THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald
J. M. HOOKE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger and Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger	9.37 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.15 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger	8.40 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	9.54 a.m.
Passenger	2.09 p.m.
Passenger	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.

Going North
Mail and Passenger 8.56 a.m.

Going South
Mail and Passenger 6.50 p.m.

ARROW
MOTORLAND **BUS** SERVICE
Eastern Standard Time
9.15 a.m. (10.45 a.m. Sundays and Holidays only) 12.30 p.m. 3.30 p.m. 6.30 p.m. 9.30 p.m.
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So let the way wind up the hill and down,
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still asking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown.
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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Jack Frost—King of Architects

Jack Frost, nature's greatest architect, completed yet another wonderful job, at Banff, on the mainline of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains, this winter, when he designed and built the columns of the Ice-castle of the Carnival Queen. As is easily seen by the picture, the two great pillars are the outstanding features of the palace. They were built by putting into play, one month before the opening of the great event, two vertical streams of water. These, more men got busy and built the connecting wall of gleaming transparent ice-blocks, between the two pillars, and set in front of it the great throne of ice, from which the ceremonies of the Carnival were conducted, in the presence of thousands of spectators from all parts of Canada and the United States. Snow and ice contests of all kinds, winter sports in profusion, including the Alberta Provincial Skating Championships, went to make up the programme, which terminated in the election of Miss Margaret J. Nicol, of Drumheller, Alta., well-known as a tennis and hockey enthusiast, as Carnival Queen for 1933. Her picture is shown inset.

With the red, white and blue barred standard of Siam fluttering above them in the summer sunshine, pipers from all parts of Canada proudly marched and counter-marched in the grounds of the Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alta., during the recent Highland Gathering, which was graced by the presence of T.M. King Prajadhipok and Queen Rambai Barni of Siam and their suite and a large number of distinguished guests. His Majesty, who opened the festival by raising the flag of St. Andrew, was an interesting character in the person of "willie" Campbell, of New Westminster, B.C., who was a piper on the personal staff of H. M. Queen Victoria, when King Chuldalongkorn of Siam paid an official visit to her, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, in 1834. Piper Campbell gave a special performance for King Prajadhipok, at the Banff meeting. A new feature of the Gathering was a competition for representatives of pipe bands of the 17 Canadian Scottish militia regiments, which was won by Piper Hector Macdonald, of Montreal. Dancing and Highland sports rounded out an excellent program, with specially presented Scotch light operas in the evenings. The picture shows the massed pipers, parading under the Siamese flag and finely T. M. the King and Queen of Siam and Piper Campbell.

THE MAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

Have you ever faced a contract
That seemed very hard to do,
And the more you thought about it
The more difficult it grew?

At first you thought, "It might be done,"
But yet you were in doubt,
You didn't start to work, but tried
To figure it all out.

At last you said, "It can't be done,
I know I'd never do it,
And if another ever tries
I know that he will rue it."

Another man looks at the job
And says, 'Boys, I can do it;
I'll start right now and dig right in,
And very soon wade through it."

He doesn't have a thought about
How hard it is to do,
Or worry about troubles
He may meet before he's through.

He starts to work in earnest
And does the best that's in him;
He conquers every obstacle
That seems to be again him.

And soon the job is finished
By this winning type of man.
For the biggest jobs in life are done
Buy those who think they can.

J. E. Ferguson.

THRIVE ON A LONELY ISLE

Some time ago the Royal Naval Hospital of Cape Colony made a survey on the island of Tristan da Cunha.

The inhabitants of this island are descendants of castaways from the sea. The British Government seized this island in the War of 1812 and since that time the few inhabitants of the island have lived very largely by fishing, raising wheat and a few animals. They have no laws, but the survey shows that they are moral and temperate. They appeared to the investigators to be extremely hospitable, industrious and healthy.

According to the investigating dentist and surgeon from the Royal Naval Hospital all but 16 of the 148 inhabitants had teeth entirely free of decay although the ages ranged up to 82. No disease was found among these people whose diet consisted of potatoes, milk, fish and eggs. They raised sheep but kept them for clothing and rarely used them for meat except on holidays. They had a custom of eating only one article of food at a meal and this custom was apparently producing good results.

According to the investigators one meal would consist entirely of potatoes, another of fish and another of eggs, but whether such an unconventional diet is advantageous is quite problematical.

A Toast

Here's to the man who plans things
Builds things—makes things;
Who prates not of wonders of old,
Nor gloats over ancestral gold,
But takes off his coat and takes hold
And does things!

SUNSHINE CURE IN THE PARK

By Dorothy Douglas

THE day was delightfully sunny and the park was looking unusually cheerful in its colors; but Wyndham was distinctly disgruntled with parks, whether lovely or otherwise.

If that infernal lamp standard hadn't been in its proper place on the sidewalk Wyndham's car would not have swerved into it and succeeded in breaking his leg.

The doctor had insisted on at least another fortnight of "keeping out in the open" before getting back to business. Wyndham fretted like a colt in harness. He wanted to get back to a man's job.

Mais, his joyous terrier, however, was having the time of his life. Every day for the past few weeks he and his master had had a romp. Mais liked nothing better than to race to the park and frighten all the birds into instant flight.

At present he was in the seventh heaven, having roused a score or more of squabbling gulls from a most peaceful floating party they were enjoying on the surface of the lake.

"Oh, dear! You silly little dog! I was getting such a lovely sketch of those birds, and now you've spoiled it all! No-go boy—I don't like you."

Wyndham turned around in surprise to see the owner of the voice. She had been concealed behind a bush beside the path and was sketching in an enormous sketch book.

"Oh, I say," said Wyndham, doffing his tweed cap, "I'm frightfully sorry that hound of mine has disturbed the pigeons. He didn't, of course, know they were posing for their portraits."

"Those pigeons happen to be sea gulls," said the fair artist. "I could weep—I was getting them splendidly."

"Oh, my goodness, don't weep," hurriedly exclaimed Wyndham. "I'll make Mais sit up for five minutes while you sketch him—by way of punishment. Mais—beg!" he commanded the small and astonished terrier. "At ease! And stay for five minutes. Don't even wiggle an ear."

The girl looked up at Wyndham and smiled. Who could have helped it? And that smile simply washed out all the disgruntled meanings with which Wyndham's brain had been cluttered. He even found a second in which to feel that the lamp post had been serving its countryman well—otherwise he would not have been in the park and would thereby have missed the second smile he had ever seen. He liked the eyes, too.

"Oh, please, don't punish him like that. He looks so sorry for himself sitting up like a dummy."

"Yes, I will punish him. He had no right to frighten those pi—seas." Wyndham had flung himself down uninvited to watch the sketch.

"I have to supervise this work of art."

"Perhaps you would like to purchase it when completed," laughed Daphne. "I need a new hat." She was sketching while she chatted and Wyndham fell to wondering if she were joking or not. She certainly looked like one of those impoverished artists with her shabby coat and more shabby hat.

"I'll buy it for five dollars, and to-morrow, if you will make another sketch, I will buy that, too. I can find any number of animal models. Most of my friends would rather have a painting of their dogs than of their husbands."

"Nice sort of friends you have," laughed Daphne. "You evidently belong to the idle rich."

"Rich but not idle," put in Wyndham. "Confounded swerve of my car caused a bit of a smash-up and I'm expected to be idle for another fortnight under doctor's orders. I don't mind quite so much now that I've met you," he added with a grin.

Daphne turned astonished eyes upon him. "But you haven't met me—nor have I met you," she said severely.

"Oh!" growled Wyndham. "What a rotten situation—unkind fate and all that sort of thing. What are we going to do about it?"

"I am certainly not going to waste any time worrying about it," said Daphne, and closed her sketch book, refusing to draw another line while Mais sat up so forlornly. "The word I can joy along very nicely even though we have not met."

"Not for me, young lady," said Wyndham. "It will never be the same world again. I shall on y live for the day when you will put that little hand in mine and say, 'pleased to meet you, Mr. Tom Wyndham.'"

The girl gasped. But you're not Tom Wyndham of the Glover Manufacturing company, are you? Goodness me! My dad has been raving about you and insisting on my meeting what he calls a real out-and-out man for months. And I flatly refused. I am always wary of these parsons and frightened of their many virtues."

And before Wyndham could realise her intention she had made a swift plunge behind the shrubery and vanished from his sight. He said a few forceful words which made Mais want to cover his wagging ears. "Now I've got to ask every man in the office if he has an adorable daughter with violet eyes and a clef in her chin who sketches. Confound the luck."

But Daphne hurried home with scarlet cheeks and a new light in her eyes.

"Dad," she said that evening, "I sort of want to meet your Mr. Wyndham. Could you ask him to dinner to-morrow night?"

So the little hand was in his own even before Wyndham had expected it.

THE CONSUMER PAYS

Inequalities of the federal income tax as applied to public utilities has been pronounced by private companies at length and on numerous occasions. The fact that publicly owned organizations do not pay this impost has always been a sore point with private companies who claim they should be freed of this charge or that all systems should be treated alike.

Montreal Light, Heat and Power Cons. point out that to date they have paid income taxes $2,609,143, of which $868,360 was contributed last year. The latter amount is equivalent to 1-3 of a cent per kilowatt hour for electric lighting or 14 cents per thousand cubic feet of gas on all sales made in 1932.

Should customers of private companies have to pay this charge when customers of publicly-owned systems are exempt? The private operators and their customers do not think it is logical or fair. In order to remedy this injustice the Federal Government should put all utility systems on the same footing.—Financial Post.

Annual Report of Halton County Children's Aid Society

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Halton County Children's Aid Society was held at the Gordon House on Friday evening, January 6th, 1933. The meeting was well-attended, Mr. J. M. Denyes presiding.

Reports of different committees were given, and an excellent report of the year's work was presented by Inspector C. F. Thompson, showing that energetic and efficient work was being accomplished. The house committee reported that under the capable management of the matron, Miss E. Telfer, the house was second to none in the province. The guest speaker of the evening—Mr. M. A. Bowskill, Deputy Minister of Public Welfare, said: "This is the children's age, and our greatest responsibility is the care and education of our children."

Officers elected for 1933:—
Honorary presidents—Judge Edlis and Judge Masters.
Honorary Solicitor—Mr. W. L. Dick.
1st Vice-pres.—Mrs. Canse Baker.
2nd Vice-pres.—Mrs. Mr. Morrell.
3rd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Mr. Irwin.
Secretary—Mrs. T. J. Brown.
Treasurer—Mr. S. Wilson.
Representatives to Board of Management—Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Cornham.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I submit my fourth annual report since taking over the Children's Aid work in the Counties of Peel and Halton.

The object of this report is to give the Executive and the public some idea of the work being done, and the calls that are made upon a Children's Aid worker. Although time and space do not permit giving full details of each case, I will endeavor to render as full a report as possible. It will be readily understood that I would not be justified in publishing a great deal of information that is on record in our files as it would be unfair to the families involved, coming as they do to the Society for protection and advice.

A person has but to be in this work a short time before getting an insight into a great many tragedies of life, broken homes, negligence, neglect and cruelty. Many of the cases referred to me it is not within my jurisdiction to handle, nevertheless, I am often able to assist in some way by getting in touch with various local organizations, Mothers' Allowances, etc.

At present there are 38 children being cared for in the Shelter, 20 boys and 8 girls, an increase of five over a year ago. 43 different children have been cared for during the year with a total of 6846 days maintenance provided.

Fourteen children placed in foster homes during the year, ten of these being permanent wards of the Society and four non-wards. Unfortunately these placements are not always permanent, four children having been returned during the period for different reasons, some on account of ill health. In cases of the children who were not wards practically every one was that of a child born out of wedlock where the mother was unable to support.

One bright side of the work is visiting the Wards in foster homes. In most cases well cared for and happy, being sent to Public and Sunday school, and growing up as a member of the family. Occasionally, of course, it is found that a child is not receiving the proper care and it is necessary to remove it. Once each year an official report on each child has to be prepared and sent to the Provincial Department. Every opportunity is taken to visit the children as often as possible, some 119 visits being made during the year.

Fifteen children have been permanently committed to the care of the Society through Court Orders, 9 boys and 6 girls. One family of four where the parents were totally incapable of carrying on with their duties as parents, the mother being placed in the House of Industry, and the children made Wards of the Society. Other commitments due to the separation of the parents, homes broken up and no financial means. In another case the parents were separated, no definite provision made for their two children, through a Court Order the children were made Wards of the Society for supervision and a child left with each parent under control of the Children's Aid Officer. During the summer a baby boy of only a few days was left on a doorstep by persons unknown, he also has been granted the protection of the Society.

Under the temporary commitment not exceeding twelve months, six have been cared for. In the case of three of these children the mother was taken to the asylum and the father was not in a position to care for them alone. Two others, the mother having died, the home was broken up through the father losing his position. One child was left by his mother in a boarding house, the mother later disappeared without paying the agreed maintenance, and the foster mother was unable to provide for him without remuneration.

Seven Wards have been released from guardianship, six boys and one girl, one through adoption, the others on attaining their majority. Four commitments to the Industrial Schools, three young boys and one girl. It is one of the many duties of the Children's Aid Officer to assist with these cases, preparing the papers, having the child examined by a psychiatrist and conveying to the school.

Accounts ranging from $34.00 to $354.96 are held in trust for eight different wards, in total amounting to $1368.12. When a ward is working and earning wages his savings at the end of each year are deposited in a trust account and held for him until he becomes of age.

THE CHILDREN OF UNMARRIED PARENTS ACT

This branch of the work as in past years takes a great deal of time and patience on the part of the Children's Aid Officer who is a Commissioner under the Act. In all 53 different cases have been handled during the year, 37 of these being new cases, 16 from previous years. Due to the lack of employment of many of the alleged fathers it is difficult to secure a settlement, nevertheless some very satisfactory settlements and Court Orders have been made. These payments, of course, are for the care and maintenance of the child, and by procuring such settlements the municipality is relieved of the care of the child. The securing of information, trying to arrange settlements, later in many cases, preparing the case for Court, takes a great deal of time. It must be strongly impressed upon the mind of everyone that the Children's Aid Society is not in operation for the care of children born out of wedlock, except in cases of dire necessity. We are, however, always willing to assist in procuring a settlement from the putative father for the maintenance of the child.

THE ADOPTION ACT

Assisting with the Act is always a source of pleasure, knowing that a child is being permanently received into a home where it is granted the rights and privileges of a natural born child. The Act requires the consent of the parents or guardian, application and declaration by the applicants, a recommendation from the local Children's Aid Office, approval by the Provincial Office, and the final order being made by the County Judge. Nine children were legally adopted through the County Courts of our two Counties, two being Wards and seven non-Wards.

As is generally known the Children's Aid work is now under the supervision of the Provincial Department of Public Welfare, under the able guidance of the Hon. W. C. Martin and his Deputy, Mr. M. A. Bowskill, from whom we are receiving real advice and co-operation in the carrying on of the work. Our Provincial Superintendent, Mr. J. J. Main, who has been very seriously ill during the past summer and fall, has again taken up his duties, and I am sure we all wish for him continued health and strength to carry on with the work which he started many years ago.

Through the Department of Public Welfare we are having mental health clinics established in different centers in the Counties. Already fifteen of the children in the Shelter here in Milton have been examined. This examination will undoubtedly be very helpful in the placement of children in foster homes. Here I might say that I believe the day is not far distant when some method of birth control will have to be adopted if we hope to save our nation from becoming one of mentally, and otherwise handicapped people. In this work one sees the great need of some such legislation.

I herewith submit a summary of this year's statistics:—

Family troops under supervision	18
Complaints received	139
Investigations made	139
Court attendances	37
Warnings given	83
Children involved	150
Applications for children	44
Letters written	660
Letters received	1000
Mileage	9700
Office interviews	156
Phone interviews	360
Foster homes heard from	102
Meetings addressed	13

I also wish to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the Children's Aid Society for their interest in the work and their ready advice and assistance. Also to thank the different County Court Officials, magistrates, police officers and the municipal councillors, for their willing co-operation at all times, as well as Dr. Stevenson and Dr. Snell for their faithful attendance during the illness of the children.

My report would not be complete without a word of appreciation for the Matron of our Shelter, Miss M. Telfer. This has been a trying year, more children to be cared for and unfortunately considerable sickness. Through it all Miss Telfer has been cheerful and patient and has the love of every child under her care.

Respectfully submitted,
C. F. Thompson,
Inspector.

HERE AND THERE

Elephants can consume 300 lbs. of hay, corn and roots in a day.

Eight out of every ten households in America keep at least one pet.

There is one beerhouse and one telephone to every 371 of the inhabitants of Berlin.

Hedgehogs, which destroy cockroaches and bettles, are growing popular as domestic pets in Gt. Britain.

Hailstones of such size fell recently in one section of the Transvaal that they killed 400 cattle and 2,000 sheep.

A new animal about the size of a mouse, with pale blue-grey fur, has been discovered in South Australia.

King Christian X of Denmark, the tallest monarch, measures 6 ft. 6 in. He is also a fine linguist, speaking some five languages.

A leading firm of French motor-car manufacturers has a trade school where, in normal times, as many as 600 apprentices are trained.

People who make their living by street trading, including coolers, pedlars, and sandwichmen, in London, number 30,000; of these, 700 are sandwichmen.

Substituting certificates for prizes in London Elementary schools has resulted in the big saving of $60,000 a year. The certificates cost about $500 to print.

The worst period of fog ever recorded in London was probably the four months from November, 1879, to February, 1880, when the fog was practically continuous.

Commemorative issues of postage stamps are becoming so frequent that collectors are taking alarm. For example, the Russian authorities propose to put out nine special issues next year.

If London's winter temperature was according to its position on the globe, the thermometer would register about eighteen degrees Fahrenheit. As it is, the normal temperature is about thirty-nine degrees.

All precious stones in the State of Cashmere are shortly to become the property of the State, the present owners receiving a third of their value in payment, unless they can prove a valid title to own them.

Wireless, telephones, a library, and a special car for "culture and rest" are given as the attractions of a "luxury train" now running between Moscow and Tiplis, a journey occupying seventy-six hours.

A wireless set has been installed in one of the cars owned by the Prince of Wales, so that his Royal Highness can listen to music while motoring. There is also an extra loud-speaker for the chauffeur's use while waiting.

Live trout are in regular demand in certain hotels in London, where customers choose their fish before it is cooked. So there is a regular supply kept in an underground building in the city, where a stream of fresh water flows constantly through the tanks.

Balancing the Budget

Teacher—"We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of other examples?"

Charlie—"Our lawn-mower from the Smiths, our phonograph from the Browns, and a pair of steps from Miss Evans."

Holland Landing Village Gives Up Ghost

The last day of the year was the rainbow's end for Holland Landing, in York County. Two weeks ago, seated around the old box stove in the council room, a score or more villagers chatted about this or that, smoked corncob pipes and chewed tobacco. To them, it was just the last council meeting of their village—and they heartily approved of the idea.

Why? Well, by losing their identity as a village and joining East Gwillimbury—which, by the way, was none too anxious to admit them—they will save a few mills on their tax rate.

Holland Landing has decided it is no longer worth while trying to "keep up with the Joneses." It is the victim of rural evolution, but oddly enough, although it loses its right to representation on the county council of North York, under the new arrangement, it can give up its coal oil lamps and hitch up to the Hydro, the poles of which run right through the town.

Those old-timers who ruled the destinies of Holland Landing some 70 years ago would have turned over in their graves when the ancient and historic municipality, grown weary with its hundred-year effort to become a Titan like Toronto, decided to give up the ghost. For, 70 years ago Holland Landing was the second largest town in the county. Toronto was its only rival. Trains in those days on the main street were so heavy that pedestrains often had to wait fifteen minutes or more to cross the street.

"Traffic then was composed of streams of ox-carts and wagons coming from the river at the end of the street," one of the old residents recalled. "They brought logs to the saw-mill, tan bark to the tanneries and wheat to the flour mills. And they took back flour to Penetanguishene and other points on Georgian Bay. It certainly was a thriving place, and at the time we didn't see any reason why we should take a back seat to Toronto or any other place."

Though many prosperous years were to follow, the knell toll of the little wood-burning locomotive "Tecumseh," during Ontario's pioneer train through the village in May, 1853, mutely sounded the death knell of Holland Landing. The railway, gradually unsettling early trade conditions, dealt the settlement its first blow, and the diversion of Yonge street westward a few years later gave it its coup de grace. To-day, Holland Landing, with its antique brick houses, its little cottages and primitive general store, is completely sidetracked. And they talk of closing the old railroad station at which for decades passenger trains have only stopped for the mail.

Holland Landing is rich in history. In 1870 it was known as a thriving village of 750 souls, with general stores, churches, two hotels, saw mills, grist and flour mills, brewery and tannery, all set in the midst of a good farming country. But its history goes back longer than that. It was named for Major Samuel Holland, Surveyor-General of the Province, comrade of Wolfe at Quebec, who was mentioned in Wolfe's will.

It was partly to provide a good road to Holland Landing that Governor Simcoe, in 1794, began Yonge street, toward whose construction the North-West (Fur) Company contributed £13,000. For many years the boats of this fierce rival of the Hudson's Bay Company were dragged from the Don and up the long portage on carts, to take the water again at Holland River. Until 1845, when the railway came, Holland Landing was not only the trade route to the north and west, but an important military shortcut taking soldiers and sailors and stores to the naval depot at Penetanguishene.

Back in 1856, Sir John Franklin, with Back and Richardson, started in the muddy waters of the Holland River the voyage which was to end with the discovery of Great Bear Lake and the Polar Sea. In those days big batteaux propelled by oars and sails took travellers down to Lake Simcoe, but in 1832, the steamer "Simcoe," built on the spot with the subscription of many Toronto people, came into being. Also the schooner "North Bacon" was built at Holland Landing at a time when seven schooners plied the waters of Lake Simcoe.

Reminiscent of the time when Holland Landing was a great port is the huge anchor which has reposed for many years in Holland Landing's park. Hauled up Yonge street by ox-teams in 1814, the anchor was intended by the British Admiralty for a warship meant to harass American shipping on Lake Huron. When the anchor finally reached Holland Landing, however, peace had been declared and it was left at the Landing, never to reclaimed by the authorities.

In later years Holland Landing has achieved a notoriety which, deserved or not, is little appreciated by the inhabitants.

"We have been made the scapegoat for the whole township," one of the residents complained bitterly. "If a still is found anywhere in east Gwillimbury, people blame it on Holland Landing. We have the reputation of being nothing more or less than a hive of moonshiners. If anything wrong is done in the township we get a black eye for it. So many of our residents feel that if we lose our identity and become part of the township we'll get out of the headlines and attract new residents."

But as far as the average person is concerned, the passing of The Landing will mean little more than the removal of the sign post, "Holland Landing, Speed Limit 30 Miles," from the highway. That sign has puzzled plenty of motorists. They see it, then start wondering where the town is. And they're through with it before there is left of it before they know it.

Its real main street is on the other side of the canal, sheltered from inquisitive eyes by a screen of trees.

Some of the residents apparently feel that the reputation for "moonshining" has hurt Holland Landing so much that the people don't like to come there. But others say it cannot be that, or why would it be such a popular place for Sunday School picnics? And the chance of running into a still certainly wouldn't keep everyone away. In fact, it would add a great deal of charm for many.

So that as it may, Holland Landing sinks into oblivion in the arms of East Gwillimbury. Possibly it may arise again. Phoenix like, to take its place again as a thriving community, but the odds are all against it.

Cynical Cynthia thinks it's too bad so many people give up dancing after they're married. That's about the only time they ever put their arms around each other.