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G.H.S. Graduate Dr. Jim McCullough Dies in New Liskeard

A member of an old Georgetown family and a graduate of Georgetown High School, Dr. James Stuart McCullough died in the Red Cross Hospital at New Liskeard last Friday, September 30th, following an operation which he had undergone a few days previously. The funeral service was held in New Liskeard on Monday, with interment being made in the New Liskeard Cemetery.

In his early sixties, Dr. McCullough was born in Walter Falls, a son of the late Dr. John McCullough and Emily Clark, both of whom are buried in the family plot in Greenwood Cemetery here. With his brother he attended high school here, living with his uncle, the late R. C. McCullough, and then went on to the University of Toronto, graduating from the School of Medicine in 1912. He was an honor student at university. Following two years in Alberta, he moved to New Liskeard and was associated for some years with the late Dr. Fisher, taking over the practice after Dr. Fisher's death.

He was joined by his brother, Dr. J. C. McCullough, on his return from overseas in 1918, and the two brothers had continued in partnership from that date. Prominent in fraternal circles he was a charter member of the Kiwanis Club, a past master of Temiskaming Lodge and a past first principal of Temiskaming Chapter of the Masonic Lodge. He had continued his interest in Georgetown since his student days and was frequently a visitor with his uncle, Dr. H. A. McCullough at Underwood Farm near town, his last visit being in early September of this year.

He is survived by his wife, the former Gertrude Darragh of Toronto, one son, John and one daughter, Charlotte. A brother, Harry, lives in Orillia.

A Real Inspection as Fire Occurs During Visit of Inspectors

On Saturday and Sunday, Inspectors Alexander and Campbell from the Ontario Fire Marshal's office in Toronto were in town to review the work of the local volunteer fire brigade. The fire truck was given a thorough test on Saturday, while on Sunday demonstrations of ladder climbing, hose laying and rescue work were given at the Alliance Paper Mill by the brigade, under the direction of Chief Harry Savings.

An unplanned event which contributed to the demonstration was a small fire which broke out in the home of A. S. McCumber on Chapel Street near the fire hall at the noon hour on Sunday. The chemical extinguisher soon had the blaze under control, the only damage being the singeing of the hardwood floor around the hot air register where flames had come up from the furnace.

Watching
 By DOROTHY SAWYER
 WNU Features.

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, salow 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 mind 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 nudged him down, gently. "He's a lively little thing," laughed someone in the crowd.

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PUMPKIN 2 28-OZ. TINS 21c
SPECIAL — HARVEST GOLDEN CREAM STYLE
CORN 2 15-OZ. TINS 23c

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Aylmeer TOMATO & VEGETABLE SOUP 2 19-OZ. TINS 19c
Clark's PORK and BEANS 15-OZ. TIN 11c
Fancy Pink SALMON 16-1/2 TINS 23c
Kel's APPLE JUICE 2 20-OZ. TINS 15c

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CROSSE AND BLACKWELL'S — BTL. 21c
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PRIDE OF OKANAGWA APRICOTS 15-OZ. 30c
Libby's MINCEMEAT 28-OZ. TIN 37c
DOWNY FLAKE WHITE CAKE MIX PKG. 29c
ROMAR PEANUT BUTTER 16-OZ. BTL. 37c
ROMAR COFFEE 1-LB. PKG. 53c

SPECIAL — LYNN VALLEY KERNEL
CORN 2 14-OZ. TINS 29c

DANDEE TEA PKG. 38c, 75c
MAPLE LEAF SOAP FLAKES 29c, 83c
QUIX Soap Powder 1-LB. PKG. 31c
JAVEX BTL. 15c, 24c, 47c
LUX BATH SOAP 2 CAKES 27c
SUNLIGHT SOAP 2 BARS 23c
SPIC and SPAN PKG. 23c, 69c
OXYDOL PKG. 14c, 34c, 68c
Palmolive SOAP Caks. 9c, 13 1/2c
SUPER SUDS PKG. 34c, 58c

JOHNSON'S WAX
PASTE STYLE TIN 59c, 98c
GLO COAT - TIN 59c, 98c
LIQUID WAX - Pint Tin 59c

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HEINZ BABY CEREAL PKG. 23c
KEEN'S MUSTARD TIN 19c, 35c, 65c
PARD CAT FOOD 2 1-LB. TINS 27c
Society DOG FOOD 28-OZ. TIN 14c

GRAPES — California, Tokay 2 lbs. 25c
 KING COOKING APPLES 4 lbs. 25c
 BANANAS — Yellow Ripe 1 lb. 18c
 Spinach pkg. 25c Salads pkg. 15c
 ONT. POTATOES .peck, 44c; 75 lb. bag \$1.99
 MARSH POTATOES — WASHED 5 lb. 19c

Thanksgiving Holiday DANCE
 SUNDAY MIDNIGHT
 OCTOBER 10th — 12.05 to 3.00
 RYAN'S AUDITORIUM, GUELPH
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 ADMISSION: 75c person
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