

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: Spent the evening riting Sandy Clos what I want to get for being good but Pa says if Sandy knows me like Pa does I may have shot over the mark.



Moiday: All I ast Sandy for are a bisickel, a shot gun that nose how to hit Rabets and etc, a ottomobeel that hasto to have gas & a pr. of rubers. Will I get rissults. What do you think.

Tuesday: Come to think of it & after doo konsiderashen I have sum dout. I can recall to memry 1 or 2 ocashens durent 19 & 36 when mebbly I wassent ecksacey a Angie. Or no thing of that kind. But mebbe Sandy aint onto my kurves. Intirely.

Wednesday: I keep wandering in skool if they are sum thing I otto of ast Sandy for witch I fergot. Enny how, the teacher red in a book where it sed ast & ye shall receve.

Thursday: I see in the p. m. noosepaper that Edward the 8st has abdikated his thrown to marrie a Ameriken widooe & I sed to myself if I get to be a king or sum thing & haft to get offen it to marrie then I am for Eddie. & Jane aint even a 2d handed widdier. But I match her agensnt Wallie Simpkins for looks and etc.

Friday: Pa & the noosepaper gets things badly mixt. Yesterdy Pa & the paper sed Mike Mulligan has becom a defective on the police force. Mike got mad about it & the paper a polly gised this p. m. & sed Mike are reely a detective on the police farce. Witch were ment to be sed in the 1st place. Now I suppose the other ossifers will get about 1/2 sore.

Saturday: I & Jake & Blisters took are dogs out to ketch some Rabets. Plenty of luck, but it was all bad luck. The Rabets dont no how to walk & the dogs cuddin't ketch them when they run.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

WRONG NAME — RIGHT RESULTS

(By Margaret Thomas)

Ellison Whitlock looked up from the papers piled before him on his huge marble-top desk prepared to roar at the intruder. He had distinctly left word that no one should be admitted this afternoon. Who in tarnation dared to defy his orders!

The bright piquant face with its tip-tilted nose and its merry brown eyes was too much for him. He merely managed a growl.

"Grr-umph—ah— Who are you? What d'you want? Who let you in?" And, seeing through the open door the awe-struck faces of his horrified employees in the outer office, "Shut the door, can't you!"

His uninvited guest shut the door obligingly, unperturbed by his astounding rudeness. She was diminutive as to size, and as trim as an Annapolis cadet on dress parade. Her neat blue suit was businesslike, but distinctly feminine, and her pert gray hat revealed soft, childlike curls of pure gold.

Why in the devil didn't she show some sign of timidity! Weren't his eyebrows bristling in their usual forbidding manner? Hadn't his glare been his standard awe-inspiring glare? He rumbled one hand through his iron-gray thatch, inadvertently giving himself the air of a tomcat with its back up, and thumped one fist down on the desk with such force that everything in the room jumped, except his visitor.

"Now what do you want?" he bel-lowed. "Who are you? Speak up! Speak up! Speak up! I can't be dawdling around all day! Who are you? What do you want?"

"I came to apply for a job," was the quiet reply. "I'm Kathleen Scott. Nobody let me in. I just walked by them."

"What gave you the idea there was a job here? Haven't had a job open for years. Don't expect to have either."

"I didn't know that there would be a job," she replied. "I just thought I'd like to work here. You can't find jobs without looking for them, you know." There was amusement in the quiet voice. Certainly there was no timidity. And she came to the point. She spoke up. She wasn't afraid of him. That was what he liked. It had been so long since he'd found anyone who didn't quake visibly in his presence. Only his son, Arthur, and after all, he had trained him. Now they shouted at each other whenever their opinions differed, which was often. As a matter of fact, at the moment—

"Say, that's an idea," the old man thought suddenly. "Maybe a girl as pretty as this—Maybe if I hired her as my secretary—" He suddenly lunged forward and peered at Kathleen intently.

"Can you type? Can you keep books? Can you take shorthand? Got any sense? I say have you got any sense?"

"I've done secretarial work, if that's what you mean," she replied with her irresistible smile. "And I think I have sense. That's just my personal opinion, of course. I've been told otherwise. Every one's entitled to an opinion."

"That's a fine way for a girl to talk to her boss," he growled. "Take off your hat. Take off your hat." And, with his voice rising to a roar, "Miss Watkins! Oh, Miss Watkins!"

His buzzer sounded like a nest of angry bees in the outer office and a thin harassed little woman with terrified eyes popped her head around the door.

"Bring Miss—Miss—What's your name—Scott. Bring Miss Scott a typewriter. She's the new—ah—she's my new secretary." He turned to Kathleen as an after-thought.

"I'm hiring you," he announced. "So I gathered," she replied impudently, and then undid the mischief promptly with her smile.

At the end of three days, his resistance was broken down completely. She had seen through him from the very first and was unperturbed by his roaring, by his unreasonableness, by his high-handed way with the world. He had tried to intimidate her by piling more work on her desk than any two people could handle. Her nimble fingers whipped out three-fourths of it and the rest she calmly turned over to a stenographer.

Suddenly one rainy afternoon she looked up from her desk to find him actually chuckling at her. Her eyes twinkled in return and she stopped her work long enough to corral a stray wisp of a curl.

"Why aren't you properly terrified by me?" he blurted out.

"Because I was brought up by a man who roars. My father is the gentlest soul in the world, but he behaves just the way you do. You

both do it for fear somebody will find out that you're really soft inside and take advantage of you. You're really terribly alike." She smiled. "Now it's my turn to ask questions: Why did you hire me? You thought of something that made you do it on the spur of the moment. What was it?"

"All right, I'll tell you," he replied. "None of your business but I'll tell you."

"There are two people in this world that make any difference to me," he proceeded. "One's my son and he's a fine boy. Right now I think he's got no sense, but he's a fine boy for all that. The other's H. Kingston Fuller. Used to be my partner, my best friend, until he insulted me. In public, mind you! And now he's my worst enemy. My worst competitor, too. And of all the underhanded, crooked-dealing, cut-throat operators you ever saw—Well, let that go. Anyway I vowed when we dissolved our partnership that I'd see myself in purgatory before I'd have another thing to do with him. Or with his family. Or with his friends. I'll have none of them!" He banged his desk furiously.

"My son has met his daughter," he continued slowly. "Where they met, I don't know. Don't care, either. And now the young pup wants me to meet her—wants me to meet her!—wants to bring her up to the house, mind you. Says she's wonderful and that I'd like her."

"Me like a Fuller, Bah!" He turned to Kathleen.

"I hired you because I liked you, and because I didn't see how any man in his senses, unless he was a hopeless fool, could help liking you. And if I was a young man—well, — Well, anyway I wanted my son to meet you. No father ever believes his own son is a complete idiot, and I hoped that you'd knock this Fuller woman out of his head." He suddenly smiled down at her like the gruff, friendly old bear that he really was. Then, as suddenly, he scowled.

"Arthur said he was bringing her up tonight. But no Fuller is ever coming in my house as long as I have anything to say about it—and I told him so, too. And that's final." He turned to her.

"What would you do with a boy like that?" he queried seriously.

"Why I wouldn't worry too much about it, Mr. Whitlock," Kathleen replied thoughtfully. "There isn't much you can really do, I suppose. But he'll probably change his mind, or at least respect your orders. And you mustn't be too hard on young people, you know. I have half a notion you didn't always do just as

you were told yourself!" Her smile was impish as she began putting her desk in order for the night. As she tugged at her hat in front of the mirror, she turned half-affectionately to him.

"You just go home and eat a peaceful dinner and stop worrying. It will turn out all right. Things always do, I think." She picked up her umbrella and was gone.

It was pouring rain by the time the car drew up to the house, and he had himself in a fine state of nerves. Would it be one set of footsteps or two? He held his breath and listened intently.

By the powers! It was two. The impudent young 'whippersnapper! Thought he'd run things to suit himself, did he! Thought he could get away with out-and-out defiance just because there was a lady present. Well, he'd show him! He'd put on an exhibition she'd never forget. Show her just what kind of in-laws she was picking out for herself.

His growls could be heard out in the hallway, and the tempestuous tramp of his pacing came to an angry halt as the door swung open. He wheeled around, and the roar died in his throat as he found himself facing Kathleen, and beside Kathleen, with his hand in hers, Arthur.

"What are you two young rascals up to?" he barked.

Kathleen broke away and ran up to him. Before he could catch his breath, her young arms were around his neck, and she had planted a kiss on his weatherbeaten old cheek.

"What's this! What's this! Say, what is this! What are you up to you two?"

"I don't mean to lie to you," the words were tumbling out. "My name is Kathleen Scott, even if that's only part of it. I really only came up to get a look at you, and then you hired me by mistake!"

He began to understand. Then this was the daughter—

"Yes, Dad," Arthur spoke up. "It's Kathleen you've been having such fits about all this time." He grinned triumphantly and happily. "But I didn't disobey you, Dad. There are no Fullers in the house. Only Whitlocks." And he put his arm around Kathleen and looked down at her adoringly.

The old man sank down into the nearest chair. Things were happening much too fast for him. Just what did he think about this, anyhow. This was the moment for the storming and the raging. Why wasn't he shaking the house with his roars? Suddenly he straightened.

"Does your father know about this? Does King know about this? What does he think of this performance? What does he say about it?"

"Well," Kathleen said slowly, "he likes Arthur. He really does. He even admits it. But he says he'll never set foot in your house just the same, until you apologize for insulting him." She winked at him impishly. "And in public, too! I

told you you were just alike! Stubborn as mules, both of you. And both of you missing each other like a front tooth. As a matter of fact, he's outside in the car right now." "King? Outside? Now?" he jumped to his feet and made for the door. He paused as he reached it.

"Are you sure he'll come in if I apologize?"

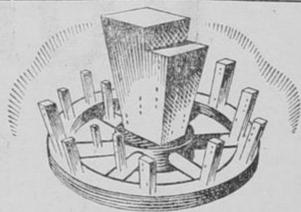
Kathleen nodded, and Ellison Whitlock threw open the door of his house. The light from the hall fell on a familiar face, half-grinning at him through the car window.

"King, you consarned old fool," he bellowed. "I apologize, and for God's sake stop sitting there like a tailor's dummy and get in where it's warm. You never did have sense enough to come in out of the rain!"

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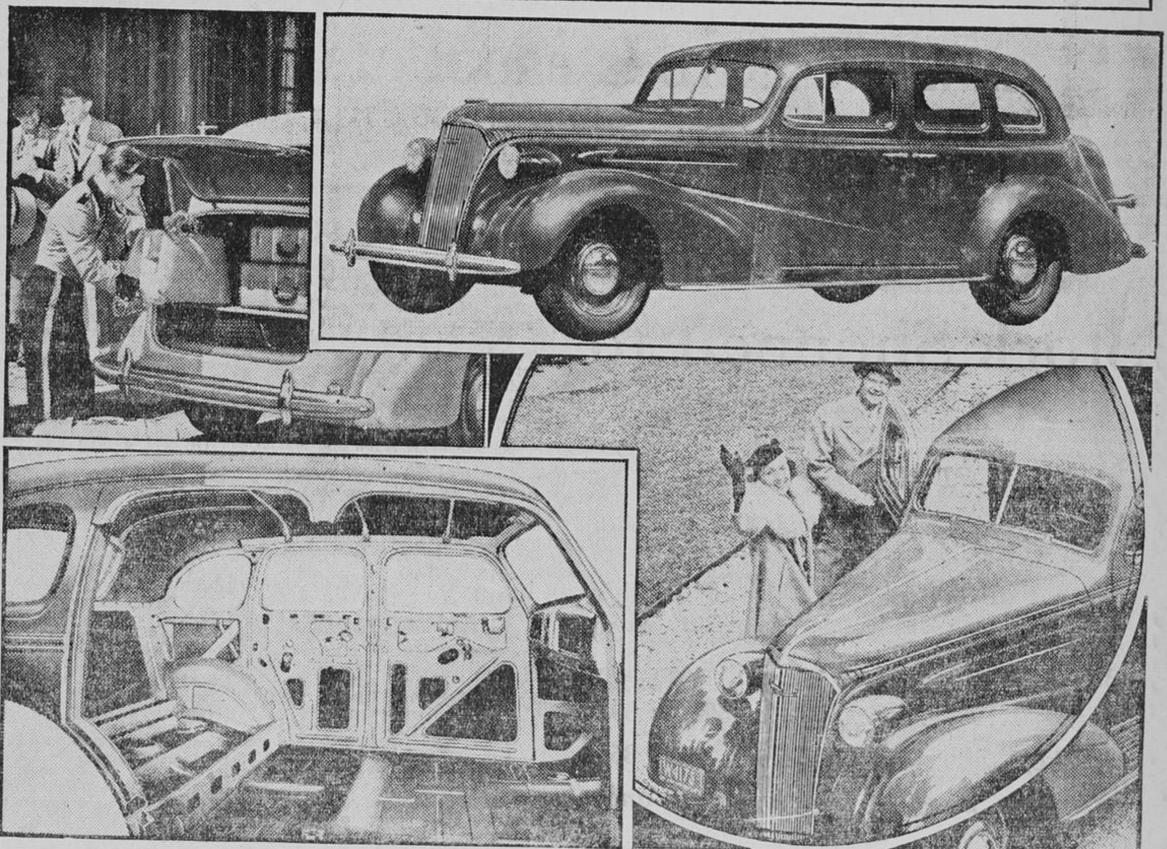
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