

**Eddie started  
his job  
today!**



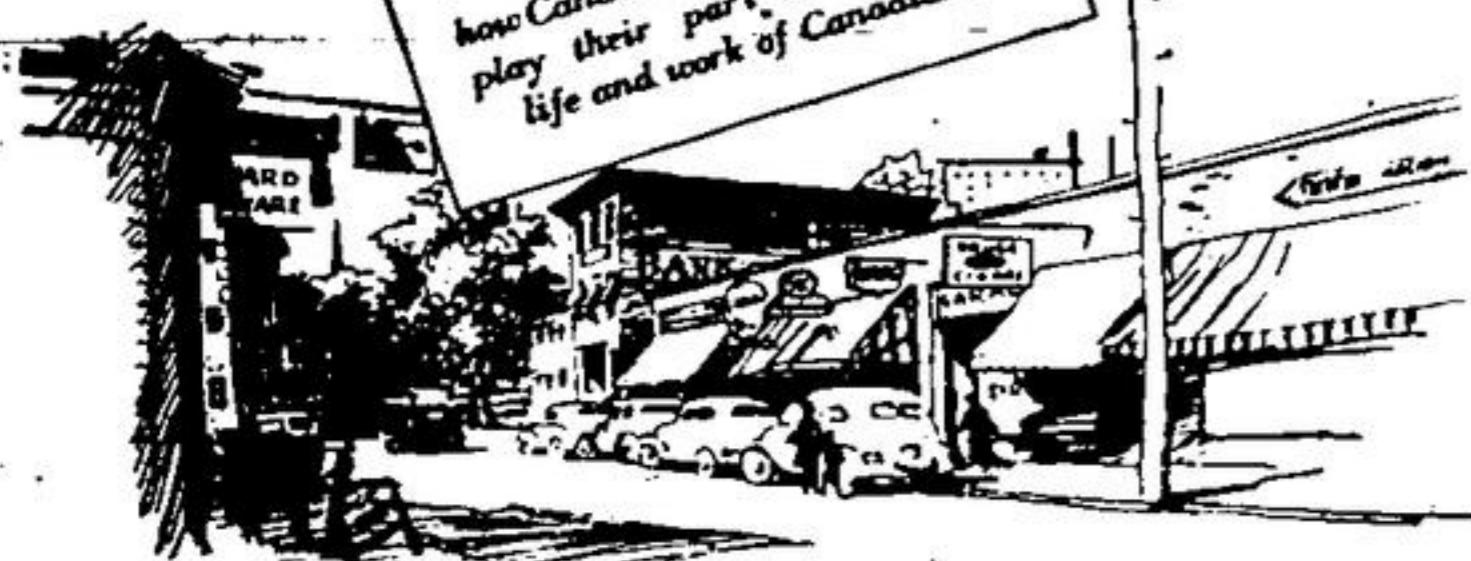
**THE MANAGER** of the furniture factory in Eddie's town landed a big order. It meant he had to buy a lot of extra lumber, increase his payroll.

He lost no time in putting the whole thing up to the manager of his local bank. Together they worked out how much money he would need to take care of wages and other costs until he delivered the goods.

Then, with the backing of his bank, he got to work on the order.

... And that's where Eddie came in. He was put on the payroll—given his first chance to learn a trade. Right now he's on his way home to tell Mom and Dad how much he likes his new job.

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**"Look Who's Here" Makes Hit With Play-Goers**

Long looked forward to by Georgetown playgoers who had pleasant memories of "The Last Revue" last fall, the second presentation of Apprentice Productions was of equal calibre and delighted audiences last Wednesday and Thursday at the Old Town Hall. This time, the group tackled a three-act farce "Look Who's Here" and did a good job of it.

The story was a flimsy little affair about Aunt Alice (Lena Emmerson) who didn't believe in marriage and her nephew Lyman Winchell (Ken Butler) whose income depended on his staying single. Complications are caused when Aunt Alice pays an unexpected visit to Lyman and his wife Estelle (Renee Diggins) and the young people try unsuccessfully to hide their marriage from his aunt.

The three principals were uniformly excellent in their roles, Lena Emmerson had the most difficult part as Aunt Alice and played it for all it was worth in laughs. Ken Butler was guilty of over-playing his role somewhat, which is not a serious fault in a broad comedy. He was undoubtedly the star of the show. Renee Diggins was perfectly cast in her role as a sweet, slightly scatter-brained young wife and showed good stage presence throughout.

A play is only as good as its supporting cast, and the second leads were on a par with the principals. Ned McLennan and Mary Diggins, of the Last Revue cast, were happy choices here, giving excellent performances. Margaret Hoare and Jean MacKenzie did their best in small roles which the author had not written much into. Ethel Anthony had two brief scenes as the cook and Bill Diggins was the delivery boy.

Jack Thompson, originator of the group, directed and his skilled hand was in evidence throughout. Gertrude Dann was prompter and Alex Korzack and Joe Emmerson kept things running smoothly behind scenes.

**THE CAST**

- |                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| Lyman Winchell   | Ken Butler     |
| Estelle Winchell | Renee Diggins  |
| Aunt Alice       | Lena Emmerson  |
| Tommy Rotenah    | Ned McLennan   |
| Grace Birling    | Mary Diggins   |
| Jennie           | Ethel Anthony  |
| Rose Stanford    | Margaret Hoare |
| Irene Andrews    | Jean MacKenzie |
| Delivery Boy     | Bill Diggins   |
| Director         | Jack Thompson  |

**Tenth of a Dollar**

By WILLIAM MURDOCH  
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
WNU Features.

THE high school kid who took over behind the cigar counter while the druggist went to supper winked as he brushed past the soda fountain girl, then he paused. "That's the old skinflint who lives down the street," he whispered, jerking his head in the direction of the old man who stood near the phone booth. "He asked for..."

The old skinflint was Guy Baxter and while the term didn't exactly describe him, it did in a vague way epitomize his reputation for keeping a close tab on money. He was a bookkeeper—a mighty good one—who had a deep respect for money: his own, and his employer's, the wholesale grocery firm of Farrell & Sons Company.

In fact, that abiding regard for money had only that morning—his fiftieth anniversary at Farrell's—led him to commit the one deliberately dishonest act of his maturity. He had passed a counterfeit dime.

That dime menaced his peace of mind a few minutes later as he peeled off his coat and vest and



He had passed a counterfeit dime.

climbed up on the high stool at his desk. Nervously he smoothed his thin thatch of gleaming white hair, and there was trouble in his pale blue eyes as he carefully removed his glasses from the case. For the first time in seventy-odd years he knew himself as a cheat, and he found the intimacy repugnant.

And then, in mid-morning, Farrell called Guy into the office. "Sit down, Guy," Farrell said cordially, lacing his white fingers into a double fist atop his desk and smiling at the old man. "I suppose you know it was just fifty years ago today that you started to work for my father? You've been a good man, Guy," said Farrell matter-of-factly. "You're honest, you're reliable." He smiled. "But let's save all that for tonight. We've planned a little celebration for you at the Jefferson Hotel. A fellow like you deserves a pat on the back."

"Yes, sir," Guy went back to his desk, but he couldn't work. He couldn't focus on figures and sums. He thought of Farrell's praise and he squirmed. He wasn't honest. And he wasn't reliable, for even in so minor a matter as a counterfeit dime he had failed himself. He had sold a record of honesty for a dime—a lead one. How could he go to the banquet tonight and listen to all those nice things people always said at banquets, when down in his heart he knew just how mean and petty he had been that morning?

He couldn't. He had to get that dime back. Mere restitution—handing over another dime, a good one, to the Bedford Lunch, where he passed it off—wouldn't be enough. He had to get that coin back—to keep it out of circulation so it couldn't go on cheating people for the rest of Guy's life.

So he hurried from the office at quitting time and went directly to Bedford's Lunch. There was a chance that the dime hadn't been passed on. If Bedford would only show him the contents of the partition in the cash register, Guy could pick it out.

But the night cashier was in no mood to listen to Guy's halting attempts to explain. "I got no time to monkey with dimes now, mister," he said irritably. "If you got a squawk with Bedford, see him in the morning."

Tomorrow would be too late, of course. Baxter was due at the banquet tonight, in just an hour or two. The lead dime stood squarely in his way. He couldn't go. He started for the drugstore at the corner. He'd have to call Mr. Farrell and make some excuse. There was no use trying to explain, because Mr. Farrell would only laugh and tell Guy not to be silly. But it wasn't silly. All this because he had pocketed his change yesterday without first studying it.

He was asked for change for a quarter so he could make a phone call," the high school kid whispered to the soda fountain girl. "Remember that lead dime Bedford showed us this afternoon? Bedford gave it to me and I've been savin' it up at the cash register just waitin' for the right guy. I'm goin' to try to pass it off on that old skinflint over there. Watch me spoil his day."

**CIRCUS COMING TO BRAMPTON SPARKS 3 RING RAILROAD SHOW**

The announcement of the coming to Brampton of the world famous Sparks three-ring circus on Tuesday, May 13 exhibiting on No. 7 Highway, 1st Line east show grounds, will be greeted with delight by thousands of circus fans—children of all ages, eager to welcome the first big circus of the 1947 season.

For over fifty years the world famous Sparks Circus has been a favorite with outdoor amusement patrons and this year travels by railroad for the first time since the advent of World War II. The big show is presented in three rings and elevated stages by a galaxy of international arena stars, with performing elephants, daring aerialists, funny clowns, Liberty horses, dogs, ponies and goats, high wire artists, and other talented stars of Spangland.

A complete menagerie of wild animals is another feature of this year's Sparks Circus. Two performances will be staged on Circus Day with a matinee show at 2:30 p.m. and the night performance at 8:15 p.m. The doors to the menagerie will open at 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. to allow patrons to view the wild animals and zoological display before the big show program.



**SMITH'S WIND CASE:** A century old tradition was re-enacted in the form of a wind-up when a gold-headed cane was presented to Capt. J. H. Smith, O.B.E., skipper of the Canadian South Sea Steamship company—

major liner Rosneath, for being the first to bring a deep-sea ship into Canada's greatest port this year. Capt. Smith, a veteran of both world wars, docked his vessel a month before about of his latest feat, clearing one of

the closest races of several years. Above, he is seen receiving the cane from A. G. Murphy, port manager, while William Minson, general vice-president of the C.P.R., looks on.

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