

TESTON

Teston Harvest Home Services will be held on November 9th at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Standard Time. The guest speaker for both services will be Rev. F. V. Hart of Woodbridge. Salem United Church choir will supply special music in the evening.

The annual Fowl supper will be held this year at the church on November 12.

Recent visitors with Mrs. C. Peterman were Mr. and Mrs. H. Greene of Michigan, U.S.A.

Rev. J. H. Anderson of the King charge was guest speaker at the morning service of Hope Church Anniversary on Sept. 28th.

A needle has only one eye but it looks sharp just the same.

Mr. and Mrs. A. MacLean and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts of Toronto were week-end guests recently with Mr. and Mrs. W. Maginn.

Mr. J. Frost has returned to his home after visiting for several days with his sister, Mrs. W. Elliott of Thistleton.

Vellore Sr. Institute are holding a dance in Vellore Hall on October 10, with Carl Black's orchestra in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hadwen and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. Clarkson and family were visitors recently with friends at Pottageville.

Mrs. D. MacMurchy was honored last Saturday evening by members of her family, the occasion being her 68th birthday. The gathering was held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. Marwood.

Laskay Anniversary Services will be held on Sunday, October 19th at 2.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. Standard Time.

Rations Agreeing With Game Britishers Whose Gardens Are Flourishing

(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 war time. This letter was written specially for the Midland Free Press Herald and The Liberal.

Reading, England — You might think that during one of our periodic lulls there is nothing much to talk about or do these days: but it isn't a bit like that. Even when Fritz's attention seems to be temporarily occupied elsewhere we're pretty busy. The Home Guard, for instance, has been having a grand time of it. Some mornings we are awakened by loud pops, bangs and what not — this time quite harmless in practice, though deadly enough in theory I assure you — to find them hard at it. Then there is a tramp of feet down the avenue, and I scuttle to the window to see lots of them marching by, while somebody plays — and plays really well — on a mouth-organ. There was a time when, if a lull happened, people wagged their heads and said: "Ah! you may depend THEY are hatching something for us." And, often enough, it was right. Now, with even more truth, we can say that WE are preparing a few surprises for THEM.

These quieter patches, though, do give the ordinary citizen a breathing space. On Sunday, I actually "went out to sea" — a function which I had imagined to be quite obsolete. The Gardening Partner (who is nothing if not cautious), advised me to have something to eat before I went. People, he said, couldn't be expected to offer one grub in these rationed days: it wouldn't be fair to expect it.

Fortunately I didn't take his advice, for when I got there the first thing I saw was a real, old-fashioned spread. Two heaped plates of garden-produce sandwiches, and two handsome cakes. There were also some lovely people sitting around: my host — who used to have a fine job in London, but the job 'went west' with the war; his wife, a charming beauty; a smart and amusing girl from the B.B.C. down here for a week-end; the delightful old lady of whom I have already told you — the one who was blitzed and rescued from a blazing building — and the baby.

NO TALK OF BLITZ

My host and Beauty were blitzed out of their flat in London, but there wasn't any talk of that. We had a splendid party; you would never have guessed there was a war on — except for one thing. Along the far side of the room stood a strange contraption: rather like a large piano crate of stout planks with a hinged flap in the front and a mattress and cushions inside. It was the sole reminder of the weird times in which we live. Into this when there is a blitz, pop Beauty and the baby, while Father goes on fire-duty. It is strong enough, with any luck, to ward off falling beams, so I guess it gives him a certain amount of peace of mind.

Yet how outrageous it all seems, doesn't it? That ominous thing in a quiet little home, mutely hinting at horrors. But only a fool would think its presence odd. All the same, you can guess its effect on anybody with an ounce of imagination; it speaks louder than any grim anecdote. These folk all know what we are up against — and they sit there and enjoy a party, bless their hearts. Their chief complaint is at its hideousness, squatting there and ruining the look of the room.

PEOPLE STILL GAME

I have just been talking to a woman who has spent a fortnight's holiday in one of our most punished ports. A great deal of the peace — as anybody who has read the news during the past twelvemonth must know — is flattened out; it just isn't there; but the people are still game enough, anyway, to invite friends on a visit! Those whose homes haven't been damaged are carrying on much as usual; the others have found homes elsewhere. The shops have staked out their claims on the old spots and have moved further out to do business for the time being.

In one ruined street — certainly

not a military objective — a large cinema remains, by some miracle intact, and shows are still running there. This woman and her hostess went there one afternoon, and the place was crammed with folk who had come out to enjoy themselves. During the performance they were notified that an Alert had sounded; but not a soul budged. They just sat tight and the film went on. The moment of real drama came later.

The screen-heroine was singing "There'll Always be an England"; flags were waving in the scene, and then, right across the screen the words were shown:

RAIDERS PASSED

And if that isn't a touch of real drama I've never known one!

RAIDERS PASSED

A barrister friend who lives around this way has been telling me, too, something quite interesting. I often see him when he has come straight from London, and if he has been bomb-dodging he certainly doesn't look in the least like it. There is a sort of calm about him that makes me feel I'd just hate to be a cross-examined witness. I have told him that if ever, by some evil chance, I find myself lined up on the other side I shall adopt a certain course which — in my opinion — is most likely to spoil things for him. He inquired, with considerable interest, what such a course might be. "I shall tell the bald, hideous truth," I said; and he certainly looked as if this move might be revolutionary enough to make it awkward.

I always know there is going to be some quiet fun when I see him stroll up, carrying his bulgy red cloth bag with the tassels; the traditional brief-bag which contains his wig and gown. Until you realize what it is that bag looks a trifle strange, I'll admit: not the sort of thing one might expect a well-dressed man to be humping around. Yet the tradition — like the wig-wearing — is still kept up. Incidentally, in the atmosphere of the courts the wig isn't a scrap ludicrous or remarkable. It is a tight-fitting, rather small affair of white horse-hair, with curls placed horizontally at the sides, and a short, thin pigtail which hangs down over the collar. Somehow it bestows on the wearer just the right touch of aloofness and — how shall I put it? — unreality. Its effect is to give him an immediate advantage over the ordinary man.

The dignity of the courts, evidently, isn't easy to break down, for when I last saw him he had just come from a case in the provinces; and during the hearing there was an

Alert. The siren, apparently, was practically on the top of the building, and the din quite indescribable.

"What did you all do?" I asked. It was a silly question; I should have known. The entire court just waited until the awful noise died down . . . and then went on at the exact place where it left off. I had often wondered what happens in court at such times; and now I don't have to wonder any more.

RATIONS AGREE WITH US

Well, we are still making out pretty well over here. The rations, I really believe, agree with us. Personally, I have discovered, all over again, the value of rice, and — believe it or not — it is putting colour back into my hair. I have been staring at myself a little incredulously in the mirror, and now, if you please, I find that there are scientific grounds for my suspicions about that returning tint. I am not a vain woman (knowing, only too well, that I have no cause to be!) but this rice business just tickles me to death. Then there are the good things on the allotment — a return, at last, for all that digging and mess and blistered hands. Never did marrows and potatoes and cucumbers taste so good. But the artichokes and the sunflowers . . . well, well, well! They have shot up in a perfectly monstrous manner. The fringe of the allotment is rapidly taking on the qualities of a Bolivian jungle; it is a positive affront to a female who barely touches five feet in height, and who, not so long ago, pushed those pettifogging little tubers and seeds into the earth. The sunflowers must be getting on for nine feet high, and I really don't know how we are ever going to tell when the seeds are ripe — much less gather them — without chartering a Spitfire for the purpose of a survey. The Gardening Partner, at no time a loquacious individual, just stands, staring upwards and murmuring: "Well, I'll be hanged!"

But it all gives me that wonderful feeling of calm inevitability; the knowledge that, short of blitzing off the whole thing. They can't stop the quiet, busy earth from doing its proper job.

Curious things still happen, of course. A fine batch of young turnips suddenly appeared on the back of the garden-seat which I so carefully made of turf, while the G.P.'s lovingly-tended carrot-bed shows nothing at all except two sticks and a dandelion. The marrows have to be tactfully dissuaded from crawling through the hedge and into the road, while the cucumbers show a morbid disposition to climb a tree. The beans haven't thought of anything yet, but nothing can surprise me. I expect we are all beginning to feel that way.

BAZAAR

The annual bazaar and hot supper of the Presbyterian Church Women's Association will be held on Saturday, December 6th.

Fall Clothing

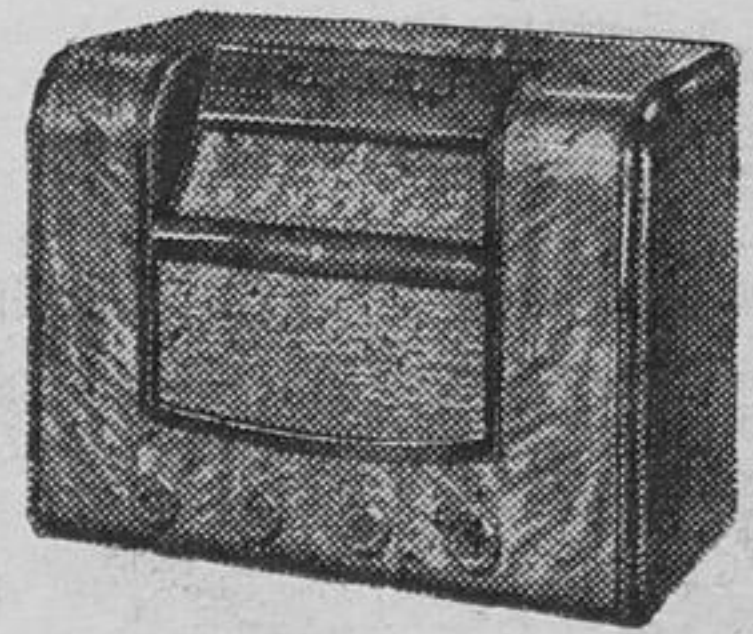
The cooler weather of fall is the signal for new clothing for this delightful season of the year. We are well stocked with the best known brands of clothing for men and boys and invite you to visit our store to fill your needs.

R. J. CRAIGIE

Men's and Boys' Wear — Boots and Shoes
Yonge & Richmond Sts. Richmond Hill

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

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

EXPERT BATTERY SERVICE
'Phone 12

Cities Service Garage
29 Yonge Street Richmond Hill

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

GET GOODYEAR MARATHONS!
THEY GIVE YOU BIG MILEAGE AND THEY SELL AT A REAL LOW PRICE

I NEED NEW TIRES BUT I CAN'T SPEND MUCH MONEY



● For big mileage and a downright cash saving in first low cost, get the popular Goodyear Marathon. In it you get a centre-traction diamond tread at the lowest price. Drive in! See it today!

GOOD YEAR MARATHON

FOR YOUR BEST BUY IN TIRES . . . SEE
Hall's Service Station
YONGE STREET OPPOSITE ORANGE HOME