

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

— serving the communities of —
**GEORGETOWN, GLEN WILLIAMS, NORVAL, LIMKHOUSE, HORNET
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The Editor's Column

A GOOD IDEA

Deputy-Reeve Jack Armstrong's motion, passed at the last Council meeting, to have councillors elected by general vote rather than by wards as at present, is a good idea and a forward step in municipal affairs. As Mr. Armstrong pointed out, the former system has certain disadvantages which will be overcome by a general vote. For instance, it could be that there are four good men running for office in one ward, all of whom would make good councillors and yet only two can be elected to represent that ward. A general vote gives the town the opportunity to benefit by the services of these four men. A further advantage is that all electors will have a voice in the complete make-up of the Council, rather than a one-third choice as at present. While councillors nominally represent their ward, it is the larger interest of the town as a whole which they serve and every voter should have a chance to vote on each councillor.

Cr. Lyons, who voted against the motion, thinks that there is a danger that the biggest ward might elect all councillors from that area. While this could happen, the Deputy-Reeve does not think townspeople are that narrow-minded and cites examples of Reeves and mayors who live in smaller wards being elected to office in opposition to candidates from larger wards.

The new system will have another advantage in overcoming situations which often crop up where acclamations are given in two wards and if three men run in the remaining ward there is criticism of "forcing" an election. With the whole field open, there should be no doubt that every year will see an election, which after all is our democratic privilege and the only way we can be sure that Council truly represents the choice of the voters.

WE'RE NOT WORRYING NOW

Under the heading "Quit Worrying, Brother," the Acton-Milton editor continued to expound the impracticalities of a central high school in his editorial column last week. Just to keep Georgetowners posted, we reprint his editorial in full. We are most certainly not in agreement and shall continue to do everything in our power to fight the plan. We do not stand alone. The High School Board and Council have both registered majority decisions favouring the status quo, and we don't think for a minute there is any chance of plans proceeding without the leading municipality of the three going into the project. Esqueping Township has voted in favour with two of the five members dissenting, and this fact shows that even the rural municipalities are not solidly behind the plan, and this weakens a central district at Speyside even more.

Here is what Mr. Dills writes:
"The editor of the Georgetown Herald is worried over the present trend in the North Halton High school district and suggests last week another delaying action, in the form of a vote by the municipalities. We can see nothing to be gained by further delay. There isn't one of the urban municipalities concerned that wouldn't like to have the school in their community. There are certain advantages and certain disadvantages to locating it in any one of them which might continue the argument. But the fact remains that not one of the towns is central to the district to be served.

There is another fact that cannot be overlooked. Milton, Acton and Georgetown are all committed to the installation of sewage disposal systems. It's a costly undertaking with the whole cost borne by the municipality, but it's a very necessary project in every one of the three communities. Not one of the three municipalities can alone undertake on top of this expenditure the erection of new school buildings to provide a complete course of secondary education for many years. The school for the district is largely paid for by the provincial department. What treatment will be accorded to individual municipalities in new buildings?

We fail to see any cause for worry. The project is new, the location is a few miles distant from each town served. But with the envisioned growth of all of them it will not be many years until the boundaries of all three municipalities come very close to Speyside and perhaps encircle that location."

LOOK WHO'S HERE

With pleasant memories of last fall's "Laff Revue" still with us, Georgetown folk will be flocking to the Old Town Hall tonight and tomorrow night to see "Look Who's Here." This is the first full-length play to be presented by Apprentice Productions and if the calibre of entertainment approaches that of the Laff Revue we're in for a treat. Many of the same players are in the cast and the play is directed by Jack Thompson who did such a fine job before. Don't miss it!

Everything's Same

By E. A. HOUGHTON

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features

WHEN John came into the kitchen from his room upstairs, they knew the homecoming was a failure. He smiled, but it wasn't the boyish eager grin of eighteen months ago. It was more like the automatic smile of a tired young stranger who was trying to please, trying to seem glad to be home again.

"Gee, Mom, my room—not a thing's been changed," he said slowly. "Everything's almost the same as—"

He stopped and Mathilda, watching her son's lips tighten and his eyes fall, glanced from him to his father. Harvey, silent but tense, sat stiffly in his rocker and stared out the window.

"Everything's almost the same—" The words echoed through the room. But of course it wasn't. Helen was married now and Eddie, who really shared the little room with John, was somewhere in the South Pacific. Nothing really had been the same since the war broke out.

Yet from John's letters Mathilda and Harvey had known he was hoping desperately it would be. "I'm almost afraid to come home," he wrote once just before his furlough. "I'm afraid things will be so different."

That was why they had tried—why the little upstairs room had been reopened, why the old pennants were tacked again on the walls, why the '22 had been oiled and placed in its spot behind the kitchen stove, along with the high-topped hunting boots, just as they used to be.

Harvey shifted uneasily in his chair. Then he rose, crossed the room and commenced pulling on his galoshes. His voice was calm. "Come on, John. There's someone down in the barn that's mighty anxious to see you."

The son turned his head. "Nellie?" Harvey stamped his feet on the hard floor and nodded, smiling. The young soldier was silent as his mother pulled the coats from the row of hooks on the wall beside the stove. He took the heavy army coat she gave him, and she offered an usher to his father.

"Not that one, Mathilda," his father growled. "The red one." Mathilda frowned, placed the coat on the hook and handed him his hunting coat. "Smelly old thing," she fussed. "I don't see why you never wear the good one no more."

Harvey merely grunted as he pulled on the jacket and led his son to the door. Walking toward the barn neither had anything to say. But as they approached it John spoke suddenly: "I bet she doesn't even remember me."

"That's where you're wrong, son," Harvey answered firmly with a scornful frown. "She's been pinin' for you ever since you left—won't let anyone else even touch her. Why, I have to let her out in the pasture to clean her stall."

"Yeah?" John's tone was politely skeptical. "Wait here a second, son," the old man said at the barn door, "and let me show you. Watch."

John stepped out of sight of the horse as his father approached Nellie. On seeing the red-coated figure the young mare reared quickly, whinnied and pawed the air.

"Whoa, Nellie!" the old man said, but the frightened mare whirled, snorted and retreated to the rear. Harvey came back to John, smiling. "See?" he said triumphantly. "Now, you try it."

There was a tense expression about the young man's mouth as he stepped forward. From the door where John had stood, the father looked on quietly. The horse whinnied again, reared toward the soldier and poked his muzzle into the khaki collar. John's hands went up and stroked the soft wet nose. "Hello, Nellie," he murmured warmly. "You do remember—don't you?"

Harvey was happy as he went back into the kitchen. Mathilda threw him an inquiring glance, and Harvey motioned her to the window. Side by side, through the frosted glass they saw John lead the mare from the barn, mount her unsaddled, just as he used to do, and then horse and rider galloped down the lane.

As he passed the house John turned, waved and grinned—the old boyish grin. Everything, they knew then, was the same after all. The stove sizzled. The room was pleasantly warm. Mathilda turned to her husband, sniffed, and said in a scolding voice, "Harvey, take off that dirty old hunting jacket. Heavens, it smells like a stable!"

Harvey walked to the row of hooks, pulled off the coat and placed it on the rack tenderly, as if it were an old friend. "It oughta smell a little bit like horses, Mathilda," he said. "You see, I've been whippin' poor old Nellie with it every day 'n' over a month!"

Handy Scrub Brush
When a scrub brush is necessary to properly clean the floor, put a hole in the top of the brush and insert a handle. This will eliminate work on the hands and knees.

NORVAL DANCE AIDS LACROSSE THIS SUMMER

A dance to raise funds for lacrosse in Norval this summer was held last Wednesday in the Parish Hall, with the Modern Aires playing for modern and old time dancing. It had been planned to have extra in the basement but there were not enough players and the evening was limited to dancing. Refreshments were served during intermission. Prizes for the birthday dance went to Alma Mae Hunter and Alex Tonell and Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKee won a spot dance prize.

Proceeds from the dance will be used to further lacrosse activities in Norval this summer.

Guests included:
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wrigglesworth, Lloyd Stapleton, Joyce Kinnawin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. B. Archer, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Lyons, R. Tonell, S. Emery, Gordon Bailey, Dorothy Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schertel, Mr. and Mrs. John Madill, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Hunter, Mary O'Hara, Clifford McDonald, Gordon McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Leslie, W. A. Brain, Mary Brain, Mary Coupland, Roy Coupland, Warwick Coupland, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cronar, Mr. and Mrs. Q. Perri, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. McMeekin, A. L. Perri, D. Bilok, Herb Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Orichon, Violet Dick, E. Lindsey, L. Lindsey, Annie McCauley, F. Nettress, J. M. Eccles, M. Ford, Fred Kee, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Fisher, Bob Lawson, John McNabb, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shields, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dewhurst, John McCure, Spence McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cameron, Hugh McCullum, Douglas McCullum, Mr. and Mrs. Don Galtion, Mr. and Mrs. Clure Dolson, Jack May.

Jack McDougall, Harold Skelton, Mr. and Mrs. N. Fendley, Frank Dolson, Leslie Handy, Herb Moreton, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dolson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Giffen, Roy Bradley, Bill Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Neils Robinson, Jas. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Chester, Jean Chester, Mac Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Brown, Bill Archdekin, Sam McCare, Margaret Alexander, Duncan Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fidler, Alma Mae Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Cam Sinclair.

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