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**GEORGETOWN MAN  
WED OVERSEAS**

Belated congratulations are extended to a Georgetown boy, Bill Cummins, whose marriage took place in Paris last summer. Bill, who is employed with an oil company at Bahrain on the Persian Gulf, was home in June for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cummins, and married a Polish girl in Paris when he returned to Europe. His wife is still in Paris but will be joining him soon in the east.

**Romantic Man**

By FRED GORDON  
WNL Features.

"THIS is certainly a fine home you have here, George," I said. "A neat cozy little place." I smiled at George's wife, Mrs. Wallace, and said, "I'll bet you're in love with it." She gave me an agreeable smile, an agreeable nod. George walked over to a tall maple cabinet and took out some prized liquor. "Here you are, Harry. A little appetizer." He filled two small glasses and gave me one. I raised mine and touched it to his. Our glasses tinkled against each other. "To Mrs. Wallace," I toasted.

"To the girl who stood on the street corner in the rain," he returned. We downed our drinks and a warmth, a comforting heat, spread inside of me. "You son-of-a-gun," I laughed, sitting easily in a plush chair, "picking up a girl on a street corner, in the rain, and making her your wife! Good old George Wallace—always the romantic man!"

His eyes were fastened to the jumping red tongues of the fire. "Was raining like it never rained before," George began. "One of those nights, you know. It just seems to rain and rain until you think it'll never stop."



"It must have been a lucky star that made you two meet on the street corner in the rain," I chuckled.

"Some fellas will tell you about Love, how it comes, about mutual understanding, and all that. Don't believe it, Harry; when it hits you, I can tell you—yes, even for the old duck that I am—when it comes, you know it. And when it comes, it stays."

He watched his cigarette smoke climb to the ceiling. "When it hits you it stays." He spoke the words as if they were new to him, first proving their truth.

"I was standing on that street corner, shivering in the rain, when I saw her. We stood there, saying nothing, for a minute—just looking and feeling something happen. A million thoughts came to me then, crazy things, and I start building dreams—real castles—before I even heard her speak, or before she even spoke to me. Maybe she thought I was batty, I don't know, just standing there getting drenched, and looking at her."

"What was it I said first. Oh, yes, 'Little wet out,' I said. When I heard her voice I knew. It was music, music."

I smiled, satisfied. "You're just a romantic guy," I said.

"Well, sir," George went on, oblivious of me, "we got on a street-car and rode up and down the line that night. Crazy kids we were, hour after hour—talking to each other on a street-car, looking out into the rain and dreaming. . . I'll always remember it, Harry; every little word we said."

Suddenly he stood up, crushed his burning cigarette in an ashtray, and gave a long, hearty yawn. "You're right," he said to me.

"What do you mean?"

He laughed deeply. "I'm just a romantic, sentimental, old fool. How's about some of that delicious cooking? How's the dinner coming, honey?" he called.

"All set, boys. Come and get it." We sat at the table chatting lightly. "This is really some dinner, Mrs. Wallace," I said. "Roast supreme!"

"It's lucky I came back to the kitchen on time," she said. "I just saved it."

I smiled. "Well, it certainly turned out beautifully."

I nudged Harry and said aloud to the two of them. "With meals like this, a fine home like this—well, it must have been a lucky star that made you two meet on the street corner in the rain, eh?" I chuckled, fully contented.

"Street corner? In the rain?" Mrs. Wallace returned, half-smiling. "Why George and I met at a party!" She beamed on George. "Didn't we, dear?"

"George said, 'That's right. I'll never forget it!'"

**ARE HALTON FARMERS  
SEED GRAIN CONSCIOUS?**

Halton's Countryside has long had a reputation for beauty, among city dwellers. There is much evidence to support this viewpoint. At the same time we sometimes wonder in summer months if the prevalence of blue flowers intermingled with the delicate Queen Anne's Lace which are to be seen growing prolifically in almost every field and along every roadside, has anything to do with exclamations of delight. Certainly, if the ancestors of some of our present-day farmers were to come back, they would wonder what new crops are these, that they are growing on my old farm? To the good farmer the sight of the blue flowered chifchry and the delicate Queen Anne's Lace or Wild Carrot, is obnoxious and disturbing. In recent years the shortage of labour has been the general excuse. And a good excuse it is, since the farm labour situation is deplorable and the great percentage of Halton farms are greatly undermanned. We have heard much of the poor quality, weed-infested, so-called seed grain being sown in other sections of Ontario, but of course such a condition does not exist in the good old banner county of Halton. As our complicity has been shattered by a report recently issued and based on a seed drill survey conducted by E. M. Headhead, County Weed Inspector for Halton. Samples were indiscriminately collected from 45 different farms scattered over the County. Some of these were collected directly from the seed drill while in the field—and the remainder from seed grain bagged up and ready to take to the field. That the best is not too good is revealed by the following table which gives the maximum number of weeds allowed per pound of oats or barley according to grade.

Reg. No. 1	3	300
Reg. No. 2	10	1000
Reg. No. 3	10	1000
Cert. No. 1	10	1000
Cert. No. 2	20	2000
Com. No. 1	25	2500
Com. No. 2	50	5000
Com. No. 3	100	10000

The first column is grade, second maximum number of weed seeds per pound and third the number of weed seeds which may be sown per acre, when rate of Seeding is 100 lbs. per acre). It was astounding therefore, to learn that 31 per cent or almost one third of the samples collected in Halton were graded rejected as unfit for seed. In short, they were too poor to even get into the Commercial Number 3 grade which permits, when the grain is sown at 100 lbs. per acre. It was almost unbelievable to learn that one sample contained 1550 weed seeds per pound which would mean that the farmer from whom the sample was collected was sowing in the neighborhood of 155,000 weed seeds per acre. Is it any wonder that such a large percentage of Halton's fields are becoming polluted with such weeds as Chicory, Wild Oats, White Cockle, Bladder Campian and Couch or Twitch Grass? Those are the weed seeds which caused the rejection of 14 of the 45 samples. Three of the five weed seeds can be cleaned out of our grain sample by a reasonably well equipped fanning mill. Did you ask what percentage of the farmers were sowing Commercial No. 1 Seed? 38 per cent. It was also startling to learn that only one fifth of the Halton farmers contacted were treating their grain for smut control.

Labour is very short on Halton farms, but surely the above picture would justify the suggestion that this is the time of year to get a new screen for that old fanning mill. This is the time of year when the seed grain should be cleaned up—this is the time of year when a pound sample of your grain should be sent to the Plant Products Division at 86 Collier St., Toronto, where a grade and germination test can be secured for 75 cents. Furthermore, if you are going to need seed grain next spring, this is the time of year to locate it. The canvassers in connection with the County Calfhood Vaccination programme also collected data concerning those with seed-grain for sale. This information is we understand, now being compiled at the Agricultural Office in Milton and is available to all interested. The moral to this article is "Why Sow Weed Seeds?"

Col. T. L. Kennedy, Ontario Minister of Agriculture has set an objective of 50 million more bushels of course grain to be grown in Ontario in 1948. If this objective is to be achieved good quality seed grain of the rust resistant varieties is essential. The time to get ready for next Spring is NOW.

**NORVAL GIRLS  
PLAYING HOCKEY  
THIS SEASON**

Two hockey teams have been organized among Norval girls this year, with two games scheduled each week on the open air rink at

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FIRST IN RUBBER

Norval Recreation Centre. The first game last week ended in a 2-1 tie, with Mary Carney and Helen Sedore scoring for the Woodpeckers and Edith Teramoto and Jean Carney for the Eagles. Mary Carney and Jean Carney are team captains.

Teams line up as follows:  
Eagles — Mary Carney, goal; Edith Teramoto, Dorothy Hudson, defence; Jean Carney, centre; Helen Palmer, Adele Bastedo, wings; Joyce McNaughton.  
Woodpeckers — Thelma Hunter, goal; Kathleen Casadden, Helen Teramoto, defence; Mary Carney, centre; Helen Sedore, Louise Webb, wings; Ina Webb.