

Coming Home

By MARY W. KING
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MRS. PALFREY HOWARD II reached for one of the new genealogy volumes, and drew it from the shelf. There were five more records of her family and Palfrey II; a surprise gift for her soldier sons when they should come home with their fighting achievements to be added to the family records.

It was a proud old room, the library. Palfrey II viewed it from celestial regions, if at all, and the boys—one in Australia, the other on Guadalcanal—had not seen it since their mother had assembled the ancient family furnishings and hung the ancestral portraits.

As she opened the book, the cupboard door of her memory unlatched and a familiar chuckle slipped out. "At it again, old girl!" The chuckle and question were as natural as when Palfrey II had been a rotund earth dweller.

"I know Palfrey, that pride in our New England lineage always amused you," Mrs. Palfrey answered aloud. "But surely the boys will care after this war. It's the thing they are fighting for!"

"Did you speak, ma'am?" the voice of her maid asked from the doorway.

"No, Mollie. What is it? Oh, you have letters! I hope they are from the boys!" She rose eagerly. "They are, Mollie! That's Pal's writing. The other's from Win! I'd know his caw in Egypt. How wonderful to hear from them both at the same time!"

"It is indade, ma'am. I hope ye'll be findin' them both fine."

Mrs. Palfrey used a plebeian wire hairpin to slit the envelopes, ignoring the antique ivory cutter. Her lips moved as she read the first paragraph of each letter almost audibly. The maid lingered. "They are both safe, Mollie," Mrs. Palfrey announced soon, with happy tears in her eyes. She would read Pal's first—Palfrey Howard III, with the troops in Australia.

"Dear Mother:" (the letter ran)

"I'm O.K. Hope to come home on furlough, if our commander can arrange transportation. I've been in hospital. I'm all right now and I'm coming back to help finish this job as soon as I can carry a gun. Got a load in my shoulder, but it won't be long now."

"I have a surprise for you, Mother. I'm married to the sweetest Australian girl on the whole continent. Her name is Sidna. You'll love her, Mom. We might blow in any time. You'll be nice to Sidna, won't you? I'll have two weeks and then off to wherever Uncle Sam needs me most. We figured it this way, Sidna and I—we've both kept clean and straight, so we think we ought to raise some pretty fine kids to grow up in the new world, once we get it safe for them. Some fresh blood in the family, eh, Mom?"

"Here's hoping we see you soon. I want you to know Sidna because we plan to settle in Australia when we've finished mopping up."

"Love,
"Pal."

The sheet dropped from Mrs. Palfrey's hand. Pal married! To an Australian girl! Planning to live in Australia! With trembling hands and half dazed, she drew out the second letter. Winthrop—her baby—bearing her father's name.

"Dear Mom:

"Pal got word through to me and we hope to come on the same transport. I'm slated for a furlough, too. I've been in hospital but the Japs didn't get this baby. I'm fine. Just wobbly, that's all."

"Say, Mom, do you mind if I bring a couple of my buddies home with me? They're getting out of hospital too. Swell guys—Able Levine and Mike O'Hara. Able's my bombardier, and Mike's my gunner. And boy, what a job we did on those little yellow bugs! They don't come any finer than Able and Mike. We're brothers forever. I want to show them what a home and a swell mother are like. They don't remember either. We could all stand some of Mollie's cooking. See you soon we hope. Of course we can't be sure."

"Love,
"Win."

Able Levine! Mike O'Hara! Mrs. Palfrey was stunned. "We're brothers forever." She gazed into the leaping flames. Palfrey Howard III, whose ancestors had founded this country, married to a girl of unknown parentage. It did not occur to her to concede pioneer stock to a girl of another country. And Winthrop—fraternizing with the sons of immigrants!

The fire burned low. At last Mrs. Palfrey's jeweled hands were clasped, and she prayed softly. "Oh, God, I thank Thee that my boys are safe. Nothing else matters. But, God, help me to be as big as my boys!" She rose resolutely and rang for the maid. "You know, Mollie," she said, "I'm not so sure the boys will like this room after all. I think we'll bring back that etching Win always liked, and the lake pictures."

"Them's more warmin'," the girl answered simply.

A half-hour later two messages rang into space in the hope that they would reach her. One read, "Can't wait to get my arms around you and Sidna." The other, "Certainly bring Able and Mike." Both were signed "Mother."

Notice

We will be unable to call on you, for orders for Christmas Cards and Wrappings this year, but they will be on display at WHEELER'S STORE, Glen Williams, or Phone 145 r 4. Entire proceeds for the Boys' Parcel Fund.

Your Orders will be Appreciated

ASTHMA

Canadian Druggists find "Davis" Asthma Remedy 7895 a successful remedy to loosen that thick phlegm which often brings on the attack. Get your three weeks' supply for \$3.00.

ECZEMA

To stop the itching of Dermatitis and various itchy conditions such as Piles, insect bites, etc., get Davis' Pruritus Cream, 60c, \$1.00, and economy size \$1.65 at Chapman's Drug Store.

NORVAL ATHLETIC CLUB PLANS HOCKEY RINK

Canvassers Making Rounds for Donations—School Grounds will be Used for Hockey, Lacrosse.

The Norval Athletic Club is planning an open-air rink for skating this year and a group of voluntary canvassers will soon be making their rounds asking for donations from residents of the district. The president of the Club is Nels Robinson, with vice-president, Fred Lindner, and Rev. J. L. Self, secretary-treasurer. Directors for 1944-45 are: Robert Cunningham, Norm Demerling, Frank Fendley, T. L. McMeekin, H. Cameron and J. Clark.

Three meetings have been held at the Presbyterian Manse and at the third meeting last Wednesday night, it was decided to construct the rink in the school grounds. A very generous offer of the Pinecrest property was made by Col. Noble at a nominal rental, but after some consideration it was decided that the school grounds should be made use of for the purpose. The rink will be 200 feet by 85 feet and there will be dressing rooms for skaters. In the spring it is planned to build stands for lacrosse and use the site for this popular sport which was so successful in its first season last summer.

Work on the rink is starting next week. The estimated cost of the project is \$400. Membership tickets,

LOERNE SCOTS W.A. HOLD SOCIAL AND PACK DITTY BAGS

The Lorne Scots W.A. held a social evening at the home of Mrs. Wilfred Spence last Tuesday. About 15 members were present, and enjoyed a few games of bingo. It was arranged to pack six ditty bags as in other years. At the close, the hostess served a lovely lunch.

As had been arranged, three Lorne Scots W.A. members met at the home of Mrs. Thomas Warnes on Thursday evening last. They packed six ditty bags, each containing 23 useful articles.

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BUY VICTORY BONDS

which carry with them voting privileges in the Club are selling at \$10, but the purpose of the drive is not only to sell these, but to obtain voluntary donations as well in order to provide funds for the Club—funds which will be used for the betterment of the youth of the district. The canvassers are: Town Line, south and west—Walter Fidler, Frank Fendley, East of Norval—Jim Clark, T. L. McMeekin, H. Cameron; Norval—Fred Lindner, H. Barnhill, Rev. J. L. Self.

Announcement!

ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st,

WE WILL COMMENCE

Afternoon Milk Delivery

DAILY — NO SUNDAY DELIVERY

Office will be Open Sundays from 12:00 to 12:30 noon

Be sure and put out your EMPTY milk bottles . . . and when housecleaning gather up all the stray milk bottles and return them to your dairy . . . Milk bottles are scarce.

MAPLE LEAF DAIRY,
TYERS MILK PRODUCTS

This is the Story of George...

ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO in a small town in Canada, a little boy was born. His name was George. He grew up like any other Canadian . . . liking hockey and fishing, studying with moderate enthusiasm, meeting a pretty girl, and getting married.

By the time George was twenty-six, he had a comfortable job in an insurance office, he owned a small home, and he had two little girls.

It was all very nice.

But one morning, the sun failed to rise over George's home. Instead, a great black cloud rolled across the sky from the East; and written across it was the one flaming word . . . WAR!

Nobody thought of asking George to fight. He was a Canadian. The choice was up to him. George closed his eyes, then, and saw his land . . .

He saw the sun glistening on the Peace Tower in Ottawa. He saw the blue lakes of the Rockies and listened to the laughter of the Laurentian streams. He saw children at play and happy faces in the shops. He heard the rustling of maple leaves and the song "God Save the King".

And he opened his eyes . . . and went to war.

He went to London, where he learned how quiet women become brave widows. He went to Africa, where he saw brave men dry up and die in the dust. In Sicily, he saw the dust turn to mud and swallow the men who fell. And then George went to Italy—"Sunny" Italy—where little women starve and the Red Cross is a target and men march by inches in crimson snow.

Then, landing on a beach in Normandy, George learned what it is to fall in cold, wet sand and have your own blood turn it red and close your eyes.

It was then that George saw a woman's face, and two little girls, and the sun on the Peace Tower . . . and he heard the laughter of Laurentian streams and the rustle of maple leaves and the song "God Save the King".

And all that time, George never once thought it unfair that among those at home for whom he died there were some who never even backed him up by buying a Victory bond.

Do you think it unfair?



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Victory!



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