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**Mountain Romance**

By BARBARA BENEDICT

Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Features.

DAPHNE slipped upon a loose stone and sprained her ankle as she and David were coming down the mountain. David had picked her up gently and carried her the rest of the way to the base. He called the hotel from the camp there, asking them to send up a car. During the drive, she sat leaning against him, and once he thought she had fainted.

A doctor was called that night, and the injured ankle bandaged. David sent Daphne flowers the next morning—and that was the last she heard from him. She was surprised that he didn't visit her. She was astonished, when, on the day following, she hobbled down to the lobby and he wasn't there to greet her. The day wore on and her astonishment became wonder and, lastly, curiosity. She asked whether he was in his room. The clerk told her that Mr. Stearns had gone.

Checked out? Daphne stared. Checked out? When?

The clerk had exhausted his supply of information. Mr. Stearns had checked out, that was all.

Daphne was stunned, alarmed, disappointed, faintly angry.

At first Daphne tried to find some logical explanation for it. She went over in her mind every detail of their association since that day they had met, a month before, on the summit of Green mountain.

That was the beginning of their friendship. David told her that he was a construction engineer. What did he like to do? Well, climb mountains for one, and swim and play tennis and take long walks and sit on lonely mountain peaks, and meditate about the universe and life and the planets.

Crazy? Well, if those things were crazy then there were two crazy people stopping at Mountain Glen. Because that's what Daphne liked. Thus did each find in the other so many things of common interest. There followed delightful, happy days of climbing and hiking, of tennis and canoeing, of whipping fast mountain streams and stalking wild game with cameras.

Days and weeks of it, each hour more enjoyable than the one preceding. Two people in a universe of wonder, watching life go by.

To Daphne it had been a glorious interlude to the humdrum existence to which she was accustomed. Something that was making a lasting impression on her memory; something she would treasure always.

And now the end had come. Sitting on the sun-drenched veranda of the Mountain Glen hotel, she went over every detail of all that had happened, tried to piece things together and arrive at a logical explanation of David's mysterious departure—and failed.

A week passed; Daphne's ankle mended. She was allowed to walk about the grounds. Frequently she looked up at the peak of Green mountain resolved that she would have to get away from it all.

And so at the end of another week, Daphne packed her things, wired for a reservation and took the early hotel bus to the tiny railroad station. The train whistle interrupted her thoughts. She sighed deeply, turned away and picked up her bags. The great locomotive swept by and stopped, a white-coated porter descended the steps of the single Pullman car and dropped his footstool. Daphne was on the verge of swinging aboard when a pair of masculine legs came down the steps toward her, and she paused.

She waited, instinctively looking up. And then her heart turned completely over. The man was David, and he was looking at her queerly.

"Daphne, you're—of course you're not." He turned to the porter. "Here, give me those bags. Miss Cardwell is not taking this train."

"Why, of all the—"

He grasped her arm and hurried her across the platform. "Save it," he snapped. "I know the answers anyhow. Besides, I've got to ask you something."

"Oh, you have! Well, why didn't you ask me two weeks ago, instead of running off so impolitely—"

"I had to run off—to summon up enough courage. You see," he stopped and faced her. "You see, I didn't have the nerve. That Platonic friendship of ours was all right, but it had its drawbacks. I just couldn't take it, I guess. After all, I'm only a man."

Daphne's heart was pounding wildly, but she said: "Whatever in the world are you talking about?"

"Just this, being a man, I fell in love with you. Well, it was a question of whether I'd better risk telling you and losing your friendship altogether, or trying to keep going as we were. Then that day you sprained your ankle and I had to carry you down the mountain and you rested against me all the way back in the automobile—"

"But I didn't sprain my ankle. That is, I didn't intend to. I meant just to twist it a little so you'd have to carry me—and then in the car I leaned against you because I thought that if I did—well, of course, being a man, you wouldn't understand those things. Men are stupid."

Far down the track the southbound tooted a fire-engine to Mountain Glen. It seemed to remind David of something, because he stopped staring like a speechless idiot, and took Daphne in his arms.

**Sunday School Lesson**

LESSON: Judges.

LESSON TEXT: Judges 2: 7, 11, 16-23.

**A PEOPLE IN CONFUSION**

Students of history will be familiar with periods in the lives of most of the world powers when out of chaos and disunity, unity came, when a number of small principalities and provinces, temporal monarchies and kingdoms, became welded together in a great nation. One thinks especially of the history of nations such as France, Italy, Germany and Britain. The Book of Judges records a similar period of chaos, out of which came unity, in the Hebrew nation. In preceding lessons, we have spoken of the "Hebrew Tribes". That is exactly what they were—twelve of them—loosely federated during the migration from Egypt, the sojourn in the wilderness, and the period of invasion of Canaan, under leaders like Moses, Joshua and those whom the present lesson describes as "the elders that outlived Joshua."

Settling down in the newly conquered territory and facing new conditions of life was no easy process. It demanded social and political readjustment. The people had been nomads; now they were settled agriculturists. They had lived in tents like Bedouins; now they lived in houses. They had been shepherds; now they must adapt themselves to agriculture. The territory was not conquered all at once, and there was continual warfare with the original inhabitants of the land, and with the many desert tribes accustomed to making armed forays into the agricultural districts for food, fodder and slaves. There were those enemies from without. There was also the great enemy from within. Its name was disunity. The one bond which had held the tribes together, was the worship of Jehovah and the common obedience to His law given through Moses. As the last man died who had been associated with Moses, Aaron and Joshua, the links were broken. New social conditions brought new customs and new loyalties, and new religion as well. The people began to fall away from the worship of one God to the worship of many gods. And so we read in VII. "The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord and served Baalim." "Baalim" is the plural of "Baal." The "Baalim" were the gods of the agricultural inhabitants of Canaan before the invasion. It was thought that the harvest of grain and fruit were the gifts of the god who owned a certain section of land on which these things were grown. The god was the "baal" or owner. There was a baal for every section. And as they mingled among the original inhabitants, the Hebrews naturally learned the farming methods and customs from the local inhabitants, picking up at the same time the custom of worshipping Baal which was linked with farming methods. This meant that each tribe began worshipping a different god, and sectionalism developed. When, therefore, the enemies from without came upon a certain part of the country, there was no unity of action in opposing them. If one tribe were attacked, it was no concern of the other tribes. Each had its own god to serve and he was expected to protect the people in his particular part of the country. So it was that the Hebrew tribes began to go down under the assaults of their enemies. When they forsook Jehovah and worshipped Baal, disaster came upon them.

Periodically, some individual was aroused to take the leadership of his people and bring them out of their difficulty. This individual was the judge. He called the people back to the worship of God, and rallying them around this centre, he acted as their military commander. He continued to hold this position for his life time, acting also as administrator of the law. The period of the Judges was one of recurring disasters and comebacks. There seemed to be a sequence of events—turning from God to the local deities, disaster as the result, repentance and return to God, and deliverance. Among the Judges are such well-known names as Samson the famous strong man with the long hair, and Gideon with his picked band of 300 men with their lamps and pitchers. It took the Hebrews a long time to learn the lesson they should have learned from these repeated disasters—that unity is strength and that unity comes from the worship of one God. But unity was in the making during this period, and the seed sown by Moses, was taking root, and the blade was beginning to appear which would ripen at last into the full corn in the ear in the time of the Kings of Israel.

Is there a lesson for us in this history? Do we not need to learn the lesson of the unity that comes from the worship of one God? Do we not need to turn away from our sectional tribal gods, to the worship of the Lord God of heaven and earth, the Father of all mankind in whom there is neither Greek nor Jew, male nor female, bond nor free? There is a tendency toward World Government. The U.N.O. is a step in that direction. But unless we can learn the bitter lessons that experience has taught, unless we forsake the worship of our "Nation-gods", and worship the "God of Nations", the verdict of history is against us, and the punishment stern and relentless. The same is true, is it not, in industrial warfare? Surely experience has taught us that disaster comes upon the nation as a whole when Labor and Management each worships its own interest. And what one side does, what is

the other to do? Give in? But both have a responsibility wider than the interests of each. And one wonders if the interests of each are not better served in the mutual recognition of that wider responsibility. It is not within the scope of this lesson to discuss the relative merits of the cases of Labor and Management. One has his opinion, and another has another. But in seems true in the nation at large that both have fallen away from the worship of God. The result is disaster and loss to both—principally to Labor, and one cannot help but sympathize most with the party who suffers most. But the cure, we suggest, as this lesson suggests, is a return of both to the service of the Christian God. This one thing is certain in the period in which we live—the stewardship of experience is in our hands. And the verdict of history is against those who make bad use of their stewardship. Industrial strength in Canada will come from the worship of one God, not Labor's god, not Management's god, as the one God, but the Greater God, the Christian God, in whose service the interests of each are served.

**GEORGETOWN OCTOGENERIAN**

**MRS. GEORGE CURRIE**

**DIES AT SON'S HOME**

Resident of Georgetown for 21 years, Mrs. George Currie passed away at the home of her son, George, on the 7th Line, on Thursday, February 28th. Formerly Maggie Hume, she was born on a farm in Esqueving Township, and with her husband farmed at lot 6, concession 7, Esqueving, until her husband's death 28 years ago.

In 1925, she moved to Georgetown and had made her home since that time in the house on Main Street South across from the old Barber property. She was always active and was ailing for only a week before her death. Mrs. Currie was a member of Knox Presbyterian Church.

The last member of her family, her only survivor is her son, George, a member of the Esqueving Township Council. A son, Hume, predeceased her a few years ago.

Rev. C. O. Cochrane took charge of the funeral service from McClure's Funeral Home on Saturday, and interment was in Hillcrest Cemetery, Norval. Pall-bearers were: Wilfred McDonald, Frank McDonald, Blake Hume, John Elliott, Alex Hume of Esqueving and Alex Hume of Georgetown.

**ENGLISH BRIDE AND BABY DAUGHTER WELCOMED TO STEWARTTOWN**

Arriving in Stewarttown yesterday after crossing from England on the Aquitania was another district war bride, Mrs. Ken Murray with her baby daughter, Marilyn. Married to C. S.M. Ken Murray in 1944, she is the former Constance Eva Logan of Aldershot. CSM Murray returned to Canada last October and has since received his discharge from the army.

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There will be no Red Cross drive for funds this year. Your continued membership in the Red Cross is all that is asked. Minimum membership fee is one dollar. Your local Red Cross Branch will provide you with further details.

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