



A NEW 12-ACRE LAKE in the middle of the Albion Hills area of the Metropolitan Toronto & Region Conservation Authority was opened to outdoor enthusiasts during the holiday week-end. The lake, 6 miles north of Bolton on No. 50 highway, in the midst of beautiful woodland, has ample beach, with full lifeguard and safety arrangements. Picnicking and nature trails add to the attraction of the area. A newly-built dam on Centreville Creek, tributary of the Humber, provides water for the lake. Since May 1st, visitors to the Authority conservation areas number 425,000.

Former Georgetowners Missionaries in Finland

Former Georgetown residents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold V. Mouritz, graduated on August 2nd from the Watchtower Bible School of Gilead, New York, U.S.A., from which they

will serve as missionaries in Finland.

Shortly after attending the Divine Will International Assembly of Jehovah's Witnesses held in New York City, where 250,000 delegates attended from all parts of the earth, Mr. and Mrs. Mouritz served in Canada for six months awaiting enrollment for the advanced missionary training course. The course includes among its subjects Bible doctrines, prophecies, and manuscripts, law, archaeology, Biblical geography and research and missionary service. The school has already graduated nearly 3,500 missionaries since its first class in February, 1943; the majority of whom are now serving in over 100 lands and teaching the Bible in 61 different languages. The present class consists of 82 students from 14 lands including Brazil, Erie, Hawaii and Norway.

"We will not mind learning a new language," Mr. Mouritz explained, "because our studies here have impressed upon us that in this most critical time in human history the greatest need for people of all nations is the truth of God's Kingdom found in the Bible."

"Since we firmly believe that it is the only remedy for distressed humanity, it will be a real pleasure for us to teach the people in our new assignment the truths that will mean for them everlasting life on the paradise earth under that Kingdom," he continued.

Mr. Mouritz pointed out that the purpose of the Gilead School is to train people who have already served as ministers to be specialists in the missionary field. The 33rd graduating class are assigned to 27 lands, as far apart as Japan, Bolivia and Ghana, Africa.

The results of this missionary activity can be seen in the more than 500 per-cent increase in the active ministers of Jehovah's Witnesses world-wide since 1942," he said, "and my wife and I are looking forward to the privilege of helping many more to a knowledge of the Bible in our new home." At present the Witnesses number 800,000 in 175 lands.

Many visitors from Britain, New Zealand and Canada, as well as the United States, were on hand August 1st and 2nd for the graduation exercises.

Scores Different Sort of 'Birdie'

Bob Harris, Jr. has had birdies before at the North Haldon Golf and Country Club but never like the one he scored on the third hole there last week.

Young Robert was playing the round by himself when he lofted his second wood shot off the third fairway that collided in mid-air with one of the feathered species. The bird dropped to the ground, dead, and the ball fell back to the fairway still yards short of the pin.

Eagles, anyone?

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo

This week I'm going to do something I have long meant to do. I'm going to say thanks, formally and sincerely, to all those people who have dropped in at the office, or written notes, to tell me they appreciate Sugar and Spice.

I'm doing it thus, publicly, because I do it so badly in private. Some old gal from Kalamazoo, Mich., on the way to her summer cottage, will stop in to pay her subscription. She'll peer around, spot me and holler: "You the fella writes that Sugar and Salt (or Salt and Pepper, or Sand and Gravel)?" Uneasily, I mutter "yup". She slaps her leg and says: "I sure got a kick outa that. I laughed fit to cry over that one you wrote about the cat, back there in April, or was it November?"

Now, I know perfectly well that I have never written a column about a cat. We've never had a cat, and I don't like cats. She probably means the one I wrote about the dog, back in January. But what's the use of going into all that. I just say heartily "glad you liked it, nice to see you again," and rush into the back shop, pretending I'm sorely needed there.

Then there's the fellow who comes in, a perfect stranger, looks at me, coyly and says: "If I wrote things like that about my wife, she'd kill me." With a fixed smile, I quip, just as coyly: "Sometimes she'd like to," and hate myself for saying it. It's not true. She might like to change my profile a bit, or smash me a couple of times right over the head, but she doesn't want to kill me.

At least not very often. I think perhaps to-day was an exception. She'd been at me ever since June to get the furnace pipes down. When they're not taken down, they leak a peculiar, gummy brown substance. Well, I've been trying to plan around it, but we have miles of furnace pipes, and it takes a lot of planning around to.

This week, she and the weatherman turned on the heat simultaneously. So on the hottest day of the summer, I'm bullied into taking down the bleeding furnace pipes in my noon hour.

By the time I'd got well into it, we weren't on speaking terms. She was sulking in the bedroom like Achilles in his tent, and I was cussing in the bathroom like nothing you ever heard. The blasted pipes were all stuck together from the heat or something.

Finally, I got two of the reluctant joints moving. I got a four-

foot length onto my shoulder and was easing down off the chair I was standing on, when one end of the pipe bumped the top of a cupboard, tipping the other end toward the floor. Into the sink, bathtub and toilet, onto the towels, washcloths and bathmat, cascaded about four pounds of fine black soot.

Swearing fearfully, I dashed down the back stairs, strewing soot behind me like a smoke screen, and outside. I fell over the dog, so help me. By this time I was in a tearing rage. I went back up, grabbed another hunk of pipe, gave it a wrench, and a ten-foot length collapsed in the middle of the back hall, the soot landing everywhere but on the newspapers I had spread.

Throwing everything to the wind, I tore down the rest of the pipes, threw them into the back yard, swept up two large cartons full of soot, and stomped out, leaving, as I learned later, a track of coal-black footprints across the kitchen floor.

By six o'clock, I had cooled down enough to be scared, and when I got home I found that my instinct had been infallible. To cut a long story short, I scrubbed floors and woodwork until midnight, most of it hands-and-knees stuff. Then I had to start writing my column, which has to be done

by tomorrow morning.

It is now 3.30 of that tomorrow morning. Do you know what I've been doing for the last 30 minutes? Well, it was like this. I went to the refrigerator to get a slug of orange juice. It was in one of those big, plastic containers, and it was full. I picked it up in one hand, it slipped, hit the floor, and the top flew off. And I've been mopping up three quarts of orange juice since 3 a.m. Between soot and juice, the joint smells like a Filly by Pittsburgh out of Florida.

There's no moral to all this. I just wanted to let you know that writing this column is not always all beer and skittles. Sometimes it's all soot and orange juice. And that's why your kind words about it are appreciated, and I do thank you.

SO BEAUTIFULLY COOL

"SPUN SUGAR"

In the new curving lines.



MARTIN'S BEAUTY SALON

8 CLEAVEHOLM DRIVE

TR. 7-3932



won't budge till
Bata
opens their
new store!



for just...

1

20

of a cent

you can cook

a serving of bacon and eggs

electrically



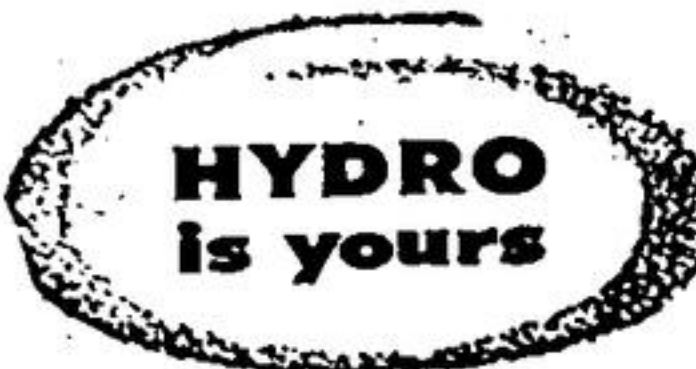
This is only ONE example of the economy you enjoy when you use electricity. In terms of electric energy, a cent will buy a lot—a lot of comfort, convenience, time-saving efficiency, and a lot of entertainment, too.

Here are three of the many bargains you can enjoy with just one cent's worth of electricity.*

- Wash two loads of clothes in an automatic washer
- Watch TV for 4½ hours
- Keep food fresh in an electric refrigerator for 17 hours

You get more out of life when you get the most out of electricity.

*Based on average cost to domestic municipal customers in Ontario.



HYDRO is yours

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Do It Yourself!

Test Your TV and Radio Tubes FREE in a Testomatic Tester

New Tubes Available

at
HUTCH'S SMOKE & BARBER SHOP
10 Main St. South
Open daily to 11 p.m. 6-35

AN EXTRA \$10,000 FOR YOU

Let's say you put one dollar a day into an Investors plan. These few dollars a week - will grow into \$10,000 in just twenty years!

More than 100,000 Canadians are already making their dreams come true through Investors Syndicate, and a plan can be tailored to suit your specific needs. Start now to build a substantial cash reserve for your future. See your Investors Syndicate representative soon.

DICK RIDDALL

4 Ostrander Blvd.

TR. 7-3697

Investors syndicate
OF CANADA, LIMITED
Head Office: Winnipeg Office: Montreal, Quebec

W. H. KENTNER & SON

45 QUEEN ST.

TR. 7-2851

GEORGETOWN

SUMMER SALE OF

BLUE  COAL

Order Now at Year's Lowest Prices

PRICE FOR AUGUST DELIVERY

Large and Nut Sizes - \$26 per ton