation and housing for poultry.
The Prestan Fertilizer attached to your seed drill enables you to beat fertilizer with your fall wheat.
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DOWN GO FOOD Prices

Bright's or Coronation TOMATOES No. 2½ tin 10c
Aylmer Tomato JUICE 4 10½-oz. tins 19c
Maple Leaf Pure LARD 2 1-lb. pkgs. 29c
Lipton's TEA Red Pkg. ¼-lb. 29c
MAKE SALAD DRESSING IN 2 MINUTES with EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MILK 15 oz. TIN 19c
Shiels FLOOR WAX 1-lb. tin 23c
Kkovah Custard POWDER 16-oz. tin 23c
Liberty Red CHERRIES 3-oz. btl. 9c
Chocolate Flavored TODDY 1-lb. tin 39c
Fraser Boneless CHICKEN 6½-oz. tin 25c
CANADA CORN STARCH 2 pkgs. 19c
CHALLENGE CORN STARCH
Fresh Cocoanut Mallow FINGERS 2 lbs. 25c
Zinc JAR RINGS doz. 19c
McLaren's or Kkovah Jelly Maker pkgs. 14c
Whole Mixed Pickling SPICE lb. 18c
Chipso Soap FLAKES pkg. 10c, 19c
Comfort or GOLD SOAP 5 bars 19c
St. Croix Soap CASTILE 4 cakes 10c
To Polish Shoes NUGGET tin 10c
At last! Catelli's COOKED MACARONI With Cheese 16-oz. tin 10c
Catelli's Cooked SPAGHETTI 34-oz. tin 17c
Stick CINNAMON pkg. 5c
Celery SEED 3 oz. 10c
Ground GINGER 2 oz. 5c
Pure Soap SUNLIGHT 3 bars 16c
CARROLL'S LIMITED
Main Street Georgetown - Free Delivery - Phone 357

FRIENDLY HOUSES

I love a little friendly house,
That nestles in the trees,
Where tall and stately hollyhocks
Nod with every breeze.

A little house where windows clean
Are sashed with blue.
They seem to beckon gaily,
And say, "Come in, won't you

And if some day you did go in
I'm very sure you'll find,
Within that little friendly house
Some one sweet and kind.

And perhaps if you are weary,
Because the road was long,
That someone in the little house
Would cheer you with a song.

It takes a world of love and faith
To build these homes so dear;
I'm certain in the building
That God was Very near.

—Doris C. Craine.

BOOKS

O kindly books! Like true and tried friends;
What blessed cheer your presence lends.
Whene'er we spend a pleasant hour with you
We find renewed delight and treasure new,
Dear, friendly books.

SPECIAL LOW FARES FOR AUTUMN TOURISTS

In response to many inquiries respecting low fare fall excursions by Canadian railways from Eastern to Western Canada, C. P. Riddell, Chairman, Canadian Passenger Association, announces that such excursions will be operated between September 18 and October 2.

Fares will apply from territory including the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, and points in Ontario, such as Windsor, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Sudbury, Capreol, Cochrane, and East to Port Arthur, Armstrong and all points West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast. Railway tickets will be good going anytime between September 18 and October 2, inclusive, and provide for a generous time limit for the return movement of 45 days from date of purchase.

Generous optional routings permit of a boat trip through the Great Lakes as part of the journey, with also the alternative of travelling via Chicago or Sault Ste. Marie. Stopovers within the limit of ticket will be allowed at Port Arthur, Armstrong and West, also at Chicago, Ill., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and West.

Different classes of accommodation will be provided for these excursions, passage good in coaches only at approximately one cent per mile, or in tourist sleeping cars at approximately one and one half cents per mile, and in standard sleeping or parlor cars at approximately one and one half cents per mile, plus regular charge for sleeping or parlor car accommodation.

Incidentally, there will also be similar excursions from West to East during this period stated Mr. Riddell.

"I hear your sixth baby arrived yesterday. What are you going to call it?"
"Quits."

— AND SUDDEN DEATH

By J. C. Furnas

(Ed. Note—Like the grisesome spectacle of a bad automobile accident itself, the realistic details of this article—which first appeared in Reader's Digest—will nauseate some people. Those who find themselves thus affected at the outset are cautioned against reading the article in its entirety, since there is no letdown in the author's outspoken treatment of skidding facts.)

Punishing the total of Ontario's motoring injuries—more than 10,000 last year and over 500 killed; and at the rate we're going we should hit the 600-mark this year—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer to home. A passing look at a bad smash or the knowledge that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver (but a born fool) slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and sustained realization that every time you step on the accelerator, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every day, everywhere in Ontario. If you really felt THAT, perhaps the paragraph in Monday's paper recording that a total of 15 citizens of this province were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising magistrate now and then sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city hospital or morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include slow-motion picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her chin.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in Ontario would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a motorcycle patrolman of my acquaintance stopped a big red limousine for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the highway officer and asked if the red car had got a ticket. "No," said the officer, "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist, "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was folded up like an accordian—the color was about all that was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to get to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare to paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gas with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worthwhile. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just like a cut is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a small bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or side-swipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against the imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you only have the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Continental Limited at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming knives and spikes and glass in the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have lived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterwards. But death was there just the same—in fact only evoking his privilege of being erratic.

This spring a wrecking crew picked the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of a son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. Also into two bones hornily twisted—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body that has its whole face battered in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic. This sudden vision of broad straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in the one are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A highway patrolman described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to — the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip.

A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 564 corpses chalked up in Ontario last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in the back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sidewise twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet — contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with

(Continued on Page 2)

CANADA YEAR BOOK

The publication of the 1937 edition of the Canada Year Book, published by authorization of the Hon. W. D. Euler, Minister of Trade and Commerce, is announced by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The Canada Year Book is the official statistical annual of the country and contains a thoroughly up-to-date account of the natural resources of the Dominion and their development, the history of the country, its institutions, its demography, the different branches of production, trade, transportation, finance, education, etc.—in brief, a comprehensive study within the limits of a single volume of the social and economic condition of the Dominion. This new edition has been thoroughly revised throughout and includes in all its chapters the latest information available up to the date of going to press.

The 1937 Canada Year Book extends over 1,100 pages, dealing with all phases of the national life and more especially with those susceptible of statistical measurement. A statistical summary of the progress of Canada is included in the introductory matter. This gives a picture in figures of the remarkable progress which the country has made since the first census of the Dominion was taken in 1871, sixty-six years ago.

Attention may be called to some of the more important features of the present volume.

Chapter I, treating of the physiography of the country, has been almost entirely re-written and a special section on Economic Geology, prepared by F. J. Alcock, Ph.D., Mines and Geology Branch, Department of Mines and Resources, is included. The regular section on Geology, which will be revised in the near future, has been omitted this year. A special article, "Plutons of Canada," prepared for the Year Book by R. M. Anderson, Ph. D., Chief of the Division of Biology of the National Museum of Canada, appears at pages 29 to 52. The results of the Quinquennial Census of 1936 are included with the treatment of Population in Chapter V, and a special section on "Occupations of the Canadian People" rounds out the treatment of data from the 1931 Census which appeared mainly in the 1934-35 Year Book but was supplemented by later material in the 1936 Year Book. Agricultural statistics of the Quinquennial Census are given in Chapter VIII—Agriculture — which also includes a short article on "Agricultural Progress in Canada and the Dominion Experimental Farms System."

Re-organization of the work of several Departments of the Dominion Civil Service in 1936, under the new Departments of Transport and of Mines and Resources, has provided an opportunity to revise and recast the statistics concerned with these phases of administration. The necessity for maintaining statistical continuity with the past makes difficult such wholesale recasting. In the present instance statistical series have, in certain cases, been definitely broken and a new departure was unavoidable, but, as far as possible, continuity has been maintained in the changes that have been made. Chapter XVIII—Transportation and Communications—for instance, has been entirely recast and it is felt that the treatment now gives a clearer picture of the relationships of the different services involved. A section on "The Press" is included at the close of the chapter.

In the Public Finance Chapter, an attempt has been made on pp.811-817, to give, in condensed tabular form, a summary of the Dominion Government Tax System as of July, 1936. The important section on Subsidies and Loans to the Provinces, has also been expanded.

The operations of the Bank of Canada are now established in the financial system of the country and it has therefore been considered advisable this year to recast Chapter XXVII—Currency and Banking. Adjustments will, no doubt, be necessary from time to time but it is felt that the main features of the new outline will serve for some time to come. A special article on "The Bank of Canada and its Relationship to the Canadian Financial System" appears at pages 831 to 835. This should contribute to a clear understanding of the position and functions of the Bank on the part of the general public.

A list of special articles appearing in past editions from the year 1918 to 1935 will be found at page vi immediately preceding the map of Canada.

The accession of King George VI to the Throne and the Coronation of the new King on May 12 are marked by the reproduction as frontispiece of an official photograph of the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, by official portraits of King George and Queen Elizabeth, and an excerpt from His Majesty's address to his people, delivered after the Coronation on May 12, 1937.

Persons requiring the Year Book may obtain it from the King's Printer, Ottawa, as long as the supply lasts, at the price of $1.50, which covers merely the cost of paper, printing and binding. By a special concession, a limited number of paper-bound copies have been set aside for ministers of religion, bona fide students and school teachers, who may obtain copies at the nominal price of 50 cents each.

It Pays to Advertise

By H. IRVING KING
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

"BET you anything you like you don't dare to do it," said Albert Richards.

"Lay you a hundred that I do," responded Henry Abbot. They had been discussing an "ad" in the "personal column" of the evening paper stating that a "young widow, aged, thirty-five, desired the acquaintance of young man, with a view to matrimony. Widow had twenty thousand dollars of her own. Call at 35 West Twenty-something Street, 8 to 9 p.m. Strictly business—no triflers."

At five minutes past eight Albert rang the doorbell of a brown-stone house in the street named in the "ad." Next door to it on one side was an office building apparently housing a multitude of small businesses. On the other side of the brown-stone mansion another office building was in process of erection. This seemed to be the only dwelling house on that side of the street for half a block, so Albert was sure he had made no mistake.

The door was opened by a trim maid. "I—er—came with regard to the advertisement," hesitated Albert, rather taken aback by the general appearance of the interior which the opening of the door disclosed—it was so conventional, so everything but what one would expect in a house where a woman was waiting who had advertised for a husband. "What name, shall I say?" inquired the maid. Albert's hand moved toward his card case, but he remembered himself and replied: "Mr. Smith—John Smith."

Presently there appeared an exceedingly pretty young woman, who, if she was thirty-five, looked at least five years younger.

"You came about the advertisement, Mr.—er—Smith?" she said in a calm, melodious voice which absolutely thrilled the adventurous young man.

"Yes, Mrs.—er—?"

"Camwell," said she, regarding him with a rather curious look.

"I read your advertisement Mrs. Camwell," went on Albert, "and am of the opinion that we might—er—come to some agreement."

"I sincerely hope we may," replied the lady. "I have had trouble enough over the matter. Just what have you to propose?"

"Why," replied Albert, slightly flushing, "as to the twenty thousand dollars—I, of course—" He was becoming so "flustrated" under the young lady's steady gaze that he was hardly conscious of what he was saying.

"Twenty thousand!" exclaimed the lady. "Oh, it will run up to much more than that."

"More than that," thought Albert, "and such a woman—and she advertises for a husband! What skeleton is lurking in the background to cause such an anomaly?"

"Now if you really mean to take the contract," she resumed. "I want you to know all about the matter. I have had so much trouble—and by the way—why do you call me 'madam' and 'Mrs.?' I am Miss Elizabeth Camwell. And now with regard to the contract for completing the building next door."

Albert's head was in a whirl. "I guess I have made a mistake," he spluttered. "Got the wrong advertisement—or the wrong house—or something."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the lady sternly, "that you did not come about my advertisement for a contractor to complete my unfinished building?"

Albert got his wits together. "Why, yes, of course I did," he replied. "I am Mr. Richards"

"The maid said Smith," interrupted Miss Camwell.

"She made a mistake," returned Albert decidedly. "She misunderstood me. I represent the firm of Bedlow & Forrest. If you will kindly give me an outline of the situation I will have one of our men examine the work already done and give you an estimate." Albert had suddenly remembered that his maternal uncle was Bedlow of the firm of Bedlow & Forrest, builders and contractors. Here was a chance to throw business in his uncle's way and, at the same time, to improve his acquaintance with the charming Miss Camwell, who, he soon discovered, was an orphan with no near relatives.

They talked for nearly an hour, not only of the building business, concerning which Albert did his best to conceal his ignorance, but of many other agreeable things. As he was leaving Miss Camwell said: "By the way, with regard to that advertisement—are you sure you got the right house?"

"Absolutely," replied Albert.

"Because," said she with a curious twinkle in her eye, "I also read the papers—and there is a matrimonial agency in that office building next door. Good-night; let me hear from you soon again with regard to the contract." She did hear from him—again soon—and, to make a long story short, Bedlow & Forrest got the contract—and Albert got the girl.

Did His Best

"You say Jake takes everything literally?"

"Yes, he was invited to a housewarming party and he took along some kindling and a box of matches."

The pretty girl sat in the corner of the compartment next to her sweetheart, her little niece on her knee. The train dashed into a tunnel, and suddenly the other passengers heard the little girl exclaim: "Kiss me, too, Auntie Violet."

"Mavis," said Aunt Violet, quickly, "you should say, 'Kiss me twice.' 'Kiss me two' is not good grammar."

POTATOES Home Grown Good Cookers—Nice and Large 19c pk.
PEACHES 3 lbs. 25c Delicious for Slicing
Apples Lovely cookers—Duchess 6 lb. 15c
Tomatoes Slicing Quality 4 lb. for 10c
Bananas Firm Ripe Nice Size Golden Yellow 21c doz.
Celery, Lettuce, Pickling Onions and Fruits etc.
CARROLL'S LIMITED