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WESTBOUND to LONDON

11:20 a.m.	11:25 a.m.	2:30 p.m.
6:45 p.m.	10:40 p.m.	11:15 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
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a-Daily except Sun.
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GRAY COACH LINES

Local Council of Women Entertained at Home of Mrs. M. H. Moyer

The closing meeting of the Local Council of Women was held on the beautiful lawn at the home of Mrs. M. H. Moyer, on Friday afternoon, June 19th. Mrs. C. Hayes, the president, opened the meeting with silent prayer. The minutes were read and approved.

The corresponding secretary read a letter of thanks from Mrs. Etherington, Ottawa, for the \$50 Victory Bond which was sent to the General Fund. It was also decided to carry on the collection of soap and linens for hospitals. Several accounts were passed. It was decided to make all necessary repairs to the wading pool, with Mrs. A. H. Peller as convener.

Five dollars was voted to the local Red Cross.

Miss Anne Staunton very kindly invited the Local Council to have a meeting at her home in August, and give the proceeds to the Soldiers' Comforts Fund. This was greatly appreciated and Miss Lettie Lawson and Mrs. R. Paul were appointed a committee to look after the arrangements.

Our guest speaker, the Provincial President of the Local Council, Mrs. F. Millar, Hamilton, was then introduced by Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Millar brought a very complete report of the Provincial and National Council convention held in Montreal. The next convention will be the 50th anniversary. Mrs. Paul moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Millar for coming to the meeting and giving such an interesting talk.

Tea was served by the hostess, Miss Staunton poured tea, and Miss Lettie Lawson and Mrs. Paul served, assisted by the Misses Mary Moyer, Lois Neilson and Barbara Param. Mrs. Hayes expressed the appreciation of the Local Council to Mrs. Moyer for entertaining the Council.

- 20 pr. plain mitts
 18 zero caps
 3 scarves, 48"
- British Civilians Clothing
- On quota, 10 units No. 8 consisting of 1 coat, 1 skirt, 1 blouse, 1 pr. knickers, 1 sweater
- 50 diapers
 - 25 sanitary pads
 - 50 girls' dresses and panties, size 4
 - 79 pr. boys' pyjamas, size 8
 - 1 pr. boys' pyjamas, size 12
 - 2 pr. boys' pants, size 5
 - 1 sweater, size 6
 - 1 sleeveless sweater, size 6
 - 1 scarf
 - 1 handkerchief
 - 27 quilts
 - 1 small sifian
 - 4 baby's knitted outfits, consisting of coat, bonnet, booties
 - 3 girls' tams knitted
 - 2 baby outfits, consisting of coat, booties
 - 1 girl's outfit, size 6, consisting of skirt, sweater, tam, culottes, blouse, bloomers

First Communion For Catholic Children

Sunday, June 21st, was an important day in the history of St. Joseph's Parish, Acton, and Holy Cross Parish, Georgetown, as it was First Holy Communion Sunday at the 9 o'clock mass.

The main altar and Blessed Virgin altar were most beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The candles with lighted candles, one for each boy and girl receiving his or her First Holy Communion, were placed along the communion railing, and presented a picture long to be remembered by all present.

The little girls were dressed in white and wore wreaths and veils, while the boys wore ribbon bows on their arms and a sash in the lapel of their coat. Nineteen children received their First Holy Communion, while ten made the solemn or renewal of their First Holy Communion.

The church was more than filled to capacity. The children under the direction of Marie Clayton and Mary Papillon marched from the hall to the church.

After Mass the pastor, Rev. V. J. Moran, enrolled the First Communicants in the brown scapular, and a certificate of First Communion was presented to each child.

The following were the children who made their First Holy Communion—Michael McCustall, Leo Marchant, Michael Korchowiec, Leo McMilloway, Basil Pacini, Helen Keelan, Denise Cole, Delaine Gibbons, Marie McCustall, Joan McCre, Adele Chew, Sheila O'Rourke, Bridget Ann McLaughlin, Helen Koskowskaj, Siglinda Vanderyn, Margaret Milton, Barbara Boyle, Dorren Hornby and Pauline Tyrn.

Large Red Cross Shipment

The following large shipment of knitted goods, quilts and British civilian garments on the last sewing quota of the Georgetown Red Cross, has gone forward to the warehouse in Toronto this week.

Army and Air Force Comforts

- 80 pr. socks
- 3 pr. two-way mitts
- 3 scarves
- 3 pullovers
- 2 scarves

Seaman's Comforts

- 8 pr. seaman's long socks
- 10 pr. sea boots
- 42 pr. seaman's socks
- 12 turtle neck sweaters



The DIM LANTERN

by TEMPLE BAILEY.

It was a cruel thing to face. There was blood and that little trembling body. The cry reduced now to an agonized whimpering. How she thought about it. It is a thing I can't understand. A dreadful thing. I understand. You love Rusty. It was because you love him so much.

"But to let a woman do it. Jane, do you remember—years ago? The mad dog?"

She did remember. Evans had killed it in the road to save a child. It had been a horrible experience, but not for a moment had he hesitated.

"I wasn't afraid then, Janey."

"This was different. You couldn't see the thing you loved hurt. It wasn't fear. It was affection."

"Oh, don't grieve it over. I know what you felt. I saw it in your eyes."

"Contempt."

She turned on him. "You didn't. Perhaps, just at first. I didn't understand. She fought for self-control, but in spite of it, the tears rolled down her cheeks."

"Don't, Janey, don't." He was in an agony of remorse. "I've made you cry."

She blinked away the tears. "It wasn't contempt, Evans."

"Well, it should have been. Why not? No man who calls himself a man would have let you do it."

They had come to the path under the pines, and were alone in that still world. Jane tucked her hand in the crook of Evans' arm.

"Dear boy, stop thinking about it."

"I shall never stop."

"I want you to promise me that you'll fight it out together."

His eyes did not meet hers. "Do you think I'd let you? Well, you think wrong." He began to walk rapidly, so that it was hard to keep pace with him. "I'm not worth it."

And now quite as suddenly as she had cried, she laughed, and the laugh had a break in it. "You're worth everything that America has to give you." She told him of the things she had thought of in church.

"You are as much of a hero as any of them."

He shook his head. "All that hero stuff is dead and gone, my dear. We idealize the dead, but not the living."

It was true and she knew it. But she did not want to admit it. "Evans," she said, and laid her cheek for a moment against the rough sleeve of his coat, "don't make me unhappy. Let me help."

"You don't know what you are asking. You'd grow tired of it. Any woman would."

"Why look ahead? Can't we live for each day?"

She had lighted a flame of hope in him. "If I might—" eagerly.

"Why not? Begin right now. What are you thankful for, Evans?"

"Not much," unceasingly.

"Well, I'll tell you three things. Books and your mother and me. Six that over—out loud."

He tried to enter into her mood. "Books and my mother and Jane."

She caught at another thought. "It almost rhymes with Stevenson's 'books and food and summer rain,' doesn't it?"

"Yes. What a man he was—cheerful in the face of death. Jane, I believe I could face death more cheerfully than life."

"Don't say such things"—they had come to the little house on the terrace, "don't say such things. Don't think them."

"As a man thinks—Do you believe it?"

"I believe some of it."

"We'll talk about it tonight. No, I can't come in. Dinner is at seven." He lingered a moment longer. "Do you know what a darling you are, Jane?"

She stood watching him as he limped away. Once he turned and waved. She waved back and her eyes were blurred with tears.

In Jane's next letter to Judy she told about the dinner.

"We had a delicious dinner. It seems to me, Judy, that my mind dwells a great deal on things to eat. But, after all, why shouldn't I? Housekeeping is my job."

"Mrs. Follotte doesn't attempt to do anything that she can't do well, and it was all so simple and satisfying. In the center of the table was some of the fruit of the table was sent in a silver epargne, and there were four Sheffield candlesticks with white candles."

"Mrs. Follotte carved the turkey. Evans can't do things like that—she wore her perennial black lace and pearls, and in spite of everything, Judy, I can't help liking her, though she is such a bawdy old horseback. They haven't a cent, except what she makes from the milk, but she looks absolutely the lady of the manor."

"The cousins are very fashionable. One of them, Muriel Follotte, knows Edith Towne intimately. She told us all about the wedding, and how people are blaming Edith for running away and are feeling terribly sorry for Mr. Towne. Of course they didn't know that Baldy and I had ever laid eyes on either of them. But you should have seen Baldy's eyes, when Muriel said things about Edith. I was scared stiff for fear he'd say something. You know how his temper flares."

"Well, Muriel said some catty things. That everybody is sure that Delafeld Simms is in love with someone else, and that they are saying Edith might have known it if she hadn't always looked upon herself as the center of the universe. And they feel that if her heart is broken, the decent thing would be to mourn in the bosom of her family. Of course I'm not quoting her exact words, but you'll get the idea."

"And Baldy thinks his queen can do no wrong, and was almost bursting. Judy, he walks in a dream. I don't know what good it is going to do him to feel like that. He will have to always worship at a distance like Dante. Or was it Abard? I always get those grande passions mixed."

"Anyhow, there you have it. Edith Towne rode in Baldy's flivver, and he has hitched that little wagon to a star!"

"Well, after dinner, we set the victrola going and Baldy had to dance with Muriel. She dances extremely well, and I know he enjoyed it, though he wouldn't admit it. And Muriel enjoyed it. There's no denying that Baldy has a way with him."

"After they had danced a while everybody played bridge, except Evans and me. You know how I hate it, and it makes Evans nervous. So we went in the library and talked. Evans is dreadfully discouraged about himself. I wish that you were here and that we could talk it over. But it is hard to do it at long distance. There ought to be some way to help him. Sometimes it seems that I can't stand it when I remember what he used to be."

Evans had carried Jane off to the library high-handedly. "I want you," was all the reason he vouchsafed as they came into the shabby room with its leaping flames in the fireplace, its book-lined walls, its imposing portrait above the mantel.

The portrait showed Evans' grandfather, and beneath it was a photograph of Evans himself. The likeness between the two men was striking—there was the same square



Evans had carried Jane off to the library.

set of the shoulders, the same bright, waved hair, the same air of youth and high spirits. The grandfather in the portrait wore a blue uniform, the grandson was in khaki, but they were, without a question, two of a kind.

(Continued next week)

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