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For comfort, economy and real pleasure, nothing equals travel by the great ships of the C&B Line. From Buffalo to Cleveland fare is now only \$3.75 one way or \$6.50 round trip; week-end round trips only \$5.75. Steamers each way leave at 9:00 P.M.

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Upper berths are now as low as \$1.00; lower berths, \$1.50; staterooms, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Parlor, with and without bath, are proportionately lower. Excellent meals are offered at attractive prices. Ask your local tourist or ticket agent for C&B folders giving full detail of all tours, trips and services.

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Here are the lowest, most attractive automobile rates ever offered. From Cleveland to Buffalo, or Buffalo to Cleveland, one way \$3.00 or \$3.00 for the round trip. Cars over 120 inch wheelbase slightly higher. Round trip tickets give option of either Buffalo or Ft. Stanley Division. It's cheaper to ship your car than to drive it, and you save a day.

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The values of Life Insurance increase with the number of years in force, regardless of economic conditions, however unfavorable. What other investment guarantees such safety and stability throughout the years?

SEE R. M. CLEMENTS

The Confederation Life Representative.

Cinderella House Finds Its Prince

By RUBY DOUGLAS

MARIE was always giving life to inanimate things. She tubbed even the clothespins in the basket in the laundry with emotions and felt sorry for anyone of them that happened to be left overnight in the cold clothes' yard. Perhaps she stored up a net-work of criss-cross passions to tear her peaceful days asunder, but she also drank deep draughts of wonderful joy as she played whimsically about with the soulless objects into which she breathed such loving life.

Just now she was weaving romance around an ancient ruin on a country road, a veritable Cinderella of a house in a community of lovely buildings and gardens.

If she had had the least excuse or the financial ability to buy, and rebuild the place into a semblance of its former beauty, she would have done so. As it was, she merely kept it always a vision before her, drove past it again and again, loving it, cheering it up in its loneliness by stopping to admire its one-time charming lines.

One day when she approached her Cinderella house she saw two cars standing between the sentinal trees. Marie drove up the road and returned to go slowly along the front. She thought she recognized the car of a real estate dealer in the village and she wondered who could be looking at the place.

A rather young man stepped out and waited for some one. Yes; it was the realtor she had believed it to be. Evidently, he was trying to sell the house to this young man. Could it be that the man was to be married and that he liked the grounds and would, perhaps, tear down the old house? Marie shuddered at the thought.

The two men stood before it, looking up at the roof, the chimneys, bravely erect in spite of their age.

"No—I think it is hopeless," she heard the stranger say.

Nettled into courage she had never known she possessed, Marie turned her car quickly into the driveway behind the two automobiles.

"Oh, Mr. Hyde," she exclaimed, addressing the real estate man who had been a friend of her father; "I have been looking for an opportunity to speak to you about this very house and as I saw you out here at the geological moment I decided that I would stop."

"Some old place," said Mr. Hyde. "It is a good house, Long Island farmhouse type and rare nowadays. Need a lot of work but could be made a gem."

"I have always loved it," said Marie, scarcely knowing what she was about to do. "I have wondered why I, as one who has visualized it as a beautiful home, might not be able, working with some one like you, to make it such. I am confident I could beautify it so that it would bring you a lot of money and be an artistic addition to even this exquisite section of the country."

Hyde looked at her. "By Jove, you talk as if you know what you wanted to do. Have you definite plans for it?"

Marie nodded. Mr. Hyde introduced the stranger.

"Miss Ellen, Mr. Tomlinson. This young man thinks he would like to buy a home in the country for his father and mother. He wants a place on the north shore here as nearly like the one they had during their honeymoon. It is, of course, years ago, as possible. They do not earn it. They are living in the Middle West and their one dream is to come back here again."

"What a beautiful idea," said Marie. "This place looks as if it might have been similar to the old home-stand, but all I know is from sketches of stories that have been told to me—and this picture."

He handed to Marie a faded, yellowed print of a house. Her romantic soul believed it was the very house.

The three walked around to the rear garden where was an old beech tree. They stood under it, studying the back of the house. Almost as if he had been started out of his senses, the young man pointed to two sets of initials framed in a heart and carved on the bark of the tree.

"My father's initials—and my mother's," he cried.

"No," exclaimed the excited voice of Marie and the rough tones of the realtor at the same moment.

"I will buy the house if you will see that it is rehabilitated for me," young Tomlinson said to Marie.

"I—I will try," said Marie. "Mr. Hyde knows I have ability—and background."

After that affair moved very quickly in the lives of the three.

When it was nearly completed and Marie and young Charles Tomlinson stood again underneath the beech tree he said to her, "Would you care if I were to carve your initials and mine on this tree?"

"Would the tree like to be cut?" she asked, evasively.

"The tree knows that it has been the messenger that has carried a world of joy around in its secret self for years—Marie. Won't you, some day before very long, come here to help me make my father and mother happy in the old home?"

And Marie knew that her Cinderella house had found its prince in the form of Romance.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH

Wisdom doesn't always speak in large words.

A man treated like a scoundrel usually becomes one.

Usually the woman who cries easily stops the same way.

Even a little girl's attentions can be a big disappointment.

Men who quit smoking live longer than the first few days.

A gossip is a person who lets what he hears go in one ear and out his mouth.

There would be fewer day dreamers if there was a way of taxing a man's yearnings.

Experience is a dear teacher, but the same dear teacher is also a strict disciplinarian.

A thin girl who can't gain a pound hates the scales as much as the fat sister who can't lose one.

A man may have a million dollars and be able to travel all over the world, but he can't get away from his conscience.

Kind words, like good deeds, never die.

When a poor man makes a proverb he does not break it.

Defeat is an unknown word in the make-up of a good sport.

A ladies' sewing circle is a place where they rip up reputations.

The curried milk of human kindness is unrelated to contented cows.

It is just as impossible without faith as it is to go without food.

A woman never argues with a fool but a fool often tries to argue with his wife.

Some men can make just as much success out of marriage as others do getting single.

Life is a great fact and at the same time a great riddle that defies every attempt to solve it.

One explanation is that a man who feels superior to common people also feels superior to their likes.

The busiest day of any married woman is when her husband stays home to rest.

A modern home is occupied from 2 a.m. until sunrise.

Even if a woman gets what she wants she is not satisfied.

It is more profitable to be a day worker than a day dreamer.

There is nothing as useless to a man as the mustache under his nose.

The busiest day of any married woman is when her husband stays home to rest.

A young man always uses a choice expression when he asks a girl to become his wife.

Hell may be paved with good intentions, but the way down is paved with good excuses.

A man isn't poor if he is able to afford a little sense of humor from his depleted riches.

Some of us don't like pleasure unless it costs us a lot. If we don't pay a high price for it we think it isn't exclusive enough.

A troubled man either does or does not whistle.

One way to win an argument is to talk to yourself.

Some people are lies; others act them or just tell them.

It is not always "easy come, easy go" with the speak-easy.

Brook trout are fine fish, but canned salmon are easier to get.

Those who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us.

PILLOW EATING SQUIRRELS

Country homes and summer cottages closed during autumn, winter and spring months, are not infrequently entered by squirrels which seriously damage such articles as mattresses, pillows and cushions. Houses adjacent to park areas are also entered at times.

In this connection, says the Dominion Entomologist, who has all sorts of pests under his jurisdiction, "complaints have been received of injury to window woodwork, apparently from attempts made by the animals to regain their freedom. The common red squirrel is the species most responsible for injury in houses. Before vacating summer homes, would be a wise procedure to cover the tops of chimneys and other openings through which the animals may gain entrance."

ALDERMANIC TROUBLES

Joseph Schubert, Montreal alderman, wisely answered the telephone at 4 a.m. "I'm one of your constituents," a voice told him. "How does it feel to be awakened up at 4 a.m. City water wagons all up right under my window at all hours of the night. How do you like it?" Alderman Schubert has asked the city to do something about it.

WHY SHOULD I DOUBT?

Why should I doubt, although in darkness night
The way is veiled to my dim, mortal sight?
Why should I doubt? Although I cannot see—
My Father's hand can work no ill for me.
Why should I doubt, although my cares beset
While I can say, "He has not failed me yet?"
—Willis Hoyer.

DID YOU WASTE A DAY?

Did you waste the day or lose it,
Was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness
As a star of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber,
Do you think that God would say:
You have earned one more tomorrow
By the work you did today?

It is an unusual woman who would rather be known for her wisdom than her beauty.

FARM RELIEF

IS HERE

If you will send a New Crown Separator within the next two or three years... you will not regret it. Let us show you how to get the best value for your money. Let us show you how to get the best value for your money. Let us show you how to get the best value for your money.

Anchor Ho

Challenger Model

Let us show you why it is the best to BUY... the only one that is built to last. Let us show you why it is the best to BUY... the only one that is built to last. Let us show you why it is the best to BUY... the only one that is built to last.

DR. C. H. HESLOP

Agent

Phone 210 **Milton**

PERSONS TRUCKING FRUIT MUST BE LICENSED

A new provincial regulation provides that all persons engaged in trucking fruit or vegetables, whether purchased to be resold, or handled on commission, shall procure a license and give a bond for the proper carrying out of the business. A commission house or jobber will also require to be licensed and bonded.

The license fee for a trucker will be two dollars per year, while the jobbers house will pay \$25 a year. The trucker will give a bond of a thousand dollars and the jobbers a bond of ten thousand.

The difference between a married woman and an old maid is that one knows how terrible it is to live with a man, and the other how terrible it is to live without one.

Peggy Moore Finds a Real Job

By JOHN FRANCIS

THE insistent ring of her cheap alarm clock had brought Peggy Moore out of bed with a determined leap every morning for the past two months. This morning, however, Peggy moved much more slowly.

Two months ago, when Peggy arrived in New York and took this little room in a West side rooming house, she was full of confidence, possessed of an assurance that she soon would get a job and be entirely independent. There was none of that contented five cents remained in that smart purse, and Peggy was still without the prospect of a job.

Tears welled into the girl's eyes at the thought of wiring her father for money.

"I'm not licked yet. I still have one more chance. That ad that I answered yesterday. Oh, I hope there is a letter about it in the morning mail!"

One more disappointment was in for Peggy, however. There was no letter from the "Box 547, Evening Press," to which she had written for a position as secretary.

"Oh, if I only knew where to find Jimmy Hubbard. He might be able to find me a job. Why, oh, why didn't I keep in touch with him?"

Jimmy Hubbard was a boy from Peggy's home town, and one had been looked upon by Peggy's friends as the boy she would some day marry. Then one of those petty lovers' quarrels had taken place just before Jimmy was graduated from college. After commencement Jimmy had gone to New York and entered the business of a friend. He had written Peggy once or twice, but Peggy still angry because Jimmy never had advised her who was wrong in their quarrel, did not answer his letters.

Peggy spent all morning and part of the afternoon visiting employment agencies.

All of the visits proved unsuccessful, however, and Peggy was ready to admit to failure. She decided to go back to the rooming house, though, before wiring her father for money. The hope that the afternoon mail had brought her an answer to her letter still was in her heart.

"Was there any mail for me this afternoon, Mrs. Thorne?" she asked the landlady as she entered the rooming house.

"No mail," replied Mrs. Thorne, "but there is a young man waiting for you in the parlor."

"A young man," said Peggy, surprised. "Did he give you his name?"

"No, he just said he wanted to see you, and that he would wait. He has been here since twelve-thirty, and it's now three o'clock," Mrs. Thorne said.

Peggy thanked Mrs. Thorne quickly, and hurried into the small parlor where the roomers were allowed to receive guests. As she entered the room a tall young man rose from the sofa and crossed toward her.

"Jimmy Hubbard!" gasped Peggy. "How in the world did you know I was here?"

"Hi, Peggy," said Jimmy, grasping both her hands. "I didn't know it until this morning when I got your letter."

"What letter?" Peggy asked. "I didn't write you a letter."

"Oh, yes, you did," said Jimmy, drawing an envelope from his pocket. "And I've got it right here."

"Why—why, that letter is an answer to an advertisement," said Peggy.

"I know it," Jimmy laughed. "It was my ad. My secretary is leaving me to get married. I received your application this morning, and as soon as I read it I dashed up here to find you."

"Are you going to give me the job?"

A mischievous light appeared in Jimmy's eyes as he asked:

"Are you still sure to me over our quarrel?"

"Of course not, Jimmy," Peggy replied, blushing. "I got over that ages ago, but I couldn't write and tell you because I had lost your address."

"In that case, Jimmy went on, "I'm afraid I can't give you the job."

"You can't?" Peggy was indignant.

"Why not?"

"Because," said Jimmy jocularly, "I don't believe a man should have his wife as his secretary. And you are going to become my wife just as soon as we can get downtown. What do you say?"

"Well," Peggy said, "I'm willing, if you will step at a telephone office first. I've got to wire my father. But the telegram is going to be a lot different than I thought it would be."

"That's all right," said Jimmy. "I've got to send a telegram, too. I've got to put another advertisement in the newspaper."

NEVER..

pass a car on a hill... or curve

Experienced drivers of motor cars have learned that there is one rule of the road which cannot be violated without danger to life and limb... these seasoned drivers always keep in line when the road ahead is obscured.

Hill tops and curves are blind spots on the highway. You can't see what is coming toward you... and there's almost always sure to be another car coming around the curve or over the hill. The one safe rule is to stay on your side of the road... the right side.

Every time you take a chance that the road ahead may be clear, you jeopardize your own safety and the approaching motorist may be made an innocent victim of your carelessness... surely a heavy price to pay in conscience and cash.

After all you can observe the "Hill and Curve rule" for a whole season without losing as much as sixty minutes' time all told... Why not?

THE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there, of clay
and wattle made;
Nine beans will I have there, & have
for the honeybees,
And live alone in the bee-hive glade.
And I shall have some peace and sleep,
for some corner dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning,
to where the cricket sings,
There mid-magic's all a glimmer, and
noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

—Value for duty has been levied on imported fruit as follows: Plums and prunes, 1 1/2 cents per lb. from July 15 to October 31; peaches, 1 1/2 cents per lb. from July 20 to October 31; and pears, 1 1/2 cents per lb. from July 20 to January 31, when entered under the intermediate or general tariff.

Proposing

An executive who prides himself on being efficient is reported to have proposed to a young woman as follows: "I have already supplied complete details of my life. Will you be my wife? Yes or no? Cross out the word that does not apply."—Border Cities Star.

Ontario Department of Highways

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ONTARIO DEPARTMENT of HIGHWAYS

Toronto, June 15th, 1933.

MINISTER

Almasauley