

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

News of Georgetown, Norval, Glen Williams, Limehouse, Stewarttown, Ballinastad and Terra Cotta.

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The Editor's Corner

USE THE LIBRARY

A list of recent additions to the shelves of the Public Library attests to the efficiency of our Library Board. Under the leadership of Miss Georgina Young, Chairman of the Book Committee, the Board is always making efforts to secure a diversified number of books to suit the reading tastes of all people.

The town owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Young, and to the other members of the Board—Rev. W. G. O. Thompson, Ralph Ross, J. L. Lambert, Mrs. Gardner, and K. M. Langdon, who give so freely of their time in order that Georgetowners may have the best in literature at their disposal.

Suggestions from the public as to the choice of books, are always welcomed. If there is a book you would like to read, or if you have read a book which you think others would enjoy, mention it to the Librarian, Miss Barber, next time you visit the Library. She will be glad to pass on your request to the Library Board.

WAR HYSTERIA

With war in Europe becoming more terrible every day, we must be careful to keep a sane and sensible outlook towards people of foreign birth in our country. It is inevitable that a certain suspicion will attach itself to foreigners and this must be kept within the bounds of fairness and justice.

During the last war things happened in this country which we sincerely hope will not take place this time. One incident is worthy of note. A German-born storekeeper in the City of Toronto had his shop ruined by a gang of hoodlums. That very afternoon, this man received a notice stating that his only son had been killed in action, fighting for the Allies.

We hope that the Canadian press will not have the duty of reporting such news as this during the present struggle. It comes too close to being just the type of thing against which we fight.

CANADA'S EDGAR GUEST

Readers who enjoyed "Kitchenitis" and "Retrospection" will be pleased to know that we will be publishing more poems by Ralph Gordon. Ralph Gordon has a flair for putting the every-day things of life into light verse which can be understood and appreciated by everyone. It is refreshing to read poetry which is poetry in this day when many would-be poets seem to think that the more mystical and ununderstandable their poetry is, the more it will be regarded as true art.

Mr. Gordon's work compares favourably with that of America's Edgar Guest, and someday we hope his name will also be a by-word to those who like their poetry in every-day English.

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

For pure, unadulterated tripe of the type referred to above, here is a poem by an aspiring student at the University of Western Ontario, which the editor of the school paper, for some reason, printed:

"Here in easy chair / Slow darkness about me / Narrow band of light from radio / Sense of liquid violins / Breathing over me soothing waves / Quietly now I think of you / Like solitary violin, / Or taper white fingers of Debussy / Trembling wraithlike in darkened air." / Need we say more?

AN IDEA FOR OUR MERCHANTS

The Acton Free Press this week notes the formation of the Acton Business Men's Association, headed by G. A. Dills. The aim of the organization is to make Acton a better community centre. Georgetown merchants might well look into the possibilities of such an organization. Any town needs a live-wire Merchants' Association. It is only such an organization which can sponsor feature shopping days, talks on retail problems, ideas for community betterment, and all the other things which will make our town a mecca for rural buyers.

SCENTED ADVERTISING

A St. Louis newspaper has printed a "scented" advertisement for perfume. This was done by using scented ink in the press on which the newspaper was printed. While this might work for a perfume advertiser, we shudder to think of the consequences should the fertilizer manufacturers follow the perfumer's example.

POETRY

Our Weekly Poem

Ralph Gordon, veteran Chaucerian entertainer, whose residence is in Toronto, but who is at home almost any place in America, is both an artist and a poet. His poems appear frequently in Canadian and American papers and now they are to be a weekly feature in this paper. Readers will love Ralph Gordon because he is one of the most lovable characters anyone could hope to meet—a kindly, friendly, neighbourly soul who lives by the side of the road, being a friend of man, full of love and laughter.

MAYTIME AND YOU

When I met you 'twas Maytime, / And green was in the trees, / The flowers seemed much brighter, / And softer blew the breeze: / The bird's song, too, seemed sweeter, / The sky a deeper blue, / The dark clouds turned to silver, / 'Twas Maytime then, and you.

Old music had new richness, / Sweet melodies then grew, / And sunshine took a brilliance / Of which I never knew; / The streamlet sparkled brighter, / As long its course it flew, / And shadows seemed to vanish, / 'Twas Maytime then, and you.

The old mill wheel's dull creaking / Was like some sylvan song, / The river, too, seemed singing, / Though still it ran along; / The night moon seemed much brighter, / It took a golden hue, / The whole world gleamed with love-light, / 'Twas Maytime then, and you.

SPRING FEVER

When the blue gets back in the skies / Once more / And the vines grow green 'round the kitchen door, / When the roses bud and the robins come, / I stretch myself and I say: "Ho-hum! / I ought to work but I guess I won't; / Though some want riches today, I don't." / This looks to me like the sort of day / That was made to idle and dream away.

When the sun is high and the air just right, / With the trees all blossomy, pink and white, / And the grass, as soft as a feather bed / With the white clouds drifting just overhead, / I stretch and yawn like a school boy then, / And turn away from the walks of men / And tell myself in a shamefaced way: / 'I'm going to play hooky from work today!'

"Today I'll turn from the noisy town / And just put all of my burdens down; / I'll quit the world and its common sense, / And the things men think are of consequence, / To chum with birds and the friendly trees, / And try to fathom their mysteries; / For here is a day which looks to be / The kind I can fritter away on me." / —Edgar A. Guest.

A neighbour wanted to borrow grandpa's new rope. Said grandpa: "No, I've got to use that rope today to tie up some sand." / After the neighbour had left, a friend said: "Grandpa, you know you can't tie sand with a rope!" / "Remember, my boy," replied the old man, "you can do pretty near anything with a piece of rope if you don't want to lend it."

WILL ITALY JOIN GERMANY

Present indications are that Italy is unlikely, even in the long run, to join the Allies; the best that can be hoped is to keep her from joining Germany. Numerous factors, fortunately, seem to force Italy to look with suspicion on war against Britain and France. The Italian people harbour a well-rooted dislike of the Germans, just as the Germans distrust the Italians. The Nazi wooing of the U.S.S.R. has increased this dislike for the Italian, as a good Catholic, detests the godless Russian. Then, too, the influence of the Vatican, and the Italian royal family, is thrown on the side of peace—partially because of the Nazi-Soviet ties, and partially because neither pope nor king views Hitler's Germany with favour.

Nor is the Italian army at the moment well prepared for war. It has recently undergone extensive reorganization and now needs a period of consolidation to become effective. The powerful Allied army in the Near East would, of course, act as an added deterrent. The Italian fleet is not in a happy position in weight and armament: it is surpassed by the Allied Mediterranean command. While Mussolini has the advantage of a submarine force of about 120, many more than the Allies possess in those waters, the course of the war to date has failed to demonstrate that this would be a decisive factor.

Mussolini will not forget that while the Allies demand on the Allies, other powers, Mediterranean power, Turkey, has claims on Italy, and would not slip her opportunity to drive Italy from the possession of the Dodecanese Islands in the eastern Mediterranean. Finally, Italy is far less self-sufficient than Germany economically. Her lack of coal and oil, to say nothing of other essential raw materials, make her vulnerable to a blockade which could easily be imposed. Seventy per cent of Italian imports come by sea, from beyond the Mediterranean, and the gates of the Mediterranean, Gibraltar and Suez, are in British hands.

Yet while reason seems to weigh against an Italian attack, the psychological factors of Fascism must not be overlooked. These, with their emphasis on blood and valour, may out-balance reason. Moreover, there is no denying that a Nazi defeat would be a serious blow to Fascism, because of the similarity and recent solidarity of the two. Likewise, a Nazi victory achieved without Italian support would leave Italy embarrassed and Germany resentful. Meanwhile, Germany is so close to Italy geographically that she can exert pressure easily. Nor, while the Italians dislike Germany, do they love Britain. Propaganda has taught them that the democracies are warring, and the badly-managed sanctions episode has stored up resentment

THE LONG VIEW

There is no denying that the destruction of British and French power would materially benefit Italy, who could acquire new possessions in the Mediterranean, and also control the outlets at Gibraltar and Suez. Her economic position is very vulnerable to blockade. Yet so great is this weakness, and so little the chances of overcoming it under the status quo, that Italy may prefer to stake all on one throw for victory. Credence is given to this possibility by the ardour with which Italy has recently turned to a gun-before-butter policy, storing up large stocks of war materials in the past six months.

Take Care of Machinery

At a recent auction sale in Bruce County, a binder which had seen 42 years of continuous service was sold for \$42.00. The original canvas was still on the binder, and the owner said that proper care accounted for the good condition of the machine. Each year when the crop was out, the binder was immediately taken to the implement shed, and during the winter, necessary repairs were made.

TEN THINGS FOR WHICH NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN SORRY

- 1. For doing good to all. 2. For speaking evil of none. 3. For learning before judging. 4. For thinking before speaking. 5. For holding an angry tongue. 6. For being kind to the distressed. 7. For asking pardon for all wrongs. 8. For being patient towards everybody. 9. For stopping the ears to a tale-bearer. 10. For disbelieving most of the ill reports.

Dear Editor: Whenever I dig a hole, I never can get all the dirt back into it again. What should I do? Answer—Dig the hole deeper!

A well-known coffee producer says: "Look for the date on the can." That's his way of telling you the coffee is fresh. We say: "Look for the date on the label." That's our way of telling you your subscription is paid up.

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The problem of the bridal couple is how to elude the guests after the ceremony without eluding the photographers.

Fanny's Title. By BUD OVERMAN. (Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

FANNY REGAL had always lived with her aunt and uncle in a medium-priced apartment. She had studied music and art and elocution (called expression, which was too strong a word entirely for the instruction she had) and had been prepared hopefully by her aunt for a legacy that had been long looked for.

And now the legacy had come! Uncle Regal quickly bought in Fanny's name a beautiful country estate, some thirty miles out of the city, according to the genial realtor who closed the deal. "And now, Fanny," said Aunt Regal, "your estate is much, much larger than we hoped it might be, and there is no use in letting yourself be married off to some commoner. You will marry a title. You can well afford it, dear. And I'll get you the title, see?"

And, sure enough, they hadn't been in the new house two weeks before a prince was invited to visit them for the week-end. "So lucky you've been trained to sing a little and play a little and speak nice pieces," said her aunt to Fanny. "It will stand you in good stead now that you are to marry into royalty, my dear." "Oh, but, aunty!" expostulated Fanny with a pretty blush. "Nothing is settled yet, you know. Why, I haven't even seen this prince of yours and he hasn't seen me."

"Well, I must say," admitted her aunt, "he certainly isn't much for looks. Skinny old thing, to tell the truth. But when he sees you, my dear—you're remarkably pretty, you know—and then with the pennies you have—" "It's a pity that the head gardener isn't a prince," mused Fanny. She looked at the gardener wistfully. She found occasion to ask him how hollyhocks were planted and taken care of.

"You like hollyhocks?" asked the gardener gravely. "Oh, yes," said Fanny. "When I was a little girl, Sims, we had a book at home showing English gardens, and they always seemed to have tall hollyhocks nodding in such a gracious manner. Of course, that sounds silly—but they did look like that—really!"

"It doesn't seem a bit silly to me," he replied, as he bent over some very fine bulbs he was planting himself. "Weston! Wheel the barrow over fifty yards west there—to that bed I've been having smoothed." "Don't talk to these gardeners, child," scolded her aunt. "They charge you an incredible sum for the work anyhow. Why that head gardener has a college degree, if you'll believe it."

And so Fanny found that Sims would talk a little about college and hollyhocks and the bugs that bother rose bushes. The night that the prince arrived found Fanny weeping stormily in the garden pergola. "Skinny old thing!" she wailed between sobs. "Who?" demanded a voice at her elbow.

And then she was telling Sims all about it, and some way or other his arms went around her to comfort her and pretty soon—well, well—these things will happen—he kissed her! And Fanny, having been brought up very strictly by her watchful aunt, considered themselves engaged immediately and Sims willingly agreed to hustle right off after a wedding license. In fact, he was more than willing.

And when they came back next morning to the estate Fanny expected her aunt to marvel at the romance of it all. Instead her aunt told Winfield Sims that he was a rascally fortune hunter. "As far as that doggone prince was concerned," said Uncle Regal to Fanny, quite as if her husband were not there at all, "you didn't miss a thing. It seems he gave his real name all right, but I had some detectives look him up, and, say! He didn't have a title any more'n I have—the faker! Why, he'd served time in a penitentiary—and he—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" laughed Fanny. "I believe I'm going to be a character reader or whatever they're called. I didn't like his looks at all and Win didn't like him either. Did you, Win?" Winfield Sims did not hear his new wife. He was staring with horror-stricken eyes at a telegram that a servant had just put into his hands. "My—my brother has been killed—hunting. They cabled the New York lawyer and he telegraphed that I— I must go home at once." "Did you think so much of this brother?" asked Aunt Regal uneasily as she looked at his suddenly deep-lined face. "I haven't seen him for eight years," confessed Winfield. "But, you see, it will take Fanny away from you—I—I'll inherit the title now and I'll just about have to live at home to take charge of things. You see, I wanted to make my own way and I decided on expert gardening. I never thought of inheriting the title because there is only eighteen months' difference in age between Steven and me. Poor Steven! Will you mind—much—living abroad, Fanny, darling?" And so, after all, Aunt Regal had her way and Fanny married a title.