

Timely Topics for Women

BY BARBARA RADWIN

WHAT OF THE FUTURE

Once again we "stand at the gate of the year." I wonder if the Canadian people realize how fortunate they are to have a future to look to and work for. We are at war, but so far war has touched the vast majority of us but lightly. It has not yet interfered with our customary activities. We are still the masters of our lives, free to do what we want, free to plan ahead with reasonable certainty that our plans will materialize.

How different things are in Europe. There countless millions of people are bowing their heads to a foreign master. Many are far from their beloved homes, from whence they were driven, foot-lore refugees, before the advancing hordes. Others endure the tortures of concentration camps. Their children have not been in school for months. What plans will they make for to-morrow? With what dashed and envious eyes they would look upon us, if they could but hear us gaily talking about our plans for the holiday, our new spring clothes, Junior's education, the house we are going to build, the business we expect to do next year?

Here industry is booming, government is stable, pockets are full. And there is hope for an even greater future for the Canadian people. Yet in how many lands today, are the people but chips, being swept along by the current of history. What incentive is there for them to work or plan for tomorrow? What new humiliations and greater hardships, and what indignities bring new humiliations and greater hardships. No people are so demoralized and so unhappy as those without a future.

In Britain it is different. There, a heroic people have steeled themselves to achieve victory no matter how great the cost may be. They are taking the worst, drinking that Hitler's powerful war machine can give them, but they are taking it without flinching. They are confident of ultimate victory. They cannot tell what the next day will bring, but they are sure that the time will come when the war is over and won, they can go about the building of a better world, and a new social order that will eliminate the mistakes and abuses of the past. They have a future — dim and difficult to see clearly now, perhaps — but certain for all that.

As the New Year rolls around once more let us be grateful that we are Canadians, living in a land of rich possessions, where freedom reigns, and that we can share, though remotely, in the glory that is Britain's, and in this shaping of the world of to-morrow.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

In high schools, public schools and private schools throughout the Dominion there is a little known organization actively engaged in work for the sailors, soldiers, airmen and child evacuees. It is the Junior Red Cross. It was organized 20 years ago to give aid wherever needed. It now has a membership of 600,000 and is growing constantly.

There is no one sponsor — about their work there are these young folks, and many good deeds are the means by which they raise their funds, often a few cents at a time. They have candy sales and doughnut sales and sales of their handwork. One class sold hand-painted Christmas cards and made \$3.25. They put on plays and concerts and sometimes have "private showings" of movies. They earn money by running errands, shovelling snow, and staying with young children while their parents are out.

In some centres they have collected scrap — newspapers, fruit-baskets, coat hangers, lead tea wrappers and other articles, and have donated the proceeds to the Junior Red Cross or used it to buy wool or other supplies. In other places the older students and ex-students have had exhibition baseball matches or held dances to raise money.

And you should see their knitting groups in action. For sheer enthusiasm they can't be beaten. The tiny tots knit woolen squares that are sewn together to make warm blankets for the refugees, or make wash cloths, the older students, socks, sweaters and helmets. Often under the direction of a domestic science teacher they make hospital supplies, jackets for the mine-sweepers, or warm clothing for the war victims. Others have made "hussies" for the students in our schools have done a vast amount of work of which the general public knows very little. Only recently the Junior Red Cross sent four ambulances to Britain, and they are making great plans for the future.

BOOK REVIEW

FAME IS THE SPUR

By Howard Spring

Howard Spring's new novel is a notable one. Its background is a panorama of the England of our times, the poverty of the Manchester cotton mills and Welsh coal-mining districts, the rise of the Labor Party, the women's suffrage campaign, the World War and its aftermath, the weakening hold of the great families, the beginning of the present conflict. It is the story of John Hamer Shawcross, son of a servant girl and a young guest in the house, who was killed hunting before he was born. Even as a child he liked to put on an act, when a white-faced little boy because he thought it made him seem more interesting.

He was fascinated by the sabre that hung on the wall in the study and the story concerning it. As he grew older he saw himself in a new role — a fit mind in a fit body — and he exercised conscientiously to acquire strength and grace.

He spent three years working his way around the world, learning languages and gaining a wide experience in impressing people. On his return he became interested in the Labor Party and had the sabre carried before him at meetings. He won a seat in Parliament. His wife, Ann, beautiful and lovable, was but one of a number of women who contributed to his advancement.

Self-centred, driven by ambition, and believing any trickery justifiable, he won considerable success in the world of affairs. He became a Cabinet Minister, and later was raised to the peerage and attained a seat in the House of Lords. Then the sabre was kept in a velvet-lined box on the mantle of his home.

Hamer Shawcross was a complex character, clever, interesting, able, and he had many good points in spite of a tendency to turn everything to his own advantage. Yet in the end, in his old age, he had to admit personal defeat — and the sabre found its resting place in the waters off Spain.

"Fame Is The Spur" is a stirring story. It presents a realistic picture of the different classes in England, rich and poor, and covers every phase of the career of a successful politician.

LET ME REMIND YOU

There is only one class in the community that thinks more about money than the rich, and that is the very poor. The poor can think of nothing else. That is the misery of being poor. Man reaches his perfection, not through what he has, not even through what he does, but entirely through what he is. — Oscar Wilde

BITTER-SWEET CHOCOLATE COOKIES

Have you tasted the Bitter-Sweet Chocolate Cookies that clever hostesses are serving this season for teas and company meals. Of course the family will appreciate them equally as much.

1/4 cup butter 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup brown sugar 1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/4 cup white sugar 1/2 eight-ounce package of bitter sweet chocolate
1 egg 1/4 cup coconut
1 1/2 cups flour
Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and the egg well-beaten. Add the flour, salt and baking soda sifted together. Add the chocolate broken into small pieces and the coconut. Drop by 1/2 teaspoonsful on a greased cookie sheet. Bake on third shelf from the bottom in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

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BALLETINAS

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Irwin are spending a few weeks with friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McKee and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sinclair and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ray McNery were Christmas visitors with Mr. and Mrs. George Sinclair at Milton.

The annual Christmas concert of the Sunday School was held, Monday evening in the church.

The annual meeting of the W.M.S. was held at the home of the president, Mrs. B. Vannatter. The worship service was led by Miss B. Hills, assisted by other members — the theme being "The World Pays Homage to Christ." Mrs. Kirkwood read one of the monthly readings entitled "In Time of War Prepare for Peace." The following will be the executive for 1941: President, Mrs. B. Vannatter; 1st vice-president, Mrs. A. Furman; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. D. Russell; recording secretary, Mrs. E. Warner; corresponding and literature secretary, Mrs. P. W. Shortill; treasurer, Mrs. R. McNery; supply, Mrs. A. McKee; Christian stewardship and finance, Mrs. F. J. Shortill; associate helpers' secretary, Mrs. J. Kirkwood; temperance, Mrs. A. Vannatter; Miss W. Wiley; Mission Circle leader, Mrs. A. Forch; Mrs. J. Kirkwood; Baby Band leader, Miss B. Hills. The love gift boxes were presented at this meeting. Mrs. F. J. Shortill sang a lovely solo: "The Saviour of the World." A social time was enjoyed by all when lunch was served by the hostess.

LIMEHOUSE

Christmas visitors in the community included:—

Miss Helen Doreaux home from Toronto University for the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. George Millers and Master George, of Toledo, Ohio, with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lane and daughters all of Toronto with Mrs. R. Lane. Mrs. Yeates, of London, with her daughter, Mrs. Sutherland.

Mr. Alex. Wright home from Toronto for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Scott and Garry, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Haines, John and Buddy with Mr. and Mrs. Joe. Scott. Miss Jessie Coles, of Acton, with the Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Harding and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harding with Mr. and Mrs. Beerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Hill and little Blake, of Hamilton, at his parents.

Mr. Ed. Sanford home from Port Albert for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Davies and Mr. Ronald spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. Swackhamer, Acton.

Messrs. Almer and Telford Maw spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Uphall, Brampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Gowdy spent Christmas Day with friends in Guelph.

Mr. Glenn Kinneer is in Toronto for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wright, Miss Shirley, Mr. Alex. Wright and Mr. Grenville Wright spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walker, of Belmont.

Mrs. Gordon Sutherland is in London this week attending the funeral of her aunt, the late Miss McGee.

Your correspondent wishes the editor and staff of the Herald and all its readers a Happy New Year.

"IN OUR MAIL BAG"

England, Nov. 30th, 1940.

The Editor, The Georgetown Herald.

Dear Sir: Just a line to thank you for sending me my hometown paper. It is well able to keep up to date on all the local news.

We are all fine here. I'll be looking forward for the hockey news in the Herald this season.

Say hello to the boys in the office for me.

Thanking you again Yours sincerely,

(Cpl.) THOS. B. GIVEN, No. 1 Canadian Base Depot, Lorne Scots, C.A.S.F.

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The Editor's Corner

HAPPY NEW YEAR

In this last bewildering year, we have perhaps seen more history in the making than in any other twelve-month period since the world began. The second World War which began in September, 1939, when Germany overran Poland, has taken many surprising turns. Norway, Belgium, Denmark and Holland have been overrun by the Nazi hordes. Italy fell off the fence on which she had been perched and threw in her lot with Hitler. The continental half of the democratic alliance collapsed with startling suddenness, and mighty France crumbled before a savage war machine.

Early in the year, the Russo-Finnish war ceased with Russia coming out on top, but by a far narrower margin than she would have wished. Bitter civil war, with German intervention, is in progress in Rumania, while Greece is valiantly defending her freedom against an Italian push which backfired and has resulted in a Greek thrust into Albania.

Japan is making steady, if French and British colonies in the Orient, and has come out lately as an ally of the Axis. The United States, meanwhile, has speeded up production and is assisting Britain more and more at the monthly roll by. Two precedents have been shattered by our southern neighbour — electing President Roosevelt for a third term of office, as the first president to ever be so honoured, and inaugurating peace-time conscription.

In England, Prime Minister Winston Churchill replaced the late Neville Chamberlain as head of Britain's war-time government. A blitzkrieg bombing, with an ever-present threat of invasion, has kept Britons on their toes and caused heavy loss of property and civilian life.

In our own country, we have felt the sting of war mainly in a financial way — increased income tax, higher prices for many commodities, defense tax, restricted travel out of Canada. Many of our finest men have given up their peace-time roles to join the army, the navy, and the air force. Though a surface prosperity exists in the country, underneath lies the care and worry of world affairs which are affecting our destinies.

In the face of these things, it would seem incongruous to wish you a happy new year. Let us rather wish for a successful new year — one which will see the rule of the many by the few pass into the limbo of forgotten things, and a new world emerge from the nightmare of the past twelve months. God-granted that this may be, next December at this time we can really say — "Happy New Year."

IN OUR OWN BACKYARD

While world affairs take up a large share of our thoughts and our conversations, we have still an interest in the little things of life. During our freshman year as publisher of the Herald, we have followed a policy of sticking rather closely to the reporting of every day items of town and district. This is not because we do not realize the greater importance of world news, and the intense interest with which we all follow the progress of the war. It is rather because we feel that the radio and the daily papers more than adequately serve our readers in this regard.

It would be presumptuous for any one individual to write an intelligent synopsis of war news each week, in addition to his regular tasks. Such a job would entail a wide reading of press despatches, and a good many hours of thought, as well as a delving into the history of years gone by.

Because we feel that anything we might do in the way of world news reporting would add nothing to the knowledge of our readers, we have followed the policy of "staying in our own backyard." We have confined our efforts to reporting the every-day news of our community — births and deaths, marriages and wedding anniversaries, parties, local sport, personals — all those things which are "news" in Georgetown and in Georgetown only.

In our strangeness, we have missed many news stories which should have been printed. Other stories, which would cause unneeded grief to certain of our townsmen, have been deliberately suppressed on this account. We have not dealt and do not intend to deal in scandal or sensationalism.

In this column we have tried to put some of our ideas and thoughts into words — ideas and thoughts which are our own, and as such are at times perhaps tempered with our own prejudices and vagaries. We do not expect that all our readers will agree with these. If you do or you do not, the pages of the Herald are always open to you for your ideas, so long as you keep within the bounds of good taste. In the past year, we printed all letters to the editor received by us. Portions of two letters were omitted because the writers' ideas were rather too forcefully expressed.

In the year to come we hope that many more readers of the Herald will see fit to use its pages to express their ideas. Several matters of local importance have already presented themselves — a proposed new hospital building which might include offices for the clerk and chief of police; a temperance campaign pledging total abstinence for the war's duration; restrictions on Georgetown restaurants; the problem of keeping streets open and clear of snow; a reader's suggestion that some sort of community building to serve sport and entertainment needs of our townsmen be built.

All these questions are of interest and a variety of opinion exists concerning them. The Herald is yours to express these opinions. If you do so, you will make it what we want it to be — a true community newspaper which, more than detailing the news of our district, reflects the ideas and thoughts of the people of the district.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Last week was rather a hectic one for the Herald staff. On Monday, foreman G. L. McElvray was confined to bed with an illness which kept him at home the greater part of the week. Tuesday morning the linotype machine, which "sets up" all the reading matter and part of the advertisement matter, went wrong and was out of commission till Thursday afternoon. This necessitated calling a man from Toronto, and the replacement of our rather expensive part on the machine. Luckily, the larger part of our Christmas issue had been completed, and proofs were rushed to Acton, where editor Dills of the Free Press was kind enough to come to our aid and make the necessary corrections on our proofs.

Several news items, including some of this account. This week, time necessitates the publishing of another "print-size" Herald and we hope you will bear with us in our difficulties. Next week we will be back in full stride again with the regular eight-pager.

Best Wishes

FOR A PROSPEROUS 1941

Licata's Fruit Market

wishes their friends and customers a

Happy New Year

Thanks for your generous patronage in 1940.



To you and yours for a
**HAPPY AND MOST PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR**
and we cordially invite you to continue your friendly
and appreciated patronage.

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Sandwich Biscuits 2 lb. 29c	PALMOLIVE SOAP
LARD VERY BEST 20 lb. pail 1.89	Regular. 2 for 9c
ORGANDIE TISSUE 5 rolls 25c	Giant 3 for 20c
DOMESTIC SHORTENING 2 lb. 25c	ODEX SOAP 2 for 9c
DOMINO 1 lb. tin	MEAL BACK
Baking Powder 19c	BACON lb. 35c
PRAIRIE NUTS 25c	SIDE BACON lb. 29c
With Beautiful Glass Tumbler	SLICED
Hunter's Cheese 2 - 25c	
1/4 lb. pkgs.	
Peanut Butter 2 lb. 25c	
BULK	
ORANGES CALIFORNIA NAVELS 29c, 33c, 45c doz.	
GRAPEFRUIT 6 for 25c	
BANANAS 3 lb. 25c	APPLES 3 for 10c
GOLDEN RISE	B.C. DELICIOUS
Head Lettuce 8c	CELERY HEARTS 12c bunch
FRESH ORZEE	

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