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**The Adventures of Flitt the Butterfly**

**FLITT AND FATHER ROBIN**

by Robin Wynn

If you lived near the Green Forest, and if you had been up very early this morning and had been watching a big branch of the old elm tree by the creek near the Beaver family's home, you would have seen what happened. But if not, I'll tell you.

It was so bright and sunny this morning that Father Robin just couldn't sit still, even tho it was far too early to wake the rest of the family. He got up very quietly and flew out over the Green Forest and finally came to the big elm. He settled himself on a big limb and started his morning song. As you and I know, Robins believe that if you start the day with a cheery song, you generally feel good for the rest of the day. Father Robin sang until his voice was getting just the tiniest bit hoarse. However, he was feeling so good that he just couldn't keep still.

Just then he spied a measuring worm out along the branch. But Mr. Worm spied Father Robin at the same time, and he had no intention of being eaten, so he

inched himself along at a great speed. He went further out on the thinnest twigs, thinking that Father Robin wouldn't dare follow him. Closer and closer came Father Robin. He was so excited about the worm that he forgot his own advice to the baby robins — never go out on thin branches of trees lest they break off. It's just the same as when your parents tell you to look up and down before you cross the street.

Anyway, the thin branch bent lower and lower with Father Robin's weight. Little did Father Robin know that the wood grub had been eating his way along the heart of that very branch. "Crash!" The branch snapped and Father Robin was suddenly tumbled head over heels thro' the branches. One wing caught as he tumbled and when he tried to fly, he found he couldn't. Before he knew it, he was lying on the ground half stunned by the fall.

"Ouch," said Father Robin as he opened his eyes and tried to move his wings. One wing seemed to be all right but the other hurt terribly when he tried to move it.

"I guess it is broken," thought Father Robin. "Now what will I do?"

Just then he heard the Beaver family splashing in the pond nearby so as loudly as he could, he called "Help, help!" Finally Baby Beaver heard his cries and came over to see who was calling for help. As soon as he saw Father Robin was hurt, he hurried back to the pond to tell Father Beaver what had happened. All the Beaver family hurried to Father Robin at once to see if they could help.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do for a broken wing," said Father Beaver. "But Flitt the Butterfly will know what to do."

Mother Beaver went at once to the Spider telephone and was soon explaining the trouble to Flitt.

"I'll be right over," said Flitt, and without even finishing his breakfast, he was off to help this Green Forest friend in trouble.

By the time Flitt arrived at the scene, many of the little people had gathered to help. They didn't know what to do for the broken wing, but they had made Father Robin more comfortable. The sparrows and woodpeckers had brought him some breakfast. The squirrels and the chipmunks had gathered soft moss to make a pillow for his head.

Flitt looked over the broken wing very carefully, talking cheerfully to Father Robin as he did so. Finally he said, "We'll soon have you all fixed up again, good as new."

"Father Beaver, will you please bring me some smooth slivers of wood about the size of a match stick?" asked Flitt.

Next he asked the baby squirrel to scamper over to the silk worms home and carry them back, as they travelled so slowly themselves.

Away went Baby Squirrel on his important mission and he was soon back again with his friends the silk worms, clinging to his fur.

"What a ride that was!" laughed the silk worms. "It was fun. Now how can we help?"

"Wait just a minute and I'll tell you," said Flitt.

First, under Flitt's instructions, the Woodpeckers and the Hummingbirds held the tiny sticks that the Beaver had made, against Father Robin's broken wing.

As soon as they were in place, Flitt explained to the Silkworms, "Spin fine silken thread round and round these sticks and the broken wing, and make a strong, soft bandage."

At once the Silkworms set to work and in no time at all, they had the splints neatly bandaged in place.

"That feels so much better," Father Robin said as with a last turn the Mother silkworm tied a neat knot.

"Now I'll take you home," said Oscar Turtle. "You can sit on my shell and I'll be very careful not to jar you."

As soon as they arrived at the Robin's home, Mrs. Robin ran out to see why Father Robin should be riding on Oscar Turtle's back.

My, how worried she was when she heard what had happened! She felt so grateful to the little people of the Green Forest who had taken such good care of Father Robin.

Carefully, she helped Father Robin to bed and made him comfortable. There he stayed for several days, until his wing was strong enough to fly again. And many times, while he was resting in bed, Father Robin thought how fortunate he was to live in the Green Forest where the little people all worked together to help one another.

**BUS HITS TWO CARS AFTER BRAKES QUIT**

When the airline in the brakes broke rounding the turn from No. 10 to No. 7 highway Sunday night, a bus driven by Gerald Laflamme, Toronto, almost crashed into Harry Bians Motor Grill.

Laflamme swerved and missed the pumps outside the restaurant, but could not avoid hitting two parked cars. The cars are owned by Lyle Fingley, Bloomington, Ill., and Bruce Tupling, Brampton, No.

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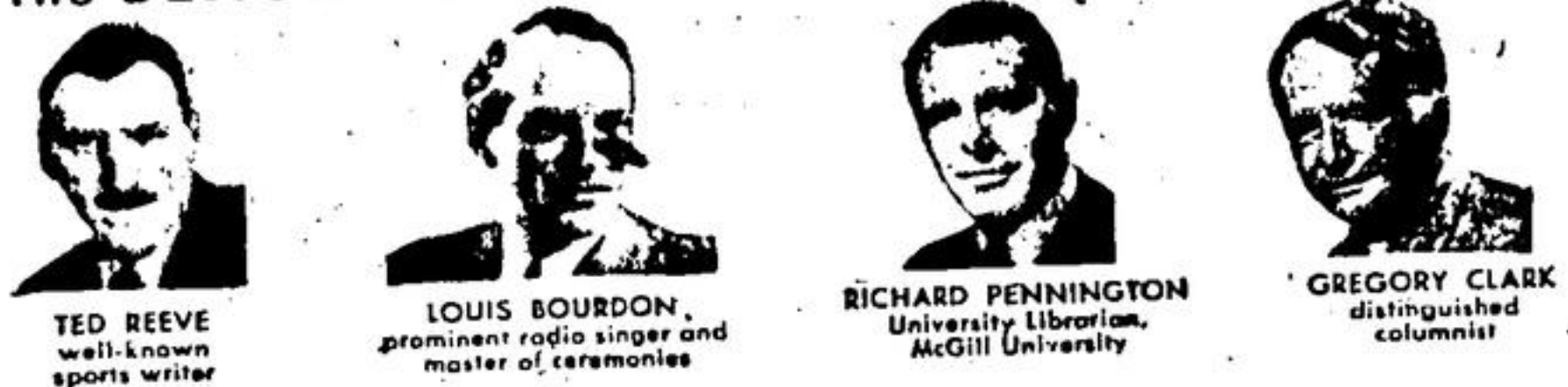
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**Do You Know?**

**if lightning can strike the same place twice?**



Despite popular belief it has been proved that lightning can and does strike in the same place more than once. Any substance or building which attracts a discharge of lightning once will probably attract it again and again. The Empire State Building, for example, has been 'struck' by lightning scores of times — sometimes more than once, in the same storm.

**Do You Know . . .** that each flash of lightning is not necessarily followed by a crash of thunder? Silent lightning is not unusual.



**Do You Know . . .** that lightning often comes up from the earth? This happens when charges of electricity shoot up from the ground, meet discharges from the clouds and cause lightning flashes.



**Do You Know . . .** that lightning does not zigzag, as it is popularly believed? Scientific investigation has shown that lightning travels in a long irregular, ribbon-like line — it is never acutely angled.

**Do You Know** any interesting and unusual facts? Our "Advisory Panel" will pay \$25 for any authenticated readers' submissions if they are usable. All letters become our property. Write Black Horse Brewery, Station L, Montreal, P.Q.



**WAS FORMER PASTOR AT BOSTON, OMAGH**

A former pastor of Boston and Omagh Presbyterian Churches, Rev. Peter Wright MacInnes died in Burlington last week at the age of 73. He was preaching in Durham at the time of his retirement last December. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, he came to Canada 39 years ago and after graduating from St. Andrew's College, Saskatoon, did missionary work at Brantford and in the west. He had held pastorates at Zephyr, Bracebridge, and Leaksdale. He was at one time moderator of Saugeen Presbytery.

Surviving are his wife, the former Mary Campbell, two daughters, Mrs. A. B. Blackburn of Toronto and Mrs. George Willoughby of Brantford and two sons, Jack and Rev. Gordon MacInnes, both of Toronto.

**S & S SOFTBALL**

The akelite team won the Smith and Stone softball league trophy by defeating Clay Press in two games to one in the finals played last week to end a slocestry contested season. The finals on Tuesday was a thrilling nip-and-tuck battle all the way, Bakelite edging out the Clay Press by a close 13-2 score. Giggs' catching of Wilson's smash-drive was the highlight of the fielding. Holden pitched a masterful game for the winners.

Larry Ritchie was the pick of the Clay Press with his brilliant

relief pitching. Umpires Scotty Patterson and Hal Gibson called a tough game in excellent style. A silver collection, amounting to \$7.38 was taken and turned over to the Georgetown Recreation Commission.

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