

## "A Little Nonsense Now and Then Is Relished by the Best of Men"

(Anonymous)

Monday's mail brought in another bulky letter from our friend who wrote such an interesting letter on his trip to the Paris-Georgetown hockey game. This week's endeavour hinges on a little of everything and no doubt will be read with as much interest as was the first. Our friend also promises to some highlights on the High School Commencement, so watch the Herald, April 22nd.

Friends, Georgetowners and countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to murder literature, not to praise it. You know me by now of course? You don't know me by now of course? You all know by now that a Gallup Poll is of course? You just go down the street and ask a Conservative what he thinks of the Liberals—then you Gallup. Well anyway, from what I gathered it seemed that everyone had heard those jokes before. So you see, that's what comes of taking it for granted that no one in town stays up late enough to hear Eddie Cantor. I even heard some people say that my jokes reminded them of Bob Hope's jokes. I guess they should—there's where I heard them. That's better than to picture. It's too dark in the picture show to copy down his jokes. But don't get me wrong. I like Hope's pictures. For instance, I want to see his last picture, where he played opposite Paulette Goddard, four times. I must try to see that picture again some day and see what Hope looks like. But getting back to the similarity between Bob Hope's jokes and mine. I'll tell you what happened to me the other morning. I was walking along the street when I overheard some person, who apparently suspected I was responsible for these articles, say to some other people. "There goes Georgetown's only Hope." By that afternoon fifty families had moved to Acton.

I guess some of you people are rather curious to know who I am. But I know the old proverb about the cat's curiosity killing the cat and I'm hardly the one to let the town's curiosity kill me. I suppose though that it is only fair to give you a hint as to my identity. Surely some of you must have seen me sitting in the Galt Arena. It would have been very easy to pick me out of the crowd. You see, I was sitting right between those two people on either side of me. Perhaps you may be able to recognize me by my feet. Last winter I went to a lady's house and when she opened the door she said, "Well, well, just take off your slippers and come right in." Why ever after I got in and explained that I was not wearing slippers

asked me if I cared to sit down or if I'd rather stand and rock.

I guess you people would like to know how I think up all these things in my articles so I'll tell you how I do it. For instance, I may be standing around on the street doing nothing in particular when all of a sudden dozens of little things start running through my head. Naturally I don't say a word about them to anyone at the time but before they can escape me I rush home and dash them into a large book which I keep especially for the purpose. I claim the book shut on them.

All in all I guess my last story wasn't any too good at that but there's plenty more than water goes under the bridge. I've since then and I decided to have another try at story-telling. Yes, I'm persistent in fact I take great pleasure in comparing myself to the farmer who retired at an early age with half a million dollars. When asked how he had accomplished this amazing feat the farmer replied, "Well, you cracky, I reason I owe my half million dollars to the fact that all my life I've been right in three pitches—and that ain't my brother. Really though I don't think I did too badly with that last story considering I only had four hours to prepare it—one hour to write it and three hours to stamp it flat enough to go in the envelope.

By the way I understand the next event of any importance to I own is the High School Commencement on April 16th, so I think I'll get on my horse Buford till anyone named Buford reads this I might as well be a very pretty horse and come in to see it. In fact I may even get around to writing an account of my experiences, providing the editor will print it. Of course when I get started writing on a subject I never know where I'm going to end and therefore I say that if there be any man among you who has reason to believe that he will be offended, let him speak now and I'll forever hold my peace.

At this point, however, I feel I have a confession to make, for I played a very mean trick on the editor with my last story. I asked him to print it hoping it would give the boys overseas a laugh. You know the old saying, "Nothing is good for our boys!" Well, I have been thinking it over and have decided that I did put the editor on the spot there and that some things can be "too bad for our boys." So after one more story I'll give up and promise not to bother you again.

But speaking of the boys overseas reminds me that perhaps they would like to know how these new war restrictions are affecting us here in Georgetown; so if you will bear with me a little longer I will try to tell them.

Well the government is cutting down on all non-essential industries. Yes, sir—anything which doesn't help the war effort is gradually being done away with. They tell me though that there is one plant near here working twenty-four hours a day turning out rear-view mirrors. Now you probably wonder what good rear-view mirrors are at a time like this. Well, I'll tell you. After the United Nations have won this war almost every person in the world will need one so they won't get stabbed in the back by a Jap.

Then there are the clothing restrictions. They have men's clothing strip-

ped of all unnecessary cloth now. Why store-keepers give a tennis racket away with every pair of pants so you won't feel out of place in a crowd.

I'll bet you won't believe a word of this when I tell you about the sugar situation—so I won't bother telling you.

But the gasoline situation is worse than that even. Of course you know gas is rationed now. Now most of the people cheerfully accepted their ration books with no complaints, but there were others who wanted more gas, so a little office was set up to receive their applications. I'll never forget the day that office opened, and all those people came charging down the street shouting, "This line is're all in the front line!" Honestly though I was disgusted with them, the way they barged right through to the office—and trampled my little camp right into the ground.

The tire situation is really the worst of all though. Why only a week or so ago I was down town, and a group of men were leaning against the hotel to hold the hotel up, so I went across the street to hold the bank up. While I was leaning there a big car came roaring up and stopped in front of the bank. There were four tough looking guys in the car, and I knew right away they were crooks, because they were all smoking cigars. Well, anyway they all jumped out and the leader hollered, "OK, Mugsy, you run in and get the cash while the rest of us stay here to guard the spare tire."

Yes, these government restrictions are sure cutting down on convenience. But I have a friend who had a little foresight when this war started. He had an idea what was coming so he decided to get used to living without luxuries then and there. He made everything he needed by himself. He lived in a home-made house, used home-made furniture, wore home-made clothes, ate home-made bread made of everything like that. He was getting along fine, too, until they caught him spending home-made money.

Then I had another friend of mine called Beedy, who received his fine for compulsory training. Well Beedy went down to get his doctor's examination to see if he was physically fit. After giving Beedy a thorough check-up the doctor said, "Well, Beedy, up till now I find you in perfect shape. Now all I have to do is test your eyes and you are as good as in the army. Now then just read those letters up there beginning at the left."

Well Beedy looked ahead a moment and then said, "What letters?"

"Why those letters right up there on that chart of course," replied the doctor, somewhat impatiently.

So Beedy started a little harder this time and after a moment or two he said, "What chart?"

Well the doctor was getting pretty angry by this time and he fairly shouted at Beedy, "Look here my good man, do you actually intend to sit there and try to make me believe that you can't even see that chart up there on the wall?"

So Beedy leaned forward a little, shaded his eyes with his hand and peered ahead for some time, and then he finally said, "What wall?"

But of course sad news comes along now and again. Only the other day I heard an old friend of mine had been killed. (By now you probably think I have lots of friends, but I won't have after my next story is published.) Yes, my old friend Doric was killed while driving a truck. Alas! Poor Doric, I knew him well. I could hardly believe the news when I heard it, for I always thought of Doric as

being so tough he couldn't be killed. He was so tough he used to work outside in the winter time at twenty below zero with only a thin cotton shirt on. The only reason he wore the shirt was so he would have something to wipe the sweat off his brow. Well, anyway to get on with my story — it seems Doric had been driving his truck loaded with ten tons of dynamite along the highway when all of a sudden he came to a railroad crossing just as a train got there too. A most embarrassing time to arrive at a railroad crossing with ten tons of dynamite you will agree. Doric tried to stop in time, but the brakes didn't hold very well, and he coasted right into the train. You can't imagine how helplessly, while his truck and the train came together with a terrific crash. Naturally there was a tremendous explosion and the wreckage of both truck and train were strewn for hundreds of yards in all directions. But knowing Doric as I knew him, I'm positive he would have come out of that crash alright if the terrible excitement had not killed him.

### Mark Every Grave

Manufacturers of Distinctive Monuments, Cemetery Lettering, Corner Posts and Markers. No Agents to Bother You. No Salesmen's Commissions to pay. Designs Submitted. — Large Assortment in Stock — BUY DIRECT FROM US — A Card or Letter Will Bring Our Service to Your Door

## OAKVILLE MONUMENT WORKS

19 Colborne St. W. (On Highway) - OAKVILLE

### NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

#### Change in Time of Payment

This year your Municipal Council has provided that the Taxes for 1942 shall be payable in four instalments, as follows:

1st Instalment April 15th, 1942.  
2nd Instalment June 15th, 1942.  
3rd Instalment August 15th, 1942.  
Final Instalment October 15th, 1942.

#### TAXPAYERS ARE REQUIRED TO TAKE NOTICE

1. No discount will be allowed for prepayment of taxes or any instalment.
2. The taxes are due and must be paid on or before the due date.
3. Penalty will be imposed on all taxes not paid on due date immediately on the expiration of that date.
4. Payment of taxes not paid or arranged on or before due date will be enforced according to the provisions of the Assessment Act.

KENNETH M. LANGDON, Collector.

THIS WEEK ONLY

# NYAL SERVICE

## 2 for 1 SALE

# DRUG STORE

Home Remedies, Toilettes  
Rubber Goods, Stationery  
Candy and Drug Store  
Sundries AT HALF PRICE!

### MacCORMACK'S DRUG STORE

PHONE 337 GEORGETOWN

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH OF FREEDOM

### Helping To Keep Prices Reasonable

High taxes help to guard the country against unreasonable rises in the cost of living: They divert money from unnecessary spending for peace-time goods to Government spending for essential war-time material.

Saving money, practised by thousands of thrifty depositors has a similar effect: It helps to keep prices from soaring by decreasing the demand for non-essential, peace-time commodities.

Thus, when you save money in a savings account, you benefit yourself and the country. You will need to save, not only for family and personal emergencies, but to pay taxes and to buy war securities. Saving today is a patriotic service.

## BANK OF MONTREAL

"A BANK WHERE SMALL ACCOUNTS ARE WELCOME"

MODERN, EXPERIENCED BANKING SERVICE... the Outcome of 125 Years' Successful Operation

Georgetown Branch: A. C. WELK, Manager

### SAVE YOUR SALVAGE

for the LIONS' SALVAGE CAMPAIGN

PAPERS  
RAGS  
METAL  
BONES and FATS

Phone 71  
For Collection

Bring or send what you can to the Salvage Shed Mrs. E. Freston is assisting the Club by collecting rags and bones at her store on Main St.

SALVAGE IS VITAL FOR THE WAR EFFORT

### Shop DOMINION Better Foods for LESS MONEY!

PASTRY FLOUR WHITE SATIN 24 lb. 73c  
Domino Baking Powder 1 lb. tin 12c  
Aylmer Tomatoes 20 oz. tins 2 for 25c  
Clarke's Tomato Juice 3 20 oz. tins 25c

DOMESTIC SHORTENING 1 lb. 19c  
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, 2 20 oz. tins 23c  
TAPIOCA 2 lb. 21c  
FRESH MINCEMEAT 1 lb. 10c  
WESTON'S GOLDEN BROWN SODAS 10c  
FRESH — 40 - 50 size PRUNES 2 lb. 25c

Fresh Pitted Dates 1 lb. 21c

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

SUNKIST ORANGES 2 doz. 28c  
LARGE LEMONS 3 for 10c  
COOKING APPLES 2 lb. 17c  
DELICIOUS APPLES 3 for 10c

CRISP WHITE Celery Hearts 2 bun. 25c  
LARGE LETTUCE 2 heads 18c  
FRESH BEETS 2 bun. 18c  
FRESH TOMATOES 1 lb. 19c

## DOMINION STORES LIMITED

PHONE 66 FREE DELIVERY GEORGETOWN