

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Winton Echo

Twelve years ago tonight, I was a brand new bridegroom. Yep, it's our twelfth anniversary. Seems like only yesterday. As Methuselah said when they asked him how it felt the first time he had his beard trimmed.

It's a long time to live with a strange woman. Especially when she gets stranger every year. Well, not stranger, exactly, but more peculiar. Well, not exactly more peculiar, but you know, uh, more, sort of odd. Not really odd, of course, in the real sense of the word, but, uh, more kind of, uh, unexpected.

That's what gets me about it. Twelve years ago, I married this dark-eyed, serene little girl, just out of her teens. She thought I was some shakes. I was a big operator, ex flight-lieutenant just out of the air force, been around, seen the world. She thought everything I said was gospel. She hung, literally hung, on my every word. My opinions were Mosaic in their majesty.

"Boy, I thought, 'this is for me. This kid is just what I'm looking for. So many of my friends have married those old-fashioned, overbearing women who are always telling them what to do. None of that for me. This kid knows quality when she sees it. She knows you don't get guys like me out of grab-bags. And she's so quiet. And undemanding. She's happy just to be with me.'"

Well, she's still got the dark eyes. But did you ever pay much attention to the colour of eyes your sergeant-major was sporting, when you were in the army?

Know what she said the first thing this morning, before breakfast? On our anniversary? She said: "If you think I'm going to take the garbage out again this week, you're crazy!" Imagine that. On our anniversary. And I hadn't even asked her yet.

Of course she didn't know it was our anniversary. Nor did I, until noon, when I brought home a card from her sister in the city, which carolled "Happy Anniversary." She didn't burst into tears, as any normal wife would do. She just looked at me, in the dispassionate manner in which most people look at a spider they are about to stomp on.

The kids helped things along, as usual. "Well," they yodelled, "it's your anniversary, eh Mom? What did you bring her, Dad? How long have you been married? What's this, your silver anniversary? What did you bring for a present, dad?" And the horrible realization dawned on me that it was Wednesday afternoon, the stores were closed, and I couldn't even get a belated token to throw to her, as the Russians used to throw their cloaks, or was it their children, to the pursuing wolves.

"Oh, I didn't expect a present," she said to the kids, in that tone that makes your toenails curl. "Your father is much too busy with important things, like forgetting to order the coal, and forgetting to get the storm windows on, and forgetting to pay the hydro bill, to remember a silly old anniversary."

Five hours later, when I got home from work, to which I had fled with the alacrity of a rabbit released from a snare, and from which I had returned with the speed of a turtle with a sprained ankle, she resumed, the iron striking deeper.

"Isn't this much nicer on our anniversary," she said to the kids, weeping over the onions she was chopping into the frying liver, "than your father taking me out to dinner, with candlelight and soft music? Just the four of us together. In our own home. With no fire in the furnace AND THE TEMPERATURE 49 DEGREES IN THE DINING ROOM."

Never mind, it's been a wonderful twelve years and I wouldn't trade one minute of it. If I hadn't got married twelve years ago, I'd still be a frivolous young man with a lot of money. Instead of a serious, middle-aged type, dedicated to the joyous tasks of paying off the mortgage, providing an education for a couple of delightful children I'd never have seen, and attempting to cope with the cheery Irish temper of that

serene, quiet, understanding little girl I thought was so lucky to get me.

Notice to Creditors

NOTICE TO CREDITORS AND OTHERS

IN THE ESTATE OF John Daniel Fields, retired labourer, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of the above mentioned, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, who died at the City of Toronto, on the 26th day of May, 1958, are required to file proof of same with the undersigned on or before the 13th day of October, 1958.

After that date the Public Trustee will proceed to distribute the estate, having regard only to the claims of which he then shall have had notice.

DATED at Toronto this 2nd day of September, 1958.

Public Trustee, Administrator
145 Queen St. W., Toronto

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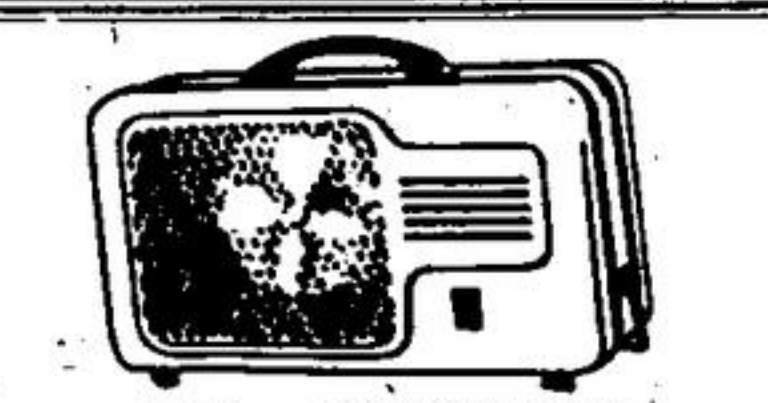
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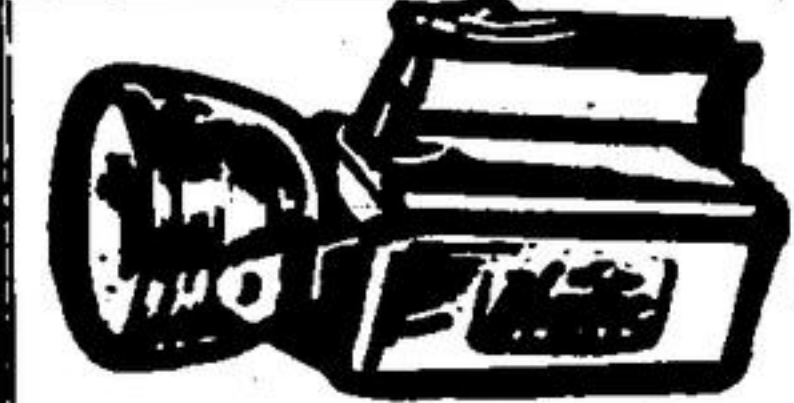
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Garbage Can Good quality - sturdy made - strong metal handles - snug fitting lid. Capacity 13 gals. 24" high.



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"Scotty" Sponge Mop A thick cellulose sponge mop with polished metal squeezer - light and easy to use. Rust proof nickel plated frame. 48" enamelled handle.



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"HUNTER" LANTERN Chrome plated swivel head - three-way lock switch - baked enamel case and candle. Uses eight standard flashlight batteries or one lantern battery.

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Peter David Hartley Pioneer Milton Man

Peter David Hartley, son of David Hartley and Ellen Catherine Shields, a life-long resident and highly respected citizen of Milton, died at his home, 40 King Street on August 24th in his 92nd year. He lived at Mountain View Fruit Farm, west of Milton, concession 6, lot 12, Nelson Township until

1944, when he sold the home farm and moved to Milton. He was educated at Bell's Public School No. 13; attended Watford High School and went to Model School in Milton. He taught for two years, in Nassagaweya then returned to farm life with his father.

Mr. Hartley was an ardent worker and superintendent of the Bell Mountain Union Sunday School for around forty years. He was

also a life member of St. Paul's United Church, serving as an elder, and his name was still on the roll as an honorary elder. With three other members of the community, a Mountain Quartette was formed and many times the gospel hymns were sung.

On March 23rd, 1962, he married Mabel Laura Lush, who predeceased him in June, 1963.

Surviving are his three daughters, Mrs. N. C. Wrigglesworth

(Cora Pearl); Mrs. Robert Anderson (Marjorie Jean); and Mrs. E. M. Readhead (Ellen), two sisters, Mrs. Agnes Wicks and Mrs. Myrtle Tock, of Toronto, also 13 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren.

The pallbearers were six grandsons, Hartley Anderson, Montreal; Bob Harper, Willowdale; Colin Anderson, Oakville; John Wrigglesworth, Chester DeForest and Tom Bousfield, Milton.

Rev. J. Lorne Graham, his pastor of St. Paul's United Church, conducted the service at his home on August 27th. Interment was in Evergreen Cemetery, Milton.

Two at High School Get County Bursaries

\$100 Dominion-Provincial bursaries, two of which are awarded an-

nually to students in Halton County, have both come this year to Grade 13 students at Georgetown high school.

Recipients of the bursaries are Carola Conle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Conle, 14 Mill St. and Wade Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Baker, Glen Williams. Only previous winner in town was Eileen Oates, who later graduated from the school of nursing at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.