

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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

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The Editor's Corner

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GEORGETOWN?

A comparison of the results at theatres in different towns shows Georgetown far behind in proceeds realized from the sale of War Savings Certificates at the recent "Win-the-War" night in Canadian theatres. The village of Stouffville, for instance, with less than half the population of our town, contributed \$268 in the sale of stamps—\$68 more than Georgetown. Another village, Tweed, equalled the figure here, while 1700 people in Chesley bought stamps to the value of \$300. Port Erie and Orangeville, which are towns about our size turned over \$500 apiece.

Coming to our own neighbourhood, we find Milton, with \$353, and Brampton \$1624. The record for small towns, we think, goes to Kingsville, in Essex County. With a population of 2500, \$3390 in stamps was bought at the theatre there.

People in Georgetown are always boasting that our weekly pay-roll is equal to that in any town of similar size in Ontario. The Theatre Night results would hardly prove that.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

A few years ago a certain member of Parliament was instrumental in causing the discontinuance of compulsory cadet training in our Ontario high schools. This week we read that Walter E. Harris, Federal member for Grey-Bruce has joined the C.A.S.P. as a lieutenant, and is now at Camp Borden with the Grey-Bruce Foresters. That's a far cry from the days when Agnes McPhail, then member for the same riding, opposed our system of cadet training.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

It was announced today that all postmasters would be relieved of their duties at the end of the month. This decision was reached after a trial experiment in Georgetown, Ontario, which has been without a postmaster for several months. Business has been conducted so successfully without a postmaster in that town, that it has been decided to do away with them altogether, thereby saving the country a great deal of money and allowing the Civil Service Commission more time to spend on important matters.

It was announced today that the Civil Service Commission would be replaced by a more efficient group of men at the end of the month. This decision was reached after a trial experiment in Georgetown, Ontario, which has been without a postmaster for several months. Although a suitable man was found for the job, the Commission dilly-dallied about his appointment so long, that it was felt a new group should be appointed to deal with the matter, which would ensure that the country's money was spent in the proper way, and spend its own time at matters which were its concern.

NATIONAL REGISTRATION

It is expected that all persons over 16 years of age will be registered by the end of August, according to a statement by Hon. James Gardiner. While this registration is mainly for the purpose of finding those available for military training, it will also serve many other purposes. It will give the government useful information to be used for old age pension, health, etc.

Eighteen questions will be asked of men and nineteen of women, with answers written on registration cards. Set-up in each constituency will consist of a registrar, deputy-registrar, and deputy-registrars in all polling subdivisions. Mr. Cleaver, Member for Halton, has assured Mr. Gardiner that registration in Halton County will be done "without any cost to the country." Registration will take four days, and will be done about the third week in August. An organization meeting was held in Milton on Monday to arrange the set-up in Halton County.

It is important that everyone register and that everyone answer all questions correctly. Staff penalties have been provided for anyone who fails to comply with this. Moreover, all persons will be given registration certificates, which they will have to carry at all times, and produce when demanded.

POETRY

OUR WEEKLY POEM

THE HOUSE ON THE SHORE

I'd like to write a little poem About a house I know, That stands upon a big lake beach Where fishermen go fro.

When on-shore winds lash o'er that lake They drive waves to the door, So near does that house stand alone Upon that pebbly shore.

Close at its rear a steep hill lifts Its tree-hid face so high, The whole, a land and water scape, To tempt an artist's eye.

I asked the woman in that house, Was it not lonely, drear, She smiled the sweetest, kindly smile, And said: "No, never here. 'You see this is our happy home, With kindness much in store, Here LOVE and LAUGHTER rules supreme In this house on the shore." —RALPH GORDON 628 Crawford St., Toronto.

THE POWER BUILDER

If we could only put them all aside— The things that hurry us of peace and rest,

The things that buffet us in aim and quest, That set at naught our plans and crush our pride (Poor empty pride, froth-bubble of the tide!)

We think that life might be a goodly thing, Of sweet contentment a perennial spring, And of delight a river deep and wide, But do the stoutest and the staunchest grow— The best of earth that danger cannot quell— In tropic climes where only soft airs blow, On seas unsway'd by the tempestuous gale?

Weeklings are bred where hardship has no part; Conflict it is that makes the oaken heart.

WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court; Knowledge, said the school;

Truth, said the wise man; Pleasure, said the fool;

Love, said the maiden; Beauty said the page;

Freedom, said the dreamer; Home, said the sage;

Fame, said the soldier; Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly, "The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom Softly this I heard:

"Each heart holds the secret; Kindness is the word." —John Boyle O'Reilly.

TOO MONOTONOUS

I would not be a clock, my land! I think 'twould make me sick To stand up on the mantel and Do nothing else but tick.

I'm sure that I would weary be Polled these twist, loop-and-rolling, And when they failed to wind me up I'd get that run-down feeling.

Lord, give me a mind that does not That does not whimper, whine or sigh; Don't let me worry over much About that fussy thing called I.

It ain't the guns or armaments or the money they can pay, It's the close co-operation that makes them win the day; It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole, But the everlastin' teamwork of every blossom's soul.

How can I help Win the War?

These are strenuous times for Canadians, each doing his or her best to assist Canada in its war effort, nevertheless there are times when the question is asked "What more can I do?" An easy and effective way to solve this problem has been suggested by D. Leo Dolan, Chief of the Canadian Travel Bureau—just all down and write a few lines to friends and relatives in the United States inviting them to spend their vacations in Canada. "Never before in Canada's history have American travellers been more welcome in the Dominion. Just let them know they can ramble about and enjoy our sports, our National Parks, the romance of our cities and the fresh beauty of our countryside as freely and fully as in the days of peace. Advise them of the benefits which are theirs through a situation which enhances the value of United States currency. Impress upon them the fact that the war has created no new restrictions regarding entry and departure from Canada. Remind them that, as in the past, there is the opportunity to spend happy care-free days in this lovely land where neighbourly hands are always ready with the handclasp of friendly welcome.

In this strange war that is upon us it is curious that the tourist trade, a peaceful, happy business which is associated with the brightest side of life, should become an important cog in the wheels of strife. Canada in the prosecution of its efforts to bring peace and justice again to the world requires vital machines and equipment which must be purchased across the border. These must be paid for in U.S. currency and to obtain these dollars we must sell them something worth their money, and what more worthwhile is there than a vacation in Canada. The American tourist dollar spent in Canada returns to the United States for the purchase of materials and equipment. It creates more jobs for more people. Many of these people will, no doubt, then be able to enjoy our Canadian hospitality.

The Prime Minister and other prominent officials have issued cordial invitations to residents of the United States to visit our country. The Canadian Travel Bureau has conducted an intensive and effective advertising campaign designed to attract tourists to the Dominion. Past moving events, however, have created a situation where many prospective tourists are undecided whether to carry out or abandon their vacation plans for this year. Your personal note of assurance that all is well in Canada, that the highways are smooth, the golf courses green and the fishing may be the deciding factor in drawing visitors to Canada. It requires but small effort to write. Do your bit today.

CITY CHILDREN NEED HOLIDAY

In addition to the children and mothers sent each summer to Camp Bolton, the Neighborhood Workers' Association strives to provide "holidays" for some 1,200 children who for various reasons cannot be sent to camp. Through the Country Home Department these children are sent to homes within a radius of 150 miles from Toronto, to the "Country Homes" Association pays all transportation costs but no board is paid. Persons living in the country who have room in their home for one or two children generously co-operate with the N.W.A. by taking city children for a two week vacation period free of charge.

It is not expected that the hostess will lay out any elaborate plan of entertainment for the child. Any home that can offer a garden—or a country green field (practically unknown to many children who live in the factory areas); three plain, nourishing meals a day, and a comfortable bed, can be a happy holiday spot.

Holiday homes need not be any great distance from the city. Even homes in the outskirts of Toronto can provide unbelievable pleasure for children who live in the crowded downtown areas.

Pressing need of the Neighborhood Workers' Association at present is to locate farm homes where boys from eight to twelve years of age can realize their dream of "living on a real farm."

Hostesses of previous years have, in a great many cases, invited back to their homes the children who visited them last year. Also, there is very little difficulty in placing small children around four to seven years of age. But there are hundreds of children over seven—many of whom are called upon to bear heavy responsibilities in their homes—who are in need, and very deserving, of a vacation.

Letters of invitation should be addressed to the Neighborhood Workers' Association, Country Homes Department, 22 Wellesley Street, Toronto. They should state clearly how many children are invited; the age and sex preferred, and give details of the best transportation route, and where the children will be met; also a letter of reference from the minister of their church.

All children are medically examined before leaving Toronto.

TO-MORROW'S JOB

The venerable negro gardener was leaving his work rather earlier than usual. His employer spotted him just as he was leaving the grounds.

"Surely you are not stopping now, Sambo?" she asked reprovingly. "Yes, I've swine home now," replied Sambo.

"But why? It isn't five o'clock yet, and you don't usually finish weeding that late this evening?" "Yes," replied the negro. "I know's dat. But what's the use of hurryin'? Dar's nudder day tomorrow what ain't never been letched yet."

A Dr. Robert Hecton, evidently a man who does not care what happens to him, comes right out and says the reason there are more fat women than fat men is because the women do not have enough housework.

Concealed Evidence

By NAN CLIFFORD (McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

MARY MARTIN stared aghast at George's Aunt Olivia. "Bake bread!" she cried nervously. "Oh, I'm perfectly certain I never could do that. Besides," brightly, "we really get awfully good bread at the delicatessen."

"Nonsense!" snorted Aunt Olivia. "I brought George up on homemade bread and I'm positive he won't thrive on any other kind. I noticed," eyeing Mary accusingly, "that he looked peaked when he stopped in to see me last night. And only three months married!"

"That's because he's been peaking around with Professor Jenkins next door," retorted Mary with spirit. "George wouldn't look so starved and neglected if he didn't go wading through swamps getting his feet soaked and his face all scratched up. He's getting absolutely balmy about botanical specimens."

"George needs to eat plenty of home-made bread," declared Aunt Olivia with irritating persistence, quite ignoring Mary's outburst. "Get paper and pencil, my dear. I'll give you my three hour recipe. It's as simple as A B C. One hour to set, one hour to rise, one hour to bake."

Mary sighed, but gave in. To preserve harmony in the family, she even promised to bake bread that very day.

It was two o'clock when Mary, following Aunt Olivia's instructions, wrapped the bowl containing the bread sponge snugly in a blanket and placed it in the south window to set. There was no sun. Clouds threatened rain and a depressing chill was in the air. Mary watched the clock anxiously. At exactly three she prepared to wrestle with the next problem—that of making the sponge into loaves. Strangely, she found the unpleasant-looking lump of dough at the window much as she had left it. And Aunt Olivia had said it would have risen to the top of the mixing bowl. Uncertainly, she decided to let it set awhile longer.

Four o'clock came and the dough was unchanged! Five o'clock—and George due shortly!

All in a dither, her cheeks blazing and her hands cold, Mary seized the yellow bowl and made for the back yard. Aunt Olivia should never hear of it! Never! As for George—it was just as well he shouldn't hear of it either. At 5:15 she ran around the corner to the delicatessen.

"Gosh! This is good bread, honey," enthused George that night at dinner. "I stopped in to see Aunt Olivia for a minute and she told me of the treat I had coming." He helped himself to another slice. "I'm glad you like it, darling," she said blithely. "You must eat loads of it. Aunt Olivia says you're beginning to look peaked."

George grinned sheepishly. "Poor old Aunt Olivia can't reconcile herself to my man's estate. I owe her a lot, honey, and I'm glad you let her boss you a little. And say! are you some cook or are you some cook? This bread is better than any Aunt Olivia ever poked a fist into."

Mary's conscience gave her a stab. But, in spite of it, she could not help but relish the keen joke.

"Holy catnip! come here!" shouted George the next morning. Mary rushed in from the kitchen to find him standing bung-eyed at the dining room window.

"Look, look there!" he cried, pointing a finger excitedly. "A magnificent specimen of fungi right in our own garden. I must call Professor at once. He'll be gaga over it. Just yesterday we were discussing the types of fungi found in this climate. I'm dead sure this is catnip fungus—a type he's never before discovered around here. It must be fully eighteen inches in diameter, plant fibrous, nearly sessile, cortex white and smooth, becoming yellowish-see."

But Mary was not listening. Horrified, she stared out of the window. Yes, that was the very spot. Close to the syringa bush. A white mass of something that could be only one thing had pushed aside the thin layer of soil with which she hastily covered the contents of the yellow bowl. During the night, the temperature had turned considerably warmer.

Bearing with his glad tidings, George started for the garden gate to summon the professor. Mary clutched his arm.

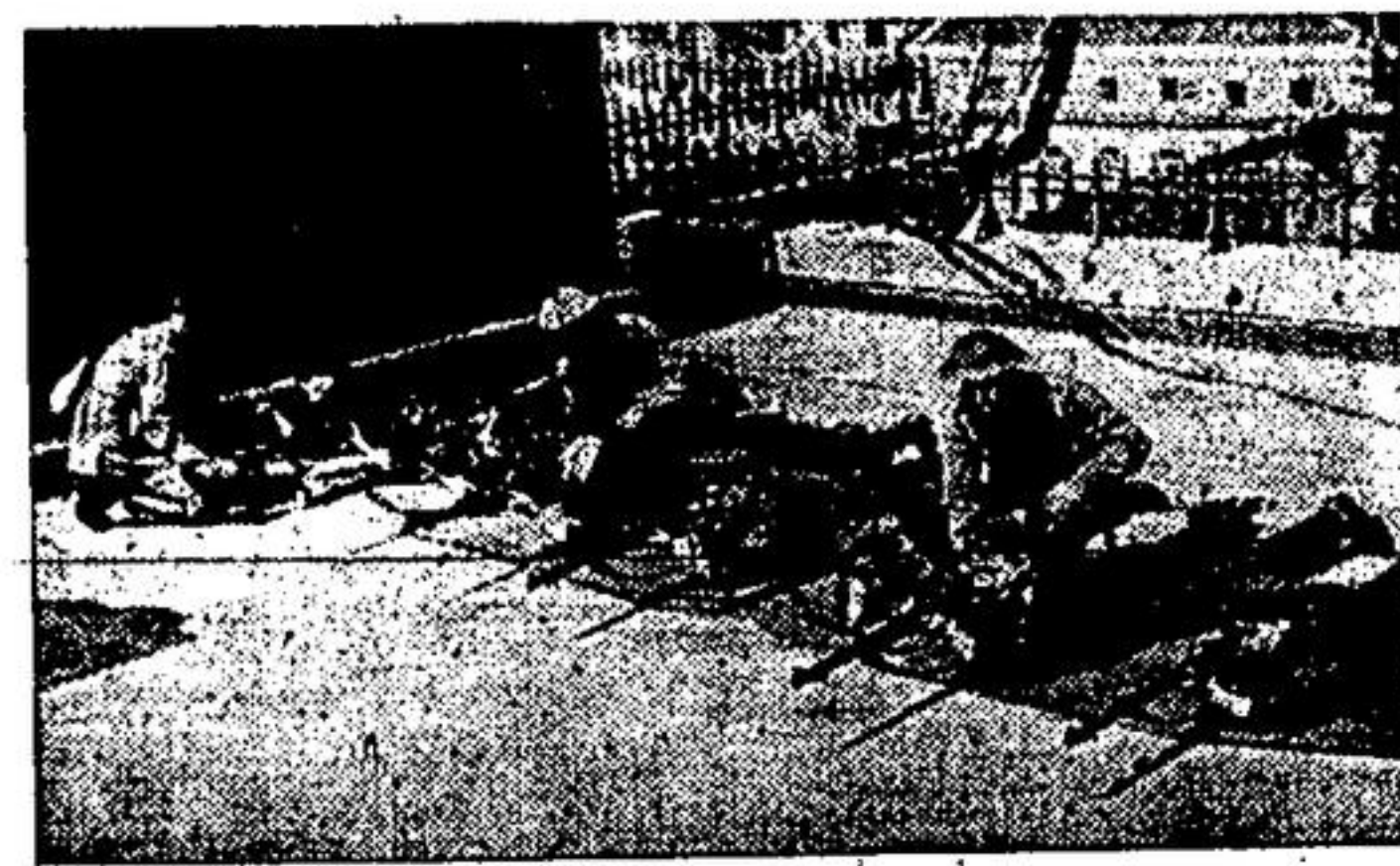
"Wait a minute—darling!" trying to overcome the paroxysm of laughter that convulsed her. "That's not—that's not a toadstool!"

"Toadstool!" exposted George indignantly. "Of course, it's not a toadstool. It's a very rare specimen of—"

"Homemade bread!" gasped Mary. George looked alarmed. "What's the matter, honey?" he asked anxiously. "Don't you feel well? Are you feverish or something?"

Mary choked, but managed to explain. "Anyhow," she sighed contentedly after she'd been forgiven for a number of things—the most important being George's injured feelings. "I'll never have to try to make bread again, thank goodness!"

PORTERS TAKE UP RIFLES



No easy task would be an attempted invasion of Britain. Even railway porters, many of them soldiers in the last war, are again learning to use rifles to protect their lines.

EXCHANGE IS COMPLICATED BUSINESS

Some idea of the complexity of the problems facing the Foreign Exchange Control Board is gathered

from the fact that it took officials of the Board 46 hours to explain fully the general broad aspects of foreign exchange control to 24 chartered accountants who were added to the staff of the Board some time ago.

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