THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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

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

Going East

Passenger and Mail	10.50 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.37 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Sunday's Going East

Passenger	8.40 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	2.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.20 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.40 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.10 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.40 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	2.40 p.m.

G.T.R. Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE JUNE 5th, 1933
Leave Georgetown

West	East
8.30 a.m.	6.15 a.m.
11.35 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
1.50 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	4.15 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
8.50 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	

X—Sundays and Holidays only.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME

ARROW

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What More

Traffic Cop—"Pardon me, lady, but didn't you see me wave at you?"

Lady Driver—"Of course, I did. And didn't I wave back? What did you expect me to do, throw you a kiss?"

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KEEP YOUR GRIT

Hang on! Cling on! No matter what they say;
Push on! Bring on! Things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit;
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down,
Grab a spar or something—just refuse to drown.
Don't think your dying just because your hit,
Smile in face of danger and hang to your grit.

Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away;
Make a little error, and give up in dismay.
Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit,
To laugh at pain and trouble and keep his grit.

—Dr. Thomas Edwin Eldridge.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the sheep to pitch;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs to the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

—George Cooper.

HERRING CATCH GOES TO CHINA

A portion of the Canadian herring catch goes to China where it forms one of the cheapest foods available, according to the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian National Railways. In the Passamaquoddy region off the coast of New Brunswick, as many herring are taken as in all the remaining Canadian Atlantic coastal waters. Further insight into China's domestic affairs is brought to light in the increase in demand for newsprint and other papers due to the greater numbers who can read and write and the greater interest in national and world affairs.

FREEDOM ANNIVERSARY

The British West Indies islands, most of which are visited by liners of the Canadian National fleet, are planning to observe the 100th anniversary of the abolition of slavery there on July 26th of this year.

Forgotten Maths

"Jessie, I have told you again and again not to speak when older persons are talking, but wait until they stop."

"I've tried that, mummy, but they never do stop."

ANNUAL FLOWERS

Time and money do not permit all to enjoy large grounds, but it is possible for all to have a small lawn around the house, with perhaps a few trees or shrubs and the odd flower-bed. No matter how small the home or limited the area may be, one or two trees or the odd flowering shrub and a few flowers properly planted will impress upon the traveller or tourist that someone really lives there who cares.

Trees and lawns and flowers give enjoyment not only to those who live among them, but they fill with pride the hearts of each citizen of the town, district, county or province in which they may be found. They give a welcome to visitors and a lasting impression that is worth while.

The cost of a few packages of well chosen seeds is small compared with the returns obtained from their effect on one's life. Many home grounds are left barren just because someone has failed to take the lead. Just break the ice, so to speak, then watch for results. They are sure to follow.

As a guide for those who wish to make a start, the following list of reliable annuals at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Nappan, may be found helpful. Sweet peas, planted early, will supply abundance of cut flowers for the house. Some of the newer varieties are Captain Blood, Cherry Glow, Brilliant Rose, Fire, Idyl, Laddie, Mrs. A. Searles, Beauty, Peggy, Ruffled Orchid, Hello Mauve, Sunlit and Tip Top. Asters have not, as a general rule, proven satisfactory at this Farm. Other annuals that have done well are Calendula, Clarkia, Castor Oil Bean, Cobaea Scandens, Cockscomb, Cosmos, Coreopsis, Chrysanthemums, Candytuft, Carnation, Dimorphotheca, Dianthus, Gaillardia, Godetia, Golden Feather, Hibiscus, Jacobea, Kochia, Larkspur, Lobelia, Mignonette, Morning Glory, Nemophila, Nasturtium, Pansy, Petunia, Portulaca, Phlox, Salvia, Scabious, Stocks, Verbena and Zinnia.

Space will not permit of the names of each, or the full list, but if you will write the Experimental Farm, Nappan, or your nearest Experimental Station, the names of the varieties tested will be mailed to you. Select a few from this list and make a trial planting this year and note their effect on the surroundings.

LESSER KNOWN FRUITS FIND MARKET IN CANADA

The lesser known fruits of the British West Indies are finding increasing markets in Canada. There was unloaded recently from the Canadian National liner "Lady Somers" for the Montreal market 50 boxes of mangoes. Other fruit of the West Indies unloaded from this ship were limes, sapodillas and papaws, a large consignment of which was for the Toronto market. The papaw is the most intriguing of the fruits. It has been called "the tree-grown stomach" due to its papain content, a juice of the human stomach.

Cupid a Winner Against Odds

By DUFORD JENNE

MR. DEARBORN looked soberly at the handsome, aristocratic face across his desk. "My boy, this is pretty serious news. It will come close to breaking Ma's heart. Since your engagement she has been happier than I have ever known her to be before. You see, she has no memory of her mother, so she has confided in me, and I know how she feels. And now, you want to break the engagement," he added slowly.

"I know, Mr. Dearborn," the young man said a bit impatiently, "how you feel, and I am sorry; but, surely, you could not want to have me go on with this. Dorothy is a lovely girl, and—and—I thought I was in love with her, but I find out I'm not."

Dearborn nodded. "Yes, you are right, Bradford—I suppose. Only I wish—well, never mind. I merely want to save her as much suffering as I can." He sat in thought a moment. Then he turned, "I am going to ask one thing—give her a week of grace. Do not say anything to her for that time, will you?"

Bradford's carefully groomed eyebrows lifted. "Certainly, I'll agree to that."

The next day, McMurray, manager of a division of Dearborn's business, read a letter from his chief in the northern state, whistled, and read it again. Then he called in his secretary.

"Miss Blaine, you have been with me for twenty-five years, but here's the toughest assignment I ever gave you," he said smiling, and he went on to explain that the way to choose for him the young man on the staff of the division who could be called handsome, cultured and the possessor of a high character and pleasant disposition. He told her just enough to aid her, and she went out on her errand.

The Scotchman leaned back and read the letter again. "The old man is playing a wild scheme, it seems to me, but I suppose things look so bad to him that he is willing to try it."

The next afternoon, Dearborn looked up from the card his secretary had brought him, and started a bit. In front of him stood six solid feet of manhood. What was Dearborn worst the graceful outlines of the man, nor the thick tawny hair, but the dark eyes; they were cheery, good-natured, and gave ample proof of its large kindness.

After the usual introductory words, Dearborn explained that he was in need of an assistant and that he had asked McMurray to send him a candidate. And he added, "if you like the work, Mr. Lane, you will have a permanent staff position."

After closing hours, Dearborn drove Lane home. On the way they chatted, Dearborn, skilled in handling men, drawing him out; and the boy won him.

As they stood in the hall of his home, Dearborn called to Dorothy.

Down the stairs she came, a slim figure in a white dress. She paused suddenly. She saw the tall young man beside her father.

That night, Dearborn stood at his bedroom window looking out into the moon-washed gardens where he had once walked with someone he loved.

"To save that happy heart is worth any price," he vowed to himself.

The hours in the executive offices were short, and Lane tended strictly to business. Then he vanished, and Dearborn, going home, found that Dorothy had vanished, too. Then they would come in, and there was gay and happy talk of golf and tennis, swimming and auto trips.

Friday, the crisis came. First, Lane opened his heart, and with direct speech, as was his way, told Dearborn that he had come to love Dorothy, but that she was pledged to another.

Dearborn's old heart skipped a beat. He put one hand on the other's shoulder. "My boy, I know enough of men to know what you are. Dot is yours, if you want her!"

Lane's sheer happiness at the words left Dearborn a bit awed. He hurried home. The house was silent, but one of the maids told him Dot was in her room. He went softly upstairs, pausing in front of her door. A sound reached him that shook him—Dorothy sobbing.

He opened the door. She lay huddled in a little heap, but turned as he spoke her name tenderly. "Oh, Dad, Stuart told—told me—that he was going to ask you—and I am engaged to Vincent—I didn't think, you know; I was just happy with Stuart, and Vincent had been so strange last week—I don't know what to do!"

He sat down and gathered her in his arms. "Do you really love Stuart?"

"Oh—I do!" It was a breath—hardly spoken words.

"Then he is coming tonight, and I am going to the club," he said gently. "Forget Vincent—your happiness is at stake."

She was quiet—with her own dreams. Dearborn smiled, content with his thoughts. His scheme of having McMurray send the pick of his staff of young men had worked. He'd surprise the canny Scot with a raise in salary next month.

Inside Troubles

Mankind's inner poverty, littleness, narrowness, is the poisoned spring from which most unhappiness flows.—Farm and Fireside.

WHERE FISH ARE FISH

About a hundred swordfish are landed daily at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, each season, states the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian National Railways. Over three hundred swordfishing boats operate off the Cape Breton coast annually. One of the tourist attractions of this part of Nova Scotia is a trip with the swordfishermen to the swordfishing grounds to witness the adventurous occupation. The flesh of the swordfish is tender, sweet and wholesome and may be prepared for the table by frying, baking or boiling.

CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES

Dutch Scientist Believes They Originate in Great Submerged Cracks

Tracking down earthquakes is a substantial a scientist has decided they originate in giant submerged "cracks" thousands of miles long, where the earth's crust is buckling inward.

Dr. F. A. Vening Meinesz, of Holland, initiating earthquakes and the contour of mountain ranges are only symptoms of far more powerful forces deep in the earth that have split open these "cracks."

Dr. Meinesz, like a character out of Jules Verne, has travelled 10,000 miles under the seven seas in submarines, loading with delicate instruments that measure changes in the force of gravity the places where the earth is buckling.

One "crack" winds through the East Indies, he said, and is 3,000 miles long. Another runs near the Pacific islands of Guam and Yap. A third passes north of Haiti and Port Rico.

He and other scientists intend to trace this third "crack" westward. They believe it may cross through Mexico, perhaps connecting with another already located off the California coast.

The lateral buckling of the earth's crust may result from cooling and shrinking of the earth's interior, causing the "skin" to wrinkle like that of a shriveled apple, he said, or it may be caused by gradual "drifting" of the continents across the surface of the globe with resultant changes in pressure at different points.

FIDDLERS ONCE ROGUES

Music Not Always Held In High Regard It Is To-day.

The old English word "fiddle" is a corruption of the French word viola, meaning hurdy-gurdy. The word has become a colloquial and rather a contemptuous substitute for violin. Time was when fiddlers or minstrels were judged rogues, vagabonds and beggars. The old Puritans considered fiddling a crime only little better than murder. There was a famous old blue law to the effect that no one should eat wafers pie, dance, play cards or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or Jew's harp.

Lord Chesterfield considered it beneath a gentleman to be seen playing or fiddling, and advised his son if he loved music to hear it, to pay fiddlers to play for him, but never to fiddle himself. Quite contrary to this advice, it was the fancy of a certain fiddler to exercise his musical talent while Rome burned.

The fiddle vogue in the tenth century at the fairs and merrymakings of the Anglo-Saxons are probably representations of those queer-looking stringed instruments cut upon the stone of the Egyptian and Grecian monuments, or of the long pattern musicboards which have existed in India from prehistoric times, according to some commentators, though it is usually conceded that the fiddle dates back to Egyptian times.

BUFFALO SHIPPED TO BURMA

Canadian Animals Reunited With Distant Indian Cousins.

By the shipment of several Canadian buffalo to the zoo at Rangoon, Burma, there was brought about a family reunion of a most unusual character, as at Rangoon they and their descendants will mingle with their cousins, the wild bugale of India.

At Wainwright Park, in the Canadian Rockies, a number of Canadian buffalo were herded into box cars and started on the long journey to Burma.

The Canadian buffalo's relationship with the Indian animal is traced through thousands of years under the limitations of the Bovinae which includes bisons, buffalo and oxen. The buffalo of India is smaller than the Canadian type but has similar characteristics and its horns are longer. The family, it is believed, separated through migration in the dim past across the Bering Straits.

TURN THE SWITCH.

It is evident from a recently issued official report that the hand-power washing machine is rapidly passing into the discard in Canada. Of the 86,058 washing machines made in Canada annually, 67,577 are electric machines, 10,288 for operation by other power and 8,193 are hand machines. The total value of the 86,058 machines is $9,291,731 of which the electric machines accounted for $8,807,088, other power machines for $440,851 and the hand machines for $143,792. The use of electric power for a variety of domestic uses is becoming rapidly more general throughout the country. In most places in Canada electricity is a very cheap product owing to the abundance of water-power, from which most of the electricity used in the Dominion is generated.

COSTLY ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

Absent-mindedness costs money according to a certain resident of Magrath, Alberta, who feels slightly put out over the action of a garage owner in Lethbridge. The Magrath man went to Lethbridge in his automobile on a business trip. He placed his car in a garage. His business completed he sought the car but had forgotten where he had parked it. Police were notified but a city-wide search failed to reveal the car's whereabouts. When a bill for storage arrived two weeks later, however, he suddenly remembered where his car was.

CANADA RANKS THIRD.

Canada ranks third among the silver producing countries of the world. The four largest producers of silver are Mexico, the United States, Canada and Peru in the order named. Together they supply over 80 per cent. of the world's total silver production.

Trouble

Boss: "Now, James, we've forgotten to get any stamps!"

Office Boy: "There, sir! Aren't we a pair of fat-heads!"

The Cure

Doctor: "I would advise you, madam, to take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air and dress in cool clothes."

Patient's Husband (an hour later): "What did the doctor say?"

Wife: "He said I ought to go to Palm Beach and then to the mountains. Also that I might get some new light dresses at once."

THE DREAMERS

If man had never been dreamers,
Stirred to the soul with unrest,
They had never ploughed the furrow
That earth might return her best;
And that lowing of herds in the meadow,
And the bleating of flocks on the hill,
And the song of the wind in the wheat-field
Would wait for the Dreamers still.

If man had never been dreamers,
Seeking the new and the strange,
No raft had yet braved the waters,
And the desert where wild beasts range;
And the love and the hope and the laughter,
The laughter and song and tears
Of life were but taken unawares,
Awaiting the Dreamer's years.

If man had never been dreamers,
Believing that life is good,
This fabric of dreams we call "being"
No man could have understood;
And there never had been a whisper
Of love on the evening air,
Nor a laugh of joy for the morning,
—Nor a toilsome day's prayer.

If man had never been dreamers,
Seeking the face of God,
Their souls would have been as the jungle,
Their cries had been of the sod;
And the labor, and songs, and sleepings,
And the hope that now appeals,
And our faith in a good day coming
Had been lost to the glorious years.

—Exchange.

"The Ottawa Spotlight"

By Wilfrid Eggleston

Ottawa, June 13th—The "milk inquiry" which occupied so much attention during the last session of parliament seems to be having some modest results. Quebec has since appointed a provincial dairy commission with some of the powers of the "tribunals" recommended by the federal committee. And now Ontario is making Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture, to England shortly to study advanced English methods of selling and distributing milk. Co-operative milk distribution is reported to have become much more general in England and Wales than on this side of the Atlantic.

The French trade treaty which gives preferences to a wide range of Canadian agricultural products took into effect by proclamation on June 15th. Canadian tobacco is to enter France free; but to what extent shipments are made will depend on the view taken by the French government, which controls all tobacco imports, as to the quality. Canada wheat is to enter at one-half the maximum rate, but as this is still 34 cents a bushel, and as France has in addition special restrictions on foreign wheat, not much hope of large markets in France are held at present. In return French goods are to get a little better than our intermediate tariff on velvets and ribbons, clothing, other textiles, fancy stock, a wide range of machinery and some miscellaneous items.

Still Hanging Fire

Every few days a statement comes out of the capital that the tariff board will soon begin hearings, but the schedule of first hearings is still to come. It is now announced that H. H. Stevens, chairman of the British textile delegation, which will ask for lower duties on British woollen goods, will sail for Canada on June 30th, but it is probable that one or two other cases will be heard first. Anyway, the board has now moved into its palatial offices in the $1,000,000 National Research Building overlooking the Ottawa River.

The nomination of Ex-Judge Lewis St. George Stubbs as C.O.F. candidate in Mathewson, Man., a seat made vacant by the appointment of Milton Campbell to the Tariff Board, has caused some consternation to both of the older parties. The arrival of Mr. Stubbs as member for Mathewson would be a bitter bitter pill for Hon. Hugh Guthrie and other doubtless responsible for the actual deposition of the former judge. Meanwhile Liberal leaders are somewhat annoyed because Stubbs was originally offered a Liberal nomination in Manitoba, and the impression was gained that he had accepted the suggestion.

Back to Work, and Debt?

Some provincial governments are considering the possibility of going back into the business of caring for the unemployed by providing work. Most authorities consider that work is much more salutary to morale than direct relief, but the programs of 1930 and 1931 nearly bankrupt everybody concerned, and the method had to be abandoned in favor of direct relief. Now, perhaps with the prospect of times improving, there is more talk of relief work again. Quebec appears to be most anxious to start projects. The federal government has to go very easy on the treasury these days, but they have signified that they will co-operate with provinces which made an effort to provide work for the jobless. Conferences on the subject were held toward the end of last week.

Some Better Signs

Though the Canadian stock and commodity markets have been booming in sympathy with those across the line, it has been hard up to a few weeks ago to discover tangible signs of real business improvement. But retail sales for April rose well above the seasonal jump. Canal traffic at Sault Ste. Marie was more than double the tonnage this May than last. The latest figures for bank clearings show that in 30 centres out of 33 they were larger this year than last. Some gains are very impressive. For the latest available week for Toronto the total was $113,800,000 as compared with only $78,000,000 in the corresponding week a year ago.

ESKIMOS WILL MUNCH MARITIME BISCUITS

Eskimos in Canada's far north will be munching Maritime biscuits in the not far distant future. A biscuit manufacturing company located in Halifax has received a large order from the Hudson Bay Company for biscuits to be forwarded to their trading posts in the north. This order will go by rail to Montreal, thence by steamer, canoe and portage into the far north, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways.

No Malice

Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Brown were making up after a quarrel.

"Well, Mrs. Higgins," said Mrs. Brown, "I hears you no malice." She raised her glass. "So 'ere's lookin' at yer, an' never known that's a mirror."