

**THE GEORGETOWN HERALD**  
 News of Georgetown, Norval, Glen Williams, Limehouse, Stewarttown, Ballinacraig and Terra Cotta.  
**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
 Canada \$1.50 a year Single Copies 3c  
 United States \$2.00 a year  
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 Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario-Quebec Division of the C.W.N.A.

**The Editor's Corner**

GUEST COLUMN

By G. W. H.

[Coming from the Toronto headquarters of the Canadian War Finance Publicity Committee, the following article by G. W. H. appeals to you to invest in War Savings Certificates. February is war savings month and the government is urging everyone to take stock of their financial position and pledge themselves to buy war savings certificates regularly. It is important that we all realize that this is not a one-month campaign, when you buy a few certificates and think your job is done. It is only the start of a campaign which will last for the duration of the war in order that money will be available to purchase fighting forces—Ed.]

Let me paint a picture for you. You are standing on your front sidewalk. Daylight has just come and the early sun is threading its light through the roofs and chimneys of the city houses to the East. Inside your home, your good wife is getting breakfast ready and your children are dressing for school.

You are very weary, and you know that your wife and your children are tired too, because all of you were awakened at one o'clock in the morning by the wailing sirens, which warned that enemy bombers were approaching. And all of you rushed to the bomb shelter you fixed up in the back yard, there to huddle uncomfortably for three hours.

The peace of the morning seems unreal. You still hear the deafening roar of the exploding bomb which fell close while you were in the shelter, see the terrified eyes of the youngest boy as the very ground shook beneath you.

Now you gaze across the street at the littered mess of broken brick and wood that just last night were the homes of your friends and neighbours. You shudder as your mind goes back to the scene of just three hours ago when you stumbled through the debris over there to reach your neighbour's shelter, there to find two dead and two shocked by concussion.

In the quiet of the morning your thoughts turn oddly to the rubbers of bridge you played with your neighbour and his wife in the past year. You remember how gracefully they were of their new living room furniture now pulverized with the brick. You recall the eagerness of your neighbours in talking about their hopes for the future, their plans for their two children.

Then comes the sickening realization that all that has been shattered by explosives from the sky.

Suddenly you wheel around and survey your own home. There it stands, sheltering your own immediate loved ones as it has in past years. Your wife's new curtains hang gracefully, ever though the glass in front of them is gone. You wonder idly how much it will cost you to replace the glass, and your calculations are abruptly interrupted by another thought which makes your heart stand still for a moment.

"Will it be our house to-night?"

If such a picture were a reality, where would your inclination lie? Wouldn't you be thinking about steps which you must take as a Canadian citizen to thwart the effort of the enemy? Wouldn't you be hoping that our Air Force and Anti-Aircraft units would be stronger tomorrow than they were today? Wouldn't you be not only willing, but determined to give up every dollar you could lay your hands on to help make those defences stronger? With the lives of your family and your friends at stake, with such a constant threat against your property, the sum total of your life's work, you would count nothing too great a sacrifice.

Does somebody say, "Thank God that cannot happen in Canada?" Can't it? May not our Canadian boys and the armed forces of Great Britain hold out against Hitler in England. But let England fall, and it can and will happen in Canada.

No Canadian who pauses to think even for a minute or two, can fail to realize that the battle in the skies over England is being waged just as much for the security of our Canadian home as it is for the British home.

With that realization, Canadians are not going to be callous enough to spend money on unnecessary luxuries and excessive pleasures—money which can be diverted to War Savings Certificates and similar investments so badly needed to strengthen our defences.

**GOD BLESS THE MAN**

Addressing the Toronto Township Agricultural Society at the annual meeting in Streetsville last Thursday, President W. O. Brownridge criticized the recent speech of R. G. Scott, who advised farmers to leave the farm for more profitable work.

He pointed out that on the dinner table there are only two articles of food which are not produced on the farm—salt and fish—and quoted the following tribute which a poet has paid to the farmer:

"God bless the man that sows the wheat,  
 That finds the milk, the fruit and the meat.  
 May his pocket be heavy, his heart be light;  
 May his cattle, his corn and all go right.  
 God bless the seeds his hands let fall,  
 For the farmer, he feeds us all."

**Poetry**

**GRANDDAD'S WINTERS**

This winter, granddad's sex, ain't like the winter used to be,  
 When snow upon the level would come 'way up above yer knee;  
 When sidewalks, rummin' north and south,  
 Would drift so deep an' wide,  
 Yeh couldn't see the staks and rider fences at the side.

He sez they'd drive right over them an' 'long the fields make roads  
 With team an' bobbleigh, for they didn't dare take any loads,  
 Sleight, perhaps, a jag a' wood, a couple a' little thers,  
 She sez she seen horses henge an' sink in snow-up to their ears.

He sez the ice 'ud freeze sometimes to five and six feet thick,  
 (If you would measure it lengthwise down on the pasture crick);  
 The wells 'ud get so dry, the cattle 'd drive 'em to the lake each,  
 An' drive 'em eight or nine miles off, 't drink 'em at the lake.

An' when they'd get 'em home again, where they should all remain,  
 'Dress times 't turn right 'round an' drive 'em to the lake each,  
 An' when the men'd go to the bush, 't put next winter's wood,  
 The snow 'ud be so deep the stumps next spring trout ten feet stood.

They wore red-topped high boots, 'tween pants tucked in all 'round (sight);  
 Boots greased with hot beef tallow, jest 't keep the water out,  
 These wasn't no otter than, but they would hook the ol' gray mare  
 Up to the gutter, pile in robes, then see their gits so fair.

There wasn't no steerin' wheels 't hold while drivin' through the snow,  
 They'd drop the lines down over the dash an' let the ol' mare go.

She'd jog along at dog-trot pace an' never leave the tracks,  
 The cutter'd dive in pitch-holes deep, an' jerk 't break our backs.

The pre-digested breakfast foods were not invented then,  
 But buckwheat cakes, fat pork an' maple syrup fed the men.  
 He sez that put the muscle on from shoulders down 't wrists,  
 An' kept 'em strong an' healthy an' made hair grow on their chests.

There was the winters, Granddad, sez, his memory can't shake off,  
 When no one ever had a cold, an' no one had a cough;  
 When snows were deep and frosts were keen, an' folks were happy then,  
 But times are changed, an' them ol' days will never come again.

—RALPH GORDON

628 Crawford St., Toronto.

**EACH IN HIS OWN SPHERE**

Perhaps you cannot strike those chords  
 That stir the souls of men,  
 And lift them up from dark despair  
 To faith and hope again.  
 Nor weave a lovely melody  
 In song, whose haunting strain  
 Can still the surge of troubled thoughts  
 And bring release from pain.

But you can speak a kindly word  
 And smile a friendly smile,  
 Or send a message full of cheer,  
 Or go the second mile.  
 Of service for a soul in need;  
 And these perfections may be accounted in the final score  
 A perfect symphony.

Teacher: "Robert, give me a sentence which includes the word 'fascinate.'" Robert (after deep thought) My father has a walruscoat with 10 buttons on, but he can only fasten eight."

**Ontario Business Summary**

Following is the Ontario Business Summary as issued by the Bank of Montreal under recent date. The volume of trade, both wholesale and retail, compares favourably with that of a year ago; retailers are seasonally quiet, following the largest Christmas turnover in years. Collections are good. In the industrial field, a high rate of activity has been maintained, with the output of war materials well up to present capacity. Iron and steel mills, brass foundries, engineering and electrical plants, with few exceptions, are working overtime. Most implement factories continue at high production levels. New model automobiles are reported in good demand, generally with large orders for military vehicles, the automobile industry is abnormally busy. Aircraft plants and shipyards are operating at capacity. Sales of furniture continue in satisfactory volume. Some betterment is noticeable in the tanning industry and shoe factories are moderately active, preparing for spring deliveries. Most tire manufacturers are fully employed, with a substantial backlog of war orders on hand; production of rubber footwear is still below normal. Textile and knitting, woolen and worsted mills are busy, although, in a few instances, schedules have been reduced following completion of Government contracts. Lumber remains in strong demand, with prices firm. Gold production for November totalled 270,124 oz. (\$9,454,340 U.S.), as compared with 255,397 oz. (\$8,745 U.S.) in November, 1939. Construction contracts awarded in Ontario during 1940 totalled \$146,806,100, as compared with \$82,505,500 in 1939, the increase being largely in industrial contracts.

**Here and There in Halton**

A bad fire swept through the Brant Inn at Burlington last week doing extensive damage. Musical instruments and music belonging to Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen were completely destroyed, and the Lido Deck was in ruins. Good work by the Burlington Fire Brigade saved the building from complete destruction.

Karl Homuth, Preston M.P., was guest speaker at a recent meeting of the Acton Y. Men's Club.

Elizabeth Ann Nelson, 16-month-old baby daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Nelson, of Acton, died last Wednesday



"Aw—come on—just let me lead them down the next block—that's where 'me' girl friend lives!"

at their Acton home. Acton's tax rate has been raised from 4 1/2 mills to 5 1/2 mills, on the basis of estimated receipts and expenditures for 1941.

C. F. Leatherland, clerk-treasurer of the Village of Acton, has resigned, but will continue as clerk of the municipality. The town has advertised for a treasurer.

Acton Fair will carry on in 1941, the dates already set being September 15 and 17, 1941. Officers were elected at the recent annual meeting.

A relief problem in Burlington concerns an indigent family who left town several months ago to live in Pennsylvania. Authorities in that town

have "dumped" the family back in Burlington, and the town once more has them on their hands.

Milk prices in Milton have been increased to 11c a quart and 6c a pint.

Provincial Constable A. J. Oliver left for Toronto last week, where he has been transferred from Halton County.

**SISTER OF LOCAL WOMAN**

Mrs. H. Lovell, sister of Mrs. E. Colman, Georgetown, died suddenly in a Vancouver hospital on January 11th. Aged 72, she is survived by her husband and thirteen children. She is remembered by many friends in town, where she visited two summers ago.

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 TIME TABLE  
 Effective Sunday, October 6th (Eastern Standard Time)  
**LEAVE GEORGETOWN**  
 Eastbound to Toronto  
 9:14 a.m. 4:08 p.m.  
 9:18 a.m. 4:48 p.m.  
 11:48 a.m. 9:13 p.m.  
 1:23 p.m.  
 Westbound to London  
 9:35 a.m. 6:00 p.m.  
 12:05 p.m. 7:50 p.m.  
 2:05 p.m. 10:20 p.m.  
 4:05 p.m. 11:25 p.m.  
 — Except Sun. and Hol.  
 — Sun. and Hol. only  
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**C. N. R.**  
**TIME TABLE**  
 Standard Time  
 Going East  
 Passenger 6:10 a.m.  
 Passenger and Mail 10:03 a.m.  
 Passenger, Saturday 2:27 p.m.  
 Passenger and Mail 4:45 p.m.  
 Passenger Sunday only 8:31 p.m.  
 Passenger, daily 9:41 p.m.  
 Toronto and beyond  
 Going West  
 Passenger and Mail 8:34 a.m.  
 Passenger Saturday only 1:15 p.m.  
 Passenger daily except Saturday and Sunday 6:08 p.m.  
 Passenger and Mail 6:45 p.m.  
 Passenger, Saturday and Sunday only 11:39 p.m.  
 Going North  
 Passenger and Mail 8:45 a.m.  
 Going South  
 Passenger and Mail 8:50 p.m.  
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 Bright Spectator: "That's nothing, my dog can do that with his nose."

**"As We See It"**  
 By J. A. Strang

Last week's interpretation of "Little Jack Horner" was written in the way that the writer thought. It might have been written in any other way. You the same story but written as another of the well-known poets might have written it. These were all written by the same person and we have another for next week.

"And so the lad, in simple garb arrayed,  
 Reposed him in an angle of wall,  
 Upon a wooden bench of rustic form,  
 Jack Horner was his name, and oft-times he,  
 Reclined upon this selfsame bench and mused,  
 But how he held, supported on his knees,  
 A dish of godly fare, wherein he sought,  
 With nimble thumb, the fairest of the fruits,  
 And having found he drew it forth anon,  
 And quoth aloud, with perfect courtesy,  
 "Good sir, I am an honest lad withal."

"There'll always be an England" are familiar words these days. We hear them repeated as well as sung but you may have missed them in this week's edition, which we understand was first used by the British Columbia newspaper.

"There'll always be an England, governed by the Scots, troubled by the Irish, criticized by the Welsh, revered by America, feared by Germany, trusted by Mankind, guarded by God."

When motoring through strange towns, you often notice something different about each particular town that makes it stand out in memory and when we hear that town's name mentioned that particular attraction immediately flashes across our memory. Did you ever stop to think just what attraction the town of Georgetown has to offer to the stranger going through on the Highway? Suppose we take in the nearby towns first. It would be the hills of Norval that we would remember that town by and it's likely we would think that there would be good skiing in that locality, the river bank to the south and east would remind us of the ski jump at Ottawa. The honors, when passing through Brampton, especially if we made the trip in daylight would be divided between the narrow street that allows double parking and the greenhouses in the town. Acton would also be remembered by its narrow streets and we would wonder if there were no other streets that the Highway could have used, there, to carry the through traffic. Guelph would perhaps bring to mind the nice front of the Refectory, especially if the trip was made during the summer time. Elora, of course, would be remembered by its Rocks and we don't mean the hockey team of that name either. Right now the main attraction that we might link up with the mention of Fergus would likely be the Big Dam, although it isn't on the Highway, nor is it within the Village itself. But suppose that we get back home and if we were going through Georgetown for the first time especially at night we might think that the lighting on the Dominion Seed House would be the stand out in our memory. However, if we were making the trip during the day-time it is likely that it would be but suppose that we let an American University Professor tell us what he thought was the main attraction as he passed through here last summer. It was the avenue of trees to the west of the highway that he thinks about when the name Georgetown is mentioned, and he isn't far wrong. At the moment we are unable to recall a row of trees anywhere that is comparable.

The mention of trees recalls to mind an article in the Globe sometime ago, by the late Peter MacArthur, in which he mentioned that perhaps the planting of trees would be the most permanent thing that he would, in all probability, do during his lifetime. Trees, of course do not grow very fast and it does seem too bad to see a tree that has taken perhaps 100 years to grow being cut down in a few minutes for stove wood. However, like everything else trees reach their maturity, become ripe as it were, and have to be cut before they commence to decay. We still think that another tree should be planted to replace every one that is destroyed. In fact, we understand that a law to this effect is in force in some countries.

The other day, we noticed an article in the Globe and Mail, which stated that street cleaning commissioner Harold Bradley announced the good news that he expected in the near future to be able to realize some cash from the city's discarded tin cans. Every year, the City of Toronto sends some 5000 tons of tin cans to the dump and Mr. Bradley went on to explain that these cans had a value of \$4.00 per ton. While we call them "tin" these cans are really made of steel and we would think that they should have some salvage value. Whether it would amount to enough to make it profitable to gather them and to deliver them to some central point is of course open to question. We would imagine that the cans would at least have to be flattened out when gathered in order to reduce bulk per pound. However, that should not be a difficult problem to overcome. If they do find a use for tin cans most of us know where they can have a few for taking them away.

We would not want to undertake the job of explaining, in a way that ordinary mortals would understand, this idea of printing a lot of money as a cure-all for our National Unemployment. Some years ago the Province of Alberta advocated a somewhat similar idea which they called Social Credit, and which when underway would be able to shell out to the extent of \$25,000 per week to those in need. It looked good at the time but ran off the track, endeavouring to find the necessary funds where-with to shell out to that extent. We didn't get the idea at that time and the more we read in regard to this latest idea the less do we understand about it. No, we wouldn't want that job as all. In fact we would much rather be a Coal Keeper for a Pro. Hockey team.