

The Georgetown Herald

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher
Phone 5 Georgetown

JUDGE NOT

How prone we are to judge our fellowmen!
"If we were thus and thus," we hear again.
So oft the voice which faintly must criticize
So seldom finds the way to sympathy.
How can we know the travail of the soul,
Which only may be seeking for the goal
For which we all are longing. Happiness.
And on the way has found a deep abyss
Which we but missed by chance. So why should we
Feel so superior? One day we may be caught
In some fearsome toils and be in need
Of understanding. So, to judge a deed
Without the tolerance which love can give.
Will never teach us (truly) how to live.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Take some human nature as you find it—
The commonest variety will do;
Put a little graciousness behind it,
Add a lump of charity—say two.
Squeeze in just a drop of moderation,
Half as much fragility—or less.
Add some very fine consideration,
Strain off all of poverty's distress.
Pour some milk of human kindness in it.
Put in all the happiness you can;
Stir it up with laughter every minute.

Season it with good-will toward every man.
Set it on the fire of heart's affection,
Leave it till the jolly bubbles rise,
Sprinkle it with kisses—for confection.
Sweeten with a look from loving eyes,
Flavor it with children's merry chatter.
Frost it on a holly-garnished platter.
And serve it with the song of Christmas bells.

Pat—What is the idea of 54 B.C. on the mummy?
Mike—Oh, that's the number of the car that knocked him down.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Fifty years ago when the organized fight against tuberculosis started, about 300 persons out of every 100,000 then living, died annually from this disease. Today in Canada only 50 persons are dying of tuberculosis out of every 100,000 and the death rate is steadily declining. If the same number of persons in proportion to population were dying from tuberculosis today as they were 50 years ago, we would have in Canada less than 7,000, a large enough number to be sure, but by comparison it shows that organized work has been successful. In Ontario last year there were 1,327 deaths from tuberculosis, a death rate of less than 3c per 100,000 population, with probably 8,500 or more living victims of this disease within the Province. The medical part is that more than half of those who die or now suffer from this disease are young people in the prime productive period of life. In spite of the greater diagnostic facilities offered by the use of the improved methods employed, it is still true that only 10-15 per cent. of persons afflicted are found to be in the early stages of the disease. This means that far too many tuberculosis cases are still threatening their families and neighbours with infection. To find the means to give them treatment and care, is the one aim of the Toronto and Muskoka Hospitals for Consumptives and the Queen's Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children. Their success depends largely upon the amount received through voluntary contributions, for which an urgent appeal is now made. Will you help this life-saving work by sending a gift to National Tuberculosis Association, 223 College Street, Toronto.



HE WAS a small boy named Tim who had never been more than ten miles from his home in the Ozark hills. His teacher said he couldn't even bound Arkansas, his own state, but what his teacher didn't know was how well he knew the mountain "crick" and the hill slopes circled with green-gold pine trees that bounded his father's tiny farm. He also knew what it took to keep a family of six children and that for as long as he could remember his father's farm had scarcely been able to produce enough to stretch over every need.

It was just before Christmas time that he heard his father tell his mother that if there was to be anything "extra" to give the day its meaning for the children, he'd have to get the ax and hack out a few ties. Her face went white, for she knew what that meant. So often had they been forced to remain on the hacking of a few ties to be sold to the railroad for dire necessities that practically all their timber available for that purpose was gone. And trees don't grow overnight. She could tell by the look on her husband's face that he was taking a desperate and back-breaking chance of finding a few logs tough enough for the commission man to buy.

As she looked out of the window and saw the passing cars of winter "tourists" on the new scenic road the government had built through the hills, she wondered by what magic folks could come to own automobiles and take time off like that to go traveling. But she hadn't many moments to spare on such thoughts, for her husband had returned to say that the ax was gone. Could one of the children have taken it?

The father had borrowed an ax from a willing neighbor but on the day before Christmas he was silent as he unhitched his team in the wagon lot. Christmas tomorrow and he had been forced to bring back the load from town. The commission man had been truly sorry for he did need ties; yet some of these were large enough. He crept up to a window, lost in the sense of failure that made him ashamed to walk to his own door. There an odd sight straightened him. Inside were Tim and his mother joyously trimming a Christmas tree. Tim raced to the door to keep the younger children from bursting gleefully into the room and learning its great secret.

When the father entered the house, no one asked him about the ties. "Dad, dad!" Tim shouted. "Do you know those red berry trees that grow way up the creek? Awful hard to get to but when I found 'em I thought they were so purty I took some to school. The teacher said, 'that's holly' and then I read about holly and learned that folks will pay for it to have it for Christmas. So I gathered a lot of it and made me a holly stand on the new road just hopin' they would. And dad, they did buy it! Stopped their cars and said, 'Why it's holly, who would have thought we'd find it here!' They wanted so much I had to work awful hard getting it, but gee, it was fun! I wanted to surprise mom and you, and now I'll tell you both that I made \$37.32. There's \$30 right now in that bureau drawer left after buying our Christmas. Gee dad, I love this old farm! It's got lots of surprises on it yet. This one ain't the last one."

The father brushed a tear from his eye and kissed his wife. Then he shook hands with Tim. "You're the kind of son a man can be right proud to own," he choked. "But dad, will you forgive me?" the boy suddenly implored. "Why Tim, forgive you what?" the father asked in surprise. "The boy led the way to the kitchen. 'You see dad, I just had to have it!'"

The father pretended to frown as Tim pointed and then he winked. "Well, being as it's just about Christmas for us, as well as the rest of the world, I guess I'll have to overlook it." For there in a far corner of the room stood the ax. It was Tim who had borrowed it.

THEY MADE A TON OF THIS PUDDING

Working in the tiny kitchens of two dining cars, one at Montreal and one at Winnipeg, Canadian National Railway chefs made a ton of plum pudding to be served to travellers this Christmas.

Here is the recipe—an old English one—for a family-size pudding. It will make two and a half pounds, ten generous individual portions.

- Ingredients
- 1 lb. bread crumbs
 - 1 lb. beef suet
 - 7 oz. flour
 - 1 lb. brown sugar
 - 3 oz. mixed peel
 - Pinch salt
 - teaspoon baking soda
 - Grated rind and juice of half a lemon
 - 1 pint milk
 - 3 eggs
 - 1 lb. sultanas
 - 1 lb. raisins
 - 1 lb. currants
 - oz. cinnamon
 - oz. nutmeg
 - oz. allspice
 - 1/2 oz. brandy

Procedure
Mix the dry ingredients together thoroughly, then add the beaten eggs, milk and brandy, and mix all together thoroughly. Grease inside of pudding bowl or covered mould to prevent pudding from sticking. If pudding bowl used, cover bowl with floured gauze tied tightly around bowl to keep moisture away from pudding. Boil pudding for three hours. Heat thoroughly before serving, then unmould on dish. Serve with sprig of holly on top.

Serve with either hard or custard sauce, made as follows:

- Hard Sauce
Ingredients—1 lb. butter, 1 lb. powdered sugar. Procedure—Mix butter and sugar until the mixture becomes snow white; add a few drops of lemon extract. Roll in wax paper, place in refrigerator until hard. Cut in slices. Serve slice on top of plum pudding.
- Custard Sauce
Ingredients—2 Eggs, 1 cup powdered sugar, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons corn starch. Procedure—Beat up eggs, corn starch, sugar together thoroughly; add milk, beat together again. Place in double boiler. Allow mixture to become hot at same time beating it up to prevent it from becoming lumpy. Add few drops vanilla extract. Allow mixture to thicken. Serve hot over pudding.

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The Georgetown Herald

J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table

Effective Sept. 24th (Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	7:10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:20 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:40 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9:17 p.m.
Passenger, Sundays only	7:31 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8:34 a.m.
Passenger	2:34 p.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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TIME TABLE GRAY COACH LINES

COACHES LEAVE GEORGETOWN

Eastbound

a 7:08 a.m.	4:15 p.m.
9:28 a.m.	6:50 p.m.
12:28 p.m.	9:15 p.m.

Westbound (To Kitchener)

x 9:35 a.m.	c 2:55 p.m.	xb 8:50 p.m.
11:20 a.m.	a-4:55 p.m.	d 11:30 p.m.
e 1:55 p.m.	x 6:55 p.m.	e-12:30 a.p.m.

x-Through to London
a-Except Sun. and Hol.; b-Sun. and Hol.; c-Sat.; d-Except Sat. Sun. and Hol.; e-Sat., Sun. and Hol.

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