

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

News of Georgetown, Norval, Glen Williams, Lincolnton, Stewartstown, Ballinacree and Terra Cotta.

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The Editor's Corner

HERE'S THE DANGER!

To Mr. John Anderson, of West Lather, goes the dubious distinction of being the first municipal councillor appointed to office under the amendments to the Municipal Act, passed last year by the Ontario Government.

Commenting on the appointment, which was made following the resignation of a member of Council, the Arthur Enterprise-News says:

"Mr. Anderson will no doubt make an excellent municipal legislator and his election will, in all probability, meet with the general approval of the electors generally. Nevertheless, he really has no mandate from these electors to transact their business and his election, while perfectly legal owing to manipulations of Hon. Mitchell Hepburn and his associates, is not in accordance with the good old democratic principles which are now at stake in the present war."

Coming closer to home, we learn that three members of the Acton council have, for various reasons, tendered their resignations from public office. A. H. MacDonald has moved from Acton to Flesherton; W. J. O. Oakes is recuperating from a severe illness; and J. H. Creighton finds war work at the Beardmore plant takes all of his time.

The voters of our neighbouring village turned thumbs down on the two-year term by-law when it was voted upon last December, and continuing under the old system, they will hold a regular nomination meeting and election. We can only too well imagine the howl which would go up if, had Acton voters voted the same way as Georgetown, the mayor and remaining councillors had chosen three new men and appointed them to fill the three vacancies.

O.A.C. WILL CONTINUE

Apparently the first announcement made in the Ontario Legislature about the closing of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph was premature or else Premier Hepburn has made a sudden about-turn. At any rate, it is now stated that the College will continue its work in the Fall, with the exception of Macdonald Hall, where the girls study household science. This comprises a total of about eighty girls, and it may be that those who desire to continue their training in this field will be able to carry on at the Kemptville School.

Dormitories, a few classrooms, and the main dining hall have been turned over to the R.C.A.F. to be used for a wireless school, which will bring 1500 airmen to the city. This means that students at the College will have to find boarding accommodation in private homes in the city—no easy job, since there has been an influx of workers employed in the Zephyr Looms, and other war factories.

It is no, however, an impossible situation, and no doubt Guelph homes will be opened to the students who put many dollars into circulation in the city. The one hundred professors at the College will also breathe a sigh of relief after two or three weeks of wondering what the future held in store for them.

68 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Agricultural College history dates back to March, 1873, when the Government purchased the 500-acre farm of the late F. W. Stone, livestock breeder, at a cost of \$75,000. The school, first known as the Ontario School of Agriculture, was opened the following year.

The first principal of the school was Henry McCandless, a Scotsman, trained in Ireland, who had been for two years professor of agriculture in Cornell University. After very few months in the position, Mr. McCandless was replaced as head of the school by William Johnston, a graduate of the University of Toronto.

Mr. Johnston was followed as president by Dr. James Mills. Shortly after he assumed the presidency the name of the institution was changed to the School of Agriculture and Experimental Farm, and in 1880 became the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm.

A fire in 1886 destroyed the old farm buildings while a subsequent blaze in 1888 swept some of the newer structures erected in the meantime. It was after the second fire that a building program was started which over a period of years led to the construction of the present modern buildings, among the finest boasted by any educational institution on the continent, and worth millions of dollars. The most recent of these was the handsome custom-made administration building facing the main campus, which was erected in 1923 at a cost of more than \$1,000,000.

In 1904 Dr. Mills resigned as president on his appointment as a member of the newly organized Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada and his place was taken by Dr. George C. Creelman. The college continued to expand under Dr. Creelman's leadership, and upon completion of Macdonald Institute and Macdonald Hall in 1904, departments of domestic science were established. Purchase of an additional 150 acres of property followed an extensive building program in the following decade, expanding the area covered by the institution to more than 700 acres.

In the war years more than 700 students answered the call to service between 1914 and 1918, but immediately after the armistice the enrollment grew steadily to its present figure of more than 1,000. Dr. Creelman assumed the office of Ontario Agent-General in London, England, in 1920, and was succeeded by Dr. J. B. Reynolds of Manitoba Agricultural College. The present head of the college is Dr. G. I. Christie, who came from Purdue University in 1928.

WHERE WOULD JESUS STAY

Where would Jesus stay, I wonder. Should He come down again to earth?

Would it be with the "upper ten," Or with folk of humble birth? It seems to me our Saviour

Would choose a cottage small, Where lamps shine bravely on a sill, And trees are tapers tall.

There'd be a room within that house, Perhaps a single bedroom; Where He might rest in solitude, And lay his lovely head.

The cottage would, I think, be one All fresh and neat and clean; The walls would radiate good cheer, There would be nothing mean.

I could not picture Him within A home where friction reigns; He could not rest at all in one Whose goal was earthly gain.

He would not wish a vast display, But just a welcome warm, Within a home of kindness— It might be on a farm.

If so He surely would go out To see the manager slain; He was once a baby small, He could enjoy the fresh green grass And flowers around the door; And yes! I think that He would like A child upon the floor.

A child who would look up to Him As sweet simplicity, A child whom He would like to take And place upon His knee.

We know his very presence would Enhance the plainest room, No ugliness could live in it, Nor fear, depression, gloom.

His very footsteps surely would Be treasured when He went, And every leaf on every tree Would murmur with content, If Christ, I think, would come To dine, Would He be happy in YOUR house— In YOUR house—OR MINE?

SEND HIM A LETTER

It's only a letter from over the sea To one who is fighting our land to keep free; What it means to him—he only can know, Who is doing his bit in the face of the foe.

Then write him a letter, your spare time employ— Just tell him the news, what good health you enjoy. The children all dandy, the kinfolk all well— It may help keep his mind from the shot and the shell.

Just tell him the news of the folks all around, The small news bits in the paper you've found— How the folks on this side are all doing their bit To keep the old Empire for free people fit.

You sweethearts and wives, you can all do your bit To help keep that man of your's mentally fit; Just keep him informed of the doings at home, Make him feel that your thoughts are for him—him alone.

So just send him a letter from over the sea, A letter from troubles and worries quite free; Just help him keep smiling — for you're his best friend, He's serving us nobly, so keep up your end.

He may get his embosles through a friend, Other comforts the Red Cross may send, But the things he will cherish wherever he may roam, Are the letters he gets from the town he calls home.

Why I Go to Church

(Thorold Post, Feb. 27, 1941)

I am a pastor of the flock of Christ. A two-fold mission takes me to God's house: To heed and carry out my Chief's command. When He bound up the future's broken heart: "If thou dost love Me, Peter, feed My sheep." So do I seek to give the people bread, The Bread of Life, to feed the starving soul.

My second task, a lesser one indeed: To find my own salvation, as I seek To give the holy sustenance to those Who are my flock, for I am one with them, And share their need, the human need for God.

And as I do my God-appointed work, I hear the cry, as in the days of old, Of "racketeer" and "hypocrite," which rings And beats upon the ears of those who try To do an honest labour honestly. For still, as always, some will seek to read Their own souls' pages in the hearts of all, So, when I go to church, I pray that these May seek to know the truth before they speak.

God has the remedy for all man's ills; All men may find it in His House of Prayer.

Wm. G. O. Thompson.

The Rectory, Georgetown, Ont.

Herald War Victims Fund

A fund for British War Relief has been started by the Georgetown Herald, and interested individuals and organizations may leave their donations at the Herald Office.

The money will be turned over to the Evening Telegram Fund in Toronto at intervals.

Please make cheques payable to

The Georgetown Herald War Victims' Fund.

WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY

BULB TO BLOOM-AT TAVISTOCK AFTER REMARKABLE BROWTH

Rev. J. W. Siebert, president of the Tavistock Horticultural Society, has in his possession an oddity in horticultural circles.

It is a bulb, given to him by a friend four years ago while Mr. Siebert was visiting in Ohio, and which is now about to produce its first bloom, and possibly its last. Mr. Siebert said that when he was given the bulb it was referred to as the sacred lily of India, but due to peculiar markings on the stalk it is sometimes referred to as the snake lily. It is believed the bulb is a native of Africa.

The stalk is now about three feet high and is expected to bloom within a day or so. About two-thirds of the stalk is bud, and when the bulb was brought up from a cellar some three weeks ago was the size of a dinner plate, but is now less than the size of a saucer. The stalk has remarkable growth and extends upwards inches over night.

In the spring the bulb is planted in a garden, and requires much moisture. It develops a heavy, odd foliage, not unlike large palm leaves, which are several feet in diameter. But the bulb does not require moisture when taken into the cellar, existing on the moisture stored within. It is quite apparent that the moisture is used in the phenomenal growth, explaining the shrinkage of the bulb. From the color of the bud, it is indicated that the flower will be of maroon shade and of exceptional size. Mr. Siebert has ascertained that the flower exudes a most peculiar odor, inclined to be obnoxious. He ascertained at the recent convention of the horticultural societies at Toronto that if the bulb is a native of Africa, it is claimed that the natives grind it and use the flour for bread, and in religious or tribal rites.

Arthur Enterprise

WHAT ARE MEN?

Men are what women marry, though why they marry them, not even a woman knows. They have two hands, two feet, two eyes, though they seldom have two dollars. Like Turkish cigarettes they are made all of the same material. The only difference is that some have different mouths from others.

Generally speaking, they can be divided into three classes. Bachelors, widowers and husbands. A bachelor is a man who knows all the questions but is too suspicious to ask them. A

widower is one who now sleeps in a cold bed that used to be warm. His hands are of three varieties. Prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is a work of art, making a monkey out of him is just a piece of foolishness. It is considered conclusive proof of miracles that a soft, fluffy, tender, Night-of-Paris scented thing like a woman should enjoy being kissed by a big, awkward, stubby-faced, tobacco-scented thing like a man.

Men are paradoxical. If you chatter to him you will frighten him, if you don't you bore him. If you permit him to make love to you he will tire of you in the end, if you don't he will tire of you in the beginning. If you believe everything he tells you, you are a sap; if you don't you are a cynic. If you make love like an amateur he is not satisfied, if you do your best he is sure you are a bore. If you wear gay clothes and rouge a bit and have a startling little hat he hesitates to take you out, if you wear a conservative, rather takes you out and flirts all evening with the young woman who is wearing gay clothes and is rouged a bit and has a startling little hat.

If you join him in gaities and approve his drinks he swears you are driving him to give up his gaities, he vows you are snobbish and too damn nice. If you are the clinging vine type he doubts if you have a brain; if you are a modern, independent and advanced woman he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant he longs for the playmate.

A man is a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles about for a time, and in the end some chicken picks him up.

Dunnville Chronicle

FULL DOWN PARTY FLAGS

Mayor William Morrison, K.C., of Hamilton, is the latest advocate of abolishing partyism and establishing a National Ministry at Ottawa. He pictures the situation in vivid phraseology when he declares: "If we are going to get anywhere in Canada, we will have to pull down both flags, Liberal and Conservative, and put up the British flag."

He added: "Although I've supported Howe, Ilesy, Gibson and the National Bank, I don't think we'll ever get anywhere until we have a coalition government. As long as we are ruled by a party and all the blame is going to be attached to that party, we are not going to have solidarity or confidence. I think they should take the best brains in Canada, irrespective of party, and put them in the Government and then all the people will be responsible and all the people will co-operate, and the people will have confidence that the country is being run on non-partisan lines."

IMPROMPTU

Studio visitors to the Kate Smith Hour sometimes get more than the show tuned in by arm chair listeners. After each broadcast, Abbot and Costello, featured comedy duo on the show, occasionally stage an impromptu gag session with fellow cast members.

Every person in Belfast, Northern Ireland, is to be fitted for a gas mask once a year.

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Raymond Massey, Canadian-born actor who has achieved international fame on stage, screen and radio, was born in Toronto on August 30, 1894, and was educated at Appleby School and the University of Toronto. Later he served in the Canadian Field Artillery as Captain (1915-1919), and fought in France and Siberia. He made his first appearance on the professional stage at the Everyman Theatre in July, 1922, and after three years he joined the management of the theatre as producer and actor. In 1931 Massey came to America, and made his debut on the New York stage as "Hamlet" at the Broadhurst Theatre. Since then he has spent considerable time in England, Canada and the United States, appearing in numerous plays, screen productions and radio dramas. His role as the New England farmer in "Ethan Frome," one of the finest performances of his career, earned Robert K. Oberwood to insist that Massey should be offered the leading part in the new play he was then writing about Abraham Lincoln. At first some surprise was expressed at the announcement, but the critics soon realized that the tall, lean actor with the vibrant, deep voice was indeed a logical choice for the central figure of "Abraham Lincoln in 1860." On February 18, 1937, Oberwood heard Raymond Massey's name mentioned in Arch O'Connell's "The Progress of Freedom."