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**The Editor's Corner**  
 WHERE WILL YOUR VICTORY LOAN MONEY GO?

As Canada's Second Victory Loan Campaign starts off, it is right that we should take stock of where the money will be used, and just how it will help in the Canadian war effort. Recently, the Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defense, made a lengthy and illuminating address in the House of Commons, in which he summarized the 1942 program which will be followed by the Dominion government. It has occurred to me that here, in the words of this important Cabinet Minister, is best to be found the desired information about where and how our Victory Loan dollars will be spent.

Oel Ralston states that our pattern for total war in 1942 consists of food, weapons, and armed forces. In regard to food, he says that our programme is to "provide to the limit of our production and to the limit of our productive resources the foods essential to our own people and to Britain." Estimated exports this year will total \$180,000,000—almost four times as much as in the year before the war. While most of these goods will be paid for by the recipient, government subsidies on certain products amount to a great deal of money, and must be considered as a part of our war effort.

The production of weapons of all types—universal carriers, ships, planes, tanks, guns—will be greatly stepped up this year, and it is expected an additional 100,000 workers will be employed during 1942, bringing the total of men and women engaged in war industry to 700,000. Here again, Canada's generous lend-lease policy to Britain will account for many millions of dollars, which the Victory Loan will help to pay.

Concerning the armed forces, Oel Ralston outlines present plans for expansion. We must consider these as minimum figures, inasmuch as a rapidly-changing world picture can alter in a few days the whole situation. In 1942, it is expected that the navy will absorb another 13,000 men; for the army, 50,000 to 100,000 men for overseas service, and 40,000 to 50,000 for service in Canada; and for the air force, 70,000 to 80,000 men. Here again, our Victory Loan dollars will be spent to equip and train these men, as well as the thousands already in uniform.

This in brief is where the bulk of Canada's new War Loan will be spent—for prosecution of a war on all fronts, and where financing is a vital part of the war effort. As Canadians, we should be thankful that we still have the privilege of lending our money, when in so many countries commandeering is the order of the day. Let our support of the Loan reveal our appreciation of this privilege.

**ENGLISH ADVERTISING**

Perhaps our readers would be interested in knowing what the English newspapers are advertising. For instance, in the *Herwick Journal*, we note an advertisement urging people to eat more carrots—Carrots are one of the richest sources of Vitamin A, and thanks to the British Farmers, there are plenty for everyone this winter. Underneath is a recipe for mince-pie, using carrots, and stressing the fact that it takes no sugar. . . . The *Oxo* and *Boval* ads, without which no English paper would be complete, are in the *Journal*, and the *Boval* company ties in their copy with the advertising. The best home defense against dull cooking. . . . Canadians will be familiar with *Oxydol*, *Royal Baking Powder* and *Phillips' Milk of Magnesia*, which are among the products advertised. . . . A large advertisement calls for Reserved men to "fly with the R.A.F." The Government may have reserved you, says the copy, "but it does not want to prevent you from doing the vitally important fighting job of pilot or observer." . . . The *Blisk Shop* Ltd., of Edinburgh, Scotland, advertises plain and floral crepe handkerchiefs at 9d. table covers for 6d., scarves, 2/11; notepaper and envelopes, 2/11. *Paxton & Purves* advertise "useful gifts that are coupon free," such as cushions, rugs, quilts and tea cosies. "What do I do when I write to Eire or Northern Ireland," says a Ministry of Information advertisement. "I remember that if I make my letter brief, it will get there quicker (and this also applies to all letters sent overseas). I do not enclose newspaper cuttings, photographs, greeting cards, or any printed matter." . . . Classified advertisements are mostly Help Wanted—message boys, barmaids, typists, and apprentices. The theatres show mostly American movies—"Maidie Was a Lady," which recently played at our Gregory Theatre; Jean Arthur in "The Devil and Miss Jones," Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing."

**HAVE YOU FILLED OUT T4?**

An income tax form which receives little publicity is the one known as T4, which all employers are required to fill out and mail to the Inspector of Income Tax by the end of February. This form is a summary of salaries and wages paid to employees during the year 1941, with a supplement in which detailed information about each employee is recorded. The amount of National Defence Tax and Pension deductions, and the value of free board and living accommodation must be shown on this supplement. The forms may be obtained at the Post Office.

**two keys to a cabin**  
 by Lida Larrimore

John laid down the menu card and the waiter moved away. He smiled faintly across the bar toward Gay.

"A straw hat," he said. "You've worn several before off the cabin table. This afternoon I was sure you were in for a blizzard."

"Isn't you the bit?" Her smile was constipated.

"I'm most polite than you write. It's nice. Looks like a halo. Have you had a pleasant winter?"

"Very pleasant, thank you. I got a little weary of palm trees and bathing suits though. I wanted to be snowed."

"Is that why you came?"

"Well, variety. You look—" Her glance dropped from his face to the table. She constructed a wigwam with a knife and fork two spoons.

"Are you working hard?"

"You haven't forgiven me, have you?" His voice softened. He bent toward her across the table. "I don't blame you. It was dreary not to be met at the station. I can't tell you how sorry I am. What did you do all afternoon?"

"Stayed in my room. It was catching draperies and counterpane the color of melted raspberry sherbet. There are twenty-four in its all kinds of darker gray, running diagonally in the carpet from the window to the door."

"Is that all you could find to do for me?" His laugh was reluctant.

"Oh, no!" Her voice was light and quick. "I read the telephone directory and the Bible. The Bibles are rather wonderful. I think I should have liked to know David. Is he the same David that killed Goliath? I wanted to ask you. I'm sure that your Biblical training was more sound than mine."

"Gay, look at me!"

She lifted her eyes. A half smile trembled across her lips.

"You had a miserable afternoon, didn't you? Alone and thinking—What did you think?"

"I spent most of the time wishing that my impulsive nature had been more rigidly disciplined in early youth."

"I'm glad it wasn't."

"Are you?" The half-smile faded.

"Do you remember the night I left New York you told me that you'd come to see me some Wednesday afternoon?"

She nodded.

"Every Tuesday night since then I've thought, 'Tomorrow is Wednesday. Maybe Gay will come.'"

"Today is Tuesday. I couldn't wait until tomorrow."

They broke into soft laughter, free from constraint. The waiter placed food before them, hovered solicitously.

"That will be all," John said in definite dismissal. "The effect you have on waiters and taxi-drivers and bell-hops," he continued to Gay when the man who had served them had stationed himself at a discreet distance, against the wall beside a thicket of potted palms. "I've been in here pretty often and no waiter ever hovered over me like a settling-ven over an egg."

"Egg! I hate you!" She laughed.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Kiss you again as soon as I get a chance."

Her eyes softened and shone. The crisp frills on her blouse ruffling out over the jacket of her dark tailored suit rose and fell with her quickened breathing. "I'm trying to be practical. You make it very difficult. Am I to stay here at the hotel?"

"Certainly not." His expression was offended.

"But I don't mind. Now that I know you're glad I come, I'm sure I'll become attached to the fleur-de-lis and the raspberry-sherbet counterpane."

"You're to stay at Dr. Sargeant's tonight. Mary sends you the invitation."

"Dr. Sargeant?"

"Dr. Sargeant's daughter, Mary Adams, mother of Skippy and Rear-Admiral Byrd."

Her eyes widened. "John! Are you delirious?"

"I think I am, a little. I can't get used to having you here. I was referring, however, to Mary's older son, Nat. He was being Admiral Byrd this afternoon in the swing. They're nice kids. I think you'll like Mary."

The headwaiter, patrolling, halted beside the table.

"Everything satisfactory, sir?" he asked, addressing John, but with his eyes sliding toward Gay.

"Yes, thank you," John said curtly.

"The steak is broiled as you like it?" The headwaiter's suave, dis-

creetly interested glance was for Gay. "Not too rare or too well done?"

"It's very nice, thank you."

The headwaiter strolled off. John scowled, then grinned.

"You see," he said. "That never happened to me. The desk-clerk told him who you are."

"Oh, nonsense. You attach too much importance to my name. Nobody in Maine ever heard of me."

"I don't believe it. Well, if that's true, it's the way you look. They think you're a movie star. That golden-brown tan—"

"Don't you like it? I worked awfully hard to get it. Maybe I could have myself bleached."

"Don't you dare," he said. "I love it. You're freckles scarcely show at all."

She made a laughing grimace.

"Not that I object to the freckles," he said. His voice softened. His dark eyes, regarding her across the table, were bright but tenderly grave. "I love everything about you. You're a little breath-taking until I get used to you. I think I remember, but each time you're a shock. You have beautiful bones."

"Can't you forget your profession for half an hour?"

"Good Lord! No, I can't." He glanced at his watch. "We must go. Office hours." He halted in the process of pulling back his chair. "But you haven't eaten anything—"

"Neither have you. The headwaiter will think the steak was too well done or too rare. And all these lovely French fried potatoes?"

"I've got to go, Gay." He signaled the waiter. "You stay and finish and come up to Dr. Sargeant's in a cab."

"I will not!" Her voice was indignant. "I didn't come all the way to Portland, Maine, to eat French fried potatoes?"

His smile thanked her. He glanced at the check and took a bill from his wallet. Gay rose as he pulled back her chair. He cupped his hand beneath her elbow and they walked, circling tables where people, dining, glanced up as they passed, toward the arched doorway into the lobby.

"Are your things ready?" he asked. "Do you need to go up to your room?"

"Send a boy. I'll check out."

"I'll take care of that."

"No, John. Let me."

"You're my guest."

"But, darling—" Her eyes fell from his face. "All right," she said slowly.

From the divan on which she sat she watched him cross the lobby to the desk, holding himself stiffly, his shoulders erect. Though she saw only his back in the dark tweed suit, she knew how his face looked, a little grim, the jaw line pronounced, his dark eyes brooding. How silly of him. But how thoughtless of her, perhaps. She must be careful—She must remember—

When he came back to her, a bell-boy followed with her luggage. John took her loose fur coat from the boy, held it, apologized for hurrying her, but avoided her glance. They went out through a revolving door. Cold wind struck them with unanticipated force. She was blown off her feet, staggered, half-circled. He caught her. They stood on the pavement in the light washing out from the hotel. Their eyes met.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought—"

"You were right." His eyes were penitent, his slow smile self-reproachful. "I was showing off. Forgive me."

Gay laughed as John approached the open door of the second-floor sitting-room in Dr. Sargeant's home. Mary Adams' voice continued, then broke off as John called in from the hall.

"The last patient gone?" she asked, glancing up from needles that flashed through scarlet wool.

"I've padlocked the office door." He went to Gay, settled comfortably in a corner of the davenport and dropped down beside her.

"Mary, do you think that professional ethics would permit me to cut the telephone wire?"

"I shouldn't hesitate," she replied briskly, and stabbed an amber needle through the rolled length of knit wool.

Mary aided her knitting and stabbed a needle through the bundle of wool. "There'll be a greater possibility of Miss Graham's liking me if I disappear tactfully now."

"Don't run away, Mary."

Her small brown face twinkled. "You aren't very convincing, John." She rose from the chair beneath the lamp. "You can have breakfast anytime you like," she said, smiling at Gay. "John has his pretty early."

"I'll have breakfast with John. Will you call me?"

"The children will probably attend to that. You've made a terrific impression on my son, Nat. He's a susceptible young man. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mrs. Adams. And thank you."

"I do like her," Gay said when Mary Adams had gone out and closed the door.

"Mary's very fine." John dropped down on the davenport again.

"She tells me that her husband is in Manila."

"Yes, for two years. Mary had a bad case of typhoid last summer and Dr. Sargeant thought it unwise for her to go with him. She's not very strong and the tropics are enervating. Those two kids are a handful."

"They're darlings. I helped her put them to bed. I want two boys and two girls."

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9:15 a.m.	6:30 p.m.
11:30 a.m.	8:05 p.m.
2:30 p.m.	

 Westbound to London  

8:50 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
11:05 a.m.	8:50 p.m.
1:05 p.m.	10:05 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	12:15 a.m.
5:45 p.m.	1:35 a.m.

 \*Except Sun. and Hol.  
 †-Except Sat., Sun. and Hol.  
 ‡-Sat., Sun. and Hol.  
 §-Daily except Sun.  
 ¶-To Kingston  
 †-To Stratford  
**W. E. LONG — Phone 59**

**C. N. R.**  
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 Daylight Saving Time  
 Going East  

Passenger and Mail	6:53 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10:05 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday only	6:21 p.m.
Passenger, daily	9:43 p.m.

 Toronto and beyond  
 Going West  

Passenger and Mail	8:30 a.m.
Passenger Saturday only	2:15 p.m.
Passenger daily except Saturday and Sunday	6:14 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6:45 p.m.
Passenger, Sundays only	11:30 p.m.

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