THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Ninth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, May 6th, 1936. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
Effective April 26th, 1936
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	5.25 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.33 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.21 p.m.
Passenger, Sundays only	7.31 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.43 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.13 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.52 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
New Schedule
EFFECTIVE MAY 3rd, 1936
LEAVE GEORGETOWN DAILY

West	East
9.25 a.m.	8.00 a.m.
11.55 a.m.	8.25 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	11.35 a.m.
3.55 p.m.	2.25 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	4.15 p.m.
8.55 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
11.20 p.m.	9.15 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME
Itineraries planned to all points in Canada, United States and Mexico.
Consult your local agent
LONG'S CONFECTIONERY
Phone 29

ARROW

DIRECTORY

LEROY DALE, K.C.
Barrister and Solicitor
Georgetown, Ontario
Offices—Gregory Theatre Bldg. Mill St

KENNETH M. LANGDON
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
First Mortgage Money to Loan
Offices—Main Street South
Phone 32 — Georgetown

SWONBURNE & RICHARDSON
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.
FRANK W. RICHARDSON, B.A.
Money to Loan
Telephone 548 Residence 585
Office—Andersons Bldg. — Queen St.
BRAMPTON

RANEY, GRAYDON, LAWRENCE & COOK
Barristers, Etc.
465 Bay St., Toronto—Brampton, Ont.
E. Prater Raney, K.C.
H. Edward Cook
Gordon Graydon, 333 Main St. North
Brampton, Telephone 783
Harold R. Lawrence, Loblaw Building, Brampton, Telephone 643

F. E. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
Georgetown
Office Hours—9 to 5, Except Thursday Afternoons

A. M. NIELSEN
21st Year of Practice
Chiropractor
X-RAY
Drugless Therapist
Lady Attendant
Office over Dominion Store
Georgetown
Hours: 2 - 5 — 7.30 - 8.30 p.m.
Closed Thursday Phone 139r

FRANK PETCH
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the Counties of Peel and Halton
Prompt Service
Telephones:
Cheltenham 36 r 23, Georgetown 41 r 3
Post Office—Cheltenham

Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Successors to Cater & Worth
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request - Phone 1012
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

Commercial
Printing
of all Kinds
We can give you satisfaction
The Georgetown Herald

Any Time is Tea Time
"SALADA" TEA

The Cost of Glasses

Depends largely on the quality of lens and frame you choose. We specialize in a thorough Eye Examination — 15 year's experience. Our 1936 new low price on first quality glasses is just as reasonable as any of the large city houses. Consult
O. T. WALKER, R.O.
OPTOMETRIST, EYESIGHT SPECIALIST, Brampton
who is at ROBEN'S DRUG STORE, Georgetown, the second Wednesday of every month.
Or you may consult O. T. Walker at his office in Brampton

THE KING TAKES A WALK

Nobody ever saw a photograph of King George walking in the street, nor of King Edward or Queen Victoria. The other day King Edward VIII walked out of Buckingham Palace with a friend and proceeded up the Mall about half a mile to a meeting at Buckingham Gate. A few workmen gave a timid cheer and he tipped his derby to them.

Only once, it is reported, did King George venture to walk out of the Palace. About 100 yards up the Mall from the main gate is the huge and beautiful marble memorial to Queen Victoria. The King had driven past it probably thousands of times, and he said one day he would like to have a closer look at it. So he walked out and looked. Queen Victoria once expressed a desire to ride in a street car. But of course, she never could.

There are few things the common people do that King Edward has not done, and if there is anything he wants to do, he'll do it, king or no king.

HEALTH REPORT

The following is the report of communicable diseases by the M.O.H. to Georgetown Board of Health for April, 1936:—

Diphtheria	0
Scarlet	0
Chickenpox	0
Measles	0
German Measles	2
Mumps	0
Infantile Paralysis	0
Typhoid Fever	0
Whooping Cough	1
Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis	0

AMBITION

I want to be a helpful man and render service true,
To cheer some pilgrim out of luck and show him what to do.
If I give but a cheering smile 'twill make another life worth while.

I want to be a useful man engaged in useful work,
To fill the hours with honest toil, and never grudge my shirt.
For if I look with willing mind some useful work I'm sure to find.

I want to be a kindly man with sympathetic heart,
To those in sorrow or distress I'll play a brother's part;
For, after all, it's what you give that makes you good to be alive.

But most of all I want to be a man of sterling worth,
That I may prove myself to be full worthy of my birth;
For, though I fill a humble place, I then can walk with happy face.
—Grenville Kleiser.

IT'S MAGIS SPELL

Spring has her signals out, and all creation seems young. Trees will soon be budding and lawns growing green again. The amateur gardener has located his spade, hoe and rake, and stands at the back door in dreamy contemplation of what he will plant this season. Fish-laden streams beckon from the horizon, and what man can set his jaws, grit his teeth—and be firm against fishing!

In some mesmeric fashion, too Spring has set her spell over the household. We have visions of new wallpaper on some of the rooms, gaily painted kitchens and verandahs, fresh colorful curtains on the windows — just something new, and bright and clean.

Spring is one of nature's great medicines for the human body, the human mind and human soul—a stimulant with no bad after-effects, wonderful in its results, and, above all, pleasant to take.

There has been a lot of talk about shorter hours, but Bert says he hasn't seen any yet that didn't have sixty minutes in them.

Life is full of troubles, nine-tenths of which you could end by not giving a darn.

Over the Fence

By DAPHNE A. McVICKER

IN TEN minutes her father would drive into the garage. He would have the payroll money in the inner pocket of his topcoat. This man beside her, with his hand ominously under his coat where a nasty bulge disfigured the natty lines of his checked suit would step inside the garage door.

Her father would not obey. Not her father, that snorting, fire-breathing warrior of an older day. He wouldn't realize that you couldn't argue with the modern bandit as you might have with Robin Hood. He'd fight back. And then—

Then the man would shoot. And to stop him, there remained ten minutes, a hundred and ten pound girl, and a tall pale boy in the next yard who was a peaceable soul at best and who was gaily whistling how he watered his garden.

Rose gulped unhappily. If only she hadn't come home early to wash her hair. She'd have come riding in with her father and perhaps—perhaps she could have helped. Somehow.

But she had come home early and gone into the back yard to dry her fresh of yellow curls. Bob Wood was next door, as usual, watering his lawn.

"Flowers all under control?" Rose asked him with a smile. It had been an old battle with them even before Bob had had the long illness which made the sunny back yard his only exercise.

"Mostly under control," he told her. "Only—there's a rose that needs transplanting. She—this rose, I mean—is not blooming the way I'd like. I could give it excellent care, the best heartsease, a suitable environment—"

"And insect powder to taste?" Rose inquired haughtily. "I'm afraid I'm not interested, Bob. Excuse me if I follow the sun to get my hair dry. I'm expecting company."

"In fact," Bob said, shading his eyes, "I think it has arrived. Out by your garage? A nice flashy job."

Rose had gone to the garage in astonishment to greet this loudly dressed stranger. He mollified her nearer and then laid a hand on her arm.

"Quiet, sister. Just stick around over here and you're going to be all right! We understand you rode home with your old man. Well, now that you're here, you just stay here, see? And not a word to your dad when he drives up if you want to see him come out of the garage the right way."

The pay roll. She understood instantly. She stood very still, her little heart-shaped face white and drained, her lips motionless.

"Just get rid of the boy friend, sister," the man told her still in an undertone, his hand on that nasty bulge under his coat. She looked around. Bob was standing by the fence, the hose in his hand, watching the pair curiously.

"Of course I'll show you the garden," she told the stranger loudly. "Although I don't know as much about it as some people, I think I can describe the flowers I know best."

Bob watched them oddly for a moment and then he turned away, the garden hose in his hand sending out an arc of water.

Rose's voice was high pitched and almost shrill. The man's small squinting eyes bored into here but she moved slowly and he had to follow.

"There," she told him, pointing to a bed of pansies, "are marigolds. Early spring marigolds."

Clear across the yard and the next door fence Rose sensed that Bob had stopped in astonishment at this bare-faced piece of misinformation and was looking curiously at the two in her garden.

"And these," she added, pointing to some proud delphinium blossoms, "are banditti. Banditti—Italian name. Nice name, isn't it? Unusual. It's a plant. A plant not everybody sees."

"Over here," she continued, "is something odd. Papa-cusa."

"Papa—cusa," she repeated. It sounded like Latin, didn't it? The robber wouldn't know, but Bob should.

But he was sprinkling the lawn, paying no attention. Her elaborate plan had failed, then. She shouldn't have tried it with a gardener, a man of nature. He thought this awful man was a guest. Oh!—and was that the brake on her father's sedan?

One more try. She lifted a leafy branch.

"Here," she said "Holdup. Holdup. This rose—this flower—chrysanthemum," she pleaded.

Into the alley whirled the tan and blue car. "Steady, Sister," the man hissed at her. The car straightened across the alley and her father jumped out to open the doors. He waved gaily to Rose, his ruddy face cheerful. The trees in the corner of the lawn began to dip, the scarlet tulips did a wild, colorful dance.

She wasn't faint. She wasn't.

Her father had the garage door open now and was getting into the car. The holdup man started for the side door.

Then he was gasping and sputtering and waving both hands, his mouth open and protesting like some hideous fish. The full blast of water shooting fiercely from the garden hose next door had foiled him. He clawed at his blinded eyes, gasping.

Bob was over the fence and had thrust Rose behind him.

While they reported their catch to the police, Rose was thinking, while a big moon lighted the garden.

"You understood every word of my gibberish, didn't you?" she asked Bob.

He grinned. "Not bad for a novice," he said. "But you forgot one important flower. Tulips. Tulips—together."

THE MONOTONY OF LIFE

There is no monotony in living to him who walks even in the quietest and tamest paths with open and perceptive eyes. The monotony of life, if life is monotonous to you, is in you, not in the world. It may be that you think all days alike, and grow weary with their sameness, and get none of the stimulus and solemnity which comes from constantly reaching unexpected places and experiences. You cannot think what a different, what a more solemn and delightful place this world is to a man who goes out every morning into a new world, who starts each day with the certainty that he "has not passed that way heretofore."—Phillips Brooks.

Mother's Day

Sunday, May 10th

The Lord could not be Everywhere
So he made Mothers.

THE Heaven that lies about us in our infancy is Motherhood, and no matter how exalted or how depraved we may become we are always attended by the grace of a Mother's love. Nor does that vision splendid ever fade into the light of common day. Every great man has glorified a great Mother.

In the tragedy of Calvary it is beautiful to see the Master looking down upon His Mother in tenderest solicitude, telling her to comfort his best disciple, and him to comfort her.

Mother's Day let each of us honor the hallowed memory of His Mother, wearing in token thereof the floral symbol of purity. Of other blessings we may have had great stores, but of the most precious Influence there was but One.

God thought to give the sweetest thing
In His almighty power,—
To earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart
And gave to earth—a Mother!

MOTHER

I might have sung great songs today,
My soul was in the muse's sway,
And yet somehow I lost my song.
My hands were busy all day long,
I bound a hurt and throbbing finger,
And dried the tears that tried to linger;
I buttered bread and baked a cake,
I kissed two sleepy eyes awake.
My song is gone, but in my heart
Is music that can never depart.
The world will never hear its note,
Its sweet strains do not leave my throat,
But trolling softly in their beds
I see three tousled little heads,
And, sweeter sound than any other,
Come whispered words, "I love you, Mother!"
—Helen Young Snyder.

KING OF THE POLAR ICE-PACK

"Nan-Nook-Suah," the big white bear, does not read the diet books for strive for a properly balanced menu. If a kindly fate keeps him provided with a generous supply of seals, he seeks no variety and considers that all is well with the world. Nor does he attempt even to mix fat with lean. Unless he is unusually hungry, Nan-nook seldom devours more than the seal's skin and blubber. Doubtless feeling at the moment that he will never be hungry again, he leaves the meat and bones to the arctic foxes, who partly live on his bounty, though Nan-nook's generosity to these despised little neighbors is quite unintentional.

But all the northern folk unite in respect and admiration for Nan-nook-suah. His are the qualities to which the Eskimo aspires. Human hunters copy his patience in seal stalking. They pay tribute to his courage as he fights to the death against their dogs and spears and arrows as well as the unknown, unseen and deadly expanding bullet. They envy his tremendous strength and the tirelessness which carries him on for endless miles when all other creatures drop with exhaustion. Little wonder that the charm bag around the child's neck contains a bit of Nan-nook's fur or claw; for what better guardian spirit could one hope to have?

Like all the animal people Nan-nook tends to move southward with winter and northward with summer. His favorite hunting ground is the shore line or the edge of the slowly moving ice-pack, for here he best can obtain seals. On shore, where his kind have learned to avoid the haunts of men, Nan-nook is wary. But far out on the sea ice he is undisputed monarch, knowing no forms of life but his own and that of seals, foxes and gulls. Thus the infrequent travelers sometimes have exciting encounters with polar bears who walk fearlessly into their camp on the sea ice.

Stefansson, the noted explorer, believes that these visits, which sometimes replenish depleted larders with welcome bear meat, are due to the camp's aroma of seal. "Aha," says Nan-nook, sniffing the air from afar with sensitive nostrils. "I smell dead seal." In daylight he walks up unconcernedly and if moving against the wind he may be almost on top of the men and dogs before discovery. For Nan-nook goes noiselessly and his coat blends with the landscape. When he comes close enough to see the men and dogs moving about he supposes them to be some particularly noisy variety of fox or gull; for it never occurs to him that he has anything to fear on the sea ice.

At night, the bear similarly approaches the sleeping camp. He thinks that the forms of the tethered dogs, sleeping on the snow, are the dead seals he has winded. But suddenly a dog gives some sign of life or movement. "These seals must be alive after all," decides Nan-nook. Now he drops to his stomach and begins to stalk the sleeping "seals" carefully. Occasionally he is successful, seizing and killing a dog before he realizes that it isn't a seal. But usually the dogs catch wind or sight of him and put up a great clamor. "Wrong again," thinks Nan-nook. "These are only some noisy kind of fox or gull." And he resumes his walking approach, but now the men are awake and wait the moment for a shot behind the heart.

Yet sometimes Nan-nook really takes the camp by surprise. It is not pleasant to hear a thousand pounds of white-skinned dynamite climbing over the snow-house, which suddenly seems to the excited imagination no stronger than an eggshell. But like that farm-yard product the igloo will bear surprising weight, though breaking easily under a sharp blow. Fortunately Nan-nook has no suspicion that a lazy swoop of his trip-hammer paw would send him down among the inviting smells of the igloo, which would be embarrassing to his hosts whose rifles are probably resting against the wall outside.

This monarch of the polar ice fields, unlike his black cousin of more temperate climes, does not become very friendly with man. In zoos the polar bears are regarded as among the more dangerous inmates. Often northern travellers have taken the cubs of dead or missing bears, though the little chaps fight manfully against capture. In a few recorded cases very young bears have become tame enough to accompany their human captors about. But they remain far from domesticated and reduce to a shambles the interior of any dwelling whose walls attempt to confine them. If allowed their freedom they soon hear the call of the wild and desert the haunts of men.

In the full freedom of his natural home, Nan-nook-suah is in truth a noble beast, and seldom dangerous to man when unmolested. He should be killed only in case of necessity, for though still fairly common in some regions, his numbers are dwindling.—In "Our Dumb Animals."

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE DELEGATES FROM HALTON

May 28th, has been announced as the convention date of the Ontario Liberal-Conservative association at Toronto, when a leader will be chosen by votes of the delegates. Those from Halton county are as follows: County, L. K. Pieck, Georgetown; Lloyd D. Dingle, Burlington, and Geo. E. Elliott, Milton; Acton, Mrs. (Dr.) McNiven; Burlington, Arthur Allen; Georgetown, Victor King; Milton, R. K. Anderson; Oakville, Philip Chambers; Esquesing, M. J. Carton; Nassagaweya, W. L. Elliot; Nelson, J. T. Tuck; Trafalgar, John Haddon; also Geo. Currie, Esquesing; W. S. Davis, Oakville; M. C. Smith, Burlington; Malcon Milne, Burlington; Stewart Brown, Oakville, and Wm. Millan, Georgetown—Gazette, Burlington.

Some women permit their husbands to select their own clothes, being content to just pick the pockets.

Annual Meeting of Halton Presbyterial

The seventh annual meeting of the Halton Presbyterial of the Woman's Missionary Society was held in Milton United Church on April 28th, Mrs. H. Inglehart of Bronte, presiding. Words of welcome were given by Mrs. A. K. Leonard, of Milton, and replied to by Mrs. W. H. Caswell of Oakville. 159 answered the roll call. The courtesy committee comprised Mrs. A. R. Vannatter, Mrs. Totten and Miss Blanchard; resolution committee, Mrs. P. McMonnies, Mrs. D. Frank Ford and Mrs. I. Clark; finance committee, Mrs. Segsworth, Mrs. Shortill, Mrs. W. Shepherd, Mrs. Sherwood Coulton and Mrs. Leonard. The worship service was taken by Mrs. Hutt and Mrs. Overend, of Georgetown. The morning session and part of the afternoon session was given to receiving reports as follows:—Supply Secretary, Mrs. McNiven, a wonderful response; Associate helpers, Mrs. Chas. Readhead, a storehouse from which to draw our auxiliary members; missionary monthly, Mrs. John McDermid; temperance, Mrs. E. R. Watson; strangers, Mrs. W. Gunby; treasurer, Mrs. R. Segsworth reported $3395.64 sent to Presbyterial treasurer. Mrs. Sargent dedicated the 1935 offering. A report of the Christian Stewardship and acceptance of the allocation was given by Mrs. F. W. Shortill. Literature, Miss E. Hopkins; baby bands, Mrs. G. I. Stephenson. Here a lovely baby band service took place and four little girls graduated from the baby band to the Mission band. Mission band, Mrs. A. Speight, who also presented the banner for efficiency in 1935 to Georgetown. Mission Circle and C.G.I.T. groups, Mrs. R. M. Clements, Milton.

Mrs. Dale in a few well chosen words introduced the guest speaker Mrs. Frank Day, of Toronto, who took for her subject "Africa Marches On," showing what a problem the pioneers had in establishing our mission fields, and their wonderful work under great hardships and now a younger staff carry on what they began. A playlet entitled "Thanksgiving Ann", put on by the Milton Auxiliary taught a much needed lesson on tything. Mrs. James Loughland, of Guelph, the Branch president, was present and spoke a few words of encouragement. An impressive memorial service was conducted by Mrs. Barberie, of Acton, in memory of nineteen members who had passed on during the year 1935. Flowers were placed on the pulpit in their memory. Oakville extended an invitation for 1937. Mrs. H. G. Arnott brought greetings and presided over the election and installation of officers.

In the evening Rev. G. F. N. Atkinson, Carlisle, brought greetings from the Presbytery. The review of the year's work given by the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Pickard, showed that a splendid achievement had been accomplished through the year, and as a result a slight increase had been made over last year. Milton choir provided music; Mrs. E. Foster, Milton, gave a violin solo; a play, "The Romance of Mary and Robert Moffat," was beautifully presented by the Nelson Circle. The address of the evening was given by Rev. A. McGowan, Bronte, on "Angrey of Africa," which added greatly to the session. Mrs. Inglehart, in her closing words at the final session, was full of encouragement and love to go forward in God's promises and to be much in prayer.

The following is the result of the election of officers: president, Mrs. H. Inglehart, Bronte R. R. 1; first vice-president, Mrs. E. Wilson, Georgetown R. R. 3; second vice-president, Mrs. Chas. Readhead, Milton R. R. 3; third vice-president, Mrs. P. Hadley, Milton; recording secretary, Mrs. G. W. Tunks, Burlington; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. E. Pickard, Bronte; treasurer, Mrs. Ross Segsworth, Freeman R. R. 2; secretary of Christian Steward and finance, Mrs. F. W. Shortill, Georgetown R. R. 1; Mission Circle, Mrs. R. M. Clements, Milton; affiliated G.G.I.T. groups, Mrs. R. M. Clements, Milton; Mission Bands, Mrs. Arthur Speight, Georgetown; Baby Bands, Mrs. G. I. Stephenson, Limehouse; Associate Helpers, Mrs. H. Caldwell, Acton; supply, Mrs. Frank McNiven, Campbellville R. R. 3; strangers, Mrs. Walker Gunby, Freeman, R. R. 1; literature, Miss K. Hopkins, Freeman R. R. 2; Missionary Monthly and World Friends, Mrs. J. McDermid, Georgetown; temperance, Mrs. K. R. Watson, Freeman R. R. 2; press, Miss Ada Marshall, Trafalgar.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS FROM NEAR AND FAR

C. V. Charters, of Brampton, was elected to the board of directors of the Printing Trades Accident Prevention Association at the annual convention of the Industrial Accident Prevention Associations held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto.

Burlington closed its transient quarters on Friday for the summer months, it being the custom to close on May 1st. The number of transients staying here is dwindling each night now, with the approach of fine weather.

Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture, suggests that chickens have a tattoo mark placed on their wings so that they may be identified in case they get into the hands of chicken thieves.

During 1935, 3,397 automobiles were registered in the City of Guelph.

To speed its growth and development as a resort, Wasaga Beach will likely ask incorporation as a self-governing community, Reeve S. E. Potton, of Sunnidale township, stated.

Local relief has been formally discontinued in Elora.

Burlington town council unloosed its purse strings and granted the plea of the public health nurse for a raise in pay. It decreed an increase of one cent a day.

Efforts are being made by organizations in Guelph to secure the International Plowing Match for 1937.

Haliburton, a village with a population at the end of the steel in Haliburton County, boasts that there has not been an empty house in the community in four years.

June 30 to 23 has been decided upon for the old girls' and boys' reunion in Shelburne. The Central Committee is as follows: Hon. President, J. W. Hamilton; President, Reeve T. J. O'Flynn; Secretary, Fred Clarridge; Treasurer, H. A. Livingstone.

HEALTH VALUE OF DAIRY PRODUCTS

Milk is the most nearly perfect food, containing more of the nutrients the body requires than any other article of diet. It stands first as a source of calcium—the mineral necessary for the development of bones and teeth, and is also valuable for the proteins, fat, sugar, and vitamins it contains, states the Milk Utilization Service, Dairy and Cold Storage Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture.

Pasteurization is the process whereby towns and cities can be assured of a safe milk supply. To pasteurize, the milk is heated to a temperature of 142 to 145 degrees F., held at this temperature for 30 minutes, then cooled very quickly. During the heating process disease producing bacteria are killed.

Homogenized milk is milk which has been subjected to great pressure, whereby the fat globules are broken up to such minute particles that they cannot rise in the form of cream.

The various concentrated milks on the market are heated during manufacture, and although slight losses may occur in the calcium salts and proteins, the actual food value is not, to any extent, impaired. The following are the approximate equivalents to one quart of whole, fresh milk:—18½ ounces evaporated milk; 5 ounces whole milk powder; 3¾ ounces skim-milk powder plus two ounces butter.

Cheese is a concentrated milk product, and although very different in form from milk is very similar in nutritive value. Serve cheese with bulky foods such as vegetables and cereals, cooking it at a low temperature. Well ripened, or what is termed "old" cheese will impart more flavour to cooked foods than milk cheese.

Butter is a superior fat for baking. Good butter has an incomparable flavour, and it gives a rich colour to cakes and cookies. In Western Canada all creamery butter is sold according to Government grade—First Grade, Second Grade, Third Grade and No Grade. The grade mark is stamped on the wrapper. Graded print butter is also available in many Eastern cities. If you want the best butter, buy First Grade—the grade mark is your guarantee of quality.

High quality dairy products—milk, cream, cheese, butter and ice cream—rank among the first of the healthful foods and should, therefore, be as generously used as income allows.

CARROLL'S
FRESH
CHOCOLATE PUFFS 2 Lbs. 25c
CHASE & SANBORN'S
DATED COFFEE 1-lb. Bag 35c
COWAN'S COCOA 1-lb. Tin 23c
LIPTON'S TEA ½-lb. Red Pkg. 27c
PURE LARD Maple Leaf 2 1-lb. Pkgs. 27c
ANNA LEE SCOTT CAKE FLOUR Package 33c
CARROLL'S PURE BAKING POWDER 1-lb. Tin 17c
SPANISH
QUEEN OLIVES 18-oz. Jar 23c
CLOVER LEAF
PINK SALMON 1-lb. Tin 11c
FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD Jar 11c
DE LUXE JELLY POWDERS 6 Pkgs. 25c
SHAKER SALT Package 5c
FOR QUICK SUDS CHIPSO Large Package 19c
THEY'LL BE SAFE IN LUX FLAKES Large Package 22c
SURE LITE
MATCHES (Pocket Size 4 for 5c) 3 Boxes 20c
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
Old Dutch lasts longer and does a more thorough job with scratchless efficiency. Save the labels! They enable you to buy Wm. A. Roger's A 1 Plat Silverware at wholesale cost. Ask us for details. 6 Tins 53c
Carroll's Limited
Lettuce ICEBERG Firm Heads Good Size 6c
Cabbage NEW — NICE SIZE Green Heads 5c lb.
PINEAPPLES DELICIOUS - NICE FLAVOR - SIZE 13c ea.
ORANGES Navel — Sweet and Juicy Medium Large 25c doz
GRAPEFRUIT Good size—Fully of Juice 6 for 25c
TOMATOES Firm — Ripe 2 lbs. 25c
POTATOES Very Flowery Cookers No 1 Full Peck 33c
Carrots Large Good Size bunches 5c
LETTUCE LARGE LEAF Bunches 5c
POTATOES NEW—No. 2 Size 3 lbs. 13c
BANANAS GOLDEN - LOVELY YELLOW - FLAVOR 19c doz.
Asparagus, Hot House Cucumbers, Etc at special prices
Main Street Free Delivery Phone 357 Georgetown