

"As We See It"

By J. A. Strong

AFTER READING the first two of a series of articles by Hugh Tompkins of the *Pennas News Record*, who has recently returned from a month's visit to England, where he represented the Weekly Newspapers Association in a group of twelve Canadian writers who were guests of the British Government, we've concluded that unlike many other writers that have made that trip he can still write in an interesting manner. So many other writers seemed to have lost their cunning at writing after visiting England. Even the articles by Dorothy Thompson are not nearly as interesting as they were prior to her visit to the old land. When Hugh first announced his intention of going over there we wondered if he too would lose that interesting manner that he uses in his writings or descriptions, but we need not have worried. Hugh seems to have that happy knack that must appeal to about 99% of his readers. It is quite an achievement being able to interest the common people when there are so many of them, as Lincoln, wasn't it, used to say. Hugh seems to take the reader right along with him all the way there and back and we'll be looking forward to reading the whole series.

THE WRITER that wrote about the "Chill November days being the saddest of the year" would be all wet in this 1941 November, wouldn't he? Of course November still brings along the odd chilly day but it would be difficult to beat the weather of this month, this year. Even if the odd day in the fall is a little chilly it is a very nice time of the year. The harvest has all been gathered in and the larder is full of all those nice things that nature, along with the co-operation of the harder owner, has provided. The evenings are a little lon-

ger giving us a chance to catch up with the reading matter that may have been neglected all summer. The cool tang in the air makes one feel like pitching in and doing something extra. When cool weather comes along we always think that it was a mistake when cordwood and buckwheat went out of fashion. The chap that never operated a bucksaw in dry cordwood has missed something worthwhile. Another November chore that has gone out of date is the "Banking of the house." It used to be a regular practice to pile earth around the basement walls on the outside of course, in the fall to help keep the frost out of the cellar. Perhaps houses are built better today or again maybe there are more furnaces in the basement now-a-days than used to be the case, or again maybe Jack Frost is losing out in his severity bouts. Anyway the job of banking up the house is out-of-date today.

WITH DECEMBER just around the corner and the Christmas season not so far away we wonder if we couldn't persuade the broadcasting stations to give us some Christmas carols earlier than they usually do. We never seem to get enough of the Christmas music on the radio. No doubt there is a large demand for time on the air at Christmas, due to extra business, however, it should be possible to feature Christmas music instead of some of that so-called music that we seem to get so much of. No doubt the broadcasting stations find it difficult to suit all tastes but it does seem impossible to get the kind of program that we want at times. Most of the Christmas music is far too nice to be only used at the one season of the year anyway. Somehow, with the world still engaged in war, we don't think that we could get too much Christmas music.

THE FOLLOWING verse, the author of which is unknown, could be entitled "The Renter's Lament."

Build me a home, I am hungry,
For the sight of a dog in the lane,

For the sight of a light in the window at night,
And the song of a roof in the rain.

Build me a home, I am lonely,
Lonely for a chimney and cat,
I've been about, and I've found out,
Life is too big for a flat.

Build me a home in a garden,
With my window flush with the lawn,
Where life overflows on the heart of a rose.

Where birds wake me up at dawn.

LIMEHOUSE

The Women's Institute held a eucure party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Shelbourne on November 21, to raise funds for their war work. Seven tables were played, high scores falling to Mr. E. Miller with Mrs. Gowdy and Mr. Jamieson tied. Congratulations went to Messrs. Steve Nozic and John Scott. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. S. Wright, Mr. Harvey McDowell, Mrs. Osburn, Mr. and Mrs. Y. Shelbourne, Miss Bertha Shelbourne, Mrs. A. Hill, Master Fred Hill, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kirkpatrick and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. Norrie and family, Mr. Jack Davis, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. Harold Scott, Mr. Arthur Knowles, Mrs. C. Post, Mrs. W. Mitchell, Miss Doris Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, Master David McVey, Mr. and Mrs. E. Miller, Mrs. J. Ellerby, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gowdy, Messrs. Joe and Russell McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Benion, Mr. Ritchie Benton, Master Glen Scott.

The ladies completed another quilt for bomb victims at Mrs. Mitchell's on Wednesday.

Visitors with Mrs. R. Lane over the week end included: Mr. and Mrs. E. Morrow, Mr. Arthur Lane, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. R. Packer, Georgetown.

Miss Winifred Ivens, of Toronto, and Mr. Bill Newton, of Malton, spent the week end with Mrs. Gale and the Newtons.

Miss Helen Mills, of Toronto, visited Miss Ruth Norton over Sunday.

Mrs. William Lane Buried Here

Funeral services were held last Thursday for Mrs. William Lane, who passed away in Peel Memorial Hospital, Brampton, on Tuesday, November 18th, after a short illness.

Mrs. Lane, who was 81 years of age, was born Sarah Ann Wilcott, in Huron County. Her only surviving relatives are a sister, Mrs. Thomas Schenk, and a niece, Miss Sarah Ann Wilcott, both of Balmora, Manitoba. She was predeceased by her husband in 1916 and a son in 1904. She had lived alone for a number of years at her home on Queen Street.

Rev. C. C. Cochrane, of Knox Presbyterian Church, was in charge of the service, which was held from the home of H. C. McCleure, Maple Avenue. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery, Georgetown.

SWEET, HOT, BRAND-NEW AND BLUE!

Vaughn Monroe, America's young favorite new band leader, selects a tune thrill of the year... "And So It Ended" as Weekly Song Hit No. 6... complete with WORDS and MUSIC... in this coming Sunday's issue of The Detroit Sunday Times. Don't miss it. You'll love it! Get The Detroit Sunday Times this week and every week for a NEW song hit.

If you haven't been one of the lucky ones, get your order in now for your Personal Greeting Cards. Our samples are the best yet.

Treasurer's Sale Land for Taxes Town of Georgetown County of Halton

TO WIT: BY VIRTUE of a Warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Georgetown, bearing date of the 14th day of July, 1941, a sale of lands in arrears of taxes held at the Municipal Office in the Town of Georgetown at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 8th day of December, 1941, unless the taxes and costs are sooner paid.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes has been prepared and the said list may be seen at the Municipal Office, Georgetown, and the said list is being published in The Ontario Gazette on September 6th, 1941, one insertion only.

Notice is also given that it is the intention of the Council of the Town of Georgetown to purchase any of the said lands for which the amount of the taxes does not cover the taxes and costs thereon.

Dated this 2nd day of September, 1941.

P. B. HARRISON, Treasurer.

two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore

Gay took a cigarette from a box on the table. Todd, seated in a chair beside the hearth, snapped a lighter. John, standing, half leaning against the chimney, struck a match. Both made a movement toward her.

"Thank you, but never mind." Her bright strained glance went from one to the other. She rose from the couch. "I'll do it my way. They taste better." She held the cigarette over the lamp chimney until its tip glowed red. "Do you remember, Todd? I learned that trick at Tory Wales' camp, the week-end we were there and a storm cut off the electricity."

"Tory knows plenty of tricks." Todd sat back in his chair. "By the way, she's going to marry her Englishman."

"Do you hunt here?" Todd asked John, breaking a lengthening silence.

"Not often, now," John replied civilly. "I used to when I was in school. That head there on the wall was my first trophy."

"It's a good one," Todd rose, walked across the room to examine the deer head on the wall. John joined him. They talked of hunting, diffidently at first and then with increasing interest.

Yes, Todd was attractive. He wore his well-cut clothes with a nonchalant air and his manner, even in this difficult situation, was poised, considerate, assured. In comparison John seemed a little clumsy, diffident, unsure. What was it in him that aroused a more devastating emotion than, in all the years of knowing him, she had ever felt for Todd? Her eyes moved along the back of his leather jacket to his crisp dark hair. One lock, blatantly waving, stood erect at the crown of his head. Looking at it her brief resentment melted and in the emotion which swept through her further comparison was impossible. John! she called silently, John!

He turned as though she had spoken his name aloud. His expression softened. His mouth quivered. His thin dark face brightened at whatever it was he read in her eyes. Their long glance asked and answered before he turned again to Todd.

He sat erect, stared at her though she were a stranger. "Don't you know—haven't you known what it's meant to me?"

"But it was all so—casual." "I thought you wanted it that way. You've always ridiculed sentiment. I was glad that you wanted a church wedding. Not that I've enjoyed the clutter and fuss. But I wanted you to want all the old enchantments. Something old and something new—Isn't that the way it goes? And choir-boys and brides-maids and confetti. I wanted us to do all the silly things people used to do before romance and sentiment went out of style. I thought that after we were married—"

"How little I've known you," she marveled. "And how little I've known you. You've never spoken of this place, of John. I had no idea that when he came to your debutante party,



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you, he—Kate told me you didn't expect him to be here when you came—How long have you known him, Gay?"

"Since I was fifteen. Since the summer I spent here with Uncle John."

"Then that's the answer. I've known all along that you weren't as certain as I was."

"I tried. Forgive me—Oh, what must you think of me?" He took her hands in his, looked at her steadily, very seriously. "I've always thought you were the loveliest person I've ever known. It's the habit of a lifetime. I can't break it now."

Tears streamed down over her cheeks. She made no attempt to check them.

"I want you to know," she said, "that I feel toward you now, at this moment, just as I've always felt. This—this thing that has happened hasn't changed it. I love you as my best and my dearest—friend."

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1942 MOTOR VEHICLE PERMITS AND DRIVERS' LICENSES will be available DECEMBER 1st, 1941

THE TERM of 1941 permits and licenses has been extended to January 31st, 1942, after which date they will be invalid and those operating with them subject to the penalties provided. There will be no further extension of their term.

Secure yours early and avoid the usual rush of the last few weeks.

For your convenience, permits and licenses are issued through the offices of 191 agents located throughout the Province.

Preserve your 1941 plates. Do not destroy or throw them away. During the first two weeks of February they will be collected through Gasoline Service Stations by The Canadian Red Cross Society.

T. B. McQUESTEN
Minister of Highways

November 26th, 1941

When driving along our highways give our Soldier boys a ride.

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