THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication

The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, May 10th, 1933.

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The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Modern Weekly Newspaper
Association

Time Table

Highway Lines	
Mail and Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.27 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.46 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.40 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.46 p.m.

BUSES
MORNARD SERVICE
"Shadow" leaves Lucy Georgetown
Westbound Daily at
9 a.m. 11.50 a.m. 1.50 p.m.
3.50 p.m. 5.50 p.m. 9.50 p.m.
Saturday, Sunday and Holidays at 11.50 p.m.
For Hill, Bound, Durham and Owen Sound, they will leave Georgetown at 9.30 a.m. and 3.50 p.m. daily
For Mitchell, Clinton and Goderich leave Georgetown at 9.30 a.m. and 3.50 p.m. daily
Buses for Toronto will leave Georgetown daily except Sundays at
8.15 a.m. 9.15 a.m. 1.15 p.m.
5.15 p.m. 7.15 p.m. 9.45 p.m.
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
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ARROW

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Anyone having odd jobs on farm or in town are requested to notify Mr. W. G. Marshall, Chief of Police, Georgetown, so that the neediest men may be assigned to them, and so help those who need relief most.

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STATEMENTS	COUNTER CHECK BOOKS
BILL HEADS	VISITING CARDS
FILLERS for Loose Leaf Ledgers	WEDDING STATIONERY
INVOICES	BOOKS
TICKETS (all kinds)	WINDOW CARDS
SHIPPING TAGS	FUNERAL STATIONERY
LABELS	CHEQUE BOOKS
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Death Valley Love

By MARSHALL BREEDON

BUTL GRAHAM had lived for fifty years in the Mojave desert spending most of his time trampling around Death valley. The old man knew every twist and turn in the fringing mountains.

"It's a gettin' so a man can hardly have room for to turn around in," Hull grumbled.

Lonesome June, his hog eared Jenny, who was asleep on her feet beside him, did not wake up at the sound of Hull's voice. But when the crunch of feet on the salt hit Mr Lonesome June opened one eye, looked at the newcomer and went to sleep again. Hull had caught a view of the young girl's face. She was making hard headway through the alkali. Hull forced Lonesome June to activity and crossed to a point where he would encounter the girl.

She stopped when she came up to the old man. Her lips were cracking, her breath came in quick gasps, but under the blisters of her face the sour tenacre was determined. Hull was about to say something when the girl stepped aside and started to pass. Instantly Hull slid forward. His bent, twisted old body barred her passage.

"You can't fight the alkali," he said. "You're walking to your death, sure."

She stared at him. Eyes wide, lips set, muscles taut. "I know what I am doing." The tone was harsh, the words shattered through the dry throat. "Let me go." She jerked away, but before she could step forward Hull took her by both arms and swung her face away from the deadly glow of the sun. He held her until the brief struggle died. When he released her she looked at him. "Old Hussard. You mind your own business. I want to die."

For a brief moment their eyes held, then the girl wavered, her breast heaved and, sitting in the hot alkali, she buried her face in her arms and sobbed. Gently, Hull Graham stepped to the side of Lonesome June. He took a water bottle from his pack and stood above the girl. The effort of sobbing in the heat had nearly exhausted her. She looked up as he held the water bottle close.

"A drink of water slow like," he said it close, temptingly so, "then you'll not want to die. No man in the world is worth what you was a-doing. Take a drink outen the bottle."

"I love him." Her words were more broken than before.

The old man drew her to her feet, led her toward the patient Jenny.

"Heat we-got back to the hotel," he said. "It's not more'n a couple of miles. He looked Lonesome June awake. They started off slowly. The water had revived the girl. Her eyes lost some of their fierceness, her lips softened. They walked without speaking. Every hundred steps or so Hull would offer her a drink. On the fourth stop she handed the bottle back. "I'm not going back." Her voice was firm.

"If you go into the sink, I'll have to be a goin' with you and me and Lonesome June is tired, we be."

"He was going to marry me," she said.

"He had a change of heart again you?"

"In the hotel he told me while we were dancing that he did not want to marry me." Her voice broke a little. "He said he didn't love me any more."

"Thinkin' maybe you was a right smart gal," Hull said. "Guess maybe I was mistook."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"When I was a young feller," he talked as they began to walk toward the hotel, "I had me a gal. I sat a heap of store by her. Liked her more'n I do Lonesome June here. An' will you believed it, one night she up and tells me to 'go plum to h—l out of her sight'? Well, that busted me up a heap. I was for having myself killed, and I was for killing her and by gosh I was all upset. So I sets out to have myself killed just as you been doing. Yes, I walked from Los Angeles where I was a-living, and I kept coming until I come to this here Death valley, and then I seen what a fine place the world was and I didn't want to get myself killed any more."

"You think you can love only once. So did I, but I know better now. I been in love ever since that gal turned again me. More in love than I was with her. And you, why, you'll have a better boy afore you can wink twenty times, and then you'll be like I am, plum happy with your new love, and it will be a honest love, like the one you lost had wasn't."

A smile moved her cracking lips. "Why, you're right," she said. Her voice was cheerful. "Of course, there are other men, and besides it wouldn't be fair to my father and mother. They are waiting at the hotel. I'll run along and . . . oh, thank you so much, and I hope you'll always love your wife like you said you did, for you said you found better love than the first girl could give."

Old Hull Graham leaned his skinny arms over the back of Lonesome June. He watched the girl going toward the hotel.

"I been honest with the sink for fifty-three years, since I come to it," he said, "and it ain't a-goin to mind efen I tell a bit of a lie. Love no wife. Wife, say, gal, I ain't ever had no wife, nor no gal, either. I been in love with Death valley for all them years and I guessen the sink will love me for saving your life."

The prize bull-dog attacked a farmer who defended himself with a pitchfork and in doing so killed the dog. The owner of the dog was greatly distressed and approached the farmer.

Owner of the Dog—"Why didn't you use the other end, and just beat him off without killing him?"

Farmer—"I would have, if he had come at me with the other end."

First Girl—I don't know why you want to marry that old Mr. Coggins. Why, he is bald and hasn't a tooth in his head.

Second Girl—Don't be too severe with him. He was born that way, you know.

TO MOTHER

I cannot now the hour recall
When first I gazed into thy face,
And saw the look of tender love
Which death itself could not efface.

I only know that as far back
As I the sands of time can trace,
Thou wert there,—and I secure
Within thy ever fond embrace.

I understand the cup of woe
Thou pained not by that I might live;
In quaffing of whose bitter dregs,
My life and being thou didst give.

I also know the joy that swelled
Thy loving, hopeful mother breast,
That thou wert leagued with God Himself
To shape my life as for the best.

And, mother mine, I cannot dream
Of life or love without thy care;
Whatever heights I might attain,
Thy sacrifice would place me there.

I cannot dream of depths so low
To which my guilty soul might sink
But that thy prayer would follow me
And hold me fast before the brink.

And so, methinks, when God has wrought
To bring to earth the fairest gem,
The purest ray, a priceless pearl,
Which might adorn His diadem.

He opened wide the gates of love,
And barring every other,
As symbol of the Christ to be,
God gave to earth a mother.

Albert McMahon Marvell.

Tributes Paid Mother by Greatest of Earth

Napoleon said: "The future of the child is always the work of the mother." And we realize how true this is if we read what some famous sons and daughters have said of their mother and what influence the mother seemed to have on their career.

A striking example is that of Victor Hugo and his mother. When he was born his life was despaired of by all except her. She was determined he should live and gave him the name of Victor Marie, and her determination won out, for within six weeks he was well on the way to recovery. Never did she give up hope of Victor Hugo's success in life and one writer tells us that she looked forward with the greatest confidence to the future of her son, holding that "he might with even greater justice than Boquet adopt as his device the words, 'To what may I not rise?'" And Victor Hugo was devoted to his mother, but like many mothers she did not live to see his first great success, for she died just one year too soon.

Lincoln's Great Mother

To all of us the story of Abraham Lincoln and his mother is familiar. We know how, through all her great struggle, she managed to impart what she knew of the bible and the little education she had to her son. And we know how hard it was for Abraham Lincoln to see his father put his mother into a green pine box and bury her, and how he grieved for three months until his father brought a parson from Kentucky to preach the sermon and to conduct the proper service for the dead.

Frances Willard's Tribute

Frances Willard's devotion to her mother is one of the most beautiful parts of her life. Truly, Frances Willard inherited her greatness of thought and her determination to succeed from her mother. When as a young teacher she wrote: "I thank God for my mother as for no other girl of His bestowing. My nature is so woven into hers that I almost think it would be death for me to have the bond severed and one so much myself gone over the river."

That bond was severed and Frances Willard lived just six years after that mother had "gone over the river." Her last words were: "I've crept in with mother and it is the same beautiful world and the same people; remember that—it's just the same."

Another mother who lived to see her hopes in her child materialized was George Washington's mother. George Washington Park Curtis tells us that "the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, not even when her son had become the most illustrious of men."

All who have written of her have accorded her an influence in determining both his character and his career. And on her monument we find the inscription, "Mary, the Mother of Washington."

Stern Man's Devotion

One of the softening influences (if we can believe there was one) in the life of Oliver Cromwell was his mother. There was a great devotion between these two, and she lived with him until her death at ninety-four years in Whitehall palace. Each day he stood by her bedside with tears in his eyes. Her last words were 'My dear son, I leave my heart with thee; good night.' She is buried in Westminster abbey.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers than he.

But mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

The first thing that James A. Garfield did after being sworn in as President of the United States was to step over to where his mother was sitting, and, in the presence of practically the entire country, planted a kiss upon her happy and proud face. The head of the Nation honored his mother when at the height of his glory. No deed that he ever performed was greater than that.

It is said that John Quincy Adams until the day of his death said the prayer that his mother taught him.

Grover Cleveland said, "Worldly honors or worldly perplexities will never cause me to forget the lessons my mother taught me."

Lincoln said, "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

At a college commencement some years ago, a student who had won the highest honors of the school, had just delivered a brilliant valedictorian address to an audience that crowded the auditorium, when the President arose and pinned a medal on the lapel of his coat, stating at the same time that a special medal had been voted him for his exceptional scholastic attainments and, that he was a real credit to his school.

He thanked the President, and then, leaving the platform, walked a short distance down the middle aisle till he reached a rather poorly but neatly clad woman who sat on the end seat. He stooped down and kissed her and then taking the medal from his coat, he pinned it upon her faded shawl, and said, "Mother, this belongs to you." She had toiled hard and denied herself that he might achieve, and they together had won out. Honor thy Mother.

Even he that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of his mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought.—Henry Longfellow.

I think that the most wonderful book that could be written would be a book in which an angel should write all the thoughts that pass through a faithful mother's mind from the time that she first hears the cry of her child. Her wonderful gladness of fatigue; her unwillingness to divide her care with any; her heroic exercise of all that is brightest and best in life, with no prospect of remuneration except the satisfaction which she feels in serving that little waif and helpless child—these are past description.—M. W. Beecher.

BE IN LOVE WITH LIFE

To be in love with life, to have an enthusiasm for it that carries through day after day and month after month and year after year, that persists in the face of all its disappointments and discouragements and buried hopes, is a most excellent thing, an instinct to be cherished and a grace to be sought with all earnestness and sanity. From some points of view it isn't a very good world in which we live. Life in it is crowded with absurdities and shams and make-believe. It promises a great many things and gives us a very small per cent. of them and even a number of those yield about as much disappointment as satisfaction. If we persist in looking at it in that one mood we can say a multitude of hard things against it and say them all truthfully. And we can easily find our argument for being a pessimist about it.

But it is sheer folly to keep in that mood but only because it breeds the humours in our own soul, but simply because we cannot keep up such a temper without forgetting and ignoring by much the bigger half of life. The pessimists are always short-sighted and somewhat stupid. They haven't the wit to see far enough and to see clearly enough. The other day one of our papers started that old discussion as to whether the average man's life had more of sorrow or of joy in it—as if it were possible to weigh these things as you would weigh tea and sugar! The question is not whether you have had bigger joys or bigger sorrows, or more of the one than of the other, the great question is as to what that strange mingling of the two that you have had has done to you. If, through all the ups and downs of things, you have been able to maintain an enthusiasm for the great enterprise of living the question as to whether you had more of happiness than of misery has no meaning at all.

And it ought to be possible to keep up that enthusiasm all the way through. If anyone doubts that, he ought to get much comfort and hope from the fact that a goodly number of people have been able to do it. How they did it is quite another matter, and probably a good many things combined to help them do it, but the comforting fact is that they did, and they were able to refuse to take the pessimist's way that votes life mostly humbug. It ought to help us a good deal to keep in love with life, and maintain our unquenchable enthusiasm for it, to remember that the instinct that would keep us in that mood is one of the most wholesome and healthy things about us, and that everything that is best in our Christian religion backs up that instinct. There was a time when some Christian people spoke of this world of ours as a vale of tears and of life in terms of burden and care, but mercifully we have got away from such ideas and count it now, as our Master always did: something to be tremendously enthusiastic about."—The New Outlook.

THE GOOD OLD FARM

Grace Luckhart, writing in the Vancouver Province, says: "Every time I write anything upon the subject of getting back to the land—for a living, I rouse a lot of antagonism among the jobless. They write and tell me to try it myself for a change. I have tried it. I was brought up in a self-respecting way on a farm. A poor farm at that—so stoney it meant unceasing toil the year round. A farm where there never was any money, but plenty of food, a few clothes—and self-respect and the peace that goes with it.

"Now, of course, people bring up the argument that times have changed. People didn't need the land for a while, but if you will notice times have changed back again. Now the people will have to change too.

"I remember my father's first consideration was to have a year's supply of flour ahead. Partly because of the security there was in its possession, and partly because my mother claimed it was impossible to make bread with new flour. In those days we grew enough fall wheat to produce our own flour. Then, too, we were about the last of the old-fashioned farmers who had a few sheep and managed to have sufficient wool to exchange for several bolts of good husky red flannel for the men's shirts and everybody's dresses. And I thought it a frightful hardship to have to wear flannel dresses, but it meant the family was clothed and clothed warmly at that.

"Then there was the meat supply. One day recently some friends of mine gave me some home-cured bacon. I fried some with a couple of eggs for my solitary dinner, and I have never tasted anything so good since the days when my mother fried down most of the pork for summer use. It kept all right in the winter, but those slices of sweet, delectable pork that came out of the crock in the milk house in the summer were delicious.

"The butter and eggs had to be put away for the winter use—to say nothing of the supply that was taken to Gerolamy's store and traded in for groceries or anything else needed. No farmer's wife who was worth her salt would run a bill in those days. She kept the table from the sale of her butter and eggs. And they didn't bring such a fabulous price either. I have toted a good many dozen of eggs up the dusty road to Mrs. Beythe's store at Sharon and received 10 cents a dozen in trade."

When the thunder is very loud, there is very little rain.

Great Bankers Evolved From Merchant Princes

Most of our great financial leaders evolved from the dry goods or clothing business. Forerunners of our present big private bankers were the merchant princes. Even today in England the Rothschilds, the Baringe and the Morgans are called merchants rather than bankers. One section of the United States was particularly prolific in developing a type of international merchant. The Yankee of New England was a born trader. From earliest Colonial days New England owned ships that scoured the seven seas in search of merchandise and trade.

George Peabody from Boston was the great seller of American securities to English investors during the Civil war. Junius S. Morgan, who carried on his business after his death, also came from Boston. The son of Junius S. Morgan, John Pierpont Morgan, lived in Boston as a boy and went to the English high school. The names of the great merchant princes of New England, the Lowells, the Lawrences, the Cabots, the Appletons, the Lees, the Higginsons, and many others are freely interspersed through the early history of the beginning of New England banking.

World Slow to Adopt Idea of Christian Era

It was the custom of ancient peoples to reckon their chronological eras from some great historical event, for example, the Romans from the foundation of Rome, the Greeks from the establishment of the Olympic games, the Babylonians from accession of Nabonassar, etc. Consequently when Christianity became the established religion of the Roman empire, it was natural that the supposed date of the birth of Christ should replace that of the founding of Rome as a means of reckoning dates. A Roman abbot, Dionysius Exiguus, introduced this method into Italy in 532 A. D., fixing the birth of Christ in the year 754 of the Roman era, though he began the year 1 with the Annunciation, March 25 of the previous year. The use of the new Christian era was introduced into France and England in the Eighth century, but it was slow in receiving official recognition. Charlemagne appears to have been the first secular authority to use it.

"Tin Can" Island

The island of Ninafoo, in the Pacific ocean, about 500 miles from Fiji, is but three miles in diameter and is shaped like a ring. Outside the ring the water is of ocean salt, but within it lies a lake which is only slightly brackish. No doubt the island is the crater of a volcano—a mountain which rises almost straight up from the deep ocean bed. Similar volcanic craters lie upon islands within the island itself, and these become active every 15 or 20 years. Strangely enough, this queer island has quite a large population. Its inhabitants number nearly 1,500 Tongans and a smattering of Europeans. In rough weather no ship can reach Ninafoo, but as a strong current sets toward the shore the mails are placed in a soldered tin box and thrown overboard, to be retrieved by native swimmers. This queer kind of postal delivery has provided Ninafoo with a second name. It is known familiarly as Tin Can Island.

Mystery of the Sun-Cure

Hippocrates was one of the first to recognize the powerful antiseptic and healing properties of light. He treated various diseases successfully by exposing the patients to sunlight, but the mystery of exactly how sunlight accomplishes marvelous cures has not been solved fully even today. From then until now as the employment of sunlight as a healer has increased, the use of the surgical knife has decreased in countries such as Switzerland, where sun cures and sunlight treatments have been practiced for many years.

Troubles Enough

When Dante Gabriel Rossetti was painting the now famous reredos at Llandaff cathedral, he took so long over them that the dean and chapter asked the bishop of Llandaff, who was going to London, to call at Rossetti's rooms in Blackfriars and try to discover what was the cause of the delay. A maid opened the door to the bishop, at once informed him that Rossetti was absent, and on learning who the bishop had come about, exclaimed: "Oh, lor', sir, Mr. Rossetti don't paint now—he's married!"—Kansas City Times.

Railroad Gages

Stephenson, inventor of the steam locomotive, is said to have adopted the gage of his engine from that of his farm wagon wheels. Horse-drawn wheeled vehicles had been of approximately that gage since the days of Roman chariots. Various gages, ranging from 3 feet in the East to 5 feet in California, were employed in the United States for 50 years, but now all save industrial short lines are 4 feet 8½ inches. This is standard over most of the world, but India has a gage of 5½ feet, Russia 5 feet and Japan 3 feet.

Priceless Gifts

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, real tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to your parents, deference; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.—Grit.

Safety First

I see you're letting your little son drive the car?"

"Yes, he is still too young to be trusted as a pedestrian."

Although held back in some districts by wet, cold weather, spring farm work has become general throughout Ontario. In many counties cultivating has been general and in some cases spring wheat and oats sown. The reports indicate that fall wheat is looking decidedly good and that clovers, alfalfa and timothy have come through the winter in fairly good condition.

FOR SHE'S MY MOTHER

She's little and old and wrinkled and lame;
Life's tossed her about in life's hard game;
Nor princess nor queen on a throne of gold
Hath half the charm of this woman old—
For she's my mother.

She's little and old and wrinkled and grey;
She sees life passing at close of day,
But in her eyes supernal bright
There burns for me a glad love light,
For she's my mother.

She's little and wrinkled and grey and old;
The sands o' time she's well-nigh told,
Yet she would do and she would dare
That I might have of joy my share—
For she's my mother.

And so, as I meet the mothers of men
My heart beats quicken, for once again
I think of Him whom men call divine,
Who honored His mother as I honor mine;
For she's my mother.

News and Information For the Busy Farmer

Heave, the allergic cough in horses, is frequently caused by repeated gorging with food or water, or both. Damp grain or hay also predispose to this trouble.

Early in spring is the best time to transplant most kinds of trees and shrubs, evergreens included. Evergreens may be transplanted in summer but greater precautions must be taken to do it successfully.

Exports to U. S. Jump

A tremendous increase in the exports of farm products to the United States was noted for the year ending Jan. 31st, 1933, as against the previous 12-month period, according to a recent statement by Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture. Citing some of the Canadian items which mounted in export trade, Colonel Kennedy referred to canned fruit, tobacco leaf, honey, cheese, condensed milk, and canned meats. In the last-named item the increase was 2,643 per cent., there being 18,000 pounds exported in 1931, and 487,364 pounds in 1932.

Tobacco leaf exportation grew from 6,136,000 pounds in 1931 to 11,000,000 in 1932; cheese (90 per cent. Ontario), from 604,000 hundredweight to 1,000,000; canned fruits (80 per cent. Ontario), 8,412,000 pounds to 18,000,000 pounds; honey (80 per cent. Ontario), 1,000,000 pounds to 2,000,000; and condensed milk, 84,000 pounds to 171,000 pounds.

Patrons Build Factory

Dissatisfied with the returns which their nearby markets were returning them for their milk, descendants of the Scottish pioneers of East Missouri township in Oxford county, Ontario, decided to [illegible] a real co-operative cheese factory for themselves. This they did in the truest sense of the word, and the result is the Homestead Co-operative Cheese factory, opened not long ago. It was built with the patrons' own hands at a big saving and in splendid manner. A number of old-fashioned "bees" helped out the personal labor that was being carried on by the directors and others from among the patrons.

The factory has the cellar curing system, and is modern in every way, and generous in its size.

It will have an output of about 150 tons per season.

Honey Market Improved

Two cents increase a pound in the price of honey since last fall, and an improved market outlook has placed the honey industry in the best position in which it has been for a number of years, according to Professor F. Eric Millen of the O. A. C.

Honey has received preference on the British market, and this combined with other factors, has helped the export trade in light honey considerably.

The Ontario Honey Export Association announces it has shipped to date some 675,000 pounds of honey to Great Britain and the Continental market. The quantity is made up as follows: 450,000 pounds of white and golden honey; 30,000 pounds of light amber; 6000 pounds of comb honey, and 300,000 pounds of buckwheat.

Various processes have been adopted to give honey in different forms to suit the markets. Prof. Millen advocates selling as soon as possible after extraction so that the best flavor may be preserved.

Back-to-Farms Movement

The present increased employment of men on farms is a definite step toward minimizing the unemployment situation, declared Dr. Christie, president of O.A.C., in a recent address. He referred to the fact that more boys and more men as farm managers on salaries had been placed on farms this spring than in any like period for the past ten years. "These boys and men are being welcomed back to the farms and they are looking forward to a good home, healthy living, and a small but steady wage. More farmers are taking on help this year than until. Throughout the rural communities there is generally a feeling of faith, a feeling that things are going ahead." In his opinion, it is the rural people who are saving the situation today and it is the farm which is leading the way in stabilizing conditions throughout the country.

FORM CHANGES FATE OF FORT

Kingston, Jamaica, May 8th—How many are aware of the fact that indirectly the island of Jamica, in the British West Indies, on the route of the Canadian National Steamships West Indies Liners, was responsible for the celebrated Scottish poet, Robert Burns, achieving fame? Yet such is the case.

When "Robbie" was courting Jean Armour, he, with his brother, operated a farm but he could never make any money. Jean's father was a master mason and frowned on his daughter marrying the impecunious "Robbie." In despair, Burns decided to abandon his suit, get off the farm and go to the island of Jamaica and take a job as a bookkeeper on a slave estate. In order to defray the expenses of his trip to Jamaica he decided to publish some poems he had written. A line at the end of one of the verses reads "Will you go to the Indies, my Mary?" The poems were published and Burns immediately broke into fame, resulting in his giving up the idea of going to Jamaica but instead he went to Edinburgh, Scotland.