

# THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

— serving the communities of —  
 GEORGETOWN, GLEN WILLIAMS, NORVAL, LINDENHURST,  
 BURNBY, STEWARTTOWN, ARBROTH, HALKINAVAD,  
 TERRA COTTA.

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## The Editor's Corner

### GEORGETOWN ALWAYS HELPS

In times of crisis the people of the Georgetown district can always be counted upon to do their share. During the war the Herald War Victims Fund, a branch of the parent fund operated by the Toronto Telegram, took in several thousand dollars in free will offerings for the people of Britain, while at the same time Red Cross, Soldiers' Comforts and dozens of private funds operated for the men and women in uniform.

Now another call has come, and the local council has organized a Manitoba Flood Relief Fund to help in the terrible tragedy which has come to that western province. The daily papers and radio have been telling for weeks of the countless millions of dollars damage which is being caused by the rampages of the Red River. This week it would seem that the turning point has been reached and the river is beginning to recede. Thousands of people are homeless and industry has lost millions of dollars in actual loss and curtailed production. The Weekly Newspapers Association of which this paper is a member, has itself issued a call for financial aid for more than a dozen fellow members in the Winnipeg district who have lost everything in the flood.

On the news pages of this paper appears a list of citizens who have already made donations to the fund. We know they will be joined by many more. Money can be left with the treasurer, town clerk Charles Wilson, at either of the banks, or if it is more convenient, the Herald Office will be pleased to take in any money and turn it over to the committee. It is hoped that everyone will make some contribution according to their means. By helping others, we help ourselves.

### SEEING THE COUNTRY

It isn't often that we take an afternoon off, but Friday we took a notion to have a look at some printing material offered for sale in Oshawa, so with foreman "Mac" MacGilvray set off after dinner. Driving through Thornhill we noticed rebuilding operations on the site of the disastrous fire which razed the main business block some time ago and destroyed the hotel which was a historical landmark. We passed the place where the new highway north will cross No. 7 and where a cloverleaf is in process of construction. Continuing on through Brooklin, the scenery is impressive. It was our first trip that way by daylight and the rolling land and beautiful farms are a sight to behold.

There was something sad about seeing a printing shop in process of dismantlement. The sale was almost over when we arrived and most of the heavy machinery had been removed, leaving a litter of odds and ends strewn about the floor. Sid Stone of Stone Printing Equipment was handling the deal and we asked about his cousin Danny who is also a member of the firm. The Stone name is a familiar one in Georgetown and although "Benny" Stone no longer has any connection with the Smith & Stone firm the name has been perpetuated by the new company owners.

Our purchases completed, the trip home was made via No. 2 Highway, new country to us also. We passed by Ajax where several local boys have taken their engineering training, through Pickering where we noticed the store operated by Harold Richardson, son of Jim Richardson of town and into Toronto's eastern suburbs where terrific activity in new building matches the growth westward.

### POT POURRI

The usual round of summer activity seems to be shaping up. The Lions Club has a two-day show booked for the park in mid-June and the Legion will have their usual July 1st week-end celebration there and downtown. Girls Pipe Band planning a draw on a television set and Lorne Scots Band talking of a big garden party in August. "Third Man Theme" is driving us dippy these days on the radio. An innocuous melody, but it haunts you afterwards, so it must have something. A Toronto columnist says zithers are very scarce. We know where there are at least two in town and we can give a fair rendition of "Jesus Loves Me". Editor Clayt Schaus of the Chesley Enterprise is worried about the stories of a "clean-up" in Windsor. The newspaper convention takes place there in June, and he thinks visitors from quiet little towns should have an opportunity of seeing the city before the provincials take it over. As a native of Windsor we can assure Clayt that Windsor's reputation as a wicked city is greatly overdone. Sure, there are some bookies and a few "blind pigs" but it's really a quiet town too. The Fargo editor can't understand human nature. One of the cast of a minstrel show which poked a lot of fun at many leading citizens objected to

## The Deacon's Dream

by Jemmy Jingle

Through the kindness of Miss Margaret Murray of the Alliance Paper Mill office staff, we reprint below a poem which appeared in the March 18th, 1896, issue of the Georgetown Herald. The unknown scribe who penned the article poked some good natured fun at members of the village council of that day. While we have been unable to learn to whom all the references were made, the following are known:

Lumber King — H. P. Lawson  
 Joe — Joseph Barber  
 Locke — Locke Grant  
 Charlie — Charlie Hop  
 Dougald — Dougald Reid  
 Perhaps some of our readers will be able to supply the key to some of our missing names.

'Twas night and the Deacon had dropped in his chair,  
 Worn out, drooping, and weary with care,  
 Chewing the end of reflection he sat,  
 And basked 'neath the shade of his "Edward Blake" hat.  
 Full many an hour had he toiled for the town,  
 At the beck and the call of each man of renown,  
 Of that governing body — that few and select,  
 From an ocean of ballots — the chosen elect.

At six in the morning he's gone to the Hall,  
 And matins had rung — to conform to the gale  
 Of the man who had passed such nonsensical whim  
 Whose hind name is Mac, and whose other name's Jim.  
 Next inspected the hose-room, and saw all was right  
 And cleaned all the reels up and polished them bright,  
 And then to the crossings he hied him in haste  
 The joys of the festive snow-shovel to taste.

Now his pick and his shovel he girds on with pains,  
 And wades in with valour to war on the drains;  
 Not forgetting, when finished, the sidewalks to view,  
 To rip up old planking and lay down the new.  
 Then he's given a warrant to run down a thief  
 That with Brannigan's hen-roost has thus come to grief,  
 And that notice to leave — while he's passing their door,  
 He'll give to the Dooley's to clear off their floor.

Five minutes for dinner; once more he's away  
 With his book to assess all the luckless who stay  
 Inside the circle, that mystic line down  
 On the map that runs 'round on the edge of the town.  
 So what with collections, taxes, receipts,  
 And a thousand odd tasks the daylight soon fleets,  
 No wonder with darkness he welcomes the knell  
 Of the curfew that peals from the old town bell.

And now all his labors are o'er for the day,  
 And the Deacon has well played his part in the fray,  
 But he thinks of the Council — their praise and their thanks,  
 Plus the dollar and twenty-five cents that he banks.  
 He has gathered the tramps from the east and the west,  
 In the Council spare chamber he's laid them to rest;  
 And the cats he has counted, the dogs he has tagged,  
 The assessments are finished, the taxes are bagged.

Anon his head nods, and as weary with care  
 It droops till it leans on the arm of his chair,  
 Round his form the kind arms of Old Morpheus creep,  
 His jaws cease to labor, the Deacon's asleep.  
 And as languorous slumber enfold him, it seems  
 That the past lies before him again in his dreams,  
 And he sits in the midst of the wise men who meet  
 To discuss state affairs in the Bummers' Retreat.

On a sudden the intellectual calm of the air  
 Is rent by a voice from the depths of the chair  
 Where the Lumber King sits in his checker board pride,  
 And it says, "I say, Jpe, what's the weather outside?"  
 And the oracle gazes, then opens his mouth  
 And the wisdom pours forth like the rain after drouth,  
 "There's a storm," quoth the prophet, "a-heaving in sight  
 Her centre's in Maine and she'll be here tonight."

She's backing to north and the deuce alone knows  
 What'll happen round here if she starts in and blows  
 And the clouds are a-shifting; there's a bank in the west;  
 And the future looks ugly — flash ugly at best.  
 And then falls a silence so deep and profound  
 That for awesome respect there is heard not a sound.  
 Then a timid note's heard in a shrill piping key  
 'Tis just "Lockie" the Scot, whistling "Bonnie Dundee."

Then "Charlie" chips in, and he tells how the rain,  
 Has leaked into his cellar and filled in again,  
 And Dougald looks wild and his fingers they crack,  
 As he blows of the "mark" his mule has on the track.  
 There's old Fatty, our Shyluck, braced up by the fire,  
 "Hands off the hand wagon" — Don't rouse up his ire,  
 Or he'll tramp on your feelings and say with a frown,  
 "Here, your notes due tomorrow, pay up, or 'go down'."

Then a form rises up and majestic it stands,  
 And "Father Duff" says, as his calling demands,  
 "Before we disperse, friends, a motion I'd pass  
 That in future the Deacon shall ring midnight mass."

'Twas the last of the straws that the camel's back broke,  
 And he made for his reverence, but sudden awoke,  
 From his chair he has fallen and lay there to find  
 'Twas the fruit of his labours and care-laden mind.  
 As he wearily rises and starts on his round,  
 Of that hated old bell and the snow-laden ground,  
 A much sadder sight you may find if you can  
 Than this overworked, underpaid, ill-treated man.  
 March 16, 1896.

an account of the show in his newspaper, saying they were held up to ridicule. Hugh Templin thinks they should be able to take a joke as well as handing it out. Nice to see Mrs. David Crichton downtown again. A couple of bouts with the flu kept her in the house all winter and she told us the other day that this was her first trip downtown since before Christmas. We note in the Tara Leader that Roy Van Dusen is resigning as president of the Board of Trade due to ill health. Roy's wife is a McGibbon from town and they often visit here.

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