

Active Service Notes

Pte. J. Presswood, of Simcoe is home on leave, celebrating his 18th birthday. Pte. Grace Kidd, of Toronto, spent a week end leave in Georgetown. Cdm. Jack Smith, Kingston, is home on leave.

C. B. M. Henry Shepherd, New Market, was home for the week end. Sgt. Bertha Schenk, Toronto spent the weekend at home.

Pte. Walker Cleave, Toronto, spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Isabel Cleave.

L. A. C. Vernon Sharpe from McCloud, Alberta has been home on 10 days' leave.

Word has come through that Hilda J. J. Stamp of the Brockville Rifles has arrived safely overseas.

L. A. C. Winfield Wheeler is home from Victoriaville, Quebec, for two weeks' furlough.

Pte. Jean Tennant, stationed with the C.W.A.C.'s at Davenport Barracks, Toronto, was home for the week end.

Cdr. L. O. James, (Bud), has been promoted to the rank of Lance-Bombadier. He is stationed in Newfoundland.

Sickness has caught up with another member of the armed forces. Sgt. Walter Blinn has been confined to Barrfield Convalescent Hospital for the past two weeks with an attack of pleurisy.

An R. C. A. F. officer was coming home from the East via England, when he became acquainted with Lieut. Nursing Sister Irene Mulholland, overseas. He promised he would go to see her family when he arrived home, and last week, the Mulhollands were pleased to greet the airman who brought good tidings from their daughter in England.

Having just been awarded his commission last week, P. O. Jimmy Jones of Uplands was due for a week's furlough, when he was suddenly stricken with appendicitis, and is in hospital at Ottawa.

Related birthday greetings to Pte. D. Kidd, overseas two years with the 1st Canadian Corps, Postal Unit, who celebrated his birthday last month. Pte. Kidd enlisted in Brampton with the Lorne Scots in May 1940. He was stationed there as a guard for a few months and later transferred to the R.C.A.B.C. when he was sent to Camp Borden. He left for overseas in February, 1941.

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To the Citizens of Georgetown and District

On March 1st next the annual appeal for funds for the Canadian Red Cross Society commences and will continue for a period of three weeks.

Our objective is \$4500.00, an increase of \$500.00 over last year, which means that every one will have to contribute more generously than last year if we are to reach our objective.

As the war has progressed the demands on the Red Cross have increased tremendously which has required more funds.

So far the citizens of this community and the people of Canada have responded nobly and we feel sure that in the coming campaign that every true citizen will put his or her shoulder to the wheel and make this drive an outstanding success.

Up to the present time the Empire's casualties have not been heavy but there is no doubt whatever that in the immediate future a large scale offensive by our forces will be under way in Western Europe which will tax the strength of our armies to the utmost and when the need for Red Cross supplies and aid will be very great and unless we have the money we cannot give this aid to our sailors, soldiers and airmen to which they are entitled.

This coming year of every dollar subscribed to the Red Cross will be spent for parcels for Prisoners-of-War of allied nations. There is no greater obligation placed on the citizens of this Country than to see that our sailors, soldiers and airmen are properly looked after so long as they are in enemy hands.

During the past two years \$2,000,000 worth of Red Cross supplies have been sent to our Russian, Allied and large supplies will continue to be sent depending, of course, upon the amount of money that citizens of Canada and this community contribute in this and future campaigns.

In addition to the above, the money you contribute to the Red Cross will be spent to provide clothing, medical supplies etc. for our wounded sailors, soldiers, airmen and Bomb victims and in maintaining Red Cross Hospitals in the British Isles and in many other humanitarian ways to alleviate the pain and suffering caused by the havoc of war.

Let us all set behind this coming campaign and make this our greatest effort in the war to date. Let us be worthy of our gallant fighting men many of whom before this year's end may have made the supreme sacrifice that you, and I might survive and be free.

Yours sincerely,
LEROY DALL
President, Georgetown District
Red Cross Society

William Bowman Passes at Whitby

At the home of his son Ed Bowman, 20 Dundas Street East, Whitby, the death occurred Monday of William Bowman. He had been ill for only a week.

The deceased was born in Cambridge, England in 1866, and came to Canada in 1890. He was married at Whitby to the late Mrs. Mary M. Taylor in 1901 who predeceased him in February, 1941.

The deceased lived and enjoyed a long and useful life. He retired in 1916 to Toronto and then to Guelpih in 1929. Since the death of his wife he had made his home with his son, who was a very kindly, well read gentleman, always pleasant, and one who made many friends in Whitby. At Georgetown and Guelpih he took a great interest in community and church affairs. He was a member of the United Church. In fraternal circles he was a member of the Masonic Order.

In his early days, deceased spent some years with the P. & O. ship lines, sailing from Liverpool to Australia. He recalled on one trip being wrecked for ten weeks on the barrier reef of the coast of Australia on S. S. Sorata.

A private service will be held on Wednesday evening at seven o'clock at the home of his son, with Rev. Clifford Park officiating. The body will be buried Thursday morning by motor to Georgetown for interment in the family plot in the Woodlawn cemetery.

He is survived by two sons, William of Georgetown and Edward of Whitby.

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OBITUARY

MISS BARBARA CAMERON WARREN

Niece of Acton in the late Mrs. Barbara Cameron Warren passed away in Toronto on Monday, February 22nd. Her death was made in the family plot in Fairview Cemetery yesterday. Mrs. Warren had been in full health for some time.

She was a daughter of the late John and Helen Warren, pioneer settlers of the district and was born on the Warren homestead on the beautiful lake. She spent her early life in Acton but a number of years ago went to Toronto to reside. Both here and in the city she was a staunch member of the Baptist Church in Toronto at St. Clair Avenue and Walnut Road Baptist Church. Many here will remember her for her fine Christian character that was part not only of her much life but her kindly attitude and helpfulness to all with whom she came in contact.

Just two members of this pioneer family of the Warrens remain. They are R. D. and Dr. Cameron Warren, both of Toronto. In the bereavement warm sympathy of many old friends was at this time.

A funeral service was held on Tuesday evening at the A. W. Miles Funeral Chapel in Toronto where Rev. Mr. Hamilton and Rev. Dr. Moncrieff had charge.

Upon arrival of the train from Toronto interment was made in Fairview Cemetery, Acton, with Rev. A. E. Brooks and Rev. John Ostrom conducting the graveside service. Pallbearers were Messrs. Carey Warren, John Stone, B. Morris, W. L. Warden, Fred Coles and G. A. Dills.—Acton Free Press.

MRS. THOMAS MARSHALL

Life-long resident of Acton and Limehouse, Mrs. Thomas Marshall passed away on 9th inst. at her home on Elgin Street. Mrs. Marshall had been in failing health for some time and was in her eighty-first year. She was before marriage Elizabeth Dobbie, daughter of the late Andrew Dobbie and was born at Limehouse. Almost sixty-four years ago she was joined in holy wedlock to Thos. Marshall. They resided in Limehouse for a number of years but about thirty-five years ago came to reside in Acton where they have been esteemed residents ever since. One son, blessed the union and William A. is now a resident of Toronto.

Besides the bereft husband who is at present undergoing treatment in a

Honeymoon Mountain

By FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

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CHAPTER IX

The breakfast table was spread on the small terrace at the side of the house, where Bryn and Deborah had eaten their first breakfast together. There were six places laid, but Sally was still upstairs, sleeping, as Simon explained, like a dormouse; and Bryn had not yet returned from his early errand to the farm down the road. Deborah, in freshly starched blue gingham, sat erect on her chair behind the silver coffee pot, and poured out a third cup for Tubby beside her. Madeline sat quiet, gazing dreamily out through the trunk of the tall pine, and tossing, from time to time, small crumbs of toast to a greasy chipmunk who sat up and begged for them with bright expectant eyes.

"Well," Simon sighed, "I wonder if today will be the big day."

"Oh, probably not," Tubby said comfortably. "I give him until about Thursday noon."

"It doesn't make any difference when he comes, does it?" Madeline inquired. "The sooner he comes, the sooner it will be settled. I wish he'd come now and get it over with."

As she spoke, Bryn pushed open the sliding door and came out to the terrace. He put a hand on Simon's shoulder, raked back Tubby's hair, for his eyes, cast on Deborah's lowered eyelashes, spoke to Madeline, "Who's that?"

"No, Graham."

"He'll come," Bryn said cheerfully, and pulled up his chair. "And there's one sure thing he won't get past the front door on a box high up on the seat of a wagon box, where he can see the road leading up the mountain for about two miles. He's got the wagon pulled under a shady tree, and he's got an old pair of spy glasses and the horn. When I left I heard him making arrangements with his mother to bring out his meals. I'd like to see as much as a caterpillar get past him. And he's got the gates so well set."

Deborah handed him his cup, and as she did so, she lifted her eyes and met his upon hers. She felt herself flushing and the cup trembled in her hand so that some of the coffee spilled over. But Bryn did not seem to mind. He took it and put it down, and his eyes were still upon hers. Deborah turned resolutely away.

Bryn finished his breakfast, and he and Tubby and Simon left the table. They were going, Tubby informed the two girls, to inspect the dungeons and see that the chains were in good order.

When they were gone, Madeline put out her hand and patted Deborah's cheek. "Deborah," she said after a moment, "would you do something for me, please?"

"In course."

"It's about Tubby. I don't know what to think." She looked up. "With another man in the world, I'd just give him my genuine charm and... wait. But that isn't safe with Tubby. He's not exactly shy, but he doesn't see any idea that he's so attractive that anybody might want to marry him. It's one thing, I like about him, his absolute lack of conceit."

Deborah considered. "Tubby wouldn't marry just anybody," she said emphatically.

"I don't mean just anybody. But I can't think of half a dozen girls in our town who could make quite a match for him. Deborah, if they set about it. And, of course, there's one particular."

"Pilar?"

"Yes," she liked? Deborah asked anxiously. "I never knew any girls of your and Sally, and I understand you two pretty well. Isn't she like this Pilar?"

"Not in a hundred years, I'm sure. Not in a thousand years. She's one of these hot-headed stamping beauties. If you know what I mean, Pilar isn't much more Spanish than I am, although she has a Spanish name and a Spanish look, which she takes very good care to intensify. Pilar has huge flashing black eyes, and smooth black hair... she slicks it back and pins a red rose in it, you know... and she makes her mouth very red and doesn't use rouge on her cheeks. And she's tall and graceful and buys wonderful clothes, the kind other people can't get by with."

"Is she very beautiful, Madeline?"

"Very. Almost as beautiful as you, honey, only quite, quite different."

"Have she and Tubby known each other long?"

"Years and years."

"When... surely you needn't worry, Madeline. He would have married her long ago if he'd been going to."

Madeline hesitated. "No," she said finally. "Something new has just occurred in Pilar's life. She wouldn't have married him until now."

A cold finger touched Deborah's heart; but the touch was so light that

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CHAPTER IX

What can I do, Madeline? Madeline brought her gaze back from the distant eastern horizon. "Tubby likes me," she said. "I know he likes me. We get along beautifully together. If I were sure he didn't love Pilar I'd just simply start making him love me."

"But could I find out about Pilar? Is that what you want me to do?"

"I thought you might ask Bryn. He knows. Bryn knows everything about Tubby, just as Tubby knows everything about Bryn. And then you could tell me."

Deborah was silent, her eyes on the cloth. Madeline was supposing that she and Bryn had long hours together, long hours alone, as Simon and Sally did, hours when nobody else heard what they said to each other...

"Do you really love him, Madeline?" she asked softly.

Madeline smiled, a slow smile. Her eyes were tender. "Yes, honey. Really."

"Well, then," Deborah said with a sigh, "I'll see what I can do, Madeline."

It was only an hour or two later when she saw her chance. Tubby was sitting alone on a stump down by the brook, whittling industriously at a willow stick, trying to make himself a whistle. Deborah went down the path and perched herself on a mossy log in front of him.

"Do you like it up here, Tubby?"

"I think it's great. I'm crazy about it."

"Don't you miss all the excitement in the city, and all the rest of your friends?"

"Not a twinge of missing do I get."

All the things you do round very exciting. I mean, all of you, of course. Madeline and Sally have been telling me a little about places, and people. Yesterday they told me about Pilar. That she sounds fascinating."

Tubby looked up. "Pilar?" he said incredulously.

She sounds marvelous. So tall and beautiful. Even her name is lovely, isn't it? Pilar?"

"Do you mean to say those women told you about Pilar?"

"Yes. Why not? I was awfully interested."

"Well," he said with a heavy sigh, "women are the funniest things in captivity. I should think that would have been the last name they would have heard about Pilar. If somehow you had heard about Pilar, I should've thought she'd be the last person you'd be happy about. I never would have dared open my mouth about her, but then, who are I? Just a mere man."

"I don't see why you feel that way, Deborah said, but her smile began to fade to a little stiff and queer. "That isn't any reason why I shouldn't want to hear about Pilar, is there, or wouldn't like her?"

Tubby was silent for a moment. Then, "I suppose not," he said slowly. "Not under the circumstances. After all, everything went wrong right by the board for you, didn't it?" And you know it. So why should you worry about Pilar or anybody else?"

Deborah tore a little piece of green velvet moss off the log, and spread it on the back of her hand. So Tubby didn't know, either. Tubby thought that Bryn had fallen in love with her. In Mr. Howworthy's office, Tubby did know everything about Bryn, after all. Suddenly Deborah thought she understood why Bryn had told all these people falling in love with her. It was to save his own self-respect. He didn't want any of them to know that he had just found a new and interesting way to earn money. Oh, that wasn't fair. That wasn't like Bryn. And last night...

"From the sound of Pilar," she said at last, "I couldn't blame anybody for thinking she was wonderful."

"I suppose she does sound all right," Tubby said dubiously. "But she's not, Deborah. I'm warning you, in case she ever comes near you. But what's been handed to her is hard to take, and it isn't agreeing with her very well."

"Did you hear somebody calling?" Deborah said suddenly. "It sounded like Grandmother. Excuse me, Tubby," and she got up and ran swiftly up the path to the house. Grandmother was not calling. But Deborah knew she couldn't bear to stay with Tubby another second. Her heart felt as if it was breaking. She went up the stairs to her own room, and shut the door behind her.

"The girl he loved... she would be Pilar. Beautiful Pilar, with her black eyes and her black hair and her red mouth. They all thought Bryn had given her up, forgotten her, for Deborah. That was what they had to think. They couldn't possibly understand, when they didn't know the truth; when they didn't know why Bryn had married.

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