Anything but the Truth

By ETHELYN PARKINSON McClure Newspaper Syndicate WNU Features

AISS Kitty Herrick and Miss Patty Lou Lee wished they were in swimming. But since Lieu-Gavin Cornwall sim; athletic women, they it. quietly on the beach, clad in sur hats, goggles, lipsticks and the briefest of sun suits. "It's false pretense to act like a house plant, darling," Kit was saying, "when you're really the best girl athlete in our high school."

"No one here knows that," Patty "Besides anything goes in

"Anything out the truth, darling! And I wonder if it's love!" Kit sat up suddenly. "Look, Pat - competition! A tall, blond girl was striding up the hotel steps. "Smooth." Kit observed.

"She's simply all muscles," Pat replied. "If Gavin looks at her twice. my sun hat!" At that door opened an Lieutenant Cornwall barged out Stepping aside to let the blon. pass, he stood gazing after her. "We-ell!" Kit whispered. "You'll

admit he never looked at you that way, darling." "Listen, Kit," Pat said, "that gal

seems familiar. Let's go peek at the register." " 'Miss Eugenia Williams,' " Kit read. "Mean anything, Pat?"

"No . . . but she looks familiar." "Oh, forget it! It's two o'clock Your precious Gavin will be taking his nap. Let's sneak a swim." The girls went around the bluff

out of sight. When they trailed back, Gayin was on the porch. "Think I'll go in for a coke, - rat said. -But just then Eugenia Williams strolled across the piazza and info

the refreshment bar. After her went Gavin. Kit grinned. "Too late, Pat!" Pat's eyes narrowed. "Kit," she whispered, "let's have a look at her room, I'll investigate while you

stand sentry." As a detective Pat was trium-"Tennis rackets, golf clubs. g boots! And on the flyleaf of k : ik-'Love to Speed!' "

'Speed!' '' Kit's eyes popped "Then she's -

"She's Speed Williams, the swimming star. Sh! Here she comes " They met her as they walked down the hall. "We were just going to call on you, Miss Williams. We're Kit Herrick and Pat Lee."

Eugenia Williams smiled. "Come in, girls. Have a chocolate." Kit glanced around the room. "Play tennis, Miss Williams?" "Love to! But-"

"Golf?" Pat inquired sweetly. "Nothing I enjoy more, except

swimming. But -' Pat sighed. "I wish I were ath letic. But there's one advantage Gavin Cornwall simply loathes athletic girls! When he was twelve. a ten-year-old girl saved his life in the water. It gave him a complex,"

see." Eugenia hervously picked up a book. "Well, to tell the truth, I'm not going to be very active while I'm here. Doctor's orders. No swimming at all."

"I think you'd better tell Gavin who Eugenia is, darling," Kit observed a week later. "They've had all those movies and rides and walks. And they do look right chummy, reading together on the beach."

Pat sat up. "Look," she cried. They watched, electrified, as Eugenia climbed to the diving platform. Her beautiful body struck the water cleanly. She swam out-out-

Pat clutched Kit's arm. "Kit' What'll you bet that crook screams for help?" And just then, as if it were timed, Eugenia screamed Gavin dashed into the surf. "Good," Pat whispered darkly. "Wait till he knows Speed Williams has made a monkey of him."

The next morning, Pat, primped and perfumed, was waiting on the veranda when Kit appeared "Toddle on, Kit. I'm waiting for Gavin."

"Gavin! But -" "I phoned him in his room. Told him I simply had to talk to him for his own good! He said he had a little

business first -" Eugenia Williams' voice came from somewhere around the corner "I'm sorry, Gavin. I - I just

couldn't swim." "How utterly crooked!" Pat whispered. "Just wait till he finds out who she is."

But Gavin was barking: "No one can swim with cramps! You were purple, Eugenia! Your pulsewas almost gone! Why go in the water if your doctor tells you not

"They told me you didn't like athletic girls, Gavin. I had to let you know that I = well, I -" .

"That you're Speed Williams? I knew it all the time!" Gavin growled. "I've followed your career tace I was twelve. Ever since you saved my skin and made me deathly afraid of girl athletes." His voice dropped. "Until I found you could be just as helpless - need me just as much, darling -"

Kit tittered hysterically. "Telling the truth! Both of 'em! Such lack of finesse! So crooked! Where you

going, Pat?" Pat tossed her head. "I'm having a good swim, tennis, golf and a hike before benchess. Join me?" "For everything but bunch," Kir giggled. "Because for knich, dar M. I gross you'll be eating a sun

Monkey Business

By HELEN THOMPSON McClure Syndicate-WNU Features.

WHAT d'you suppose those guys are up to now?" groaned Bill Simpson, Williams' Wonder Circus's advance agent, as he watched the gang from Dr. Lyle's. Miraculous Medicine Show pulling up to our lot.

The first man off Lyle's lead wagon was none other than Dr. Lyle himself. "Well, well, well," he bellowed, striding across the lot fanning himself with his broadbrimmed Stetson, "If it isn't Williams' Wonder Circus, famous in show history as the outfit that manages to get along season after season without any customers!"

"Sorry I'll have to run out on you, Doc," growled the boss, "but we're just getting ready to start our afternoon parade."

"I know," Doc announced. "And I'm going to follow with my new band. They've got a lot in common with your fellows so I want them to see your people work." Then he looked over at his wagons. "Send the new squad out here!" he bawled.

Eight little monkeys in red suits with gold braid, almost exactly like the uniforms of our band, came scampering across the lot. Each one gion, was carrying a miniature cornet or trombone. And when they started to play, the racket was ear-splitting.

parade in all our history. Doc and his monkeys tore ahead and waited for us on every corner. They sure wrecked our music. And, worst of all, the crowd didn't look twice at our procession. They were only interested in Doc and the monkeys, "How did Doc ever train those apes, Jim?" Bill was watching

Doc's band go through its paces. "It's easy," said Jim. "Each one of those mouthpieces is pushed out a little bit. Inside there's a thin reed that'll sound on the slightest suction,



"How did Doc ever train those

And right behind that there's a place where you put a piece of hard candy. So, when the monkey sucks the candy he sucks the reed too, and you get this racket." Just then Doc came alongside the

calliope. "Nice of you guys to work for my show, especially when you're not getting paid for it," he gibed. "Do you think we'd work for an

outfit that stooped to put on fake acts like that monkey band?" Bill drawled. "They don't make any noise with those horns. They've got whistles in their mouths or something."

"I'll stake my reputation as a showman on the fact that those brasses are genuine miniature in-

struments!" Doc raged. "Can I come over to your lot and examine them?" Bill asked.

"Absolutely!" Doc bellowed. "What's the matter with you?" Jim said after Doc had gone. 'Didn't you hear me tell you those horns are the real thing?"

Bill looked at his watch and straightened his tie. "I got an idea," he said with a wink. "Meet

me at Doc's show tonight." At eight o'clock Doc started his spiel about his Rare Simian Stunted

- Then the curtains parted with a flourish and there stood the eight monkeys, each with his instrument up to his mouth and his tail curled around his feet. The audience applauded wildly. At a signal from Doc, the animals let go. But instead of the usual gala blast there was a series of little squeaks.

The monkeys were amazed. First they shook their instruments and tried to take them apart. Then they looked at one another. Finally, they all threw the horns on the floor and sat down with their heads in their hands. And no amount of cajoling by Doc could make them

try again. In a minute those cries which are à showman's nightmare began coming from the bleachers. "Fake!" "Gimme my money back!"

"What'd you do?" Jim demanded as soon as they were out of the Bill offered Jim the contents of

a small paper bag. "No, thanks," Jim said. "And stop holding out on me. Give me the low-down."

"So you don't like these things either," Bill said. "Well, I do, because from now on I can say that I made a monkey out of Doc by replacing eight little pieces of striped peppermint candy with eight little slices of very sour pickie."

Legion Notes

Comrade Fred McCartney, chairman of the Victory E Jamboree informs us that the chairmen of all committees are hard of work arranging their individual assignments and the public can be assured of a real day of celebration on Oivic Holiday Comfade R. Muir in charge of garden party to be held in the evening wishes to announce that he has secured the services of several outstanding artists, among whom Jack McLean, Canada's promier impersonator, comedian and vocalist: Nancy McCaig, charming and capable accordionist; Violet Murray, personality singer, and several others. Midway games, bingo and sports events will be Fred Yeates, testifying to the high held in the afternoon and the lucky draw will take place in the evening. Music for the dance will be supplied were also received. by a six piece orchestra: So Comrades and friends let's all meet at the park Mrs. A. Henney, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mills, on Civic Holiday.

Comrade J. Murphy, past president and Mrs. Fred McCartney, Mr. of Post 23 Pontiac, Michigan, was a Roberts and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bert guest at the Legion club rooms on Bullock and Elsie, Mr. and Mrs. A Saturday, Mrs. Murphy accompanied Kershaw, Canadian Legion Branch her husband while visiting in George- 120, Canadian Legion Ladies' Auxilitown, and sae is a past president of ary, the Neighbours, Smith & Stone Post 23 Ladies' Auxiliary of the Le- Employees, Imperial Section Canadian

Well, we never had a worse bers who are anxious to help in our Paper Mills (Coating Div.), Provincial concert party. Comrade Day is still Paper Union Local, Mr. and Mrs. R. on the job and any comrade may let Hyland, Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. J him know if he cares to help out. Last Brown, Windsor; Mrs. J. Yeates, Win-Thursday night an old time sing-song dsor; Mrs. E. Kniveton, Kitchener; was held with Comrade Harry Hale as Mrs MacDougall, Guelph; Employees accompaniet, and greatly enjoyed by Pievincial Paper (Coating Div.); humall present.

> enjoying their holidays last week and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. are now back on the job with only Harlow, Mr. J. Roberts. 51 more weeks of work ahead of them until their next holiday.

This being the last appearance of the Legion notes before our Victory E Jamboree, the chairman over all of Trade Board order, no well-behaved here. the celebration, Comrade Fred Mc- tenant of any self contained dwelling Miss Jean Pinder, of Guelph, spent 7th and 8th,

Cartney, is making an appeal to all those who have their names appearing on the blackboard for the different committees to be on the job the day of the celebration. We need your help to put this over, so we depend on you to fill in the positions you have picked out. Let us all get together to make this a pung-up celebration -J.B.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE FRED YEATES

The following floral tributes were received for the funeral of the late esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. Many mass cards

Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. P. Clarke, Mr. Legion, Pottery Girls of Smith & Stone Ladies' Auxiliary Lorne Scots, Mrs.

Believe it or not, Comrades, but we J. Fielding and Margaret, Toronto; have actually signed up twelve mem- Local 526 Smith & Stone, Provincial ber of old friends-Mr, and Mrs. Parton, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Mr. and Several of the Comrades have been Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Kemshead.

MANY FLORAL TRIBUTES AT THE

Mr. and Mrs. J. Murphy, Mr. and

WELL-BEHAVED, TENANTS CAN STAY PUT



ALL FROM ONE LISTENER!

When these happen to fall on the CBC Dominion network. same date as the Boston Symphony

John Avison is opening his fan mail concerts, Mr. Avison's charming friend and it's all from one admirer, a lady shares her loyalty by leaving the conin Boston. Mr. Avison has been asso- cert hall in time to hear the Canadian clated with many of the most success- program. Just now, John Avison is ful musical programs produced in the directing the tuneful new summer fea-GBC's west coast studios notably the ture, "Gateway to Melody," heard CBR Concert Orchestra broadcasts. Thursdays, at 10.30 p.m. over the

can be given notice to vacate in order a few days with Eleanor Griffin. to make way for the landlord or any The Cedarvale W.I. held their member of the landlord's family. Fur- monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. ther, any eviction notices handed out Widdis on Wedsnesday, July 18. by landlords seeking to recover dwell- The meeting opened with the open-

The order does not affect a previous Prayer in unison. The roll call "Name Board statement that special three a father of Confederation". After the months' notice to vacate may be given business was dealt with, the followby or on behalf of discharged mem- ing program was given: Paper "Our bers of the Armed Forces to enable flag," Mrs. Wood; current hints, Mrs. them to reoccupy dwellings or rooms Cunningham; duet, Jean Pinder and in which they were living when they enlisted.

CEDARVALE

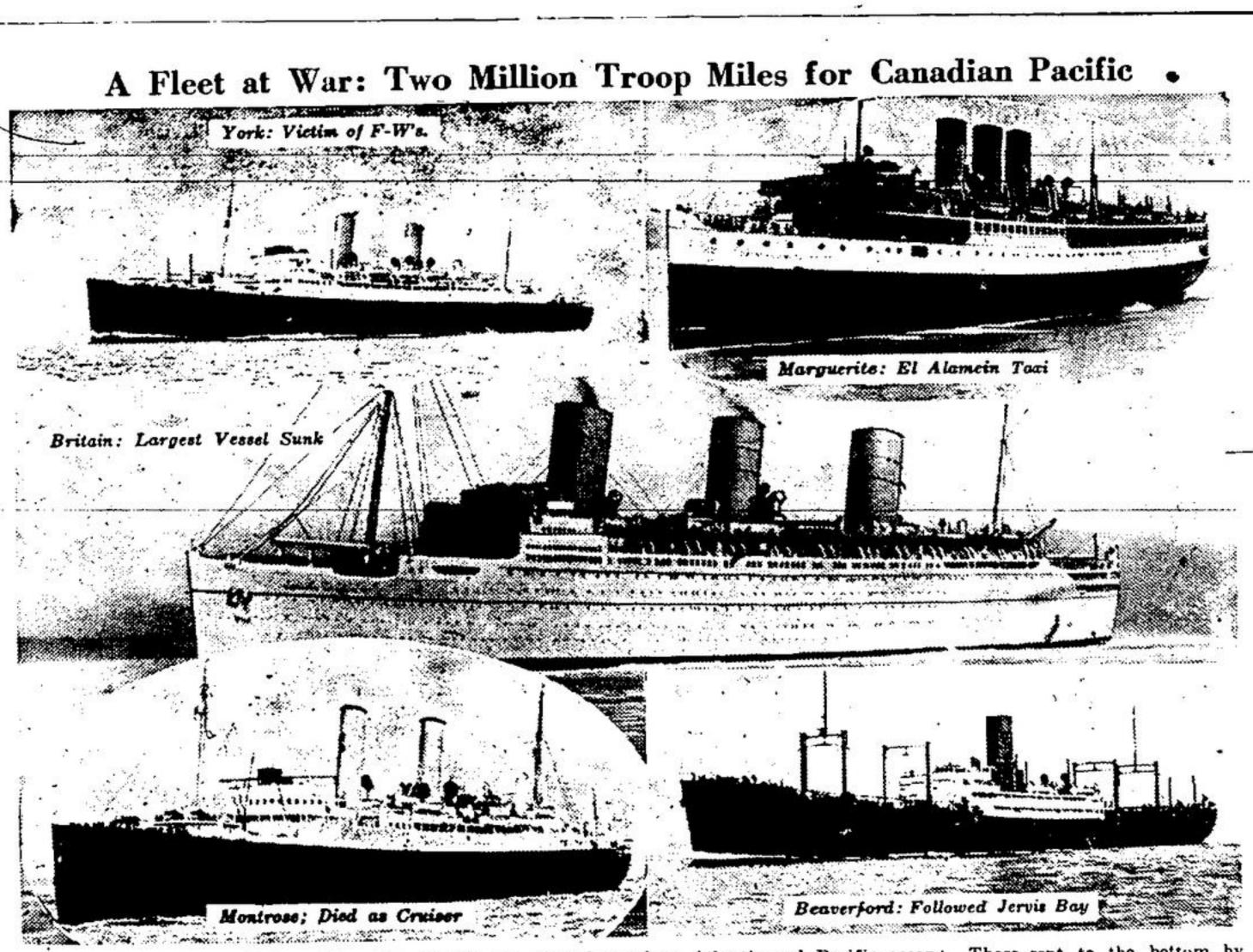
(Last Week)

Mrs. Gordon and Doris of Toronto planning to exhibits ladies' work, do-Under a recent Wartime Prices and are spending two weeks with friends mestic science, flowers, vegetables,

ings for their own use are now invalid, ing ode and repeating of the Lord's Eleanor Griffin; community singing. Mrs. Widdis; reading, Mrs. D. Hurren; berry contest, Eleanor Griffin, The meeting was brought to a close with the National Anthem.

> -We hope even more exhibitors are grain, etc at Georgetown Fair on Sept.





quarter million miles in Admir- until now cloaked by secrecy. German War, it has been revealed here in a review of the sea miles steamed for Canada and the United Nations up to V-E Day.

materiel and food.

lone sutlines the magnitude of in 20 Canadian Pacific ships under direct Admiralty operation. report was made.

MONTREAL-Two and three- | Canadian Pacific sea operations, | from Atlantic and Pacific ocean | alty service - with two million | Special movements have inof those miles as troop trans- cluded: Arabian kings and high ports - is the proud record of dignitaries for Mediterranean the Canadian Pacific fleet in the conferences, 59,000 German and Italian prisoners of war for Canada, 23,000 native troops halfway round Africa at the critical point of that campaign and Newfound-

enemy-infested waters of three- 155 missing or prisoners of war. and one-half million tons of war while one other, the Beaverhill, Princess - Kathleen, Two Monts sunk by Focke-Wulf bombers off

in 1944.

and British Columbia coast Germans, Japs or Italians were:

Supply from that original allot- sailing as H.M.S. Forfar, an armment of 20 ships are: Three Em- ed merchant cruiser, at her Canadian Pacific ships which the immortal Jervis Bay's fight shared the movement of the First in the convoy attacked by the Adland lumberjacks for a war job Division from Halifax in Decem- miral Scheer; and Beaverburn. ber of 1939; Scotland, (renamed 1941 - Beaverdale and Beaver-These wartime voyagings rep-) The toll among seagoing per- from Japan), flagship of all brae. 1942 — Princess Margue-These wartime voyagings rep- The toll among seagoing per- peacetime services on the Pacific; peacetime services on the Pacific; helping lineary troop dispositions for Montgomery's Alamein push; quarters of a million service per- Eleven vessels, of 193,000 ton- World War I. Two Duchesses - Duchess of Atholl and Empress sonnel and civilians and of three name, were sunk by the enemy Richmond and Bedford. One of Asia, 1943.—Duchess of York,

was victim of a marine accident - Montcalm, now converted into, Spain; and Empress of Canada. a fleet auxiliary repair ship Conspicuous service in these The 40 million meals served Vessels lost represented more which might well be in a "supply actions by Canadian Pacific offitroops and other government pas- than half the 836,000 gross tons train" in the mounting Battle of cers and men had resulted in the sengers during transport service made available to the Admiralty the Pacific; and Mentolare, both award of 74 decorations when the

Those sent to the bottom by In 1940: The 42,500-ton Empress of Britain, largest merchant ship Still serving in the Battle of sunk during the war; Montrose,