

FOR THE BEST IN DRY-CLEANING

Kingsway Cleanres and Dyers
(Formerly Circle Cleaners and Dyers)

AT Silver's Dept. Store

Representatives:
Miss Lillian Watson Miss Jessie Hill

PHONE 375 for Prices and Information

WOOD FOR SALE

Hardwood Slabs, beech and maple (not dry) \$14.50
Softwood Slabs, hemlock, etc. (not dry) \$12.50
Delivered in full cord lots (128 cu. ft.) cut in one-foot lengths, C.O.D.

M. G. CAMPBELL
Telephone Milton 1140 r 12

COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE CHAPTER, I.O.D.E.

BRIDGE

in the Oddfellows' Hall
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, at 8.15

Excellent Prizes Delicious Refreshments
Admission 50c
COME AND SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING

Plowing Match

FARM MACHINERY DISPLAY
F. W. RUDELL & SONS
Lot 11—5th Line Esplanade, etc.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29th
\$625. PRIZE LIST

Demonstrations commence at 1:00 p.m.—These include:
BULLDOZER REMOVAL OF HEDGEROWS
POWER CHAIN SAW
CLOSING OF DITCHES
AUTOMATIC PICKUP HAY AND STRAW BALER
LARGE DITCHES — DRAFT (ON PROPERLY AND IMPROPERLY ADJUSTED PLOWS — BUCKRAKES, ETC.)
For Prize List Contact

W. J. ROBERTSON, Milton R. R. 2, President
J. E. WHITELOCK, Milton, Sec.-Treas.

HALTON PLOWMEN'S ASSOCIATION

GREGORY

THEATRE

Friday, October 26
"WITHIN THESE WALLS"
Thomas Mitchell, Mary Anderson
"SHE GETS HER MAN"
Jean Davis, William Gargan
Fox News

Saturday, October 27, matinee at 3
"THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS"
(Technicolor) Cornel Wilde, Evelyn Keyes
Novelty "Phantoms Incorporated"
Cartoon "Gabriel Church Kitten"
Chapter 11 "Haunted Harbor."

Tuesday and Wednesday, October 30 and 31
"GOD IS MY CO-PILOT"
Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey
Musical "Plantation Melodies"
Disney "Clock Watchers"

Silver Wings

By BYRON McCLURE
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Features

"CARE to dance?" Captain David Holbrook had been drawn by some irresistible force across the ballroom to the uniformed girl sitting alone at the corner table. Cool gray eyes appraised him and time stood still for a moment as they gazed into each other's eyes; then the girl nodded. Gradually they drifted to the edge of the floor and through a door opening on a small balcony. Neither spoke. Speech was unnecessary. It was enough to be together, complete in each other. Finally David broke the silence. "Just like that!"

She smiled tremulously. "Yes, just like that. I had never believed it could happen so suddenly."

"Neither had I. Gives you a sort of all-gone feeling inside, doesn't it?"

She nodded. "Just like pulling out of a dive."

David grinned. "Exactly! But what do you know about pulling out of dives, young lady?"

She pointed to a pair of shining silver wings pinned to her jacket. "I'm in the Air Corps," she said simply, unable to conceal the pride in her voice. David laughed gaily. "What's so funny about that?" she demanded.

"Funny? Why, I was just laughing happily at finding that we're in the same outfit."

"You know that's not true," she retorted, anger in her voice. "It's just that you men are all alike! You're not willing to admit that women can do things you can't."

Just as well and sometimes better! If men aren't the stupidest, the most conceited . . .!" she paused, searching for words. Finding none, she gave him a stinging slap.

Almost roughly he grabbed her arms. "Listen, you little idiot! I get so sick of seeing you women carrying chips on your shoulders, daring anyone to suggest that you aren't really doing men's jobs. Why does a woman have to go to a woman's head? You could punch that typewriter in some office just as well without it!" She started to answer him but, instead, struggled from his grasp and disappeared in the crowded ballroom.

David fell asleep that night dreaming that he was falling through space. But an angel swooped down on silver wings to catch him before he crashed. When he arrived at the airport in the morning the dispatcher approached him. "Your plane has already been warmed up for your ferrying mission, Captain. Lieutenant Winters is ready to take off whenever you say so, Sir."

"Thank you. I'm all set. Let's go." David was anxious to get into the air, where he was at home, where he could think. His mind was still filled with thoughts of that girl.

So preoccupied was he that he ran straight into the storm before he realized it. A blinding streak of lightning zigzagged across the sky just in front of the nose of his ship! With senses newly alert, he glanced hurriedly at the instrument panel.

The compass indicator was spinning crazily. That bolt had knocked out its delicate mechanism. David knew it was useless to turn back. He would be just as hopelessly lost as he was now. Drat that girl! If he'd had his mind on his business instead of on her, he'd have paid more attention to the weather report.

He pulled back on the stick and pushed the throttle forward, attempting to rise. Almost immediately ice began to form on the wings and propeller; his rate of climb decreased rapidly. He shuddered as he envisaged the jagged peaks below. Then he craned his neck and peered back, not daring to hope. There it was, doggedly following. Just a few hundred feet behind! Hastily he flipped the transmitter switch. "Flight leader to flight! Flight leader to flight! Can you hear me? Come in, flight!"

A familiar feminine voice came clearly "Flight to flight leader! I can hear you. Go ahead, Sir!"

David thought he was dreaming again. "Who are you?"

Again that cool voice. "I'm Lieutenant Winters, Sir. The girl punching a typewriter in some office. Or don't you remember?"

"Why didn't you tell me you were a Ferry Pilot?" he demanded.

"You didn't give me a chance. You probably wouldn't have believed it, anyway. Women aren't supposed to be capable of doing such things, are they?"

After a moment of silence David said meekly. "Will you take command of the flight, Lieutenant? My compass is knocked out. I'm completely lost."

"Yes, Sir." Crisply she ordered. "let me pass." David marveled at the ease with which she outmaneuvered the storm. In a matter of minutes they emerged into the glorious sunshine.

David slowly eased up alongside. As they flew wing tip to wing tip he could almost reach out and touch her. "Lieutenant Winters?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir?"

"I . . . well, I . . . there's something I'd like to say to you tonight, Lieutenant. Do you think you'd care to listen?"

There was no mistaking the emphasis she placed on her answering. "Yes, Sir!"



HOST AT QUEBEC: George J. Jessop, who is now manager of the "Conference Hotel", the historic Chateau Frontenac at Quebec. He succeeds Benjamin A. Neale, under whom he served as assistant manager in Toronto at the Royal York and at Quebec. Mr. Neale has retired under Canadian Pacific pension rules.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Robert Starks, of Cap Chat, Que., and Mrs. Gordon Sutherland, of London were visitors this week with Mr. and Mrs. Arnott Early.

Messrs. Joe and Ken McDonald of R. R. 4 Acton, motored to Toronto, October 17 on business, and attended the circus at Maple Leaf Gardens while in the city.

Miss Margaret Dickie and Mr. George Dickie of Toronto were visitors on Sunday at the home of Mrs. Herbert Erwin. Mr. Dickie, recently discharged from the Navy is a student at the University of Toronto.

Capt. C. R. (Tim) Ryan of the Dental, RCAF, is visiting the Misses Ryan. Capt. Ryan has served in the clinics of England, Ireland and Cairo.

Mrs. A. G. M. Bruyns is so-journing in New York and points in New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Couling, London, Mrs. Thomas, of Shawville, Que., Mr. Hartley McKean, Worcester, Mass., and Miss Jean McAllister, Toronto, spent the week end at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. McAllister.

The Daughters of St. George's held a social evening recently at the home of Mrs. Joseph Gibbons in hon-

our of one of their members, Miss Muriel Webster, bride-elect of this week. Court whist was played, Mrs. Frank Sykes being prize-winner, and after refreshments, Mrs. Sykes as president gave Miss Webster a lovely picture on behalf of the group.

OTHER FOODS FINCH-HIT WHEN MEAT IS SCARCE

If something costs two bits and your purse of pocket is filled with change, but there just doesn't happen to be a quarter there, you don't throw your hands in the air in despair. You use two dimes and a nickel, or two dimes and five copper cents.

If meat is short, you don't throw your hands in the air either. You look around for something of equal value to your body. Apart from that certain something in the way of taste which nobody can deny, the chief value of meat to your system

is the fine quality of body-building proteins it contains. But milk, eggs, fish and cheese also contain the same high quality of proteins, with dried peas and beans and peanut butter running a close second.

If you can't purchase a quarter-pound serving of meat for love or money, drink a pint of milk; or scramble yourself some eggs; or take a serving of fish; or a peanut butter sandwich; or a generous serving of baked beans, along with a glass of milk. You'll be getting exactly the same quantity of body-building protein.

Meat rationing! So what! Use your ingenuity and resources and you'll get by.

Sign your Name for Victory
Buy VICTORY BONDS

Garbage Collection Change

ONCE-A-WEEK COLLECTION
BEGINS OCT. 29

COLLECTION ROUTE

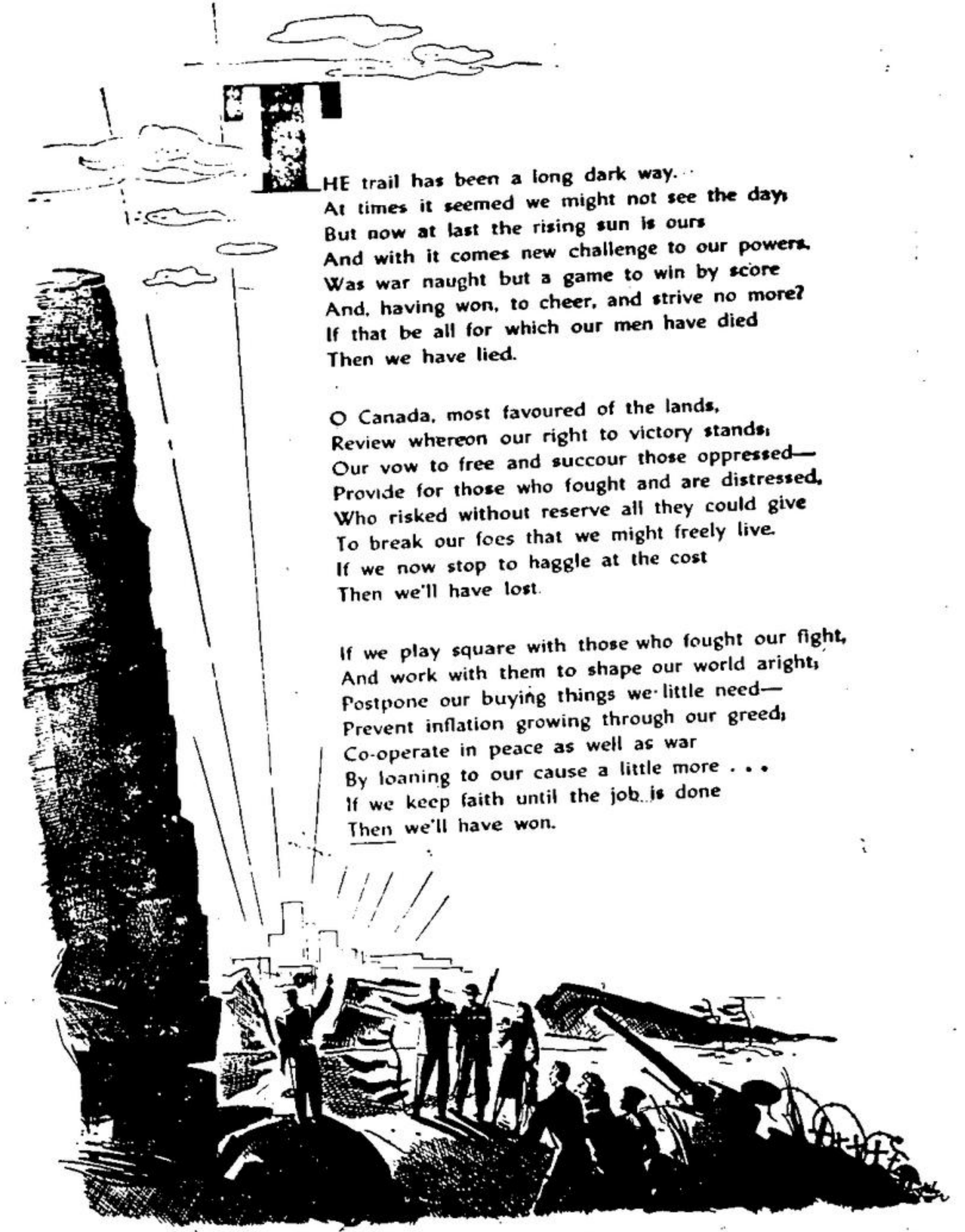
MONDAY—Main St. North to Wildwood; all streets running off Main St. over White Bridge, Morris, Chapel West and East, and Victoria Streets.

TUESDAY—John St., College View, Rosetta, Caroline Paper Mill Road, 9th Line, Water Street and Mill Street.

WEDNESDAY—All streets West of Main Street in Ward III and George, James and Draper Streets.

THURSDAY—Queen, McNabb, Emery, King, Union, Murdock, Durham, Albert and Guelph Streets.

Garbage must be paper-wrapped and out by 7:00 a.m.
NO CONTAINERS OVER 60 lbs. PLEASE



HE trail has been a long dark way.
At times it seemed we might not see the day
But now at last the rising sun is ours
And with it comes new challenge to our powers.
Was war naught but a game to win by score
And, having won, to cheer, and strive no more?
If that be all for which our men have died
Then we have lied.

O Canada, most favoured of the lands,
Review whereon our right to victory stands;
Our vow to free and succour those oppressed—
Provide for those who fought and are distressed,
Who risked without reserve all they could give
To break our foes that we might freely live.
If we now stop to haggle at the cost
Then we'll have lost.

If we play square with those who fought our fight,
And work with them to shape our world aright,
Postpone our buying things we little need—
Prevent inflation growing through our greed,
Co-operate in peace as well as war
By loaning to our cause a little more . . .
If we keep faith until the job is done
Then we'll have won.

BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO