

**The Georgetown Herald**

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**J. M. MOORE, Publisher**  
Phone 3 Georgetown

**ARMISTICE DAY**  
A MESSAGE TO YOUTH  
by Dr. John M. McEachern, M.D., Winnipeg

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, we will honour our friends who died a score of years ago.

We who are older have watched many of them die. On the Somme, in 1916, where Piper Richardson won his V. C., I saw half my regiment dead and dying on the enemy wire. Two officers and 90 men were able to walk out of that engagement. I was one of them.

Late in the autumn of 1918, in support of earlier attacks, we crossed the swelling hills of Cambrai. The green slope was covered with khaki shapes. Row upon row of clean-cut Canadian boys, their officers lying in front behind the clear French sky. At the top of the hill was a lone enemy machine gun. Its crew were dead and chained to the gun.

In our profession we see much of death. We learn to respect those who know how to die.

We remember well the words of Webster: "One may live as a conqueror, a king or a majesty, but he must die a man." These men whom we honour each anniversary of Armistice Day lived and died as men—60,000 of their comrades also met death and passed on.

These are our dead but what of the living? Many bear grievous wounds. Every second man in the Canadian Expeditionary Force became a casualty. At the present time 2,500 of these soldiers lie in military hospitals, many crippled beyond repair; 10,000 are destitute and on relief. Only about 300,000 are still alive. What of these men?

Twenty years ago their average age was twenty-five. Now they are grizzled and grey. Thousands upon thousands of them you seldom see and never hear. They are working, struggling to make ends meet, educating their children. No winning here, no asking for hand-outs. They only ask to be left in peace to make a living. These men hate war, they know its horrors and its pain. They are a great silent influence for peace. A far better influence than the hysterical vapourings of the pacifists.

There are those who say that these men died in vain. That we were fool to go to war. They scorn the sacrifices of our people who supported us at home. Were these men all fools? Were they fools to try and save your personal freedom from destruction? Had the enemy been victorious all the world would have been under the heel of a brutal Prussianism, and you would have been regimented and disciplined as the German youth of today was.

Slavery still exists to-day in European countries, but there is none under the British flag. The peoples whom we fought, and others, live in bondage as before, but our people still are free. The mice, both red and white, who gnaw at the vitals of our freedom to-day, sharpened their teeth in countries who have never known freedom as you know it.

We are not ashamed to guard this heritage of liberty, the liberty of man's personal rights. We do not ridicule these men who fought to save it for us, and succeed at such cost. We respect our dead and the reason for their dying.

In the words of Pericles: "The whole earth is the sepulchre of heroes; monuments may rise and tablets be set up to them in their own land, but on far-off shores there is an abiding memorial that no pen or chisel has traced; it is engraved on stone or brass, but on the living heads of humanity. Take on these men for your example. Like them, remember that prosperity can only be for the free—that freedom is for those who have the courage to defend it."

**TOURIST TRADE IN CANADA APPROACHES HIGH MARK OF 1929**

That visitors are very much impressed with the wonderful territory Canada offers for tourist travel is indicated by the fact that during the past season tourists spent approximately \$300,000,000 in Canada for goods and services, indicating an increase of fifteen per cent over last year according to C. K. Howard, Manager, Tourist and Convention Bureau of the Canadian National Railways. This figure nearly approaches the high mark of 1929 when tourists spent \$300,000,000 in the Dominion.

"While this tourist trade is encouraging it but reveals the immense potentialities yet to be developed along this line in Canada and should make every citizen interested in supporting the work that is being done by Federal and Provincial Governments, civic organizations, transportation companies, tourist bureaus," stated Mr. Howard.

Indicative of the work that is being done by provincial governments for attracting tourists, it is pointed out that continuous highway improvement is being made in Ontario, while Quebec has a splendid highway encircling the Gaspé Peninsula and plans are under way to improve highways in other areas. Nova Scotia will have all main highways hard-surfaced by next year and New Brunswick is doing good work in this direction, while Prince Edward Island is also improving the roads.

The increase in tourist traffic during the past season indicates a greater spending capacity on the part of visitors, and Mr. Howard points out that every phase of industry is affected by this influx of tourists, transportation companies, hotels, restaurants, manufacturers, retail stores, agriculture and many others benefitting from our tourist trade.

"The tourist dollar is spread over a larger proportion of our population than any other dollar and it is essential that we maintain or improve our position in this highly competitive industry by accentuating our appeal to our friends in other countries who not only desire, but must be encouraged, to visit us."

"There is still a great deal to be accomplished in making every citizen of Canada a tourist, so that they will support in every way possible the work of those charged with the responsibility of the developing, exciting and directing of visitors to the many pleasurable areas Canada has to offer," concluded Mr. Howard.

**APARTMENTS IN SWEDEN FEAT- URE SUNNY BALCONIES**

Modern Field for Workers Have Sunshine Rooms for All Weathers—Gaily Flavored

One of the enchanting things the visitor to Stockholm first notices, is the typical Swedish balcony, gaily flowered and furnished for living. Blocks of modern flats for workers in the heart of the city and small houses in the surrounding garden villages all have sun-facing balconies, planned for comfort and privacy. Their flowing planes, painted pure white, have a look of seagulls' wings. Bright sun-blinds and flower boxes shade against the white. Most of the sun-blinds are hood-shaped with scalloped borders, and different bright colours are used for neighboring blocks of flats. The contrast of turquoise, cherry, peacock and apple green gives a light-hearted sparkle to the buildings.

The flower boxes are charming, too. You see a baroque design of petunias, marigolds, fuchsias, scarlet geraniums laced with white petunias and pots of those curiously decorative Victorian flowers—gloxinas and plump coral-red begonias. Cacti gardens are cherished in the sun-trap extensions to the living rooms, which are a feature of the small houses.

Sun-rooms and built-out balconies alike are most sensibly furnished for living, so that the owners can have their fill of sunshine and fresh air on the days. And how many days there are in the year when one can sit out in comfort in a well-planned sun-trap. Meals are taken in the Swedish homes in these sun-trap rooms, or on the balcony in summer. A very light round table of birch, and chairs to match, are the favorite furnishings. The lady of the house has her sewing corner in the sun, complete with sewing machine, low-slung modern chair, and elbow-high table.

**Nothing Ever Happens**  
By THAYER WALDO

LANG sat in a rocker by the inn's open door, looking out. Beyond the verdant lawn and the winding dirt road in front was an orchard of pear trees in full blossom. From somewhere not far off, came a bull-frog's solemn burble. A sense of surprising contentment possessed Lang. Perhaps this location trip, he reflected, wouldn't be so bad after all. Something about this little Oregon village with its serene quiet and its fertile open spaces got under your skin.

He roused from his half-reverie at the sound of a woman's voice, and glanced around. By the desk stood Sally Conrad, leading lady of the company. Zenith Productions had sent up here to do the outdoor-scenes of Lang's script, "Yesterday's Harvest." Attractively fresh looking in a gay sports costume, she was speaking with old Mr. Harvey, the inn's proprietor.

In a moment the girl turned away and went up the broad staircase. At its top another figure passed her, coming down, and Lang recognized Louis Garrison. The publicity man came forward, looking sour, and dropped into an adjacent chair.

"Of all the screwy outfits I ever saw," he growled slyly, "this comic opera barnyard is tops. Wonder if sending us up here was somebody's idea of a gag? First I'm serenaded by a lousy bunch of cows at about five bells; then all I can get for breakfast is dairymaid's grub; and finally, the guy who brings it is the old duck's son—"

nodding toward the desk, "—and he spends half an hour jabbering about some cockeyed invention of his. What a morning!"

A nudge from Lang stopped him as Jim Harvey ran briskly up the veranda steps and entered the lobby. A tall lad, healthily good-looking, he was dressed in a tweed suit and tan felt hat. With a pleasant greeting, he passed the two men and went swiftly toward his father at the desk. After an inaudible word or two there, he continued on, disappearing through the rear door.

Lang grinned. "It's a shame, Louis," he said, "to thrust a hot-house bloom like you among such rough folk. By the way, how did this spot happen to get picked, anyway? They don't usually travel so far without a big reason."

"Why, sure, I thought you knew what it was on this. Sally Conrad came from somewhere around here and hasn't been back since she made the grade in pictures. So when she lands this lead, she persuades Fiberg to send her up on location. Probably wants to put on the blitz for the old home gang. Well, looks like she'd have plenty of chance. Newsom says no shooting before tomorrow afternoon."

Suddenly a movement caught Lang's eye. Down the driveway that curved wide from the inn, a sedan was slowly and quietly coasting. But as it reached the road a puff of smoke from its exhaust spoke life. Just a glimpse Lang had through its side window of the two heads within; then, gathering speed, it zoomed away northward.

With a noisy yawn, Garrison stretched and stood up, saying: "Gosh, this is too dead for me. Nothing'll happen around here in a month. Guess I'll toddle upstairs and take a nap. See you later."

Lang waited a moment after he had gone, then rose and strolled to the desk. Old Mr. Harvey looked up cheerily.

"I wonder," said Lang, "if I might use your car for a little while."

The proprietor frowned and gave an apologetic little cough.

"Why—ah—y'see," he began, but stopped at sight of the twinkle in Lang's eye.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

Lang chuckled. "I saw them leave ten minutes ago. Besides, I sort of had a hunch when I heard Sally used to live up here. Couldn't imagine she'd come back without some pretty good purpose, and Jimmie looked nice enough to be it."

Completely won over, the old man beamed. Leaning forward, he said confidentially:

"You're right. They're gon' up to Portland and get married. Y'see, they bent company for close on three years 'fore Sally went away. And now my boy's got this automatic business he invented, he was p'ny down, Hollywood anyways. So Sally says they might as well get hitched first."

He glanced toward the stairs, back at Lang, and added:

"But 'gosh sakes please don't tell that other fellow—not yet. We tried to fix it so's they could sneak off without anyone knowin', specially him. Sally said he'd put it in all th' papers 'fore they could even have a honeymoon."

"Oh, I'll keep the secret, all right," Lang assured him. Then, puzzledly:

"But what stumps me is how they did it at all. I saw Sally go upstairs and she didn't come down again."

The smile of Mr. Harvey, Sr., had a definitely sly touch.

"That," he said, "is where we figured to fool the feller sure. He talks so all-fired much 'bout what a huck place this is, we knew he'd never guess it might be cliffed enough to have a fire escape."

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

**C.N.R. Time Table**  
(Effective Sept. 26th (Standard Time))

**Going East**

Passenger	7:10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:08 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9:17 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only	7:31 p.m.

**Going West**

Passenger and Mail	8:34 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:52 p.m.
Passenger	12:25 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11:19 p.m.

**Going North**

Mail and Passenger	8:45 a.m.
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**Going South**

Mail and Passenger	6:52 p.m.
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**REMEMBRANCE DAY**

Remember, how in days gone by,  
The soldiers stamped our streets,  
How please we were to shake the hand,  
Of each recruit we'd meet.

Remember, how we slapped his back,  
And praised him to the sky,  
Applauding loudest when he took  
The oath, "To Do or Die."

Remember, how in later days,  
We saw them organized,  
And march in unity of step,  
How they were idolized.

Remember, their last coming home  
Before they crossed the Seas,  
The tearful partings, sacred vows,  
Remember all of these.

Remember, the heart-rending wait  
To see how they'd compare,  
These raw recruits from Canada,  
With old soldiers over there.

Remember, how all through the War  
They rated with the best,  
As shock troops on the Western  
front,  
They stood the Acid Test.

Remember, though, 'twas not for  
Greed  
Or lust of Power they fought,  
But for Principles and Freedom,  
How dearly Peace was bought.

Remember, Peace, how sacred  
To the ideal of those Dead,  
They gave their all, to gain it,  
That we might no future dread.

Remember, too, those angles  
Of the Red Cross, how they worked,  
Their sacrifice was just as great,  
No duty had they shirked.

Remember now, on Armistice,  
With head bowed in respect,  
No former oaths, or sacred vows,  
To those, now dead, neglect.

Remember, there is work to do,  
And to do with will,  
Our hospitals still hold those blind,  
And maimed and helpless still.

But last of all, Remember,  
Hold hard their hard-fought gain,  
Of PEACE ON EARTH, Good-will  
to men,  
For Wars bring naught but Pain.

The Gods of War were beaten,  
Humanity had won,  
Throughout the world, great Peace  
and joy  
To greet the noonday Sun.

The people of all Creeds and Nations,  
Gave thanks on bended knee.

**SOO MEMBER RESIGNS FOR MINISTER**

Hon. Colin A. Campbell, Minister of Public Works, will enter the Legislature, as representative of Sauli Ste. Marie, where the recently-elected Liberal member, R. M. McMeekin, has resigned to allow Mr. Campbell to run. The writ for the bye-election was issued at Queen's Park last week. Nomination day will be Nov. 23rd and voting day, November 30th. It is expected that the Minister of Public Works will receive an acclamation, but no definite announcement on this point has been made by the Conservative Association or the riding Executive.

**THEODORE G. MONTAGUE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE BORDEN COMPANY**

Toronto, November 9: Theodore G. Montague was elected president of The Borden Company at a special meeting of the board of directors in New York today. He succeeds Arthur W. Milburn, who died in Germany, October 11th.

After serving in the flying corps during the war, Mr. Montague went to work as an employee in a Western dairy. With The Borden Company in various capacities since 1928, he was in 1935 made vice president and general manager of fluid milk and ice cream operations. In addition to his new duties as president of the company, he has been elected chairman of the executive and advisory committees.

At the same meeting today, George M. Waugh, Jr. was elected executive vice president. Mr. Waugh, who has been with the company since 1910, will serve in a general executive capacity. Stanley M. Ross was elected to the executive committee. Harold W. Comfort was made vice president to continue in charge of fluid milk operations. Robert V. Jones, also elected vice president, will continue as head of the ice cream division.

**MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK OFFERS \$1,000 IN GOLD TO SHIP UNITED CHURCH CATTLE**

A trusted friend of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, Frank Dickinson, United Church missionary and Professor of Agriculture in the West China Union University, who is in Canada on furlough, has been thrilling Presbyteries, laymen's conferences, young people's societies, and Sunday Schools, with his exciting story of how he increased milk production in China, introduced the first imported and grapefruit, into Szechwan, improved agriculture and poultry relations, and established friendly relations between Chinese people and the work of the missionaries. The West China Union University is supported by five denominations.

In the words of Professor Dickinson: "Canada for the purpose of interesting agriculturists and churchmen in his work in West China. He came to Canada with the avowed purpose of securing helpers, bulls, poultry and seed to take back with him to China. Young people's societies of the United Church in the Maritimes have promised Professor Dickinson that by the end of October they will raise \$1500 toward equipping the model dairy barn in Szechwan. This gift is over and above the young people's societies regular givings to the Missionary and Maintenance Fund of the United Church.

Word has recently been received by Professor Dickinson from Madame Chiang Kai-Shek that she will pay \$1,000 in gold toward the cost of transportation of any cattle and poultry Dr. Dickinson secures in Canada to send to China.

"Unless the church can bring salvation to the hearts and lives of the Chinese people, the Anglo-Saxon world will have a miserable time in the future," Professor Dickinson said in a recent interview. He pointed out that 85 per cent of the population in Szechwan Province, which has 55 millions of people, are agriculturists or related to agriculturists. "Canadian farmers have giant farms compared to the microscopic farms of the Chinese," Professor Dickinson pointed out.

As a result of Professor Dickinson's improving Chinese cattle stock, Chinese cows which previously yielded 14 teacups full of milk a day now yielded 40 to 60 cups a day. Professor Dickinson introduced the first pure-bred Holstein bull in West China in 1924.

Not only has Prof. Dickinson established friendly relationship between the Chinese authorities and the work of the Church in China, but his department has been instrumental in teaching many Chinese ministers in scientific agricultural methods.

**A HUNTING THEY GO**

A marked increase in the number of sportsmen heading for hunting grounds is noted by the Canadian National Railways. The influx of hunters into territory adjacent to their lines in the Laurentian Mountains for deer, black bear and partridge is particularly heavy now that the open season is in full swing. A special booklet is issued by the C.N.R. as a guide for prospective hunters.

"I suppose you know that I have taken up writing as a profession," "Indeed! Sold anything yet? Oh yes! My golf clubs, my overcoat and my radio."

**At the Crossroads**

You to the left, and I to the right,  
For the ways of men sever;  
And it will be for a day and a night,  
And it will be forever!  
But whether we live or whether we die  
(For the end is past our knowing),  
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,  
Be a fair or an ill-wind blowing!  
Here's luck!  
In the teeth of all winds blowing,  
—Bliss Carman and Richard Howey.

**SHOULD MILK BE ADDED BEFORE OR AFTER?**

Until a recent controversy started in English newspapers many tea habits were without explanation. Like many other things English, a thing was "done" or "not done"—and that was that.

For instance, the addition of milk to tea. There have always been two schools, each firm in the belief that milk should be poured into the teacup before the tea—or, that milk should be poured into the tea.

Neither school knew nor cared, or troubled to inquire why it adhered to the favored practice.

Now, a correspondent who favors following the tea with milk offers what seems to be a sound reason. She reasons that when the milk is put in first it is slightly cooled by the hot tea and this may impair the flavor of the beverage. On the other hand, she points out, when the milk is poured last the tea has lost its first heat and the flavor remains unimpaired.

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