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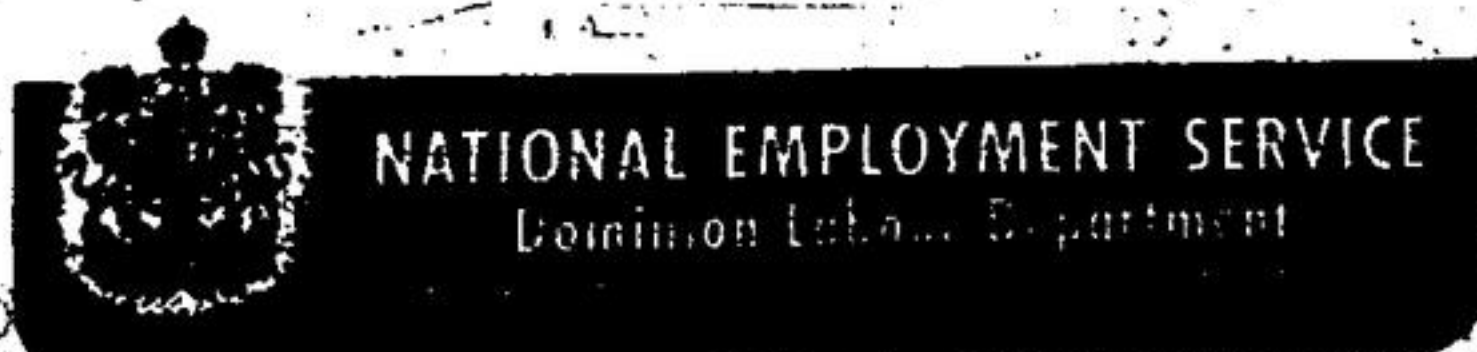
Regular employment and pay envelopes make for *carefree families*—for prosperous communities—for *good times* for employer and employee alike. The National Employment Service, with offices in more than 200 cities and towns across Canada, serves the needs of both employers and employees—and the local N. E. S. office takes its place in importance to the community among the time honoured community institutions—the Post Office, the Court House, the City Hall.

Without National Employment Service, the worker is left to his own initiative to find a job to support himself and his family. The employer may be unable to reach workers he requires. National Employment Service is the clearing house through which employer and employee are brought together, so that both may have their free choice of the entire employment market.

National Employment Service has
5 main functions:

- 1—Organization of the whole employment market, and bringing together employers and employees;
- 2—Collection of information on employment problems for the use of Government, Management and Labour;
- 3—Administration of Reinstatement in Civil Employment Act;
- 4—Dealing with Unemployment Insurance Benefits;
- 5—Dealing with Out-of-Work Benefits for Ex-Service Personnel.

Make full use of the Local Office of National Employment Service. It is there to serve your needs, and those of the entire Community.



Heads I Win

By KATHLEEN M. DUCLOS
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

"YOU are surely not leaving right in the middle of the hay?" The girl's sweet voice indicated amazement and reproach. The tall young fellow who, with his pack on his back and his dog at his heels, had just come out of the bunk house, turned to face the speaker.

"Yes, Miss Irene," he answered. "I'm sorry, but J.B. fired me about fifteen minutes ago. I guess I won't be seen 'til the old J.B. ranch for quite some time."

"I can hardly believe that Dad fired you. Tell me all about it," Irene Hammond commanded.

"There isn't much to tell. Two of your dad's prize whitefaces lost the ends of their fool tails and he blames Timmie here."

"And was Timmie to blame?"

"Miss Irene, he couldn't have been," Garry said earnestly. "That dog is a born header-offer. He never drove a cow from the tail end of her in his life. I told your dad that and he said to come out to the pasture and prove it. There was a bunch of wild steers in the pasture and they just took one look at Tim and high-tailed it for the tall timber. I tried to call him back but he never even let on he heard—he was having too much fun. Naturally your dad bogged us both out."

"Oh, Garry, I would keep him for you gladly and love him too, but you know Dad."

"As long as you don't hate me," he said, "I'll come back."

Garry shouldered his pack and made for the highway. Cutting had



That night Irene and Garry stood looking down at their dumb friend, swathed in bandages but, still able to wag a friendly tail.

He began on the alfalfa fields that stretched on either side of the road. When he reached a point opposite the outfit Garry put down his load and drew out the makings of a smoke. He could see his late employer talking heatedly to some of the men beside one of the machines, to which was hitched a team of sturdy farm horses. As he watched they all walked over to the big red truck drawn up beside the field and the discussion was evidently resumed.

"The darn fool, to leave his knives down," muttered Garry. "Oh, my gosh!" The exclamation burst from him as a small figure appeared from the uncut hay and climbed to the seat of the mower. The boy caught up the long whip and brought it down on the startled horses' backs. Garry was over the fence before they were well started but he could make very poor headway in the tall thick growth. The plants caught at his ankles and tripped him so that he stumbled helplessly. The men by the truck were shouting directions that only spurred the creatures on to wilder pace. The rick blades clicked as the mower bumped over the uneven ground. The horses went on down the field as though totally unaware that there was anything hitched to them. Garry was thrown headlong. When he rose he saw that a new actor had come on the stage. Timmie, a mere black and white blur, was in swift pursuit.

"Timmie! Come back here," Garry shouted and then stopped. It was no use. He expected any moment to see the tiny figure thrown down from the iron seat to those cruel blades. And then he saw that the course had changed. The horses had seen the dog and were turning in a large circle. Once more the mowing machine entered the standing alfalfa and they slowed slightly. It was not much, but it was all Timmie needed. Cutting across the circle he ran past them and, with a mighty leap, caught the nearest horse by the nose. They reared and plunged while the collar hung on for dear life. And then came relief as the child was thrown to the ground, mercifully on the side away from the cruel knives. With a mighty plunge the animal shook the dog free. There was an agonized yell. Then the mower caught on a fence post and the team stopped.

But no one had any eyes for them now. J.B. held his small son to his breast and Garry knelt beside Timmie: poor Timmie who henceforth would go about his doggy business on three legs instead of four.

That night Irene and Garry stood looking down at their dumb friend swathed in bandages, but still able to wag a friendly tail.

"Didn't I tell you he was a header-offer?" Garry said triumphantly. "Your dad says he has a home here for the rest of his life no matter what he chews up. So there's nothing to keep me from joining now."

"But you'll come back," whispered Irene, putting her hands in his.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

35 Willocks St.
Toronto, Ontario,
February 25, 1946.

Mr. Walter C. Mehn,
Editor, The Georgetown Herald,
Georgetown, Ontario.
Dear Sir,

I wish to express my partial disapproval of an editorial which appeared in your paper on Wednesday, February 20th, headed "The Social Credit Philosophy."

Had you emphasized the lack of consciousness of personal responsibility in municipal projects, you would have had a fine editorial, but worded as it was, I could only assume that it was an indirect attack against useful expenditures of public funds.

I don't see how you can speak of "The Government" as though it were some abstract and unreachable body. As I understand it, the term applies to any and all elected groups which are entrusted with the administration of public works and revenues, whether they be Federal, Provincial, County, Township or Municipal.

The salient fact at the moment is this: After years of campaigning for sadly-needed municipal improvements, the tax-payers of Georgetown are gradually beginning to realize that these things are essential. They are not so stupid as to suppose that they will get them without paying for them. Why do you think it took them so long to accustom themselves to the idea of a sewerage system, or of a new High School? The confusion simply arises over which one of their pockets the money should come from.

I have always understood that it was democratic for the more fortunate to assist the underprivileged. This is the principle behind income tax—something which has been taken for granted in Canada and other capitalistic countries for several years. I'm surprised, therefore, to find you suggesting that Halton should keep her success to herself. It is precisely this attitude on the part of Ontario which has made the rest of Canada antagonistic towards us. We MUST decide once and for all, whether we are citizens of Georgetown, or of Halton, or of Ontario, or of Canada, or—I might even add—of the World!

Surely if we have learned anything from this war, it is that we cannot isolate ourselves. If there is suffering and need on our doorstep, it is bound to creep inside our front hall. The only sensible thing to do is to remove the cause of this suffering and need, at whatever cost to ourselves—then we shall no longer be afraid of it entering our own house.

I claim no originality for this idea; it came from someone who apparently knew whereof he spoke—Christ. Sincerely,
Peggy Williams.

BLUDD — ATKINSON WEDDING AT ST. GEORGE'S

The marriage of Evelyn Atkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Atkinson of Acton, and Ralph Bludd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bludd of Glen Williams, was quietly solemnized at St. George's Church of England on Friday evening, February 22nd. Ven. W. G. O. Thompson performed the ceremony, and the couple were attended by the bride's sister, Mrs. Frances Blitner of Toronto, and the groom's brother, Edward.

A reception followed at the home of the groom's parents, with guests present from Guelph, Toronto, Acton and Georgetown. After a honeymoon trip, Mr. and Mrs. Bludd will take up residence in Acton. The groom is a veteran of service with the Canadian Army Overseas.

HALTON HOLSTEIN NEWS OF INTEREST

In a recent issue of the Holstein Journal, Halton Holstein Breeders were again in the limelight. No less than nine Halton cows are listed among the Canadian Honour List Producers for 1945. Dr. Chas. A. Blanchard of Freeman had the high senior two year old for Canada in the 305-day division on two times, in Osage Orange Valadonna, who produced 16,296 lbs. milk and 529 lbs. fat. In the junior 3 year olds, Harold Bingham of Georgetown had the fifth fat producer in the 305 day division on two times, in May Rag Apple Dutchland, whose production was 13,839 lbs. milk and 574 lbs. fat.

E. J. Meagher of Oakville, had no less than seven honour list producers, four of these being by his former herd sire Armac Sylvanus Pathfinder. Another daughter of this noted sire, namely Graymar Bessie Pathfinder, has just recently broke the 3 year old Canadian record for milk production with well over 26,000 lbs. milk on three times. It will also be of interest to all Holstein enthusiasts to learn that the Graymar herd owned by Mr. Meagher, made 22 records averaging 17,520 lbs. milk and 626.8 lbs. fat in 1945. Three long time production certificates also came to Halton this year—Methuen Dearing, or Alcarra Netherland Nancy, who in 9 lactations has a total of 140,319 lbs. milk and 5000 lbs. of fat to her credit; Emerson Ford, on Lynn River Tensen Olive whose production in 9 lactations totals 136,917 lbs. milk and 446.8 lbs. of fat and Harold Bingham, on Meadowbrae Sylvia Polly who in 8-lactations has a total of 136,141 lbs. milk and 4,714 lbs. fat. All of these long distance records were made on two-times milking.

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