

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

PHONE No. 6

A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the Town of Georgetown and surrounding country, including the Villages of Glen Williams, Norval, Limehouse, Stewarttown, Ballinlad and Terra Cotta. Issued every Wednesday evening at the office on Main St., Georgetown.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$1.50 per year in advance. United States 50c additional. Single copies 3c. Both old and new addresses should be given when change of address is requested.

ADVERTISING RATES—Legal notices, 12c per line for first insertion, 7c per line for each subsequent insertion. Readers, 8c per line for each insertion; if in black face type, 5c per line additional. Notices qualifying as "Coming Events," such as concerts, entertainments, society, church or organization meetings, etc., 5c per line, minimum charge 25c. Reports of meetings held gladly inserted free. In memoriam notices 50c and 10c per line extra for poetry. Birth, marriage and death notices 50c. Small advertisements, one inch or less, 50c for first insertion and 25c for each subsequent insertion. Display advertising rates on application.

Although every precaution will be taken to avoid error, the Herald accepts advertising in its columns on the understanding that it will not be liable for any error in any advertisement published hereunder unless a proof of such advertisement is requested by the advertiser and returned to the Herald business office duly signed by the advertiser and with such error correction, plainly noted in writing thereon and in that case, if any error so noted is not corrected by The Herald, its liability shall not exceed such a proportion of the entire cost of such advertisement as the space occupied by the noted error bears to the whole space occupied by such advertisement.

THE HERALD DOES JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS

Poetry

SPARROWS

In winter, 'neath the apple tree,
I, many sparrows, daily see.
A group of greedy, chirping things,
Wear feathered friends who do not bring
The robin's springtime message sweet,
Wh with gay songs the season greet.
They're nondescript in hue and song,
They quarrel and scold the whole day long
And pounce upon a crumb or crust
As though 'twas cake upon the dust.
That lies upon our wondrous earth.
Ah! Still, in all, they bring me mirth.
I gaze upon the snow-swept grass,
And view their footprints small, that pass
Around the corner by the hedge
And all atop the graystone ledge
That forms the wall about the well,
'And through bare lands I cannot sell.

Ah, sparrow folk! ye homely birds!
Far better voices have I heard!
Far better plumage have I seen
In foreign lands that I have been.
But your staccato little voice
Spells home to me, and I rejoice!
—Salvatore Marsiglia.

A LETTER FROM THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE

The weekly day of rest, with its ministry to the health and comfort of our citizens, must be safeguarded with constant care and persistent effort during these days of war.

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Stimulation of public sentiment toward the complete elimination of commercial radio programs on Sunday will be sought by the Alliance, it was reported. Mr. Webber noted that Canadian newspapers had added their protest to that of the Alliance on the question of Sunday commercial advertising. A further protest has now been sent to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation by the Alliance.

Favorable financial conditions were reported in the annual statement, giving evidence that the work of the Lord's Day Alliance is continuing to gain the confidence and support of people interested in safeguarding the vital privileges of a weekly day of rest and worship.

CANADA TRIES DEMOCRACY

Elections in wartime always find it difficult to escape the charge of political expediency. Certainly the dramatic circumstances which have brought Canada suddenly before the polls are proving no exception.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King, stung by criticisms of his Liberal Government's contribution to the war, has dissolved parliament with a declaration that he is thus following the democratic principle of a direct appeal to the people. But the Opposition can charge that the unexpected debate has cut off all parliamentary action. Issues that might be composed by questioning in the Commons will now become the focus of more heated but probably less illuminating oratory during the election campaign.

Mr. King points out, probably with benefit of advice from London, that there may be a major military offensive in the spring. He wants to deal with political problems first. The Opposition points out that Mr. King's tenure would expire in the autumn. He would then be in a much less strategic position to conduct a campaign.

Even this political disagreement promises to be submerged during the next few weeks in argument over what Canada is doing in the war. Social problems will wait. Basic economic issues vital to the Dominion will be sidetracked while the people weigh Canada's position as the "Allied Arsenal."

But even more important than the cessation of Canada's war effort will be the revelation of the extent to which democratic procedure can still exist under war conditions. Canada today is under stringent emergency restrictions. Its now-dissolved Parliament was expected to provide a striking example of free speech and open criticism—an example which would have been highly significant in a nation engaged in a struggle to maintain the ideals of a liberal civilization.

CANADIAN LEGION WAR SERVICE

The Canadian Legion War Services recently opened in London its first overseas residential club for Canada's fighting men.

The building, which hadn't been occupied since its erection last year and which was leased for duration at an amazingly low rental, is one of the most modern and best equipped in the city. Situated in Gover Street, near Euston street station and just a stone's throw from the theatre district, the new club will accommodate 72 soldiers.

Erected last year by Mrs. Cecil Chesler, founder of the "Cecil Houses," a home for small-wage girl earners but never used for that purpose owing to the outbreak of war, the building has a large recreation room, library, dining room, and lounge in addition to well-ventilated bedrooms each accommodating four guests. On the roof of the structure is a sun terrace where may be enjoyed healthful relaxation and physical training. An easily-reached air-raid shelter, erected by the London County Council, is at the rear.

The Legion is operating the club on a strictly non-profit making basis, a service to Canadian troops who visit London while on leave from their training camps or from active duty in France. Beds and meals are being provided at two shillings, six pence a day (about 60c) and all other facilities of the club may be used free of charge.

The famous Canadian comedienne whom the British Peerage lists as Lady Peel but who is better known as Beatrice Lillie, will be appearing at the Broadway laundries a few weeks ago when she entertained Canadian troops at Aldershot during a concert presented by the Canadian Legion War Services.

"Bea" brought with her the entire stage company of her London musical revue, "All Clear," including an orchestra of twelve, and presented two performances that saw the wartime theatre crammed to capacity. Singing sophisticated songs that have made her the toast of two continents, she accepted encore after encore and gave the boys the best bit of real fun they have enjoyed since their arrival overseas. Fred Emney, who for four years starred with the old "Dumbbells" as the "Silly Ass" at the piano, also took part in the program by singing a number of songs which he introduced to Canadian audiences years ago.

Miss Lillie gave up lucrative engagements in the United States to help entertain the boys on active service overseas. She is convinced that plenty of wholesome fun will play a great part in helping the fighting men to win the war.

More inside glimpses of the splendid work being done by the personal services bureau of the Canadian Legion War Services were given by Major T. R. Thompson, the Legion's personal services officer at Exhibition Park, Toronto, where a large garrison of the C.A.S.F. is in training.

Major Thompson, who last week visited the headquarters at Ottawa, relates that the Legion's advice and active assistance are sought by an average of fifty soldiers and relatives of soldiers each day in his area alone. Most of these have been heart-rending examples of upset domestic lives caused by the war.

One particularly pathetic case which was satisfactorily taken care of by the Legion concerns the death of a mother whose two sons had gone overseas with the 1st Division. Following her death it was learned that there was no money to provide her with a proper burial. The Legion cabled the sons who accepted the Legion's offer to arrange for interment. The sons in turn promised that the expenses involved would be repaid from their pay and allowances as a mother's debt. Had the Legion not stepped in the gallant lady would have gone to her rest in Potter's Field. The sons have expressed their "everlasting gratitude" to the Legion.

Another example of the Legion's work concerns a woman who complains that she was not receiving a cent of her husband's pay and was nearly destitute. The Legion took the matter up with the assigned pay branch and was informed that the husband had stopped his wife's allowance. A wire was then sent to the officer in command of the man's unit. The man himself was paraded, thoroughly reprimanded, and ordered to make re-assignment.

An instance where the Legion has been able to safeguard the property of a young soldier now in England was also related by Major Thompson. The boy's mother died recently, leaving considerable estate. The Legion cabled his officer commanding and the boy agreed to have his estate turned into a trust fund until his return. By doing this the Legion spared the young man the deal of worry and possible financial loss.

These are illustrations of many similar problems which the Legion is solving for its younger comrades every day.

Through a Bomber's Sight

(By an Old Saver)

Consistency, thou art a jewel; hypocrisy, thou art a national vice! Keeping this in mind one can readily appreciate the political development in Halton county within the past few weeks. And to understand the significance of what was happening, to secure a true picture of the situation, it is essential that one should know just what has taken place, especially within the ranks of the Conservative party.

Nearly a year ago there was talk of an early Federal election. This was sufficient to stir certain political-minded gentlemen of Oakville into activity. Coming out of their long slumber they decided it was urgent that the Halton Conservatives should hold a convention and select a candidate and, to help things along, they had a candidate—a Mr. Hallett, who to arouse the lethargy of the ward heeler, announced he was prepared to offer his services to the "Peepul" and at the same time contribute the magnificent sum of \$5,000 toward campaign expenses. So, under pressure and disregarding the advice of experienced and veteran members of the party that haste was unwise, the convention was held. It was funny to hold a convention and select a candidate and, to help things along, they had a candidate—a Mr. Hallett, who to arouse the lethargy of the ward heeler, announced he was prepared to offer his services to the "Peepul" and at the same time contribute the magnificent sum of \$5,000 toward campaign expenses.

Then a few weeks ago Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King upset the apple cart and an election, which nobody wanted, was thrust upon a confused and indifferent public. Once again the county's political midgets came to the fore and the Conservative candidate embarked upon his campaign, oblivious of the fact that all was not harmony within the ranks, and that the Oakville Manipulators were busy, very busy. In fact, under their careful guidance the Grand and Ancient Order of the Double Cross had been called into session. Let us pause to state that the headquarters of this Ancient Order, so far as Halton county is concerned, have always rested in Oakville, as Liberals and one Dundas can testify, and to the Tories know full well. To watch the Kingfish and his Noble Suckers and Worthy Matrons in action has been most interesting.

Having decided upon revival of the Double Cross, the method was soon devised. A dinner party was organized and Mr. Thorpe, the candidate, was the guest of honour. Ostensibly the dinner was for the purpose of launching the campaign in Oakville and of paying the way for the royal couple on their honeymoon. The Citizens were supposed to be present, those not adverse to helping the campaign fund. Mr. Thorpe spoke and Mr. George Atkins, a citizen of Oakville, also spoke. Mr. Thorpe took the gathering for face value; Mr. Atkins, however, was a different matter. Not being a public speaker, didn't make a very good speech. Mr. Atkins, possessed of some gift of the gab, and knowing what was expected of him, was said to have risen to the heights as he called for the salvation of the country and the confusion of the enemy.

Yes, it was a nice little dinner party. Next day, performing according to orders, there was a great uproar in Oakville. The party stalwarts were disturbed; they were angry. They had labored under the impression that Mr. Thorpe was an outstanding orator, that he had a deep grasp of national problems, that he was aggressive, and in fact everything that a winning candidate should be. And now! Well, he wouldn't do. No, sir, he just wouldn't do and besides, the Oakville Tories with money for the campaign funds had dried up, in fact some had walked out of the dinner, such was their disgust. So off to Milton to meet the conspirators. Into the large receptive ears of President Carl Martin they poured the story. Something had to be done, especially as the Oakville Campaign Givers had become obstinate. That is, obstinate to a point they wouldn't give any money to support the Thorpe candidature. BUT THEY WERE IMPRESSED WITH MR. ATKINS and would support that worthy if he could be induced to take up the White Man's Burden.

So it was up to Mr. Martin. Now, under the circumstances, what could a president do? You can't win elections without money. So Mr. Martin mounted his Noble Steed and dashed down to the Thorpe residence and in loud, gruff tones (covering the quake of a guilty conscience) put the pistol to Thorpe's head. And what could Mr. Thorpe do? For some weeks he had been uncertain, in his own mind, about the whole thing, and had even gone so far as to approach Mr. Allan Nicholson, with the suggestion that Mr. Nicholson would be a stronger candidate and expressed a readiness to withdraw in favor of Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Thorpe's thoughts in this regard were sound. Those who had opposed the holding of the convention a year ago had knowledge then that Mr. Nicholson might be available at a later date. Mr. Nicholson was a busy man, however, and was very reluctant to take up the burden.

Still, Mr. Thorpe had not given up hope, and a week ago last Tuesday he wired Mr. Nicholson, who was out of town, that he was definitely prepared to retire and urging Mr. Nicholson to take his place. That same Tuesday evening Mr. Thorpe repeated his offer to the executive of the Burlington Conservative Association. Much upset, but at that, secretly retained Mr. Burlington executive, ignorant of the operations of the Oakville Branch of the Grand and Ancient Order of the Double Cross, joined in the movement to conscript Mr. Nicholson, and on Wednesday evening attended the meeting of the Halton county executive, which had been summoned to clean up what was now a mess.

So for hours on Wednesday evening the debate waxed hot and furious. Oakville delegates came up out of the underground and boldly threw the name of the Great Hope, Mr. Atkins, into the ring. Burlington fought for Mr. Nicholson. Finally several decisions were made: A convention would be held on Saturday, February 10th. The convention would be for the purpose of nominating a National Candidate. The Conservative executive appointed a committee of five to interview Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Atkins. Whichever of the two this committee of five selected would be presented to the "National Convention" as the candidate for the Conservatives to select in this so-called National convention.

The Committee of Five consulted both Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Atkins. Mr. Nicholson had just returned from a business trip. He was not familiar with the intrigue which was going on, and was not a party to it and definitely refused to accept the nomination of this left only Mr. Atkins. The Grand and Ancient Order of the Double Cross had won out. So, on Saturday last, in Milton Town Hall, the last act in the FARCE was presented to the open world. The "wide-open" convention was held. With tongues in cheeks, Mr. Martin, the president, and his party stalwarts went through all the motions. Mr. Martin, Conservative, was elected chairman from the floor of the house. Mr. Dingle, Conservative, was elected secretary from the floor of the house. Mr. Thorpe, Conservative, was nominated from the floor of the house, and finally, Mr. Atkins, who had recently discovered that he was an out-and-out Conservative, was nominated from the floor of the house. Then Mr. Thorpe, briefly and with courage, for it took courage, especially as by this time he had become aware of the Double Cross, withdrew, expressing the belief that a "National" candidate was the need of the hour. Mr. Nicholson also withdrew, and of course, the chairman was then free to inform the gathering that "inasmuch as Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Nicholson had withdrawn and Mr. Atkins had intimated in advance his willingness to accept the nomination, he would declare Mr. Atkins the official "National" candidate." No vote was taken. There never was any intention to take a vote. The proceedings went off according to pattern, and with tongues in cheeks the stalwarts set back and listened to Mr. Atkins and Mr. Gordon Graydon, Conservative candidate in Peel, review in the name of Nationalism, the sins and omissions of the King administration. It was a glorious afternoon. To those in the know it demonstrated the Double Cross at its best. To those in the know it was a shabby demonstration of inconsistency and hypocrisy. To old Conservatives who remembered the Grand Old Conservative party of the past, it was a shabby demonstration of cheap political tactics; and to those, like the writer, who maintain some degree of independence in their political affiliations, it was a disgusting farce. Old F. T. Barnum would have enjoyed the afternoon. He it was who coined that famous phrase: "You can fool some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." The people of this country are of four years of his life to his country. I watched the proceedings on Saturday with confused thoughts, but before the afternoon was over out of the discord some of the thoughts clarified.

I wonder if some of the people who shout loudest about more vigor in our war effort, realize how they look to an ex-soldier? I, for one can't obliterate a feeling of contempt for those glib speakers of the same age as myself, who shout so long and loud for more action, and yet look such great care to maintain a whole skin in the last war. Second, I can't shake the disgust for the petty Conservative politician who thinks the only patriots in Canada are Conservatives. There are just as many loyal, patriotic people as in the other political parties as there are in the Conservative party. And adversely, there are just as many shirkers in the Conservative party as there are in each of the other political parties. The test of a man's sincerity is his willingness to serve on the front God help us from those who want to serve only on the home front but who have so much to say as to how things could be done on all fronts. Third, there is only one true patriot—the man or woman who will give his all for his country. Lip patriotism is sickening, and for the next six weeks we're going to hear a lot of it. If ever there was a time when Canada needed relief from party politics, it's now. The war, with all its fury, is expected to open in the spring. Canadians, to date, haven't felt the impact of the war. When the y do and when they begin to pay in men, in money, in restrictions, they'll realize what war is, and with that realization will come the conviction that no political party can do the job. In the meantime, Grits and Tories, blind and ignorant, will continue to play the game just as it was played at Milton on Saturday, and, in the end, after confusing and disturbing our war effort, wake up to the realization that they have been fools and that the cost

to Canada has been terrific. There is little religion in my makeup. The last war knocked that out. But I cry with all the vehemence in me, God preserve us from the politicians. What fools we mortals be! (adv.)

Notwithstanding that Canada at the present time is busily engaged in putting forth every effort to assist the Empire in the present struggle, the development of her tourist trade is going on apace. Despite rumours that have been spread throughout the United States as to adverse treatment that American visitors would receive in Canada, the Dominion is going ahead with a campaign to advertise Canada's tourist and sportsmen's attractions more widely in the United States and to counteract the adverse propaganda, according to C. K. Howard, Manager of the Tourist and Convention Bureau, Canadian National Railways.

American visitors to Canada will be as welcome as they always have been and they will receive the same cordial reception. "An added attraction will be the fact that their money will go further by reason of the exchange situation. With travel to Europe largely barred, Canada should receive a much greater number of tourists during the coming season than ever before," stated Mr. Howard.

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C.N.R. TIME TABLE

Table with columns for 'Going East' and 'Going West' listing passenger and mail services with times.

TIME TABLE

Table with columns for 'To Toronto', 'To London', and 'To Stratford' listing departure and arrival times.

DIRECTORY

- List of professionals including F. R. Watson, D.D.S., M.D.S., and Kenneth M. Langdon.

Monuments

Pollock & Ingham, Successors to Cater & Worth Galt, Ont. Designs on Request - Greenwood Cemetery

A.M. Nielsen

25th Year of Practice, Chiropractor, X-Ray, Drugless Therapist, Office over Dominion Store, Georgetown, Hours: 2 - 6 - 1:30 - 3:30 p.m. Closed Thursday - Phone 1500

Advertisement for 'LONG DISTANCE' featuring a cartoon of a man and a woman. Text: "I was just saying how forgetful husbands are... THEN the Old Scallawag called me LONG DISTANCE... and put me to shame!" A 300-mile station-to-station call after 7 p.m. (and all day Sunday) usually costs no more than a couple of movie tickets. With rates that low, a fellow can easily keep in touch with his family when he's away from home. Why not call them up... tonight? Includes logo for 60 Years of Public Service (1880-1940).

Advertisement for 'OLD CHUM' tobacco. Text: "There is no other tobacco JUST LIKE OLD CHUM"