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Winners at Georgetown Fair

Georgetown Fair paraded a large number of Ontario's finest horses, and the following prize winners are announced:

HEAVY HORSES

Class 1—Clydesdale — Brood mare, 1st and 2nd Wreford Hewson and Son, Malton; 3rd Alex Dolson and Son, Norval. Colt, 1948 — 1st and 2nd Hewson. 1 yr. colt — Hewson; 2 yr gelding or filly — Hewson. Pr. of horses in harness — 1st and 2nd, Hewson, Pair agricultural horses — Hewson, G. D. Morden, Oakville.

Class 2—Percheron or Belgian — Brood mare, E. Armstrong, Georgetown; Reg Black, Malton; Stan May, Hornby. Colt 1948 — Armstrong, Black, May. 2 yr. colt, 1st and 3rd, McCutcheon Bros. Rockwood; Armstrong. 3 yr. old gelding or filly, Armstrong, McCutcheon. Pr. horses, Armstrong, McCutcheon, Morden.

Class 3 — General Purpose — Brood mare, C. B. Stirling, Hannon; W. B. Reid, Brampton; J. C. Murray and Sons, Georgetown. Colt, 1948, — Dolson, Jean Gowland, Brampton; May. 1 year old colt, Reid, Murray, Dolson. 2 yr. old gelding or filly, Fred Lawrence and Sons, Malton; Stirling, Dolson. 3 yr. old gelding or filly, Lawrence Murray. Pair horses in harness, R. Kerr and Son, Acton; Archie Haas, Brantford, C. M. Ferris, Brantford; Lawrence.

Specials — Milk delivery horse, Haas, Kerr; bread delivery horse, Ferris, Kerr; draft horse on rein, Hewson, Haas; draft team, Hewson, Armstrong; Clydesdale filly, 1st and 2nd, Hewson. Percheron or Belgian filly, 1st and 2nd Armstrong Four horse hitch, Howson, McCutcheon Bros., Morden.

W. H. Berry, Oakville, Judge

LIGHT HORSES

Ring 1, — Class 4 Carriage — single horse 15.2 and over, Ken McMillan, Georgetown; J. A. McKay, Georgetown; 3rd and 4th R. M. Barden, Hillsburgh; R. Kerr and Son, Acton. Single horse under 15.2, McMillan, McKay, Kerr, Barden; pr. horses, McMillan, McKay, Barden, Kerr.

Class 5 Roadster — Single horse, 15.2 and over, Les J. Wright, Listowel; Barden, Stan Sommerville, Waldemar; Cecil Stirling, Hannon, Jos. Hamilton, Rockwood; single horse, under 15.2, Wright, Stirling, Wright, Hamilton, Barden. Pair of horses, Wright, Barden, Stirling, Sommerville, Hamilton.

Class 6, Hackneys — Gelding or filly in harness, Matt McDougall, Erin, 1st and 2nd. Pr. of horses, McDougall.

Class 6A Horse Tandem — McKay, McMillan, Barden; Hackney pony tandem, McDougall.

Specials — Gentleman's turnout, Wright, Barden, Kerr, Stirling, McMillan. Lady driver, Joyce McMillan, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Lambert.

Road Race — 15.2 and under, Barden, 2nd and 3rd, Sommerville, Stirling. 15.2 and over, Sommerville, Hamilton, W. J. Woon, Niagara Falls; Barden. Pony Race, Mary Welsh, Brantford.

George Tervit, Wingham, Judge

Ring 2—Class 4, Carriage — brood mare, Gowland, Kerr, R. Bayne, Fergus; 1948 colt, Kerr, 2nd and 3rd Bayne. One year old colt, Bayne; Kerr, Dolson. Two year old gelding or filly. Barden, Gowland, Judith Marshall, Dunnville. Three year old gelding or filly, Gowland.

Class 5 Roadsters—Brood mare, Dolson, Marshall; 1948 colt, Dolson, Marshall.

Class 6A Ponies — Pony team in harness, Gilbert Bailey, Brampton. Shetland Pony, 1st and 2nd, Bailey. Saddle pony, Dr. W. C. Bovaird, Brampton; Welsh.

Saddle Horses — Perkins, Burlington; McMillan, Gowland, Jean Ker, Dundas. Hunter class — Bovaird, 2nd and 3rd, Gowland, Lorne Massies, Acton. Open Performance 1st and 3rd, Gowland, Massies, Bovaird. Road hack, Joy Hallett, Oakville; Gowland, McMillan, Ker. Lady rider, McMillan, Perkins, Welsh, J. DeVries, Georgetown.

Martyn Heslop, Freeman, Judge

GEORGETOWN UNITED CHURCH

Regular morning worship was conducted in the Georgetown United Church on Sunday by the minister Rev. John M. Smith. The lesson was read from St. Mark's Gospel Chapter 5; verses 1-20. Mr. Smith spoke on the subject "Transformed Power" in which he emphasized the fact that under the influence of the forces of evil we tend to use our powers to the detriment of self, society and Divine Purpose, but when we yield to the love and will of God, our powers are transformed and are used for the advancement of good and the establishment of God's work.

The choir under the direction of Miss Lynda Stewart sang the anthem "Just As I Am."

The flowers decorating the church were placed by Miss Hazel and Mr. Percy Harrison, in memory of their father and mother.

Romantic Man

By FRED GORDON

WNU 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 mapled cabinet and took out some prized liquor. "Here y'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.

"That night must have been back a good many years, Harry. More years than either of us old codgers would like to recall. Still, every little thing about it is as plain to me today as it was then, when it all happened.

"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 streetcar and rode up and down the line that night. Crazy kids we were, hour after hour—talking to each other on a streetcar, 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."

Nurse-Laidlaw Wedding

Norval United Church was decorated with pink and white gladioli and ferns for the marriage on Saturday, September 11th of Muriel Irene Laidlaw, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Laidlaw, Norval, to Mr. Harvey Edward Nurse, son of Mrs. George Nurse of Ashgrove and the late Mr. Nurse. Rev. F. J. Dunlop officiated. The bride's cousin, Mr. Lloyd Laidlaw sang "The Lord's Prayer" and "O Perfect Love" and Mrs. Florence Wright played the organ.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was gowned in white faille tafeta with train. The neckline was rounded and shirred and a shirred band through the skirt gave a pretty effect. She wore a strand of pearls taken from her mother's wedding dress. Her long veil was caught with a headdress of eyelet embroidery and chysanthemums and she carried a bouquet of red roses and bouvardia.

The bride was attended by Mrs. John Dunlop as matron-of-honour and Misses Marjory Ruddell and Marion Crawford as bridesmaids, all cousins of the bride. Little Adrien Nurse, niece of the groom, acted as flower girl, dressed in a long peach taffeta gown with frills around the neck. She carried a basket of peach gladioli and wore a matching headdress. The matron of honour was gowned in hyacinth blue faille taffeta with fitted bodice and full-tiered skirt. Soft folds over the shoulders gave a shawl effect. She carried pink gladioli and had a matching headdress. The bridesmaids were in similarly styled dresses of American Beauty red faille taffeta. They carried white gladioli and had matching headdresses.

Mr. John Alexander of Ashgrove was groomsman and the ushers were Mr. Garnet Laidlaw, brother of the bride, and Mr. Howson Ruddell, cousin of the bride.

A reception was held at Norvale Farm, home of the bride's parents. Her mother received in wine crepe with black accessories and a corsage of cream roses. The groom's mother assisted in brown crepe with brown accessories and a corsage of talisman roses. For travelling the bride chose a navy blue serge suit with navy accessories and carried a red top coat. On their return from a motor trip to Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec City they will reside on the groom's farm at Ashgrove.

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