THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Ninth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 21st, 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 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger am 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 Only	8.55 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.52 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.25 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
11.55 a.m.	8.35 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	11.35 a.m.
3.55 p.m.	2.35 p.m.
5.55 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
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All Summer Millinery to be cleared at the Lowest Possible Prices.
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A GENTLE REMINDER

Today I saw a butterfly above a city street,
In all the hurly-burly it was quite a novel treat;
It seemed a bit bewildered as it fluttered here and there,
For it was far from flower beds, and no one seemed to care.

In all the noise and traffic, where that pretty creature flew,
I thought it is a pity all the cruel things we do,
In all our work and struggle, in performance of our duty,
Forgetting half the time that life contains so much of beauty.

That lovely harmless creature there in all that dust and din,
Was like a gentle warning of a common human sin,
The sin of cold indifference to the finer things of life,
That we are often guilty of, in all our selfish strife!

—Carroll Van Court

WHEN DAY IS DONE

When day is done close up your desk and lock your troubles in it. Another day is on the way and soon you will begin it, but when at night you're homeward bound don't let the darkness find you with heavy cares upon your back you didn't leave behind you.

When shadows come and start to fall and twilight starts a creeping, the eyes of those who wait for you, through window panes are peeping. They're looking for a happy face, a smile that's reassuring and back of all there lives a love that's constant and enduring. Take home a smile, forget the cares, and things of gloom and sorrow. A night of rest and you can fight and drive them off to-morrow. Don't disappoint the ones who wait and look for your returning, but spread a grin from ear to ear, and satisfy their yearning.

They're waiting for a hearty kiss, for news that's bright and cheery. Perhaps, they, too, have had a day that's left 'em sort of weary. But you're a man and you it is to whom they look for cheering. That's why they always have an eye to watch for your appearing.

So, when you close your desk at night, lock all your troubles in it, and smooth the frowns and wrinkles out, we'll only take a minute. Then lift your chin and start to grin and keep that grin a'twitching. Take home a smile to those you love, they'll find it most bewitching.

Hitch-Hiking Unlawful

It is not generally known that the Highway Act of Ontario classes hitch-hikers among the undesirables on our highways. There has been a regulation on the books for at least two years forbidding the soliciting of rides in cars by persons who stand on the highway and do an artistic piece of thumbing. Some charges have been laid during the past and violators of the law have been convicted.

The Test of Time

By AD SCHUSTER

LATTIMER FORBES sprang last the office of the great editor with a little of fear and more of confidence. He was a spare man of middle age and one who seemed well worn by the processes of time and labor.

There was, for instance, a bare spot on his elbow and, were his hat removed, another would show on the top of his head. Lattimer was the head of a family of many demands and sometimes, just once in a while, he felt that he could understand the emotions of a trunk horse.

"I have," Lattimer addressed the editor, "written an article in submit in your competition concerning what the young woman of twenty five years in the future will be like."

The editor, without turning, reached out for the manuscript, gave it an expert's toss into a basket on top of his desk, and grunted.

"He considered with the rest. Good day."

But Lattimer was not discouraged. He departed, wearing a peaceful smile. This manuscript would win, he felt, would bring him the $10,000 which should see the family through until Bella and Margaret were married. After that his salary would be enough. There was something in the situation which amused him.

"I am making the girl of the future pay for the upkeep of two girls of the present," he thought, and the smile widened. "And I am predicting that the girl of twenty-five years from now will be a prim, modest, Victorian creature that might support two typical daughters of the age of jazz and flappers."

Lattimer, at his dinner table, was completely silenced and obliterated by the splendor and chatter of his family. This evening, however, he beamed with an unusual happiness. The weight of bills and worry seemed removed from his mind. It was only a case of providing good weddings for the two, and then perhaps he could do a little in the way of improving his own wardrobe, could assert himself in other ways, and live up to this life to which the girls had been accustomed.

"Look at Dad," exclaimed Bella, "the poor man is actually happy."

The center of attention flushed. "Yes, my dear, and you and your sister, unwittingly perhaps, and by contrast, are the cause."

The cryptic utterance, which he refused to explain, Lattimer felt made him something of a figure. Already this contest was getting in its good work.

The time came for the announcement of the winner of the competition with no one in the Forbes family knowing that husband and father was a possibility.

When the check came and accompanying letter arrived Lattimer Forbes sighed and rested his head in his hands. The load was lifted and the way was clear. He looked out of the window of the office and wondered what men would think if he shouted the tidings to the street. The occasion, he felt, demanded song and celebration. He went out to deposit the check and on the way bought the most expensive cigar he could find. Then he read the letter for the second time.

"Will you please call at our office," it said, "and inform us what you can of your life and your efforts in this contest. We will need the information for publicity purposes."

This was an ordeal but a necessary one. Lattimer presented himself for the second time before the great editor and was welcomed cordially.

"Now, tell me," the editor said "aren't you surprised to win? What will you do with the money?"

"I was confident all the time," was the answer, "and I will spend the money on my two very modern daughters."

"And why were you so confident?"

But Lattimer was silent. How could he tell this man that 25 years ago, before Bella and Margaret were born, and when a world was busy criticizing the youth of that time, he had won just such another prize with this same manuscript?

Blissful Moment

Millard stirred in his comfortable chair. He could hear voices somewhere. It was his wife and her mother talking. Millard listened.

"You have secured a splendid husband, my dear," came his mother-in-law's voice, "and I think you ought to treat him with a little more tact and consideration. When he comes home late be agreeable and wait till he explains before asking awkward questions. He's just the man to appreciate such generosity on your part. Be kind to him."

Millard stirred uneasily, trying to hear more, when—he awoke!

Familiar With It

The bunch were talking about the Eighth street tunnel when old man Wizzle asked:

"Have you fellows heard about the farmer who chased a street car five blocks before it disappeared in the tunnel? He said he didn't catch it, but he ran it into a hole in the ground and freed it."

The listeners all arose and exclaimed in one voice:

"We've heard it!"—Kansas City Star.

Canada continues to be the chief source of supply of tomato ketchup and sauces to the United Kingdom, increasing her shipments in the 1935 period to 56,857 cases from 50,700 in 1934. The tomato soup trade also is almost entirely in Canadian hands.

The Ontario Approved Turkey Breeders Association inspection work has been greatly increased with 2,000 turkeys eligible for approval inspection in 1935 against 682 in 1934.

The real problem concerning your leisure is how to keep other people from using it.

ELECTION DAY SET FOR OCTOBER 14th

THANKSGIVING MOVED ON TO OCTOBER 14th

Electors of the Dominion of Canada will go to the polls on Monday, October 14th next, to select the eighteenth parliament of Canada.

The writs dissolving the present parliament will bear the date of August 16th, after which time all the members of the House of Commons for the past five years must sign themselves "ex-M.P.'s." The writs will be returnable on Saturday, November 9th.

Seldom since Confederation has an election date been the subject of so much difficulty. The first choice was September 30th, but it was speedily discovered that it was doubtful if all the necessary arrangements could be made by that time. Then Oct. 7th was contemplated, but it was speedily discovered that it was the Day of Atonement, a holiday so sacred to people of the Jewish faith that they would be disfranchised if it were chosen. October 14th thereupon became the final selection, but in order that it might be selected it was necessary to rescind previous proclamations which had already marked it as Thanksgiving Day. That holiday is now being transferred to Thursday, October 24th.

ESQUESING COUNCIL

CONTRACT AWARDED FOR BUILDING OF TWO BRIDGES

Stewartown, August 12, 1935

The Council held their regular monthly meeting on Monday, Aug. 12th. Deputy Reeve L. L. Mullin, Councillors O. W. Murray, N. A. Robinson and W. A. Wilson were present. Reeve George Currie presided at the meeting. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

Communications were read from The Hamilton Chamber of Commerce, Sawyer-Massey Ltd., Department of Health, Wettlaufer Machinery Co., A. E. Wilson & Co. Ltd., and Department of Agriculture.

Tenders were received for the building of two bridges, and the contract was let to Mr. Sam Walker.

Moved by W. A. Wilson, seconded by N. A. Robinson, that the Treasurer pay the relief accounts as presented by the Relief Officer $230.87.—Carried.

Moved by O. W. Murray, seconded by W. A. Wilson, that the Treasurer pay Bell Telephone Co. $21.21, $2.00, $2.11, $1.65, total $3.65; Letter Shop & Supply Co., to printing 200 copies of voters' lists $12.50.—Carried.

Moved by N. A. Robinson, seconded by O. W. Murray, that the Treasurer pay the road sheets as presented by the Road Superintendent $584.17.—Carried.

Moved by L. L. Mullin, seconded by N. A. Robinson, that the Treasurer pay Board of Health accounts: Dr. O. K. Stevenson, mental examinations of John Bazo and certificates and mileage $11.20; Dr. H. T. Paul, attending M.O.H. convention $10.00; J. Hanford, 1 pr. pyjamas for Dickenson boy, ordered by M.O.H. 98c.—Carried.

Moved by W. A. Wilson, seconded by L. L. Mullin, that the Treasurer pay sheep claim George Jennings, 1 sheep killed by dogs $8.00; P. O. McGibbon, valuator $3.00.—Carried.

Moved by N. A. Robinson, seconded by L. L. Mullin, that this Council do now adjourn to meet Monday, September 9th at 1.30 p.m. or at the call of the Reeve.—Carried.

WHY ALL THE NOISE?

We have experienced the inconvenience and discomfort of having to listen to noises of a more or less distracting nature at various hours of the day and night, and many municipalities are taking steps to stop unnecessary noises so that people can get their rest. The silly practice of autoists blowing their horns to herald their arrival at a home or to announce the approach of motorists, regardless of time, place and circumstances, seems to us to be overdue for serious review on the part of responsible authorities. A few moments reflection by motorists should be sufficient to remind them that, whether it is a hospital or a private residence which they are passing, citizens have some rights which it is not always convenient at the time to enforce. No, indeed, should it be necessary for one to be for ever saying "Please, have a little thought and consideration for someone else!" as one says in displaying that much worn and questionable sign: "Keep off the grass!" Sickness and the shadow of death are factors with which we are contending every day, and, we submit, the ministrations of doctors, nurses, mothers and friends might often be more effective if the passing motorist would stop to consider that in all probability, he or she may be driving in a locality where a quiet zone is highly essential to the welfare of some one or more very sick people.

There should be, and in many instances, there doubtless is, a desire on the part of the public to remember the other fellow, not only in regard to the matter of motor noises, but in relation to another much discussed and occasionally aggravating question—the over-worked radio. The radio fan who insists on running his machine long after most people are in bed, should use some discretion. There is no necessity of letting it roar until people can hear it for blocks, if you want to enjoy a program after your neighbors have retired to enjoy a night's rest. We have no objection to anybody making the best possible use of this modern miracle—note we said the "best" use—but there are times when use may become abuse. We enjoy an occasional late program ourselves, but we endeavor to keep within the moral law which requires a due consideration for the family next door. At the conclusion of a radio program recently, the announcer said: "When you turn on your radio tonight, will you remember that others are about to retire? Will you not think of them as well as yourself? Remember the Golden Rule."

Two girl friends met in the street one day. "I hear you've broken off your engagement," said one of them.

"Oh, my dear, yes," answered the other: "Jack simply became impossible. He criticized the way I dressed, objected to my friends and always expected me to be at his beck and call. Then, on top of all that, he suddenly went off and married another girl. So I simply made up my mind to have nothing more to do with him."

Fisherman: "I tell you it was that long. I never saw such a fish!"
Friend: "I believe you."

Eighty Years Old and Still Toils on Five Acre Farm

SAYS HIS POLITICS ARE WORK AND MORE WORK

George Leonard Watson "retired" from his farm in Nassagaweya Township to Georgetown about a score of years ago. From the toil and responsibility of working a big farm he settled down to a nice, peaceful, easy existence.

In his retirement he makes it a rule never to work longer than from dawn to dark, never to tire himself past the point where he has to lie down, and, all in all, leads a life of complete idleness on his five-acre estate at the edge of the town.

To hear him tell it, managing five acres is the easiest thing in the world. He is only eighty years of age and young for his years, so why shouldn't he sit down and let the place go to seed?

"Come on in and meet Captain," he said, setting down a dish of alfalfa seed he was throwing broadcast over oat stubble. Captain proved to be a big, shiny horse. He moved over, companionably, and George Leonard sat down on the manger at the head of the stall and prepared to explain about his retirement.

He loves farming. He quit farming when he left Nassagaweya, of course, but five acres is just a nice little patch. It means something for him to do, and something for Captain to do. The big horse nickered as he heard his name and sidled over to nuzzle his friend. "Got him about four years ago. People that had him, he had them beat. They tried to make him plow with a slower horse beside him. Then they laid into the slow horse and Captain lost patience. He just quit pullin'. Man came around after I got him and says to me, 'You'll never plow with that horse.' So I told him that Captain had done all the plowing I needed.

"He kicked up a bit at first, plunging and rearing, but I kept right behind him with the plow, and bye and bye he quieted down." Captain, it seems, was over twenty years of age. He had all the sheen and gloss of a carriage horse.

From clean barn down to line fence, George Leonard does all his own work. He had a bit of help for bringing in the oats, cut for green feed, but the rest of the work was his all this year, and besides he and Captain plow most of the gardens in a town of large home vegetable plots. Over on the edge of a hay field, from which enough feed was cut to supply Captain and his stable mate, is the family cow, once a familiar figure in bigger towns than Georgetown, but now a fast fading figure of speech. The cow, who enjoys almost as much of her owner's affection as Captain, is highly contented. The secret of it all, even in these days of low prices and turmoil, is that farming's fun. George Leonard Watson says so, and he started from scratch, so he should know.

His father was one of the pioneers of Nassagaweya when the township was a wilderness of bush and stone. George Leonard started in as a youngster and was plowing behind oxen when he was a lad of thirteen. The oxen were home-bred and it was part of his work to break in new steers to the yoke. That was where much of the fun of early farming came in for him, he says.

Breaking oxen was great sport. In the winter a new team would be yoked to a hand sleigh and led away from the farm. They were taught their "gees" and "haws" on the roadway, then turned around and let run for home. Three or four boys would be piled on the sleigh and the game was to tip the driver off and let him walk home. The oxen went at quite a clip, too.

"There was a man named McKay, as mail carrier, tried to pass me in the sleigh one time. He had a horse and cutter, and he pulled out in the solt snow, so I told the oxen to go to it, and by golly he couldn't get ahead of me. The oxen would gallop nearly as fast as a horse for a short stretch. That team of steers never forgot about keeping the horses behind. My dad would take our work horses back to the pasture lot at night, and when the oxen saw them coming they'd pull their cart along and the horses never could catch them."

Oxen, Mr. Watson, found, had as much grey matter as a horse. "Hitch them to a stone and they'd pull this way and that until they found which way it was going to come easiest. They'd rap each other's horns and then step into the yoke and out would come the rock." An ox, he remembered, was more apt to suffer from the heat than a horse. "They can't sweat until the sun goes down," Mr. Watson explained. "I've seen them with their tongues hanging out with the heat."

His father taught him to love farming and he has passed on the passion for the soil to his sons and daughters. His four sons, William Robert, on the homestead; George Alfred, at Rockwood; James Victor, Eden Mills, and Charles Leonard, out West, are all farming, and one daughter, Mrs. Emily Wilson of Eden Mills, married a farmer. The other daughter, Mrs. R. Gagher, who is out West, married a baker.

Mr. Watson doesn't bother much about politics. He was brought up a Liberal but frankly admits that he has voted the other way when the occasion seemed to demand it. He won't say it, but his politics are work, more work, a hearty meal, a chat with Captain, and a sound sleep. Mrs. Watson, who tends to a healthy flock of Barred Rocks, feels the same way about it, and she can keep pace with her active, eighty-year-young husband, although she, too, is in her 81st year.—Toronto Telegram.

JUST BLAME THE COMPOSITOR

The "intelligent compositor" on whom blame for absurd and sometimes vexatious newspaper errors is heaped, was condemned for making "her (the bride's) dainty feet were encased in fairy boots" to read "her dirty feet were encased in ferry boats." The intelligent reporter wrote "Willard's view of Govt." The linotype man made him say, "Millard's view of gout." The gentleman named is a political candidate. After the midnight meals and general feasting he will be called upon to endure during the next few weeks his views about "gout" will probably be as convincing as those upon "govt." But if anything happens blame it on the compositor.

No organization of a similar nature brings together more countries than the World's Poultry Science Association does at the World Poultry Congresses which are the triennial meetings of the Association. Canada takes an important part in the spreading of scientific and practical poultry knowledge and will be represented at the next congress which will be held in Berlin, Germany, in 1936.

WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY!

IT IS estimated there will be 600 candidates in the coming federal election. Many of them will be among the "unemployed" when the contest is over, but they won't be of the "On to Ottawa" variety.—Chatham News.

WILL ITALY and Ethiopia fight or won't they? Mussolini's willingness to arbitrate makes the outlook hopeful for peace. Italy's war preparations make war look certain. When Mussolini says to his soldiers "unless and until the machinery of peace offers a working substitute for the use of force, force or the threat of it will be restored to" then you think you see that he doesn't really want war if it can be avoided. The outlook for peace also grows brighter when one reads that Emperor Haile Selassie wants to meet Mussolini face to face and talk things over.—Stirling News-Argus.

HENRY FORD has increased the wage of his employees to the amount he formerly paid, six dollars a day. This is all to the good and no doubt it tends to better wages in other lines as well as in the automobile industry. Such a wage, while somewhat in advance of former days, is none too much for a good workman. But the difficulty is that six dollars a day may mean twelve hundred dollars a year, or even less, depending upon how many days the man is employed. If he works only six months in the year he is no better off financially than the man who works twelve months at three dollars a day. If Ex were able to turn his hand to something else during the slack season it would be different, but in these days this seems difficult, if not impossible. After all, it is the yearly wage which counts, and not the daily one.—Outlook.

IN THESE days of monetary reform and credit crises, it is well for the individual to remember that there is nothing subversive or unpatriotic about having some savings in the bank. Whatever ideas one may hold about the banking system, or what the government ought to do about money credit, it is wise to keep a few shakels handy for the rainy day which cannot be avoided by legislation or prevented by forethought.

It is the duty of every citizen to hold an opinion regarding the control and credit and to do what lies within his power to translate his opinion into legislation. But it is his greatest and more immediate duty to safeguard his family and himself by saving some of his earnings and keeping them readily available. Unfortunately many have not income and cannot save. Their plight cannot be bettered by thrift but there are many hundreds of thousands who could save if they would and who do not.

Social insurances of many kinds will likely come to lessen the risks of want in the future but those who desire to ensure themselves modest comfort in their old age will likely find that what they save and keep to their own credit will be the surest means of providing it. This generation may not live to see an organization of society that will ensure all citizens a comfortable livelihood as long as they live.—Oakville Record.

CAMPBELL TO TRY AGAIN

Sir Malcolm Campbell, world record holder for land speed, announced definitely on Monday that he plans to seek his goal of 300 miles per hour in the famous racing machine Bluebird on the Utah salt flats during the second week of September.

Bluebird, accompanied by a crew of mechanics, was packed for the shipment on the Aquitania, sailing August 14. Campbell is booked to leave on the Majestic August 21st, and will go direct to Utah from New York. He said he expects to begin practice runs soon after his arrival and shoot quickly for the record.

Campbell and Bluebird lifted their world mark to 276.816 miles per hour at Daytona Beach last winter.

OUR EDIBLE MUSHROOMS

Many different kinds of edible mushrooms are found in Canada, together with a great number of worthless ones, and a few deadly poisonous toadstools. It is impossible for the average person to learn to know them all, but it is possible to learn to recognize the best edible species and the harmful and deadly poisonous kinds. It is no more difficult than learning the different kinds of flowers in a garden, although it is much more difficult to get the information. The best source of information in Canada is the recently published book from the Division of Botany, on "Mushrooms and Toadstools," which may be obtained from the King's Printer, Ottawa. Another is to get someone who is a student of mushrooms to point out the different kinds, or, information can be obtained from the Dominion Laboratories of Plant Pathology in the different provinces.

The different kinds of edible mushrooms are so numerous that it is not possible to mention more than a few favourites. The best known are the field mushroom and its large cousin, the horse mushroom, both of which are "pink" underneath and grow in the open fields. If these are the only mushrooms known by a person, they should not be collected from the edge of woods or near trees. The fairy ring mushroom is found on lawns during the summer and the shaggy mane, on lawns in the fall. The smooth lepiota grows in cultivated fields and orchards, looks like a mushroom on top but is white underneath, and resembles the death angel. In the spruce and fir woods, the yellow chanterelle and the edible boletus are found throughout the summer. Each kind has to be known and distinguished from some worthless or harmful species that resembles it in some respect.

In gathering mushrooms to eat, the great danger is in picking a deadly toadstool. They are all too common and very few people know them well. The commonest deadly species is the fly agaric which is so named because it can be used as a fly poison. The most dangerous kind is the death angel, so named because of its stately appearance and pure white colour. No person should ever gather edible mushrooms in the woods without knowing this species for there is no known antidote for its slow acting poison.

The estimated short apple crop in the United Kingdom for 1935 should stimulate a larger demand for Canadian apples which have the further advantage under Canadian export regulations of carrying with them a certificate of freedom from disease.