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Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Wartona Echo

One of the nicer things about growing older is that we grow steadily more pure. It's astonishing how we simultaneously shed sin and don morality with each passing year.

About 24 years ago tonight, for example, I was climbing over a garden wall with my shirt stuffed with grapes, when a voice of unearthly loudness and ferocity shouted: "Hill You!" My heart leaped into my mouth, I leaped to the ground, the grapes popped out of my shirt and I took off like an intercontinental missile, pursued by outraged roars and heavy boots.

Later, in the sanctuary of my bed, did I regret my wickedness, revile myself for shattering one of the ten commandments, and swear I'd never do it again? Not much. What I did was regret the grapes, revile myself for being half scared to death and swear a return visit to the orchard as soon as the heat was off.

That's what I mean. Today I'd never consider doing such a thing. Oh, I might give my golf ball a very small kick if it was in a particularly bad lie in the rough, and nobody was looking. I might tell my wife that I'd paid the hydro bill in time to get the discount when I knew perfectly well that it was in my hip pocket, unpaid. But I'd never dream of doing anything dishonest, like stealing grapes.

Other people are the same. The older they get, the better they get. Not long ago we visited an old acquaintance, a woman in her late thirties. She had a teenage daughter who was out to a dance that night. The girl was to be home by one. As the hour neared, her mother kept breaking off her talk about her church activities and glancing at the clock. At one fifteen she was fit to be tied. The kid showed up about one-thirty. You should have heard her mother. You would have thought the youngster was completely depraved.

Later, as she served a cup of tea and vehemently wondered what was going to become of these undisciplined, irresponsible teenagers, I couldn't help casting my mind back. Twenty years ago our hostess had been a regular young rip, whose specialties were drinking gin out of the bottle in the rumble seat of roadsters, and going for mixed midnight swims au naturel.

Recently I spent a week-end with an old college friend. He had distinguished himself at the university, not through his athletic or academic prowess, but because of his incredible memory for the words and obscure tunes of Riley's Daughter. There was An Old Monk of Great Renown, and other such bawdy and deathless ditties. Sat night I tried to get a song or two out of him, but he was strangely reticent. In the old days you had to hold him down and stuff a sock in his mouth to make him stop singing.

Next morning, Sunday, he acted kind of mysterious. Wanted me to go for a walk with him. I thought he was taking me to the bootlegger's, and was about to demur, but decided to humour him, and went along. When we got there it seemed a funny place to find a bootlegger, but you never know. Five minutes later my mouth was still hanging open as I sat in the back row of the Sunday School and watched my friend, arms waving, face beaming, leading about a hundred small types through the strains of Jesus Love Me.

Last April, I bumped into an old air force side kick, in a coffee shop in Simpson's, in the city. Hadn't seen him since Brussels, 1945. His right name was Dick, but we called him the Count in those days, because he was reputedly and enviously, living in sin with a beautiful, rich Belgian countess. He was a big handsome, devil-may-care chap in those days.

We chatted. He was a little fat, a little bald, pretty dull. "Remem-

ber when we used to call you, 'The Count?'" I asked, in an effort to establish common ground. He muttered something like "count me out" and launched rapidly into a monologue on the work he was doing with juvenile delinquents, thru' a church group. He finally ran out of breath, there was an awkward pause, then "Guess you haven't met the wife," he said heartily, turning to a large red-faced woman sitting beside him, eating a vast sundae. It was not the Countess.

You can see them everywhere: people who were once steeped in sin, and now pass the collection plate or holler in the back row of the church choir; who were once steeped in gin and whose inflated noses now light the way for the valiant armies of the prohibition cause.

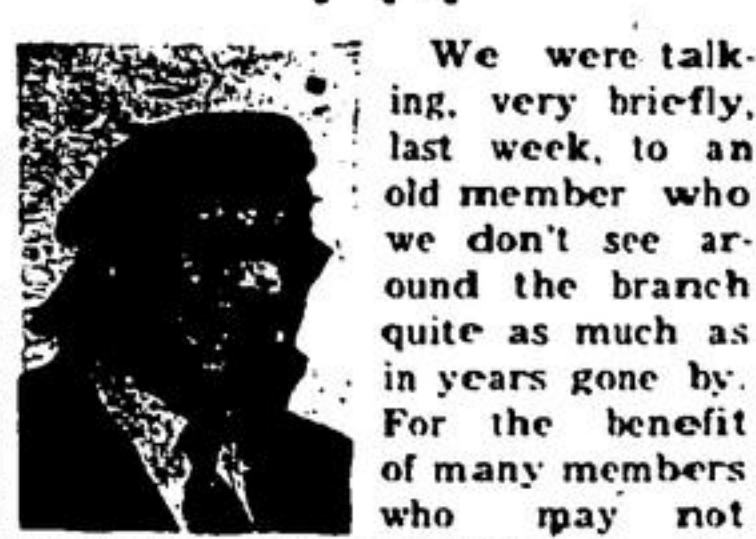
It's plain to see that people improve with age morally, if not physically. But I'd still like to know why. Is it because they have learned to respect the law and other people's property? Is it because they know the day of judgment is bearing down and they're trying to cover their flaming youth with a nice coat of camouflage grey? Or is it simply that they don't have the stamina to be sinful any more?

**LEGION
NOTES**

— by —
Leslie M. Clark

By the time this column appears the final arrangements will have been made for the District meeting. A car load was scheduled to go down to Streetsville to get the full details earlier in the week. A schedule of times, etc., will be given in next week's paper. At any rate we do know that registration begins at 9.30 to 10 a.m. and there will be two sessions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Taking other district meetings as a pattern, the parade usually takes place about 1, with the afternoon session immediately following. We strongly advise anyone who has not attended a district meeting to try and do so this time as they are very interesting and informative. There is always some interesting points come up on the floor, and the meetings have the added virtue of being reasonably brief. As a rule they try to wind them up by 4.00 o'clock or 4.30.

We were talking, very briefly, last week to an old member who we don't see around the branch quite as much as in years gone by. For the benefit of many members who may not know him, we're speaking of the gent in the picture Charlie Parton. He has been one of the most active members in years gone by, and it's only in the past few years that he hasn't been around as much as heretofore. Charlie at one time was entertainment chairman and bingo chairman, and also has served on the executive years ago.



We were looking over the calendar of events to be held in Port Credit Branch in the next couple of months and were surprised to see just how much they have coming up. We also see that they have started a new project, where they are supplying blood through a clinic to replace any used from Port Credit in the South Peel Hospital. They also are the leading lights in organizing the blood clinic in that community, a project that has been successfully carried on for a number of years by them. Oakville and Milton and Acton also take part in this great work, and with a donors clinic coming up in December, we hope that our Branch will play an important part in that campaign. That is one campaign everyone agrees is absolutely essential.

Time is running out and it will soon be around to our regular monthly meeting again. We hope to see as big a crowd on hand then as was there for the September meeting. The prize money for the door prize will be growing again and should be around \$30 or so, we should think. A nice tidy little sum to take home, if you win. And nothing to do but attend a meeting that you really ought, at any rate. We still feel quite strongly that the draw was a wonderful idea and should certainly continue to bring out the members . . . particularly when someone misses and notices that he has had the number; if he only had been present. And we think that it fulfills another more important matter, of getting members out to meet each other, and

when they see how everything goes, they'll be back at future meetings.

Had a vurry serious complaint, (another one) last week. Seems the head of the clan McDermott is annoyed. Says if we are going to run any pictures they ought to be of him. So, being of peace loving nature we hasten to comply, albeit with large misgivings about whether we should or not. It's pretty difficult to say just how much abuse our newspaper press will stand for! Seriously, Eddie (in case you don't know) is one of our biggest dart enthusiasts and always takes part in any and all competitions. We have heard it said he's just about the best in the branch! (That last remark ought to spark some real competition, shouldn't it?)

Hard to believe that Remembrance Day is just four weeks away! The supper will this year fall on the 8th if the pattern is as in other years and it is held immediately prior to Armistice Day. We presume the president and executive will announce details of when the tickets go on sale, etc. in the next bulletin.

Remember the District meeting in Streetsville on Sunday, October 20th.

LAST MINUTE FLASH! A bulletin received today from command sets the morning session for the District meeting at 10 a.m. on Sunday morning, Oct. 20th. Of special interest is the fact that the new provincial president, Fred O'Brecht will be present to take the salute and speak to the convention.

Get your children's names on the Christmas tree list now on the Legion Board, or see G. Collier,

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**BALLINAFAD
BOOK OAC PADRE AS
THANKOFFERING SPEAKER**

The afternoon auxiliary of the WMS met on Wednesday of last week at the home of Mrs. A. Neelon with 7 members and one visitor present. The new study book on Japan was introduced by the president Miss B. Hilts and the devotion was taken by Mrs. R. Warne and Mrs. Neelon gave a talk on temperance. All the members responded to the roll call by naming and relating some information about a man in the Old Testament. Invitations were received to attend the Georgetown thankoffering meeting to be held on October 2nd and also to the fall rally of the Presbyterian on October 23rd in the church at Churchill. Plans were also discussed for our own Thankoffering meeting to be held Sunday evening, October 27th when Rev. W. A. Young, the padre at the OAC will be the guest speaker.

**CAN'T BEAT
GAS**

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