THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Ninth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, December 18th, 1935. | $1.00 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

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

C.N.R. Time Table
Effective April 14th, 1935
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	7.15 a.m.
Passenger via Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.35 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.40 p.m.

Sunday's going East

Passenger	7.40 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.40 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.00 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.15 p.m.
Passenger	12.15 a.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.55 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
LEAVE GEORGETOWN

West	East
8.35 a.m.	* 7.15 a.m.
d11.30 a.m.	9.35 a.m.
1.30 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
x2.50 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
4.45 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
6.15 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
10.15 p.m.	
‡11.30 a.m.	

(*) Daily except Sunday.
(d) Daily except Saturday.
(x) Saturday ONLY.
(‡) Saturday, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Bus Depot
LONG'S CONFECTIONERY
Phone 59
ARROW

DIRECTORY

LEROY DALE, K.C.
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Offices—Gregory Theatre Bldg. Mill St.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
First Mortgage Money to Loan
Offices—Main Street South
Phone 68 — Georgetown

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The Georgetown Herald

CHRISTMAS LONG AGO

Enchanted was the old stone hearth,
With flick'ring Yule log's ruddy glow,
Where lovely ladies, stately knights,
Made merry long, long years ago.

In archway of the manor hall,
The magic mistletoe was there,
And 'neath it often was entoned
A blushing maid or matron fair.

A joyous eve for one and all,
Dear friends and happy lovers greet,
While harp and viol everywhere
Beat time for lively, tripping feet.

The holly red and evergreen,
Were hanging festooned on the wall,
And good old fashioned Christmas cheer,
Was served in spacious banquet hall.

And happy hearty carols made
The great old oaken rafters ring,
They sang of Christ of Bethlehem,
And proudly hailed Him as their King.

And quickly sped the golden hours
In gay, romantic days of old,
When Christmas was a festival,
And hearts beat faithfully and bold.
—By Caroline Eleanor Wilkinson of Niagara Falls, Ontario.

OUR CHRISTMAS DAYS AS THEY USED TO BE

Sometimes it seems as if the "olden days" were the best. Think of their Christmases! Where is the grace and generosity of those times? The warm welcome, the large cordiality, the mellow fun of innocent celebrations?

Perhaps we look back through the softening glow of distance, but there is a romance, a delicate, fine flavor of something which indeed seems lost to us now.

How the neighbors rode through the snow on horseback to large gatherings! How the pretty girls were muffled in rugs and furs, skimming over the road in sleighs; How the bells rippled and rang! And how the wide doors flew open to great these guests!

Light of candles . . . breath of pine wreaths . . . springs of holly . . . and the high thrill of holiday thoughts.

Laughing faces . . . graceful and the Virginia reel in the evening.

It is a heartsome thing to think about. Let us try to insert some of this gentle beauty and spirit into our Christmas day. We have not the leisure and spaciousness of those times, but hearts can reflect just as truly the invisible yet invincible power of love and loveliness!

FINDERS ARE NOT KEEPERS

A Barrie man found a gold watch the other day, and failing to take any steps to ascertain the loser, was arrested for stealing. It was not generally known that the law recognizes as theft the keeping of found articles. It is imperative for the person who finds to seek the owner as it is for the loser to seek the lost article.

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.—Dickens.

Christmas Shopping Edition Gives Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

Local Merchants Present Exceptional Values in Special Advertisements.

NO BETTER STOCK TO BE FOUND

¶ Once upon a time there was a wise man who was willing to accept good advice. He heeded the Christmas shopping warnings, did his Christmas shopping early and bought everything at home. Needless to say, this wise man enjoyed the merriest, the easiest and the most economical Yuletide of his life.

¶ Georgetown merchants present in the advertisements appearing in this special six-page shopping edition of the Herald, values which are bound to appeal to the people of Georgetown and the district. There isn't any need or any reason for buying out of town when local storekeepers display complete and varied stocks of Christmas Gifts at exceptionally reasonable prices.

¶ This edition should prove of great value to local and district residents as a shopping guide and an easy solution to their gift problems. In the numerous advertisements appearing in the pages of this issue will be found many gift suggestions and a glimpse at the prices will reveal that Georgetown stores compare very favorably with the larger establishments in nearby cities.

¶ Only five more shopping days remain and district people will be well advised to make the most of their opportunities and heed the time-worn slogan of "Do your Christmas shopping early." Local merchants are all prepared for the buying rush, and a careful perusal of the advertisements appearing in this edition will eliminate the objectionable features and worries of store to store shopping and enable the shoppers to start on their tours with gift lists and prices all arranged in advance.

Support the Local Merchants—Help them to help you!

GOOD THINGS
FOR THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

Ingersoll Malted Cheese ½-lb. Pkg. 13c
Wagstaffe's Plum Puddings 15-oz. Size 35c
Maple Leaf Pure Lard 1-Lb. Pkg. 16c
Carroll's Mincemeat 2 Lbs. 23c
Shelled Walnuts Lb. 35c
New Mixed Nuts 2 Lbs. 35c
Assorted Chocolate Drops Lb. 15c
BEST WISHES TO ALL
New Pitted Dates Lb. 10c
Cello Wrapped Table Figs ½-Lb. Pkg. 10c
Green Valley Peas No. 2 Tin 9c
Laing's Peanut Butter Kisses 2 Lbs. 25c
McLaren's Stuffed Olives 4-Oz. Btl. 10c
Royal Assorted Chocolates 3-lb. Box 72c
Lyons' Tea ½-Lb. Blue Pkg. 32c, ½-Lb. Yellow Pkg. 27c
Kraft Salad Dressing Miracle Whip 8½-oz. Jar 19c
Victory Mustard or Mixed Sweet Pickles 27-oz. Jar 23c
CARROLL'S LIMITED

Grapefruit NICE SIZE 6 for 25c
LETTUCE ICEBERG 2 FIRM HEADS 15c
POTATOES GOOD COOKERS 27c peck
ORANGES NEW NAVEL Medium Large 33c doz.
OTHER SIZE 23c — 47c — 57c doz.
Cranberries, Grapes, Apples, Etc. at Special Price
Main Street Free Delivery Phone 357 Georgetown

Memories

By HENRY MILLER

THEY brought Alice back to the lake where they had been when he wandered, smiling, clear-eyed, wandering, into their camp.

Mr. Grove Hendrys led him as if he were afraid for him. Mr. Hendrys' wife, and his daughter Alice, stood on the other side watching.

"Now, John, try just walking around the lake. Come back here afterwards. The psychologist said that you might remember when you saw something that you had seen that day."

He smiled at Alice. His eyes were as clear as a child's, as trustful, as desirous of pleasing. Alice smiled back at him with faith and hope.

He wished that he might go around the lake as Mr. Hendrys advised and come back with a memory of his life. He had no memory except that of a few weeks. It began that day he had walked into the Hendrys' camp. His mind had been a blank then.

In the camp he saw Alice; she was leaning over some coffee. She straightened up; saw him. She was the first girl he ever remembered seeing. She had seemed like the loveliest thing anywhere.

"Hello," she had said, smiling tentatively.

"Hello," he had answered. The word had sounded strange to his ears, yet familiar. He had felt it coming naturally to his lips.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"Can you tell—me—who—I am?" he had asked, each word a new adventure to him.

He smiled now, at Alice again. During the few weeks since his birth, fall grown, she had come to mean everything to him; love, happiness, hope.

He started to walk. His mind was calm, rested, for he had not troubled himself before with his identity.

Perhaps half an hour after he had left the Hendrys' tent, he came to a stone. It was of granite. He knew that he had seen that stone before. The rains had hollowed out a sort of pot in the granite, deeper than the Indian squaws used to make for pounding their meal.

Puzzled, he looked at the stone. He couldn't remember when he had seen it.

He walked past it, but his smile was gone. He turned around, surveyed the stone. Sometime in the past he had sat upon it.

He retraced his steps, climbed upon the stone, sat upon it. A branch of the oak tree above his head swayed. A sharp realization made itself manifest. He had seen that branch sway in exactly the same way sometime or other.

An excitement ran in tremors through him. He was on the point of remembering his identity.

He remembered a voice in a great flash. Bits dribbled into his mind, it is true, but now he was sure who he was.

He remembered two men in a room. They were brothers. Their last name was Jackson. Milton Jackson was a private secretary to a large banker in the South. Butt Jackson was the black sheep of the family. Butt had seen the inside of Sing Sing and not as a visitor, either.

The man without a memory had acquired a sharp, terrible memory. He remembered creeping, creeping upon his unsuspecting brother. He remembered raising the sandbag which was loaded. He remembered, just at the critical moment, the sudden turning of his brother Milton. In Milton's eyes he had seen his accusation, the complete understanding of all that had gone before.

That glance was the thing that had driven him off; that had made him lose his memory in an unconscious attempt to put the awful horror out of his mind.

He sprang to his feet. He would run back and tell Alice. He paused, one foot outstretched, and stood still. "How can I tell her?" he asked the oak. "I held up, perhaps, killed, my brother."

He loved Alice. He couldn't stand before her confessed as Butt Jackson.

"I feel clean!" he cried. "Oh, God, why couldn't I really have been recreated this time? Why do I have to take the punishment for something I did in another life?"

It was not only he who would have to take the punishment. It was Alice, too. She loved him. She was willing to marry him even now, though she hadn't the slightest idea who he might be.

He couldn't tell her. He couldn't make her Mrs. Butt Jackson.

He started to walk away from the lake. He would find a train, hop a freight. He would live straight. Butt could never have had a thought like that. He wasn't really Butt; he was a mysterious person who had been created anew.

As he walked he put his hand to his forehead. There was something odd above that. He touched it, touched the top of his head. His eyes swelled. He tried to remember the inside of Sing Sing. He couldn't remember, strain as he might.

He remembered the inside of the bank; the bank officer he assisted. He leaped into the air shouting with joy, scaring a poor cottontail almost out of its wits.

He ran back the way he had come; laughing, shouting, holding his hand to the top of his head.

His fingers touched the tiniest remainder of a once large bump.

OLD FRAME BREAKS AND WOMAN FINDS HERSELF RICHER

The back of an old wooden photograph frame broke and dumped $100 in bills into Mrs. George Jones' lap at her home in Listowel. The photograph had been bequeathed to her by her grandmother, Mrs. William Pointon of Palmerston, and had spent many years in a trunk with other trinkets. Some of the bills dated to 1862 and the most recent was 1923. Mrs. Pointon died nine years ago.

—Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of you being one in adversity.

Santa Claus is Out to Make a New Record

PLANS TO CIRCLE GLOBE IN 15 HOURS, TAKING OFF FROM POLE MORNING OF DEC. 24

The time is rapidly drawing near when Santa, his sleigh drawn by eight prancing reindeer and loaded to capacity with gifts from the giant Claus factories, will leave on his journey around the world. In the event that any of the reindeer are forced to drop out because of the tremendous driving pace Santa will be forced to exact from them, additional teams will be added at points along the way.

When Santa was asked his destination he replied:

"Around the world," his merry eyes twinkling and slight with joyful anticipation.

The sleigh's route stretches across the rugged mountains of Greenland, down through the barren fields and impenetrable forests of Canada, skirting Hudson Bay and thence to the region of the Great Lakes. On through the United States — and from there—around the world.

Plans for the journey have long been completed. And for a year the factories at the North Pole have been at the peak of production. Toys of all sorts — gay dolls that talk, skates, sleds, miniature airplanes, quaint animals and electric trains have poured in an apparently unending flood through the efficiently organized workshops.

Never before have Santa's workers been so busy. Last night Santa gave a special dinner for them at which he thanked them for their co-operation and help during the past year. He assured them that he knew that all the world would join in hearty approval of their efforts to create more and better gifts than ever before.

Daily reports on the weather are received and read with great attention for in the event of a blizzard the hazards of the trip are greatly increased. But in spite of the perils of storm and distance everyone at the Pole feels entire confidence in Santa Claus' ability to do what he has so proudly announced that he was out to do—beat his own record.

Several of Santa's oldest workers take great pride in recounting the glorious pageantry of the start of his trip in previous years. He usually rises at 4 a.m. Instantly the Post becomes a scene of feverish activity. Gnomes and helpers dash back and forth. Great lights flash across the clearing around the toy factories. As Santa breaks in its crimson glory everything is in readiness for the start. Nearly always there is a light snowfall—often the herald of a blizzard that often comes to try the mettle of Santa and his brave reindeer.

For the great journey Santa wears his suit of crimson leather, trimmed with gorgeous bands of ermine. His jaunty cap gives him a dashing air. His warm gloves are lined with the soft feathers of penguins. The buckle of his broad belt sparkles in the early morning sun.

Always his helpers wait to hear the beaming command—

"On Dancer, on Dasher, on Prancer on Vixen,

On Cupid, on Comet, on Dunder and Blitzen!"

Then they know that the great moment has come and that the race is on. The deafening roar of thirty-two hoofs thunder through the land. The sleigh settles into its southerly course as the wind roars up over the Arctic Ocean. This year, as always, the gnomes and pixies who help Santa all through the year make a tiny speck that rapidly disappears through the dancing snowflakes, that go whirling in a mad, dancing sarraband of white.

HALTON PLOWMEN ELECT NEW OFFICERS

On Saturday last the Halton Plowmen's Association held their annual meeting in Milton. Owing to the slippery condition of the roads the attendance was below normal, but those in attendance were most enthusiastic over the success of the past year. Plans are already under way to duplicate and surpass the outstanding match held in 1934. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

Hon. President — Stanley Hall, Streetsville.
President—L. W. Chisholm, Milton.
1st Vice-president — Peter Peddie, Milton.
2nd Vice-president—John McCormack, Freeman.
Treasurer—Claude Picket, Hornby.
Secretary—J. K. Whitelock, Milton.
Directors:—
Esquesing—Wm. Robinson, Jas. Cunningham, Malcolm McNabb.
Nassagaweya—A. S. Mahon, Ernest Dredge and Arthur Norrish.
Trafalgar—John Lister, Harold Picket and Victor Hall.
Nelson—Wm. Dales and Wm. J. Robertson.
County—George Currie, J. H. Wilson, Gordon Chisholm and Fred Robinson.
Auditor—John Irving, Milton.

A RARE OFFER

Herald readers are advised to read and take advantage of the special offer on another page of this issue, through which they can secure a year's subscription to three popular Canadian magazines, together with a year's subscription to the Herald, for the sum of $3.50.

The magazines included in this offer are MacLean's, Pictorial Review, National Home Monthly, Chatelaine, Canadian, and Current Thought, any three of which are available in this special offer.

The offer is made for a limited time only and subscribers are advised to take advantage of it at once. Either new or renewal subscriptions to The Herald will be accepted in the offer, but it applies only for paid-up subscriptions.

—Work will begin shortly on a new steel bridge across the Holland river replacing the present narrow structure which has created a traffic bottle-neck for many years. It will have a 30-foot roadway, will be 225 feet long, and will cost about $45,000.

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. . Let us help you complete your list. . .

GREETINGS!
May I take this opportunity to wish my many friends and customers a Very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.
E. V. MacCORMACK, Phm. B.

A XMAS SPECIAL!
VANILLA and CHOCOLATE CARAMELS 23c lb.
CHOCOLATES — Deliciously Fresh and Wholesome
PAGE & SHAW 60c to $3.00
NEILSON'S 25c — 50c — 75c — $1.00
SMILES 'N CHUCKLES 25c, 50c, $1.00, $1.25, $2.00
DOUBLE VOTES ON ALL CHOCOLATES

Attention!—Nyal Popularity Contest Contestants
The following Specials on Sale till Xmas Eve:
XMAS CARDS — SEALS AND TAGS — DOUBLE VOTES

CASHMERE BOUQUET and GARDENA SOAP and PERFUME 50c Value — Special 29c	150 Votes
SQUIBB'S TOOTH PASTE 25c	150 Votes
DENTACLOR TOOTH PASTE 25c	150 Votes
COD LIVER OIL, 4 ozs. 25c	150 Votes
COD LIVER OIL, 8 ozs. 45c	250 Votes
COD LIVER OIL, 16 ozs. 75c	350 Votes

Gifts for All—At Prices All Can Afford
BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

New Fiction — Excellent Authors	$2.25 and $2.00
Reprint Editions	75c
Book for Girls	50c and 60c
Books for Boys	35c and 50c
Books for Children	10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 49c

SEE OUR HERALD AD LAST WEEK FOR MORE SUGGESTIONS
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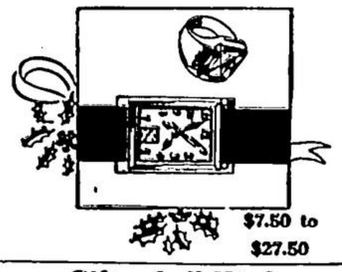
WRIST WATCHES



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