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Meat Be Cooked for Canning

Mrs. Cornelia C. Morris, extension food conservationist of North Carolina State college, says there are several ways to pre-cook meat for canning. "If meat is to be cooked before it is canned," she said, "it should not be more than half done. It can be browned quickly in a small amount of hot fat in a frying pan; it can be stewed or boiled. Do not add salt to the meat until after it is packed in the jars." Mrs. Morris also emphasized that a pressure cooker is essential in canning meats. Other meats are not safe, she declared.

TO OUR BOYS

It's nearly two years ago. That some of our Milton boys marched away. To answer their country's call. With their pack and gun and old tin hat. For there was a job that wanted doing. And they were the boys to help with that. There was Eddie L. and Pinky Cox. There was Tom and Charlie too. And Huck and the grocery boy Chuck. There was Harve and Bud from McDuffee garage. And Jack from the fried fish shop. There are lots of other fellows. Who are wearing the air force blue, Ronnie and Scottie and Jack. One's a farmer's son, one a copper's son. And one a young bank clerk. Then there's the butcher boy Joe. And a teacher, too. Both of these won the D. F. M., But all are from Milton town. But that's not the only blue. That our Milton boys are wearing. You see they are wearing navy blue. And belong to the silent service. There are also some fine fellows. Who have left their wives and kids. For they value all that freedom means. To those dear little kids. But what care just what they are. Or what they used to be. To us they are the jolly Scout boys. Who sold us Christmas trees. And so we give them a right good cheer. And wish them all the best. God grant they soon will be home again. And will march up our old Main street. —E. L. M. H.

Absent-Minded Husband

A salesperson in a greeting card store in Kansas City has this one to tell about an absent-minded husband during the holiday rush last year. It seems that he came in and showed the clerk a card he previously had purchased. "I'd like 35 more of these," he said. The clerk looked at him in astonishment. "You wish 35 cards bearing the message 'Merry Christmas to My Wife'?" she asked. "Gosh, is that the message on the card?" said the customer. "I've already sent 65 of them!"

You Roll Them Better With OGDEN'S FINE CUT CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Proper Move

By B. ANN BENEDICT Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

BART had always sneered at fiction writers who portrayed heroes finding themselves in a spot because the girl they wanted to marry had always been a pal to them, and they lacked the courage to propose for fear of ruining a beautiful friendship. He had sneered too at other heroes who had resorted to the age old trick of exciting jealousy in a loved one by betraying interest in a rival.

He had sneered, and now he found himself playing both roles. He had slipped into them unconsciously, and so was convinced that the fiction writers knew whereof they spoke.

It all came about because Mary Irons, whom Bart had known since childhood, developed from a stringy, red-headed, freckle-faced country girl into a woman whose photograph would have done justice to the cover of any popular magazine. College did it for her. Bart saw her the week after graduation, and Bart collapsed. Words—the informal, familiar words of an old friend which were on his lips—stuck in his throat. Then, suddenly, he realized that he'd better keep on playing the role of palsy-walsy if he wanted to maintain any kind of standing in this lovely creature's eyes.

The blades of Westhaven, which was where Bart and Mary lived, had, it seemed, as good eyesight as Bart. They gave Mary a rush that summer, and Bart was miserable. Not that Mary turned down his invitations. She didn't. They did things together, but their relationship was the same as it had always been—friendly and informal and casual.

It was when Clay Tracey, son of the local textile mill owner, began taking up a lot of Mary's time that Bart had his great idea. He had to do something about Tracey. He couldn't let Mary marry that dumb-head. He couldn't let her marry anyone.

Bart's great idea included Jane Priest. Jane Priest was one of their gang and a close friend. Bart felt he could depend upon her.

"Sure, Bart," she agreed. "If it will do any good I'll be glad to pretend to be in love with you. If you don't think Mary will mind."

"But that's just what I want to happen. I want Mary to mind." So for a month Bart and Jane saw a lot of each other, and people began to talk. But if Mary noticed she gave no indication. If anything, she appeared more interested in Clay Tracey, and people began to talk about that too.

Bart was discouraged, but he decided to stick it out. He would even, he decided, go as far as to announce his engagement to Jane. He thought that if Mary felt at all toward him as he felt toward her, the announcement of his engagement to Jane or anyone else would raise her ire.

But something happened. Two things, in fact. Neither of which Bart had anticipated. The first happened in the morning. Bart called Jane's house to arrange for a date that night, and Jane's mother told him that last night Jane had eloped with Dan Bronson.

"What!" said Bart. "It seems," Mrs. Priest explained, "Dan has been in love with Jane for ever so long, and she with him, but neither realized it. They both thought they were just good friends. Then Jane started going out with you and Dan suddenly became jealous and came over and had a talk with Jane, and they eloped. Jane told me to tell you that she was sorry she couldn't help you out any longer."

Nothing, Bart realized, could make him look more like a chump than this. He was on the verge of taking the first boat for the farthest port, when Mary called and announced her engagement to Clay Tracey.

"I wanted you to be the first to know, darling, you being pals and all. Aren't you glad?" "Yeah," said Bart. "That's swell. Just dandy. Congratulations." He hung up and sat down. This was the payoff. This certainly was. He'd better take that boat now for sure, unless he wanted to be the laughing stock of the whole town. And he couldn't stand that. But first, by thunder, he was going to tell Mary Irons just what he thought of her. He wasn't going to clear out without giving her a piece of his mind. Any girl who was so dumb she couldn't tell when a man loved her, and let him keep on making a fool of himself, needed talking to.

Mary was sitting in a wicker chair under a brightly painted umbrella in the back yard of her father's house when Bart arrived. She was reading a book.

"Why, Bart!" she exclaimed, dropping the book into her lap. "Listen," said Bart tensely. "you've made a sucker out of me. Do you hear! You played me for a sap. You knew I was in love with you. Oh, don't deny it. You knew it all the time. You knew Jane Priest was a gag. You knew she was really in love with Dan Bronson. You knew the whole set-up, yet you kept stringing me along. Well, I want to tell you—"

"That's right, darling," Mary interrupted. "I did know. Woman's instinct. It has always struck me as terribly queer that men can't see those things too. It's unfair, because women can't take the initiative. They have to be subtle."

Bart opened his mouth and closed it. "What?" he said. "Two can play at the same game. The pity is that men don't catch on as easily."

Then Bart saw something that struck him as queer. He saw that the book in Mary's lap was upside down. She had been holding it upside down and had been reading, or pretending to read intensely. Bart wet his lips. He decided that he'd be on safer ground if he kept his mouth shut and stopped being dumb, and went into action. Which he did. And it proved to be the proper move.

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THE WISP

By ADALAIDE HUFF McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

SIDE by side, their desks only a few feet apart in the huge office of the Mutual Protective Insurance company, George Harris and Alene Sumner had worked for over two years.

Straightforward, clean, ambitious, looking life squarely in the face without fear or finching, they went through the hard day's work with a song in their hearts and in the short evenings played together like children out of school.

Alene had a convertible bedroom; that is to say, she could make her bed look like a cross between a wardrobe and a chiffonier merely by touching a spring and being careful to get all the bedclothes inside. In one corner behind a screen she had a gas stove and two or three cooking pans. So, often after hours they would stop in at a grocery and buy something to cook on the gas stove afterward.

Alene would put an apron on George and make him peel the few potatoes which he would do with the utmost clumsiness and joy. After the supper was prepared, with a swish they would clear the little center table of its books and work basket and dainty cups and saucers would appear from behind the screen. Then they would sit down a little self-consciously, avoiding each other's eyes, but each one filled with a sense of expectancy.

It was at the fourth little supper for two that George put his hand across the table.

"Let's go on this way forever, dear," he said coaxingly.

Alene flushed and smiled as she timidly slipped her hand in his. "But, George, darling, don't let's get married for a long time," Alene begged later. "I want to keep on working until we get enough to buy a little home of our own way out somewhere, and anyhow, we see each other every day and all day as it is, so why hurry?"

"Maybe you're right, dearest," he answered reluctantly, "but don't let's wait too long. Just think, it's that much happiness gone forever." The months sped by on wings of happiness, but toward the end of summer there came a little rift in the blue.

She felt embarrassed now when she would look over and see that absurd wisp standing straight on end.

"George, for goodness' sake, I'll die if . . ." then she checked herself. She couldn't tell him. She just couldn't, for it was the very little trick she had once liked so much and she had often spoken to him about it.

Was she going crazy? Didn't she love him any more? At the thought hot tears welled up in her eyes, overflowed and ran down her cheeks. In a second he had held her in his arms.

"You're overworked," he said. "You'll simply have to stop and rest."

If only he would stop talking. If only he would go away, she thought. She tried to laugh it off, promised to be all right by morning and finally got rid of him. But next day she was too ill to go to work and kind Mrs. Jones downstairs insisted on calling in her doctor.

"Mrs. Jones has told me all about you," began the physician in a professional tone. "All you need is a rest. Run off to the country for a couple of weeks and no company, my dear."

Alene gave in and went away. Out in the cool peaceful country she found rest for her jaded nerves. One night as she lay in bed in the dark thinking about him she laughed aloud as she caught herself longing to see him run his hand through his hair.

"And that was the very thing that annoyed me most before I left," she mused in wonder. "Isn't it funny how over-fatigue and nerves can make you almost hate . . . Good, old Doctor Wilson. I wonder . . ."

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