

Auction Sale

ANTIQUE & MODERN FURNITURE, ETC.

The Undersigned has received instructions from
MISS PRAIRIE MAGUIRE
To sell by public auction the contents of the home of the late
DR. WEBSTER

At St. Paul's Parish Hall, Norval, on
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1957
at 1.00 o'clock

Living Room and Sunroom Furniture — Chesterfield and chairs to match; Whaley Royce cabinet grand piano; walnut piano; walnut cabinet; walnut Duncan Phyfe table; walnut coffee table; 2 rosewood straight upholstered chairs; round pedestal table; 2 odd upholstered chairs; black walnut straight chair; 2 walnut straight chairs; fancy walnut side table; end table; magazine table; burl walnut ladies' kneehole secretary; high pedestal and jardiniere; mahogany pedestal; fancy brass hall tree; two easy rockers; couch with easy chair and hassock to match; wicker table and fernery to match; wicker chaise lounge; Mission set of four chairs and table; grandfather clock; clock with wooden works; antique sailor's clock; Moorecroft electric table lamp; floor lamps; table lights; 2 round fancy ferneries; Chinese rug, 8 x 10 ft.; 2 Axminster rugs, 12 by 8 and 9 by 10; several long and short runners; wall mirror; 5½ by 2 feet; antique plate glass mirror, 10 ft. x 4 ft. with shelf.

Dining Room Furniture: Walnut extension table and buffet; walnut serving table; wall paper racks with early historical fronts; 2 small coffee, tea and recipe cabinets; fancy fruit dishes; pickle dishes; vegetable dishes; soup tureens; and ladies; egg cruet; ordinary cruet; platters; plates; pitchers; crystal sets; vases; fancy trays; candlesticks; pictures; table linen; and numerous fancy wall and mantel knock-knacks; tea set, Satsumaware.

Kitchen Furniture — Kitchen table with end extension; buffet and 4 chairs to match; high pine cupboard with open top; chrome kitchen chair; folding stool and step; kitchen utensils; everyday odd dishes; some cutlery.

Bedroom Furniture — Walnut bedroom suite including double bed, springs, mattress, dresser and dressing table; oak bedroom suite, including double bed, springs, mattress, large dresser and washstand; single steel walnut finish bed with springs and mattress; 4 single steel beds complete; roll-away bed; large mahogany wardrobe, can be dismantled; 4 long upholstered wardrobe chests; small white table and chair to match; pine wardrobe; 3 commodes; sheets; blankets; spreads; pillows; etc.

Miscellaneous, Etc. — Singer sewing machine with light and motor; sewing table and basket; garden tools; garden hose; lawn benches and chairs. Numerous other small articles.

Miscellaneous Antiques: Rope bed, ox yoke, candle moulds, sleigh bells, chimneys.

TERMS: CASH settlement with clerk day of sale. No Reserve. Home sold in Refreshment booth in basement by St. Paul's Ladies' Guild.

HINDLEY & ELLIOTT,
Auctioneers

F. Baptiste, Clerk

Only 39 shopping days in Georgetown before Christmas. Local stores are starting to display their holiday gift merchandise. Dealing

with your friendly Georgetown merchant you will find items for every member of the family.

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Winston Echo

One of these weeks is National Newspaper Week. I'm not sure whether it was last week, is this week or will be next week, but it's somewhere about now. Weekly newspapers are supposed to take advantage of this chance to try to convince their readers how important the local newspaper is to the community.

Most editors are fond of this theme at any time, but on this special occasion, they pull all the stops, go haywire, hog-wild. In editorials of inordinate length and indescribable dullness, they bludgeon their subscribers with the rather astonishing news that the weekly paper is the lynch-pin of democracy, the keystone of civilization, the last rampart of freedom of speech and the greatest symbol of progress since the invention of gunpowder.

They take no less pride in announcing that the editor is the voice of the man in the street, the conscience of society, a fearless fighter in the ranks of freedom, an incorruptible individualist, a still, small voice of reason in the midst of chaos, and everything but the answer to a maiden's prayer.

All this, of course, is utter drivel. There were healthy, happy, communities long before the weekly was invented, and no doubt there will be happy, drooling communities of radio-activated types long after the last self-styled "watch-dog of the community" (bald beagle) is extinct, and the last ancient, groaning press has been melted down to make a shelter against them rulin' satellites we keep hearing about.

Reason all this is arrant foolishness, of course, is that weekly editors live in a continual state of self-deception. They remind me a lot of preachers, sort of ineffectual fellows who couldn't make a living in any other line. Yet both command, for some reason, a certain amount of respect in the community.

Some organization, when they are planning a banquet, will even go to the lengths, albeit reluctantly, of giving the preacher and the editor a complimentary ticket. One is expected to say a handsome

grace for his supper, the other to write a "nice piece" about it. If they do their chores well, they might get a free ticket to next year's banquet. This is the only way a lot of them keep skin and bone separated by a modicum of flesh.

A good preacher spends hours preparing his sermon. A conscientious editor will devote hours to writing his editorials. Both are greeted with equal indifference. The congregation stares vacantly at the preacher, wishing he'd cut it short so they could get home to dinner. On the way out, they shake his hand warmly, saying — "A grand sermon. Enjoyed every word of it." The editor's subscribers take one look at that long, learned editorial and turn to the classified ads. Next time they see him, they say, with animation — "Certainly enjoyed that editorial you wrote about, uh, you know the one." In last week's paper.

Both are full of words, one from the pulpit, the other on paper, to which nobody pays much attention, unless they happen to strike home, when the recipient of the shaft deals at some length, and with some heat, on the shortcomings of pastor or editor.

Trouble with editors is that they believe fondly that readers hang on their every word. They don't realize that the lady who is perusing the local paper with rapid attention is not digesting the editorial on the sewage problem, but is scanning the account of a wedding, and saying to herself "Well, they certainly didn't get married a day too soon."

They fail to ken that the man who buys the first paper off the press and whips it open is not frantic to read the careful analysis of the actions of town council, but is swiftly searching the front page to see if his name is mentioned for being drunk and disorderly on Saturday night. Somebody once remarked that nobody buys a weekly to read the news. They already know it all. They just want to see if anyone got caught.

Certainly there's a big difference in the way people read a weekly paper and a daily. When they pick

up a daily, massive headlines assault them with tales of rape, murder and such delights. When the same people seize their weekly, they turn with eagerness to the account of the Women's Institute meeting where they view with pleasure their own name, large as life, right there as convener of the Sunshine Committee.

They ignore the headlines of the weekly, which deal with such

mundane matters as Girl Guide rallies, Red Cross campaigns, and fall fairs. Instead they concentrate on the little human interest stories about people falling off the back steps and breaking their back. They read with interest the obituaries and snort with amusement when they see that the old sinner was buried from the church, where he hadn't set foot in forty years. Or they check to see where their neighbours, the O'Toles, were last

week-end, because they saw the car going past the gate, and everybody in it dressed up.

Editors should stop fooling themselves that the weekly is a necessity. It is pure luxury. But it is one of those luxuries like sugar in your coffee, salt in your porridge, and the first gasper after breakfast, without which life would stretch ahead, bleak and endless as the sands of Inner Mongolia.

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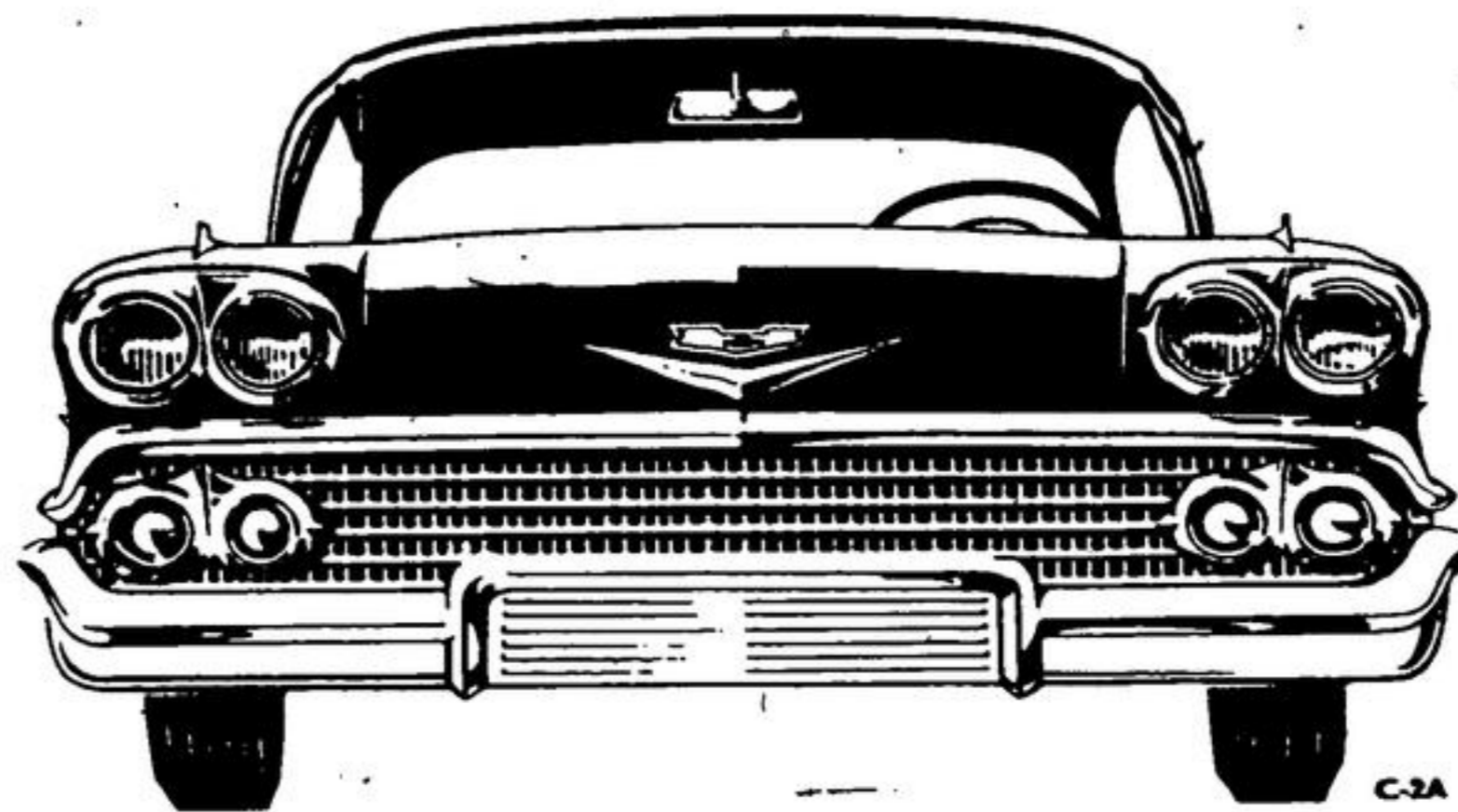
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