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### Street Renovation Depends on Budget

Reconstruction of Ontario St. will depend on this year's road budget.

A council committee heard a plan Monday presented by Bob Clipsham of the Carr, Clipsham and Cullen engineering firm, to widen and improve the street. Cost is estimated at \$62,500, half of which would be recovered in government subsidy. It would provide a 66 foot road allowance, two eleven foot lanes, guard rails and a sidewalk.

### PROBLEM HOUSE

A problem is a house at the Main Street corner which would either have to have an access to Ontario Street or be moved to front on Temperance Street.

Queried by Cr. Hyde, Mr. Clipsham said it could be possible to save \$10,000 by moving the house, as this would eliminate the need for a guardrail.

### How's Your Hearing?

Chicago, Ill. — A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A replica of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone answering this advertisement.

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### A LITTLE BIT OF RHYTHM AND A LOT OF FUN

They're not the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, but they have more fun. Members of the Limehouse kindergarten rhythm band made their first public appearance, Feb. 25th, at Acton High School where they took part in the Variety Nite presented by this Inspectorate.

## CHATTING

By Mary Biehn

### Asparagus Was Whole Meal Not Just A Side Dish

● A GOOD MEMORY can be a blessing or a curse... depending... Right now, mine is rated in the "yea" camp. Thwarted winter-holiday plans turned my mind to sunnier climes I have visited — and I wished Portugal, for instance, were not so far away.

We stayed there for a few days at the start of a Mediterranean tour three or four (is it possible?) years ago. The climate was ideal for me. I never yearn for HOT weather. And I'm not really crabbing about our Canadian climate. The only time of year it gets me down is now, when our beautiful mantle of snow is transformed into mounds of ugly black slush or ice. But enough of that. Back to thoughts of Portugal.

● WE WERE ON A "package tour"... our favourite way to travel. The flight left New York around ten at night, and since the tour itinerary provided for visiting points of interest in Lisbon, the following afternoon, I took the precaution of providing myself with a sleeping pill, so that I could get some sleep on the plane. A previous overseas flight had wised me up. After staying awake all night wining, dining, chattering and laughing, to say I was in a state of fatigue when we arrived at our destination is putting it mildly. Live and learn.

Volla. Four hours of sleep on the plane. Arrived in Lisbon feeling fairly chipper. Our tour guide met us at the airport and had us bussed to our hotel — the Ritz.

We had been alerted to the fact that the Ritz was an outstanding hotel, and indeed it was quite impressive. New-looking and built on a hilltop. From our balcony, we had a

good vantage point for looking out over the red-tiled roofs of Lisbon, clustered up, over, and around its many high hills — and beyond — the sun glinting on the blue of the Tagus river emptying into the Atlantic.

● OUR TOUR GUIDE was a character. After shepherding the group into what looked like the music salon of the hotel, he told us to relax, and he would call our names as he received the keys to our rooms. So — we relaxed. In fact, we fell sound asleep — both of us — missed lunch, and woke just in time to go to the desk, get our room key, and wash up before the scheduled afternoon tour of Lisbon. Our guide had completely forgotten his two Canadians.

● AND ANOTHER THING our members about what meals were entitled to order in the dining room. (On a tour, most meals are paid for in advance — you can order extra, or special dishes that appeal to you, but naturally, these are additional charges). So — because of not knowing the language on the menu, and not knowing what limits, if any, had been set for ordering, we went whole hog. Literally. The gastronomic delights we demolished would have to be seen to be believed. I'm almost ashamed to think about it. In our ignorance, we made mistakes like ordering asparagus for a side vegetable, as we thought. It was the intriguing white variety we had never tasted before. Well — imagine our embarrassment when the waiter arrives, bearing aloft a huge platter filled with asparagus, elaborately sauced and garnished. Not only that — he inadvertently tipped it, causing enough of a commotion as the stalks slithered to the carpet, that everyone within radius could see the vast portions we had ordered. And to make matters worse, all we could manage to eat of it were the tips. More was physically impossible. We learned later that when you order asparagus, that is considered your main course!

The noon-time snooze, coupled with four hours' sleep on the plane stood me in good stead to enjoy our afternoon tour of Lisbon. First impression — a picturesque, clean, clean city... many cobblestone streets, and sidewalks, some with mosaic designs — houses pale shades of stucco with red tiled roofs — the older ones with beautiful ceramic tile facades...

● ON THE OUTSKIRTS of the city, we toured the gardens of a 17th Century nobleman's palace. It gave us our first close-up of the beautiful ceramic tiles which covered entire walls. The design on these was done in a heaven-

ly shade of blue, and made a perfect background for the weathered gray garden sculptures.

Into the bus, and on to the Jeronimos Monastery and church, noted for the fact that it contains the tomb of Vasco de Gama. Then a short jaunt over to the Museum of Royal State Coaches — a magnificent collection of antique horse-drawn coaches, all refurbished in gold leaf with velvet covered trappings, to look like something fairy princesses would ride in...

Back to the hotel... Waiting in the lobby for hubby to get the room key, whom should I meet face-to-face, but Princess Grace of Monaco. I didn't have presence of mind enough to speak. Just stared. She was wearing large lensed dark glasses which obscured much of her face, which is much smaller and finer-featured than I had imagined. She wore no discernable makeup — a natural beauty. We had heard she and the Prince were registered at the hotel. They were in Portugal to attend a wedding of some members of exiled Royalty living near Lisbon.

● NEXT MORNING, we drove about thirty miles through semi-tropical countryside, to Sintra. The village is located halfway up a mountainside, on a sort of plateau. Again we were entranced with the walls of the hotel and stores, done entirely in fancy ceramic tiles. There we transferred from the bus to taxis (all taxis in Lisbon are Mercedes Benz, and very reasonable), to take us up the winding mountain road to the Pena Palace, which sits like a crown on its rocky summit. The road wound in hairpin curves up the deeply wooded mountainside. Often the tree branches met over our heads — and almost hidden, at one spot, was the house where Byron lived.

And the palace? — Straight out of a fairy-tale it was, with its turrets, towers and moats. We walked around the scary, narrow ledges, the better to admire — you guessed it — the beautiful ceramic tiles inlaid into the outer stone walls — and the superb view of the lush countryside stretching below to the Atlantic. This is one of the most beautiful areas in Portugal, and it was easy to understand why so many of Europe's exiled royalty have chosen it as their refuge.

● BACK TO SINTRA, and in to the bus for our 20-mile drive to Estoril and Cascais — prosperous seaside resorts — the road running between beautiful sand beaches, and villas burgeoning with bougainvillea and all manner of gorgeous blooms. These are charming, small towns.

Out into the countryside again, and inland to Queluz, a

rococo palace of the 18th century, used by the king of Portugal as a summer residence. And summery it looked too, with its pink stucco exterior, colourful tiled roof, and much beautifully designed ceramic tile used on the interior walls. It is built on one level in a quadrangle plan — rooms large and airy, with delicate, beautiful furnishings. Outside — velvety green formal gardens, with statuary and pools.

● NEXT DAY, the two of us took a taxi to old Lisbon, and set out on a walking tour, the better to appreciate the narrow, hilly streets, and the many-hued ceramic tiles with which the ancient buildings are completely faced. This is the area where the poorest people of the city live, but it is spotlessly clean. Not a trace of litter, dirt, or tumble-down look, anywhere. My housewifely eye appreciated the brightness of the laundry often flapping in the breeze from the wrought-iron balconies.

The people we met on our walk didn't look the way we had pictured the people of Portugal. Except for the language — and the occasional woman walking along gracefully balancing a large basket on her head — people-wise, we could have been walking in downtown Toronto. We managed to get thoroughly, and enjoyably lost. But finally, our feet refused to carry us any farther, and we hailed a taxi to take us back to the hotel.

Our few days in Portugal were just enough to make us want to see more of what looked like a delightful country. Someday, perhaps, we'll go back...

### Moving to Montreal Farewell Presentation

Mrs. Ron Roberts was honoured at a farewell party by the Daughters of the Church (Anglican); on Monday evening March 1, at the home of Mrs. Will Mino, 15 McNabb Street. Mrs. Roberts, who has been a member of the Daughters for many years, is moving to Montreal this month, where her husband has been transferred by his company, Bell Canada.

REGRET  
President of the Daughters, Mrs. Jim Turnbull, expressed the regret of all the members at Mrs. Roberts' departure, and presented her with a cut crystal vase as a memento of the Daughters' esteem.

An added feature of the evening, was a demonstration of Tupperware. The hostess donated the sales bonus, an electric kettle, to the Daughters for use in the church kitchen.

ADD TO BALE  
Items of business dealt with included preliminary plans for the March 31st monthly luncheon; arrangements for a Junior Choir and Servers' party; help for the hockey tournament; catering; and donations of used clothing, and new baby clothes to be included in a bale being sent to an Indian parish in northern Alberta.

Mrs. E. Sigger, 53 King St. E., was co-hostess with Mrs. Mino for the party.

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