THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Editor's Corner

PEOPLE REALLY READ THE HERALD

-And it takes a day like last Wednesday to find out just how. they DO read it. Scarcely had we finished our press run when a friend across the street drew our attention to the Staff Change at the Bank of Montreal, which looked much worse when combined with the next heading, making it read "Better Laate than Never-Staff Change at the Bank of Montreal." The next day we found out that the new accountant at the Bank of Commerce was not an Anglican as reported, but a Presbyterian. With bowed heads, we admit our guilt and promise once more that we'll be more careful in the future.

Oh, yes-in the personals, it wasn't Jean that stayed in Bala for a week, but Ruth. Now you know why editors go gray.

THE WAR SAVINGS DRAW

At last the Bank of Montreal has lost its hold on the War Savings Draw which has become a regular Friday morning event on Main Street. Three weeks in a row, the draw was made at the Bank, and three weeks in a row the certificate stayed right in the bank. This week the draw was made at the Dominion Store, and just to make sure that everything was on the up-and-up, the Herald Staff was on hand. Once again, however, fate intervened, and Roaf Barber is this week's winner.

Oh, well, we'll win it one of these days-and at least we've got it away from the Bank.

BRAMPTON AND ACTON TAKE HONOURS AT C.W.N.A. CONVENTION

The Brampton Conservator was judged the best all-round weekly newspaper in the contest conducted at the Convention in Calgary last week. The handsome Mason Trophy is emblematic of this, and was received by C. V. Charters, Manager of the Conservator, and also Managing Director of the Association. Adding to its laurels, the Conservator was also presented with the David Williams cup for the best editorial page in a paper with over 2,000 circulation.

Another neighbour, the Acton Free Press, had the best front page in papers of the 1,000 - 2,000 circulation group. It is indeed a pleasure to congratulate these two neighbouring organizations which have brought honour to the counties of Peel and Halton.

. . . .

CANADIAN MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRIES HELP "WIN THE WAR"

On Monday evening, July 15th, at 8.30 pm., every theatre in Canada will present a special performance, the entire proceeds of which will be the property of the Dominion Government, to be used for Canada's war effort. Admission will be by special ticket only, and to get these special tickets, you have to buy two war savings stamps at the Gregory Theatre box office. Stamps must be bought at the theatre in order to get the special admission ticket.

The stamps remain the property of the buyer, so that it really doesn't cost anything at all. The show is just an added premium for purchasing two war savings stamps. All expenses in connection with performances are being borne by the Motion Picture Industry, so that the entire proceeds will go to the government.

We urge everyone in Georgetown to give this project their support. The features for the evening have all been specially prepared, and will not be anything you've seen before. Come to the Gregory next Monday, or if you can't attend, buy a ticket anyway. Let's have 100% cooperation from the people of Georgetown.

RED CROSS GARDEN PARTY

And speaking of 100 per cent. co-operation, we hope that everyone will buy a ticket to the Red Cross Garden Party. And please remember that Mrs. Nixon has donated the lovely grounds at her home for the event. It would be a crime if any serious damage to her grounds resulted from this kind offer.

POETRY

OUR WEEKLY POEM

WHEN THE WEART IS SAD

When the heart is sad, then Spring-

Are cold as winter's snow, And from the sweetest bird-song notes, No melody will flow.

And sweetheart's smile is not the same, O Canada! For God; the King; and It's lost its welcome, warm. And e'en the words: "I love you dear," Are lacking in their charm.

And colors that are bright and gay That radiate rich joy, All seem so dark and drab, and so

In honor's path, and freedom's cause-Depression arts employ. Homeland we love! So great and free And all the flowers the garden grows Steadfast we stand in bonds of unity. Have lost their beauty rare. And fragrance, that is theirs to give, O Canada' For God; the King; and

Is spent on summer air. When hearts are sad, then sorrow O Canada! And Kindred, sea to sea

Its furrows, deep and long, and covers all the gladsome things. And every joyful song.

So my wish is, dear friend for you, A sad heart ne'er you'll know. But that the Sun of joyfulness, Forever on you'll glow.

-RALPH GORDON

628 Crawford St., Toronto.

Defence Minister Approves

ter to N. L. Nathanson, national chair- attention on the campaign. The proman of the Win the War Campaign ceeds from the showings themselves of the Motion Picture Industry which will be a most helpful contribution. has organized special shows in all theatres on Monday evening, July 15, deal of work and sacrifice on the part to which admission is obtained by the of a large number of people, I should purchase of War Savings Stamps. be grateful if you would convey to Hon. J. L. Ralston, OMG., D.S.O., all concerned, both in Canada and the Minister of National Defence, has en- United States, our sense of obligation dorsed the drive in the following to them."

words: "On behalf of the Government, I should like to express to you, and through you to the Motion Picture between the German leaders and the Industry, our warm appreciation of German people, I reply, "I shall be the effort now being put forward by ready to do so when the German peo-

No armored border line; A Nation North! A Nation South!-In fellowship so fine. Homeland we love! So great and free! Steadfast we stand in bonds of unity O Canada! For God; the King; and

O CANADA! BELOVED NATIVE

"United and loyal to the Throne and

HOMELAND AND EMPIRE

God be thy strength and gracious

In noble thought and valiant heart,

The British Empire guard and bless

Homeland we love! So great and free!

Steadfast we stand in bonds of unity.

LOYALTY AND SERVICE

Our songs of praise; to Lord of earth

Within each patriot breast enthroned,

INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL

Inarmed in truth, accord and liberty;

No frowning forts, no threatening

O Canada! From loyal hearts arise

To serve from day to day,

For which we humbly pray.

O Canada! Beloved native land.

Of sons and daughters true;

guiding hand,

His glorious will to do.

and skies.

-William Sword Frost "Lochbrae." Orillia, Ont."

The special film showings which are to be held throughout Canada on Movies' War Stamp Drive Monday evening, July 15, will have, am sure, a very wide appeal and Toronto, July 10-In an official let- will serve in a striking way to focus As the project will involve a great

"When I am asked to distinguish industry to contribute to the suc- pie themselves make plain the differ-War Savings Campaign. ence!"-Sir John Simon, British Lord Chancellor.

'Call My Name-'

By AMY CAMPBELL

McClure Syndicate-WNU Service.

W "FN they met at a dance they very much meant for each other. He thought how much she was like a newly unsheathed lily. She was wearing something lovely of apricot satin The sense of unfolding came

from the frothy gold of her scarf from which her red careless hair rose like a slim, tawny flame. After a moment or two of perfect

rhythm he said: "You're being streamline. Don't. You were meant to be windblown." "Either." she informed promptly

with wandering eyes. "are resist-

ant." "Yes." he admitted slowly. "And sturdy. There is something too trail about you for either." He could not resist an absent touch of straying fingers on her scarf.

sued, "I shall always say 'Thank vou, no' to the usual in life." "I am very usual. Your words

"You don't understand," she pur-

mere." "Why make personal applica-

tion?" she wondered. ing, as they watched them, that it was infinite poetry they were weaving. This compelling thought seemed to reach them both just as the music brought its usual terrible parting with a discordant crash, for something eager left their eyes.

"Another, and another-"

begged instantly She smiled without a word but gave him so second glance over her new partner's shoulder as she moved away. He answered it with all his heart, thinking how foolish be was. Then because it was inolerable to watch her in another man's arms he went into the garden. It actually happened that he place at exactly the right time. He selves. recognized her voice later. It roused him from a discouraged mood She was speaking to someone with her on the other side of a

bank of low cherry bloom. "Like a country lane." the man was saying.

what to do with it"" there was boredom in her voice. "Certainly I've been to the pic-

tures." "Yes-then what?" "You'd have a parasol to keep

your hair from fading-" "Moonlight can fade," she mused. "And after a long, long time," the male voice continued, "I'd kiss you while we hid behind your parasol-"

"No man was as sure as that in the days of parasols-" "You know-" and there was a keen urgency in the tone, "I never can make out what you want, woman. You might tell me just once-" "I might," she said, her tone dulcet and lovely to the man shame-

lessly overhearing. "I might admit numanity or brutal people caring nothit just once for the love of hearing myself, that I love gradual processes of friendship and, well, love I mean, picking violets in a spring wood and pressing them when they faded in a book because I must keep the memory of one who gave them without a word. 1-wondering, torbit sure of doing so or of what to do if it happened-" She broke from words to hum a current song.

'Call my name and I'll come.' "It's just the throwback of some stuffy ancestor," he sympathized. "It's nice. You go 'way. I want

to think about it." The man had the audacity to laugh, but with annoyance. "Well -when you make it a request-of course But I'll be back in five minites for the rest of the evening."

On the other side of the hedge, just as the listener was wondering if he might not toss over a spray of cherry bloom, he heard a sigh, sob, his name and a little wail-"I can't bear it! I can't! I can't-"

He blessed the low growth of the little blooming trees. He was so near her he could have touched her through a forced opening.

He stepped around the barrier. 'Our dance!" he said jubilantly. "The voice is familiar-" but she did not look up

"That's devastatingly flattering," he said very tenderly, leaning closer to her. "You remember my voice." He dwelt with savoring inflection on the words.

"4 remember," she mocked his deliberation, "everything about you. And always will." Then with a sweet little impulsive rush of words: "Divorce is the b-bunk!" watched her abandoned weeping.

"Dearest, do you mean-" "I mean-streamline or windblown-I'm too frail, just as you said. I must have one make, one style, and stick to it. Then, it's a grand run for your love." As he captured and kissed her

she said: "You must shut your eyes during a kiss or cherry blossoms will frighten you." "I thought you thought me old type, inadequate."

reclaimed," she rejoiced. "Tawny lily, I'll never let you go

"You haven't changed," she marvaled. "A fool for luck."

CHRISTIANITY CALLING !

ARE YOU LISTENING !

A reader has kindly sent in this article, written by Arthur Mee, editor of the Children's Newspaper, publish-

ed in London, England. 'I feel that it contains a message for us here in Canada as well as for those for whom it was written," says, "- a message which will be source of comfort and strength these dark days, a message indeed truth of which we MUST realize our cause is lost, whether we defeat Naziism or not. This was written last January, but the truth of words has not changed."

It is when we are passing through the fires that we are tried and tested. How do we face the storms of life? Battered and beaten by fate, tossing on a sea of trouble, are we broken by emotions or sustained by an inward calm? Do we believe that this outer world about us, the material fabric of our civilization, is the world itself or the expression of something that

has made it? In the Balances

If we believe that the things we see are the world, that when we look at the dome of St. Paul's we are looking at a thousand tons of brick and wood and lead and stone and nothing more, somehow make me feel actually we shall be cast down by the threat to these things and the menace of the spirit of violence will break us. But if we believe that behind these things is something greater than them After that they were silent, drift- we shall be tranquil under the blows If its seeds are sown in our hearts also will keep the faith." - Lawrence ing effortlessly as milkweed sails in of fate, for our anchor will hold fast a gentle wind. People were think- to the very foundations of the world. It is now that each one of us is being tried in the balances of God. Are we found wanting, or are we equal to the strain of the pitiless pressure that falls on every human life today? Upon that depends the issue of these days.

It is not fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians that we shall win the war. We are free to lose it or to win. It will not be won for us by the Government or by some force out side ourselves into which we have put our strength. We must be winning it all the time by the exertion of the secret power within us which alone can make us strong. It is not our money, our strength in armaments, our mastery of the air, our Maginot lines, that will save us - powerful as had chosen an unsought vantage they are they cannot conquer in them-

Faith Our Sure Shield It is our faith in the eternal laws of God that will uphold us till the Victory comes. It is because " we fight against evil things with the consciousness of Justice that we shall win.

It is this faith that is our secret "And if it were, would you know power, our sure unfailing shield; and this faith resides, not in Government Departments, not in military or naval or aerial forces, not in the high tradition of British policy, but in every individua! in our Islands, in you and

If for one day the common people of these Islands lost their faith in God the cause of Freedom must perish. We are what we are in the world; because we believe what we believe. Without Christopher Wren and his inspiration there was no St. Paul's; without, the common people of this country and their inspiration there is no conquest of the evil things that are threatening our existence. In quietness and confidence shall be our strength. It is the spirit within us that counts, that makes us gentle!

ing for these things. And now it is Christianity, the supreme source of our strength; that calls to every man upon this earth. Among earth's thousand voices we must listen to the Still Small Voice that comes within. Leave the clamour of the world outside. Go to the quiet place you love-the little wood, the mented to know if it meant anything country lane, the garden path, the that he did. Going for walks on fireside-and listen. The Creator of chance of meeting someone. Not a , the World will speak to you, He who

people loving mercy and truth and

will overthrow all evil powers. Seek First the Kingdom of God It is in the faith that we are on God's side that we must go forward, that we must remain calm through all these storms, patient through all trials, steadfast against all temptation. We must refuse to leave the path laid down for us. We must seek first the Kingdom of God and believe that all other things will be added unto us. We must accept the law of God as the master of our lives. We must believe that religion is the strength and stay of nations as well as the comfort of the fatheriess and the widow. We must put away all bitterness and wrath and clamour and evil-speaking and be kind to one another. We must put an end to all selfishness and wish for others (for friends or enemies) the abundance of the blessings that come to us.

We must seek no selfish purposes, but must be willing to accept whatever sacrifice is needed if the seeds of happiness are to be sown and to flourish to the widest ends of the earth. may be that a new kind of life will be awaiting us, that we shall lose much that we hold dear; but our reward will be the joy of sharing happiness with all about us. If we can lessen the burden of sorrow in the world, the weight of oppression and injustice, the haunting anxiety of the future, the pathetic insecurity of the poor, the fear of small peoples, the envy of great nations, the unequal distribution of good fortune, the success that will come to us will be beyond all measuring.. Nothing we can conceive is beyond our reach if we will realize that the glory of the world is enough for

If we build up our own lives on faith in God, if we pursue our way with hope, if we live with all in charity. these three will bring us peace. If we build up our own nation on these everlasting things its power will be as a rock and its spirit cannot break. No mean thing will be able to exist in our own lives or our own borders. No craving for power, no desire for dom-"I know. Y-You're kissing a fool, ination, will possess us. We shall seek fustice and pursue it. We shall banish all unworthy aims and thoughts. We shall resent no honest claims for justhey may come.

The State is Ownstres

If, in all our lives, we seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, we shall wish our nation to seek the same ends. We shall use our utmost endeavours to lay a Christian

foundation for the State. The State is ourselves: what wrong in the State is wrong in our own lives. It is we, the common people of the land, who will build up the new world after the war, the new England. the new Britain, the new Empire, and the new Europe. It will be what we make it. Are we beginning now? Are we building up among ourselves the feeling of brotherhood? Are we banishing hatred and prejudice and envy and all uncharitableness from our own lives? Are we preparing ourselves for whatever sacrifice may come-for the loss of a big house, a fine garden; a motor-car, it may be, and for life with simple comfort and fewer luxurles than of old?

Are we willing to share the prosperity of the past so that happiness may be widespread in the future? Are we reconciled to the thought that life may be a little harder for us and a little easier for others? Can we spare the little vanities that have meant so much? Can we give the world little more and take a little less? Can we live a little less selfishly and a little more Christianly?

The Brotherhood of Man If so, there is hope for the new world that is building itself already in | are keeping faith. My final word to the hearts of men. There is hope for you today is: In our own time, and the foundation of a Christian Peace in our own way, we, the people of for Europe which will lead to the be- the United States of America - your all ginning of the Brotherhood of Man. neighbours and your friends - we

world transformed. The moral leadership of the world by a Christian nation will be a spectacle unparalleled on earth and will benish from it not only wars but the evils

that make wars. As streams grow into rivers and rivers run to the sea, so our little lives. hour by hour and day by day, make up the rivers of influence that swell into the vast ocean of life. The boundless world with its unfathomable glory. its infinite opportunity, its treasure of happiness all untold, is in your keeping and mine. The future of our dreams is what we are making it now. Christianity calling: are you listening? -Arthur Mee in "The Children's Newspaper."

ENGLAND'S MYSTERY GIRL HAS FIVE LIVES

The American Weekly with the July 14 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times reveals the strange recollection of a mystic young girl, who claims she is now enjoying her fifth life on this earth. She tells of experiences with Nero's wife, France's Revolutionists. The Pilgrims and earlier men of history. Be sure to get The Detroit Sunday Times.

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