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THE BUGLES OF ENGLAND

The bugles of England were blowing 'er the sea — As they had called a thousand years. Calling now to me. They wote me from dreaming At the dawning of the day! The bugles of England And how could I stay?

The banners of England Unfurled across the sea, Floating out upon the winds, Were beckoning to me. Storm-rent and battle torn, Smoke-stained and grey — The banners of England And how could I stay?

Oh! England! I heard the cry Of those who died for thee Sounding like an organ voice Across the wintry sea. They lived and died for England. They gladly went their way — England, Oh! England, How could I stay?

Written by James D. Burns, Australia.

In the "Honour Column" of the "Record," England, of October 21st, 1915, was the following:—

CORPORAL JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS
Elderly son of the Rev. Hugh Burns, Lilydale, Melbourne.
Killed in Action at the Dardanelles
Aged 20

"SNOWBALL IN HELL"

A Sparkling New Novel

The opening installment — illustrated in color — of this gripping serial story by I. A. R. Wylie, renowned author, starts in The American Weekly with the November 24 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, and tells of the \$50,000,000 glamour girl who played with love with astonishing results. Be sure to get The Detroit Sunday Times.

Notice

Re: Voting on Extension of Term for Councillors

Take notice that on Monday, the second day of December, 1940, the Ratepayers of Georgetown will be asked to vote on the question: "Are you in favor of a wartime measure, under The Local Government Extension Act, 1940, of the Municipal Council elected for 1941, holding office for the term of two years?"

The vote will be taken at the time and place and by the officials appointed for the Municipal Elections. This vote also regulates the term for Public School Trustees and Hydro Electric Commissioners.

P. B. HARRISON,
Town Clerk.

THIS AND THAT IN SPORT
By G. "Mac" McGillivray

THE SNOW over the week-end caused a flurry in the hearts of skaters and skiers—but by Sunday it had disappeared and at the time of writing the weather is quite mild again, and ice making weather seems quite distant yet.

MILTON have taken a jump on us this season, and have entered a team in the S.P.A. series, Toronto. They played there on Monday night against St. Michael's College, and the game resulted in a score for

SATURDAY IS a big day for hockey executives in Toronto, when the annual meeting of the Ontario Hockey Association will be held at the Royal York Hotel. The meeting commences at 10.30, followed by a banquet. In the evening the delegates will be the guests of the Association at a hockey game in Maple Leaf Gardens. It is altogether likely that this local club will be presented.

WITH NATHAN SILVER now operating a store in New Toronto, the Georgetown Hockey Club is minus the services of its last year's President. Nate has been a hard worker for sport in town, and pressing personal business this year has hindered him getting the club under way for the 1940-41 season. The hockey club regret losing the services of Nathan Silver, but hope that he will come up often and lend his moral support at least.

SO IT LOOKS as though last year's executive will have to dig in and call the annual meeting if anything constructive is to take place here. Perhaps it will be like last season, left up to the Arena Board to start the ball rolling. At any rate we should get started now. How about it Georgetown. Do you want hockey this season?

ENTHUSIASM IN hockey circles in Acton, Bolton and Brampton doesn't seem to be too high this year. Acton is having a hard time persuading officials to even make the game, while Bolton and Brampton are silent on hockey matters. Milton is going right ahead, and while we have not organized ourselves, there is hardly a doubt but what we will have two teams.

WHILE HOCKEY is now considered Canada's greatest national sport, did you know that an act of parliament of 1863 ruled that lacrosse was the national sport. However since that time hockey has by far overshadowed the old Indian game, and while lacrosse is still played, it is not hockey has made itself supreme. The first rules of hockey were drafted at McGill University in 1878, and since that date hockey has made great strides in Canada, and also in the U.S. A. For daring plays, speed and skill, termination, hockey is all that. It is more punishment than in any other game, and seem to get a kick out of it. Old timers tell us that the game has changed considerably since six-man hockey replaced the seven-man team, as it has stopped many rough plays and speeded up the game. There was more high-crook checking a few years ago, but rules have revolutionized the game, applied more scientific methods of attack and defensive strategy. However, old timers can't argue that the players of generation or two ago were less clever, faster, or better than the athlete of today—old records are continually being shattered.

WE READ IN THE PAPERS that Dick Carroll is to coach the Petrus Thistles this year. He was in Georgetown a few years ago, but he didn't fair so well, and left rather a bad taste when he used the club for a breach of a non-existing contract for back salary.

Army Invaded Bolton Village

Were Welcomed and Treated to Hot Meal After Their Long March

Swinging along before a file-edged north wind, the reinforcement company of the 48th Highlanders, on the march from Camp Borden to Toronto, captured the village of Bolton without encountering resistance. In the complete surrender long before the skirts of the pipes were heard over the rolling hills at the head of the village, and the women of three churches, the United, Presbyterian and Anglican, had a hot supper waiting for the marchers.

Supper, however, was kept waiting while the marchers eased their feet. Seventeen miles from Beeton yesterday, and the march from Camp Borden to Beeton on Monday, had made patches necessary on the pedal equipment of more than a few of the men.

The march, first of its kind to be carried out by a unit in training at Camp Borden, had several trying features. The road, according to the marching soldiers, is seventeen miles as the crow flies from Bolton to Beeton. But as army boots travel, it is several miles longer, and seems to get longer and longer as they go. It is not only the gravel and loose pebbles. And when a gnawing wind cuts across the back of the neck and slides down the collar the road becomes almost insupportable.

But there was no grating when the company straggled into Bolton. There was no "welcome" but there was some flourish in the arrival of the two companies behind their band, and the marchers had scarcely slammed, one, two, to a halt, when the villagers began to extend a variety of welcomes. A quarter of an hour later, the young men riding borrowed bicycles up and down Queen Street with a burlesque pomposity that "slew" the feminine villagers in windrows.

In the Town Hall, the Odd Fellows Hall and the Orange Hall metrowomen flew from their orderly places by a few saw music. To an accompaniment of snick groans, boos and whistles were of, and lots were waving in the air. Here and there patches of adhesive tape marked tender grooves worn by the all-resistant leather of the army issue.

Picked for overseas service in the not far distant future, the Highlanders could, quite obviously, take it. They showed more interest in their anonymous pal, a small, rather straggly black-and-white collic that had made the march with them, adopted by the companies, than in their own weariness. The pup curled up on a mattress and showed an utter lack of interest when his friends besought him to "look pretty" for a photographer.

The march took its toll in muscular fatigue, however, and after the men had satisfied ravenous appetites they were to bed and the transport men, under no discipline more reluctantly followed out Friday's route from Bolton to Woodridge was a less trying tramp, shorter by five miles and over less hilly country.

The two companies marched in full battle equipment although no time was taken for training in their arms. The transport problem was elaborately worked out, fifteen trucks and four despatch riders keeping the unit in constant touch with Camp Borden, whence rations were transported to the day's base.

After the grueling march from Bolton, officers and men were more than a little thankful that the villagers had seen fit to eliminate the need of preparations at the night's bivouac.

At Beeton kitchen facilities were available to supplement the field kitchen which formed a part of the transport. At Bolton none of the three halls had kitchens, although the accommodation for sleeping was all that the companies asked.

In fact there was some good natured "ribbing" between the platoons as to which had the best bunk house. The bandmen behaved a little snobbishly when they found that they had been given "private rooms" in a building provided by C. A. Leggett.

The scheme was under the direction of Lt. J. M. Hallett, training officer. The two companies were commanded by Lt. McCann and Lt. McIntosh, with Lt. P. Griffin, Lt. Beal and Lt. McEachern in charge of platoons of "A" Company, and Lt. McCutcheon, Richardson and Lt. O. F. Richardson leading the "B" company platoons.

Lt. G. Griffin was transport officer with Lt. Coleman in charge of billeting and Lt. O. F. Richardson attached. The entire unit numbered fourteen officers and men, with one hundred and fifty-three on the march and the remainder in charge of transport and liaison.

—Peel Gazette—

IN OUR MAIL BAG

Limehouse,
November 14th, 1940.

Editor of Georgetown Herald,
Georgetown.

Dear Sir:

What is the matter with our County Council? Is there no one in it who has the interest of the community at heart? Is there no one who cares how the people are inconvenienced by faulty administration of public utilities?

Early in July road work was begun on the Seventh Line in Esquewaugh Township and the village of Limehouse. All summer the road was a chaotic mess but people put up with it thinking that an end would come in a reasonable length of time. In order to widen the road, approaches into properties which had formerly been a gradual slope were cut down leaving an abrupt drop of from four to six feet. Driveways, easy of approach before, were left either with narrow culverts or grade which some cars found difficult in taking in second gear. The promise however was made that when the road was finished all would be well. About the end of August the digging up ceased and the road was left to "settle," so we were told. Then came the rainy fall season. To say that we experienced a "Blitzkrieg" of mud would be putting it too mildly. The road became a perfect pudding of mud which was capable of sucking any weight whatever, like quicksand. To even cross the road was almost an impossibility. Cars which had to use the road went along with a sort of figure eight motion or stuck entirely. People who ventured out after dark not only ruined their clothes, shoes, rubbers and stockings but also had accidents such as turning ankles — falling and straining muscles in an effort to avoid being stuck fast. Gatherings and entertainments either had to be called off or else were poorly attended for, after battling with the mud when necessary, no one was going to go out when not necessary.

That is the situation and no relief in sight. We know now that there is little chance of anything being done before winter sets in and the Spring will bring a fresh onslaught of mud. Whose fault it is, is a mystery. Certainly the men working on this road are not to blame. They are only working under orders and have been very courteous and helpful when cars have stuck or had difficulty in passing the road machinery. But who has given these orders? That is the question in everyone's mind. Why should we have men at the head of our affairs who are capable of making a bungle of things like this? If the rest of the administration is carried on accordingly I think it high time that we had a drastic change in our council. Before such a change is made, however, I should like the man or men responsible for this to take a drive across the road some day after it has rained for a few hours. I think he or they would be fully impressed with the fact that we "Limehouseites" have reason to be wrothy.

Thanking you for the space in your paper, I remain,
Yours truly,
A Taxpayer.

Distinguished Visitor to Toronto

Str. Thomas Beecham, Bart., is paying his first visit to Canada and is to conduct the Toronto Symphony Orchestra Tuesday, November 26. The great British musician and impresario conductor in chief of the London Philharmonic, enjoys the distinction of having founded several of England's symphony orchestras, was instrumental in first bringing Russian ballet to Covent Garden, London, conducted the first English performance of Strauss' Der Rosenkavalier, inherited a baronetcy a year after being knighted for services to British art. He is a grandson of the founder of the Beecham Pills business, gave opera to the British public throughout the last war at tremendous financial loss to himself, conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for 9 weeks in 1932, has just completed a tour of Australia and will have appeared as guest conductor in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal before returning to London. The OBO will broadcast a portion of the concert to a network audience between 10.50 and 11.00 p.m. EDT, and the Blue Network of the NBC will carry the programme between 10.30 and 11.00 p.m. for listeners in the United States.

New Programme — New Song

"Today's Music," directed by Albert Pratz, from the Toronto studios of the CBC on Friday, November 29 at 9.00 p.m. EDT, will highlight the debut of a new popular song, written by the conductor. "To Be Sure" is the title of the number which makes its bow on this date, the arrangement is by Robert Farnon and honours will fall to the string section of the orchestra. The programme's guest soloist will be Charles Jordan, baritone, well known Montreal radio star. Gail Meredith, also featured, will sing Peter de Rose's new tune, "The Moon Fell in the River."

Gallant Deeds Recalled

The story of the P.P.O.I.L., one of Canada's most gallant regiments, which gained lasting fame in the first Great War and has carried forward its fine tradition in the second, will be told by R. B. Farrell in his talk "Between Ourselves," on Sunday, November 24 at 12.15 p.m. EDT. "The Princess Pats," named for the beautiful daughter of Canada's then wartime Governor General, the Duke of Connaught, joined the immortals of Britain's battle legions at Ypres. The regiment's members included South African veterans, college professors, white collar men, and men from the back country, who left their desks and cabins for the campus of old McGill, their training centre in Canada. Farrell, himself a soldier in the last war, will tell his brief history of the "Princess Pats" for all friends of the famous regiment. He will broadcast from Ottawa to the National Network.

Let's Face the Facts

Premier Adelaire Godbout, of the Province of Quebec, Lewis Mumford, the brilliant American writer and author of "The Passive Barbarian," Mrs. Pierre Cosgrain, of Montreal, two famous newspaper correspondents, P. J. Phillip, of the New York Times and Edward Johnson of the Canadian Press London Bureau and Leonard W. Brockington, K.C. will be the speakers during the next six weeks on the series, "Let's Face the Facts." These talks by distinguished men and women versed in world affairs, are presented over the CBC National Network, Sundays at 8.30 p.m. EDT, and are arranged by the Director of Public Information, Premier Godbout will speak Sunday, November 24th at 8.30 p.m. EDT.

Listeners — Save Money

The Farm Broadcast saved me enough money in one day to pay my radio licence for six years," said a farmer recently in the Maritimes. Variations of this statement have been heard from farmers in Ontario, too, in reference to the Farm Broadcast for this region. The reason such a broadcast saves the farmer money is because it keeps him informed each day as to exactly how much he should get for his produce. Consequently, unscrupulous buyers are unable to buy farm products at lower prices than they are currently worth. The Ontario Farm Broadcast is heard each weekday at 1.30 p.m. EDT (12.30 p.m. EST) from Toronto.

Southerners Too, Hear Northern Messenger

Shortly after the opening broadcast of this year's Northern Messenger, producer Sydney Brown, the programme's permanent commentator, was deluged with evidence of the feature's popularity both in Canada and the United States. Several letters from good neighbours over the border were interesting. One fan from Portland, Maine, wanted to know more about Canada's Arctic. Was surprised that so many people lived year round in Reindeer Land. Another fan in Michigan City, Indiana, heard a letter read to a long lost friend, Syd Brown is helping the two old pals get in touch with each other, for right enough the gentleman in the western Arctic is the former buddy of the lad in Indiana.

—Then there was the long distance call from a courteous fan in Wyoming, West Virginia, who, just called up to say how much he liked the Northern Messenger, stayed on the line to talk about everything from the satisfactory outcome of the U.S. elections to the prowess of his son and heir on the football field.

Don't forget, messages for the CBC Northern Messenger should be addressed, care of the Corporation, 55 York Street, Toronto, Canada, and marked for the attention of Northern Messenger. The programme is heard Fridays at 12.00 midnight Eastern Daylight Saving Time.