THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Eighth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, May 1st, 1935. | $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
Effective April 14th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger an Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.35 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.
Sundays going East	
Passenger	7.45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	3.00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.33 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
8.30 a.m.	9.15 a.m.
11.30 a.m.	8.30 p.m.
1.15 p.m.	1.30 p.m.
*2.15 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.45 p.m.	6.30 p.m.
6.45 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
12.15 a.m.	
11.30 a.m.	

Daily Except Saturday.
* Saturday Only.
Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
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Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

MORTGAGE SALE

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Robt. J. Kerr, Auctioneer, by public auction on

TUESDAY, MAY 7th, 1935

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the farm of Wm. Gilman and Ruth Gilman, near Glen Williams, Ontario, the following property, namely:—

ALL AND SINGULAR that certain parcel or tra of land and premises situated lying and being in the Township of Esquesing, in the County of Halton, and Province of Ontario, and being composed of firstly, the east half of Lot No. 32, in the 8th Concession of said township of Esquesing, and secondly the westerly half of Lot No. 36, in the 9th Concession of said Township of Esquesing, containing in all 195 acres more or less. On the said farm there is said to be erected a dwelling house with suitable farm buildings.

The lands will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

Terms of Sale—10 per cent of purchase money to be paid down time of sale, balance in 30 days.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to

HARRY W. PACK, ESQ.,
East Block Parliament Buildings,
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Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

DATED at Toronto this 18th day of April, 1935. 2t

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And for best results in service and economy, use Lowe Brothers "High Standard" House Paint. Its fine grinding and pre-tested materials assure you of the lowest cost "per square foot."

Spreads far; hides well and is very easy to apply.

A wide choice of modern colors

PORCH PAINT

Specially made of materials that assure a tough finish, Lowe Brothers Porch Paint will give years of service at low cost.

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One Quart of Lowe Brothers Paint will cost less than 2 quarts of Cheap Paint!

R. H. Thompson & Co.
PHONE 46 GEORGETOWN

LAGGARD SPRING

Winter hung about the ways,
Very loth to go.
Little Spring could not get past him.
Try she never so.

This side—that side, everywhere,
Winter held the track.
Little Spring sat down and whimpered.
Winter humped his back.

Summer called her,—"Come, dear, come!
Why do you delay?"
"Come and help me, Sister Summer,
Winter blocks my way."

Little Spring tried everything.
Sighs and moans and tears.
Winter howled with mocking laughter,
Covered her with jeers.

Winter, rough old surly beggar,
Practiced every vice,
Pelted her with hail and snowstorms,
Clogged her feet with ice.

But, by chance at last they caught him
Unawares one day,
Tied his hands and feet, and dancing,
Sped upon their way.

—John Oxenham

BUSINESS SUMMARY

The following is a summary of business conditions in Ontario as compiled by the Bank of Montreal:—

Wholesale activities slackened somewhat during the past month, with volume about equal to that of a year ago. Cold weather has retarded the retail trade, but Easter is expected to compensate for the recent sluggishness. Collections are fair to slow. Manufacturing operations have been fairly well maintained, with increased activity in the steel and automobile industries. Shipments of agricultural implements are substantially in excess of those of last year and working forces are 30% to 35% greater than a year ago. Textile production has been slightly shaded. Knitting and hosiery mills generally are operating to capacity. Most furniture plants are working short time. Tanneries and shoe factories have accelerated output. Rubber manufacturers are well employed. Cement mills and paint manufacturers are busier. Electrical appliance manufacturers report sales well maintained. Flour millers find domestic trade fair, with export business negligible.

Caller—What is your name, my little man?

Little Man—It's Lemuel Oscar, Manifold Overshap Muchmore.

Caller—Who ever gave you a long name like that?

Little Man—I ain't found out who's the blame yet, but I'm on their trail, and when I catch 'em, there's going to be a murder.

If it's for a rest the girls flock South each winter, they sure get it if there is as little on their minds as on their backs.

Special! 6 DAYS ONLY!

Singapore Sliced PINEAPPLE No. 2 squat tin 9c

Lynn Valley DESSERT PEARS No. 2 squat tin 10c

Baking POWDER 16-oz. tin 17c

CARROLL'S Pure Contains No Alum

Eagle BLUEBERRIES No. 2 tin 10c

Cowan's Perfection COCOA 1-lb. tin 23c

FRESH CHOCOLATE MALLOW BISCUITS 2 lbs. 25c

Jubilee Gift of 1 small pkg. LUX 1 picture KING and of the QUEEN FREE WITH LUX Large Package 22c

TEA CARROLL'S DANDEE Blend pound 39c

Carroll's GOLDEN TIP pound 65c

Carroll's SPECIAL BLEND pound 45c

Peanut Cluster CANDY Crisp Peanuts, embedded in creamy fudge, then dipped in milk chocolate—a treat for the whole family. pound 19c

Mint-Flavored Jellies, exceptionally fine, lb. 17c.

CARROLL'S CLEANSER 3 tins 14c
AMMONIA POWDER 2 pkgs. 11c
WASHING SODA 2 pkgs. 11c
CASTILE SOAP 10 cakes 23c
COMFORT SOAP 5 bars 17c
WATER GLASS Yo Kaap Eggs Fresh tin 14c
SURELITE MATCHES 3 boxes 21c
OXYDOL or CHIPSO 2 lg. pkgs. 37c

CORN Aylmer GOLDEN BANTAM Choice Quality 2 No. 2 tins 19c

Aylmer PEAS sieve 4 2 No. 2 tins 21c

Aylmer TOMATOES 2 No. 2½ tins 15c

FOOD ROLLS Carroll's Own Waxed Paper 2 pkgs. 15c
SHAKER SALT Sifto Plain or Regal pkg. 6c

CARROLL'S LIMITED

Bananas Golden Ripe—Per doz. 23c

Lettuce LEAF — Large bunches 5c each

Grapefruit Marsh seedless 6 for 25c

Tomatoes RUBY RED 2 lb. 23c

Lemons Large, full juice 19c doz.

Free Delivery PHONE 357

Pineapple GOOD SIZE 23c

Main St. Georgetown

The Heart of Hollywood

By THAYER WALDO

THE arc lamps circled and the music played and twelve thousand people swirled around. Half an hour still before the picture would begin; thirty minutes more of glare and blare and babble, then another Darkstein's Arabian theatre premiere would be history. I stood on the fringe of the crowd, watching and listening to it all.

Out in front of the forecourt there was suddenly a commotion. Into the hanging microphone the voice of the announcer near me cries:

"Here it is, ladies and gentlemen—the big moment everyone's been waiting for. Miss Sylvia Malvern, the lovely star of tonight's picture, is just arriving. In a minute we'll have her here to say a few words to you."

Up the narrow cleared passage from the curb Sylvia made her glittering way. Jewels, fur, and her flashing smile created a picture of dazzling, if overdone, charm. As she passed a few feet from me I became aware of someone at my elbow, squirming and pushing forward. I glanced sideways with a scowl—and hardly stifled an explosion of mirth at what I saw.

There beside me stood a short, squat man whose face was the most absurd concoction of features I have ever looked upon.

I'd just gotten the full startling impression when, to my further astonishment, he grinned and waved at Sylvia Malvern. Moreover, she returned it with a gracious nod. Then she had passed on and I became aware that the fellow was regarding me, his blissful smirk still active.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed in a gurgling voice. "Ain't she grand?"

"Sure is!" I agreed heartily. "Do you know her?"

He bobbed assent and the pop eyes rolled happily.

"Oh, yeah—she's my best friend, really. Course I only met her couple o' weeks ago, but now it seems almost like we'd known each other always."

The perfect satisfaction in his tone decided me. I told him:

"That's certainly fine! I've wished for years I could meet her myself. How did you manage it?"

"Well, guess I was just kinda lucky. But it was awful important to me; maybe that helped. I think y' get 'most anythin' y' want bad enough."

Realising that he was fully launched now and willing to talk, I suggested that we seat ourselves upon a small stone bench which stood beneath some potted palms near by.

"So you were very anxious to see Miss Malvern, eh?"

"Gee, you bet I was!" he replied with something like a wistful note. "Y' see, she was the first person to ever make me feel real happy. Back when I went to school, all the other kids used to laugh and point at me and holler 'Funny face!' So I got kinda in the habit of stayin' by myself. Sometimes I was pretty lonesome, too, and but aw, shucks, that sounds like I was feelin' sorry for myself; I didn't mean it that a-way.

"I went to movies a lot 'cause it was dark in the theaters and—well, I liked 'em. One day 'bout a year ago I first saw Sylvia—Miss Malvern, that is—and right off I was crazy about her. Her face was so pretty and sweet and—and kind lookin'. Guess I musta gone back to see that pitcher five or six times, and the same with all of here after that."

After an instant's pause he went on more eagerly than ever:

"Then long some time last winter I got the idea how swell it'd be if I could see her herself, and maybe even talk to her. So I just up and sold some land my folks had left me and come straight out here from Cedar Hollow—that's my home town, in Iowa.

"I didn't have much notion what to do, but I found Zenith studio and hung around the gate. One day the man in uniform there asked me what I wanted and I told him, and he called somebody else. First thing I knowed they was takin' me right into the place. I waited in some office just a few minutes, and then they told me where to find Sylvia.

"Well, it all turned out like I hoped for. We was alone, on the stage where she'd been actin' for this pitcher. I don't remember just what I said; maybe some of it was kinda foolish, on account of I was so nuts about her. But it don't matter now—all I care about is thinkin' how swell she was to me. I ain't never gonna forget that, and I'll never mind no more when other people make fun of me. All a fella needs is one real friend."

Suddenly he noticed many of the throng drifting toward the theatre entrance, and sprang up.

"Golly!" he cried. "I gotta go; I might miss some of it. Well, hope you meet her some time, too. G' bye."

Before I could summon poise to move or speak, he was gone. I was still sitting there, pondering the tale and its strangely touching teller, when a crisp voice came to me from beyond the palms—the announcer sliding off. Quite idly I listened.

"And finally, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "let me urge you to attend this truly great picture soon. I saw it in preview just last night, and it has everything: cast, story, songs, comedy—oh, what comedy! There's one skit I'm sure will be the season's biggest laugh. And they tell me it's absolutely novel; a scene in which the older actor didn't even know he was appearing. Miss Malvern's with him, and makes it a grand stooge. Honestly, it's a panic, and only one of the high spots in a real four-star show. Thank you; good night."

There are 14 breakfast food factories in Canada, of which 11 are in Ontario, two in British Columbia, and one in Manitoba. Canadian prepared breakfast foods have gained an international reputation, finding their way into almost every country of the world. The greatest amount, however, valued at $3,500,000, goes to the United Kingdom.

* * *

Jones—Poor old Smothers! His wife threw his clothes out of the bedroom window, this morning.

Jenkins—Well, I don't think that's very serious.

Jones—But poor old Smothers followed the suit.

Silver Jubilee Celebration

— of the —

Accession of King George V

will be held in

GEORGETOWN

MONDAY, MAY 6TH, 1935

at 2 p.m.

Parade — Fete de Fleurs — Royal Salute — Program of Music and Thanksgiving and Dedicatory Service.

GOD SAVE THE KING

A Letter From Ireland

The following letter was received this week from Omar Diggins, who left Georgetown last December for Ireland, where he is a trombonist in one of the military bands there:—

Ballykinder Camp, Co. Down,
Ireland, April 13, 1935.

To the Citizens of Georgetown:

Please accept my appreciation and thanks for the many kind inquiries about myself through my parents. I have been very busy up to the present, and then everything is so different here that it has been impossible to write before. I have only just began to find himself now.

I suppose I had better begin at the beginning and go through my experiences as I came to them, that is, as near as I can remember them.

I arrived at St. John, N.B., on Dec 21st, about 10.30 a.m. and immediately went on board the Montrose. It was a beautiful day, with little or no wind and a perfectly clear sky. We sailed at 12.00 noon, while at lunch. The boat was very nearly empty so that it rolled a great deal on the trip to Halifax. We arrived at Halifax before breakfast the next day and took on cargo and more passengers all day. We left Halifax and Canada at midnight; I stayed up and watched my native land, with my friends, fade away in the darkness. It was then that I realized what a large world this is. I lingered long after land was out of sight and wondered what changes would take place before I returned. However, I finally left the deck and went to my bunk where I tried to sleep. I was very tired but could not sleep for I was beginning to get very homesick.

The sea was beginning to rise now, but the cargo we took on at Halifax, kept the ship much steadier. With the exception of meal times and the few hours I slept at night, I kept to the decks. It was very cold and windy at times, but I kept warm by walking and running. Christmas Day was the roughest and wildest day of the whole trip, the wind howled and whistled; blowing the waves up until they broke into white caps and tossed the ship about like a toy.

I started to practise in my cabin, but gave it up because of the danger of injuring my trombone and also because there were so many sick. I had three Scotchmen as roommates. They were much older than I, but very decent and also very happy, for they were going home.

I played "The Blue Bells of Scotland" with variations and the "Fire Fly" at the concert on board. Many people came to me afterward and said they enjoyed my contribution, the best of all, perhaps, that was because they were Scotch. There was a beautiful five-piece stringed orchestra on board. I often listened to them, the music seemed, to me, very encouraging. We sited the lighted houses on the northern coast of Ireland, on Friday, Dec. 28th. It was the most welcome site I had seen since the ship left Halifax. I had only seen one ship since we left Halifax and that was between 8 and 8.30 a.m. the second day at sea. Next morning more than half the passengers (Scotchmen) got off at Greenock. We then sailed to Belfast where I got off along with four or five others.

Mr. Johnson, my Bandmaster was at the landing stage with his car to meet me. He drove me through Belfast and about thirty miles to Ballykinder. I saw many queer sights, at least they were queer to me, on that journey; the double decked trams and buses, and the queer looking cars; my nerves twitched everytime we passed a car for I couldn't just get used to the left hand traffic. However we arrived safely at camp about five o'clock, the Bandmaster introduced me to the bandmen, and after seeing that I had a bed for the night, left me.

Boy! I'll never forget that first night on that iron bed without any springs. I am getting used to it now though. I suppose when I come home I'll have to bring one with me so I'll be able to sleep.

Well, I remained here for nearly two weeks, then was sent to the Regimental Depot at Lichfield, England, for drilling. Those two weeks were most enjoyable, with plenty of practice and many long walks by myself down by the sea. The camp is most gloriously situated close to the sea and not far from those famous Mts. of Mourne. It has been cool here with snow two or three times and the ground frozen one or two mornings, but it is nothing like the Canadian winters. The grass has been green all the time and the violets have been in blossom ever since I have been here.

I left my trombone behind when I went to the Depot for I was warned I shouldn't have much time to myself. That warning was quite true. I was kept going from 5.30 a.m. before 'Reveille' till 'Lights Out' 10.15 p.m. with drilling, gyms, school, sports, fatigues and cleaning and polishing. They are very particular about polishing. I was going to name the articles polished, but if I say everything, I'll save a lot of time and space. They pushed me through in six weeks what ordinarily takes twice as long. It was very hard work but here is how I came out in the tests at the end of the fifth week:

Drill (marching etc.)—possible 30, marks obtained 17.

Turn Out Test (dress, equipment cleaned) possible 30; marks obtained 18.

Kit Inspection (everything cleaned and set out on cot)—possible 20, marks obtained 20.

A total of 85 points out of a possible 80.

I made the highest marks in my squad. In gyms I was second. There were cross country runs every week in which all had to take part. They were very gruelling, some five, six and seven miles, often in the rain. I usually finished eighth or ninth out of the 150 or 200 runners.

I also won a shield or cot plate twice for the cleanest and neatest cot in the squad. I was only eliegible for it three times. The shield was competed for every week and the one who won it the most number of times was presented with a silver-tipped regimental cane at the end of his training.

The only time we were allowed out was Saturday and Sunday from 1.30 p.m. until 11.30 p.m. I spent every Saturday afternoon walking by myself either to Lichfield (about 3½ miles) or Tamworth (about 4½ miles), where I did some shopping in the markets and sometimes went to a theatre.

I left the Depot on February 21st with a draft of thirty. We marched to Trent Valley station, about three miles, starting at 5 p.m. We travelled to Liverpool, with several changes, by rail. Those coaches and engines are queer looking things compared with ours. I often laugh when I hear their whistle, it sounds so shrill and toy-like to our Canadian trains. We boarded a boat at Liverpool for Belfast. The trip this time was much smoother than when I crossed before. I was very sick on the voyage from Ireland to England.

At Belfast we were picked up by Army transports and conveyed to the camp. The first thing I did when I got there was to get hold of my trombone and see if I could still play. My, it was good to get hold of that again!

The band music is very fine, also very difficult. The most difficult part, to me, is following my new Bandmaster's conducting. However, it doesn't seem so 'Dutch' to me now although I have been promoted from private to bandsman. I make some terrible blunders at times.

Mr. Johnson is a most marevious trombonist. Although he has not played for five years he still can pick up my trombone and do what I thought impossible. Some day I hope I shall be able to perform as he does. It means plenty of work, but I like it.

I had not been back here long when I found out there was to be a set of exams for the Second Class Education Certificates on March 26th. I have to have this before I can go to Mneller Hall, so I asked them if I could sit. They said that it was almost impossible to learn everything necessary in such a short time, but I could go to school with the class. I sat for my Third Class Certificate on March 19th, and the second on March 26th, and I have passed both. I start for my First on Monday. Of course you know school is extra; I have the regular duties of a bandsman in the regular army besides school.

Now I have brought you right up to the present so will have to write 'Finis.' I should be very glad to hear from anybody, my address is—Bdsm. O. Diggins, H. Q. Wing, 2nd Bn. North Staffordshire Reg., Ballykinder Camp, Co. Down, N. Ireland.

Cherrio, yours sincerely,
Bdsm. Omar Diggins.

King Arthur—Lancelot, old bean, how much'll you take for your suit of armor?

Lancelot—Three cents an ounce—it's first class mail, boss.

Never forget that you will occasionally run on to a thoroughly no account man who is a most brilliant and ready talker.

UNANSWERED PRAYER

Like some schoolmaster kind is being stern,
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates
And calling, "Help me, master," yet helps not,
Since in silence and refusal lies their self-development.
So God abides unheeding many prayers.
He is not deaf to any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears and strengthens, when He must deny.
He sees us weeping over life's hard tasks,
But should He dry our tears and give the key,
What would it profit us when school were done,
And not one lesson mastered?
What a world were this if all our prayers were granted!
Not to fanned Pandora box were such vast ills
As lie in human hearts. Should our desires
Voiced one by one in prayer ascend to God
And come back as events shaped to our wish,
What chaos would result!
In my fierce youth I cited in breath enough
To move a fleet, voicing wild prayers to Heaven
For fancied boons which were denied.
And that denial bends my knee to prayers
Of gratitude each day of my mature life;
Yet from those prayers I rose slowly regarded
For the strife and conscious of new strength.
Pray on, sad hearts, that which thou pleadest for
May not be given, but in the lofty altitudes
Where souls who supplicate God's grace are lifted
There thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot
Which is not elsewhere found.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A GARDEN AS AN INVESTMENT

Gardening was the first occupation to which man turned his hand!

That a garden is as pleasant a place to work in as any is, easily to be found, and gardening a job pleasant enough for a holiday, has been sung by poets and learned writers through generations unknown.

One of the Old Testament Books of the Bible is about a garden, and we recall that when death was coming upon Him the Blessed Saviour, Who called Himself Son of Man, betook Himself to a garden for rest and meditation.

It is a mistake to consider a garden a farm in miniature!

Rather it is a place of pleasure if not of unvarying amusement, where one goes for relaxation, for pottering about with a rake or a hoe, for growing not practical necessities but the little luxuries of life, flowers, small fruits and table vegetables!

A nosegay of garden flowers is an acquisition to a well-set dinner-table, giving an edge to appetite by beauty and fragrance.

To grow them is to bring to the garden the scent, romance and color of lands far distant, where their natural life is to be found.

Men have travelled thousands of miles to enable taedmen to sell us their seeds, explorers are to-day in dangerous situations to add to such supplies and to our flower borders.

Wherever they are grown, they add refinement as well as beauty to the vicinity.

Many a farm, or sector of a farm has been bought because of the attractiveness borrowed from a tasty selection of flowers, in a garden on, or near to the place.

A garden with flowers in it about the house door, breeds neatness in the surroundings, for a garden must be neatly kept if it is to be worth calling a garden at all.

Little childern soon feel its influence and slough off the tiny kinks of personal unlidiness which so readily develop in unkept neighborhoods, if taught to love and enjoy the garden beauties.

And the pleasure and comfort of seeing the tiny beginnings of table vegetables in the early Spring, of tending their infant growth, of coaxing them along by judicious movements of the soil, of seeing them develop into actual usefulness—who can measure them?

The ideal garden is planned and managed, as was the first of all gardens, by man and wife together.

Man is useful for the forking and spading, and for some of the heavier work, but it is the housewife who knows the comparative value of vegetables, and the need of variety in the garden produce.

She knows that herbs must be grown for flavouring, what quantities of early roots, peas, beans and sweet corn ought to be planted.

Such weighty problems as the thick or thin sowing of lettuce seed, of radishes, of early onions; of the best way of guarding cauliflowers, and cabbages from defiling butterflies, are to be settled only by patient consultations together.

The tenderness of the wife may wince at the hard pruning back of vines, raspberry canes, currant and gooseberry bushes, but she soon learns to trust the strength and wisdom of "her man."

And the satisfaction of growing one's own "garden-stuff" and enjoying it at meal time is simply immeasurable by purely practical standards.

As a measure of economy, as a means of real relaxation, as adding to the pleasures of the dining table, as increasing the beauty and actual value of the farm and of the whole neighborhood, one of the best investments about the place is a neat, pretty, well-tended garden!—Family Herald and Weekly Star.

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