THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Seventh Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, May 23rd, 1934. | $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	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.37 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.44 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	3.50 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	8.46 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.00 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE MAY 7th, 1934
Leave Georgetown

West	East
8.25 a.m.	8.15 a.m.
11.25 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
1.15 p.m.	12.15 p.m.
3.15 p.m.	3.35 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.35 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.50 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Bus Depot
WM. H. LONG'S STORE
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Nowadays its a question of whether the engagement ring is a symbol of a trusting heart or the symbol of a trusting jeweller.

The Young Bride—I'm looking for an apartment.
The Friend—What style?
The Bride—One of those where it is illegal to cook.

Let's Spend the Twenty - Fourth
— at —
HUTTONVILLE PARK
"The People's Popular Playground"
BALL GAME — RACES — SPORTS
Bring the Family, fill the lunch basket and spend the day in the open, and don't forget the fishing pole
FISHING RACE
A prize will be given to the boy or girl catching the biggest fish between 4.30 and 5 o'clock D.S.T. Entries received at Park up to 4 o'clock
FIRE WORKS IN THE EVENING
A Parking charge will be made up to 9 o'clock
Big Dance at Night
THE FLOOR IS WONDERFUL — MUSIC SUPPLIED BY
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Come and dance to this peppy 8 piece Toronto Band.
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FUL-VU Glasses are in Style
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THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON"

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
There are uncut jewels of possible fame,
Lying about in the dust.
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And, Oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon!
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
It is farther at noon than it is at dawn,
Farther at night than at noon;
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
—The King's Own

HOLIDAY FARES FOR VICTORIA DAY

Special holiday fares will be available for the Victoria Day excursions, it was announced today by C. P. Riddell, Chairman of the Canadian Passenger Association. Tickets will be sold, good between all stations in Canada and to certain destinations in the United States. The return limit is generous and the return fare will be the regular one way first class fare and one quarter. Tickets will be good going on any train from 6.00 a.m. Wednesday, May 23rd to noon on Victoria Day, May 24th, and passengers may start their return journey not later than midnight Friday, May 25th. This will provide opportunity for visiting any destination within the time limits and the special tickets will be honored in all classes of equipment subject to the usual parlor car and sleeping car charges when honored in these cars.

We Aim to Please

There was a long line at the ticket window when a woman breathlessly pushed her way to the front. "I want to go to Cincinnati," she began. "In about three weeks."

"Morning or night?" the agent asked, reaching for a time table.

She told him at night. After she had asked every conceivable question, she said: "Tell me, do you think there'll be a moon that night?"

The agent admitted he wasn't sure. "Because," she finished sweetly, "if there is a moon, I'm going to take the boat."

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● Aylmer Golden WAX BEANS No. 2 tall tins 2 tins 25c
● Smart's Choice CUT BEETS No. 2 squat tins 2 tins 21c
● Aylmer Choice JUMBO PEAS No. 2 tall tins 2 tins 29c
● Cream Style DEL MAIZ No. 2 tall tins 2 tins 29c
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P & G SOAP 8 bars 25c
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Main Street Phone 357 Georgetown

Typewriter Doctor

By RUBY DOUGLAS

THE cashier of the Brookville bank looked up from his desk as Sylvia, his competent little stenographer, entered his office humming gaily.

"Why the mirth on Monday morning, Miss Sylvia?" he asked.

"The old, old reason—joy is having created something!" she told him.

"Tell me—let me be joyful, too," persisted the cashier.

He had known Sylvia since her childhood. There was a friendly, family acquaintance as well as a business association.

"I will—but you won't like it," Sylvia laughed.

"Sho—somehow I thought the idea of getting married, I suppose."

Sylvia raised her hands in protest. "Not at all. But the effect on you will be just the same. I am going into business for myself."

The cashier listened while the girl unfolded her plan. The idea had come to her on Saturday morning like a flash of lightning from the unknown spaces. She had recognized it at once as an inspiration, and all through the week-end she had been turning it over in her mind until now it was a concrete plan all formulated and ready to put into action.

"Then you'll be a typewriter doctor, I gather," said the cashier when she had finished her outline.

"Yes—that's an attractive way to call it. There is no one in town who can mend a machine. You know yourself what a nuisance it is when the typewriters here in the office are out of order. We have to send to the city and not only pay the man's expenses but wait till he finds it convenient."

"Oh, I think you have hit upon a splendid idea. I—of course we hate to lose you, but we can't expect a girl with your ability and ambition to go on working for some one else at perhaps twenty dollars a week. Go to it, Miss Sylvia, and we will give you all the support we can."

Thus Sylvia severed her connections with the Brookville bank but she took with her all the good will of the officers and employees who, one and all, promised to help her to get launched in her new venture.

She found a diminutive office on the main street and called herself a "Typewriter Doctor." She had a native mechanical sense and more than a little practical business ability.

It was not long before Sylvia was very busy, and she had found it necessary to make a few trips to the city in order to learn from the makers of various machines a number of intricate little peculiarities of their own typewriters. But she was quick and determined to succeed. Nothing seemed too difficult. She was happy and busy and she was experiencing the thrill that comes with achievement.

One morning a young man appeared in her office.

"Good morning," she said cheerily.

The visitor explained that he was a writer and that he lived on a farm outside the limits of the city. His typewriter had become very badly in need of parts and repairs while he was in the middle of some work for a weekly publication. He asked whether he might bring it in his machine and perhaps rent one for a few days. That was his problem.

Sylvia assured him that that was her work, and she had several machines on hand that she could let him choose from. For by this time she had not only gone into the business of renting typewriters but she had acquired the agency of a neat little portable machine and was making handsome commissions on this.

If the young woman recognized another finger of fate pointing the way to her pathway she did not admit it. She confessed to herself that she was glad Mr. Bob Saunders would have to return for his machine. She liked him.

In a day or two, Bob Saunders appeared again. He was buoyantly happy.

"I'm as a mouse as well as a good typewriter doctor, Miss Bates," he said.

"How do you know?" asked Sylvia, for his machine was not ready.

"I have sold the story I wrote on the rented machine for more than a third again of what I have ever received before from the same people," he told her enthusiastically. "Now I can well afford to get the parts."

He remained in the little office longer than was necessary, but Sylvia kept on working. He was lost in admiration of the deft, easy way in which she went about mending this machine, adjusting that one, cleaning another.

It became a habit—watching her.

"Could you—perhaps—doctor the heart of typewriting man, Miss—Sylvia?" he asked her one day after many weeks.

"I—might, if it needed it," admitted Sylvia.

"I think if you would—we—we could make a success—together." Bob wrote better than he talked.

But Sylvia managed to understand. And her response was all that he had hoped for.

"And, besides, the doctor needs a partner," she told him afterwards.

Fame as a Penalty

"Fame," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is a penalty as well as a reward, since it immortalizes a great man's errors no less than his achievements."—Washington Star.

The story is told that when Bishop Candler was riding on a train out West, a big, strapping, rough fellow came in and sat down beside him. Sizing up the Methodist prelate, he exclaimed, "Where in hell have I seen you before?" To which Bishop Candler replied, "I don't know; what part of hell are you from?"

STOP PAIN
DON'T BE LAID UP with Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache or Lumbago—USE RUMACAPS.
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THE LAST JUDGMENT

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson
MAY 27th
GOLDEN TEXT: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." 2 Corinthians 5: 10.
LESSON PASSAGE: Matthew 25: 31, 46.

God's Dreams

Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams!
Shall we deny them and scorn them?
That men shall love one another?
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market-place,
That lust shall yield to love of the race,
That war shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!
—Thomas Curtis Clark.

The Searchlight, 31-33

By order of the Dominion Parliament, there has been an investigation of business practices. The scale of wages, hours of labor, first and last costs of materials have been passed under review and managers of large firms have had to give evidence on oath. An employer of labor when asked whether he had to appear or not said, "No. I'm safe. I've paid more than the minimum wage law requires." This investigation has brought to light unhealthy conditions in several trades. How would our lives stand up if we had to give evidence about ourselves, telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? And what if our questioner and judge should be Jesus Christ? How would we face His kind but fearless gaze? What would be Christ's test?

Social Service, 34-36

The usual test of church membership is belief. The churches have demanded subscription to certain creeds. The formal list of questions is concerned with "Do you believe?" Christ was much more concerned about the way people acted towards their fellows. About him he saw people who were hungry and sick, half clad paupers and sinful convicts. Surely religion has nothing to do with such people, the self-righteous thought, but Jesus used the attitude towards those in need as a test of the genuineness of religion. He himself spent much of His time ministering to the outcasts, the lepers, the sick, the publicans and sinners of his day. The calender of a city congregation listed ten different social service activities for one week. Nearly every Christian community has orphanages, rescue homes, hospitals, fresh air camps and hospital visitors. The inspiration for it all has come from Him who went about doing good and who was among men as one who served.

Spiritual Motives, 37-40

Some think that if they do unto others as they would be done by, it will be sufficient. There is more to religion, however, than being active in social service work. It is not altogether easy always to follow the Golden Rule; a spiritual incentive is necessary. The self same church calendar that listed ten social services for one week had over a dozen teaching and worship services. The uplift produced the outreach. The greatest impulse to social service is spiritual devotion to Jesus Christ who loved his fellow men. In fact, Christ said that if we help a child, give a cup of cold water to a tramp, visit the sick or help prisoners to a new start, it is the same in his eyes as though we had done it directly for him. So closely did Christ identify himself with suffering humanity. A federated charities' organization in a great city took as the watchword of its campaign the one word "Inasmuch." It was necessary to complete the sentence, so well known has it become.

Sins of Omission, 41-45

For which do you feel the sharpest guilt, the actual evil deeds you have done or the possible good deeds you have left undone. In the eyes of Christ, to leave a good deed undone is a positive fault. The sins of omission are actual sins, perhaps in some cases worse than sins of commission. To cheer soldiers as they march away to war and then to leave amputation cases almost friendless in a military hospital year after year is not only unpatriotic and ungrateful but it is a sin against brotherhood. To allow children to play in dirty gutters in a downtown slum and never make an effort to get them a playground or a holiday in a fresh air camp is to do an injustice to children and injure the future citizenship of our land. To complain about a cut in salary or reduction in income from investments and never to do one personal act of kindness to those unemployed and on relief is to show a social selfishness that becomes a positive at of heartlessness.

Deeds Decide Destiny, 46

If we are headed in the wrong direction the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves. What we choose is what we are. We become what we desire. Our fate is formed by our actions. It is idle to place the blame upon others: we have taken a hand in making ourselves what we are. To do nothing stultifies character and to do wrong things debases character. To grow into normal strength requires actions and right actions. Christ laid emphasis upon action. "Inasmuch as ye have done this." "Do this and ye shall live." "This ought ye to have done." How much Christ himself did! He did not counsel others to be active while sitting at ease himself. He went about doing good, working long hours and expending his energy and sympathy in unselfish service. Those who live in this spirit grow one kind of souls. Those who live for sordid, selfish ends, grow quite another kind of souls. In time the destiny becomes fixed, not by the arbitrary decree of a judge but because of the moral consequences of our own deeds. Thus we may judge ourselves here and now as before the judgment seat of Christ.

Questions for Discussion

1. Would we be willing to have Christ look into the cellar of our souls?
2. Are governments undertaking too many social service projects?
3. What leads you to help a person in need?
4. How is Christ judging the world to-day?
5. Which is more helpful, to think of heaven and hell as places or as spiritual states?

The schoolmistress was giving her class of young pupils a test on a recent natural history lesson.

"Now, Bobby Jones," she said, "tell me where the elephant is found."

The boy hesitated for a moment; then his face lit up.

"The elephant, teacher," he said, "is such a large animal it is scarcely ever lost."

"Our minister is so good that he won't even perform a marriage ceremony." "What's that got to do with his being good?" "He says his conscience won't let him participate in any games of chance."

"The Ottawa Spotlight"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF NATIONAL AFFAIRS

By Wilfred Eggleston

Sensation was piled on sensation during the tobacco inquiry last week, which quite overshadowed any developments in other parts of the hill. Parliamentarians and premiers tend to become 'hard-boiled' about scandals and insincerities, but the most cynical of them all got a few stiff jolts as witnesses came forward and revealed conditions in the tobacco industry. It was not that anything definitely criminal, perhaps, was uncovered. It was the gravely disturbing spectacle of women crying at starvation prices for raw tobacco, set alongside mammoth figures of high profits in the manufacturing end, princely salaries and bonuses going on while the tiller of the soil was virtually giving away the product of his labor, at a price which hardly returned him his actual cash outlay, and which left little or nothing either as wages or as interest on his investment.

Then, to cap the climax, we had the interjection of a political angle. Walter M. Stewart, president of the W. C. Macdonald Tobacco Co. of Montreal stepped into the witness box and asserted that Ward Pitfield, whom he described as "a man close to the present Prime Minister" had approached him in 1930 asking for campaign fund contributions, and leaving him with the impression that a donation would be interpreted as meaning that he would like to see the excise tax on cigarettes come down.

More Heat for the Blaze

Then, not to leave the committee thirsting for more excitement, Stewart went on to charge that he had been told that at least one of his competitors knew in advance of the reduction of the excise tax in 1933, and had stopped manufacturing cigarettes in advance.

Stewart wanted to summon three members of the present government so that he could ask them questions. When reminded that the committee had been set up to investigate the tobacco and other industries, witness retorted: "What I am trying to talk about is buying the government."

The Gist of the Evidence

Just to boil down for ready reference and quick reading the highlights of the inquiry last week, here they are:

In the five years 1928-1932 the Imperial Tobacco Co. which buys about 75 per cent. of the Canadian crop, made profits of $33,677,100, it subsidiaries made an additional $2,748,000.

A combination of salary and bonus amounting to over $140,000 was paid to the president, and even in the worst of the depression his income from this source never fell below $60,000. Five or six other officials received sums of fifty, sixty, seventy thousand and more. As against this salary a Canadian cabinet minister only received $14,000 and a prime minister only $30,000. The bonus paid to these executives was calculated so that as the profits of the company rose, their share went up.

Tobacco was Going Down

A vivid account of the way tobacco buyers literally 'drove down' the market from a reasonable price of 30 cents a pound, in the fall of 1931, to a figure as low in at least one case of 14 cents a pound, with scores of cases of 16 to 20 cents, was given to the committee.

"Instructions from New York" was the reason given by one of the chief buyers for the fact that after starting at 30 cents a pound one week the price fell to less than 30 cents soon afterwards.

The reason given by representatives of the tobacco company for this reduction in prices was that the crop was large, and over-production appeared to have arrived.

Charges that the Imperial Tobacco company had tried to drive him out of business were aired by a cigar manufacturer of l'Epiphanie, Quebec.

The end of the Blaze

Something smacking of a blockade was developed in the natural products marketing bill, passing through committee. Some amendments are expected. The prime minister took a hand in fighting 'interlocking directorates by adding to penalties in the Bank Act preventing bank directors sitting in on meetings where a loan to one of their firms was discussed. The Senate discussed tourist publicity and the League of Nations.

THAT DIRTY COURT BIBLE

A judge in the west gave a man a night in jail when he kissed his thumb in court when he should have kissed the bible. This prompts the Winchester Press to remark that the judge wasn't much of a sport in this particular instance. And the Press is right to a certain extent. For five years we were a clerk of a division court and in the course of our duty swore many persons. We used the same old bible that had been in court for years and years. Indians and white people and coloured people, clean people and dirty people, all kissed the book—or their thumbs. While we will not say that we actually caught anybody kissing a thumb during those five years, there were times when by the very nature of the evidence submitted some of those sworn either kissed their thumbs or they were goahawful liars. We wouldn't kiss that bible or for that matter any other bible in a public court, and we admire anybody who has taste enough to refuse to submit to this form of oath. Kissing a bible is obsolete. Raising the right hand is just as binding and a mightly lot more sanitary. Pressing your lips to a book of any kind that has been lying around in the dust for years, a book that has been handled by every Tom, Dick and Harry, with unwashed hands, is to say the least, not a very safe method from a point of health and should be done away with.—Trenton Courier Advocate.

DIRTY MARKERS

Automobile markers are carried not only as an indication that the registration fee has been paid but also as a ready means of indentification. For this purpose it is essential that the figures shall be legible at all times. A car with dirty markers is in the same category as a man wearing a mask. Too frequently when a car has sped away from the scene of an accident or of a crime, it has been impossible for bystanders to secure its number.

If those who purposely obscure their markers are to be detected, it is necessary that law-abiding motorists keep their own markers clean. And it is easier to do that than to get the car out of the average garage.

Little MacDonald (to butcher) — Give me 10 cents' worth of dog meat, and be sure its fresh, for the last time you gave it to me Daddy got awfully sick.

SPRINGTIME REVERIE

While lying here this morning
On my narrow bed of pain,
I sort o' got to thinking
Of the folks back home again;
I seem to see the winding street
That runs down to the mill,
And in my vision see the boys
Go coasting down the hill.

O' it's springtime in the village,
When the birds begin to sing,
And each bursting bud is saying
In its own way that it's spring;
And each tiny little flower,
As it peeps up to the sun,
Shows the hand of the Creator
In the start that's just begun.

Then I fancy it is Sunday,
And the street with quiet is blest
As the children go to Sunday School,
Clad in their very best;
You can see they all are happy,
There's a smile on each small face,
As hand-in-hand they wend their way
To God's most holy place.
It's a blessing that we seldom count
As each Sunday rolls away,
That we have a place of worship
To go to on God's day.
O, I miss the folk who gather,
And their handclasps, everyone,
For there's nothing like true friendship
In this world beneath the sun.

And now it's Monday morning,
So the men help lift the Pump;
While some hen is playing Lasso
In her daily hunt for bugs.
I sort o' miss these scenes at home,
Some are set with music sweet,
Like the clatter of a wagon
As it rolls along the street.

I'd like to watch the little streams,
Perhaps 'twould be for fun,
As they tumbled down the hillside
Or just shimmered in the sun;
How the kiddies do enjoy it,
With their rubber boots pulled on—
Sure, they'd have their Mississippi
And their great big Amazon.

I would hear the blacksmith's hammer
As it on the anvil rang,
Although I could not catch the note
I could guess the song it sang;
It seemed to say, there's work to do,
For spring is in the air;
Just another bit of music mixed,
When a feller can't be there.

—In the Fordwich Record, written by Buster Johnston while he was confined to the hospital with ill health.

THE PAPER AND THE CLERGY

A clergyman came at a newspaper man this way: "You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live; your newspaper would be a failure." The editor replied: "You are right and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the truth about his members, alive or dead, will not occupy the pulpit more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with whitewash brushes and pleasant words, magnifying little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the pen, and the grave stone are the great saint-making triumvirate." And the editor turned to his work and told of the unsurpassing beauty of the bride, while in fact she was as homely as a mud fence.

POST OFFICE SERVICE

For some time the question has been discussed, why towns and villages should be singled out and made to pay for post office service, while residents in the rural districts and the cities get mail delivered to their door free of charge, and we notice where Seaforth town council has petitioned the federal government to remove this discrimination.

The trouble is that towns people not only have to go to the post office to get their mail but they also have to pay rental for a box to put it in though the convenience of boxes is just as great an aid to the post office staff as it is to the patrons. And on top of this we have to pay our share toward the delivery of mail in the cities and townships. In other words, they "get" us both coming and going. Of course it would mean a large increase in expenditure for the post office department to deliver mail to everybody's door all over Canada, but this argument doesn't alter the fact that they are doing it for two large bodies of people now; though denying this service to the third class. In the opinion of this paper it is time the towns joined in a united protest against the discrimination these shown. The principle of mail delivery has been adopted and should be extended to include all classes. A start should be made in extending the service until it is uniformly carried out. But towns will never get it until they make their voices heard, and of course until all homes are numbered as they should have been long ago.—Midland-Argus.

THE ART OF "GETTING ALONG"

Sooner or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that business life is a mixture of good day and bad, victory and defeat, give and take.

He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses.

He comes to realise that the business could run along prefectly well without him.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight.

He learns that buck passing always turns out to be a boomarang, and that it never pays.

He learns that the quickest way to become unpoplar is to carry tales and gossip about others.

He learns that it doesn't matter so much who gets the credit so long as the business shows a profit.

He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul—that he should let some things go over his head like water off a ducks back.

He learns that even the janitor is human and that it doesn't do any harm to smile and say, "Good morning," even if it is raining.

He learns that all men have burnt toast for breakfast now and then and that he shouldn't take the other fellow's grouch too seriously.

He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is, and they have brains that are as good or better, and that hard work and not cleverness is the secret of success.

Minister (who was filling out the marriage certificate and was uncertain of the date)—Let me see, this is the fifth, isn't it?
Bride (indignantly) — No, sir! This is only my second.

Sunday School Teacher — Junior, can you quote something from the Bible to show that a man should not have two wives?
Junior—Yes—"No man can serve two masters."