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LOCAL NEWS

St. George's W.A. announce, as coming events, a sale of Home Baking on Friday, April 11th, and the Spring Rummage Sale on Saturday, May 3rd.

—At Loud's Store you can buy at reasonable price for Easter a pretty little dress for a charming little miss, price 75c up.

—For prompt electrical repairs to appliances and wiring call H. C. Bailey, Charles St., Phone 399w.

—The Local Council of Women will meet at the home of Mrs. E. B. Foulis, Charles Street, on Friday, March 21st, at 3 p.m. Every member is urged to bring a friend to hear Mr. L. L. Skuce, Halton public school inspector.

—Have your eyes examined by O. T. Walker, E.O. Optometrist, at his office over the Bell Telephone Co., Main St., Georgetown, the second Wednesday of each month. Or you may consult O. T. Walker at his office in Brampton. Phone Georgetown, 57w; Brampton, 569.

—STUBBORN SKIN DISORDERS— At long last — Dependable relief from the itching, burning irritation of ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, HEMORRHOIDS, ATHLETE'S FOOT and many other irritating SKIN disorders. DEWSBURY'S OINTMENT that no home should be without. Get a jar of DEWSBURY'S OINTMENT at your Druggist today. Get that quick, comforting relief you long for. You must be satisfied or money refunded. If it is OINTMENT you need, ASK FOR DEWSBURY'S at your DRUGGIST. Sept. 25d.

THREE CBC RADIO STARS



CLAIRE WALLACE



PANAMA



ANDREW ALLEN

The Great Hotel

By JOYCE N. MARTIN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Features

"VERY well," said the associate manager of the palatial seaside hotel at Coronado. "We'll cancel Miss La Crosse's suite. Yes, yes. It shall be exactly as you say." He turned to his secretary in annoyance. "That Hollywood!" he glared. "I give up. You never can tell what it'll do next. Well—we don't get the La Crosse wedding party, after all. It seems the bride hasn't time for a honeymoon with her lieutenant commander. Has to report at the studio at 6 a. m. for retakes."

"And now the studio press agent has thought up still another of his coy publicity stunts. The La Crosse suite, since it was paid for in advance, must be given to the first enlisted man who asks for a room at the front desk." With nine admirals and three generals in residence, the best the house had to offer would go to some soldier or sailor who'd probably never even stepped inside a first-class hotel before.

There they stood. A shy little sailor, leaning on a cane, trickles of water down his black raincoat making a puddle on the highly polished marble floor. And behind him, nervously holding a tattered, bedraggled suitcase—obviously the bride—"We couldn't find a room anywhere in all San Diego. Can you, perhaps, put us up for the night?"

A room for the night! With reservations for the world's rich, famous and fashionable running six weeks to two months in advance! The perfect composure of the two desk clerks on duty was suddenly jolted. For the associate manager handed the pen to the sailor, who scrawled happily: "Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miller, Temahawk, Minnesota."

Now the little bride stepped forward — young, inexperienced, but nevertheless practical. "How much will the room be?" she faltered. "We've got to be sure we have enough money."

"It's already attended to," the associate manager snapped almost crossly. "Number twenty-three! Front! Show Mr and Mrs Miller to Suite 140."

140! The bellhop's mouth fell open. The best suite in the hotel reserved exclusively for admirals and movie stars! He relieved Mrs. Miller of her shabby suitcase and led them to the elevator. Ed and Jenny Miller followed slowly, for Jenny had to help her husband of six hours to walk. Jenny was so proud when Ed won his Purple Heart.

It suddenly flashed to bellhop twenty-three that the Boss had singled him out because he'd been in the navy once, himself. Of course it was strictly against the rules to get personal with the hotel guests. But this, somehow, seemed different. "Where'd you get yours?" he asked the limping sailor.

"Shrapnel . . . on a D-E off Leyte."

"Hey, Whaddya know! I was there too," grinned the bellhop. "On a tin can. Got surveyed out four months ago. . ."

"It's my first day out of the hospital," volunteered Seaman Miller. "We were married just this morning over at City Hall. But no hotel room anywhere. I guess we're plenty lucky. . ."

The little bride had rushed to the enormous porch overlooking the pounding sea. It was the first time she'd ever seen the surf thundering along the beach. She found she had no words to utter. It was so beautiful, so perfect, that the tears poured down her cheeks. Little Seaman Miller hobbled over and understandingly put his arm around her shoulders. "There, there, Jenny girl," he said. "I told you our dreams would come true some day." Jenny's eyes shone as bright as the peaks of the little bow she had placed in her hair to dress up her mouse-colored suit for dinner.

The maitre d'hotel bowed as they paused in the doorway of the formal dining hall. Smilingly he led them to a large table set directly beneath the glittering chandelier. Then there they were, standing beside the table of honor where four naval officers were seated. When they saw Ed and Jenny, they jumped up and pushed back their chairs. Four admirals' eyes bulged at seeing more gold than they had ever seen in one spot in all his life. And Jenny's lips just parted in an excited "Oh, yes!"

Mr. and Mrs. Miller? May I present Admiral Eckstrom, Admiral Jones, Admiral Waddington and Admiral Keyes.

"Won't you join us for dinner?" Admiral Waddington was speaking. Admirals Keyes and Eckstrom nodded to the wine steward, who was wheeling a gleaming silver cooler, packed with cracked ice. There came the loud pop of a cork. Now the champagne was bubbling merrily in the hollow-stemmed glasses.

"I should like to propose a toast—to the bride and groom," said Admiral Jones. And while the four admirals drank to the health of Ed and Jenny Miller the orchestra began to play a gay melody of navy tunes.

Ed looked softly into Jenny's twinkling eyes. "Doggone if this ain't something we'll be tellin' our grandchildren about," he grinned.

DANCING

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