

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Editor's Corner

MORE SCENTS

Last week we were telling you about a St. Louis paper which featured a scented advertisement. Since then we have learned that two Canadian newspapers have experimented with this new medium.

On May 25th the Vancouver Daily Province featured a page announcement of Mother's Day gifts, delicately perfumed with Le Gul perfume, one of the products advertised. On May 18th, the Windsor Daily Star had a full page advertisement for ice cream, and vanilla was mixed with the ink used.

HOW?

In a letter to the Editor of the Brampton papers, a writer who signs himself "A Canadian Citizen" makes a rather remarkable statement: "I think it is time the people demand that all Germans be put in concentration camps, whether they have naturalization papers or not and let them prove to be good Canadian citizens before they get out."

AN INFORMATION BUREAU

Something which Georgetown could use is an information bureau for prospective industries or residents for our town. My suggestion would be that Council appoint a committee to draw up a list of pertinent factors—size of town, tax rate, present industries, racial and religious groups, etc.—and embody these in a small pamphlet to send to would-be newcomers.

A CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRATIC DEVOTION

Canadians today are being asked to buy War Savings Certificates. What does this mean? It means this: That our answer will be the measure of our real devotion to democracy. To freedom.

We have been told that democracy is decadent. That our ideals of freedom are meaningless. That our way of life cannot compel the devotion that goes to the totalitarian creed.

War Savings Certificates can answer, and powerfully, to that indictment. To the extent that we buy them we will tell whether or not devotion to democracy and liberty does exist, whether there exists the reality of democratic responsibility, of democratic loyalty, of democratic unity.

In France today the watchword is: Advance or die. In England Mr. Churchill exclaims: "I offer you blood, tears, toil and sweat." And he adds: "For all that Britain means, I appeal to you." We must save ourselves from the black night of barbarism.

In coming weeks the people of this country have the chance of showing whether their thought of freedom's meaning, their understanding of the meaning of this terrible conflict, is as deep and real as that of the peoples of Britain and France.

The real challenge of War Savings Certificates is the challenge of whether the fibre of democracy is as strong as the fibre of dictatorship. The challenge of whether the discipline of the lash is as powerful as the discipline of freedom.

Let Canadians, by buying these War Savings Certificates, by answering with all and the least of their means the great cry for help that goes up, show how strong is the discipline of freedom. Let them determine that it will be remembered in years to come that Canada did not vent its anger at brutality and injustice solely in words and gestures, but that it turned at least a part of it into sacrifice for freedom in freedom's hour of dire need.

POETRY

Our Weekly Poem

MAYTIME IN THE ORCHARD. When Maytime's in the orchard, And the birds have all returned, When all the rubbish has been raked, And pruned-heaps have been burned;

When Maytime's in the orchard, And the oriole hangs her home On Tallman sweet or high spy trees A sort of swinging dome;

When Maytime's in the orchard, And the cuckoo's call is heard, And gray bird hides her nest again Down in the grass-wise bird;

When Maytime's in the orchard, And the song birds sing, When Maytime's in the orchard Then, at last, we're sure it's spring. —Ralph Gordon.

Ontario Business Summary

Following is the Ontario Business summary as issued by the Bank of Montreal under recent date:—

Although retared somewhat by the late spring in so far as wearing apparel is concerned, retail sales generally are reported in excess of those of last year. Wholesale trade continues steady and in satisfactory volume. Collections are fair to good.

TRAGIC PLIGHT OF EUROPE'S WAR BABIES

Writing in The American Weekly with the June 2 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, Grand Duchesse Marie of Russia, Europe's most noted exile and cousin of the Czar who, with his family, was murdered by Russian Communists, tells—in her own words—why there is only one way ahead for tiny heirs to the throne broken and threatened by the lightning of invading armies. Be sure to get Sunday's Detroit Times.

Character is like bells which ring out sweet music and which when touched accidentally ever resound sweet music.

IT WAS MY MOTHER'S

"It was my mother's" — what a magic phrase To gild the commonplace of lonely days; A dish she loved, a scalloped plate for bread, A cushion where she used to rest her head, A bed-lamp with a little colored wick— We used it at the last when she was sick.

"It was my mother's" — so I keep it there, Just an old apron that she used to wear. It looks so like her, I can see her now Puttering around the house. I wonder how She kept so cheerful through good times and bad— The kindly sense of humor that she had.

"It was my mother's—what a precious thing To have a small remembrance that will bring Back the old days, a little fluted cup With roses on the side, to lift me up And make the sharing of a cup of tea Part of a lovely sacrament for me. —Edna Jacques.

Head of Canadian Navy Sees Forces Expanding Both of Ships and Men

While so much that is spectacular attaches to the other forces, the growth and extension of the Royal Canadian Navy tend to be somewhat overlooked. In true "silent service" tradition the Royal Canadian Navy says little about itself. One hears from time to time in an obscure way of ships building and about to be built, but little of the day to day routine of the navy service carried on under all kinds of adverse conditions. The Navy, however, has been truly on active service since the outbreak of war. It has grown in importance and strength. Soon a formidable fleet of over 220 vessels will be incorporated in the command of Rear Admiral P. W. Nelles, R.C.N., the Senior Naval Officer.

These vessels and shore establishments will be manned by 6,000 to 7,000 all ranks of the Royal Canadian Navy. The main strength of the fleet will be incorporated in seven destroyers, including the flotilla leader, as it is designated, the existing 73rd military vessels will be increased by 64 patrol vessels and 80 mine-sweepers now under construction. Besides the work of convoy, there are, and there will need to be, more vessels engaged in anti-submarine work, mine-sweeping, patrolling and search.

All these forces respond to the direction of Rear Admiral Percy Walker Nelles R.C.N., a Canadian officer of wide experience. He joined the Royal Navy as a cadet in 18, in 1908, although as the son of the late Brigadier-General Charles M. Nelles, he might have been expected to favor the land forces. Lakefield and Trinity College School, Port Hope, did not change his youthful choice. With the Great War came active service in the ships of the Royal Canadian Navy afloat for almost three years.

Successively Senior Naval Officer at Halifax and Senior Naval Officer at Esquimaux after the war, his progress was topped in 1936 when he was appointed to the highest position in the Canadian Naval Service as Director and Chief of the Naval Staff.

The Church of the Army and the Navy are represented in three generations of Admiral Nelles' family. His grandfather was the Rev. S. S. Nelles, D.D., a distinguished educator who, at the age of 27, became chancellor of Victoria University, then located at Cobourg Ontario. This institution later was affiliated with the University of Toronto. The Admiral's father was Brigadier-General C. M. Nelles, C.M.G., who climaxed a brilliant career by commanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons in France during the first World War.

The Naval Staff has been one of the busiest men in Canada since the war crisis began to take shape. The story of the current naval expansion has never been fully told and cannot, for obvious reasons, be revealed, yet. It is a brilliant story of fulfillment of thoughtful planning and careful administration. Small though the R.C.N. was at the beginning of the war, it has proved itself to be a trained nucleus capable, without conflict, confusion or waste, of immediate expansion along its pre-arranged course.

GERMAN THREAT TO VIMY MEMORIAL IS AROUSING VETERANS. Threat of German desecration of the Canadian Memorial on Vimy Ridge, symbol of Canadian sacrifices and victories in the last war, will find far-reaching reaction when the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League holds its Dominion Convention in Montreal this week.

IT TAKES A LOT OF SPARK PLUGS

Every month, 2,500 spark plugs are overhauled in the Winnipeg maintenance shops of the Trans-Canada Air Lines. After being dismantled they are cleaned and tested under pressure. Two plugs to a cylinder, nine cylinders to an engine, two engines to a plane, 15 planes to the fleet—that adds up to 540 spark plugs to be changed and cleaned at frequent intervals.

On behalf of the 500 delegates chosen by 1,200 branches throughout Canada and the United States, the Legion is expected to demand a more relentless war effort calling for the Dominion's total participation. It is likely that numerous proposals, especially with respect to allowing ex-service men greater scope for service abroad as well as on the home front, will be endorsed and placed in the hands of the authorities. Strong resolutions, received from all parts of Canada, dealing with "fourth column" activities in this country, will also be dealt with.

The convention will be the eighth to be held since the Legion was founded in 1925 by Field Marshall Earl Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France during 1914-1918, but in the light of new developments overseas will undoubtedly be the most important in the history of the organization.

DER FUHRER'S PRAYER

Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attention please Your partner Adolph's here Und has a word or two to say Indo your private ear; So turn away all udders now Und listen well to me; For vat I say concerns me much, Meinself und Shermany.

You know, dear Gott, I was your friend, Und from mine hour of birth I quietly let you rule the Heffen. Vile I rule o'er der Earth, Und ven I told mein soldiers, Of by-gone battle days, I gladly split der glory, Und gave you half der praise.

In every way I tried to prove Mein heart to you was true, Und only claimed mein honest share In great deeds dat ve do. You could not half a better friend In Sky or Land or Sea, Dan Adolph Hitler number vun, Dear Lord of Shermany.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis: Dat you should still be friends, Und you should help to send mein foes. To meet der bitter ends, If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do —I'll nothing ask again, Und you und I vill pardners be For evermore—Amen.

But listen, Gott, it must be quick, Your help to me you send, Or else I half to stop attack Und only play defend. So four und twenty hours I gif To make the allies run Und put me safe into mein place Der middle of der Sun.

If you do dis I'll do mine part, I'll tell der world der fact— But if you don't den I must think It is a hostile act. Den vat at once I will declare Und in mine anger rise, Und send mein bomber ship to vage A fight up in der skies.

Dis Ultimatum now, dear Gott, Is von of many more, Mein mind is settled up to clean Der whole world of der floor, Because you vas mein pardner, Gott, An extra chance is giften, So help at vounce, or else I'll be Der Emperor of Heffen. —Sherbrooke Daily Record.



Out of the Fog

By GREGORY JONAS (Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

BARRY STUART, bachelor, was driving his high-powered roadster over the country roads at a pace quite inconsistent with its ability for speed. Barry was drinking in the beauties of the moon-flooded night. A fog rose from the river and floated lightly above the lowlands, wandering clouds touched by the magic of the moon. Like a huge, disgorged feather-bed the bank of white awaited Barry's dip into the valley only to disappear upon his advent.

"Like all my troubles," mused Barry. Now and then oblongs of yellow light showed through the blur of white and Barry knew there was a home—and he wished vaguely that there were a yellow light beckoning him. With these vague wishes was mixed the shadowy dream of a girl's face, her blue eyes and her bright hair as soft and intangible as the feathers of fog about him.

Barry had been unable to forget this particular girl for one moment after meeting her; and now he was running away from her; she threatened to crystallize his vague dreams into reality; she imperiled his celibacy, and he wasn't ready—not yet. His memories of her mingled so enticingly with the night that he was startled, as his car rose to the hilltop, to see a slight figure hurrying along ahead of him.

"Won't you ride?" asked Barry, sensing that there must be some reason for a girl's treading this lone-some road so long after teatime. Her voice sounded sharp and there was recklessness in her acceptance of his invitation.

"Yes, I'll ride," she answered, and slumped down into the seat beside him.

"On your way to Moorestown?" he asked.

"As well as anywhere," she replied, and Barry was silent. His dreams were lost in the fog as he puzzled about the girl beside him. They drove along quietly, dipping into the valleys and rising to the hilltops with a swift, clean motion that was worthy of his car. When they had gone another ten miles the girl spoke suddenly:

"I'm leaving my husband!" "Indeed!" ejaculated Barry, and added: "How old are you?"

"Twenty-four and I'm tired of drudgery and tending babies and having nothing!"

"I see," commented Barry softly. "Husbands and babies aren't much compensation unless they're nice," he added tentatively.

"My babies are adorable!" she flashed.

"They must be unusual, then," he observed. "Most babies are pests!" "Have you any?" she demanded.

"Good Lord, no—I'm a bachelor." "Then you don't know a thing about it. They're so soft and adorable—and cute!" Twin girls. But his mother is always there—naking trouble. She'll take care of them."

"Of course," agreed Barry. "In another six months they'll probably think she's their mother—they're unfeeling little brutes, at best."

"Mine are not! They know me—they cry when I leave them!" Silence enveloped them, when suddenly the girl's voice broke it.

"I've got to go back! Take me to the next bus stop—you'll think I'm crazy!"

"What difference does it make what I think? I don't even know your name. But you're foolish to go back. We could go to the show and have a good time—" He turned and caught the appeal in her upturned face.

"Honestly, I didn't mean that!" he said contritely, turning the car about. "I'm going to take you home." The car flew like a live thing.

"Tell me the house," said Barry. "I will." He could feel her tenseness; once she put out a small hand and laid it over his on the wheel.

"I don't know how to thank you—" "Your husband won't abuse you?" he inquired.

"Phil? Good heavens, no!" "Men do."

"Not mine—it's just that his mother bosses me so—" "I know—I have a boss myself and some day I'm going to wax independent and fire myself—but not till I see that it won't ruin my own happiness," he told her.

She touched his arm when at last two rectangles of light gleamed through the lifting fog.

"Atmosphere has cleared," remarked Barry, drawing up to the house and sounding his horn. The door opened and a frenzied young man stood outlined—behind him a woman twisting her apron.

"I've brought back your wife," he announced, handing her out of the car. "Wives are hard to get," he observed, "and harder to keep, I'm told. When I find one I'm going to make it my business to keep her!"

The young man, with his arms about his wife, tried to thank Barry; but with a wave of his hand Barry was gone; not toward Moorestown, but in the other direction where the girl with the blue eyes and lovely hair must be sitting somewhere behind oblongs of yellow light—waiting!

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