THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Seventieth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, August 19th, 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	6.25 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.20 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.35 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.31 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.	5.45 a.m.
11.55 a.m.	8.35 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 19

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 36 — Georgetown

W. C. GRANT
Barrister, Etc.
Offices—O'Neill Block, Main St., Georgetown.
Phone 234. — P.O. Box 186

RANEY, GRAYDON, LAWRENCE & COOK
Barristers, Etc.
465 Bay St., Toronto—Brampton, Ont.
E. Fraser Raney, K.C.
H. Edward Cook
Gordon Graydon, 333 Main St. North Brampton, Telephone 587
Harold R. Lawrence, Loblaw Building, Brampton, Telephone 645

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

A. M. NIELSEN
24th Year of Practice
Chiropractor
X-RAY
Drugless Therapist
Lady Attendant
Office over Dominion Store
Georgetown
Hours: 2 - 5 — 7.30 - 9.30 p.m.
Closed Thursday Phone 156w

FRANK PETCH
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the Counties of Peel and Halton
Prompt Service
Telephones:
Cheltenham 36 r 22, Georgetown 61 r 3
Post Office—Cheltenham

Monuments
POLLOCK & INGHAM
Successors to Oaler & Worth
Galt, Ont.
Designs on Request - Phone 1645
Inspect our work in Greenwood Cemetery.

Commercial
Printing
of all Kinds
We can give you satisfaction

The Georgetown Herald

LAMENT

In youth the world seemed rich as gold;
In age I'm cold. Perhaps growing old?
For I am growing grey to-day!

In youth I laughed with ringing cheer!
In age I seem to see with fear,
Each time I wake, life's huge mistake!

In youth the days were just sublime!
In age I seem to count the time;
For skies are often grey to-day!

In youth I thought the birds were sent
To cheer! and flowers gave out their scent,
But now, birds fly and flowers die!

In youth for joy, I'd often run
And gambol in the noon-day sun;
Days now are dull, and eyes oft full.

In youth, so anxious to be gay,
I'd seldom any time to pray!
'Tis now my lot to have forgot!

In youth I knew—well, everything!
(An ignorance to youth doth cling);
But with maturer years come fears!

Perhaps it's age—the book's last page!
Perhaps I'm abler now to guage
The why, and wherefore, than of yore!

—Rupert W. Bell.

NUTRITIONAL VALUE OF ALFALFA

Experiments in the feeding of sheep for the correction of nutritional deficiencies common to breeding ewes, fed under range conditions and on farms in western Canada, have resulted in findings which are likely to prove of great value to sheep ranchers and farmers. The University of Alberta, in co-operation with the National Research Council, has been carrying on experiments aimed to improve rations for breeding ewes in years when winters are long and grazing is difficult, or when as a result of drought the variety of feeds produced on farms is restricted.

Experiments covering a period of years show that alfalfa hay contains ingredients which approximate quite closely those contained in natural pastures. Ewes receiving alfalfa hay as part of the ration retained their thriftiness, reproductive capacity and general health over a period of eighteen months, even though kept on dry feed summer and winter.

The value of this information to ranchers and farmers is that it suggests the importance of feeding alfalfa hay at all times. When, due to adverse climatic conditions, feed has to be bought or made available on the range or on farms, first consideration should be given to the purchase of alfalfa hay, especially if required for breeding stock.

The findings of the experiments are of special significance in view of the greater volume of alfalfa now being produced in the prairie provinces and throughout Canada.

RING DIDN'T FIT RIGHT FINGER SO MAN JAILED

Because of a ring, Harold Malone, Regina, Saskatchewan, who was arrested in Georgetown last week, was sentenced by Police Magistrate L. J. C. Bull in Brampton, to serve three months determinate and three months indeterminate in the Ontario reformatory. He appeared on a charge of stealing the ring from C. W. Carney, a Georgetown farmer, by whom he was employed last July.

Mr. Carney, in his testimony, told the court that he had purchased the ring from a Toronto jeweler last December. He pointed out to the court a monogrammed "W" on the ring which, he said, stood for "Willrick" his second name. He had first missed the ring, he said, early in July. A representative of the jewelry store from which he claimed to have purchased the ring appeared and substantiated Carney's testimony in every way, even to the letter "W" on the ring.

Malone, called to testify in his defence, gave the ring an entirely different history. The ring, he informed the court, had been purchased for him by his brother in Regina in the latter part of 1934, prior to his leaving the city for Winnipeg, where he had expected to "break into" hockey. The national winter game was also his reason for coming east, he said.

Requesting that the ring be inverted, Malone drew the attention of the court once more to the monogram inscribed on it. "That is no 'W,' he declared. That is an 'M', which stands for Malone, my surname."

Counsel for Malone produced in court a man claimed to be an expert witness in monograms, who had been employed in job printing for seven years. Displaying a printing catalogue in court, the witness declared that, in his opinion, the monogram was unmistakably an "M".

"Try the ring on," Crown Attorney Davis suggested to Malone. The ring fitted the middle finger quite lightly.

"That's a queer place to wear a ring," the crown pointed out.

"My brother wanted to give me the ring as a surprise, and didn't take my measurements," Malone explained.

When the crown ordered a similar test applied to Carney, the ring was found to fit the ring finger perfectly.

Malone explained the fact that he had not worn the ring around the Carney farm because they were engaged in work involving a strong lye solution, and he hadn't wanted the ring to become corroded.

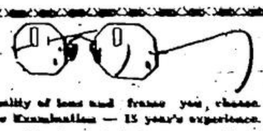
Not So Slow

The scotchman couldn't find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing. "What's that in your mouth?" the conductor asked.

Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, when several of the passengers laughed, "I'm nae so absentminded. It was a verr auld ticket and I was just suckin' off the date."

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 ROBB'S DRUG STORE, Georgetown, the second Wednesday of every month.
Or you may consult O. T. Walker at his office in Brampton

NOTES AND COMMENTS

NEW GUN REGULATIONS

After September 15th, an ordinary gun license such as is issued by the department of game and fisheries will not permit a person to carry a high-powered rifle in the bush—not even a .25—unless he has a deer or moose hunting license and that in the open season. This regulation comes as a result of a tightening up of Ontario's game and fish laws under an act recently passed. Game Wardens all over Ontario have been instructed to enforce the new law rigorously as the one final check on those who deliberately go about shooting out of season. A gun license in the future will permit a man to carry only a .22-rifle or a shotgun while going through the bush.

WHY NOT CALL A SPADE A SPADE

In this age of political unrest and turmoil it must be conceded that Premier John Bracken had a long term of office. But Manitoba electors are the same as all others. They want a change of government, but in this case they don't seem to know just what party they want to run the affairs of the province. The C.C.F. it is clearly shown, has lost its grip on the Winnipeg vote. Political side issues spring up and flourish for a brief period and then fall by the wayside. But the two old political parties, Liberals and Conservatives, continue to be the dominating forces. Just why both of these parties should be hyphenated is a mystery to the younger generation of the electorate. Today we have Liberal-Progressives; we have had Liberal-Conservatives since the days of confederation. The former just means that they are Grits, and the latter simply implies Tories. The Manitoba situation will be watched with keen interest.

DO YOU DO THIS?

One can scarcely understand the thoughtlessness of parents who would lock their baby in a car and go off to enjoy themselves, as reported from Alliston recently. People passing the car noticed the baby, which was a mere infant, was in distress, and in a very short time the distress became intensified. Search in the immediate vicinity failed to find the parents and no one could get into the car. As the child appeared to be suffocating a police officer smashed some glass and effected an entrance to rescue the child, which was taken in charge by some women. The officer severely reprimanded the parents when they came on the scene. The episode reminds us of the intense indignation of a visitor from Europe over mothers she had seen on her travels across Canada on boats and in hotels who could enjoy evening social affairs while their youngsters slept on chairs, floors or anywhere they could lay their sleepy heads. The mothers were not all Canadians by any means, but were all put in the same class by the stranger. She considered them not only thoughtless, but selfishly lazy as well. In nearly every case a few steps away and a few minutes of time would have tucked the children into comfortable beds, and a word to a stewardess or maid would have meant attention for them had they wakened or needed company. It was one aspect of life on this side of the Atlantic that she could not understand.

—Herald advertising pays!

Dr. DeVan's Pills

A reliable feminine hygiene regulator, on sale in Canada for over thirty years. Price five dollars. For sale at

MacCormack's Drug Store

WHILE RIDING ON A BUS

Eavesdroppers seldom hear good of themselves, the old adage says, but if you are interested in hearing about other people and watching them, there is no better field for observation than in a bus. Any bus will do, and just to show that buses are a hot-bed of interest, here are a few anecdotes picked up at random on a trip from Toronto to Kitchener.

Things began to happen not half an hour from Toronto, when a large touring, seemingly carrying a dozen youngsters swung directly in front of the bus and sprang by the dozen waves back. Puzzled the driver however got the general idea, and pulled to a stop. Out jumped a woman and a little girl, the child grasping her week-end bag with one hand and trying to haul up a dangling sock with the other.

Dashing up to the bus the woman literally tossed the little girl, bag and all, into the door, then puffed to the driver, "We've been chasing you all the way from Toronto; we missed you down at the hotel, our own fault because we were sitting there. When do you get to Hornby?" All this between laughs.

"The fellow you want is ahead, madame," said the driver. "We don't go through Hornby, but if you hurry you might catch that bus."

"Come Patsy," cried the woman to the little girl who had just settled herself down at the back of the bus, "we'll try and catch that bus."

The child was dragged off the bus, pushed in with the other numerous youngsters in the car, the woman replaced an infant on her knee, and with a great flurry of dust, the man at the wheel fairly hoisted his car onto the highway, and tore away. The last that was seen of the car, it was cutting in and out, tearing after the Hornby bus.

A few laughs and quiet settled on our bus for a while. Cocking an ear, I was able to hear the conversation that was going on behind me. Two men were talking and one was telling of a thoroughly unpleasant experience he had just recently had while on a trip to Chicago.

"I had been out in the suburbs visiting some friends, and was on my way back to the Loop," he said. "A red light stopped me, and just as I was starting, two men jumped into the back seat of my car, and one said, "Keep goin', buddy, and don't stop until I say so. If you know what's good for you." Well, I'm not any more cowardly than the next fellow, but I'm telling you I was scared. I could see myself being slugged over the head, robbed and tossed out onto the road. I had no choice but to drive as they said, and I had to drive plently. Finally I said I was lost and asked them if they'd tell me how to get back to the Loop. They said they would direct me, and after what seemed a good half hour, I ran out of gas. I even had to ask their permission to go to a gas station. While the attendant was filling her up, the two men slipped out of the car, and the last I saw of them they were heading down some alley. The attendant told me I was in Evanston, about 14 miles from the Loop."

It was just outside of Georgetown that a woman across the aisle apparently tried to stand on her head. Then she shook herself, peered under the seat and sat down. The rest of the passengers took an interest in her actions. In her seat, the woman went through a systematic search of her purse, her coat, the back of the seat, then jumped up and shook herself in the aisle again.

By this time the driver had seen her in his mirror, but the lady offered no reason for her strange actions. Finally, when she was getting off she announced that her valuable string of pearls had broken and scattered. So all the passengers joined in the search and most of the tiny globules were found. Just one of those things.

Rockwood—and a tiny little old lady hailed the bus. She hopped nimbly up into the bus.

"My, but the ground is low down from that step," she said cheerfully to the driver. "Good day my boy, how are you?"

"I'm swell, thanks, how are you?" answered my boy. "What's news?"

"There's a big scandal", confided the little lady. "Everybody is saying around town that I'm going with the bus driver."

The driver, who couldn't be a day over 33, roared with laughter as he looked at his 'girl friend' aged 84.

Criminals fleeing the law are only part of the excitement that meets the bus traveller. Just recently the Ontario Provincial Police boarded a bus headed for Guelph. Gave the passengers the once-over and then waved the driver on. They were looking for a man who had aided in the safe robbery up at Wiarton, and who had allegedly boarded a bus at Owen Sound. It was discovered later that he had left the bus at Durham.

But who of the passengers realised that sixteen provincial police officers were looking for that quiet man who sat staring out the window from Owen Sound to Durham? Certainly not the driver who merely looked up as the ticket was handed to him, and certainly not the woman who sat next him.

Then there is the story of the genial old gentleman, who got on the bus at Norval and said he was going to Kitchener. But his story came out later. This was the first time in 39 years that he had been to Kitchener and the last time was when he rode a bicycle from Toronto to Goderich.

He remembered that bicycle, because it weighed 45 pounds, and cost him nearly $200.00. Roads were not what they are today, and most of the time was spent repairing tires. He recalled that Kitchener's streets were tree lined, street cars had'nt been heard of, the city was then a small town. He took a week for the trip that now he can take in a small part of a day.

Then there is the village gossip who knows all and doesn't mind to whom she tells her story, just so long as she has a sympathetic listener. She knows whose beat beau is slipping in calls on another girl, how often Jimmie Green goes over to see Sue White, and when Mrs. Brown went on the third concession had her last new hat, while Mr. Brown thinks nothing of spending money on his animals. You'll find not more from this cheerful soul in a half hour's drive, than you will from a week of poring over newspapers.

Ever wonder what it is like to sit all night behind the wheel of one of those golden arrows of the road? The best way is to take a night trip and chat with the driver in the wee small hours. He can tell plenty if he's in a chatty mood, although rules do ask passengers not to talk to the driver, but somehow around two or three in the morning, a friendly word does go a long way.

"Many a night I give the horn a blast to waken up some couple that have stayed up too late and fallen asleep in their car," a driver told me one night as we roared, through the sleeping villages. "The kids get talking and first thing you know their heads droop and they fall asleep."

And sure enough, there was a car parked alongside the road. Slowing down the driver let out a blast of the air horn, and two heads came up in the car. "Oh gee, thanks", hollered a youthful voice, "I didn't know it was so late!"

"That gal will probably catch all that's coming to her when she gets home," said the driver, as the bus gathered speed again.

Night travel is one of the finer things about the buses. Then the stream-lined arrows of the road sweep down the highway, stopping only in the towns. Mists sweep across the roads and the traveller loses all count of time or thought of place. It is like being suspended in space. Out of the night great transport trucks, their headlights dimmed with red, cheese-cloth, sweep forward like prehistoric monsters.

"Pop eye," is the name given to the night bus drivers.

"DON'T FORGET YOUR PARCELS!"

We may not always heed it or appreciate it; but the advice of the railway trainman is always of value: "Don't forget your parcels." There is a vast host of whom such advice is much needed, evidence of which is found in the recent retirement from service of a gentleman who for eighteen years has been in charge of the lost property department of the Great Western Railway of England. Mr. H. W. Smith, chief of this department, is credited with finding 1,000 articles left on railway trains during his years of service.

In a normal year as many as 40,000,000 articles left on railway trains during his years of service.

In a normal year as many as 40,000 articles are left behind on the carriages of the Great Western trains to London. All these articles find their way to the one station to await claimants, and they embrace articles of all description. Mr. Smith reports that umbrellas are the most numerous among the lost, but he has even toy elephants and live parrots pass through his hands.

One of his most amusing cases was the finding of a presentation walking stick. When found it was seen to have the name and address of an army officer on it, and was returned to him. But it transpired that he had not seen the stick for years, having lost it not long after it was presented to him. Some other gentleman had apparently been using the stick in the meantime.

Mr. Smith once had in his care a toy elephant, six feet high. It started its train journey in the care of a small boy's father who became forgetful, so that the poor elephant was herded with the lost parcels and umbrellas. At last it reached its owner.

The head of this department for so long a term, is convinced that women are the most forgetful and leave the most behind. He declares "they are so busy talking about their bargains after shopping expeditions that they go on talking until they reach the station, and then they get out in a hurry—often leaving the 'bargain' behind on the rack." That is Mr. Smith's opinion; but a man with a record of finding a million lost articles ought to be listened to by both men and women as he says: "Don't forget your parcels."

Who

They were trying to decide whether the church should have a new chandelier or not. After much discussion, both for and against, one devout and earnest deacon arose and threw in his viewpoint: "I don't object to buying the thing at all, but who in the dickens can play it after we get it?"

CITIES ON WHEELS

When the older people of today were children one of the most frequent admonitions was as to the supposed danger involved in following the course of the rolling stone which gathered no moss.

Today the adage has either been forgotten or is well nigh wholly ignored, at least in the United States. There a considerable part of the population is literally a rolling one, and this proportion gives promise of rapid increase. Down in Florida there is a park in which as many as 2,100 people live during part of the year, at least, in trailers attached to their cars, and a 30-acre location has been set apart for their use. The minimum ground rent for two persons is a dollar a week, electric light service costs $1.25 and chemicals provide for the disposal of sewage. Other municipal towns of like nature are found here and there and the movement is spreading so fast that 400 manufacturers of trailers cannot keep up with the demand. One trained mechanic built his own trailer, a completely equipped home, at a cost of $400 and, the cost of really-made ones, runs, all the way from that to $5,000.

Radios provide these movable cities news and entertainment; community games add further in the same direction, and travelling dentists and doctors look after bodily ills. Already 25,000 of these "tin can tourists" in the United States have an organization of their own and even such a conservative authority as the Babson statistical service predicts, that in 20 years more than half the population of the United States will be living in trailers.

That statement would appear to be an exaggeration. Educational needs of children and business engagements of fathers would seem to present an insuperable barrier to such extensive development. It does appear quite possible, however, that vacation seasons of the future will find cars with house trailers attached largely providing facilities for which people of leisure have in the past depended upon railways and hotels.

THE BUSINESS OF RELIEF

If it be true that there are as many or nearly as many people on relief in some towns and cities as there were a year ago how is a city to dispense with relief? It is rightly argued that piling up a debt to administer relief is utterly undesirable, but those with nothing must live. The problem is now before the provincial government and the municipality. Work and wages in productive industry would solve the problem, but where is this to be found? The municipality is no less eager than the government to get rid of relief, since that would remove a heavy burden from the taxpayers. Public works would help, but if these were not productive there would remain the burden of taxation. That something must be done is obvious, but what?

In connection with the general question of distributing relief a prominent man in welfare work, Mr. F. P. Triderayen, K.C., of Hamilton, declared recently, in a radio broadcast that it cost five dollars to get one dollar to a recipient of relief. This is an improvement on the situation early in the depression, when it was said it cost ten dollars to get one dollar to the person on relief. It appears there were so many to get a slice of the expenditure that the cost was enorm ous. Even if it costs five dollars to get one to the recipient of relief there is evidently something very wrong with the system. And that after five years of experience. The registration of unemployed and necessary enquiry by the Dominion employment commission should result in a plan to put the business of relief on a sounder basis.—Dundas Star.

RULES ON LIVING WITH IN-LAWS OR RELATIONS

1. Mind your own business; get others to do the same—if you can.
2. Do not pass an opinion unless asked and then be careful not to bring in too much capital "I".
3. If you have any plans, try and keep them to yourself, as long as possible.
4. It is time enough to make an offer when you are asked, if it is not worth asking for it is not worth doing.
5. Keep out of the road as much as possible.
6. Don't give your relations too much of your company.
7. Don't forget to turn out the lights after yourself.
8. Do not leave taps running gas going, doors open that should be shut, or shut that should be opened.
9. Be tidy; in fact be everything as near perfection as possible.
10. Be cheerful, even if you do not feel like it.
11. To keep the wheels of life from squeaking pay your way. Then you need not be humble or haughty. Remember there are some considerations that money does not pay.

Remember, too that circumstances alters cases. And, after all, our knowledge is inadequate to the demand.

—Get your exhibits ready now for Georgetown Fair, Oct. 2nd and 3rd.

Smooth Air Work

By JACK MITCHELL

"BASHFUL BEN" MAYFIELD debouched for the hundredth time to tell Wilma that he loved her. Furthermore, with an increased salary clinched, he'd ask her to marry him. Bravely he stepped from the mag line, a tall, bronzed figure quite handsome in a tweeds. He tagged the beautiful blond Wilma.

"Wilma, I've something to tell you," he blurted.

"A confession, Don Juan?" Wilma asked.

"Bashful Ben's" heart sank and his confidence vanished. The same thing had happened many times before. "N—no," he stammered. "I want to tell you that I—I—Have some more old clothes for the Junior League shop."

Wilma rested her head against his shoulder. He hoped she wasn't repeating a snicker. "Thanks, Ben. We need them. You'd be surprised at the people who are destitute."

Ben continued dancing without conversation but creditably.

* * * * * *

Next morning the factory superintendent greeted Ben as he entered the locker room at the field. "No planes to test today, Bashful. The old man wants you to go over to the school and check out a limited commercial candidate."

Ben's usually pleasant disposition seemed to vanish. "What's Maldes getting by with?" he growled. "I'm supposed to be a test pilot, not a students' nursemaid." Beneath Ben's irritation lay a terrifying fear. Wilma was a limited candidate in the Arcway Flying school.

"The old man thought it would be a good idea for you to do a little instructing before you take over the Nolton branch. You might build up a school over there."

"Who's the student?" Ben tried to keep his voice firm.

"Some debutante. Maybe you know her, but remember, no favoritism," the factory superintendent warned.

"What plane? Ben growled.

"Check plane two. The low wing."

In Ben's mind there formed a desperate plan. He had to incapacitate check plane two till Maldes finished checking those transport candidates. Then he could get Maldes to check Wilma.? "Some cotton in the carburetor jets would keep the plane on the ground long enough," Ben decided.

He entered the hangar and approached check plane two. His heart did a power dive as he saw a mechanic hob up from the motor cowling. "Mornin'," Mr. Mayfield. I had to come out early to check up on this timer. She was missin' a little when they brought her in yesterday. Everything will be O. K. by the time the students get here."

There was nothing to do except wait.

Finally Wilma drove up. He was right, he thought bitterly, watching her putting a gosport helmet over her golden hair. But he was puzzled by the gosport. He hadn't known that the school used them on advanced check hops.

Suddenly the full one way speaking tube possibilities of the gosport occurred to him. . . . A chance to talk to Wilma without running into her confidence-de-troying jeers, without even looking at her demoralizing beauty!

Ben pulled his tinted goggles over his eyes and his parachute-silk neckerchief up over his mouth.

While the mechanics were uncheckling wheels, Ben, pitching his voice as low as he could, said through the tube: "Take off and climb to three thousand. Fly to Durberry, doing 8 turns on the way. Bank 'em up steep. When you get to Durberry, land at the airport."

Wilma's take-off was good and her air work smoother than that of many veterans. After a few turns Ben shook the controls. Wilma released them. Ben wanted her to concentrate on what he was going to say.

This time he didn't disguise his voice. "Your work is very smooth. Smooth as you are, Wilma." There was no retort, of course. He gathered courage. "There's something I've been trying to tell you for a long time, but you always got me off on Junior Leagues or something. Now I'm going to tell you and you're not going to interrupt: I love you."

The world didn't fall apart, so Ben continued. "I'm going to be manager of the Nolton branch, and I want you to marry me. I promise to—"

Wilma shook the controls vigorously. The world was falling apart, after all. Ben's hand fell limply from the stick. Wilma couldn't talk back and she couldn't walk home, but she could land at any suburban field and call a taxi.

She might even report him for getting so fresh, thought Ben, as Wilma cut the gun and lost altitude rapidly in a spiral. She landed beautifully and taxied onto the apron in front of the hanger.

Ben removed the gosport mouthpiece with shaking hands. With great effort he steeled himself to resume the role of flight instructor. "That landing was all right, but this isn't Durberry," he said looking at a propellor tip.

"No, this is Lakeside," came the sweet reply, "the elopement town where they marry people on a moment's notice. After waiting two years for this, you don't think I'm going to give you a chance to change your mind do you?"

He Knew

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what is the plural of man?"

"Men," answered the small pupil.

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply.

Turning the Tables

The late Lord Riddell liked nothing better than to potter about occasionally at Walton Heath, the famous golf course of which he was so great a patron, in an old suit and an especially old hat. One day a car drew into the forecourt near the clubhouse and out stepped two rather loudly dressed fellows in plus fours.

Seeing his lordship, one called: "I say—are you the caddie master?"

"No," replied Lord Riddle quickly, "but we don't want any caddies anyway."

VALUES to Balance your FOOD BUDGET

CARROLL'S

SWEETENED FINE OR SHREDDED COCOANUT Pound 15c

Tomato Juice 10-oz. Tin	6c
Hedlund's Sandwich Spreads Tin	10c
Sardines Canned Fish 2 Tins	25c
Chili Sauce Aylmer Bottle	15c
Peaches Bulkeley Halves No. 2 Tin	14c
Peas 17-oz. Tin	10c
Freez-Easy 3 Pkgs.	25c
Corn Del Monte Cream Style 2 17-oz. Tins	23c
Cheese Ritz Pkg.	10c
Mayonnaise 3½-oz. Jar	10c
Prunes 3 Pounds	25c
Orange Juice 13½-oz. Tin	13c
Salmon Prince Rupert Fancy Pink 1-lb. Tin	11c
Pears Anchor Brand 16-oz. Tin	15c
Grape Juice Welch's 16-oz. Bottle	24c
2 IN 1 Liquid White Shoe Polish Bottle	14c
Crisco Tin 22c and	63c

WOODBURY'S "Figured Envelope" FACIAL SOAP 3 Cakes 25c

WESTON'S ASSORTED CREAM SANDWICHES CHOCOLATE, LEMON, ORANGE 2 Pounds 27c

Sliced Bacon Pound	30c
Libby's Mustard 9-oz. Jar	9c
Soup Mulligatawny 10-oz. Tin	10c
Tea Canada's Golden Tip ½-lb. Pkg.	33c
Cocoa Nelson's ½-lb. Tin	19c
Rice Krispies Pkg.	11c
Puffed Wheat Pkg.	9c
Vinegar Heinz 2 16½-oz. Bottles	25c
Candied Ginger Pound	23c
Cinnamon Ground 2 ounces	5c
Bulk Mustard Pound	28c
Celery Seed 3 ounces	10c
Glass Jar Tops Dozen	20c
Jelly Maker Pkg.	14c
Gravel Beach's Fur Block 2 Sm. Pkg.	17c
Lifebuoy Soap 3 Bars	20c
Kirk's Castile 3 Cakes	14c

LAVERINE CONCENTRATED BLEACH A bottle washes a gallon of liquid strength Bottle 15c

LIMITED

Main Street Georgetown - Free Delivery - Phone 357

BANANAS GOLDEN YELLOW Large size hand ripe 25c doz.

POTATOES Good Cookers—½ Peck or 7½ lb. for 23c

ORANGES Sweet and Juicy — Nice Size 21c doz.

ONIONS Sound and Dry 3 lb. for 10c

LEMONS Nice large size—Full or Juice 6 for 19c

Canteloupe, Tomatoes, Apples, etc. at SPECIAL PRICES

CARROLL'S LIMITED