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Georgetown Will Not Lose High School: Mayor Gibbons

Open Nights Lack of Gymn and Assembly Hall is Noticed.

"Council is opposed, and I am sure the School Board is opposed, to losing the high school from town. We hope to convince Acton and Milton to have a consolidated school here, but if this doesn't work out, we propose to build a school here second to none in the

province." Mayor Joseph Gibbons drew a round of applause from students and parents as he made these remarks in a brief education and a suitable high school built. building is one of the foremost questions in town today. Mayor Gibbons

to go on to university.

vided into two sections, the first hour being devoted to a tour of inspection. presentation of a Grade 13 Proficiency The teaching staff was on hand -Principal J. L. Lambert, Mr. A. C. Prouse, Misses Piorence Luke, Marjorie in summing up results had not reveal-Immen, Jessie B Wilson and R. Piercey, ed until later that Miss Robinson was as well as music teacher, W. R. Capps tied for high standing in Grade 13. of Brampton. In room 2, a display of He remarked that, in spite of facilities arts and crafts, made by Grade 9 stu- at the high school, departmental redents under the direction of Mr. suits had shown 87% success for Cr. Prouse, showed that there is latent H. S. students-higher than many of talent which can be further develop- the city schools. ed by the manual training program being inaugurated at the Public School. In room 4, an impressive collection of trophies won by the students at music festivals was on exhibition, while in the Science room, Miss Wison presided over a demonstration of laboratory techniques.

tor having been purchased at Christmas time, and Arthur MoAllister operaed the machine for a movie on swimming and diving. An educational film, obtained from the Department of Education, is shown to the students

The second part of the evening, devoted to gymnastics and music showed the handicaps of the lack of gymnsstum and assembly hall. Porticularly was this notable in the boys'- gym display in the lower hall. It is surprising what feats have been master ed by the boys with the facilities address at the High School. "Open available and we can visage a crack Night" last Wednesday. He said that gym beam when the new G.H.S. is

Grade 9 girls presented an attractive folk dance and there was also was preceded by Mr. M. H. Moyer, tumbling display by some of the girls. chairman of the High School Board, The program then shifted to the upwho said that he hoped and expected per hall, to hear the Glee Olub unin the reasonably near future to see der Mr. Cappe direction. Vocal solos a bigger and better school here. He included "Trade Winds" by Ralph said that we must face the fact that Peck, Marion Hepburn at the plane; we are looking after too small a per- "Panis Angelicus" by Jean Chester, centage of students with the present Kennisth Harrison accompanying; curriculum, and that it must be wid- and "Where'er You Walk" by Kenened to give a more practical back- noth Harrison, Miss Chester at the ground for those who do not intend plane. Kathy Thompson and Chester played a beautiful arrange-The two-hour Open Night was di- ment of "Norwegian Dance."

Another feature of the evening was prize to Miss Brenda Robinson, Principal Lambert explained that an error

Brantford won the first game last night in the 2-out-of-3 play-off series with Barrie. The winners of the Intermediate "A" semi-final will meet Visual education has been introduc- Georgetown in the play-offs. The ed at the school this term, a projec- second game will be played tomorrow

The Declaration

By JOHN BRIGGS McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Features.

MR. PRIMROSE found a precari ous perch in a vestibule. By the time he reached Penn Station he was fit to be tied. Mr. Primrose and another commuter bore down on a subway turnstile at precisely the

Blinking as his eyes adjusted to daylight from subway gloom, he heard shouts that blended with the normal raucous pattern of downtown New York. Then he realized someone was yelling, "Stop that man! Stop that man!" and Mr. Primrose froze in his tracks. A man was sprawled on the sidewalk, both hands clutching his stomach. A dark red stain spread on the pavement beneath him. Mr. Primrose was hardly aware of the big man hulking beside him. "One side there, Bud," gritted the big man, breath

Mr. Primrose paid no attention. 'That man," he gasped, pointing. 'He's been hurt Somebody ought to do something."

"Get out of my way;" said the big man harshly. Mr. Primrose did not move. He was paralyzed with horror and did not realize he was standing at the door of a long black sedan, preventing the big man from



"Get out of my way."

getting in. Mr. Primrose noticed that the big man was carrying a revolver. The big man placed his free hand on Mr. Primrose's face and shoved. Something in Mr. Primrose's brain snapped at the pain. He raised his umbrella and brought its steel tip down on his assailant's foot. The big man's pistol hand jerked con-

vulsively. He's going to shoot me, Mr. Primrose thought. With a remote instinct from some forgotten ancestor who lived on raw meat, Mr. Primrose swung his umbrella, silver handle uppermost. Then a great light flashed and that was all Mr. Prim-

rose knew. "I suppose this is heaven," Mr Primrose said. His gold-rimmed glasses, he noted, were on the bedside table. Everything else - the room, the bed, the whitesgarment he was wearing - was new and strange. A young girl wearing what seemed to be a halo was moving about the room.

"I was about to hit somebody with my umbrella," he said ruefully. "He

hit me first." "No, he didn't!" said the girl. You knocked him out. Cold as a mackerel. His pal got you. Here, read all about it." The story was front-paged. There was a picture of him that really did him justice, Mr. Primrose thought. He read of his exploit. He was a Hero. Mr. Prim-

tose beamed and went to sleep. During his convalescence a stream of visitors enlivened Mr. Primrose's theys. He had become a Big Shot. tris opinions were listened to with reference. He sounded off on World Events and the Administration and nobody contradicted him. He undergood this more fully when he overard a whisper: "You can see it in his eyes—he's a killer—absolutely

ithless!" Mr Primrose grinned and thought . the things he would say when he gain saw Hardison Flint. Things " had been saving up for years. the great day came, Mr. minrose walked with an unacistomed swagger. His hat was typed rakishly over one eye and he iried his umbrella gaily. He rearsed the speech he has pre-"And so, Flint, I'm serving ne here and now-" (gesture. hed fist) "-either I get my ame of recognition or I'm leav-" is miserable sweatshop today!

oud voice was booming through Mr. Primrose opened the marked PRIVATE, Hardison on was scated at his desk, thick k and eavy jowls turning purple ve a stiff white collar. "What's : lea?" he was screaming into a ephone. "This is a business-office, a country club! Hereafter you at to work on time-or else!" He slammed down the receiver and glared at Mr. Primrose. "Ha!" . shouted, "it's about time, Primrose. Your department is two weeks behind. Let's get going on that year-

end stuff!" Mr. Primrose took a deep breath. Now or never! His lips framed the opening sentence of the Primrose Declaration of Independence. The words came.

Primrose

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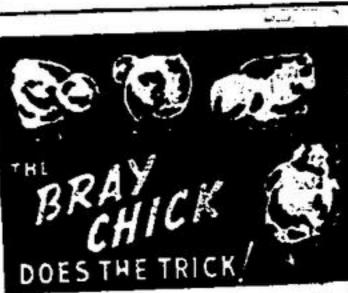
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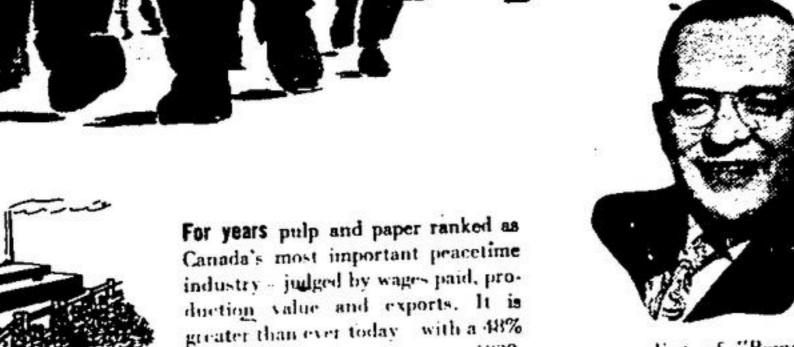
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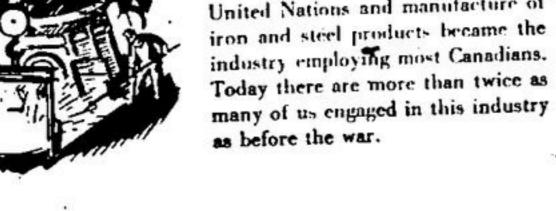
tresent fact!

TODAY Canadian manufacturing has reached record peacetime heights. It has gone far beyond anything attained in pre-war years. During the war we became the world's fourth industrial nation. Now, in peacetime production again, over 980,000 Canadians are employed in manufacturing-compared to 570,000 in mid-1939. And average pay has more than doubled!



increase in employment over 1939.

Spurred by war demands, Canada became the fourth steel producer of the United Nations and manufacture of





The textile industry is our other great manufacturing employer. It, too, tremendously increased its output to meet war needs. Today in it, too, far greater numbers of Canadians



CHARLES MCNELLEN, in the years 1920 to 1924 was driving a truck for a Toronto electrotyping firm. During this time he studied the business and was appointed as salesman for the same company from the latter part of 1924 until April, 1931. His enthusiasm inspired other men who agreed to assist him in the founding of his own business. Today he is Presi-

dent of "Bomac" -- one of the largest electrotyping and engraving companies in Canada.

MR. McNELLEN says, "Canada has been good to me. She will prove the same to those young Canadians who are ready to take advantage of the vastly increased opportunities she offers today. Here, withits ur own country, in every field of endear our, successful cureers await the talented and ambitious."

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