



HIS EAR KNOWS

Consulting the lobe of his ear is just one of the innumerable ways and means that J. Frank Willis explores in the process of bringing forth another good idea for broadcast features. Willis is supervisor of features for the OBC, and is seen running through a script with Grace Matthews, during a rehearsal for "Comrades in Arms," heard Wednesdays, at 9 pm, over the CBC Trans-Canada network.



EMERGENCY WARD

Never one to shirk responsibility, Dr. Young, calling for "suture" and "sponge" while standing guard over a pretty patient. The Allan Young Show is heard over the CBC Dominion network. Here he is in one of his many expert roles, that of

MILTON

The Street Fair held last week under the auspices of the Legion for the Milton Red Cross was a great success. The proceeds amounted to \$691.00.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Britton, Nassagaweya, celebrated their golden wedding on Tuesday, July 17th, with one hundred and fifty signing the guest book.

Pte. Arthur Charlton who was taken prisoner at the Dieppe raid in May and this week came back again to his home in Milton.

On Wednesday evening, July 18th, friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mrs. W. Ellsworth to honor the recent bride and groom, Able Scamman Bruce and Mrs. Kitchen (nee Norma Ellsworth).

The Department of National Defence has announced the awarding of Military Medals and among those honoured is Corp E. Murdoch—Champion.

ACTON

Robt. Dixon of the staff of the Acton Public Utilities Commission had a narrow escape from death or serious injury when he was knocked unconscious by coming in contact with an electric power line and fell from the pole to the ground, a distance of about twenty feet on Tuesday afternoon.

Pte. Bill Turner, who was reported killed in action at Dieppe and later a prisoner of war, returned on Tuesday to his home in Acton.

Pte. H. C. Price, who was badly wounded in March, returned to Canada on the "El Nil" and is now at his home and able to be about.

Last week, after a special meeting a notice was published stating that construction of water mains was to be made on certain streets and a new reservoir is to be built at the spring. The estimated cost of the work is \$22,000, part of which will be borne by debentures on the whole town, and a smaller part by the property owners who are benefitting by the extensions. Free Press.

Cousin Lizzie

By W. T. BOWCOTT
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Features.

SANDRA watched the tall cadet out of the corner of her eye. He had detached himself from the host of fledgling aviators streaming from the train. He leaned against one end of the booth—just grinning. Sandra tilted her red USO cap to a less saucy angle and continued to pour coffee.

She knew that the Approach would follow. It always did. Vaguely, she wondered which one he would use. He seemed to be the you-remind-me-of-my-sister type — although the haven't-I-met-you-in-Atlanta theme had been gaining popularity in recent weeks. It was neither. "Er, pardon me, but . . . aren't you my cousin Lizzie?"

Sandra was caught completely off guard. Here was a brand-new one! "That's right," she smiled and pushed the jar of doughnuts toward him. "And I suppose you're the man who came to dinner?"

"Shucks." The cadet grinned guilelessly. "I don't blame you for not recognizing me. It's been . . . let's see . . . twelve years now. I'm Lee—Lee Manley." He waited expectantly. Evidently that was supposed to explain everything.

"Oh!" Sandra exclaimed, her brown eyes widening. "Lee Manley. How cozy!" She gave him a cup of coffee. "That should make us old pals—waiter."

His blue eyes sparkled disarmingly as he prattled on. "Mother told me you were working for the USO in Pensacola. All the way down here I've been wondering about you." He surveyed her trim figure with obvious satisfaction. "You're much prettier than I expected."

She smiled wryly. "Cream or sugar?" His line was beginning to follow familiar patterns.

"Look, Lizzie," he said, as he emptied his cup. "I don't have to report to the air station for another hour. Can't you take a little time out to show me the town?"

"Hmmm," she mused. It appeared that she had an exceptionally smooth operator on her hands. She was interested in seeing what he'd think of next. "O. K., Sir Laurence," she smiled. "I'll try to cover our little metropolis."

Outside, the warm Florida sun bathed Palafox street in its rich glow. Crowds of cadets, resplendent in spotless whites, filled the sidewalks. Femininity was at a premium in Pensacola. Several of the boys stared enviously at Lee. "Gosh," he observed, "the navy sure has taken over this town!"

"Wolves," Sandra declared, "all of 'em." They walked to the pier and looked out over the choppy water. In the distance a lumbering Catalina was silhouetted against the horizon. Overhead a flight of nine Vultures roared in perfect formation. Lee's eyes followed the planes until they were out of sight.

"Boy!" he breathed. "I can't wait to get at the controls." Sandra smiled. Aviation cadets had two interests in life—planes and girls. For almost an hour they rambled aimlessly. Sandra judiciously revised her first impression of Lee. He seemed as innocent as a schoolboy. For a change it was refreshing not to be subjected to a line but she still couldn't understand that "Cousin Lizzie." "Well," he announced abruptly. "Guess I'll have to be going."

"Yes," she agreed. "It wouldn't do to report late the first day." Well, Lizzie. He hesitated, then suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her. Two passing buddies whistled. It was all very uncousinly!

"You—you wolf!" Sandra gasped. She freed herself and suddenly raced down the crowded street oblivious to the stares of the pedestrians. And as she ran her anger left. Instead, she was plunged into the depths of misery. Her last thread of faith in mankind had been broken. He had seemed so whole some—so sweet! It would have been easy to like him a lot. When she finally reached the depot she found a new worker on duty.

"Oh, Sandra," called one of the girls. "I want you to meet our new assistant—Betty Reed." Sandra nodded mechanically. She was debating which form of torture would be most satisfactory—tar and feathers . . . or boiling in oil.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Betty. "I was to report two weeks ago but I've had such a cold . . . my cousin was supposed to come in today, too. Gosh, I sure hope I haven't missed him!"

"Your who?"

"My cousin . . ."

Sandra performed mental gymnastics. Betty—Elizabeth—Lizzie! Of course. She seized Betty by both shoulders. "Tell me—quick. Is his name Lee—Lee Manley?"

"Why, yes. But, how did you . . . ?" Sandra had no time for questions. She dashed to the nearest telephone.

At that moment, in the cadet bar racks, Jack Reed was talking to his roommate. "How're you doing?" he asked. "Got a date for the prom yet?"

"I don't know," Lee laughed. "I should hear any minute now."

"Well, don't worry about Betty," Jack grinned. "She was with the Little Theater. She'll handle her part all right."

The phone rang. Lee winked as he picked up the receiver.

New C.P.R. Power



CHAMPING AT THE BIT: Just out of their stalls in Glen Yards' roundhouse at Montreal these sporting iron horses are among the late deliveries in an order for 45 Pacific-type locomotives completed for the Canadian Pacific Railway in April by Canadian Locomotive Company at Kingston, Ont. Their work is cut out for them in maintaining the C.P.R.'s impressive war hauling record which stood at 253 million tons of freight and 68 million passengers at the end of 1944.



YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

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- 2 in 1 Liquid White POLISH 10-oz. Tin 14c
- Willow's Fly PADS 3-pkg. 25c

- AYLMER APPLE JUICE 13-oz. Btl. 12c
- KRAFT VELVEETA CHEESE 1/2-lb. Pkg. 20c
- KRAFT MACARONI & CHEESE DINNERS 1-pkg. 17c
- AYLMER FANCY TOMATO JUICE 20-oz. Tin 9c



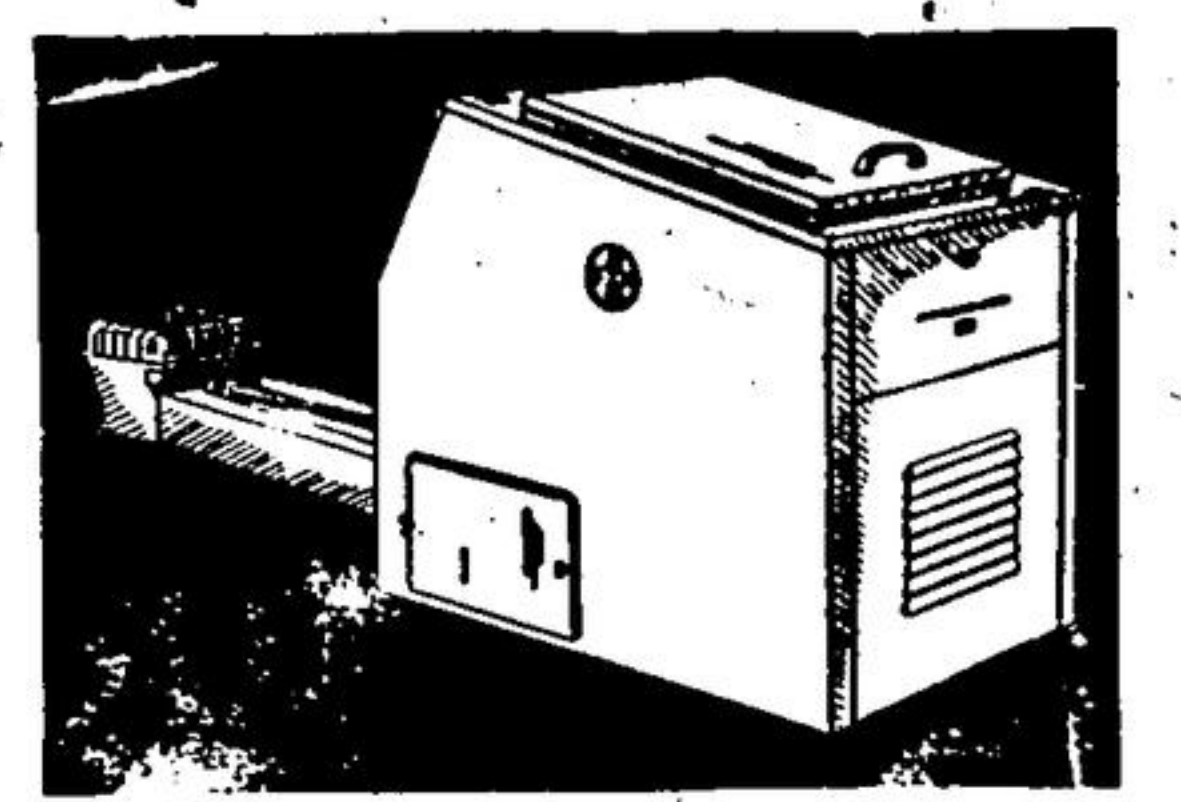
- HEINZ CONDENSED VEGETABLE SOUPS WITH MEAT, WITHOUT MEAT or CREAM OF GREEN VEGETABLE 2-10-oz. Tins 25c
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