

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: The preacher cum home with us for dinner & in the conversashen ast Pa sed he What do you think of a man who is all ways a deceiving his wife. & the preacher diddnt seem to think it funny when Pa replide & sed he thot him a mirakel man.

Tuesday: What are life the teecher ast Jake who sed jist 1 dam thing after another so he herd. & Love? She ast Blisters & he sed 2 darn things after each another. She shuck her hed in dissgust, but when I told it to Pa he sed Not bad a tall.

Wednesday: The teecher was tellen are class that they are a star above mutch biggern the whole world. Why dont it shed off the rain then, sed Jake in his dumness. & strange to say she cudent anser. Or diddnt, no how.

Thursday: I red in the noosepaper where it sed the first U. S. A. public skool was started up in Boston in 18 & 21 A. D. Witch with me dont rime with the liberty my histry says the pilgram fathers cum here to give to evry 1. & I no a lot of other kids who see the mater ditto.

Friday: See where a man onct made a rekkord by walking from N. Y. to Fransansisko in 70 days & 10 hrs. Rats—I bleeve I could hitch hiker it quickern that. P S—If the lessens get much harder I may see what I can do.

Saturday: Are fambly has solved the riddel of the resent eleckshen. Pa voted for Governer Landen & says it was becoss of 2 few sun flours on middle T fords. Ma are for Pres. Rosenfelt & says it was 2 menney on Packerds & Linkens & Caddylix and etc. As fer I & Unkel Hen we coinside.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

What Everybody Needs

By Alma and Paul Elerbe

Tom Shannon lay with his head on his arms and watched the girl who sat a little apart from the group of people from the inn, idling there on the beach in the cool of the evening.

He looked at her so steadily and so long that presently she turned her head inquiringly. When she did that, the blood ran into his lean, brown face, and he looked quickly away from her, up at the mail plane that went muttering through the cloudy twilight on its way to New York.

"It's girls like that one over there, sort of off by herself, that get under my skin," said the old woman who sat near him. "They don't want to be out of things, but they don't seem to be able to help it. Something inside themselves keep 'em there."

Young Tom Shannon nodded. "They never seem to get the breaks," he said.

"Nobody seems to understand them," the old woman said, sitting heavy and comfortable on the sand, her back against a boulder, her small fat feet stretched out in front of her, "except those who are like them."

"I'm a little like 'em," young Tom said.

She looked down at him as he lay there, sunburned and vigorous, his thick, brown hair ruffled by the wind, a strong high color in his face. She saw the youth in him, the strength, the sturdy leanness.

"You don't look it."

He laughed a nice young laugh. "Bet she's no older than I am. And she's ever so much better looking, when it comes to that. So if she can be queer and lonesome and stand-offish, it's not strange, maybe, that I can too. I'm getting over it, though. I'm better than I used to be."

The old woman looked interested. "You have to adjust," she said. "But some people can't."

They sat quiet, at the end of the varied group, around them jaunty youths with hair on their chests and arms and legs, slim, sleek, sun-browned girls, middle-aged school teachers, a few mothers with their half-grown children, an old man or two.

There was casual, intermittent talk, and laughter, some of the laughter stiff with an amused sound as if the night and the crowd had brought it out, some of it fresh and loud and unbridled. And over on the other side of the group, the girl, the boy and the old woman had been talking about.

She was leaning forward listening to what the man near her was saying to the girl beyond him. Trying to bring herself into the picture, to seem not so neglected. Trying bravely, with a smile on her dark, lonely face. But the man was only vaguely conscious of her. The other girl did not include her. But she continued to lean forward, smiling her patient, polite smile.

"Look at that smile," the old woman said. "It hurts me. She's so used to being treated like that. Nobody ever smiled in that way who wasn't."

It hurt Tom Shannon, too. "But she's got her own man, you know. She's engaged."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so. The other night when everybody was dancing, I came up from my last dip before I went to bed, and she was sitting at the corner of the porch all by herself, and I said, like a fool, 'Hello not dancing?' And—"

"She wasn't dancing because nobody asked her to. I've never seen her dancing since she's been here." "Yeah, I know. I never learned to dance myself. Then, 'I'd be dancing quick enough if my friend were here,' she said. 'We never know when to quit when we dance together. But I don't seem to care much about it with anybody else. Not here, anyway. I'm missing him enough as it is.'"

"Where is he? Did she tell you?"

"Yes. She says he lives in New York, but he had to go out west on business for his firm. So they couldn't take their vacation together. He's doing well, she says. They hope to get married some time in the fall. I—" He sat up and brushed the sand from his shoulders and arms. He let his limber brown hands fall loosely in his lap. "I was glad to have her say she was so happy."

"Yes. Women like her usually aren't."

He looked across at her. "She's mighty pretty in her own way, don't you think?"

The girl had stopped trying to be included in the talk of the other two. She sat looking off across the

water, her arms clasping her knees. Her cheeks and throat were brown and firm. Her hair was cut short and pushed back behind her ears. Her eyes were gray, direct and full of life.

"She'll be pretty when she's married and has somebody to buck her up. That's what everybody needs."

"You said it."

The old woman's smile touched him like a gentle hand. "You got somebody?"

He laughed shyly, and shook his head.

"Not yet. But I'm still hoping."

"You'll find her."

He laughed again. "I sure hope so. I could do with a little boosting. Nobody's been shouting very loud for me so far." It wasn't a complaint, but a statement.

"That girl tell you anything more about herself?"

"Not much. She's not the talking kind. Her folks are all dead. She's been on her own for years. Ever since she was a kid. I'll bet she started out in life with that same kind of scared look. It doesn't seem fair or right, does it?"

"No," she said, and watched him, while he watched the girl. Something ran into him from the girl, across the space between. She saw the girl run through him like a current. "Been seeing much of her?"

"Nothing like as much as I'd like to."

"I suppose she's all wrapped up in him, eh, this man she's going to marry? Women like her always fall hard. It's for good and all with her kind."

The boy nodded. "Yeah." He stretched himself flat on the sand again. He lay with his clasped hands beneath his head and looked up at the sky, empty of stars or moon or plane, all the blue faded from it, and sighed almost inaudibly.

"Humph, I was all wrong, then. I've been feeling sorry for her, because she didn't get any letters. When the mail carrier came, bringing something for everybody, but her. I've wanted to go off somewhere and write her a letter myself, just so she'd have one. Funny how you can make mistakes, jumping at conclusions like that, isn't it?"

Well, you weren't so far wrong recently: she's been feeling sorry for herself, too. She was scared she didn't hear, that something had happened to him. He's out in the Dust Bowl and his business keeps him driving from place to place. When she didn't hear for days and days, she kept reading in the papers every morning what a time they were having out there, she naturally got pretty well worked up. But it's all right now. She got a twenty page letter this afternoon, and a batch of snapshots. She's all cheered up. She's going back to New York at the end of the week, and expects him to hit there three days later. She told me a little while ago when I met her in the lobby. And that," he said with quiet sadness, and mostly to himself, "is that."

"Maybe not," the old woman said, and for a moment she sat there watching him. The seams between her rugged brows deepened. Then she looked across at the girl. "Maybe not. You've been away nearly all day, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said, lost in his own reflections. And then, for politeness' sake: "Er—why?"

"The mail carrier's car," she went on quietly, "was sideswiped by another car as he came across the bridge, and knocked into the river, and the mail bag was swept away. They sent out men from town to look for it. It hadn't been found half an hour ago when I asked at the office."

The lean young figure on the sand didn't move. His eyes did not even turn to meet hers. He merely continued to lie there, face upward, the only movement about him his hair ruffled by the wind.

"Doesn't it mean anything to him?" she thought, wonderingly. "Doesn't he understand? Or—doesn't he care?"

The boy gave no sign that he had heard. He lay there staring into the quiet sky, still as a statue except for the wind in his hair. "Maybe," the old woman thought, "I've scared him off. Maybe I shouldn't have told him." And her heart sank.

But after a while, he laughed—almost as if he didn't know he was doing it—and sprang up.

"I'm going over and ask her if she won't come for a walk." He looked down at the old woman with his dark-bright eyes, a look of shy-

ness in them, and at the same time another look that stirred the slow blood in her old veins and made her remember its wild speed once, long ago. "It's clearing up, you see, and the moon's coming out. It—it ought to be nice up the beach."

The old woman nodded, and her eyes grew bright, too.

"You're right, she said. "It's clearing up."

UNIONVILLE SCHOOL REPORT

SR. IV CLASS Jack Watson 85, Stuart Campbell 82, Viola Benton 81, Eileen Stiver 80, Helen Ogden 79, Bernice Anderson 78, Nina Robson 77, Doreen Perkin 76, Ken Stiver 75, Lily Hawkins 74, Marion MacIntosh 74, Meryl Smith 72, Don Stiver 71, Eva Lunau 69, Velda Perkin 68, Naomi Robson 67, Douglas Ogden 66, Jack Clements 65, Mavis Thompson 64, James Sabiston 62, Wesley Clements 53.

JR. IV Betty Watson 86, Marjorie Roberts 83, Levetta Rainey 75, Lloyd Weatherill 73, Keith Connell 72, Doug Parkinson 71, Charles Minton 70, Glen Kennedy 69, Helen Penstone 68, Rosie Benton 67, Estelle Brown 66, Barbara Cooper 65, Norman Allen 59, Bruce Pellatt 52, Charles Coulson 45.

SR. THIRD Blanche Hoover 80, Leone Brookfield 77, Marein Stiver 74, Betty Rae 72, Harold Roberts 72, Doris Coulson 71, Hazel Norton 68, Nonnie Rae 64, Gloria Allen 62, Betty Ogden 59, Roy Minton 58, Clara Connell 56, Myrtle Latimer ab.

JR. THIRD Daphne Dymond 77, Irene Coulson 71, Janet Sabiston 67, Teddy Hiltz 65, Tressa Smith 63, Jean Martin 62, Russell Hemingway 61, Russell Allen 59, Clarence Morden 57, Donald Dukes 55, Phyllis Roberts 54, Charles Hemingway 52, Gordon Norton 45, Peter Davison 38.

A. M. HILL, Principal. Junior Room SECOND CLASS Myrna Coulson, Donald Maynard, Murray Roberts, Victor Blough, Jeanne Norton, Joyce Cooper, Mary Hiltz, Edward Thompson, Marjorie Latimer, Eleanor Noble, James Mowbray, Ronald Norton.

FIRST CLASS Beth Brown, Neil Stiver, Eva Payne, Sunny Rae, Dean Findlay, Leonard Black, Murray Summerfeldt, Ross Coulson. SENIOR PRIMER Wray Brookfield, Bobby Wilton, Betty Norton, Billy Parkinson. PRIMER CLASS Helen Rudkin, Donald Summerfeldt, Betty Black, Audrey Smith,

Margot Nash, Gordon Minton, Kenneth Roberts, Barbara Maynard, Gwen Brown, Billy Hiltz, Donald Brookfield, Bert Norton, Carmen Stiver, Kenneth Allen, Georgina Payne.

BERNICE FRENCH, teacher.

"JIMMY FAX" ENTERTAINS AT ERINDALE

Jimmy Fax, well known comedian through this district more than 40 years ago is still able to entertain an audience despite his 83 years. Last week he delighted a large audience which attended the fowl supper sponsored by St. Peter's Church at Erindale. For many years Mr. Fax lived retired in Westfield, Conn. but has recently returned to Toronto.

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MRS. JAMES NEWLOVE The death occurred at the home of her son-in-law, Russell See at Malton on Wednesday, November 4, of Jane Watson, widow of the late James Newlove of Albion township. Funeral took place on Friday at Bolton Cemetery.

ELIZABETH NORTON Elizabeth Norton died at the home of her brother, George Norton on Monday, November 2nd, in her 79th year. She is survived by three brothers, George and Alsey of Bolton and James of Mount Dennis.

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