THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, January 11th, 1933. | $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	12.50 a.m.
Passenger	6.37 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	8.12 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger	9.40 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	9.50 a.m.
Passenger	2.00 p.m.
Passenger	6.46 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	9.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.50 p.m.

ARROW
INCREASED **BUS** SERVICE
Eastern Standard Time
9.15 a.m. (12.50 a.m. Sundays and Holidays only) 12.30 p.m., 3.30 p.m. 6.15 p.m., 12.30 p.m.
Eastbound
7.15 a.m. daily except Sunday. 9.50 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 4.40 p.m. (7.15 Sundays and holidays only) 9.15 p.m. daily.
Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
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LONG'S

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New Way
TO
Buy Coal
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No Extra Delivery Charges In
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Hats Again

But what if I fall of my purpose here!
It is but to keep the nerves at strain;
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall!
And, baffled, get up and begin again.
—Robert Browning.

Christmas Eve

"What are you doing out of bed, Mary?" father called up the stairs.

Pause—then the small voice: "I just got out to tuck myself in, Daddy."

Enjoy This Finer Quality
"SALADA" TEA
"Fresh from the Gardens"

SPECIAL AUTUMN AND WINTER DISPLAY OF
Trimmed Hats
—and—
NOVELTIES
of imported Fancy Linens and Scarfs
FUR COATS
Made to order and Repaired by Reliable Firm
MISSES CLARIDGE
Upstairs Herald Block

Maintaining A Long-Established Position in Canadian Banking

When the Dominion of Canada was established in 1867, the Bank of Montreal, then already half a century old, had nearly a fourth of the total paid-up banking capital of Quebec and Ontario, and more than a fourth of the banking assets of those two provinces.

Today it has the same proportion of the capital and assets of the banking structure of the entire Dominion.

Today, as yesterday, it employs its resources and facilities for the upbuilding of the soundest elements of Canadian business.

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817
TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF $750,000,000
Georgetown Branch: D. WILSON, Manager

Pontiac for 1933 is a Big Straight Eight

PONTIAC SPECIAL SEDAN
Brilliantly styled, and with a new Straight Eight power plant developing 77 horsepower, Pontiac for 1933 has just been announced. The new Eight is in the lower price field. Air-stream body design and Fisher No-Draft Ventilation are interesting features of the latest Pontiac. Above is shown the special sedan model. Lower right, the graceful front end. Left, the striking radiator treatment.

THIS YEAR IS YOUR SHIP

God built and launched this year for you.
Upon the bridge you stand.
It is your ship, aye, your own ship
And you are in command.
Just what the twelve months' trip will do
Rests wholly, solely, Friend, with you!

Your log book, from day to day—
My Friend, what will it show?
Have you on your appointed way
Made progress—yes or no?
The log will tell, like guiding star,
The sort of captain that you are.

For weal or woe, this year is yours.
Your ship is on life's sea.
Your acts, as captain, must decide
Whichever it shall be;
So now in starting on your trip,
Ask God to help you sail your ship.
—George Whitefield Dyer.

CANADA DEPORTS 165 A MONTH

Spurred into action by urgent demands of provincial and municipal authorities who are hard driven by severe economic pressure, the Canadian Government is shipping people out of the Dominion at the rate of 165 monthly. The steady stream of deportees has not been brought about by any particular effort of the government to get rid of people. The growth of unemployment, coupled with gradual shrinkage of activity in certain industries and areas, has left many people adrift without means of support who have not been in Canada long enough to acquire citizenship.

Rolled Down Biography

Professor: "Tell me one or two things about John Milton."

Pupil: "Well, he got married and he wrote 'Paradise Lost.' Then his wife died, and he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"

CHARLES AND FAYA

By Lorene Squire

THE college authorities claimed that the astronomy professor looked the same and had given the same set of lectures for twenty years. The former was not true. In the twenty years the professor's hair had retreated up his forehead until, except for a saving fringe of gray, he was bald. The professor's head had become more bowed, his shoulders more stooped; the look of profound thought in his eyes had deepened; he was in general more dried and old. However, to all appearances he wore the same brown suit and the same pair of gold-rimmed glasses as to his first lecture.

With the years new classes came and drifted forever away, but to the professor they were always the same, merely a hazy crowd before his eyes. Only once did he notice an individual student, and the one—

It was in the beginning of the second term of his first year that Amehlia danced into his class. Amehlia! Some likened her to a butterfly, others to a wind-swept flower. But it was agreed that she was beauty and laughter—eyes of April violets and hair of morning sunlight, and her voice as glad and pure as the bluebird's. The Professor thinked Amehlia, which everyone expected; then, strange to say, she married him.

And it was said the Professor worshipped Amehlia as a golden princess that had come unto his heart. But one day the Professor discovered that never did Amehlia think! He was distressed. Then after some consideration and analyzing he came to the conclusion: what need had she of thought? She had knowledge, knowledge that the Professor could never possess, knowledge that seemed to come as naturally to her as did her beauty. She did not know by analyzing or considering, she merely knew—knew by some intuition—people's hearts, even their souls; she knew when to laugh and when to be pensively silent; she knew far better than the Professor what was right and wrong. She knew in her manner everything in the world, just as the silvered white moon knows the way of the yucca plant. Now this wisdom came to her the Professor could not decide, and yet he gave it up and returned to the lesser problem of the whyfore of Hode's law. But this he did know: the youth and the faith, the laughter and happiness of life must be kept within Amehlia. He determined that her fairy-winged steps must never be made heavy.

And Amehlia laughed and danced and comforted until the tired perplexity disappeared at times from the Professor's eyes and his wisdom budded forth. Now and then his shoulders lifted, and he wondered why all this happiness should have come to him. And people who had shaken their heads at this ill-matched marriage now wondered at the beauty of it.

The years crept on—the Professor at his light spectrum and his sunspots, giving the same dry lectures, Amehlia making their home all happiness and color. There were two children, the first a boy.

"He shall be like his father," Amehlia said, her bright hair cascaded over white pillows. "He shall be of great knowledge and diligence and do great work. Yes, and I shall call him Isaac after that great Newton of yours."

And the Professor was so happy that he could not refrain from giving a lecture on the asteroids, no matter if it was off the line of the course. And he grew so excited and exuberant over them that a young man, for once, failed to go to sleep in his class, and today there is a great mathematician devoting his life to the calculation of asteroid orbits.

And then three years later a girl was born.

"She will resemble you in all ways, dear," said the Professor, tears of happiness misting his glasses. "I gathered a list of possible names today and have decided on Faya. It expresses the feeling of fairy, dear. That is you."

And then the Professor gave a five-minute lecture that was not in any way connected with astronomy and dismissed the class—which now, the university paper commented, lessen doom for the world to come to an end.

At an early age, young Isaac tearfully objected to his name and insisted on being addressed as Charles, his middle one, or better, Charley. Charley had light-brown hair and eyes of deepest blue. "In appearance he resembles his mother," the Professor assented. "But he has my mind."

When Charley brought home his first grade card the Professor was grieved. When Charley brought home his second grade card the Professor was furious.

"Young man," he shouted, "even in primary I led my class. You lead by the foot. The teacher's note says that you demoralize the entire room, that in spite of her efforts you continually laugh and draw pictures and whisper, that you can't even be made to take your work seriously. Now, if next time every grade on this card isn't above passing, you'll get a thrashing that you'll always remember. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Charley tearfully. But five minutes later his gay child's laughter gladdened the passers-by along their street.

By the next grade card all subjects were above passing, barely above. The standard now was set. On into high school Charley's grades were just a scratch on the better side of failure.

"But, Amehlia, dear," said the Professor wistfully, "he probably did not obtain the right start. I know he has the brains. He hasn't applied himself. He'll be a second Darwin; that's it. Why, Darwin was the worst student in his class until he was twenty-one. Yes, Charley is only holding his forces in reserve. He'll be great some day."

"Of course, dearest," said Amehlia.

Now Faya had the same light-brown hair and blue eyes as Charley, but there was something lacking—a lightness in her step. Her laughter did not express gay happiness—merely amusement. Before acting she pondered seriously. Her grades were astonishingly high; the Professor regarded them with indifference.

"How are you getting along in dancing class, Faya?" he inquired.

"The teacher had me quit. She said I couldn't feel the music. But I don't care. I don't like dancing."

For a time the Professor was nonplussed. "It will come later," he decided.

Faya had few friends, and those indifferent ones. Charley won friendship from everyone, everywhere—his ready smile, his interest, his understanding did it. It became an accepted routine that Charley would be out each evening, and that Faya should be immersed for almost as late hours in her books. To all this the Professor was blind. He was writing a textbook on astronomy.

At last Charley graduated on a precarious and shaky scholastic standing.

"You're going to Harvard," said the Professor. "My boy, your playtime is over. I expect you to lead your class."

"In Harvard?"

"Yes. Have you decided what you want to major in—what you want to make of yourself?"

"No, dad."

"What? You haven't though—considered?"

"Yes—a lawyer," said Charley with ready invention.

"I thought—you might take up—some line of science. But no matter."

"A lawyer's the work for me."

And so Charley went to Harvard. The Professor saw him like his mother good-bye—laughter on the lips of both and a hint of tears in their eyes. Charley was straight and bronzed, and Amehlia fragile and fair, yet there was something about them alike. The Professor could not understand. And when Charley was gone Amehlia wept and sobbed for long hours. The Professor, true to his desire to keep her from all sorrow, attempted to comfort.

"Dear, Charles will be the most brilliant student in the law school, and we can be proud of him. Proud!"

But his words seemed only to make matters worse. And when Amehlia lifted her tear-ravaged face he realized that she was growing older—yes, older.

Glowing letters, but few, came from Charles, telling of the school life, the social events, and giving assurance as to unbelievable hours of intense study. The Professor wrote a worried letter begging Charles not to break his health by overwork.

Then one day there came the shocking realization that Faya was wearing glasses and heavy oxfords and leading her class at school.

"Can't you see?" said Amehlia, laughing almost hysterically. "She has your wonderful mind. She told me she wants to be a scientist of some sort—and, dear, can't you understand? She's not filled or doesn't care for pretty clothes or men or dances."

"Yes, I see," said the Professor drearily. "But, Amehlia, I wanted her to be like you. It isn't right to have them both resemble me. And Charles has my mind."

"Of course, dearest," said Amehlia.

Two months drifted on, and as the Professor lectured from his notes (yellowed, students declared, by twenty years of repeated use) he noticed even less the class before him. He saw Charles—the most promising student of the Harvard Law School. His son!

On a November afternoon Amehlia came whitefaced into the Professor's study. She was dressed in pale lavender, her hair, still gold, circling her frightened little face. She handed the Professor a telegram and stood there, her arm across his shoulder.

The Professor methodically adjusted his glasses and read:

"Flunking out of school. Married. Will be home in an hour. Charley."

"It—can't—it can't—" The Professor's head dropped dazed across his arms.

Amehlia bit her pale lips, then tightened them. "Come, dear," she said, "help me get ready. If you sit here and think, it will break your heart."

And so the Professor put on the coffee and set the table for dinner with shaking, clumsy fingers. He could not think. The words of the telegram kept pounding across his mind. Amehlia was silent, her deft little hands bringing charm to each humble room. Outside drizzled the November rain and twilight settled down. Flunked out of school! Married! Married!

At last there was a rush of feet, and the door was opening. A glad voice shouted, "Mother! Dad!"

Amehlia fluttered, a invader bird, to the door. Charles picked his mother up and hugged her close, saying, "Dearest—dearest mother in the world!"

There in the door stood a figure dressed in red—scarlet red. The Professor hated that figure. He carefully set down the plate he was holding to prevent himself from hurling it at her. Then he heard a shriek, "Oh, dear papa!" The scarlet figure hurled herself at him. Heavily painted lips pressed his and stayed there. The Professor felt weak, then nauseated. He pulled himself away. The gray eyes glared through the thick lenses. He said stirly, "Welcome to our home." He had planned to say "my daughter," but he couldn't to this—this painted thing.

He turned to his son and limply held out his hand. "Welcome home, my son," he muttered, his eyes averted.

"Dad," the boy chocked, "dad, I'm so sorry. I—I—"

"Oooooooh!" came from the painted savage. She had flung herself into fragile Amehlia's arms and was sobbing violently, voluminously. Amehlia stroked the short black hair, and said, "There, there, dear; we're so glad to have you home—so glad."

"But I love him! I love him! I do! I do! I do!"

It looked as though the scarlet heaving shoulders would capsize Amehlia. Charles someway pulled his wife away and kissed her lipstick-smeared mouth. "It's all right, honey."

"But they don't want me!" the daughter-in-law howled. Why did you ever m-marry me?"

Then Charles laughed, his laugh vibrant with all the gayety of youth, and sang, "Because I love you."

The rouge-streaked face looked up and smiled. And the Professor realized that romance was there—romance looking through the ruins of a painted sophistication.

"And, dad," said Charles gloriously, after a gallant but useless introduction of his bride, "I have a position promised at Lander's as a salesman to handle the most difficult customers. Financial returns from my personality."

"Dear, Charles could never have been a student," said Amehlia, her violet eyes sparkling with tears. "Can't you realize? Education? Pooh! Books? Never! He studies and knows people. His wisdom is as great as yours, but different. What was it that you said about mine? Well, his is that way.—His wisdom is of understanding and—can't you see?"

"Yes," said the Professor fumbling with the dishes on the table, "I should have known. Yes. He is his mother's son. He has the understanding heart. I am blind and foolish. I should have known. If you don't mind, I'll go to my study. I have a paper that must be finished—"

"Sure, dad," said Charles readily—to readily.

The Professor slowly and with bent head stepped into the brown shadows of his study—his library. But there was warmth here. Before the crackling fire sat Faya, her sturdy head bent over her Vergil.

"I saw and I heard 'em, dad," she said, holding out a firm brown hand, "and I hate her and Charley,—the thankless boy, and lady, too."

"Faya," said the Professor in protest as he sank into the comforts of his great worn chair, "Faya, you don't understand. Charles is right, exactly right, and I am an old fool."

Faya vigorously polished her glasses. "Mother and Charley make me tired. They are so foolish—thoughtless; so feather-brained—oh, shallow is the word—shallow."

"But, dear, what is our knowledge compared with theirs? They have the understanding heart. In their way they know everything in the world. They know kindness and laughter and sorrow and love and faith—they know their fellow men. And we? We study and think, through all our years, with what result?" The Professor leaned forward in excitement. "Merely that we lose all that is great and valuable in life. Merely that we lose life and become as a withering leaf upon a stone. Merely that we become as cold machinery trying with our meagre minds to fathom problems that mock the gods. Just as a clod lacks the spark of life, we lack the greatest thing in creation, Faya—"

"Well?"

"The understanding heart!"

"I get your point, but it's absurd. Why, Father, take the great man of the world—all were cold reasoners and thinkers. None of your understanding-heart people have done any great work. Take now—there was Darwin. There was Newton. There were all the inventors. There was Socrates. There was—"

The Professor's ink-stained hand motioned her to silence. "But there was—our Lord of Nazareth."

"Oh, Him," said Faya and went back into her Vergil.

The fire crackled and the clock ticked back the minutes—out of the void, into eternity,—fifteen, twenty minutes.

At last the Professor spoke. "You should say 'He,' my dear."

CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS

In one of the public schools of Utah the pupils were encouraged to hold an exposition of pets. It was, as you may assume with warrant, the day of the renowned alley cat and the beloved mongrel, as well as of less usual creatures to whom children will give so freely of their patronage, protection and true affection.

Now, this project of the pet exposition was no idle half-holiday, however, though doubtless it possessed more of popular appeal than do geography and fractions. It was educational.

It was educational, so the school authorities were agreed, in that it should be favorable to character development—for long and long ago this wisdom came to light, namely, that to cherish any of the creatures, feral or domestic, and give unselfishly of human friendship, is richly to be requited. Something of the affection that is given by children—yes, and by their elders also—to the creatures we call pets, turns again inward to the giver, who is all unconscious of the gain, and waters his sentiments into greater kindliness and tolerance, so that the world in which he dwells is more companionable and goodly because a pet was kept.

This is sound precept, tested and proved in all the long record of human experience, that in the very highest sense the keeping of pets—not pining captives—is thoroughly educational and conductive to moral growth. Should you doubt this, though but for a fleeting moment, you have only to think of a world so barren of gentle and protective impulse that never a pet would be kept in all its republics and kingdoms. What an impossible, sorry, sordid, and utterly selfish world it would be.

Yonder goes a boy with a dog. Regard the happiness of the dog in the boy who is none friend than master. It was Darwin who said that man himself, who drew the dog snarling, furtive, wary, out of wildness, had imparted culture to his once reluctant ward, and given to the dog's eyes a light and understanding which otherwise never would have kindled therein.

So it was that men taught the dog certain of the lessons man himself has been so slow to learn. But this dog now has that which he shall teach the boy. Nor is it fanciful in the least to predict that, when the boy is grown, his manhood will be the better for the day they went to the autumn woodland together, he and his dog.

CIVIC EMPLOYEES ASKED TO ASSIST NEEDY

Civic servants of Orillia receiving more than $1,000 a year in salaries will be asked to make a voluntary contribution of 15 per cent. of their salaries to the public welfare board for the next four months. This decision was made at the inaugural meeting of the town council on Wednesday night last.

This action followed a heated discussion, as a result of Alderman W. M. Cramp's proposal for a 15 per cent. reduction in salaries of employees receiving more than $1,000 a year, the money saved to assist the ready.

Alderman Thomas McGuire declared council had settled the matter of salary reductions at a committee meeting, and accused Cramp of "breaking faith." Cramp retorted it was those opposing him who were breaking faith.

It was decided to ask for the four-month contribution.

NEW WELLAND CANAL ATTAINS HIGH RECORD

Freight traffic through the Welland Canal set a new high record this year. From the opening of navigation until November 30, a total of 8,368,916 tons of freight moved through the canal, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports. This was an increase of almost a million and a quarter tons over 1931 and nearly a million tons above the 1926 total, the previous high.

This is the first season for the New Welland Canal. It accommodates the largest boats on the lakes, permitting them to sail as far down as the foot of Lake Ontario or even to Prescott, Ont.

The Sault Ste. Marie Canal reports that since the opening of navigation, 30,366,213 tons passed through, compared with 44,231,953 tons in 1931.

Traffic through the St. Lawrence canals until the end of November totalled 6,642,584 tons, an increase of 27,589 tons over 1932. Sgurce.

THE WAY

We seek the way to blot out hideous crime—
Man's inhumanity, in every clime;
If we would smite the monster at its base,
We'll fit the growing child to save the race.

Then let us teach the ones of plastic mind,
Humanness, just the art of being kind
To every creature, and to love them all.
The feathered folk and furred, both great and small.

When they are taught protection of the weak,
God's little folk, the ones that cannot speak,
A love divine within their hearts will spring—
Then human life will be a sacred thing.

News We Do Not Tell

(From an Exchange)

The small town newspaper does not tell you all the news. The Editor would be in hot water continually, if he put into his paper everything he heard. And much that is interesting he leaves out, both for his own comfort and his personal safety. The real things of human interest, the spicy things, the things which to many of his readers would be real news, he is obliged to forego. Frequently he is put in an awkward position, whether to publish things which he hears, or he must keep quiet, like the lawyer who, after failing to get a facetious witness to answer "yes or no" to a certain question, finally said, "Come, my man, answer the question straight yes or no. It is quite easy. Why, if a man is partially honest he can truthfully answer all questions in the affirmative or the negative." This facetious witness then asked the lawyer this puzzler, "Have you stopped beating your wife yet?"

I get the newspaper from a certain town in Ontario. At one time I knew every man, woman and child and knew the life of the community like a book. The other day I met a person from the town and heard the real news, which doesn't get into any of the newspapers.

And have are some of the things I heard:

You know Maggie Parsons, she who married Harry Smith! Well they are not happily married. They have one little boy. He is very jealous of his wife and threatens to divorce her. They do say that she is running around with another man, some fellow who, is a tinsmith working in Brown's hardware.

Abe Aldwick, that old bachelor who has been "going with" Mary Jones for over thirty years, has filled her and taken up with some other woman who works in McGeachie's store. Mary is just breaking her heart over his desertion. It is all Mary's fault, too, for she should have brought him to the point years ago, but as long as his mother was alive he wouldn't get married. And now old Mrs. Aldwick is dead and Abe goes off and gets another sweetie.

And they do say that the Hoxboxes have lost all their money. They had it invested in stocks and got their dividends and they have no income at all. They are talking of closing up the house and going out to Monkville to live with their married daughter. And you know the poor old man is a cripple and can't work any more. It's a very sad case.

And you remember those two old maids that used to come over to our church the Misses Hocksmores! Well they say they have lost all their money and are now on the old age pension. And they were just as proud as Lucifer, too. Now they don't go out at all and have even quit going to church.

And you remember that young fellow, Archie Carmichael that used to go to High School when you were there? They do say he is breaking his father's heart. They bought him a motor car and now he is out with that Carr fellow drinking and running around at all hours of the night. They had him in jail. He got into a terrible accident, ran into another car and nearly killed a woman from Hamilton. It will cost his father a pretty penny before it is all over, even if the woman doesn't die.

And there is an awful lot of talk about the Donaldsons. You know that pretty girl of theirs. Well she has grown to be quite a young lady. Since her mother died last spring she is simply running wild on the streets, out nights going to dances, smokes cigarettes and goes to these douthful parties. Why, one night they brought her home as tight as a lord. She is running around with that young Anderson. And they say he is a very bad character. I used to school with Belle Donaldson, her mother, and I am sure if she could known how her girl is turning out she would rise out of her grave.

Then there is old Mr. Dryasdust that used to live back of us on Smith Street. Well, you know his wife died last winter. Well, they say he has married an old maid, Ann Jane Parsons, out in the township of Aldboro, and his girls are as mad as hatters and say he is an old fool. One of the girls has left home and goes to work for Mrs. Bennett, and the other one has got a job in the shoe factory. And I'm sure he is old enough to be his new wife's father.

And you know Mrs. Jimmy McVicar, the widow. Jimmy died a year ago last summer. Well they say she is "setting her cap" for that new lawyer who has come to town and it looks as though he is going to fall for her. He'll get a tartar if he takes her, for they do say she didn't give Jimmy a dog's life while she had him.

And you remember the Richardsons over on Smith Street, they were retired farmers. Well when they sold their farm for $13,000 five years ago, they only got a thousand down and took a mortgage for the balance $11,000 and they figured they could live off the interest. Well the man on the farm didn't make it go and can't pay them a cent of interest. And he won't get off the farm, either, so the poor Richardsons don't know what to do.

And you remember that Campbell fellow who kept the ice cream parlor and lunch room on Main Street. Well he has "broke down," and hasn't a cent to live on. And they had a big family, and they do say that he is on the relief list, for he can't get a job at anything nowadays.

And all these things and others I heard. And the thought came to me, how much trouble and care and worry there is in the world. How much truth there is in the old saying that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

Florence—"Well, at last I've passed Latin."

Harry—"Honestly?"

Florence—"Don't be so inquisitive."