

Milk

Is a Perfect Food for Father, Mother and especially the Children.

MILK Builds Muscles.
MILK is Energy Food.
MILK Supplies Essential Elements.

USE MORE MILK

And Be Assured of a Safe, Wholesome Supply by Securing it from

Richmond Hill Dairy

G. S. WALWIN, Prop.

Dependable Milk & Dairy Produce

Phone 42 Richmond Hill

RE-ROOFING

We specialize in re-roofing, Cedar or Asphalt, & we invite your enquiries. Estimates will be cheerfully given without obligation.

ALTERATIONS and INSULATING

C. Riddell

Guaranteed Workmanship

Phone 5W Thornhill

KEEP ALL YOUR FENCES IN REPAIR--YOU'LL FIND YOU HAVE THE TIME TO SPARE



SHEPPARD & GILL LUMBER COMPANY

RICHMOND HILL

PARIS AUTO SUPPLY AUTO WRECKERS

Phone 86 Richmond Hill

Complete Stock of

NEW AND USED PARTS, ACCESSORIES & TIRES

FOR ALL MAKES OF CARS AND TRUCKS

RECONDITIONED CARS AND TRUCKS

Rebuilt Ford A Motors, exchange \$45.00

WALTER BONE & SON WIRE FENCING AND CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION

Frost Steel & Wire Co. Products

We Gladly Quote Prices

Phone Maple 864

York Auto Parts

6189 Yonge St. Stop 12 Zone 8-218

Cars and Trucks Wanted

For Late Models, Lien paid off

If it's for a car or truck—We have it "TONY SAVES YOU MONEY"

ENGLISH FOLK LEAD NEW KIND OF FREE AND EASY LIFE AUNTIE GETS KNOCKED DOWN

(By Margaret Butcher)

Here is another of those inimitable letters from Margaret Butcher, English novelist, which tells of the way in which ordinary, every day folks of the British Islands are accommodating themselves to the exigencies of the war time. This letter was written specially for The Midland Free Press and The Liberal.

Reading, England.—Yesterday I met a very charming old lady — though the manner of our meeting was not as fortunate as it might have been. In fact, her arrival at her niece's home caused us quite a bit of consternation. There was I, walking round the garden with my host, admiring the kale, commiserating about the onions when out came his wife and whispered: "Auntie's come back. She's had an accident. She's been knocked down by a bicycle."

It is ridiculous that, with so much happening, people can still be knocked down by bicycles. It seems to be the fate of poor old ladies. We hurried into the lounge — I was expecting I hardly know what: a battered and slightly hysterical victim, I think. But not a bit of it. There she sat in the most comfortable chair: a very frail old lady, pale and sweet, her black frock newly brushed, her thin hands quietly folded in her lap.

"Don't worry, please," she said. "It hasn't given me concussion or anything." All the same, there was a grim-looking bruise on her temple, and I couldn't help feeling that, in her place, I should have been bawling about it quite considerably.

I left my host agitatedly dialling for a doctor, and when I called later Auntie was tucked up in bed, despite her protests.

CLIMBED DOWN LADDER

"She's brave, isn't she?" I remarked; and then they told me something else. Quite a lot of disagreeable things have happened to that old lady just lately. She has come from London where, on a certain dreadful night, she sat up listening to the sounds of the worst of blitzes. And then, when it seemed to be over... a direct hit, right on the block of flats where she lived. She had to climb down a ladder from the burning building, and just got away with her life.

"The next day," said my hostess, "we looked out of the window and saw her walking up the path here, carrying a little handbag. It was all she had left in the world. She'd hung on to that bag all through, with her bankbook and a few papers in it. And she's been with us ever since."

Several times lately I have seen her passing, pushing the baby in its perambulator, and looking as if nothing in the least alarming had ever happened to her. We had a little chat one afternoon, but it was all about the baby, I remember. There wasn't one single word about blitzes. So today, as a gesture of friendship, I ran round with my butter ration. It was very hard work to make her take it, but I won. Isn't it odd? There was a time when one would have popped in with a bunch of flowers, perhaps, or a magazine, but this coupon business has made all the difference. Now a ration of butter ranks as a handsome gift; and you can't tell me that it doesn't simplify life quite a lot!

BROKEN BISCUITS

We are still a wee bit fussy at times, of course. Personally, I go on turning up my foolish nose at beef, parsnips and herrings in tomato sauce; yet who knows? I may be smacking my lips over all of it before we're through. There is the little matter of "broken biscuits," for example. There was a time when one regarded them as something the juveniles bought with that twopenny; now we say to each other, in confidence: "My dear, I know where one can buy broken biscuits," and off we rush, hot-foot. And what's the matter with broken biscuits, anyway? At least they are perfectly fresh, and they'd be broken, anyway, as soon as one set teeth to them. Yes, we're shedding quite a lot of nonsense where food is concerned.

(Incidentally, where do the unbroken biscuits go? You can search me.)

During our chat I discovered an affinity with my host and hostess. At his office, it appears, there are men with big gardens and all kinds of things to spare. Almost any morning somebody may say: "Could you do with a few carrots, old man?" "So," explained my host, "I said, 'Don't bother to ask me, old chap. As long as it isn't parsnips bring it along!'"

Only this morning, for instance, I traded half a marrow for a little pot of home-made jam. And so we rub along, comfortably enough. This new free and easy business is working wonderfully. You don't have to be introduced any more: I don't, anyhow. If I see somebody I like the look of — well, that's good enough. There is a word or two over a garden-fence, or in the local store, or in the bus, and from that moment it's plain sailing. At about the third meeting, possibly, one remembers to ask the person's name, but it's not important. Frankly, that suits me, and it's beginning to suit quite a lot of folk who, till now, had no idea what fun it is. Most of us have no spare cash, in these days, for amusements that must be bought. We get our amusement out of a talk and a cup of tea; we chucker over our makeshift methods with clothes, our adventures on our allotments, the quaintness of landladies. We have even learned how to take bad news, knowing — by now — that it must come sometimes.

A SKETCHING PARTY

On my free day last week four of us tripped off in a little sketching party. The Newspaper Man came, taking a well-earned rest from his hectic work in London, and he got so thoroughly tangled up in the matter of perspective that all such things as blitzes were forgotten. We had a grand time, though the Gardening Partner, running true to form, was inclined to pessimism. His own drawing of an elm-tree caused him to anticipate immediate arrest as an enemy agent taking notes of strategic importance.

"I don't see why," I objected. "Oh, I don't know!" he said. "I can see one of the Home Guard coming over, taking a look at it and saying, 'That's nowhere near here.' I should be suspected at once."

We dropped in for a cup of tea at a place where the waitress knows me, and we chatted a while. Somebody else, it transpired, who has 'been through it' and had a miraculous escape. Who would think it to look at her? A quiet, auburn-haired woman with smiling eyes. One knows these people for a long time before one hears any details. "I'm one of the lucky ones," she said. "We had two direct hits, but we got away — with a bit of scrambling." And then she hurried along to attend to somebody else. Their chief trouble, I

think, is broken sleep. It takes a long spell to restore them to normal sleeping hours. "You get so used to going without it in London," she said. "After a time you almost forget how to sleep." Yet you don't hear any of the ordinary peace-time moaning about wakefulness. "It'll be all right in time," they say. There is none of that old-fashioned wailing that 'I never closed my eyes all night' — and usually after one has heard the heartiest of snores percolating through the wall for hours on end.

LESS NEURASTHENIA

An American commentator told us, on the radio, that a doctor friend over here had informed him that there is actually less neurasthenia in this country than before the war — and I believe him. There are no imaginary dangers and worries now, I suppose: they are all real ones and, as such, they can be brought into the open. The ordinary citizen hasn't time to fret about unhappy relationships or fancied illnesses. He is on his toes; his to-morrows — if there are any — must take care of themselves. Of course, the malade imaginaire is still with us to some extent; there are still people who regard the upsets of war-time as a direct affront to their notoriously poor health, but their Public has dwindled to a disheartening extent. Folk have not time now to sit up and listen to symptom-talk. They are far more likely to observe, with astringent briskness, that the invalid would be 'far better doing a little job of some sort.' In some ways, indeed, this old war is filling a long-felt want.

WHEN WILL IT COME?

I wonder how many of us will ever have real homes again? Here we are, huddled into bed-sitting rooms, sharing other folks' houses, renting spare corners rigged out with alien furniture, having to take turns with kitchens and bathrooms. Some day, we shall be our own masters again, I suppose; we shall be able to use a typewriter or turn on a radio without causing complaints. We shall be able to send our things grandly to a laundry instead of doing a little furtive washing in a basin and hanging it up on a walking stick suspended in the corner. We shall pull down the placard on 'How To Tackle Fire Bombs' from the wall and take the gas-mask from its nail by the dressing-table; we shall slip cosily into bed without the preliminary laying out—in readiness for emergency — of the coat, the stout shoes, the attache-case of personal belongings. We shall take down those black-out curtains and let some air into our rooms o' nights; we shall scrap our bicycles (not so good, this, maybe!) and hop into cars again. And even if we can do only a few of these things it won't be so bad, will it? Above all, we shall try to get into touch with old friends. Some — alas! — won't be there. We shall know some heart-aches over that, I have no doubt; but how grand it will be to meet the others!

Perhaps, most important of all, it will be a kinder, more understanding world; a less greedy and self-important and self-centred place. How can it be otherwise?

So—once more—here's hoping.

YES SIR! YOUR TIRE MONEY SURE BUYS BIG VALUE IN THIS GOODYEAR MARATHON

WELL, THAT'S WHAT I WANT... BIG MILEAGE FOR MY MONEY

● We'll put this great Goodyear Marathon with the famous diamond tread on your car at a price that will amaze you. It will give you low-cost, trouble-free mileage at a real big saving. Drive in. See it today!

GOOD YEAR MARATHON

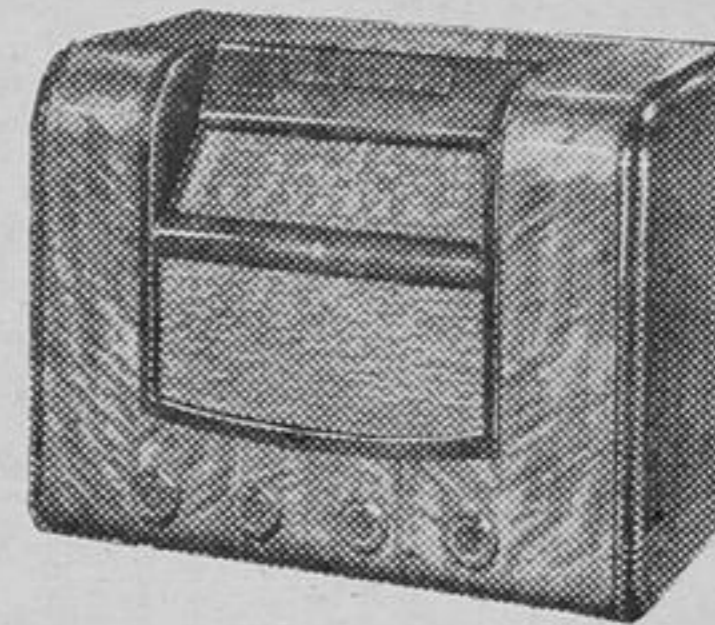
FOR YOUR BEST BUY IN TIRES... SEE **Hall's Service Station**

YONGE STREET

OPPOSITE ORANGE HOME

Let Your Eyes and Ears Decide---That's the way to Buy a Radio.

General Electric Golden Tone Radio is in a class by itself.



Unusually handsome to look at and a real treat to listen to. Six tubes. Four bands. Receives standard and short wave broadcasts. Feathertouch for five stations. Illuminated, easy-to-read dial. Phonograph connection. Beautiful cabinet.

This is a beautiful and serviceable radio moderately priced at \$79.00

Come in and hear this and other popular models.

Yerex Electric Store

YONGE ST.

RICHMOND HILL

How about some?



The low ash red-marked hard coal

When it's **RED** it's Reading

Jones Coal Co.

Richmond Hill

Phone 188

Going Somewhere?

BUSES LEAVE

FOR ORILLIA

x 8.18 a.m. 5.48 p.m.
a 1.43 p.m. b 8.48 p.m.
x—Through to North Bay
a—Daily except Sat., Sun. & Hol.
b—Fri., Sat., Sun. & Hol.

BUS TRAVEL INFORMATION AT

A. HISLOP, Telephone 177

GRAY COACH LINES

EXPERT BATTERY SERVICE 'Phone 12

Cities Service Garage

29 Yonge Street

Richmond Hill