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GEORGETOWN **SONG OF LOVE**
with Paul Henreid

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, AUG. 20 - 21
Continuous show from 7.00 p.m.
SATURDAY MATINEE 2.00 P.M.

IN HER ARMS...

he forgot
he was
outside
the law!



WILLIAM ELLIOTT
JOHN CARROLL
CATHERINE McLEOD

THE FABULOUS TEXAN

with ALBERT DEKKER - ANDY DEVINE
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

TWO BIG DAYS, MONDAY, TUES., AUG. 23 - 24
TRACY 'N' TURNER—
TERRIFIC TOGETHER!

"Only yesterday you were Jinny from the other side of town!"

SPENCER TRACY-TURNER
ZACHARY SCOTT
M-G-M's
Casa Timberlane
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.

Next Wednesday, Thursday, August 25 - 26

THESE THREE TOGETHER!

JOAN CRAWFORD
DANA ANDREWS
HENRY FONDA
in
Daisy Kenyon
with RUTH WARRICK - MARTHA STEWART
PEGGY ANN GARNER - CONNIE MARSHALL
Produced and Directed by OTTO PRESSINGER

CHURCH NEWS

Norval and Union Presbyterian Churches
Rev. J. L. Self, B.A. B.D.
11 a.m. Public worship.
10 a.m. Public worship.
Sunday School has been suspended at both churches for the summer months.

Ballinafad Charge of the United Church
Rev. O. R. Flindall, Minister
10.15 a.m. — Sunday School
11.15 a.m. — Public Worship
11.00 a.m. — Public Worship
11.00 a.m. — Sunday School
2 p.m. — Sunday School
3 p.m. — Public Worship

Holy Cross R. C. Church
Rev. Fr. V. J. Morgan
Mats at 9 a.m.
1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays — Mass at 11 a.m.

Norval, Hornby, and Stewarttown (Anglican)
Rev. J. E. Maxwell, B.A. LTh.
St. Stephen's Church, Hornby
11 a.m. — Morning Service (except 1st Sunday in month — Evensong at 8 p.m.)
St. Paul's Church, Norval
7.30 p.m. — Evensong (except 1st Sunday in month — Holy Communion at 11 a.m.)
St. John's Church, Stewarttown
8 p.m. — Evening Service (Except 1st Sunday in month — Morning service at 9.30 a.m.)

Norval Charge of the United Church
Rev. F. J. Dunlop, Minister
10 a.m. — Public Worship
11 a.m. — Sunday School
11 a.m. — Public Worship and Sunday School
10.30 a.m. Sunday School
7 p.m. — Public Worship

Georgetown Baptist Church
Rev. Chas. R. Gower, Minister
10 a.m. — The Great Refusal
11 a.m. — Sunday School
7 p.m. — Our God will deliver us
8 p.m. — Wednesday — Prayer Meeting

St. George's Church
Holy Communion, 8.00 a.m.; Sunday School, 10.00 a.m.; Evensong, 7 p.m.
St. Alban's Church, Glen Williams
Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity: Matins — 9.30 a.m. Sunday School — 10.30 a.m.

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Hunter's Moon

By DON C. SHAFER

THREE long and valiant years ago Corporal Loren LaFond had won for this day. Now he was home again. Home in his beloved mountains.

This was the day of days—the first day of deer hunting. Since he was fourteen, when grandfather gave him his first rifle, Loren had hunted deer. And until he enlisted he never missed an opening day.

At Wolf Rock Loren left the old log road and made his way slowly and carefully to the top of Windy Ridge, connecting Cat Mountain with Old Table, where he knew of a natural deer crossing. This was a likely place to intercept a buck disturbed by drivers on the opposite ridge and seeking safety in the rocky heights above. In the distance he heard a rifle shot, another and another.

"One shot more," repeating the old saying to himself, with a grin. "Two shots maybe, three shots will do for supper."

At the top of the ridge he selected a convenient rock where he could stretch out his aching leg and rest his back against a tree. Warm October sun filtered down through the lacy pattern of interlaced branches overhead.

Far down the slope, a shadow moved. Watching closely, Loren saw that it was a big buck, and coming his way. Ordinarily this buck would have been bedded-down for the day. Evidently it had been aroused by hunters and knew that it was being hunted.

The buck came slowly up the steep slope, antlered head swinging low, stepping carefully to make



Loren started homeward.

Loren took full advantage of the fact that he was a last resort, with only one and special developed strategy to carry it bounding over the steep, rocky slopes, leaping and more feet at a stride. Very careful steps, the buck moved and when motionless was almost invisible in its protective fall coloring.

As the buck came nearer Loren could see that it had been wounded. The buck's head had been hit. The buck's head had been hit. The buck's head had been hit.

Loren saw the tip of the rifle. He saw the tip of the rifle. He saw the tip of the rifle. He saw the tip of the rifle. He saw the tip of the rifle.

Loren was so interested with the carefully prepared aim of the hunter that he almost forgot that he was the hunter, with a bullet in his hands. Now, at point blank range, he remembered the gun. Waiting until the buck's head was turned, he raised the rifle quickly. In that instant, as his eye sought the rifle sights, there flashed through his mind the memory of another hunt.

He saw a wounded Yank, helmet and rifle gone, in torn G.I. uniform, slinking through the muck and water of a rice paddy, in a lull of bullets, falling and raising again and again. Except for splashing and the hum, screaming, shouting, racing from all sides to heed him off, to kill him. The hunted man ran "mopping down" a high row, threw himself into an irrigation ditch, along which he crawled with speed, to gain a maize field.

From field to field they harried him, beating up the cover, showering every movement with bullets. Exhausted, hurt, the hunted man hid hidden when he dared, slinking away again when the noisy hunt became too close, using all the craft and cunning learned from wily bucks he had hunted, not always successfully. He doubled back, where they would be least likely to look for him, and slid unobserved into the muddy water of the rice paddy. Submerging all but his face he covered this with a handful of water weeds and laid there until darkness and the hunt was over for the day.

The picture faded away—the rifle came slowly down.

"I don't believe I will ever hunt again," he said aloud.

The surprised buck bounded away. Loren got up, rubbed circulation back into his aching leg and started homeward.

BALLINAFAD

The W. A. meeting was held Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. John Cole. Mrs. Barker had charge of the devotional. Arrangements were made to quilt a quilt at the next meeting. A new heating system for the church was discussed and it was decided to bring this up before the meeting of the Board of Managers. Some contests were enjoyed and Mrs. Mitchell assisted the hostess in serving lunch.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. John Miller had the misfortune to fall in her home, and injure her back, which necessitated her being taken to hospital. Mrs. Ruth Marshall spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. James Miller in Toronto.

TERRA COTTA
(last week)

Mr. and Mrs. G. Sherring of Stroud called on Terra Cotta friends recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stringer and family were recent visitors in our hamlet.

Mr. Fred Bilton of Nobel and Parry Sound is visiting with Terra Cotta friends at present.

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IN APPRECIATION

If all the nice expressions of the English language were phrased together, it would express our appreciation of your patronage during our 24 years of doing business with the people of Georgetown and vicinity.

For our successor, Harold G. Hutchinson, our sincerest wish is that you will enjoy the same friendly relations. And as for the barber, Robert "Bob" Murray, I have never worked with a better man, professionally or personally.

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