

Halton Seed Fair Held At Acton Largely Attended

SEED GRAIN LIKELY TO BE SCARCE

The annual Halton Seed Fair held at Acton on March 2 and 3, under the auspices of the Halton Crop Improvement Association brought out approximately 50 entries from 18 different Halton growers. The entry was much smaller than normal, was of outstanding quality. Prospective buyers were numerous in the large crowd which filled the Acton Town Hall on the afternoon of the second day and many of the exhibitors had their surplus seed grain sold at the conclusion of the fair. With Frank Patch, well-known auctioneer of Georgetown in charge, the fine 19 bushel lots of oats quickly sold at prices ranging from 65c to \$1.30 per bushel while the two 10 bushel lots of barley both sold at \$1.25 per bushel. According to Agricultural Representative J. E. Whitlock, inquiries for seed grain have been numerous during the past week and growers with seed grain for sale are disposing of their supplies rapidly. Officials of the Halton Agricultural War Service Committee are of the opinion that unless local farmers in need of seed secure their requirements immediately, local stocks may be depleted by outside buyers. Considerable seed has already been sold for export to United States and also to buyers in other sections of the Province.

President J. H. Willmott of the Halton Crop Improvement Association was in charge of the programme on Saturday afternoon. Lawrence Kerr, prominent farmer of Chatham district, was the main speaker. He took as his subject "Farm Management Under Present Conditions" and delighted his audience with the practical manner in which he handled his subject and also the many questions which came from the large crowd. Other speakers during the afternoon included A. H. Martin, Assistant Director of Agricultural Representatives for Ontario, J. D. McLeod, Director of Crops, Seed and Weeds Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, and W. E. Brecken, President of the Ontario Crop Improvement Association.

The Championship in small seeds was won by W. O. Brownridge, Georgetown on a bushel lot of alfalfa, while the Championship in Cereals and Weeds was won by Woodlands Orchards, Bronte on a bushel lot of Urban Oats. The T. Eaton Special to the exhibitor making the most entries was won by Miller Bros., of Georgetown.

The annual Junior Farmer Judging Competition in Beans, Fruit and Vegetables and Cream Grading which was held in conjunction with the Seed Fair was as usual keenly contested. The high contestant of the day was Angus McNabb, of Georgetown, who also received the Halton Cream and Butter Trophy emblematic of the Cream Grading championship. The Strathcona Orchards Trophy for the high contestant in Fruit and Vegetables, was won by Gordon Leslie, of Acton, while the Halton Seed Trophy for the Championship in judging of Oats and Small Beans was awarded to Bruce Reid of Georgetown.

Other awards made in connection with the Seed Fair and the Junior Farmer Judging Competition were as follows:

Late Oats—3 entries: 1st, Thomas Douglas, Georgetown; 2nd, Miller Bros., Georgetown.

Medium Oats—9 entries: 1st, Woodlands Orchards, Bronte; 2nd, M. T. McNabb & Sons, Georgetown; 3rd, H. E. Griffen & Son, Acton; 4th, J. H. Willmott, Milton; 5th, J. E. Pearen, Acton; 6th, H. W. Richardson, Milton.

Early Oats—9 entries: 1st, J. E. Pearen, Acton; 2nd, Gordon A. Leslie, Acton; 3rd, H. W. Richardson, Milton; 4th, Hugh M. Reid, Acton; 5th, Thos.

Bird & Son, Georgetown; 6th, W. E. Brecken, Freeman; 7th, A. T. Woodley, Milton; 8th, Harry I. Lee, Bronteville; 9th, Woodlands Orchards, Bronte; 2nd, Miller Bros., Georgetown.

Barley—Smoothed Award—4 entries: 1st, H. E. Griffen & Son, Acton; 2nd, Gerald Graham, Georgetown; 3rd, M. T. McNabb & Sons, Georgetown; 4th, Gordon A. Leslie, Acton.

Red Clover—1 entry: 1st, J. H. Willmott, Milton.

Alfalfa—3 entries: 1st, W. O. Brownridge, Georgetown; 2nd, Walter N. Brownridge, Georgetown.

Hay—1 entry: 1st, Frank Wilson, Georgetown.

10 bushel Oats—8 entries: 1st, Gordon A. Leslie, Acton; 2nd, H. E. Griffen & Son, Acton; 3rd, Miller Bros., Georgetown; 4th, H. W. Richardson, Milton; 5th, Thos. Douglas, Georgetown; 6th, J. H. Willmott, Milton; 7th, W. E. Brecken, Freeman; 8th, Woodlands Orchards, Bronte.

10 bushel Barley—3 entries: 1st, M. T. McNabb & Sons, Georgetown; 2nd, Miller Bros., Georgetown.

Haystack—1 entry: 1st, Hugh Reid, Acton.

Late Potatoes—3 entries: 1st, H. E. Griffen & Son, Acton; 2nd, J. E. Pearen, Acton.

Early Potatoes—3 entries: 1st, H. E. Griffen, Acton; 2nd, J. E. Pearen, Acton; 3rd, Miller Bros., Georgetown.

The prize winners in the Judging Competitions were as follows:

Oats and Beans—Juniors: 1st, Fred Reid; 2nd, Dan Hendry; 3rd, Roy Hallock; 4th, Clarence Reid; 5th, Kevin McPhail.

Oats and Beans—Seniors: 1st, Bruce Reid; 2nd, George Fisher; 3rd, George Henderson.

Fruit and Vegetables—Juniors: 1st, Harold Brown; 2nd, John Richardson; 3rd, Pyre Somerville; 4th, Ralph McKeown.

Fruit and Vegetables—Seniors: 1st, Gordon Leslie; 2nd, John McNabb; 3rd, Herbert Lambert.

Cream Grading—Juniors: 1st, Jim McDonald; 2nd, Reg Smith; 3rd, Jack Stewart; 4th, Cliff McDonald.

Cream Grading—Seniors: 1st, Angus McNabb; 2nd, Fred Johnston.

Prize Winners—Nelson Boys' Grain Club held in conjunction with Seed Fair: 1st, John Richardson; 2nd, Reg Smith.

W. L. DICK TROPHY WON BY PALERMO JUNIORS

The Halton Junior Farmers and Junior Homemakers held their second annual Inter-Club Half-Hour program Competition in the Milton High School Auditorium. A capacity crowd enjoyed the excellent program presented by the Junior Groups from Acton, Norval and Palermo. President Walter Reid of the Halton Rural Young People's Association was chairman of the evening. All three groups concluded their respective programs with excellent presentations of a patriotic nature. Mrs. Russell Clements, Miss E. Carson and Rev. J. B. Moore all of Milton were the official judges, their decision going to the Palermo Group. Mayor George Dawson of Milton, presented the winners with the W. L. Dick Trophy, on behalf of the group.

SO WELL MAKE OUR WARTIME SUGAR GROW ON TREES

If the rationing of sweets becomes too sour, there's a remedy! An article in The American Weekly with this Sunday's (March 22) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, tells how scientists promise to replace all the sugar crop we lose in the Philippines by processing only 10,000 acres of woodland. Be sure to get The Detroit Sunday Times this week and every week.

Joan Brown Comes 2nd In Oratorical Contest

The first oratorical contest for the High Schools of Halton County, sponsored by the Oakville Lions Club and held in the auditorium of Oakville High School, recently, was a great success. At about nine-thirty, the first contestant from Oakville began her prepared speech on "The Future of the Human Race." Then came Joan Brown, the representative of O.H.S. Her subject was "Freedom." Next came Miss Robertson from Burlington on "Miss Curie," followed by the Milton speaker. Last came the only boy, Rodney Adamson from Oakville. He spoke on the "Post-war Situation." After the prepared speeches were held, the 3 five-minute impromptu talks on one of a number of given subjects. Our Georgetown contestant spoke on her hobby—Reading.

At the conclusion of the last impromptu speech the judges of the contest left the room. They were Prof. King from the Ontario College of Education, Dr. Kingston, the head of the English department at Hartford College, Toronto, and Mr. Hough, the head of the English department at Lawrence Park Collegiate, Toronto. During a meeting of the Home and School Association, came for the contestants, the most exciting moment. The judges compared the results of the contest. At the end of the meeting they returned and Prof. King announced the results. First was Rodney Adamson, from Oakville, who received a \$25.00 cash award. He was said to hold the attention of the audience with his interesting speech and clear enunciation. Second, Joan Brown, our contestant, came second, winning \$15.00 and her marks were close to the boy's. She was complimented on her well prepared speech and emotional speaking. Third place was given to the Burlington contestant. At the end, the awards were handed out by the principals of the Oakville High School, Mr. Archibald.

We feel that our school was excellently represented and we are all proud of our already successful orator.

MANY LONDONERS WILL SLEEP IN SHELTERS IN LONDON UNDERGROUND STATIONS

(Continued from Page Three)

The constable had other criticisms to make while he had the rest of the Press. The army should be helping the Russians. He had a son in the army for two years, just doing nothing. Conscript wasn't fairly enforced. A lot of young fellows get free, though they are calling up men of 45 now. He pointed to two young chaps in evening clothes, about the only ones I saw dressed in London. They were drunk and leaning on each other. The constable said he saw the same ones every day. Why weren't they in the Army? I didn't know, so I said good-bye and reached the upper air again.

Walking along Piccadilly, I passed several groups of young couples. The men were mostly sailors. Some of them were singing. They had their arms around the girls. It was just dark enough for that.

I caught up to a pair not so loving. There was moonlight enough to see that he was an officer in the R.A.P. The woman said, "Well, I hope you are proud of yourself after that exhibition!" The voice was full of bitterness. I thought he might hit her, but they turned in a doorway and were gone.

At Leicester Square, I paused, for there are several streets (you know the lines of the London Underground—Good-by, Piccadilly, Farringham, Leicester Square). I stood at the curb looking at the streets across the circle. A shortish lady came along and bumped into me. There wasn't any need; the sidewalk was wide and it wasn't really dark.

"Sorry, sir," she said, so I asked her which way to the Strand.

"Down that way," she said, "But I am going this way. You coming this way?"

"No thanks!" I said and continued on my way south.

Trafalgar Square was familiar to me, day or night. I turned down past a bombed church and an ambulance passed me in the darkness with its bell clanging, and stopped at the next corner. As I walked past, a lady on a stretcher was taken in the little door. The last time I had been past that corner, a friend had pointed to that same door. "That's where they took me the night I smashed up my car in the big blitz," he had said. That was the first time I had known he had been bombed.

I caught up to a very fat man at the next corner. He looked congenial. "Is this the Strand?" I asked. I knew it was, but that night, it was an opening.

"It is that," he said, "though it's not like it used to be in the old days when it was so full of traffic that you couldn't cross it anywhere hereabouts."

He turned to me. "You're an American and don't remember it?"

I explained I was a Canadian.

"I knew it was one of the other," he said, evidently thinking there was no real difference.

On a beautiful night like that it was natural to turn to the weather next.

"Last year," he said, "they came over every night, moon or no moon." (Hitler's never mentioned by name and the Germans seldom: it is "he" or "they") "About half-past eight, it was. You could set your watch by it. One hundred and sixty-eight nights without a break. Hell, it was. But I'd rather be in London in a blitz than have to live anywhere else. I place like London. And I'll live here while they leave two houses standing. But there's the entrance to your hotel across the street, sir."

We parted and I edged my way carefully across the Strand, and passed through the revolving door into the bright lights.

This completes the series of twelve articles which I had agreed with the C.W.N.A. that I would write. I believe there may be some discussion at the meeting in Ottawa in March about whether any more are desired. Hope you and your readers liked them.

— Hugh Templin

two keys to a cabin by Lida Larrimore

CHAPTER XIII

The clock on the mantel, flanked by Chinese vases and branching clumps of coral, struck the half hour. John's grandmother, Abigail Houghton, broke off an account of some early misadventure of John's and turned her bright quizzical glance toward the sofa where Gay and Debby sat beside the fireplace in which a charcoal-burned fire in a polished grate burned with blue and orange flames.

"You children will take your death when you go out," she said, "bundled into all that wool and fur, hot as it is here."

"Might as well come clean, Granny," Debby laughed. "You've got a date and you want us to go."

The spare little woman in black with white lace at her wrists and throat, chuckled as though she found her granddaughter's remark extremely entertaining.

"The Reverend Henry Longfellow Blake and his wife are coming for supper," she said. "I must give Hannah a hand. She'll leave the story out of the pudding if I'm not there to see that it goes in."

"But should you put sherry in the minister's pudding?" Debby asked.

"It makes for a more sociable evening. I notice he always stops ventering me for not going to church after he's had his dessert." She clasped the arms of her chair and rose to a standing position. A cane with a crooked gold handle fell to the floor. "You can't expect an old woman who hobbles around on a stick to go to church," she added as Debby put the cane in her hand.

"But you go to the movies, Granny."

"Which has not escaped the Reverend Henry's attention." Abigail Houghton's sherry-colored eyes twinkled in her russet face touched with color on the cheekbones. She turned to Gay who came to her across the arched Chinese oriental rug which covered the floor of the small parlor from wall to wall. "I'm glad you came to see me," she said. "Gabriella. That's a pretty name. A child from our Deborahs and Abigail and Annis. French, isn't it?"

"French originally, I suppose. My grandmother was Gabriella Lyons. She arrived in New York by way of New Orleans. They call me Gay."

"And quite rightly so, too, I expect." Gay took the small veined hand John's grandmother extended, looked down into her friendly eyes beneath neat scallops of waved white hair. "You must come to see me when the minister isn't. I'll make a pudding for you."

"I'm afraid there won't be time this trip. I'm going into Portland with John tomorrow."

"Oh, Gay! Are you?" Debby smiled.

"You're making us a very short visit." Gay was conscious of the quizzical expression that narrowed the old lady's eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I'm sorry." She was sorry here, in this small warm house, cluttered with curious, but bright and cheerful. Looking down into Abigail Houghton's face, wrinkled softly like a russet apple which has lain too long in a basket, she thought she knew how she had looked as a girl. She'd had reddish hair, she thought, with these eyes and—

"What are you thinking, my dear?"

"I was thinking how you must have looked when you were a girl," Gay said, a little disconcerted, conscious that she had been staring.

"Did you—Do you mind if I ask—Did you have freckles?"

The old lady laughed. "Hundreds of them. And red hair. I was very plain. It's been a cross all my life."

"Applesauce, Granny! You know you snatched Grandfather from one of the most famous beauties in the state of Maine."

"And a good thing for him that I did." Her eyes lifted across Gay's shoulder to the painting which hung above the mantel, of a blue-eyed gentleman with curling brown hair and side-burns, wearing a brass-buttoned blue coat. "She had an unpleasant disposition." Her eyes returned to meet Gay's gently smiling face. "John must bring you to see me often. When is the wedding to be?"

The question was unexpected. It had not been asked before. Nel-

son John's mother or his sisters had referred to the subject of marriage. "Strange that she felt an odd reluctance to make a reply—

"I don't know," she said evenly but with quickened breathing. "John—You know—"

"Yes, I know." The old lady's voice was impatient. "But there's a way around anything if you're smart enough to find it. I met my husband on a Fourth of July picnic and we were married the first of August. Neither of us ever regretted it. At least I know I didn't and if he did it was too much of a gentleman to tell me."

"Life was simple then, maybe," Gay said. "You—"

"Fiddlersick!" Abigail Houghton tossed her head. "It's simple enough to get married. And one male Houghton is not much different from another, I guess. They've all been as proud as Lucifer and as stubborn as mules. Don't you let that fret you. When they love you, they love you for life and that's not a bad thing in a husband. It's a talking that complicates things. That, and too much considering other people. I've got the seed pearl necklace I promised John for his bride's wedding to my father. It won't take long to rip out the stitches."

"You're a darling!" Gay bent impulsively and kissed the russet cheek as well as moth-wing beneath her white hair. "John will bring me. I'll come."

The old lady went with them to the door opening into the tiny hall. "Mind you shut the door tight, Debby," she called after them. "Good by, Gabriella."

"Good by!" Gay turned to smile at John's grandmother. The quizzical expression still narrowed Abigail Houghton's eyes, but her smile was steadfast and encouraging. Debby opened the outer door.

They went down steps and along a shoveled path to a gate in the pocket fence. The harbor lay before them, touched with the last reflection of the sunset. Why was it? Gay thought. A moment came that you know you would always remember. This—the dove-gray house below, the harbor muffled with snow, the harbor below, stippled with fading pink and gold. Nothing had happened. Why did her throat ache and quick tears sting beneath her eyelids?

"Granny is a darling, isn't she?" Debby asked as the gate clicked behind them with a frosty snap and

"Come along." Gay laughed and nudged at her arm. "We're blocking traffic and probably getting frost-bitten ears. There are your courses," she went on consideringly as they resumed progress again. "But you could go to a good business school or have a tutor. I'd like to have you. My mother and stepfather are away a great deal, but the apartment is always there."

"Do you know what this means to me?" Debby asked seriously. "I've never been further than Boston in my life."

"I can imagine. Your eyes are popping out of your head. Do you think—Will your mother let you? Would she object?"

"She's got to let me," Debby said passionately. "Nothing as important as this has ever happened to me. Come on!" Clinging to Gay's arm, pulling her forward, Debby took a series of skipping steps along the sidewalk. "Let's hurry home and ask her!"

Dark was falling when they came in sight of the Houghton house. A car was parked at the curb.

"That's a taxi from the station," Debby said, checking momentarily a stream of tirelessly eager questions and comments. Observations. "Who in heck—?" Oh! she added in a slight man in a heavy overcoat with a brief-case under his arm emerged from the car. "It's Mr. Sewall. He's writing a book about clipper ships and comes out from Portland to see the papers and maps and diaries Mother has. Oh, how! He'll stay for supper and I know how long afterward and I won't have a chance to talk to Mother."

Not for all the rice in China. Not for all the bulls in Spain.

(To be Continued)

LIMEHOUSE

Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. Wright; Mrs. Grant Wright, of Etna; Mrs. Almas Morrison, of Montreal, and Miss Peter Scott, of Toronto, visited the Wright's here a week ago.

Mrs. and Mrs. Denis Hill and Miss, of Hamilton, spent Sunday at his home here.

Owing to bad weather on Saturday, the Orlin Club's afternoon tea and sale of home-made baking was postponed one week.

Communion services will be observed in the Presbyterian Church on Easter Sunday.

Another quilt was completed at Mrs. Kirkpatrick's last week. Your help at the quilting each Wednesday would be appreciated.

Mrs. B. Olby visited the Norris' on Sunday.

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PHONE: Georgetown 67 Brampton 220

WEEK-END SERVICE Buses Leave

FROM GEORGETOWN TO TORONTO

07:00 a.m.	0:15 a.m.	11:35 a.m.
3:25 p.m.	4:25 p.m.	6:35 p.m.
		9:05 p.m.

FROM GEORGETOWN TO LONDON

9:50 a.m.	3:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
	8:30 p.m.	

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