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The Adventures of Flitt the Butterfly

"This is the day, this is the day," thought Flitt excitedly, as he awoke. "This is the day that Father Neptune said I could go exploring by myself—exploring the ocean floor on my baby sea horse."

As soon as he had finished breakfast, Father and Mrs. Neptune saw him to the door of the castle. Standing there waiting was the Baby Sea Horse, so impatient to go that he just couldn't stand still. You see, he was looking forward to the day of adventure, too.

In the rumble saddle Flitt put the lurch that Mrs. Neptune had so kindly packed for him, and also the big piece of salt water jelly that he had brought along for his little sea horse.

"Sparky, that's what I'll call my sea horse," thought Flitt as away they went, clinkety, clack, clinkety clack.

Just as they were going thro the gates, Elmer the gatekeeper, put out one of his eight long arms to trip them. Was he surprised when Sparky took a terrific leap and went right over Elmer's arm. Flitt was nearly thrown out of the saddle, but he managed to hang on. It was all good fun, of course. Elmer was only teasing, of course, in his big clumsy way.

Flitt and Sparky galloped along for quite some time, seeing many strange people on the ocean floor. They all had a smile for the lively travellers as they flashed by.

Suddenly Sparky stopped short, almost spilling Flitt over his head. "Listen, Flitt," said Sparky. "As sure as you are sitting where you are, they could hear singing!"

"What can that be," whispered Flitt, as the soft gurgly sound got louder.

As they listened, they could hear, as plain as the toes on your feet, "Good morning, dear teacher, good morning to you."

They could hardly believe their ears, so they crept quietly around a big rock, and what do you suppose they saw? A school of fish! Of course, this was a country school and there were many grades. Over there, were the tiny minnows—they were just playing most of the time—you know how tiny tots do at school—but they were really very good, considering they were so small. Once in a while they talked out loud, but most of the time they just whispered and giggled.

Over there, were the larger fish, who were really studying hard. Today's lesson was how to get a worm out a fish hook without getting caught. The teacher patiently showed them, time after time, until they had all passed the test. Flitt and Sparky were amazed at their cleverness.

All was quiet for a moment, and then Flitt could hear a gentle sob now and then. There in a corner sat the most forlorn-looking jelly fish you could imagine—and no wonder. She was sitting on a high stool, and on her head was a tall cap that had the word "Dunce" printed on it. She just wouldn't even try to learn a thing. She just wanted to sleep all the time and we know that sleeping in school just simply isn't allowed.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly in all grades when suddenly someone said, "Ouch." And then there was a loud SMACK!

Everyone nearly jumped out of their fins. This is what had happened. Gertrude, a shy little cat fish, was in the top grade and was the best student in the school. Of course, that didn't include the Star fish, who was always five points ahead of anyone. Gertrude had long silky whiskers that always seemed to be floating back over the seat behind, and try as she would, she couldn't keep them tied in a bow under her chin.

Now here is where the trouble started. Gus, the Dog Fish, was in the same grade and he sat right behind Gertrude. What a tease he was! But he was a good fellow in most respects.

However, just now, Gertrude's whiskers had come untied and had floated back and tickled Gus the Dog Fish right on his snubby nose. Quick as a flash he caught them and tied them together behind Gertrude's head! Poor Gertrude! This was just more than she could stand and without thinking that she was in school, she clapped him so hard with her tail that he fell right out of his seat.

You know how it is in school—sometimes you just can't help laughing. Gus looked so funny there on the floor that every fish just laughed and giggled until finally the teacher had to rap on the desk with the ruler.

Poor Gertrude was so embarrassed that she wouldn't look at anyone for the rest of the lesson. Gus was sent to the corner and had to write out twenty times, "I Must Learn to be a Gentleman." Now, that is a lot of writing and believe me, it kept him out of mischief for the rest of the afternoon.

Oh, my shattered fins, I forgot to tell you who the teacher was.

Molly Mermaid, of course. How the whole school loved her! She was always so patient and did everything she could to make their school the very best on the ocean floor.

Flitt and Sparky waited quietly until it was time for recess, and then came out from their hiding place.

My goodness, what a about of welcome there was, for they had all heard of Flitt the Butterfly. Miss Mermaid had told them of his good deeds in the Green Forest. Now she asked Flitt if he would stay till after recess and then tell the school of these adventures he had had in that strange land far above them.

Of course, Flitt was delighted to do that. As soon as they were all back in their seats, he told them all about the Green Forest and his friends there. They all sat as quiet as an oyster and listened to every word he said about the world in which he lived. Even Jill the Jellyfish was allowed to hang up her dunce cap and sit in the front row.

All too soon it was time for school to be let out, but this time the fish didn't want to go home. However, each of them had their little jobs of helping Mother at home, so they thanked Flitt, said a happy goodbye, and away they swam. And away went Flitt and Sparky, clinkety clack, clinkety clack, back to Father Neptune's castle to get home in time for supper.

HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

Introduction:
Greetings, permutations and combinations to you all, peasants. This week I once again bring you the inside dope from the inside (and I'm just the dope to do it.) After last week's valiant effort to TRY and write a column after a week's layoff I once again will make a vain stab to recover and regain myself in the eyes of my many readers (of course all my readers are blind—no is). Now if you are sufficiently recovered from the nauseating odour which overtook you'se I will continue.
Give a Cheer!

The Monday of the 30th was Cadet Inspection as you all probably know. This week even tho a brief report has appeared in the Herald previously I will give you my report as a spectator.

Promptly at some hour after 10 the inspecting officer arrived. His name and rank, Lieut. James. Already present were Colonel Cousins and assorted spectators. Upon his arrival the Company was inspected, then followed the saraband. This consists of walking around the Kampus a couple of times to a drum played by Bandsman Ed Peters. The first and second platoons weren't too bad for straightness of line but the third squad looked something like a crooked V. After all manoeuvring of such sorts was over came the demonstrations.

The first was a Bren gun display. Two Bren guns were demonstrated and they were sure mighty fine shootin' irons. I still haven't found out what the people were doing when they laid down behind them and after a moment's fiddling with the gun got up. Recalling for memory I think the boys' group consisted of: Bill MacCormack, John Nodwell, Paul Barber, and George MacCure -- the second group were girls - Julia DeVries, June Thompson and Eileen Prust.

The second spectacle was in signals. Two fellows handling Morse sets at a distance of about 10 feet from each other tapped out messages. When one "guy" missed a words he would yell up to the other fellow to ask what it was. So convenient! I believe one of the fellows was Dean Thompson, don't know who the other Cadet was.

Following this came a mock battle. Practically all the fellows took part using rifles, sten guns, Bren guns and a mortar, all with blank shells (two apiece). All these big brave boys raided Johnny Whitney who had taken up a position behind a tree. Of course Johnny in the face of overwhelming odds and because he only had one shell surrendered.

Mr. Wilson (a member of the Board of Education), then presented the awards for the marksmanship tourne.

In the afternoon a bus took a large number of cadets down to Huttonville ranges. No report on this available except that Bill MacCormack had top score in the 303 shooting.

Some correction on officers and new's is to be made this week. All the male officers were right with the exception of Sargent-Major. This position was filled by Ab Carter. I kinda loused up the ranks of the girl officers a couple of weeks ago and will try to redeem myself. The lieutenants were Frances Pries and Stella Semanyk; the sergeants -- Betty King and Margaret Spitzer.

Miss Allaneous:
Mentioned I might give a report on 5th form prelims but after seeing some of the marks received I will retract all thoughts of doing so.

Third and fourth forms have begun their trials and after listening to the reports of how well they did -- they didn't do. It seems they claim the exams are hard or as it because they don't know anything. "Take your pick" said the iceman. "I think I will save the last column for either next week or the following week" (I favour the latter). In any case I will only write one more bit of nuthin'—be sure and don't miss it.

BIRTHDAY PARTY
Brydon Shields, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shields, Maple Avenue, held a party on Saturday in celebration of his 7th birthday. His guests included: Pajlene Watson, Paul MacKenzie, Mary McDonald, Louise and June Oliver, Bill Betke, Douglas Wrigglesworth, Richard Verder, Michael Webb, Fay Murlin, Karen Shorill, Ken Ehrigott, Billy and Herbie Wilson, David Jones, Kathleen Duke, and from out-of-town, Mr. and Mrs. William Ferrier and children Ruth, Kathleen and David of Sijetsville. His aunt, Mrs. Herb Lindsay of Toronto, Mrs. Harry Shields and children Eleanor, Virginia and Allan of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Simpson and son Bill of Oakville.

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In Louis St. Laurent, Canada has found a great national leader.

That he had high abilities of the mind was proved by his career in law. That he had wisdom in cabinet, unique gifts in parliamentary debate and a quick grasp of large affairs became clear as soon as he entered the Government. In international affairs, as one of the original advocates of the Atlantic Pact, he made himself a world figure who spoke out as no Canadian before him, in the councils of the nations.

He also revealed an understanding of ordinary people, because he is one of them.

This warm and essentially simple human being is the real St. Laurent, the product of the small town, of humble beginnings, hard work, a big family and the friendliness of country neighbors.

In blood, language and instinct he combines the qualities of two great races.

To the voter it is equally important that St. Laurent is the leader of a truly national party, with proved strength from coast to coast, the only party which can hope to form a stable government after the election. His character, his ability and his achievements have made him the leader of all the Canadian people.

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