PROMOTED

SURGEON-CMDR. C. H. BEST
co-discoverer of insulin, and head of the Navy's Medical Research Unit, who was promoted in rank in the New Year's promotion lists as announced by Navy Minister Macdonald. Surgeon-Cmdr. Best spent much time in Georgetown a few years ago, and at present has a summer home in the vicinity of Stewarttown.

ASHGROVE

The annual party for the young people of the community was held at the home of Mr. John Alexander, on Wednesday, Dec. 30th. In spite of weather and road conditions, almost everyone was able to be present and a delightful time was enjoyed by all. The first part of the evening was spent playing euchre and crokinole. Reta Fisher and Gordon Fisher won highest scores in euchre, while Mabel Wrigglesworth and George Wilson won the prizes for crokinole. After lunch was served, everyone enjoyed dancing. The committee in charge for 1943 will be Doris Brownridge, Maragret Alexander, Jack Ruddell and Gordon Fisher.

Pte. John Alexander, who has been stationed at Trail, B.C., spent the Christmas holidays at his home here.

George and Frank Wilson visited cousins in Guelph during Christmas week. Gloria and Doreen White returned with them or a couple of days.

Mr. Norman Bird and Miss Effie Bird spent their Christmas vacation at their home here.

Miss Isabel Alexander has returned to Toronto after spending Christmas vacation with her parents.

Miss Donna Adams has resumed her school duties.

Miss Isabel Wrigglesworth spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt McClure, Norval.

Mr. Wilfred Bird was the new trustee elected to fill the vacancy of the retiring trustee, Mr. Clayton Wilson, who had completed his 3 year term.

Miss Bessie Halbert, of Leskard, and Miss Edith Trull, of Orono, spent a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. F. Ruddell Christmas week.

Active Service Notes

LAC Roy Hansen, of Scoudouc, N. B., was home for New Year's.

Dvr. E. Burt, Camp Borden, was home on Christmas leave.

Pte. Perc. Chapman is home from Camp Nanaimo, B.C.

Pos. Clarence Kennedy, from Niagara-on-the-Lake was home on holiday leave.

Home for Christmas was Pte. D. McGill, Bowmanville, and Cpl. B. Hadley from Monteith.

Cadet Russell Firestine is home on holiday leave from Three Rivers, Quebec.

Ptes. Jean Tennant and Grace Kidd, both of Trinity Barracks, Toronto spent New Year's at home.

Ptes. Walker Cleave and Clayton Bradley, both of Camp Borden spent New Year's at their respective homes.

Sgt. Alfred Sykes is home on leave from Rivers, Manitoba. He will report for duty at Dunnville on Jan. 9.

Winfield "Curly" Wheeler, of Glen Williams, was recently promoted to LAC. He is located at Victoriaville, Quebec.

Sgt. H. R. Hurley has been transferred from North Sydney, Nova Scotia to the Seaplane Base at Dartmouth.

Pte. Horace Blyth, also of Glen Williams, has been transferred from Camp Borden to Debert, N. S.

AC2 Edward "Ted" Stigger has graduated from No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal. He spent the holiday here with his parents.

Ptes. Gordon C. Cowan and Cecil J. Cowan were home on leave from Sussex, N. B., where they are stationed with the Victoria Rifles.

Sgt. George Blyth, R.C.A.F. Ghelburne, N. S., is spending a leave with his wife (the former Elaine Collins of Georgetown) and with her parents, in Glen Williams.

Spending the New Year's holidays with his family in town, was Sgt. Alfred Colling, of Toronto.

Mrs. Nicol McNiven received a cable of Christmas Greetings on Dec. 23rd, from her son Jim, who is serving overseas with the Reinforcement Unit of the 1st Canadian Signals.

Major Arnott Early cabled his wife and family early last week, that the convoy in which he was sailing had arrived safely in England. They had had a rough, but fast crossing.

Gunner Joe Norton, Hastings Military Camp Park, Vancouver, B.C., was home for the Christmas holiday and New Year's. He came home on "compassionate leave" due to the serious illness of his father, Mr. L. J. Norton, whose condition now is only fair.

Congratulations to Corporal Bill Wylie, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wylie, Georgetown, who is celebrating his third and twenty-third birthday overseas. He joined the Royal Canadian Engineers in March, 1940, and went overseas in May of the same year.

Townspeople will be interested to learn that Dr. C. H. Best, of Toronto, co-discoverer of insulin, who, with his family spends the summer months at a cottage near the Golf Course, has been promoted to the rank of Surgeon-Commander. He is head of the Navy's Medical Research Unit.

A Rockwood girl, Nursing Sister Frances M. Oakes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oakes, was specially honoured by having the Order of the Royal Red Cross, Second Class, conferred on her, according to the official list of promotions and awards issued at Ottawa January 1st.

Lawrence H. Beaumont is to be congratulated on receiving his sergeant's stripes at Paulson, Man., recently. He is spending a leave at his home in Glen Williams, and leaves Thursday to report at No. 1 O.R.B., Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

Pte. William G. Brailsby was on the convoy which reached Britain safely a short time ago, and sent his wife a cable wishing all at home a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We were pleased to note in a recent class of graduates from the Malton Air Navigators' School, the name of Ed Buckerfield. Ed., whose home is in Gravenhurst, was the genial clerk at MacCormack's Drug Store prior to his enlistment. While in town he was also a member of the Lorne Scots "C" Coy. Reserve. Congratulations Ed.

Pilot Officer Joe E. Galloway, of Milton, well-known among the town young people, overseas with the R.C.A.F., has been awarded the distinguished flying medal, according to an announcement by the Air Ministry in London. He has taken part in many raids over Germany and occupied France, and is one of the outstanding wireless-air-gunners of his squadron. A younger brother, Kenneth, is a fighter-pilot at an overseas station.

A Christmas cable from Ceylon brightened Christmas Day for Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Crichton. Their son, Sgt. David, who is stationed there with the R.C.A.F., sent them the following message: "Greetings from the tropics. I wish I were home for Christmas." He also said his mail was coming in fine and thanked everyone for all the nice things which had been sent to him. "Dave" likes it very well over in Ceylon. This is his third Christmas away from home.

ANNUAL MEETING
Esquesing Agricultural Society

The annual meeting of Esquesing Agricultural Society will be held in the

McGIBBON HOUSE, GEORGETOWN
— on —
Saturday, January 16th, 1943
at 3 p.m. D.S.T.

Your attendance at this meeting will be appreciated.

HERB. CLEAVE, President. FRANK PETCH, Secretary.

GREGORY
THEATRE

Friday, January 8
"NAZI AGENT"
Ann Ayars and Conrad Veidt in a dual role
"MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST"
Lupe Velez, Leon Errol
FOX NEWS.

Saturday, January 9, matinee at 3
"THE GREAT MAN'S LADY"
Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanywck
Comedy "Some More of Samoa."
Disney "Chef Donald." Chapter 8 "Spy Smasher"

Tuesday and Wednesday, January 12 and 13
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"
adapted from Richard Llewellyn's famous novel with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara.
Miniature "Soaring Stars."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE

A Wood's electric feed grinder, 25 cycle. One registered Holstein springer. Apply:
1tp PHONE 332 or BOX 257.
T. C. Hewson

WANTED

A middle-aged woman for light housework, Monday to Friday. Apply:
Box. "W" HERALD OFFICE
Howard Sewell 3v3 n 4

FOR SALE

1936 Plymouth Sedan in good condition. Reasonable. Apply:
L. WARDLAW,
Albert Street,
1t or PHONE 414w.

PIGS FOR SALE

14 Young Pigs for Sale. Apply:
ALVIN STARRET,
Glen Williams. Phone 92 r 2

WANTED

Live and dressed poultry. Highest market prices. Apply:
A. BARNETT & SON,
Phone: Brampton 343 r 14.
tf (Reverse charges)

FOR SALE

Splendid Watchdog, male, police. Cheap to good home. Apply:
1tp Box "R"
Mrs. Seale HERALD OFFICE

TO RENT

Two pleasant rooms with bath. Furnished or unfurnished, on Queen Street. Apply:
1tp. HERALD OFFICE
Mrs. Spence

FOR RENT

5 roomed house on Guelph Street
Apply: PHONE 301.

HOUSE TO RENT

House to Rent on Chapel St (East), 6 rooms, all conveniences, newly decorated. Apply:
MRS. McDOUGALL, Phone 276

WANTED

Highest prices paid for Pine, Oak, Maple, Basswood and Hemlock logs. Apply:
GEORGETOWN LUMBER CO., LTD.
3t Phone 250.

CHURCH NEWS

SCRIPTURE TEXTS

January 3rd.—"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Rom. 8:6.

Norval and Union Presbyterian Churches
Rev. Chas. C. Cochrane, B.A.
Interim Moderator
Union Presbyterian Church:
10.00 a.m. Sunday School, Bible class
11.00 a.m. Public worship.
(Rev. Wallace Wadland, B.A., will preach).

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Norval Presbyterian Church
1.30 p.m. Sunday school, Bible class.
2.30 p.m. Public worship.
(Rev. Wallace Wadland, B.A., will preach.

The United Church of Canada
Rev. R. C. Todd, B.A., Minister.

10 a.m. Sunday School.
11 a.m. Public worship. Guest preacher, Rev. A. W. Fosbury, of Acton United Church.
7 p.m. Public worship. Subject: "God is all we need to know about the future."

Sunday, Jan. 17th. Holy Communion.

Knox Presbyterian Church, Georgetown
Rev. Chas. C. Cochrane, B.A.
10.00 a.m. Sunday School.
Minister.
11.00 a.m. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.
7.00 p.m. Public worship.

• • •

Limehouse Presbyterian Church
2.00 p.m. Sunday School, Bible Class
3.00 p.m. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

St. John's Church, Stewarttown
Rev. S. R. Colebrook, Rector.
First Sunday after the Epiphany:
2.00 p.m. Sunday school
3.00 p.m. Evening prayer.

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St. Paul's Church, Norval
7.30 p.m. Evening prayer.

• • •

St. Stephen's Church, Hornby
12.00 a.m. Holy Communion.

St. George's Church
Rev. W. G. O. Thompson, Rector

First Sunday after Epiphany: Holy Communion 8 a.m. Sunday school 10 a.m. Matins 11 a.m. Evensong 7.00 p.m.

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St. Alban's Church, Glen Williams
First Sunday after Epiphany:
Holy Communion 9.30 a.m.
Sunday School 2.00 p.m.
Evensong 3.00 p.m.

Holy Cross R.C. Church
Rev. Fr. V. J. Morgan
Mass at 9.00 a.m. 2nd and 4th Sundays, 11.00 a.m. 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays.

CAR LICENSES WENT ON SALE JANUARY 4th

February 28 Named as Positively Last Day 1942 Markers May be Used—Gasoline Ration Books Not Renewable Until March 31st.

Ontario's 1943 motor vehicle licenses went on sale on sale on January 4th, and must be obtained by February 28, Hon. T. B. McQuesten, minister of highways, has intimated.

He explained that though the term of the 1942 licenses has been extended to February 28, as in other provinces, Ontario has found it impossible to accede to the request of the oil controller to alter the term of vehicle permits to coincide with that of gasoline ration coupon books, which are not renewable until March 31. Such a change would have a serious effect on the budget for the current fiscal year, he said.

"We shall continue to co-operate with the oil controller," the minister went on, "in issuance of ration books next year through the offices of our agents. So that present books may be valid for use with new 1943 permits, the number of the 1943 permit which is now on the ration book will be entered on the new 1943 permit.

"It will be necessary that until March 31 the 1943 permit be presented with the ration book when purchasing gasoline. Ration books for 1943 will be available sometime in February."

BETAMIN VITAMIN B-COMPLEX TABLETS

Stop drugging! Take Page-Griffiths, BETAMIN (B-Complex) tablets once a day.
MacCORMACK'S DRUG STORE
ROBB'S DRUG STORE

FOR RENT

3 roomed apartment on ground floor. Separate entrance. Continuous hot water and all conveniences. Furnished or otherwise. Apply:
1t HERALD OFFICE or Phone 255

Honeymoon Mountain

By FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

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WNU Service

Bryn stared at him, the gray eyes dreaming, far away. They came back to earth. Tubby had a suggestion.

"Why not get Sally and Madeline up here? Oh, Simon too of course. Sally wouldn't come without him, and he'd be useful. You said Grandmother wanted young company for Deborah. Company now, and such company as my delightful sister, and her delightful husband, and his more than delightful sister . . . the way's been paved by those presents, you see, and my mention of the family relations . . . her mind would be too fully occupied to brood over you. We can tip the kids off. They're all good sports. And, for the deepest part of the plot—you know how Sally trots around at Simon's heels day and night, and kisses him at all the most awkward moments, and how they always hang on each other's arms?"

"Tubby," Bryn said after a moment, "you are a fool. Nevertheless . . ."

"Exactly."

Bryn considered, whistling softly. His eyes began to sparkle. Tubby, seeing them, reached across the writing table for paper and a pen. He wrote a note. He sealed it in an envelope. He addressed it to Mrs. Simon Valance, at Hillsborough, California. "There," he said. "They're dying to come, anyway. So are a good many other people, as far as that goes."

When Bryn went downstairs next morning there was apparently no one awake in the big house. Gary and Deborah were sure to be up, but they were not in sight. He stood for a moment on the top step, breathing in the fresh cool air, and then went around the house and down the brook toward the bridge, on his way to the engine house.

He had filled the gasoline tank in the engine and was rinsing his hands in the icy brook water when he heard a footstep on the bridge and looked up to see Deborah approaching. He stood up and dried his hands on his handkerchief. She came to stand a little above him on the raised plank looking down at him. To his surprise the strain of yesterday had not set a greater coldness toward him in her dark eyes. She was smiling a little at him now, her lips curving. She was smiling at him and Grandmother was not watching. He stared at her.

"I followed you because I want to talk to you, if you don't mind," she said.

"Why, of course I don't mind. Is there something I can do?"

She hesitated. When he looked up, the long lashes had dropped and lay close to her cheek. She began to examine the moss, too. "I'm not a very nice person," she said at last. "I apologized once before for being so difficult, but I don't think I tried any harder not to be difficult. I mean it, this time. You were awfully thoughtful last night, when Grandmother was so queer and afraid. You do love her, don't you? You're quite honest about it? You would do anything to spare her pain?"

"Yes."

She nodded. "I can see that. I don't think I quite believed it until yesterday afternoon, when you came home again, and last night, when you were so troubled. I've been very selfish. I've been thinking of myself all the time, and feeling trapped, and hating it. I haven't been half as thoughtful of Grandmother as you have. I've demanded things for myself more than for her, thought about myself first, and what . . . what my position was. You haven't thought about yourself once. You haven't complained. And this isn't your problem, after all, and yet you've put yourself into such a position that if anything went wrong, you would lose most. You signed the note for Mr. Holworthy, and assumed all the financial responsibility, and you've given me your name. I didn't quite see it all until Tubby came yesterday. And he talked about your friends and then he went on and nearly ruined everything, and suddenly I saw how dreadfully unfair that would be for you, and how horrid I've been." She looked at him gravely. "Will you forgive me?"

"You haven't been horrid, Deborah. You've been . . ." Bryn began, and caught himself in time. But she did not notice.

"Yes, I have. You don't know all the things that have been going on in my mind. I'm sorry." She put her soft hand out, momentarily, and patted his, lying on the railing. Bryn did not move.

"Bryn."

"Yes. D . . . Deborah."

"Grandmother is in a strange state of mind. Last night I was very worried. I went into her room to tuck her up and kiss her good-night. She looked up at me directly and asked me if I were happy. She hasn't asked me before. Not in the same way. I think she began to suspect everybody, even me."

"Did you tell her you were happy?"

"Yes. But . . . she's going to be watching very closely for proof." She stopped. The color began to rise under her white skin. Bryn watched it, bewitched. Her eyes were lowered.

"What . . . what are we going to do about it?" he asked, lost.

"Happy with you," Deborah explained, as if he did not understand.

"Does she think I'm in love with you?"

"Yes," Deborah replied, and flushed violently. "You're a much better actor than I am. I'm sure she's beginning to suspect me."

"When you go out the door," Bryn explained, "I stand and look after you. And when I hear you coming I go to meet you. And when you're talking I keep looking at you, and when you're away I talk to her about you. I tell her how beautiful you are, how much more beautiful than any girl I ever knew, with those lovely eyes, and your lashes as long as a dream, and your mouth, and your little white chin, and the way you blush . . . and your throat so soft and white, and the way you move your shoulders, and the color of your hair, and the way it curls." He drew a deep breath.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "No wonder she thinks I'm not in love with you. I haven't told her once anything about you. I've hardly mentioned you."

"Well," Bryn said after a moment, "I'll tell you. When you're in love, Deborah, you hate to be away from your . . . from your sweetheart for a second. Everything she does is perfect and lovely and sweet. You want to lift her in your arms and hold her tight against you, so close that you can hear her heart beating. You want to hear her say that she'll never leave you again, no matter what happens, that she doesn't care anything about anybody else in the world but you. And if it happened that she didn't love you," Bryn went on slowly, "there'd be a sick empty feeling where your heart ought to be, and you'd wish you were a kid again, so you could cry. But if she did love you, and she knew you weren't sure about her, she'd put her arms around you, and put her cheek against yours and maybe even . . . kiss you."

Deborah was staring at him. After a moment she said breathlessly, "Is that the way you love your . . . your own girl?"

"Yes, Deborah."

"I don't know anything about that way of loving," she said at last. "I couldn't pretend that to Grandmother."

"No," Bryn said.

"It wasn't so much what I ought to say to Grandmother, anyway," she said. "I hadn't really thought of talking to her about you. It was the way I ought to act. I was wondering . . ."

"Yes?"

"It's really Gary's idea," she said hastily. "He came to me about it this morning. He's afraid Grandmother might get to wondering about us. You see, she thinks we . . . we love each other the way other people do when they're married," she explained.

"I suspected as much," Bryn said lightly. "Well, is there something I can do about it?"

"I'm afraid she's going to be watching for a while, anyway. Until she's satisfied. I was wondering . . . it's Gary's idea, you know. There's a little

"I Don't Know Anything About That Way of Loving."

sewing room just at the head of the stairs. There's a door into my sitting room. Grandmother never goes in there; if you don't mind dreadfully, you could have it for your bedroom."

"Why, no," Bryn said calmly. "I wouldn't mind. I'd have to go out and in through your sitting room, though. Wouldn't you dislike that?"

"What I was trying to tell you when I first started to talk," she reminded him, "is that it's too late for me to keep thinking what I like and what I don't."

So it was settled.

(Continued next week)

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