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ACTON SCHOOL BUS
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The new school bus which will transport rural students to Acton Consolidation School this year will be a feature of the Chrysler Corporation exhibit in the Automotive Building at the Canadian National Exhibition for this week and next. The company has arranged to transport students by cars during this period in order that the new bus may be seen by interested Exhibition visitors.

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Col. K. E. Marshall, President
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AUG. 27 SEPT. 11

—Nobody from town has won the new Chevrolet offered as a lucky draw prize at the Olean and Johnson grandstand show at the Exhibition. We're still hoping to report this good fortune in town.

Hunter's Moon
By DON C. SHAFER

I THINK long and vibrant years ago Corporal Loren LaFond had waited for this day. Now he was home again. Home in his beloved mountains.

This was the day of days—the 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 River Loren left the old log road and made his way slowly and steadily to the top of Wolfy Ridge, overlooking a Cat Mountain valley. He knew of a natural deer crossing. This was a place where to intercept a buck during the rut. He had seen the tracks of hunters and deer 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 meat," repeating the old saying to himself, with a grin. "Two shots maybe, three shots suit pork for supper."

At the top of the ridge he selected a convenient rock where he could rest 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 wooded slope, antlered head swinging low, stepping carefully to make



Loren started homeward.

to noise, taking full advantage of the cover. Loren knew that a buck was only as a last resort, with long legs and specially developed muscles to carry it bounding over twelve-foot obstructions, leaping nimbly and more feet at a stride. Every few careful steps the buck stopped and when motionless was quite invisible in its protective fall coloring.

As the buck came nearer Loren could see that it had been wounded. From time to time it turned to lick a bleeding cut high on the left quarter. It fairly crawled up a shallow ravine.

Nearing the top of the ridge the buck "froze," breathing deep—evidently a bit of man scent warned it of danger ahead. A few slow and cautious steps and it laid down in a small hollow, with only the antlered head, on long neck, raised to watch, polished horns looking like a bit of dead brush. Then Loren saw the hunter coming up the slope, a heavy man in red mackinaw coat, noisily crushing dry leaves, watching the woods ahead, automatic rifle ready, but paying no attention to the faint trail. The red coat passed within a few yards of the hidden buck, never suspecting it was there, and disappeared down the hill.

Loren was so engrossed watching the safety precautions of the hunted that he almost forgot that he was the hunter, with a loaded rifle across his knees. 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, splashing through the muck and water of a rice paddy, in a hall of bullets, falling and raising again and again. Excited Japs splashing after him, screaming, shooting, racing from all sides to head him off, to kill him. The hunted man ran limping down a hedge 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 laid hidden when he dared, sinking 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.

Methodist Church of the United Kingdom
Rev. O. E. ...
10:15 a.m. — Sunday School
11:15 a.m. — Public Worship
12:15 a.m. — Sunday School
1:00 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. ...
2nd and 4th Sundays:
Mass at 8 a.m.
1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays:
Mass at 11 a.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.)

Knox and Limehouse Presbyterian Churches
Mr. Max Putnam, student minister at St. Andrew's Church, Kitchener, will occupy the pulpit this Sunday at 11 a.m. at Knox Church and at 3 p.m. at Limehouse.
Sunday School as usual, Knox Church, 10 a.m.; Limehouse 2 p.m.

Norval and Union Presbyterian Churches
Rev. J. L. Self, B.A., B.D.
Norval
10 a.m. — Sunday School
11 a.m. — Public Worship
Union
2 p.m. — Sunday School
3 p.m. — Public Worship

Georgetown Baptist Church
Rev. Chas. R. Gower, Minister
10 a.m. — God's Message for a Divided World
11 a.m. — Sunday School
7 p.m. — The Natural Life
8 p.m. Wednesday — Prayer Meeting and Bible Study

St. George's Church
Archdeacon W. G. O. Thompson, Rector
Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Holy Communion, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 7 p.m.
Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity: St. Alban's Church, Glen Williams
Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity: Matins and Litany — 9:30 a.m. Sunday School — 10:30 a.m.

DORRAINE KENNEDY WEDS IN OWEN SOUND

The wedding of Miss Lyla Dorraine Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Kennedy, Owen Sound, to Mr. John Harold Epstey, son of Mrs. M. Beatty, St. Catharines, took place in Knox United Church, Owen Sound on Saturday, August 28th. Rev. Allan H. Ferry officiated. The wedding music was by Mr. Victor Keralake and Miss Jean MacIntyre. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a brocade satin gown made with fitted bodice, the skirt sweeping into a long train and with a bustle effect. Her long veil was held by a satin coronet. Miss Faye Kennedy and Mrs. Andrew Bell attended their sister, the former in daffodil moire and Mrs. Bell in periwinkle moire in bouffant style, with matching hats. All carried floral cascades in appropriate hues. Mr. Warren Beatty of London was groomsmen for his brother. Mr. Andrew Bell, Owen Sound and Mr. Robert Bell, St. Catharines, were ushers. The bride is the granddaughter of Mrs. J. W. Kennedy of Georgetown.

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