THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Ninth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, October 30th, 1935. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor

C.N.R. Time Table
Effective April 28th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	7.15 a.m.
Passenger an Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.33 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.45 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	7.45 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.45 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	3.55 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	8.50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.13 p.m.
Passenger	12.18 a.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.13 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule

LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
9.35 a.m.	* 7.15 a.m.
x11.35 a.m.	9.35 a.m.
1.35 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
x3.35 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.15 p.m.	7.50 p.m.
8.15 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
10.55 p.m.	
11.30 a.m.	

(*) Daily except Sunday.
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(x) Saturday ONLY.
(†) Saturday, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.

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The Tool

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with him on the way back to camp, "are all the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.

"All six of them?"

"Yes, all six of them."

"And they're all safe?"

"Yep," answered Gus, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."

GOD'S CARE

How sweet it is to feel ourselves,
Wrapped round by God's most tender care,
To know whatever sorrow comes
His everlasting arms are there.

He heeds the little sparrow's fall,
Our very hairs are numbered too;
Both loving thought of things so small,
Should fix our trust in Him more true.

His promise stands forever sure,
He'll help us all the way we go;
When passing through the waters deep
The rivers shall not us o'erflow.

We need not undertake to live
Without His help a single day.
His strength and grace He'll freely give,
And help us all along the way.

The greatest work that we perform,
Our little tasks however small,
Are not beneath the great concern
Of Him who heeds the sparrow's fall.

MAN MUST HAVE HELP

A lamp is but the sad, small way
A man has found to take home day
When night is coming. That a man
To save what part of day he can.

He has no light inside his brain
To burn like firelike in the grain.
He cannot go like little beasts,
Lit from within them to his feasts.

Oh, love has not the need of eyes,
But man has tasted being wise
And must have help to make his bed,
Being friends no more with dread.

He must have help to make it clear
That there is a daily called Fear,
Old, everlasting, best above
The sad importance of his love.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin in the New York Times.

EVERYTHING DATES "FROM THE FLOOD"

"In the State of Vermont, and particularly in the Winooski Valley, everything dates from the Flood. Not the deluge that made Noah famous and put Mount Ararat on the map, but the Flood of 1927 when many lives were lost and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed," says Robert Ayre in the Canadian National Railways Magazine. Railway bridges and line were washed away but in three months trains were again steaming of towns in the devastated area long through the state. The residents thought it would take a year, and the return of the engine whistle was a never-to-be-forgotten sound. Today there is no sign beyond "high-water marks" on station buildings and in the farmhouses of the beautiful Winooski Valley.

Sister Act

By THAYER WALDO

THEY showed quite a regard for ceremony in bringing Leona Gray to the district attorney's office. This because she was a movie star's sister. Leona showed more than a little nervousness when she came. That because Jock Stevenson had been found dead at her feet in the mountains.

Of course it was suicide, and this interview only a formality. The district attorney explained as much to Leona while she sat in the big chair by his desk and twisted her necklace.

"Please understand," he said, "that I truly regret the necessity of this, particularly so soon after your—ah—trying ordeal. But routine must be followed.

"Now I'd like you to tell me," he urged, "everything that happened. Begin at the beginning and take your time and think carefully, please."

"I was visiting Marge. I came out from Cleveland, where we all used to live, about two weeks ago. Marge was going to get me a screen test at Zenith studio. I thought that would be fun.

"I guess it was right the first day after I got here that I met Jack—Mr. Stevenson. He came out for lunch and Marge told me they were engaged, but it was supposed to be a secret.

"He was there two or three times every day after that, and when he and Marge went out dancing and places in the evening, he'd suggest taking me along. I didn't know right away what it was all about, but four or five days ago I began to realize that he'd fallen for me. He was paying me attention and following me around so much I thought sure Marge would notice; but she didn't seem to.

"I felt terrible, but I hated to speak to Marge because I could see how crazy about him she was and how she kept thinking of their marriage. So instead of saying anything I just tried to make Mr. Stevenson understand I didn't want him.

"Yesterday he stayed away until about six, and when he came Marge was with him. She said they'd been out together all afternoon—taking a ride in an airplane, I think. I was awful glad, even though I was still sure he'd never keep his promise to marry her.

"Well, after dinner Marge said they were going up to Mile-Hi lodge at Stag Lake for over the week-end, and she asked me to come along. I thought it was just to have a chaperone, so I said all right. But, of course, now I look back I can see Mr. Stevenson must have suggested it.

"It was late when we got to the lake and we all decided to go right to bed. Marge had rooms at one end of the hall on the second floor, and Jock's were about halfway down it, and mine near the other end.

"After I undressed I remembered my slippers were in Marge's bag, so I put on a robe and started down the hall to get them. Just as I passed Mr. Stevenson's door he opened it and called me, and when I turned he grabbed my arm and pulled me inside and shut the door.

"It was all dark in there except for the light that came through the transom, and I was terribly frightened. When I cried out for him to let me go, he put his hand over my mouth and kept saying, 'You can't go—you can't go!' And when I tried to fight loose he said, 'Oh, this is all the devil of a mess!'

"Then I pushed him backwards and he fell down beside a chair that had his suitcase open on it. The light from outside shone right there, and I saw a gun lying on top of his shirts. Suddenly Mr. Stevenson jumped up again, saying, 'All right—if you don't listen to me—!' and then he—he—oh, I just can't go on!"

She slumped down, face in hands. The district attorney sat forward.

"Now, now—that's all right. There's just one more thing I want to know: did he say anything else before he—shot himself?"

Her bobbed head shook from side to side. She was crying softly, without restraint.

"I see." Into the rectangular black box at his elbow he said: "Will you kindly step in now, Miss Gray?"

Margaret Gray entered through the door on the right. Her face was drawn with suffering, but entirely dry.

"You heard everything?" the district attorney asked smoothly. Margaret nodded. "Have you anything to add?"

"Yes. I can verify all that she said. I was in his bedroom. I—I had just gone in through the other hall door."

The district attorney looked hastily away from her steadfast grieving eyes and cleared his throat. Then Leona Gray cried out sharply and sagged over in her chair. . . .

She regained consciousness seven minutes later, lying on a leather couch in the adjoining room. Only Marge was there, sitting by the couch and staring down at her incuriously.

Leona ran her tongue over very dry lips. At last she whispered huskily:

"Why—why didn't you tell?"

Margaret Gray's smile did not move one side of her mouth at all.

"That you shot him? What good would that do? Telling about my sister's silly vanity that made her imagine intrigue from a little kindness won't bring back the man I loved—my husband. Yes— of course, you poor little fool: we flew to Yuma and were married yesterday. And because we wanted to keep it from everyone for a while, Jock—" her voice broke hoarsely—"Jock just tried to stop you from going to my room and finding it empty!"

Mistaken

A man had been riding in a smoking car, and when the train stopped at the station, he went out on the platform and took deep breaths of fresh air. In his enjoyment he said to the brakeman: "Isn't this invigorating?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "this is Cochecton."

Magistrate (to witness in assault case): "You were present when the witness struck his wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what is your opinion of the case?"

"Well, it was a good fight, sir, with pretty footwork on both sides. But I'd say the lady was entitled to the decision on points."

Halton Teachers' Institute Conference at Bronte

The Teachers' Institute of the Halton Inspectorate held their annual convention at Bronte on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17th and 18th. The Thursday morning session opened at 9.30 with devotional exercises and an address by Rev. A. McClowan, Bronte. Then followed the reading of the minutes, treasurer's report, roll call and appointment of committees. E. O. Cathcart, the president, spoke to the assembly, after which Miss Muriel Willis, M.A., gave a talk on "The New Health Hand-book," and Misses Edith and Kathleen Donkin, of Burlington, who attended Summer school, this year, spoke on "The New Health Course." In the afternoon there was an hour devoted to Summer School Course Experiences.

Friday morning's session opened with devotional exercises and an address by Rev. J. Cameron, Palermo. Miss Isabell Wilson, Myerson School, Toronto, gave a talk on "Primary Work" at the morning session, and "A Glimpse of Elementary and Secondary Education" was the feature address of the afternoon. It was given by Miss Marjorie A. Whitaker, Woodstock College, Mussoorie, India. Reports of the Ontario Educational Association were given by Miss H. Hunt, Georgetown, and Miss Annie Elliott, B. S. No. 12, Nelson.

Officers elected for the coming year were:—President, Russell Tannahill, Streetsville; vice-president, Miss K. Leavy, Oakville; secretary, Miss M. Z. Bennett, Acton; treasurer, Miss D. Forster, Alton.

Organization of teachers throughout Ontario and eventually throughout Canada with a raising of professional standards and establishment of a minimum salary of $600 even in remote rural schools was urged by Principal H. F. Sanderson, of the Oakville school. The plan has the complete approval of the Ontario Department of Education, stated J. M. Duncan, Public School Inspector, Milton.

Other objectives of the teachers' organization plan is to work for larger school units. That is, where feasible, to replace one-room schools with union schools, operating under more representative boards of trustees.

A motion asking the Ontario Minister of Education to arrange intelligence tests for students entering public schools was withdrawn on suggestion of Inspector Denyes, who urged that teachers could give intelligence tests themselves.

MAN'S OLDEST ANIMAL FRIEND

It is said that there is a queer link between man and dog that exists between man and no other creature and that the dog voluntarily ranged himself by man's side ages ago, but why, when or where this friendly relationship began authorities on dogs are not certain. The origin of the dog remains hidden, but there is much evidence that he was the helper and companion of man in prehistoric times.

In China the dog appears to have been domesticated and greatly prized some thousands of years before the Christian era, for one of the most ancient manuscripts in a Thibetan monastery says that dogs were used to destroy wolves and to protect sheep in the remotest times of man's history. This manuscript is believed to have been written about 3000 B.C.

The earliest recorded reference in Egypt to the dog is the picture of "Abakaru," the dog of Cheops, the Pharoh who, in 3733 B.C., commenced the structure of the great pyramid at Ghiseh. Ramses II. had the images of his four favorite hounds buried with him. Tutankhamen had the effigies of his two favorite mastiffs in his tomb, and other Pharaohs had their favorite dogs sculptured or pictured on the walls of their burial sites.

In certain parts of Egypt the dog was held in veneration and members of a house went into mourning for the death of their dog. Anubis, the Egyptian God of the dead, was represented by a dog's head emblematic of his character of fidelity and watchfulness. The Ethiopians at one time held the dog in such high esteem that they crowned one king and kept him in great estate. He lived in royal splendor surrounded by a retinue of attendants.

In Assyria the dog was undoubtedly man's companion in the chase, for many carvings in stone depicting hunting scenes show an animal very like the greyhound today. Instances of the use of war dogs are also numerous in ancient times. They were not only used for combat, but also for following up fugitives and for the protection of the camps. We also find many historical cases of dogs being used for personal guardianship. Plutarch tells the story of a watch dog of an Athenian temple that tracked a thief who had stolen valuables from the house of the gods, following the man many days and refusing to eat poisoned food that the thief tried to make him take.

The Hindu and the Mohammedan dislike dogs, but in the ancient books of India are legends and stories showing that the dog's fidelity and social attractions were once prized even in that country. One story is of a righteous pilgrim coming to the gates of heaven with his dog. He was told to enter but his dog must be left outside. "All right then, I don't go in," said the pilgrim, who thought heaven would be no heaven for him without his faithful friend.

In the legends and traditions of every country the figure of the dog appears. Until very recently the people of Borneo believed that a dog watched at the Gates of Paradise. Ancient proverbs and superstitions about the dog have come down to us and history bears out the fact that the dog was from earliest times man's ally, friend and guardian, as he is today.—In "Our Dumb Animals."

REVENUES OF CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

An increase of nearly a million dollars in the operating revenues of the all-inclusive Canadian National Railways System last month over the figures for September, 1934, is shown in the monthly traffic report issued at the headquarters of the System. Operating revenues were $15,901,131, as against $14,940,369 for September of last year, a betterment of $960,833. An increase in net revenue of $332,429 as compared with September, 1934, is also shown.

For the nine months period from January 1 to September 30, 1935, operating revenues totalled $126,130,179, which was an increase of $3,167,470 over the revenues for the corresponding period of 1934. Operating expenses for the 1935 period were $118,964,515, an increase of $4,144,310 over the expenses for the same months of 1934. Net revenues for the nine months period were $6,165,664, a decrease of $976,840 as compared with the nine months period of last year.

ORIGIN OF HALLOWE'EN

Linked with Agriculture

Hallowe'en, in spite of its legendary spooks, may be said to have had an agricultural origin, and to the present day is associated with the fruits of the earth, particularly apples. There are reasons for this. In the Christian Church, Hallowe'en or All Hallows Eve, is the name given to the evening of the 31st of October as the vigil of Hallowmass, or All Saints Day. Before the Christian era, however, the eve of the 31st of October was the occasion of harvest and other ceremonies in various countries; and the festivities which gradually gathered around the Christian Hallowe'en at a later date originated for the most part in countries under the sway of the Druid religion, chiefly Britain, plus a few indoor and outdoor celebrations borrowed from the pagan Roman festival to the goddess of fruit.

The two chief characteristics of ancient Hallowe'en were the lighting of bonfires and the belief that Hallowe'en was the only night of the year in which ghosts, warlocks, witches, and evil spirits were permitted to wander on earth. On the 1st of November the Druids held their great fall festival and lighted fires in honour of the sunged in thanksgiving for harvest. It was also a time set aside in the religion of the Druids that on the eve of this festival (Hallowe'en as we know it), Saman, lord of death, called together the wicked souls that within the past twelve months had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals. With regard to this belief, it is interesting to note that in parts of Ireland, the 31st October was, and even still is known as Oidhche Shamhna, "the vigil of Saman."

On or about the 1st of November also the Roman festival in honour of Pomona was held. Pomona was the goddess of the fruit of trees—hence the words, pomologist, grower of fruit, and pomology. At this Roman festival, nuts and apples, as representing the winter store of fruits, played an important part, and thus originated the custom of roasting nuts and apple ducking—attempting to bite with the teeth an apple floating in a tub of water—a sport in which many later generations of young folk have celebrated the eve of 31st October. Some cynics aver that the evil spirits of old Druidical times still exist in the shape of thoughtless youths whose rough pranks on Hallowe'en often result in injury to persons and much damage to property. Their pranks are the survival of the heathen part of the Pomona fruit festival.

The custom of lighting Hallowe'en fires survived generally until recent years in the Highlands of Scotland and Wales, and still is in vogue in some of the remoter parts. In the dying embers of the fire, it was usual to place as many small stones as there were persons around and next morning a search was made. If any of the stones were displaced, it was regarded as an omen that the person represented would die within 12 months.

WHO TAKES THE RAP?

The everyday American is a goose. He struts and hisses at anything, good or bad, and quiets down only when a friendly hand feeds him something he likes—a fat salary, low rent, freedom from tax, a dole, or what-have-you? "Soak the Rich," someone shouts, and like silly geese we hiss and get ourselves all steamed up, with never a thought of what too much "soaking" will mean.

What would happen if we actually taxed the rich until they were rich no longer? Think it over sanibly instead of flying into a transport of joy over the idea.

Take wealth away from all and you immediately throw hundreds of thousands out of employment—the maids, cooks, chauffeurs, gardeners, hostlers, butlers and others who earn their livelihood in wealthy homes.

Without wealth, who will purchase expensive estates, automobiles, race horses, yachts, etc? More man out of employment—thousands of them.

Without wealthy men, where shall we send our wives when an urgent operation is necessary? Not to a hospital. Hospitals are not supported by men of moderate means. Where shall our children find a college, a library, a theatre? Do you think you and I will get together with a few million others and supply these things?

Who will supply the money for our railroads, bridges and other buildings? Will we? If no man has more than his share of America's wealth, who can undertake to finance anything requiring real money?

Perhaps we have been killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Perhaps the "Soak the Rich" advocates are not so wise after all.

What care I if a man makes a million dollars a year, provided he spends most of it to give employment to scores of men and women. It isn't the wealthy spenders we should soak. It's the wealthy saver—the man who makes millions and hoards it. When he dies soak him properly with the inheritance tax, but if he lives and spends liberally, it might be wise to let him increase his factories, increase his employees, and continue to purchase the high-priced commodities that none but the rich can afford. The making and selling of these commodities will give work and wage to you and me.—By Richard S. Bond.

BETTER MAKE IT CLEAR

The eight-hour law is supposed to be effective now, but there is not a clear understanding about it's meaning and the various classes to which it applies. An illustration of that was given in Hamilton recently when 200 workers in a factory voted for the eight-hour day, but 400 cast ballots to say they preferred to work nine and one-half hours for five days per week. It would be a 48-hour week but it would not be an eight-hour day. We do not believe there is anything in the Act which covers such a case.

There are other cases where people work longer one day than on another, and there are places where the work is spotty. That is a man may be called on for much less than 48 hours this week while next week he may have opportunity to exceed the eight-hour limit and be glad of the chance to make the money.

This paper is not opposed to the principle; not for a moment, but before enforcement is under way it should be thoroughly understood just what it is that is going to be enforced. It would not be at all helpful to the eight-hour movement to have cases brought into court for its infraction only to find there was no guilt.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

"If it wasn't for me you'd be the biggest fool in the show business."

"How does it feel to head the list?"

JUDAH TAKEN CAPTIVE

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson, November 3, 1935

GOLDEN TEXT: "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people." Proverbs 14: 34.

LESSON PASSAGE: 2 Kings 25: 1-12.

All this I hate—not man, nor flag nor race,
But only war with its wild, grinning face.
God strike it till its eyes be blind as night,
And all its members tremble with affright!
Oh, let it bear in death agony
The wail of mothers for their beloved dead,
And on its head
Descend the venomed curses of its sons
Who followed her, where its guns
Had dyed the daisies red.
—Joseph Dana Miller.

Aggression, 1

Only seventeen years after the Armistice the world has heard the war drums beating again. Warfare in the Orient has been bad enough, but in recent months Europe, Great Britain included, has had to face the possibility of modern mechanized warfare. This Sunday School lesson about the overthrow of Jerusalem and the captivity of Judah cannot be studied merely as an historical fact of twenty-five centuries ago, though the year 586 B.C. will always stand out in history. This study of an ancient war bids us think of the personal encounter of peace lovers with the facts of nineteen hundred and thirty-five. In a military sense Judah was as weak as Ethiopia. The Hebrew people were no menace to the safety of Babylon, but because of their military weakness Nebuchadnezzar attacked them. This has been approved international policy in the past. The cynical rule is freely expressed that they who have the power should seize what they can. With the setting up of the League of Nations, however, it was hoped that a new philosophy would dominate and that justice would decide rather than force.

Famine, 8 - 6

A famine in ancient warfare or a blockade in modern warfare is an unpleasant subject of investigation When the famine was at its height, Jerusalem mothers ate their own babies. While the blockade was on during the Great War, thousands of children starved to death. There is an ancient proverb that an army marches upon its stomach, but a besieged garrison suffers horrors because there is no opportunity to forage. When the walls of Jerusalem were broken down, the defenders were glad of the opportunity to run the gamut of the spears of the enemy rather than to face starvation any longer. King Zedekiah fled by night through a secret exit. Such harrowing facts need to be recalled in order that public conscience against the cruelties of warfare may be awakened and maintained.

Cruelty, 8 - 7

Even civilized man is not very far from barbarism. War releases primitive hates, elemental passions and instinctive fears. There have been occasions of big-heartedness for the defeated enemies as for instance when the victorious North in the United States let the defeated Southerners take their horses home. This, however, was in a civil war and it was a case of chivalry among fellow citizens of the one nation. The chief trouble of the Versailles Peace Treaty was that in a measure it was vindictive. The weapons used were more refined than ancient warfare, but even mandates and reparations and armies of occupation can inflict mental cruelties. Even yet there is among many a spirit of vindictiveness towards their former opponents. There is little gallantry in inflicting severe penalties upon a defeated foe. When the Chaldeans pursued King Zedekiah, made him a prisoner, killed his sons before his eyes, and then blinded him, sympathy at once is transferred from the Chaldeans to the captive king. The fact that modern armies fight with poison gases, machine guns and bombing planes does not mean that vindictive moods are not cherished, or that human nature is not debased by collective cruelty.

Destruction, 8 - 10

Twenty-one years ago a Canadian writing on this theme might have described the destruction of Jerusalem as primitive barbarism, but anyone who has seen Rheims Cathedral standing as a shell, or who has seen Ypres razed to the ground, or has seen the injury to the Cathedral St. Gervais, Paris, must admit that modern man in warfare is very like his forefathers. The destruction of the temple in Jerusalem enkindled bitter feeling amongst the Jews who regarded it as an act of sacrilege, but when warfare holds human lives cheaply, sacred architecture will not long be reverenced. Many people have calmly read at the breakfast table of seventeen thousand Ethiopians being killed in one day, but what a hostile cry there would be should a bombing plane damage the Vatican, that time-honored Christian shrine!

Slavery, 11, 12

In spite of all our defence forces warfare bears heavily upon individual people. The Judeans were carried into captivity in Babylon, and those who were left were virtually dispossessed because the land had been overrun by hostile soldiery. We read of the millions who were exiled or orphaned during the war, and the figures are so large that they become almost meaningless to us. The conscience of the world cries out, "how long?" Is war to remain a permanent feature of civilized society? Is the Christian gospel of a Kingdom of right and truth upon earth to be only a vain dream? World courts and peace treaties, mandates and sanctions are inadequate because they do not deal with the root problem of fear, hate and greed. War is an effect of wrong national life and wrong international relationships. War is an admission that Christ's ethics are thought to be impracticable. Yet if the world is ever to be freed of war it must be by the spreading of the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Questions for Discussion

1. Is the League of Nations failing or succeeding?
2. Compare the policies of Japan and Italy?
3. Why has peace education not been more effective?
4. How much glory is there in mechanised warfare?
5. Is war the disease or a symptom of a worse disease?

"You must be getting tired of me. You never call me 'dear' as other men do."

A-ha! Do they?"

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