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BARNARDS

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9:27 a.m.—Daily, flag.
5:15 p.m.—Daily.
1:35 a.m.—Daily except Sunday, flag
—SUNDAY—
Going East—7:30 a.m., flag, 2:07 p.m.,
8:32 p.m. flag.
Going West—9:27 a.m. flag, 6:16 p.m.

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—GOING NORTH—
8:04 a.m. 1 7:15 p.m.

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DONALDSON'S LUCK

By CLARISSA MACKIE
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

PHIL DONALDSON was plainly excited. He had rushed into the club-house, sought his friend, Ronald Payne, and borrowed his fishing tackle, promising to bring him a "mess of little blues" as a result of his day on the water.

"Didn't know you went in for fishing, Don. Who's he?"
"Oh—the final test," Payne smiled urbanely.

Phil blushed furiously. "Now, just what do you mean by that?" he wanted to know.

"What every youth must go through if he aspires to the hand of Nancy Derringer. Old Man does a round of golf with the daring lovers."

"Yes—we had the round of golf," admitted Phil.

"How did you come out?"
"Licked him good and plenty—I holed out in 83, and he was fuming along with ninety-something. I thought he would be pleased with a chap who could play a good game."

"And wasn't he?"
"Acted peeved. Then asked me to go fishing—say, I must be off, Ronny. I'll bring you a good lot of snappers."

"Good luck," and as an afterthought, "can you fish?"
"Not much—used to when I was a boy," and Phil hurried away in his car, anxious to keep his appointment with Nancy's father.

Perhaps sweet Nancy guessed the weighty significance of the fishing trip—her father's oddities had gradually impressed themselves upon her understanding as various suitors had been taken up by her stern parent, had fished, golfed, and hunted with him—and had then gone sadly away. Nancy liked all these boys, but Philip Donaldson was the only one she had ever loved, and as his attentions became very serious indeed, she saw with a frightened fluttering in her heart that her father was "on the job," and was putting Phil through the mysterious test.

That was why she had tucked a tiny white silk glove in his pocket as he left her.

Their glances told each other what their lips had no time to say, for Asa Derringer was impatiently in the car, where he had already taken his seat.

Out there in the sunshine, with the Derringer motor boat anchored in the channel that led into the Sound, Phil clumsily fixed the bait on the hook. He had forgotten the delights of fishing, even lost the deft fingers of his boyhood, and he felt that Mr. Derringer was watching him with grim humor; nevertheless, it was Phil who caught the first fish—in a manner of speaking, for while the snapper was really impaled on Mr. Derringer's hook, Phil's line had fouled it, and he had brought the two up together with a violent heave that nearly overturned the boat—as if he could not do enough to damage old Asa's feelings, the shining snapper was flapped back into the older man's face.

"Bah!" bellowed Nancy's parent, as he disentangled the lines. "My fish," he said curtly, and his eyes gleamed.

"I'm sorry—I'm out of practice," murmured Phil. Time and again the swiftly running fish snapped at his bait and carried it off, while Mr. Derringer pulled in one silver prize after another.

"I'm a dub," remarked Phil once, when with many apologies he had extricated his hook for the third time from the neck of his companion's sweater. Derringer made no reply, but a funny crinkle appeared around his eyes. Phil did not see it, and continued to gloom, all the while fishing doggedly, patiently, in utter silence, never catching another fish all day. They ate in silence, and continued until the older man pulled in his line with the remark that they had better "call it a day's work."

"You won't ask me to go fishing again, I'm afraid," said Phil as he started the engine—he could do all sorts of things with a boat or a car.

"On the contrary, I hope we will go out lots of times, Phil," said Derringer with great cordiality. "I like you—admire your patience, your stick-to-itiveness—your modesty, and I'm going to show you how to fish. How about it?"

Of course Phil said the right thing, and he had a glimmering that if he had caught all the fish, Derringer would not have been so agreeable.

"It's the showing-off of these young chaps that disgusts me," went on Mr. Derringer, as they rode toward home. "They want to know it, and be it all, and never admit they can't do a thing. Give me every time the fellow who is willing to take a back seat once in a while, or admit that he isn't the king-pin of every undertaking, even if it's only catching a mess of snappers! You'll stay for an informal dinner, eh?" His eyes had a "bless you my child" gleam.

The next day Phil bought a set of new fishing tackle for Ronald Payne, but the old hooks and lines he carefully treasures in a little leather box together with a crumpled silk glove. "Sometimes fishermen's bad luck is good luck in disguise," reads the label on the box.

Telling Age of Fish
Telling the age, origin of fish and how many times they have spawned by their scales is a new technique recently developed by Dr. R. A. Nesbit of the United States Fish and Wild Life Service and David H. Wal-

THE MISSING OWL

By TOM FRENCH
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

CARLTON THOMAS belonged to the most exclusive senior society at Parkleigh College. It was entitled the Order of Owls.

It is, of course, a great thing to belong to this society. Membership in it means that you can wear the small enameled owl, not too conspicuously, of course, but where it will show when you take out your watch. Just one glimpse of that little enameled pin—and the world is open to you.

Carlton Thomas had been out of Parkleigh for ten years, and he had found that his hand progress upward as a lawyer depended very little on his membership in the Order.

But one illusion of his undergraduate days remained to Carlton. He still felt that his being an Owl put him up a peg or two with the girls.

So, in moments of enthusiastic though perhaps not wise feeling, Carlton had parted with several Owl pins. It had always been possible to get more at headquarters.

One morning when Carlton was opening his mail in the bachelor apartment he shared with Steve Tompkins, another Owl from Parkleigh, he was surprised to see a communication from the fraternity headquarters.

"I've got one, too," Steve said. "Read what it says."
Carlton took Steve's advice. The notice said that according to a recent decision of the active Owls, no Owl could be allowed to give his pin to a girl unless he was engaged or married to her. The society felt that some Owls had been a little reckless about the matter, and, as the headquarters had a record of the number of pins issued to each member, all outstanding pins must be accounted for. They must know that the pins had either been lost or were in proper hands.

"But," said Steve, "it's only some of those girl-crazy Johnnies they've been taking in lately who'd give their pins around promiscuously—not old-timers, like us. If you've lost them, you've lost them."
"Yes," muttered Carlton. "If you've lost them—you've lost them." And he clutched at a special slip that had fallen from his envelope, a notification from headquarters that he must account for six pins he had applied for.

After Steve left, Carlton listed his pins:
"One that I wear. Two, I gave my sister to make Maud Dawson jealous by thinking perhaps Steve gave it to her. Three, I gave Maud Dawson to get even with my sister. Write for those two. Four, I gave the little brunette in Rome. Good as lost. Five, I gave Jane Tracy after I quarreled with Catherine Brown. Jane threw it away when she found Catherine's initials on the back. Good as lost. Six—gave to that girl I met in New Hampshire. Can't think of her name. Must ask Steve."
That evening Steve sat smoking his pipe and reading while Carlton struggled over some mysterious letters. He looked up brightly, and tried to talk nonchalantly.

"By the way, Steve," he said, "we had a good time up in New Hampshire that year, didn't we?"
"Must ask Steve," said Steve, "but why drag that in?"
"Nice girls, there, too," said Carlton, doggedly sticking to his point.

"By the way, what was the name of that little one, the one that was so pretty—Peggy something or other, wasn't it?"
"A fine time to ask," said Steve, "after you rushed her a month and then came away and never gave her another thought."
"Not so fast, young man. I did think about her a lot but not about her name. And it was just after we got back, as you'll remember, if you'll put what brains you've got on the matter, that was sent abroad. But that's neither here nor there. What's her name?"
"Peggy Trent. They're staying at the Hotel Gordon here for the winter. The fact is, Carlton, the winter you were abroad I used to see a good deal of her. I hate to make you any more conceited than you are, but I thought that winter she was rather hurt at the way you behaved. Anyway, she didn't have much use for me—or anybody else."
"Fact?" queried Carlton. "I must look her up. As I remember her, I thought she was pretty swell, but I didn't think she was interested."
"Well, don't get all worked up over it," said Steve. "I saw her a couple of nights ago and she was wearing an Owl pin—guess one of the younger men has cut you out, old-timer."
A few hours later Carlton found Steve still reading in the same chair he had left him.

"Well," queried Steve, "did you find out whose Owl pin Peggy was wearing?"
"Yes," said Carlton, his face beaming. "She isn't exactly en-

U. S. Insect Hunter in Relentless War on Pests

The man who will subjugate one "fifth column" activity not listed by the department of justice came to Berkeley, Calif., recently, to compare scientific data with University of California experts.

The goal is the same, however, reveal Dr. C. Bishop, chief of the division of insects affecting man and beast, U. S. bureau of entomology and plant quarantine—the heightening of national efficiency and safety in time of crisis.

Just as the department of justice is intensifying its fight on human saboteurs, the bureau of entomology is stepping up a nation-wide program, not only to avert economic and human losses but to increase man's efficiency for defense of his country.

As part of this process, Dr. Bishop stated that war would be waged just as relentlessly on pests, which do not incapacitate or kill, but which destroy man's comfort and happiness.

He reports 5,000,000 cases of malaria annually in this country, majority in the South, which, while not fatal, result in debility and consequent lowered production.

Dr. Bishop reported official data on a \$10,000,000 loss in cattle in the Southwest caused by the screw worm, a pest that has recently made its appearance in Southern California. Spread of Rocky mountain fever to eastern states by ticks carried by dogs and in luggage of travelers, he added, presented another serious problem, inasmuch as the mortality rate ranged from 10 to 50 per cent.

War Worry Senseless, Medical Journals Advise

Work hard and play hard, but don't worry about the war situation any more than you can possibly help. That's eminently sane advice. Medical journals report a rise in the number of mental cases requiring treatment in the last two months. It may be due to too much despondent brooding about the war, especially among younger men and women.

This, of course, does nobody any good. One cannot shut eyes and ears to what is going on in the world. That would be unwise, even if one could do it. But depression over things beyond the individual control does no good, either to the individual or in solving the problem.

Every generation and every time has had its problems and its tragedies. The only course is to do what must be done and do it with vigor and a clear head. Beyond that, people do well to work hard at their jobs, indulge in all customary recreation and play, and try as far as possible to avoid worry. Even if the worst happens, is it not bad enough to endure that without having gone through it in imagination a thousand times before?

Patrick H., aged 47, is a politician. Politics is about 80 per cent psychology and about 20 per cent economics and business," he laughingly commented. "Our government actually should be run by specialists. But scientists and business men are often not adept in selling themselves. So they cannot win votes. Sometimes they actually alienate voters by their failure to understand human nature. Politicians on the contrary, know pretty well how to deal with people. Backslapping, handshaking and kissing of babies is no joke to a real politician.

A few years ago several hundred young voters in Chicago were surveyed, asking them what they would recommend for improving the political situation and welfare of our country. They represented both major parties, and spontaneously voiced their personal views. Only 11 of the entire group even mentioned the national debt. But they were almost unanimous in criticizing the 3 per cent retail sales tax. Billions of dollars imbalance on the part of the federal treasury didn't touch their immediate lives as closely as the extra one-cent tax on their 35-cent lunch check.

Aside from their wanting panaceas of the Huey Long brand, people like to be freed from such petty irritations as retail sales taxes, the needless expense and time of getting documents notarized, as for a 25-cent fee, the wasteful overlapping of taxes, and such inequalities as varying automobile taxes from one state to another.

Catching Fish Is Thrill; Preparing It Is Skill

Did you catch some perch or trout over the week-end? There's no doubt a thrill when you land a catch, but the satisfaction that comes from taking a perfectly browned fish from under the broiler or from a baking pan is nowhere equaled. With a trick or two up your sleeve in decorating the platter you have the makings for one of the most beautiful pictures ever eaten! Your reputation as a fine hostess is assured when the fish is served.

Small fish may be broiled without spitting them. Clean, wipe dry, dip in oil or melted fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper and broil until well browned. Larger fish may be split for broiling, turning them first with the fish side to the heat, then the skin side, basting occasionally with fat or oil and seasoning well.

When baking fish, allow about one-half pound for each person. A fish that is rich in fat may be baked without basting and the skin will not break. However, a fish not rich in fat should be gashed slightly in several places and strips of bacon or salt pork laid over them. It is a good plan to lay the fish on a piece of oiled cheesecloth so that it may be lifted from the pan without breaking. Rub the fish inside and out with salt and pepper; dredge slightly with flour. Bake uncovered 10-15 minutes per pound in a 400-degree oven.

Place the fish in a large skillet in gently simmering liquid, preferably part milk and part water. Do not have the liquid cover the fish, but cover the pan and cook over very low heat. Care must be taken not to overcook the fish or it will fall apart. About 15 minutes per pound is correct time.

Lemons, parsley, watercress, radishes, celery curls, sliced tomatoes or cucumbers may be used as garnishes.

Collectors Urge Placing Flag on Postage Stamps

The post office department—which has featured everything on its stamps from a cow to Whittier's mother—was stuck with a problem involving philatelists and the flag.

In the midst of the current wave of patriotism, H. E. Rhodes of San Diego, Calif., wrote to Postmaster General Walker that no American flag has ever waved on an American stamp.

Intensive investigation disclosed that Rhodes was substantially correct—a few flags have appeared insignificantly since 1869, but never has one been featured.

Rhodes, who is president of the San Diego Stamp club, submitted a design for a new air mail stamp—the unfurled flag in color.

Continuing his campaign, he wrote his congressman, Rep. Edward V. Izac, and the congressman wrote the postmaster general. Other philatelists wrote in and praised the idea.

Then came the poser that led to the present problem.

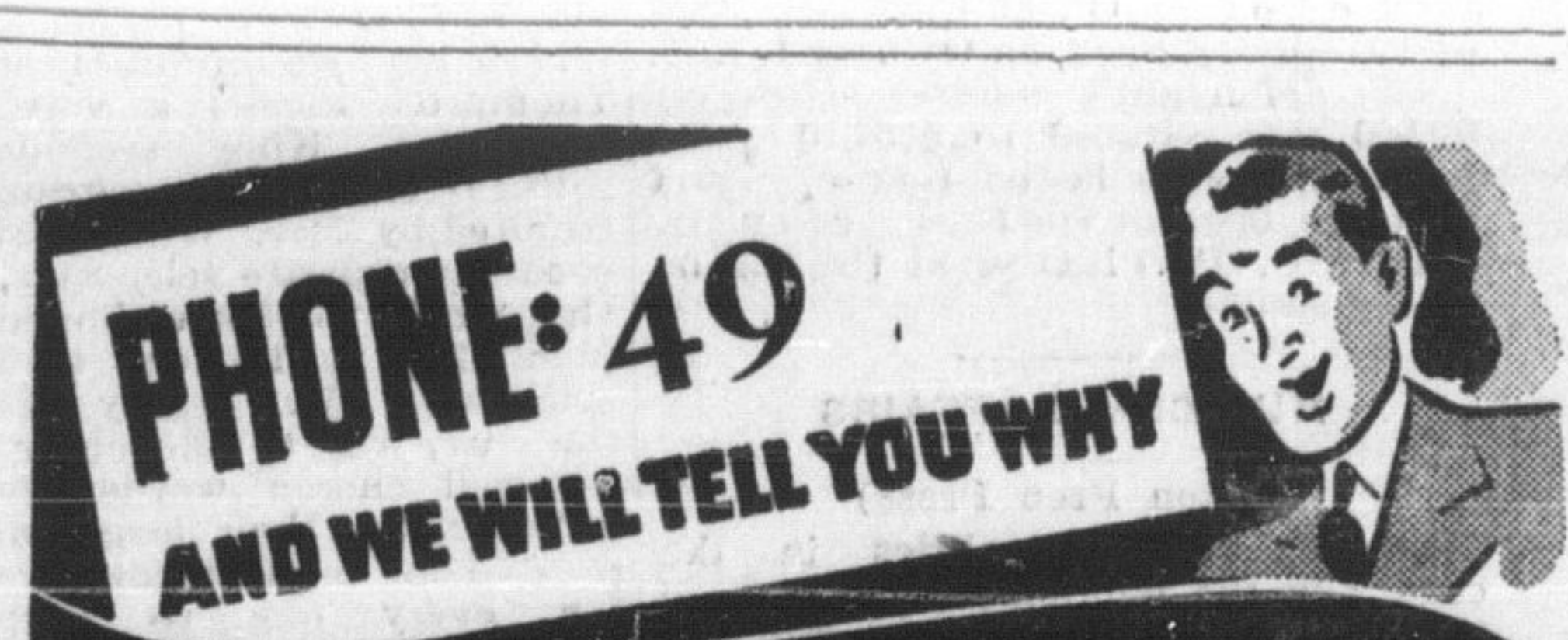
Someone pointed out that the flag is a patriotic symbol and that as the centerpiece of a postage stamp it would take a national licking. Holes would be punched in it by canceling machines; it would be spotted with ink and the names of cities; dirty hands would dull its brightness.

As the adornment of an old envelope could be tossed into the waste basket or would all the old envelopes bearing flag stamps have to be preserved?

The thought was frightening. The department is not committing itself either way for the present.

That School Boy Figure Does Your Husband Bulge Where He Shouldn't? Does He Have a Dull, Too Can a Clark Gable. A New York outfit specializing in im- proving feminine appearance recent- ly experimented with a man. In 50 days 50 pounds were taken off this fellow and his general appear- ance otherwise improved. Now this organization is thinking of opening a department devoted exclusively to bringing back to men their school- boy figures and complexions. How- ever, it is not optimistic about men taking this up of their own accord and is hoping wives will force them to do so. One woman was asked if she would send her husband and she said emphatically, "No, no, no." He's enough of a hit with other women as he is. What would happen if he was fixed up to look like Robert Taylor?"

Sulfathiazole Effective
Sulfathiazole, the latest addition to the sulfanilamide family, proved effective in bringing about the recovery of a child suffering from staphylococcus aureus (a yellow pus-producing bacterium) meningitis (inflammation of the membranes surrounding the spinal cord and brain), Frederick W. Dietel, M. D., Churchillville, N. Y., and Albert D. Kaiser, M. D., Rochester, N. Y., report in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Staphylococcus aureus as a causative agent of meningitis is comparatively unusual in children, but when it does occur the mortality rate is high. In the case reported by the two physicians the drug was administered by mouth daily for a period of nine days. "At the end of three weeks there was complete recovery," they say.



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COUNTY OF HALTON 1941 - LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR - 1941

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1942
1 Milton	Friday	10	7	4	27	5	4	9
2 Oakville	Tuesday	7	4	9	24	9	4	9
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	8	5	7	25	3	5	9
4 Aton	Thursday	9	6	8	26	3	5	9
5 Burlington	Monday	6	3	5	23	8	3	5

May, June and September Courts will open at 9 a.m. standard time. All other Courts at 10 a.m. standard time.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS: 1. B. Knight, Milton; 2. John Chambers, Oakville; 3. E. O. Thompson, Georgetown; 4. R. T. Thelford, Aton; 5. W. C. Kiddford, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury 3rd June and 2nd December, on opening days at 1 p.m.
County Court Sittings, without Jury, 1st of April and 1 7th of October, 10 a.m. and so often at other times as may be required for the dispatch of business.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 15th January, 7th April, 7th July, 6th October, 10 a.m.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace

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