

BORN
NATHAN—At St. Joseph's Hospital,
Georgetown, on Sunday, September 14th,
1942, to Mr. and Mrs. William E.
Nathan (nee Mary Ann Hayward) a
daughter, Judge Anne.

DEED
PAUL—In Georgetown, on Tuesday,
September 15th, 1942, Catherine May
Keefer, dearly beloved wife of the
late J. J. Paul, M.D., in her 82nd
year.
The funeral will be held from her
residence, Mill Street, on Thursday, Sep-
tember 17th, Service at 2 o'clock. In-
terment in Mount Pleasant Cemetery,
Toronto, on arrival.

IN MEMORIAM
QUATE—In loving memory of Edith
Claman Quate, who passed away
September 11th, 1937.
Requiem Mass at a golden chain.
Death thro' to break, but all in vain.
—Sadly missed by Sister, Mae and
Ted King.

THE DIM
LANIERN
By Temple
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(Continued from Page 7)

Old Mary gave them their coffee.
"Shall we walk for a bit, Baldy?"
Evans said, when at last they rose.
The two men made their way to-
wards the pine grove. The twilight
sky was a deep purple with a thin
sickle of a moon and a breathless
star.

And there in the little grove under
the purple sky Evans said to Baldy,
"I love her."
"I know. I wish to God you had
her."

"Baldy," Evans said, "I don't
agree with you that it was—the mon-
ey. That may have helped in her
decision. But I think she cared—"

"For Towne—nonsense." She knows
nothing of love. She may have taken
the shadow for the substance. And
he can be very—charming." It
was his heart to say it. But al-
most with clairvoyance he saw
the truth.

When they returned to the house
Baldy found a message from Edith.
He was to call her up.
"Uncle Frederick has just told
me," she said, "that Jane is to be
my aunt. Isn't it joyful?"

"I'm not sure."
"Why not?"
"Oh, Towne's all right. But not
for Jane."

"I see. But he's really in love
with her, poor old duck. Talked
about it all through dinner. He's
going to try awfully hard to make
her happy."

"Then you approve?"
He heard her gay laugh over the
wire. "It will be nice—to have you
—in the family. I'll be your niece-
-in-law."

"You'll be nothing of the kind."
"You can't help being—Uncle
Baldy. Isn't that—delicious? And
now, will you come in tonight and
sit by my fire? Uncle Frederick is
out."

"I've sat too often by your fire."
"Too often for your own peace of
mind? I know that. And I'm glad
of it." Again he heard a ripple of
laughter.

"It isn't a thing to laugh at."
She hesitated, then said in a dif-
ferent tone, "I am not laughing. But
I want you by my fire tonight."

It was late when Evans went up-
stairs. He had spent the evening
with his mother, discussing with her
some matters where his legal knowl-
edge helped. They did not speak of
June. Their avoidance of the sub-
ject showed their preoccupation with
it. But neither dared approach it.

On the bedside table in Evans'
room lay the valentine he had
bought for Jane. There it was, with
its cupids and bleeding hearts—its
forget-me-nots—and golden darts.

Arthur Lane and Sandy talked it
over. "I wonder what has hap-
pened. He looks dreadful."
The two boys were on their way to
Castle Manor. They wanted books.
Evans' library was a treasure-house
for youthful readers. It had all the
old adventuring tales. And Evans
had read everything. He would sim-
ply walk up to a shelf, lay his hand
on a book, and say, "Here's one
you'll like." And he was never
wrong.

But of late, Evans Follette had
met them with an effort. "Look for
yourselves," he had said, when they
asked for books, and had sat stur-
ring into the fire. And he had not
urged them to stay. His manner
had been kind but inattentive. They
were puzzled and a little hurt. "I
feel sorta queer when he acts that
way," Sandy was saying, "as if he
didn't take any interest. I don't
even know whether he wants us any
more."

Arthur refused to believe his hero
inhospitable. "It's just that he's got
things on his mind."
They reached the house and rang
the bell. Old Mary let them in.
"Here's in the library," she said,
and they went towards it. The door
was open and they entered. But
the room was empty.

That morning Baldy had had a let-
ter from Jane and had handed it to
Evans. It was the first long letter
since her engagement to Towne.
Baldy had written to his sister, flam-
ingly, demanding to know if she
was really happy. And she had
said:

"I shall be when Judy is better.
That is all I can think of just now.
Her life is hanging in the balance.
We can never be thankful enough
that we got the specialist when we
did. He had found the trouble. The
question now is whether she will
have the strength for another opera-
tion. When she gets through with
that! Well, then I'll talk to you,
darling. I hardly know how I feel.
The days are so whirling. Mr.
Towne has been more than gener-

ous. If the little girl has given him
will repay him, then I must give it
dearest. And it won't be hard. He
is so very good to me."

And now this letter had come after
Towne's second visit.

"Baldy, dear, I am very happy.
And I want you to set your mind at
rest. I am not marrying Mr. Towne
for what he has done for us all, but
because I love him. Please believe
it. You can't understand what he
has been to me in these dark days.
I have learned to know how kind he
is—and how strong. I haven't a
care in the world when he is here,
and everything is so—marvellous.
You should see my rug—a great
sapphire. Baldy, in a square of dis-
monds. He is crazy to buy things
for me, but I won't let him. I will
take things for Judy but not for
myself. You can see that, of course.
I just go everywhere with him in
my cheap little frocks, to the the-
aters and to all the great restaurants,
and we have the most delectable
things to eat. It is really great fun."

Since he had heard the news of
Jane's approaching marriage, Evans
had lived on a diet of the girl's
shades. He had walked and talked
with them, remembering nothing
afterward but his great sadness. He
had eaten his meals at stated
times, and had not known what he
was eating. He had gone to his
face, and behind closed doors had
sat at his desk, staring.

And now this letter! "You see
what she says," Baldy had said.
"Of course she isn't in love with
him. But she thinks she is. There's
nothing more that I can do."

Evans had taken the letter to the
library to read. He was alone ex-
cept for Rusty, who had jumped
after him and laid at his feet.

She loved—Towne. And that set-
tled it. "I am marrying Mr. Towne
because I love him." Nothing could
be plainer than that. Baldy might
protest. But the words were there.

As Evans sat gazing into the fire
he saw her as she had so often
been in this old room—as a child,
sprawled on the hearth-rug over
some entrancing book from his
shelves, swinging her feet on the
edge of a table while he bragged
of his athletic prowess, leaning over
war-maps, while he pointed out the
fields of fighting; curled up in a
corner on the couch while he read
to her—"Oh, silver shrine, here
will I take my rest."

He could stand his thoughts no
longer. Without hat or heavy coat,
he stepped through one of the long
windows and into the night.

As he walked on in the darkness,
he had no knowledge of his destina-
tion. He swept on and on, pursued
by dreadful thoughts.

On and on through the blackness
of the night. No moon, no wet wind
blowing on and on.

He came to a bridge which crossed
a culvert. No water flowed under
it. But down the road which led
through the Glen was another
bridge, and beneath it a deep, still
pool.

With the thought of that deep and
quiet pool came momentary relief
from the horrors which had hounded
him. It would be easy. A second's
struggle. Then everything over.
Peace. No fears. No dread of the
future.

It seemed a long time after, that,
leaning against the buttress of the
bridge, he heard, with increasing
clearness, the sound of boys' voices
in the dark.

He drew back among the shadows.
It was Sandy and Arthur. Not three
feet away from him—passing.

"Well, of course, Mr. Follette is
just a man," Sandy was saying.
"Maybe he is," Arthur spoke
earnestly, "but I don't know.
There's something about him—"

He paused.
"Go on," Sandy urged.
"Nothing," Arthur was
struggling to express himself.
"splendid. It shines like a light—"

Their brisk footsteps left the
bridge, and were dulled by the dirt
road beyond. A last murmur, and then
silence.

Evans was swept by a wave of
emotion; his heart, warm and alive,
began to beat in the place where
there had been frozen emptiness.

"Something splendid—that shines
like a light!"
Years afterward he spoke of this
moment to Jane. "I can't describe
it. It was a miracle—their coming.
As much of a miracle as that light
which shone on Paul as he rode to
Damascus. The change within me
was absolute. I was born again.
All the old fears slipped from me
like a garment. I was saved, Jane,
by those boys' voices in the dark."

The next day was Sunday. Evans
called up Sandy and Arthur and
invited them to supper. "Old Mary
said you were here last night, and
didn't find me. I've a book or two
for you. Can you come and get
them? And stay to supper." Miss
Towne will be here and her uncle."

The boys could not know that they
were asked as a shield and buckler
in the battle which Evans was fight-
ing. It seemed to him that he could
not meet Frederick Towne. Yet it
had been, of course, the logical thing
to ask him. Edith had invited her-
self, and Towne had, of course,
much to tell about Jane.

LOCAL NEWS

—Miss Mathews resumes her music
class this week.

—At the Sunday School Rally at the
United Church on Sept. 15th, Rev. E.
A. Chester, will be the speaker.

—How does the label on your paper
read? It should be September 16th to
be up-to-date.

—Georgetown High School will re-
open on Tuesday, September 22nd, and
not on the 21st as previously an-
nounced.

—Be sure to bring your scrap rubber
to the rear of the post office building
for salvage purposes.

—Don't be a "Personal Hoarder."
Send in the names of your visitors for
publication each week.

—The Jewish New Year was observed
last Friday, Saturday and Sunday.
Rabbi's were in charge all day Sat-
urday on this account.

—A band of Opuska located at the
fair early in the day, but pulled up
before the fair got under way.

—The Local Council of Women will
hold their regular meeting at the home
of Mrs. H. L. Hart on Friday after-
noon, September 19th, at 3 o'clock.
The guest speaker will be Mr. Lester
Hart, K.C.

—A former resident of Orangeville
has been appointed a bus service in-
spector between Malton and Georgetown.
At the local meeting getting into the
county at Malton, a bus service
would be available here.

—Three dollars worth from the Red
Cross party may be taken on Friday
afternoon. There is lots of work to
be done, but at present more willing
hands are needed if our quota is to be
paid out.

—St. George's Church Boys League
had a very enjoyable time Labor Day
Afternoon with everything that makes
a Winner. There was a game with their
leader Dr. Clifford Reid. They talked
to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer's farm for games
and swimming.

—Charles Yeates, of the Royal Dairy,
has purchased the natural hot tank at
Georgetown from Roy Mason, owner of
the tank and manager of Georgetown
hockey team. Mr. Yeates says the
tank may be closed for the duration
of the war due to inability to get needed
repairs.

—Last week we concluded a series of
articles written by Hugh Temple, of
the Jewish News-Record, on his trip to
England last fall. This week a new
series of articles will begin in the Her-
ald, the authors being Mr. C. V. Con-
roy, of Brampton, and Mr. Walter
Lodge of Granby, Que. who went to
England recently by bomber. If the
local articles are as interesting as the
ones the readers would do well to
take a little of reading them.

—Hon. T. B. McQueen will officially
open the new Malton highway this af-
ternoon. After the ceremony the new
Government homes will be open for
inspection.

—This is Orangeville Fair day,
with Colston, Stratford and Arton
will hold their fairs on Friday and
Saturday.

—We haven't heard if anyone has
their wheat at the fair on Saturday,
but proprietors were in evidence on
the grounds. Chief Marshall was well
on their trails and probably made his
mistake for even a prospect. It is
a general thing for them to attend all
the fairs, they were here on the
15th of August, too. At Brampton
fair it was said the ground was heavily
covered with empty purses after their
night of hard work.

—The Herald and all other news-
papers in Canada have been asked by
the government not to put the names of
persons who may be assisting after op-
erational flights over enemy territory
for a considerable period after the first
of his have been notified. The reason
for withholding this information is con-
sidered and not for publication, but
readers will understand why this
news is not published by us should the
reason arise. This ruling also ap-
plies to the movement of troops from
one part of the country to another.

—The W. H. Cross coach of Mr. Wal-
ter Gray of Georgetown, who is a
pioneer of war in Germany, having
been taken prisoner at the battle of
Crest, writes his mother in Orangeville
to say that he is feeling fine and kept
quite busy here is a brief paragraph
from his letter: "I'll buy in hospital
lots of experience not only in medicine
but in foreign languages. The English
are bad enough, but when you get
French, Spanish, Russian, Berse and
word of all French. It is a bit compli-
cated. Lots of hot weather. It must be
about a 100 most days so don't wear

many clothes. I am as black as a nig-
ger. Still getting Red Cross parcels regu-
larly. Am feeling fine so there is nothing
to worry about."

—Even the cucumbers are getting to-
gether for victory. Two cucumbers
brought into the office by Mrs. Henry
Wilson, of Ashgrove, have grown to-
gether in a V-shape. If signs mean
anything there should be no doubt of
victory over the Axis. Last week we
had an apple from Odessa's Fair
which had a V marked very plainly in
the colouring of the apple.

—An Esquimaux resident came into
the office the other day in a very for-
mable mood. He was complaining ab-
out the poor variety of vegetable and
fruit used to decorate the churches
for Harvest Home services, when nat-
ure had supplied a bountiful harvest
of the best of everything. He thought
those donating these gifts to the
church for the occasion should give re-
sults, but the best. We are not in a
position to agree or disagree with the
gentleman, as we had not doubted the
fact that the best of everything was
put on display. However, it might be
given some thought by those concern-
ed.

—Corn that really is corn Mr. The-
mas Alford, Silverton, brought in a
stalk of corn yesterday that meas-
ured 12 feet in height. This fine stalk
was grown from seed purchased from
Mr. Walter Lawson, at Silverton.
Another stalk of hybrid corn measured
11 feet. Mr. Alford says he paid
\$1.50 a hundred lbs. for the corn and
the best progress, and \$3.75 a 100
lbs. the hybrid from an American ex-
man.

—A Hummer's Hair under the sun
piece of the Red Cross will be held
in the McGibbon Block, from Septem-
ber 15 to 19. Everyone in Georgetown,
Ashgrove, Silverton, Lindsay,
Glen Williams and Norval are able
to bring their donations on the 15th.
If impossible to bring articles the
will be called for by getting in load
with Red Cross officers.

WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT DUE TO
GOVERNMENT RESTRICTIONS
CIRCLE CLEANERS
ARE DISCONTINUING THEIR TORONTO.
GUELPH ROUTE
Last Pick-up and Delivery Week will be week ending
October 10th, 1942
SILVER'S DEPT. STORE
Georgetown
Phone 375

KIRBY'S
For Accessories
Purses in Fall Shades
\$1.98 to \$3.98
Bias and Princess Slips
\$1.29 to \$1.98
Long and Short Sleeved
Blouses
\$1.98 to \$3.98
All English
Wool Sweaters
\$1.98 to \$3.98
Three-Piece Bridal Sets
\$6.95

ASTHMA
To stave off those miserable
asthmatic attacks, get "Davis'
Asthma Remedy." CHAP-
MAN'S PHARMACY will be
pleased to show you the 3
weeks' supply. \$3. Get it now,
and get better.
ECZEMA
Purified, External Flies, Itch,
etc. Get "Davis' Pruritus Cream"
Try it for BABY'S ECZEMA
Calorica, Odorless, Greaseless
Oint. \$1.00; Economy size \$1.65

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS
FOR SALE
Quebec heater, in good condition
Apply:
11p PHONE 418.
WANTED
Girl or woman for housework. Apply:
MRS. HEDLEY SHAW,
Georgetown
11p
LOST
Gold watch on Emery St. Reward.
Finder please leave at:
HERALD OFFICE.
FOR SALE
Bedroom outfit, bed, spring and mat-
tress, washstand, chest of drawers.
Will sell reasonable.
J. D. CLARK,
11 John Street.
WANTED
Live and dressed poultry. Highest
market prices. Apply:
A. BARNETT & SON,
Phone: Brampton 36 r 14
(reverse charges)
11p
NOTICE TO QUARRYMEN
AND FAIRBANKS
Having again secured our license
to handle explosives, we are now pre-
pared to sell explosives in any quan-
tity; also prepared to do blasting if
necessary.
A. HYDE, Georgetown,
31 Phone 207.
FOR SALE
Good work horse.
Apply:
DOUGLAS ISMOND,
R. R. No. 2, Norval
Phone Brampton 332 r 13
11p
SHARPENING AND REPAIRING
Lawn mowers sharpened and repair-
ed.
GARNEY BROS. HARDWARE STORE
Phone 00r11, Norval
11p
AUCTION SALE
Clearing Auction Sale of accred-
ited Jerseys, Implements, Horses, and
Cattle at Wm. Bracken's Farm, Acton,
Ont., on Tuesday, September 22nd.
Attendance Officer
Wanted
The Public School Board is asking
for applications for the position of
attendance officer.
P. B. Harrison,
Secretary.

NATIONAL
RUBBER SALVAGE
CAMPAIGN
DRIVE NOW IN PROGRESS BY THE
Post Office Dept.
—and the —
Georgetown Lions Club
aided by the Local Garages and Implement Agencies
Every Little Bit Counts
Gather all you scrap rubber and dispose of it on the
Scrap Rubber Pile
next to the Post Building
Let the children have it for their school
collections, or leave it at your nearest
gasoline station.
"Get in the Scrap" - "Everybody's Doing It"

(Continued next Week)