

LOCAL NEWS

The holiday was observed rather quietly in town.

The office of Dr. Stuart Magwood will be closed from July 8th to July 13rd inclusive.

Our mailing lists have been corrected to Friday June 30th.

The Paper Mills are closed this week so that their employees might enjoy a week's holidays.

The Ballinlath Community have had a "tag" in the cemetery and put up some new wire fences and improved the grounds.

The "Glorious Twelfth" will be celebrated in Brampton, again this year according to all reports. This will be the 25th Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

Verdun Rebekah Lodge will hold their picnic in the Park on Thursday, July 12th. All members are invited to attend. Supper will be served at 6.30.

A barn dance will be held July 8th at P. A. Cowland & Sons, 1st Line East, Brampton. Music by Modern Aires Orchestra.

Constable Ray Hodgson, who has been stationed in Brampton with the Provincial Police for some time, has been transferred to Oshawa, and took up his new duties on July 1st.

If plans already under way materialize, Georgetown Fair will have an excellent light horse show. Every effort is being put forth to encourage horsemen to show at the fair here this year, Sept. 16th and 16th.

In a bowling tournament at Acton recently, in which rinks took part from Georgetown, Grand Valley, Guelph, Milton and Acton, a rink skippered by Mr. S. T. Fagan of Georgetown won 1st prize. The bowlers received end tables. Second prize went to Grand Valley and third to Acton.

Garden Party, Nassagaweya Presbyterian Church lawn, auspices Busy Bees Club, Jask Prudence Concert Troupe. Good variety program. Proceeds for war work. Admission 35c and 20c. Several booths. 8.30 D.S.T. Tuesday, July 11th.

The Directors of Georgetown Fair are again soliciting your donations. Don't wait to be called upon. Give your donations to the Secretary or any director now. This will help conserve time and gasoline.

A. H. McKane, Georgetown, has registered the name Emeraldale with the National Live Stock Records for his exclusive use in naming the purebred Holstein cattle bred on his farm. All his stock will, in future, carry this name as a prefix.

On Friday evening the local Fire Brigade entertained the members of the Milton Fire Brigade and the members of the Town Councils to cards in their rooms in the town hall. A delicious lunch was served by the local brigade and all report an enjoyable evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken McMillan and Joyce attended the Horse Show at St. Catharines last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and report an excellent show. While not getting in the prize money with his entry, Ken says that Joyce stole the show driving her ponies tandem and was awarded a special prize by the judges and directors. Competition was keen, with many horses coming from the U. S. A.

Farmers in this district are busily engaged in harvesting one of the best hay crops in the past few years. Roots are also in excellent shape, and local potatoes are exceptionally good. One local gardener dug potatoes on July 1st and found them to be quite large for this early date. The wheat is in fine shape, as well as other crops, and everything points to bumper crops this harvest.

Mrs. Oyril Brandford has bought all the Ellgitt stock of angora rabbits from Mrs. M. H. Moyer. She plans to add to these famous Normat stock from Winnipeg, and has bought an antique spinning wheel and will spin the yarn. The angora bunnies will be displayed in the Handicraft Exhibition at the Fall Fair.

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who will call on his office over the Hill (Georgetown, Ont. Main Street) Georgetown, the second Wednesday of each month, or may consult O. T. Walker at his office in Brampton.

PHYSICIAN Georgetown, Ont.

Water Dollars

By PAUL STAYTON

SPIC ALVORD aimed a plump finger at the contraption of wheels, fans and tube coils on the platform attached to his gaudy trailer. Turning to the wisp of an old man beside him in the hot, dusty alley of Sunday, he urged: "Just the thing for your dry claim. Watch!"

He touched a button. A tiny motor, prestone-cooled—always a good sales point—began to purr. Wheels flashed. Fans cut air. A two-inch pipe coughed and was spitting water.

Old Hank Barth hitched his battered canteen higher on one thin shoulder. Baby-blue eyes stared incredulously at the jet. "Where's it all comin' from?" he marveled.

Spic restrained a chuckle. His guarded inquiries about the dumbness of the prosperous old prospector had not been time wasted.

"Air contains moisture," Spic orated. "These fans draw air into those coils, where electrical currents," he lied glibly, "condense its moisture into a gushing stream, pure and cold."

He stopped the machinery, and the jet died. No use draining the tank cleverly concealed in the trailer. Barth smiled like a child meeting Santa. "If I had that much water steady for my sluice boxes—"

"Only two grand," Spic encouraged. Barth patted a bulging vest pocket. "Ain't the money worries me. It's temperature—"

"Temperature?" Spic asked, puzzled. "Yep. It's hot here, but this is nothin' to out at my diggin's. Fiery Desert is like a candle. Air so sizzlin' mightn't have enough water to make this proposition work at all."

"All air contains moisture," Spic argued. "Not on old Fiery."

"How far?" "Forty mile." Barth glanced aside. "Just give me time to load up my truck with supplies. Stuck it out waitin' for rain till I drank my last tin of tomatoes."

Spic hustled him towards the luxurious sedan that drew the trailer. Take no chance on a sucker talking and being tipped off. "Can't wait. Bring you back afterwards for your truck," he promised.

Before entering, Barth examined his canteen; without water one can live only a few days on a blistering desert. Spic slid behind the wheel and placed his own canteen on the seat between them. The gauge showed enough gas to make the forty-mile trip there and back nicely, he judged.

Soon to the hum of an air-cooled motor, the desert was opening. Cholla cacti and sun-scared ridges streamed past the windows of the speeding car. Presently the road grew bad. Second gear was often necessary. Spic gulped time and again from his canteen. Barth sipped occasionally at his. "How much farther?" Spic questioned when they had gone forty-six miles.

"Just a piece."

"You said forty."

"Forty as the crow flies," Barth hedged. "By this corkscrew road it's farther. How's gas?"

Spic looked down, startled. Second-gear driving had drawn heavily on the tank. It was almost empty.

Barth sighed. "Drive on. I'll foot it back to town and bring some out on my truck. There's one spring on the way I can strike for water. Take me four-five days." He smiled pityingly at Spic's soft bulk. "You'll hafta stay at the shack. You never could hoof it to town."

The starved motor was coughing when Spic stopped before a rough board cabin overlooking a row of sluice boxes in a dry yellow gulch. Despite the furnace blast of a late afternoon sun he smiled confidently as he got out and led the old prospector behind the trailer. His touch awoke the water machine. Wheels, fans, pistons, flashed into action. Water gushed.

Barth grinned to his ears. "It's got even the air of old Fiery licked," he cackled.

Together they lifted and lugged the heavy but worthless contraption into the shadow of the cabin and set it down. "Stay here and don't get lost," Barth advised. "The sooner I start the sooner I'll get back with gas."

He turned abruptly and struck off into the desert, across lengthening rock shadows. Spic watched him out of sight, then entered the hot little shack. On a shelf he saw bacon, beans, flour. Sight of the dry food made him thirsty.

Spic raised his now light canteen to his lips, drained it in two quick gulps, then lumbered across the room to a barrel above which a tin dipper hung.

The barrel was empty. Suddenly he remembered what Barth had said about drinking his last tin of tomatoes. Hands trembling, he began to search. There was no water in the cabin, nor any substitute.

Three days later a weary figure dropped flat beside a desert spring, thrust its face into the water and drank thirstily. One more day to Sunday.

Though life-giving, the water was hot and bad. Hank Barth sighed. The fine cold drinks Spic was enjoying whenever he turned on that water machine!

BIRTH NOTICES

BROWN—Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown wish to announce the birth of a son, DeBert William, on Saturday, July 1st, at Milton.

HANCOCK—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock, a son, Gordon Charles, on June 24th, at Peel Memorial Hospital, Brampton.

PRESSWOOD—Cpl. Jack Presswood, R.C.A.F., and Mrs. Presswood (nee Doris Irene Burren), are happy to announce the arrival of their baby son—John Wayne—on Thursday, June 29th, at Guelph General Hospital. Mother and baby doing fine.

STARBUCK—At Guelph General Hospital, on Sunday, July 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Starbuck, a daughter—a sister for Errol and Louise.

MUSIC TEACHER WANTED

The Georgetown Public School will receive applications for the position of teacher of music (vocal) in the school beginning next September.

P. B. HARRISON, Secretary

DANCING

Stanley Park ERIN

Every Friday

MODERN AIRES ORCHESTRA

Every Wednesday

MERRY MAKERS ORCHESTRA

(Old Time and Modern) Dancing 9-1 Admission 50c

Women Don Rail Chefs' Caps



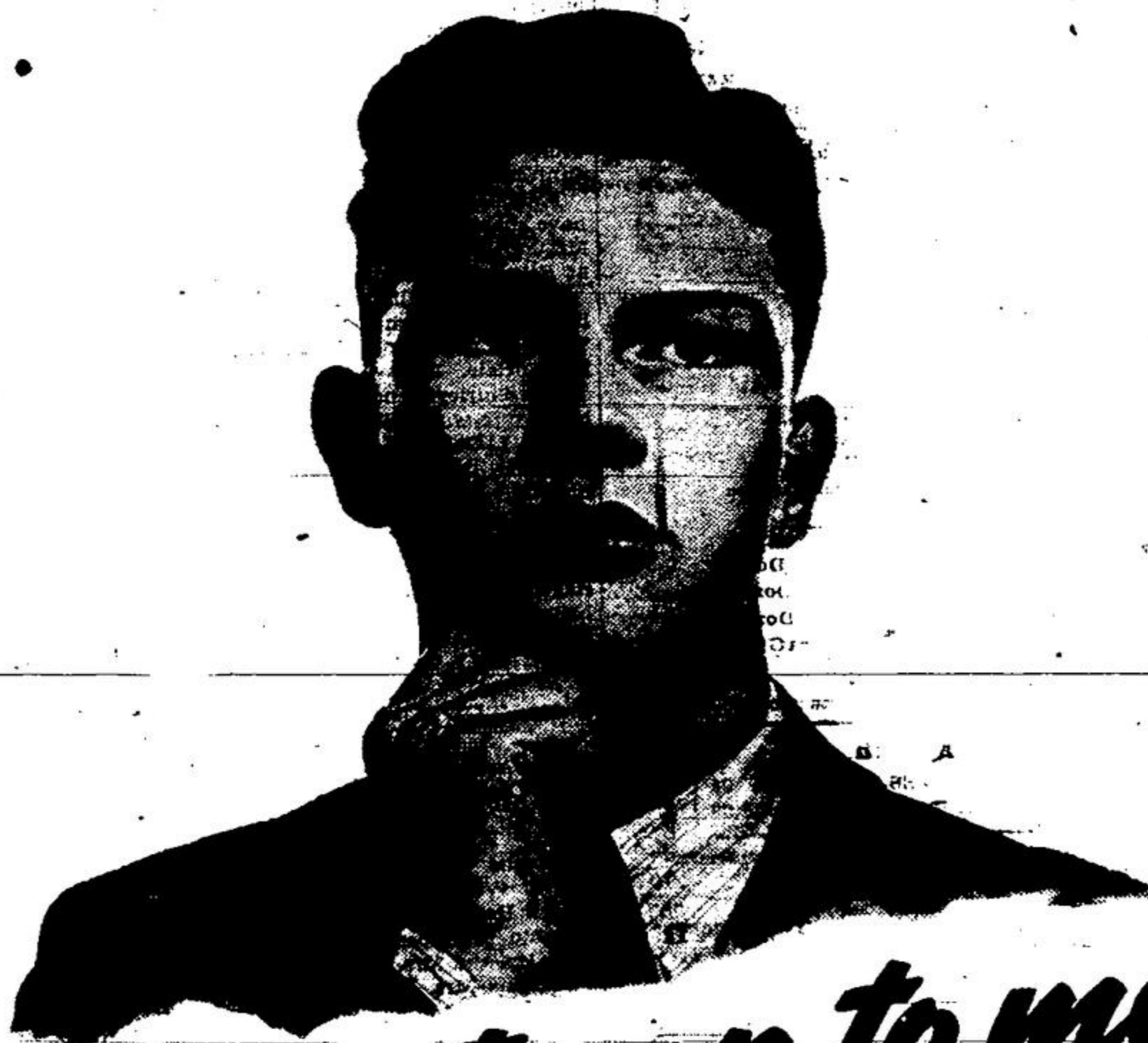
For the first time in the history of railway dining car service in Canada women have been employed by the Canadian National Railways to replace men in buffet cars. They have been assigned to trains operating between Halifax and Sydney and between Moncton and Saint John, and consideration is being given to extending the innovation to other Canadian National main line services. The crew consists of three women—a cook, pantry girl and waitress. They work under the guidance of a man steward.

Previously, men exclusively were employed as dining car crew but, with the ever-dwindling supply of male help, the Management decided to introduce women into this service. Since the start of the war, women have filled many other jobs in railway work heretofore solely accomplished by men.

The photographs show: Top—The waitress, smartly dressed in a white uniform edged in maroon with apron



and bandeau, serving at the table of a Canadian National buffet-parlor car. Below, left—Attired in an all-white uniform, familiarly known as a "Hoover" dress with a white chef's cap, is the buffet-cook busy at the range. Lower, right—The pantry girl, wearing a similar uniform to the cook, about to prepare the trimmings for a perfect meal. She prepares the coffee.



"I guess it's up to me!"

Now that I can go I'm not going to stick around and let the other fellows do it.

Bill and Jack went over last week, and Fred's been over there a year. Now it's my chance.

It's going to take months of training before I can get fighting-fit, so I'd better get moving today.

Yes sir! I'm going now, to tell Dad and Mom that I'm on my way to sign up.

VOLUNTEER TODAY

