THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Eighth Year of Publication

The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, May 8th, 1935.

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

C.N.R. Time Table

Effective April 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger an Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.33 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.48 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.40 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	7.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.18 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.53 p.m.

TRAVEL BY
BUS
New Schedule

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.35 a.m.	8.46 a.m.
11.15 a.m.	8.35 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	11.35 a.m.
2.55 p.m.	2.36 p.m.
6.55 p.m.	4.35 p.m.
8.55 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Bus Depot
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ARROW

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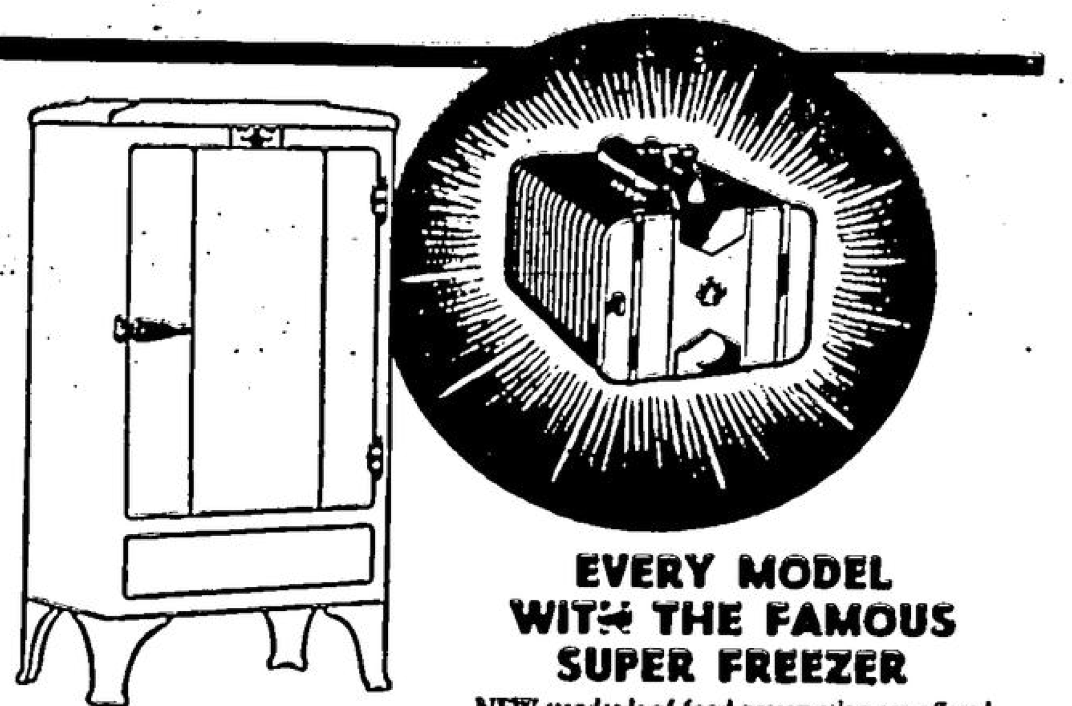
RADIO REPAIRS
You are invited to come in and talk over your Radio problems. The advice of a trained Radio Service Engineer is yours for the asking.
PHONE 11
Hugh Lindsay
In the Lane Block

ONCE A CRIME

In the year 1700, Parliament enacted this piece of legislation, we read: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from and after such Act impose upon and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects, by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void." What changes time has wrought!

SEE THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE '35



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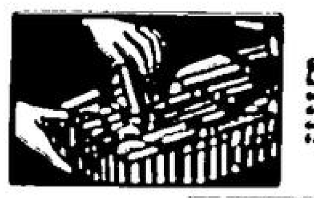

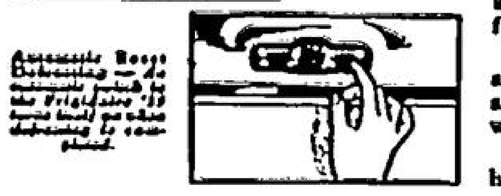

Here's greater economy, too. Operating costs are so low, and you save so much money on ice and food bills, that your Frigidaire pays for itself with the money it saves.

But see the Frigidaire '35 for yourself. Learn how easy it is to buy under our liberal terms.

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Appetizing meals! Nourishing meals! Economical dishes, tastefully served! Foods that build strong bodies and sound minds! Carroll's are anxious to help you achieve all these. Scan our lists of specials—but remember there are many additional values, for you, in our stores.

Biscuits	McCormick's Butter Bars	2 Lbs.	25c
Pork and Beans	Clark's with Chili Sauce	16-oz. Tin	7c
Lard	Maple Leaf Pure	2 1-lb. Pkgs.	25c
Roman Meal	Alkali Forming Costs only 1c a serving	Pkg.	31c
Wheat Krispies	Kellogg's Newest Creation	2 Pkgs.	25c
Milk	Nestle's Sweetened Condensed	2 Tins	35c
Sardines	King Oscar Norwegian	2 Tins	27c
Soup	Habitant Pea	2 No. 2½ Tins	19c

McLAREN'S JELLY POWDERS 3 Pkgs. 14c
HARRY HORNE'S CUSTARD POWDER 1-lb. Tin 25c
FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD 9-oz. Jar 12c
LIBBY'S POTTED MEATS 2 Small Tins 15c
SILVER STAR PASTRY FLOUR 7-lb. Bag 23c
FREE — Ask us for details! Quaker Puffed Wheat 10c Puffed Rice 14c

FREE PYREX CUSTARD CUP with the purchase of EUREKA Minute Tapioca 2 Pkgs. 26c
Frankford White CORN 3 No. 2 Tins 25c
Frankford or Green Valley PEAS No. 2 Tin 10c
Bon Ton Toilet Tissue 3 Rolls 10c

VINEGAR	Heinz Assorted	16-oz. Bottle	14c
CHEESE	Mild, Ontario	2 Lbs.	29c
PEACHES	California Dried	Lb.	19c
PEANUT Butter	Taylor's Bulk	2 Lbs.	25c
CLOTHES PINS		5 Dozen	10c

CARROLL'S

Pineapple FRESH CROP 25c
Lettuce LEAF — Large bunches 6c each
Grapefruit Marshes seedless 6 for 25c
Tomatoes RUBY RED 2 lb. 23c
Lemons Large, full juice 19c doz.
Bananas Golden Ripe-Per doz. 23c & 25c
Oranges PER DOZEN 25c & 35c

Main St. Phone 357 Georgetown

Enter the Villain

By CHEY GRANY

GEORGE BLAKE was seeing Mabel Porter home from a Young People's Dramatic club rehearsal of "The Old Red Mill." His wreck of a car—the Iron Horse—shuddered as its racing motor split the quiet winter evening with anguished roars. They were parked before Mabel's house.

"Well, personally," Georgie was saying, "I can't see this Mortimer Jenks with a telescope."

"You couldn't," Mabel answered with a tinge of scorn. "Mortimer is a finished actor."

"Finished is right," Georgie growled. "He's terrible." The Iron Horse roared at the night as Georgie nursed the throttle.

"Who's he, I'd like to know, to get the best part in the whole show?"

"Mortimer is a true Thespian," Mabel retorted with dignity. "He's a born actor, and he attends an exclusive prep-school. But you should kick; you have one of the best parts."

"Sure," Georgie cried cynically, "I should kick. Do I get a chance to make love to you? Only twice and I get slapped both times. And by the way, when you start slapping, go easy. And remember this is a play and don't take those love scenes with this Mortimer so serious."

A light appeared in an upper window of Mabel's house, a signal which she quickly observed.

"Well, good night, Georgie," she said with sweet womanly patience. "You mustn't be silly about all this."

"Silly!" Georgie yelped. "And you makin' love with a big sissy as if—"

Mabel stamped her foot. "Georgie Blake," she shouted. "I'll make love when and where and with whom I like!"

"Mabel!"

A heavy masculine voice cleaved the night air. The moonlight gleamed on Mr. Porter's bald head in the upper window. "Mabel, send that idiot home and come in the house. It's after one o'clock."

"Yes, pater," Mabel called. There was a snort and the window slammed.

"Pater!" Georgie crowed. "Oh, deah! Deah Mortimer Jenks! Hey, Mabel, are you crazy!"

"Well, at least, he's refined," Mabel screeched above the din.

"Sure he is," Georgie rejoined, "and when I swat him he'll be granulated!"

"Ha!" Mabel scorned, drawing her overcoat about her in such a manner that it could be nothing but an ermine wrap. The Iron Horse roared away down the street flapping its fenders. The neighbors turned thankfully in their beds and went to sleep.

The last week of rehearsals Georgie boiled in oil. It was apparent to him that Mabel was going far out of her way to make "The Old Red Mill" a success. It was hard enough watching his girl, or the girl he hoped was his, making love with a sissy on a stage, but when she let the sissy see her home. . . . Savagely Georgie planned revenge.

On the fateful night the town hall auditorium was packed to the doors. Mabel was lovely in a new gown and Mortimer Jenks hovered about her until Georgie's red hair stood on end.

The performance went successfully toward a sizzling third act. Mabel and Mortimer billed and cooed until Georgie was nearly bereft of his senses. Under the lash of his indignation he made his part so real the audience positively hated him and when Mortimer made his dramatic entrance to rescue Mabel from Georgie's clutches there was a shout of acclaim.

Silence settled on the house. Tense, the audience waited for the hero to settle the villain's hash. But although Georgie cringed before the triumphant and handsome Mortimer, he was gritting to himself, "I'll do it, by heck! I'll do it!"

Mortimer kissed Mabel and then advanced to Georgie. "Do you admit defeat?" he thundered with deserving insolence.

Every head turned toward Georgie. It was his cue to mutter, "Curses, never!" make an attempt to escape and be overpowered by Mortimer. Instead, his voice snarled to the farthest seat an exultant line that wasn't in the script.

"Come and get it, Lollypop!"

He shot a straight hard left to Mortimer's nose. He crossed with his right, but in his excitement and anxiety he missed by a foot. There was a howl from the audience. Mortimer Jenks was everywhere at once. Georgie did his best, but he was no match for all the fists he saw before him. A thousand stars rained across his vision and the curtain came down to thunderous applause.

Georgie changed over quickly and made an unobtrusive exit. He was lame and sore in a hundred places. His jaw hurt like fury.

"Georgie, you were grand!"

The moon was behind a cloud and Mabel stood there looking almost like Sarah Bernhardt offering gifts.

"Thanks," Georgie mumbled through bruised lips. "Come on and I'll see you home."

"No, thank you." Mabel spoke from the heights of her dramatic success. "Mortimer is seeing me home in his Struts Eight."

"What!"

"Yes. Mortimer is the eastern prep-school boxing champion and the pater wants to meet him."

"Ow!"

"What did you say?" she asked 'remilly.

"Nothing," Georgie groaned. "My jaw cracked!"

Dubious

Mrs. 'Uggins—'This 'ere fellow thinks 'e can sing like Caruso."

Mrs. 'Iggins—"Well, they do say as 'ow Caruso 'ad a beautiful voice, but 'ow could they know with 'im stranded on the island with nobody but Friday to 'ear 'im?"

Not Homesick

Mose was in the war. At every explosion he strove for the rear line. His colonel talked to him thus:

"You shouldn't be afraid, Mose. Why, what if you do die? Heaven's your home."

"Yassuh, ah knows. But ah ain't homesick."

Mother's Day

Sunday, May 12th, 1935

God thought to give the sweetest thing
In His Almighty Power
To earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be, one hour, in fondest joy
And love of heart outweighing every other,
He moved the Gates of Heaven apart
And gave to earth — A Mother.

The Songs My Mother Sang

I often catch vague fragments of a tune,
Or haunting airs, like doves in summer croon,
Which bring back childhood's happy time of June,
And songs my mother sang.

The melodies she loved the best to sing,
Beneath the elms, at work down at the spring,
Now faintly float to me on fancy's wing—
The songs my mother sang.

I shall fare forth without regret or fear
When my last summons comes, if I may hear
Again those soulful notes, to me so dear—
The songs my mother sang.

When twilight falls, and overhead the rain
Is heard in cadence, softly comes a strain,
Fond memory will evermore retain—
Some song my mother sang.

As pictures of the past before me throng
I see her too, when winter nights are long,
Beside the wood-fire, rocking; then a song
Again I hear her sing.

—Clyde Edwin Tuck.

AROL J. O'NEILL
Appointed Toronto Manager of Ontario Equitable Life

Mr. Arol J. O'Neill, who is well known to residents of Georgetown, has recently been appointed Manager of the Toronto Headquarters of the Ontario Equitable Life and Accident Insurance Company of Waterloo. When Mr. O'Neill joined the Company about two and a half years ago, he immediately proceeded to smash all records for personal production of business. In the last two years he has led the entire Toronto sales force in the volume of business. As a result, the Directors of the Company promoted him to Manager of the entire Toronto organization. Mr. O'Neill is a comparatively young man, still in his early thirties. Georgetown folks who have known him for so many years will undoubtedly be pleased to hear of his rapid rise, and of the recognition of his ability by one of the most progressive life insurance companies in Canada.

A. H. BAIRD OF PALMERSTON RETIRES FROM BUSINESS

After supplying the citizens of Palmerston and district with high-class bread, buns and pastry for nearly two decades, Mr. A. H. Baird retired from business on Tuesday, when he disposed of his baking business and residence to Mr. E. A. Maldorf, of Dundalk, last week. The new proprietor took possession on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Baird, who has had a long and varied career, came to Palmerston 37 years ago from Georgetown and has been an active citizen until an accident a year ago which kept him indisposed for some time. Mr. Baird informed The Observer that among the business men who were in business when he arrived here and who are still active in business at the present time are Messrs. R. N. Jennings, W. A. Clarke, A. K. Dillane, W. O. Black, George Howe and Seth Mathers.

Mr. Baird was interested in municipal affairs during his long career as a business man here and was quite active in the different governing bodies of the town. He filled the office of Mayor for two years, reeve for two years, on the council for four years, chairman of the Library Board four four years and Public Utilities for two years.

Although Mr. Baird's many friends will regret his passing from business life where he was held in high esteem by all who knew him, they will welcome his new successor and family to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Baird will take up residence here.—Palmerston Observer.

It Would

"Think it will rain this afternoon?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. I've got a new hat, a fresh shoeshine, and I've just had my car washed."

Or Second-Hand

The lady who likes children was gushing over Mary, aged three.

"ow old are you, darling?" she asked.

"I isn't old," said Mary. "I'm nearly new."

CORRESPONDENCE

The following extracts are taken from a letter received from the Grenfell Mission at Mutton Bay, Labrador, thanking the local organization for their contribution of fruit, etc:—

The Nursing Station, Mutton Bay,
March 23rd, 1935.

Miss M. H. Lawson,
Georgetown, Ont.
Dear Miss Lawson:

Miss Ruland asked me to write and thank you and your committee very much indeed for the lovely barrel of fruit and the clothing. They were extremely welcome. Whenever we have guests (quite an occasion on the Labrador) we always treat them to our 'special,' Georgetown's home preserves—and you cannot imagine how very much they are appreciated and enjoyed. Being packed so extraordinarily well, it is unnecessary for me to say that they arrived in perfect condition. Also Miss Ruland wishes to offer her sincere apologies for omitting to acknowledge your gift before. In closing may I thank you all once again for your kindness.

Sincerely,
P. Chapman.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The days of the open road are with us again, and already folks are planning their motor trips. Soon the highways will be dotted with thousands of motors as they travel from town to city and from city to town. Whether you and your friends enjoy the motor trip depends not on the speed you travel but whether you arrive safely at your destination.

In Ontario alone last year there were five hundred and twelve fatalities, and eight thousand nine hundred and ninety accidents which were not fatal.

In the driving of a car, a man reveals himself. It is the thoughtless, selfish, reckless driver that is largely responsible for the toll on the highways. What is gained if a man arrives at his destination a few seconds ahead of schedule? Why do so many men when seated behind the wheel of a car act like boors and leave behind them every vestige of courtesy and consideration for others.

The motor is a wonderful invention, but in the hands of a man without judgment or balance is a terrible instrument of destruction, leaving death and maimed lives in its wake.

Remember! On the highway time is not the essence of the contract. Your duty is to bring safely home not only yourself, but your friends and family who may be travelling with you.

CROP REPORT

Below will be found a brief general synopsis of telegraphic reports received at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal from its Branches under date of May 2nd:—

Farming operations have been delayed in many parts of the Dominion by unpropitious weather. In British Columbia the season is fully two weeks later than usual, in the Prairie Provinces it is one to two weeks late and in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces it is somewhat backward. In Ontario on the other hand the season is about ten days earlier than usual and farming operations in that Province are well advanced. Seeding is becoming fairly general in the Southern and Central districts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan but it has barely been commenced in the Northern areas of these Provinces and in Alberta. While initial moisture conditions generally are ample subsoil moisture reserves are meagre over large areas. In Quebec spring ploughing is not yet general due to continuous frost in the ground. Fall wheat in Ontario has come through the winter fairly well and seeding is general. In the Maritime Provinces owing to adverse weather seeding will be delayed by as much as two weeks in certain sections. Fall wheat wintered well in British Columbia and sowing of spring grains is 50% completed. Germination however has been slow and growth is backward.

THE BORDERLAND

"Why, my child, Heaven is within you,"
I have heard my mother say;
And 'tis easy to believe it
As I see her face today,
For it's filled with love and kindness
And good-will from dawn till late;
Oh, what joy and peace from Heaven
From her face do radiate!

So a little bit of Heaven
Here on earth does with us dwell
In the lovely form of mother.
Can our mem'ry scarcely tell
When it was that first she told us
Of a land so bright and fair,
That our thought of earth and Heaven
All so interwoven were?

'Tis the borderland of Heaven
Just to see her sunny smile,
How he brightens up the corners
Of our troubled hearts the while!
Some day when we all are gathered
Way up thre with things most grand,
Won't we feel more strangely welcome
Since we've seen the borderland?

—Minnie E. Ruttan.

ACTON

Unanimous invitations by the Official Boards of Acton and Ridgeway United Churches will result in a change of pastorate of these two churches. Rev. C. L. Poole, M.D., who has so successfully filled the charge in Acton for the past eight years, will move to Ridgeway, and Rev. Dr. Morrow, B.A., Ph. D., will come to Acton to minister to the congregation here.

Last Thursday evening the Executive of Acton Hockey Club were hosts to the Intermediate players, when the following players and Club officials were, on behalf of the Club, presented with neat blue windbreakers, carrying the club crest: "Flint" Terry, Captain; "Minute" Walters, Frank Gibbons, Bus Morton, Harold Mooney, Norm Morton, Joe Mentner, O. Huffman, I. Mario, Joe Woods, Fred Mentner, H. Anderson, Allan Marshall, Jack Mentner, Jack Greer, H. Woods and Trainer Bill Ecclestall. Presentations were also made to Mr. H. H. Holmes and Mr. Bert Mason, in recognition of their assistance.

Mrs. Adam Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Mason and Mr. Wm. Ramsden attended the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith in Toronto on Saturday. Mrs. Stewart is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Smith.—Free Press.

MILTON

Mrs. Jas. Hornell and Miss Alice Jonas, who recently underwent successful operations for appendicitis in Guelph General Hospital, returned to their homes, here, on Tuesday.

The many friends of Mr. W. H. Morden, former reeve of Trafalgar township, will be sorry to hear that he is confined to his home suffering from an attack of bronchitis.

Jas Wells, who has been employed as clerk in Mackenzie's Drug Store here, for some time, left on Monday for Oakville, where he will manage a drug store. "Jim" was very popular in Milton and his many friends wish him every success.

A pretty Easter wedding was solemnized on Wednesday, April 24th, in St. Mark's Anglican Church, Hamilton, when Dorothy Maude, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Dawson, became the bride of George Earl, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Coulson, of Milton. Easter flowers formed a background for the ceremony. Rev. W. A. Henderson officiated, assisted by Rev. Canon Naftel.—Champion.

ERIN

Rev. F. C. Jackson preached his farewell sermon in All Saints Anglican Church last Sunday. He will be Rector of Norval Parish circuit in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Ball, Misses Florence and Kate Ball, Mrs. Maud Milloy, Toronto; Mr. E. A. McAllister, of Fergus, were recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and Miss Bertha Hamilton, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Barbour. Miss Eleanor Barbour returned with them after spending the Easter vacation in Toronto.

Friends here received word of the very serious illness of Mrs. (Dr.) W. J. Weeks of London, Ont. The Doctor and Mrs. Weeks both taught school in Hillsburg some fifty years ago.

Mr. B. Mundell has returned home after spending the winter with his son Fred, at Vancouver, B.C. He reports a severe winter at the coast with heavy snow fall and business quiet. Notwithstanding that he is in his 83rd year, Mr. Mundell is as active and alert as most people many years his junior, is in good health and enjoyed the trip to and from the coast.—Advocate.

REACH FOR THE STARS

"Every time I lie down," said a nurse to her patient, "I picture such lovely things. Yes, no matter how weary I am—and we do get weary—I try to visualize long, long fields of daffodils, blowing and smelling of Spring, or, I see a garden filled with roses and great blue delphiniums, or I fancy I hear the hum of the bees over a mass of mignonette. It is wonderful how it banishes insomnia. Just try it!"

There is always something pleasant to think about. Do not reiterate your grievances to yourself when you get to bed, until the bugaboo, insomnia, comes stalking along to haunt you. Try to keep a cheerful state of mind and you will cheat the effects of time.

"Reach for the stars, instead of the earth!" Make a regular habit of stretching like a cat. Everything you do—eating, picking up articles, reaching for the telephone, sitting at a desk, even combing the hair—requires the use of the front muscles which tends to shorten them. There should be exercises to lengthen them and to shorten the back muscles. When sitting, keep your head and back erect, and when you rise do so in one movement. Don't slump!

Cultivate a spring and lightness of step when you walk. Turn on your radio, when alone, and practice rythmic dancing. It will give you a grace of movement. You simply cannot have "chic" without poise. Poise is the way you hold your head, carry your shoulders, use your hands and the lightness of your step. Take a brisk walk in the lovely Spring air. It not only rolls off pounds but cares.

The Eternal Feminine

Just as luncheon was about to be served at an outdoor picnic, an unexpected shower forced the picnickers to run for cover. One old lady grabbed her skirts. A young man ran up to her and said: "Oh, my dear Madam, you are getting your legs all wet." To which she replied: "Young man my legs are 60 years old but my hat is new."