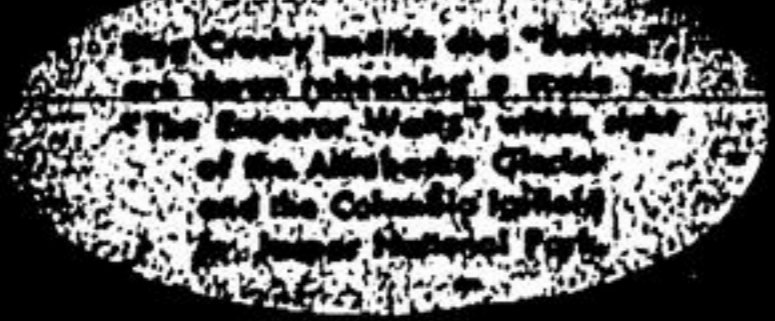


### ... OF GOOD WILL



Bing Crosby with the "Emperor Waltz" and Hans Hotel, who, with the assistance of the Columbia Pictures and the Columbia Pictures, in Jasper National Park.

Bing Crosby may be only a strolling peddler of phonographs who gets mixed up with the Court of the Hapsburgs in Paramount's new technical extravaganza, "The Emperor Waltz", but in Jasper National Park, Canadian Rockies, where the Alpine scenes of this picture were made, he achieved genuine popularity.

Although the population of Jasper is only slightly more than 3000, it isn't a "cow-town" by any means. It is the meeting place of transcontinental trails that carry many Very Important People hither and yon through Canada, and it is also the location of the noted summer resort, Jasper Park Lodge, which has been host to kings and queens, princes of the realm, justices of the United States Supreme Court and all types of people right through the gamut of the human scale.

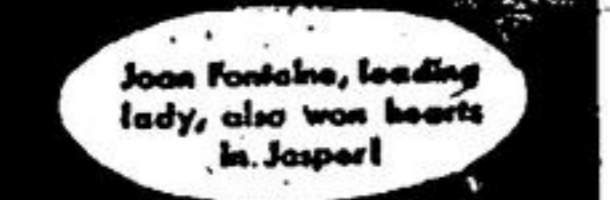
But Jasper never met anyone like Bing before, and probably never will again. In his three weeks in Jasper he not only won the admiration of everyone in the village and at the Lodge, but he won their hearts as well. If there ever was a disciple of democracy at the Signers of the Declaration of Independence intended it to be practiced, that disciple was Bing.

He hobnobbed with the cowboys who were running the chuckwagons and doing the rough work for the Paramount Company on location.

He borrowed a patched-up fly-rod from a park warden and proved himself adept at catching speckled trout in the Maligne Lake and River that he was elected Honorary President of the Maligne River Anglers Association, an honor never conferred before on anyone outside of Canada.

He passed up a "wash" banquet in Jasper Park Lodge to sing and dance with the Lodge staff in their recreation hall.

When Paramount, after three weeks, had shot all the mountain exteriors for "The Emperor Waltz" and had returned to Hollywood, Bing came back again. He came back to win the Jasper Park Lodge Totem Pole Tournament.



Joan Fontaine, leading lady, also won hearts in Jasper!

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**WORLD SUPPLY OF RED CLOVER SHORT**

According to information released by the International Emergency Food Committee, Washington, D.C., the world supply of red clover seed continues to be less than requirements.

In view of this situation, it is anticipated that supplies of Canadian red clover seed, surplus to domestic needs, will be in demand and consequently every effort should be made to harvest as much seed as possible.

**CARD OF THANKS**

JONES — We desire to thank our friends in Georgetown and Glen Williams for their kindness, flowers, and sincere words of sympathy in our late bereavement.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jones and Fred, Barrie, Ont.

**Mackenzie News**

Seventeen clear nights in a row may be alright for the exhibition, but we could do with some rain for our garden.

We have just received a car of Alberta lump coal. This is just the right kind of coal for Fall weather. With the drafts on it will give you some heat in a hurry and with the check on it will burn very slowly. The price is \$17.50 per ton. See you at Georgetown Fall Fair on Saturday.

**J. B. MACKENZIE AND SON**  
Lumber Coal

### Watching

By **DOROTHY SAWYER**  
WVU Feature

THE bank was cool and comfortable, and the morning hum of business was progressing at a moderate pace. The line at the Teller's window was as long as any line, and he was commencing to increase his activity.

His hands moved faster, and he figured, repeating amounts aloud. A harassed expression flickered across his taciturn face, as if he were momentarily hard pressed.

At the other side of his window was someone who missed none of this, whose slightly narrowed gaze betrayed his attention, and whose eyes frequently slid over, and rested on an armed guard, pacing up and down the length of the bank.

Then, his eyes sullen, he looked squarely at the busy Teller, who seemed unconscious of his scrutiny. He shifted his weight, the woman standing next to him sighed, and he pulled himself erect.

Timing, timing. Everything was timing. The light from a window focused on some money in the Teller's hands. The watcher looked out of the window beyond the executives' offices, and saw a thin, sparrow man, hat over his eyes, lift his gaze from a book in his hands and peer into the bank. Could he see him waiting there listening, rigid, one in all the hundreds of those who were, presumably, attending to business?

Now, his right hand strained toward his pocket. Someone in the waiting line dropped a book, and as she stooped to pick it up, the action brought her eyes around in the direction of that straining hand.

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way,



A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

"When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more.

Some day, perhaps, when he'd had his way he would smile at one of these lush plums.

Miriam called the good ones lush plums, but not for him today. Bah! The Teller's hands were magic hands; reaching, clutching, sorting, piling and passing out bills. Mostly bills, some change he noted, that shone, and sometimes rolled out toward the edge of the ledge. His fingers twitched.

Not directly in the line, but of it, the watcher sensed the moment coming closer, and his hands opened and shut, his jaw quivered very slightly, and was still.

His shoulders were thrown back, and no one would have taken him for what he was—weak, really, and tired, and despairing.

The woman next to him moved forward, and he moved too, jostling her by mistake, but her hand was on the bank pass book in her hand. Her turn at the Teller's window was coming.

"Now. Now." he thought. He heard the man in front say, "Thank you" and saw him turn away from the window.

The Teller relaxed a fraction, settling his money and papers into place. Outside the bank the thin man peered in again, at the orderly customers waiting in their quiet rows. Then, he vanished around the corner. The Teller straightened one more pile.

Now.

He leaned forward, one chubby hand thrust through the bars, and grasped at the Teller's neat piles, as he leaned from his mother's arms.

"Lettuce," he crowed, "Lettuce."

Aunt Miriam, at the Teller's window, pushed him down, gently.

"He's a lively little fellow!" laughed someone in the crowd.

**PLUM JAM** 14 Oz. Jar 27c

**RED PITTED CHERRIES** 20 Oz. Tin 31c

**PORK and BEANS** 2 30 Oz. Tin 31c  
PREPARED WITH CHEESE

**CATELLI'S Spaghetti** 15 Oz. Tin 12c

**DOMINGO-BLACK** 8 Oz. Tin 43c

**CHEESE** 5 Oz. Pkg. 25c

**PICKLES** 18 Oz. Jar 29c

**BEANS CUT 2** 20 Oz. Tin 27c

**WINE FINE**

**SEALERS** doz. 11.07

**WINE-QUART**

**SEALERS** doz. 1.25

**RUBBER** 2c

**RINGS** doz. 13c

**ZING**

**RINGS** doz. 29c

**PICKLING SPICE** 15c

**Fruits & Vegetables**

**PEACHES**  
**PEARS**  
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**CARROTS**  
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**TOMATOES**  
**CELERY**  
**LETTUCE**  
**ONIONS**  
**TURNIPS**

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**CHURCH NEWS**

**Georgetown United Church**  
Rev. John Smith, Minister  
Lynda M. Stewart, ATCM, LRSM, organist and choir leader

10 a.m. — Sunday School  
11 a.m. — Divine Worship. "Transformed Power"  
7 p.m. — Divine Worship. "Another Generation."

**St. George's Church**  
Archdeacon W. G. O. Thompson, Rector.

Seventeenth Sunday After Trinity: Sunday School — 10.00 a.m. Holy Communion (Corporate) — 11.00 a.m. Evensong — 7.00 p.m.

**St. Alban's Church, Glen Williams**  
Seventeenth Sunday After Trinity: Matins — 9.30 a.m. Sunday School — 10.30 a.m.

**Georgetown Baptist Church**  
Rev. Chas. R. Gower, Minister

10 a.m. — Our Love for Christ  
11 a.m. — Sunday School  
7 p.m. — Eternal Life  
8 p.m. Monday — B.Y.P.U.  
8 pm Wednesday — Prayer Meeting

We Believe in God, the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, the Holy Spirit, each co-equal in the Trinity. 1 Peter 1:2.

**Norval, Hornby and Stewarttown (Anglican)**  
Rev. J. E. Maxwell, B.A., L. Th. Sunday, September 19th

**St. Stephen's Church, Norval**  
11.00 a.m. HARVEST FESTIVAL The Reverend C. G. Eakins, M.A.

**St. John's Church, Stewarttown**  
8.00 p.m. — Evensong

**St. Paul's Church, Norval**  
7.30 p.m. — Evensong

**Norval Charge of the United Church**  
Rev. F. J. Dunlop, Minister

**Glen Williams**  
2.00 p.m. — Sunday School  
7.00 p.m. — Public Worship  
Norval

1.30 p.m. — Sunday School  
3.00 p.m. — Public Worship  
Norval

**Balfanzaf Charge of the United Church**  
Rev. O. R. Flindall, Minister

16.15 a.m. — Sunday School  
11.15 a.m. — Public Worship  
Church Hill  
10.00 a.m. — Public Worship  
11.00 a.m. — Sunday School  
Melville

2 p.m. — Sunday School  
3 p.m. — Public Worship

**Holy Cross R. C. Church**  
Rev. Fr. V. J. Morgan

2nd and 4th Sundays: Mass at 9 a.m.  
1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays: Mass at 11 a.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

**VISITORS TREAT GRADE ONE, SCHOOL PUPILS**

All the pupils in Miss Beatrice Hume's first grade class at the Public School were "treated" last week to an eskimo pie by a visitor to the school. The treat was given by Mr. Coles, of Pembroke, whose wife, Eva Green, was a pupil in the first class Miss Hume had as a teacher at Norval. Mr. and Mrs. Coles accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts the latter a sister of Mrs. Coles who had also been taught by Miss Hume. Mr. Coles explained that in Pembroke it had always been his custom to treat the children in his son's Public School class and now that he was in high school he missed this.

**ATTEND ALUMNAE MEETINGS IN TORONTO**

District Church of England women are in Toronto this week attending the annual alumnae meeting, both Trinity and Westmount, the streets being held at the O. Thompson Hotel, Toronto.

## VISIT THE MARITIMES

YOU'LL ENJOY GOING BY BUS

NEW YORK	26.66
CHICAGO	19.55
ST. LOUIS	25.35
DETROIT	19.60

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