THE MORRISBURG LEADER

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NEW INDUSTRY COMING TO AREA

TO TURN OUT LINE OF CHEMICAL SPECIALTIES WILL PROVIDE JOBS FOR 100 TO 650 MEN;

Rohm and Haas Company of Canada, Limited, a subsidiary of the fifth largest chemical and pharmaceutical producing company on the North American Continent, has purchased 210 acres of land near Riverside Heights with intentions of building a plant this spring that will initially employ 100 men and in the future, upwards of 650.

The company produces an extensive line of chemical specialties for industrial use and numerous drugs.

The announcement made Tuesday morning by members of the Williamsburg Township Planning Board, did not say to what extent the original expenditure would be.

However the land in question can be serviced by both rail and water and it is highly probable that a 1200 foot long dock will be built and a spur line from the CNR track will also be constructed to the firms plant.

The land in question is part of 1,600 acres bordering the St. Lawrence River in a three and a half mile stretch between Riverside Hieghts and Morrisburg.

Negotiations have been going on for at least two years. The deed was actually registered on January 2. The land was sold by the Ontario Hydro. It was made up of the following farms: Wilfred Foss, Michael Casselman and Allan Lavis.

Williamsburg Township reeve Don Kyle disclose that further information might be expected at any time. This would reveal probably the total expenditure involved.

OTHER PROSPECTS

Mr. Kyle said negotiations are now on with "other very hot prospects" and possibly more news of further industrial development would be coming in the near future.

"We feel that Williamsburg Township is definitely standing on the threshold of a great industrial future. Our future at this point looks very, very bright," he said.

It is understood that Ontario Hydro did the negotiations with the cooperation of the township planning board.

The township is now in the process of having the 1600 acres zoned for industry. George Jowett, chairman of the pjlanning board and a main kingpin towards the industrial expansion in the area, said in his opinion that section of the seaway valley is probably the most important industrially

The company has its head office for Canada in Toronto. It is understood that the company will expand progressively.

The announcement of a 210 acre sale is the most significant so far. It represents probably the largest tract of land yet sold for industrial purposes since all of Seaway Valley became industry conscious with the arrival of the power project.

The deal includes 17 acres of land just south of Highway No. 2 and running to the water. It is quite suitable for dockage. The area is serviced by two major highways and the CNR.

PLANNING BOARD

The Williamsburg Township Planago. Composed of three members of council and six township residents, it reports that up to date it has received numerous contacts from industrial prospects.

The members include Mr. Jowett, chairman of the board; Kieth Shell, township clerk-treasurer and board secretary-treasurer and members W. E. Trickey, John Whitteker, Graham Hess, R. H. Casselman, Douglas Barkley, and Graham Johnston.

NEWS OF THE ROARING GAME



A great deal of interest is centered around the struggle for the Governor General's Trophy which will beign in Brockville on Friday and Saturday of this week.

Two rinks from Brockvillt Prescott, Winchester, Cornwall, Maxville and Morrisburg will compete for the honour of going to Ottawa to play in tihs stage of this competition.

Jeff Chirstensen and Charlie Crober each have a team to represent Morrisburg. Both have strong teams and able captains and they go with the very best wishes of every member of our club. Win or lose, they will give a good account of themhelves.

The cold war over the possession of the Dodge Trophy is already getting hot. Lee Deeks and Val Stansfield were tied for first place in section No. 1, while Frank Ellison and Jimmie Ball were tied for first place in section no. 2.

There are a few other teams that are behind them by only one point. It will be interesting if they all get bunched together like the teams in the National Hockey League. This could edfinitely happen and it makes it all the more interesting since it is not only possession of the Dodge Trophy, but the Club Championship is also at stake.

JOHN G. BRANDSTETTER DIES AT OTTAWA

After a short illness, the death occurred of John G. Brandstetter, on Tuesday, January 13 at an Ottawa Hospital.

Born in 1890, he was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Brandstetter, pioneer resients of Morrisburg.

He was educated in local schools and after graduating from the Collegiate Institute was employed for a while by the Sheet and Tin Plate Mill. Later he went to Ottawa, where he was secretary of the Rideau Club until his retirement last October, due to ill health.

He is survived by his wife, nee Eva Lunny of Ottawa.

The funeral was held from the McEvoy Funeral Parlors on Friday morning, January 16, to St. Patrick's Church for the Solemn Requiem Mass , thence to the vault at Notre Dame Cemetery.

Internment will be in St. Mary's Cemetery, Morrisburg in May.

Jogging Around

— BY THE EDITOR —

During the Christmas holidays it has been our privilege for the past several years to provide a treat of ice cream for the students of the Morrisburg Public School. Our instructions to the supplier are always the same: "give them all they can eat"!

It was heartening to receive the following letter this week from a young public school student.

Dear Mr. Laurin— I have had a very Merry Christmas and I hope you have too. I want to thank you for your kindness in giving all of us ice-cream. I'm sure Mrs. York and all my class mates in Grade Four feel the same and would like to say thank you for all of them. I can' think of much more to say except Happy New Year.

Yours truly,
KARIN FLOTNER.

Ed. Note:—Thank you, Karin for your good wishes. We hope that you and your classmates enjoyed our little effort to make your holiday happier. If at any time, you and your classmates would like to see how a small newspaper is produced, please contact your teacher, let me have 1 day's notice (not Thursday or Friday please), and I will be glad to give you a step by step demonstration. of all the processes involved. I think yould find this interesting and educational.

LET HIM WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE

Mrs. Bertha "Mom" Whyte of Bowmanville has for many years been caring for many children, sometimes numbering hundreds, and for her pains in this great humanitarian work, she has been persecuted by the provincial officials, who cannot or will not accept custody of these children themselves

It must eb admitted that Mrs. Bertha Whyte's establishment leaves a great deal to be desired in the line of ideal child care, but surely here is a woman who is fulfilling the function for which she was placed on earth, to care for the helpless children. Possibly a little less criticism, a little more help of a constructive nature, would make "Whytehaven" the "promised land" for which so many widows, abandoned and illegitmate babies long for. It is all very well for these platittudinous do-gooders to give give out with their mealy-mouthed phrases. In the meantime, people like Mrs. Whyte are taking positive action, which, while it may be not technically within the law, is nevertheless within God's Law "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me".

A NEW COMMUNITY CENTRE ?

During the past week the Morrisburg Municipal Council has appointed a Board of Management for the Community Centre. This committee will finalize plans and seek grants from the two governmental bodies, Provincial and Federal. The personell of this Board is as follows: From the Council, Councillors J. Dain Connor and J. A. Edgerton; to represent the citizens, Messrs. Lorne Laurie, Alan Egan, Rev. F. L. Howald, Leslie J. Presley and D. C. Merrill; Sec-Secty. Mr. G. Wm. Gorrell. There is no doubt that the sceptics will, or should be convinced that all the effort put forward during the past year by the faithful few on the original committee has not been in vain.

As soon as a start is made on the building of the Centre, the Committee will be be glad to turn over the monies collected by it. All donations have been acknowledged so far as we know, and we have given assurance to those who have donated, that the amount they subscribed would be used in full for the building, and if the project failed, the money would be refunded.

This still goes, so it is now up to the appointed Board to get busy. A new and optimistic feeling is prevalent in Morrisburg. The industrial progress which was reported in this papeer some three months ago is now on the veerge of realization. Jobs will be available in the near future, and we at last are emerging from the depressed state that has prevailed for some time past.

We are most happy to learn that and we wish to be the first to congratulate the new Council on their decision to immediately purchase oneway or "straight blade" snow plowing equipment. Those two terms may not mean veery much to some taxpayers, but if you watch your streets, and if the present rate of snowfall continues, you will know all about it. The "onse and wing" type of equipment, used for the past several years is almost useless as a means of clearing congested streets. We understand that the new plow will be used with the present equipment, and that it will not only provide more adequate parking and traffic facilities for merchants presently established in the shopping centre, but it will also provide a cleaner place to park for visiting motorists and potential customers.

DID YOU KNOW?—And many people don't — that a blue light on the top of truck may be used only to signify one thing — snow removal. So when you are out at night, if you see a blue light on a truck, please move to the right side of the road — let these men who have to work of necessity to keep your highways clear, to have free access to the road. Many people criticize the way they do their job, but far fewer, have any appreciation of the difficulties involved, or the hard hours they work.

The Council of Morrisburg has not yet deemed it necessary to assign a policewoman to duty. But Constable Joe Schutte and his pretty wife have come up with the answer this week. At the Winchester Hospital this week Mrs. chutte gave birth to twins, a boy and girl. Sincere congratulations to you both.

SUPERTEST
POWER-PACKED for PERFORMANCE

Vox Studentia

On Friday, January 9th, Parents Night was held at the local high school. Mr. Francis welcomed the parents and in his talk to them as a group he discussed the recent report cards, merit system and other matters of interest. He also answeredn questions of interest to the group as a whole. The parents then went to the different classrooms and the teachers there endeavored to answer questions of interest to individuals. and to smaller groups. Tea was served in the Home Economics room. The turnout was very good considering the condition of the roads, but it is realized that some people were not able to get in. Parents who did not get to Parents Night or who wish to see the principal or teachers are always welcome to phone to arrange a convenient time to drop in.

We are happy to announce that the school has achieved seventy-five per cent in our cadet inspectionlast May. Although the Strathcona Shield was not won this year the school still stands in the honor bracket. Each student who participated in this event deserves much credit for making this high mark possible.

On the night of February 6th, the Drama Club and the Glee Club will be providing entertainment at the Public School Auditorium. Miss Cameron and Mrs. Kirkwood are producing three one act plays and the Glee Club will be under the usual capaole management of Miss Macpherson. This year's issue of the "Saga" containing reports of sports events, dances, and other school activities as well as original poems and short stories will be on sale. The "Saga" this year is under the stimulating editorship of Donald Magee. Do plan to be with us that night and buy a copy of the "Saga". You wouldn't want to miss all that fun, would you.

Letters To The Editor

Morrisburg, Ont.,
Jan. 12, 1959.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have been wondering for some time why all this talk of unemployment throughout Canada, when at our very doorstep here in Grenville-Dundas lies the Key to the whole, or greater part of it. Mr. Frost has stated on a few ocassions while in this area that he could visualize a parkway from Kingston to the Quebec bor der. If this is the case now is the time to develop the St. Lawrence parks. Why wait untill the people that have been disturbed, and who are gratly inrested to see this new parkway developed are all dead? Never before has Grenville Dundas had such an opportunity to lead the way. I am quite that we do not lack the administrative qualifications to bring this policy before Mr. Frost and his Cabinet. We have our member in the Cabinet and Leeds has a member on the Park Commission. There was never a better opportunity for our local MP to show or lead the way. Hoping you can find space to print this letter.

Interested.

MAGAZINE SPECIALS

Saturday Evening Post —
60 weeks $4.79
117 weeks $10.17
Ladies Home Journal —
22 months $3.85
30 months $5.85
Holiday —
14 months $3.50
American Home —
25 months $3.25
30 months $3.75
(offer expires March 31).
All other offers expire Feb. 28, 1959.

MISS G. CAMPBELL,
Kyle Drive, Morrisburg.

Skinny men, women gain 5, 10, 15 lbs.

Get New Pep, Vim, Vigor



What a thrill! Bony limbs fill out; ugly hollows fill up; neck no longer scrawny; body loses half-starved, sickly "beanpole" look—because of poor appetite due to lack of iron. Thousands of girls, women, men, who never could gain before, are now proud of shapely, healthy-looking bodies.

They thank Ostrex Tonic Tablets. Contains iron, vitamin B_1, calcium. Helps build blood, improve appetite and digestion so food gives you more strength and nourishment; helps put flesh on bare bones.

Get Lovely Curves

As you gain pounds, you gain lovelier curves too. Try Ostrex Tonic Tablets today. See how quick they help build up body "skinny" due to iron deficiency. "Getacquainted" size only 60¢. At all druggists

License Plates Available Jan. 2nd

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WED. — SAT.

9 to 12 Noon

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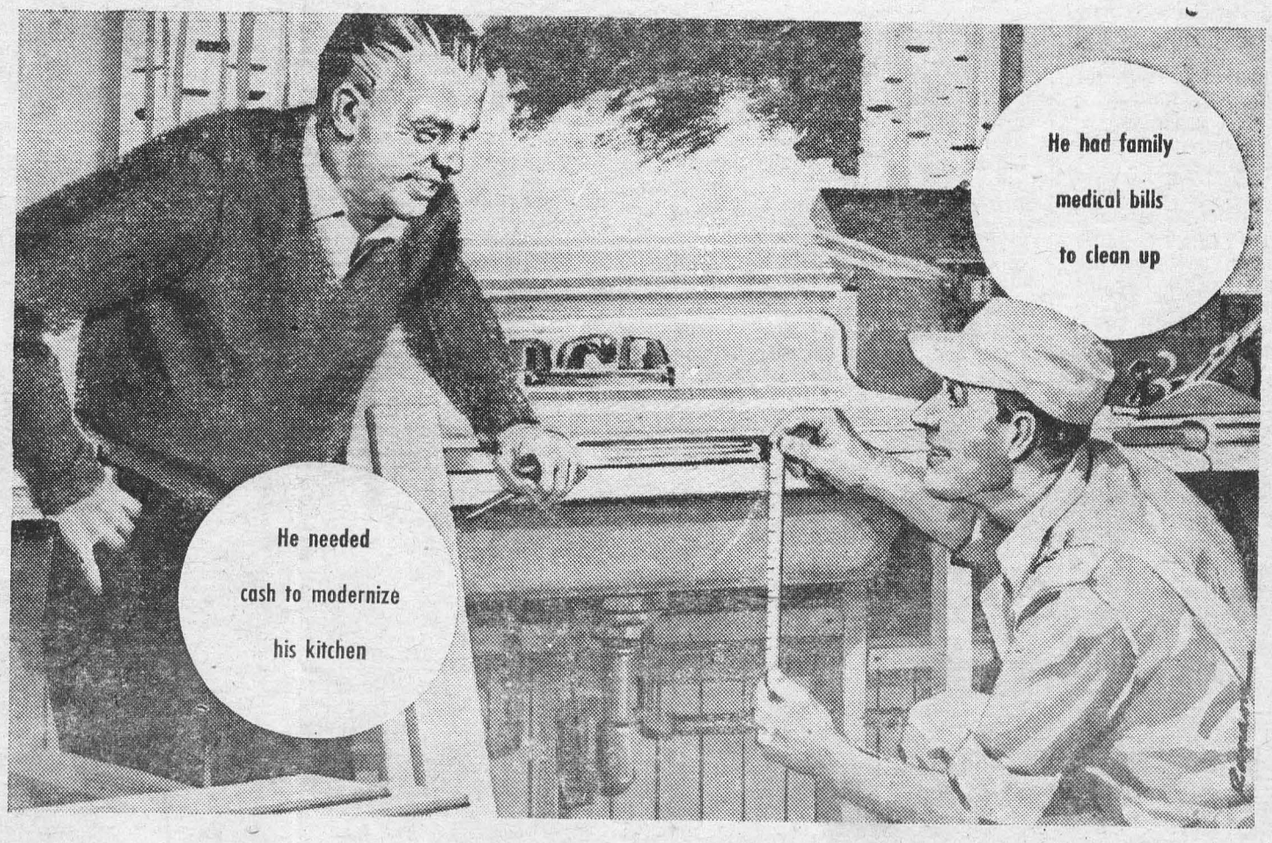

...so both are borrowing from a bank

Faced with unforeseen household expenses? Want to make some special major purchase? Need money for taxes—or to meet a family emergency? Personal loans to help people meet just such situations are being made by the chartered banks every day.

You're not asking a favour when you visit a chartered bank to arrange a personal loan. The manager welcomes opportunities to make loans, repayable out of earnings in convenient instalments.

And at a chartered bank, you can always count on privacy and courteous consideration, whether you are arranging a loan or using other valuable services the bank provides.

THE CHARTERED BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I expect my problem is not a common one, but if the experience I had helps other girls, then this letter will be worth writing. . . . I'd known this young man a long time, but only last year did we realize we loved each other. He asked me to go steady and I consented, but soon I broke up with him. He was hurt. . . . It was soon afterward that I realized how dearly I loved him, and I still do.

"I think he still cares for me; every time I go to a party or a dance he is there, and watches me constantly. I think he's afraid of being hurt again, and I believe he would wait quite a while before dating me, if ever.

"How can I make him understand that I would never, never hurt him again? I do so want him back! **EVELYN"**

HONEST CONFESSION

When one has done something she regrets, there is no balm like confessing it; if she does not, she harbors a continuous feeling of guilt that is destructive. Where the heart is concerned, the need becomes imperative. I hope you will not allow pride to delay admitting how wrong you were.

Don't, however, believe that the boy's watching you during an evening means he is still interested; he may be congratulating himself that he escaped from a girl who did not keep her word. No matter how he responds, though, your mind should be relieved. You have made the gracious gesture and given him the opportunity to be as generous. If he is not inclined to be, that is his responsibility and you will have to accept it as final.

One suggestion: You need not grovel in your letter, and certainly say nothing of your hope that he will want to date you steady again.

* * *

A DESERTER

"Dear Anne Hirst: Some time ago my husband left me and our two children, and I'm going to have another baby. Then he came back and said it was all a mistake and he still loved me—and and disappeared again for four weeks!

"He is 26 years old. Isn't it time he settled down?

"We've been married seven years, and got along well until he met another girl where he works. I went to her mother and told her what was going on—and she said her daughter was a Christian and wouldn't stoop to such a thing! . . .

"Do you think he will come back and behave himself? I have never done anything to justify such cruelty, and I am nearly beside myself. **WORN OUT"**

This situation is a grave one, and your family should handle it for you. Your father (or some other male member), should try to bring this husband of yours to his senses, and also ascertain grounds you may have for divorce if that must come. I hope you will be properly taken care of in the meantime.

* * *

If you have hurt someone, deliberately or not, lose no time in apoligizing. That is a mark of breeding which none of us can afford to overlook. . . . In any time of indecision, ask Anne Hirst's opinion. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

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Our Printed Pattern — a new version of your favorite step-in dress. This tailored sheath is a wonderfully becoming style for every figure. Easy sewing too.

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Send order to ANNE ADAMS, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto, Ont.



LOVELY — Miss America, Mary Ann Mobley, models a cotton satin short evening dress. Bows are of the same material. Gown has a scoop neckline, three-quarter sleeves and a large bow set vertically at the waist

How Britons Rule The Waves

Passengers riding channel steamers between Dover and Calais endure many rough passages across the twenty storm-tossed miles that separate England and France. However, installation of a pneumatic breakwater in Dover Harbour, designed to reduce wave heights in rough weather, makes ship handling easier and at least the start and conclusion of a trip more comfortable for both passengers and crew.

The pneumatic breakwater is a device which releases compressed air at the bottom of the sea from air distributors moulded from polythene. The compressed air rises to the surface intermittently in large bubbles, creating local turbulence in the water. This turbulence interrupts normal wave action because the air bubbles distort the harmonic action of oncoming waves. Thus regular wave motion is converted into random turbulence.

It has taken forty years to develop a satisfactory method of controlling waves. First attempts centred around creating a wall of air bubbles; however, the large amount of power required to generate a complete barrier proved prohibitively expensive.

The breakwater consists of polythene air distributors mounted on strips of railroad track, forty-five feet long weighing ninety pounds a yard, which are stabilized on the sea-bed with two railroad ties. There are thirty-seven sections in the breakwater. Each air distributor is connected to a small underwater manifold on one of the ties with ½" polythene pipe. The small, underwater manifolds are connected to a main manifold and six 500 c.f.m. air compressors, on shore, with 1½" polythene pipe.

The system, installed on a trial basis in September 1956, aims to reduce wave height by fifty percent, which corresponds to a loss of three quarters of the waves' original energy. This fifty percent reduction permits safe entry into the harbour in rough weather and facilitates ship handling at the jetties. The installation has been under observation for two years and in that time no adverse effects due to submersion or weather have been detected. The strength and durability of the installation is further attested to by the fact that over 1,500 ships have steamed over this installation at an average of eight knots, with only ten feet of clearance at low tide, and no damage has resulted.—From "Plastics Sphere."

Will The Duke Ride An Elephant?

India is preparing a warm welcome for the Duke of Edinburgh when he goes there next year. He will arrive in New Delhi in January to attend the Indian science congress and will be received with State honours. Later the Duke will tour centres of scientific and industrial interest.

One of the most spectacular of all royal visits to India was that made by the late King George V and Queen Mary. They went to meet the Princes of India at the Delhi Durbar of 1911. Queen Mary sat in a carriage beneath a great gold fan and gold and crimson umbrella held by Indian attendants. King George was on horseback, dressed in the uniform of a Field-Marshal.

Many Indians expressed disappointment that the King did not ride on an elephant during the State procession that followed and hope that the Duke will amend matters. When the Princes came to pay homage to the royal visitors, some bowed over their swords, some threw earth on their heads, some spread out shawls over which to make obeisance.

Drums crashed, guns were fired, the National Anthem was played and, wrote a reporter of 1911, "when the chief herald proclaimed the King-Emperor's greeting, the great assemblage rose, swayed for a few moments like a wide garden of multi-coloured flowers, then stiffened to attention. . . . The scene was most moving and magnificent."

Only A Mother?

Mothers! You could be replaced by a block of wood covered with sponge rubber and heated by a light bulb.

This revelation was made recently to the American Pyschological Association by a psychologist named Harlow, of the University of Wisconsin

Dr. Harlow set up two fake mothers; one as described, the other being made only from wire screen. Both were warmed, both contained a gadget that gave milk. Subjects were a group of baby monkeys.

One and all, the monkeys preferred the mother they could cuddle up to, even when she didn't give milk and the wire mother did. Dr. Harlow takes this to indicate that a baby's love for his mother does not depend on the fact that she feeds him — but rather because she supplies comfort and security by contact.

Johnny had been caught telling a fib. "How do you expect to get to Heaven?" asked his mother.

The boy thought for a moment and then said: "Well, I'll just run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door till they say, 'For goodness sake, come in or stay out.' Then I'll go in."



OOOPS—Mrs. Richard Vander Veer displays her design for a flag that incorporates a 49th star for Alaska. Unwittingly, she also anticipated statehood for Hawaii. Count the number of stars.

CUNARD TO EUROPE

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First Class from $274
Tourist Class from $179

At Thrift-Season Rates
ONE-WAY FROM
$179

TO FRENCH PORTS:
First Class from $284
Tourist Class from $184

VESSEL	From HALIFAX	To
IVERNIA	Fri. JAN. 16	Cobh, Havre, London (Tilbury)
SAXONIA	Fri. JAN. 30	Havre, London (Tilbury)
SYLVANIA	Sat. FEB. 7	Cobh, Liverpool
IVERNIA	Sat. FEB. 14	Havre, London (Tilbury)
CARINTHIA	Sat. FEB. 21	Cobh, Liverpool
SAXONIA	Fri. FEB. 27	Havre, London (Tilbury)
SYLVANIA	Sat. MAR. 7	Cobh, Liverpool
IVERNIA	Fri. MAR. 13	Havre, London (Tilbury)
CARINTHIA	Sat. MAR. 21	Cobh, Liverpool
SAXONIA	Fri. MAR. 27	Havre, London (Tilbury)
SYLVANIA	Sat. APR. 4	Cobh, Liverpool
IVERNIA	Fri. APR. 10	Havre, London (Tilbury)
From MONTREAL and QUEBEC		
CARINTHIA	Mon. APR. 13	Greenock, Liverpool
*SAXONIA	Thurs. APR. 23	Havre, London (Tilbury)
*SYLVANIA	Wed. APR. 29	Greenock, Liverpool
*IVERNIA	Thurs. MAY 7	Havre, London (Tilbury)
*CARINTHIA	Thurs. MAY 7	Greenock, Liverpool

VESSEL	From NEW YORK	To
IVERNIA	Thurs. JAN. 15	Cobh, Havre, London (Tilbury)
PARTHIA	Fri. JAN. 16	Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	Sat. JAN. 17	Cherbourg, Southampton
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Tues. JAN. 27	Cherbourg, Southampton
SAXONIA	Thurs. JAN. 29	Havre, London (Tilbury)
MEDIA	Fri. JAN. 30	Liverpool
SYLVANIA	Fri. FEB. 6	Cobh, Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Wed. FEB. 11	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Fri. FEB. 13	Havre, London (Tilbury)
CARINTHIA	Fri. FEB. 20	Cobh, Liverpool
SAXONIA	Thurs. FEB. 26	Havre, London (Tilbury)
†PARTHIA	Fri. FEB. 27	Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Sat. FEB. 28	Cherbourg, Southampton
SYLVANIA	Fri. MAR. 6	Cobh, Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	Wed. MAR. 11	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Thurs. MAR. 12	Havre, London (Tilbury)
MEDIA	Fri. MAR. 13	Liverpool
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Wed. MAR. 18	Cherbourg, Southampton
CARINTHIA	Fri. MAR. 20	Cobh, Liverpool

*Summer Season Rates Apply
†Via Bermuda

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CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P Clarke

For you it is all over; for us there are three more days to go. To Christmas, I mean. And we hope to the end of the deep freeze. My, but it's been a long cold spell. Ten below here for four consecutive mornings—and the furnace pumping oil all the time. That didn't worry us too much . . . we would have been more worried had it not been pumping. Sunday morning we saw a furnace repair truck at one of our neighbours. It was there quite a while and I hate to think of what that, or any other house would be like with the furnace off for a couple of hours. And it bothers us to think of old friends and neighbours on the various farms—at turkey-picking bees and how cold the pickers would be; of breaking ice on the creek and drawing water for stock; of having to go to town for supplies and finding the car wouldn't start—and the nearest garage two or three miles away. And we remember other friends too who have a child in a hospital-school many miles away and they must make the long drive to get her all in one day so that she may spend the Christmas holidays with them. So it just seems impossible to sit back and be selfishly comfortable when we know others have so many problems to contend with—many of which we know about from personal experience in years gone by.

But now would you like to know something of our pre-holiday arrangements, which naturally go back quite a few weeks. I was determined that somehow I would avoid as far as possible that hectic "so-much-to-do" sort of feeling. So, early in December I made my Christmas puddings—five of them, plus a small extra for sampling. Then I went to work on our Christmas cards and had most of them out of the way by the end of the second week, including a number of letters. And do you know, for the first time in years I enjoyed the job. I had time to look over the cards and pick out the ones I thought most suitable for those to whom they were sent. Daughter thought I was crazy sending them so soon but I still think it was a good idea especially as I put our new address on most of the cards. Not because I wanted to make sure of getting cards back but to save those who wished to send the trouble of hunting or inquiring our exact whereabouts. Christmas decorations we left until a week before Christmas. We decided not to have a tree as we would be away on "the Big Day." Instead we put a gay wreath on the front door and decorated the big living-room window. This we did by using evergreens, Christmas trimmings and lights. For a table centre-piece I used a fairly large aluminum tray, spread with cotton batting, sprinkled with small icicles, tiny coloured balls and fir cones. A bit of green here and there and a couple of reindeer nibbling at the shrubbery. At one corner of the tray I had a small Christmas tree in a red flowerpot trimmed with little coloured glass balls. It was really quite effective and being on a tray could be easily removed for table setting as it was too big for meal-time occasions. Even so, I was far from satisfied with our decorations. They were pretty but a lot of work and too much of a fire haxard. Evergreens dry out so quickly. Next year, all being well, we have other plans.

This is the conclusion we have come to. The Christmas tree is a tradition. Children look for it and we do too. But as our grandchildren mostly celebrate Christmas in their own homes we feel that all we now need is a symbol. So—no more evergreens in the house, dropping needles a week before and for two weeks afterwards, making a lot of unnecessary work. Next Christmas we'll have a Christmas tree outside, set into one of the planters in the front of the house and trimmed with twinkley on-and-off lights. Indoors our decorations will be restricted to a gay centrepiece and a display of Christmas cards . . . those lovely, lovely cards! The result, we hope, will be just as effective but less tiring and far less hazardous. Or do I just think that because an outside tree will be Partner's job?!! An inside tree, except for putting it up, I look upon as my job, just as we naturally divide our small chores in working for our grandchildren. I do the sewing and knitting but in December Partner spent hours and hours making a barn for Dave and Eddie to put their "animals" in. There was a division down the centre to avoid arguments and sliding doors on each side to let the animals in and out. It was quite a barn. Put many were the exclamations I heard coming up from below stairs as Partner's stiff fingers worked with the tiny, headless, half-inch finishing nails!

It was the firm's stag dance. The new cashier had chosen a very attractive partner.

"By the way," he said, as they danced. "I'm glad our manager isn't here to-night. He's about the biggest ass I know."

"Young man," snapped his partner angrily, "do you know who I am?"

"Not the faintest idea."

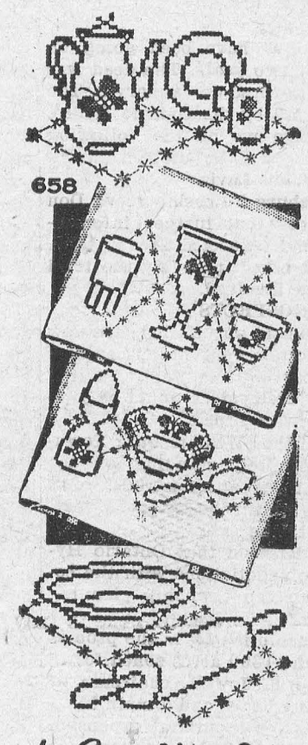
"Well, I'm the manager's wife," she said.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the young man.

"No."

"Thank goodness for that," he replied, as he hurried away.

Jiffy Towels



by Laura Wheeler

A pair of towels is always a welcome gift. Get out odds and ends of embroidery floss.

The motifs in this pattern are done in a jiffy. Fewest of stitches — so colorful, effective. Pattern 658: transfer 6 motifs about 6¾ x 8½ inches.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER,** your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

A NEW 1959 Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book, JUST OUT, has lovely designs to order: embroidery, crochet, knitting, weaving, quilting, toys. In the book, a special surprise to make a little girl happy — a cut-out doll, clothes to color. Send 25 cents for this book.



ACTING CATTY—Striking a menacing pose, French ballerina Collette Marchand puts feeling into her role as a ferocious "leopard woman". She has returned to the Paris stage after a long absence to appear in a ballet called "Cruel Island".

A Use For Bedbugs

Perhaps the only place in the world where the bedbug is pampered is in a laoratory at the University of California in Berkeley. There, thousands of the little parasites, comfortably bottled, are being used to challenge one of the basic tenets of modern genetics. The belief that acquired characteristics—such as an amputated leg or an addiction to morphine—cannot be passed on genetically to future generations.

The bottled bedbugs have nibbled away at this principle simply by changing their accustomed eating habits. The world's bedbugs fall into three gastronomic categories — those that feed on the blood of bats, of pigeons and other birds, or of human beings. Entomologist Robert L. Usinger, however, is starving bedbugs into a preference for more exotic fare. Last month, Usinger reported that he bred bedbugs which for twelve generations seem to have inherited an acquired taste for rabbit and chicken.

"A hungry bug will bite some other animal or bird if the normal host is not available," Usinger explained. "What I do is take newly hatched bedbugs whose parents preferred, for example, human blood, and force them to live on a new host. Later, we check their preferences by offering them both the old and new hosts." To do this, a bug is placed in the stem of a T-shaped glass tube. To the right is a delicious human arm —Usinger's; to the left, a nice fat rabbit.

"The ancestor of all bedbugs," Usinger believes, "was a parasite on bats." Since early man and the bats shared the same caves, some of the bugs acquired a taste of man—although others went on biting bats.

Usinger still hesitates to claim that his bedbugs have actually inherited their new dinner preferences. For one thing, not every bedbug becomes a permanent convert, although each successive generation comes closer to a unanimity. Now, Usinger's primary aim is to change the food habits of the parasites in one generation—"then we will really have something for the geneticists to explain."—From Newsweek.

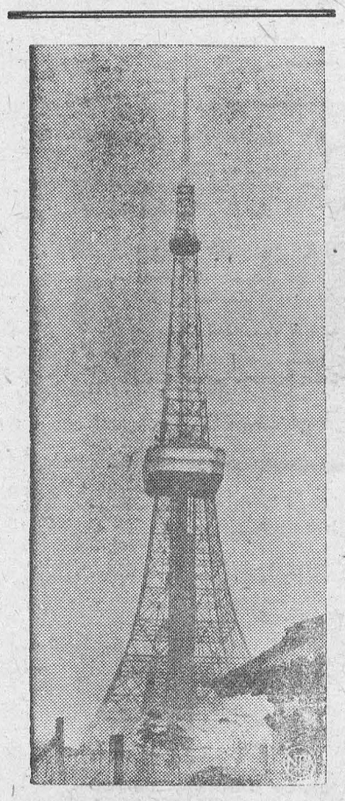
Ten Million Year Old Man

In the Bacinello mine in Italy two miners have just discovered, encased in a bed of coal of the miocene period, the fossilized skeleton of a man. It has probably been there ten million years.

Until now it was believed that the transition from ape to man was completed about a million years ago. Now Professor Hurzeler, curator of the Basle Natural History Museum, who has examined the skeleton sixty feet down with the aid of a miner's lamp, is emphatic: the skeleton has all the human characteristics. Only the head is missing.

The body, about four and a half feet long, is lying in a sort of breast-stroke position. The miners lost little time cutting a near-by block of coal to see if they would find the head.

In a few days the skeleton will be transferred to the Basle museum and studied in minute detail. According to the theory of Professor Hurzeler, beings similar to man and different from apes were living at least ten million years ago.



EYEFUL, NOT EIFFEL—Piercing the sky over Tokyo is this newly completed TV tower. It is 1,092 feet in height, making it 100 feet taller than the Eiffel Tower which it resembles. It serves four stations. The observatory level is 377 feet up.



BATISTA'S SONS FLY TO NEW YORK—An unidentified Cuban secret serviceman accompanies Roberto Batista (right), 12, and his brother, Carlos Manuel Batista, 9, after their arrival in New York by plane from Cuba. The sons of Cuban President Batista, the boys were greeted on their arrival by five Cuban sympathizers of rebel leader Fidel Castro who rushed toward the children. Police seized the rebel demonstrators before they reached the boys.

Big Race For The "Keyboard Stakes"

Presenting a vastly different picture from the gaping shell caused by wartime bombing, the Round Church of the Temple, just off London's Fleet Street, was rededicated recently at a service attended by the Queen, Prince Philip and the Queen Mother.

First built in the twelfth century, this historic home of lawyers was badly damaged on an earlier occasion—in the reign of James II—when it was partly burnt out and the organ completely destroyed.

The Old Benchers of the Temple — K.C.s and judges — were intensely proud of their church and decided that a new organ was top priority. This was not to be just another church organ—it had to be the finest organ in the land.

"There's only one way we can make sure of this," they decided. "We must announce a competition. We will offer a big money prize. Let the best organ builder in the land win!"

At that time there were two celebrated organ-builders in the land, Renatus Harris, an English craftsmen, and Bernard Schmidt, a German, who was renowned for his fiery temper. These two great craftsmen were bitter rivals. Each declared that he could build a more magnificent organ than his opponent.

And so the contest began. It raged for more than a year, and kept the whole of London amused.

"Who is to build first?" Schmidt asked the Old Benchers.

"Neither," they retorted. "You will both build together. There's plenty of room in our church for two organs."

Ignoring each other, the rivals and their assistants set to work, and slowly two grand, new organs took shape in the stately old church.

The Benchers came every day to watch progress, but offered no opinions. The rivals worked on, hostile as two bantam cocks before battle.

Finally the day came when the two mighty organs were completed.

Now, it is one thing to be a master organ-builder, quite another to be a first-class organist. Thus the problem arose as to who should play for each competitor when the Benchers filed into their stalls to judge the merits of each instrument.

This question was the talking point among the London sellers of broadsheets, who were soon referring to the "Keyboard Stakes." "Who will 'ride' for Schmidt?" they asked, "and who for Renatus?"

Harris was first off the mark in selecting his "jockey." "My organ will be played by Baptiste Draghi," he proudly declared. This was quite a capture, for Draghi was Court Organist to Queen Catherine, a very celebrated musician indeed.

But old Bernard Schmidt went one better. He triumphantly announced that his organ would be played by the great Purcell, the finest composer of church music in the country and a brilliant organist.

All London was agog by the time the big day arrived. The church, in which Richard the Lionheart had worshipped, was thronged with excited people.

Each organ was played in turn. The Benchers listened attentively.

"Well?" queried the contesttants, as the final chords faded away, "Who wins?"

But the Benchers, like all lawyers, were wily and cautious men. They replied: "One test—that is nothing. We shall have to hear many more."

So, week after week, Draghi and Purcell played the two great organs for the Benchers. As time passed the atmosphere became more and more tense.

One day a fat Bencher remarked to Bernard Schmidt after a recital, "The pipes of your organ are really not very handhome."

"They may look like the devil," exploded the old man, "but ven Purcell plays, they make sounds like angels in Heaven!"

But the contest could not go on indefinitely. At length the Benchers simply had to give a decision. The race for the Keyboard Stakes with its prize of £1,500—worth at least £10,000 to-day—simply had to come to an end.

At last the Benchers called both organ-builder before them. "We much regret the delay, gentlemen," they explained, "but we cannot come to an agreement about the respective merits of your two very fine organs. We have, therefore, requested my Lord Jeffreys to hear both played and make a final decision."

Lord Jeffreys heard both organs and was quick to make up his mind. "The best organ is Mr. Schmidt's," he declared. So Bernard Schmidt won the coveted £1,500 prize.

There is a footnote to this story. During the last war, the Temple Church was again set on fire and Bernard Schmidt's organ, which had boomed out in that ancient church for more than two centuries, was destroyed.

Once more the Benchers were faced with the same problem. But this time they did not arrange a contest. There was no need. A fine organ was presented to them.

If you turn off Fleet Street one Sunday and take the narrow lane that leads to London's oldest place of worship, you can hear this splendid organ being played by that great organist George Thalben-Ball

Small Mice Cause Big Scare

"Warning: White mice, used in rabies tests, have been stolen from the animal laboratory of the State Health Department on Capitol Hill. The mice — 25 of them — all have been injected with material potentially very hazardous. The lives of anyone who comes in contact with these mice are in danger . . ."

Breathlessly interrupting the usual Sunday morning television and radio programs in Atlanta, Ga., recently, announcers sent a chill over the city which had already had a severe case of jitters since last October when 55-year-old Willie Ester Ray died of rabies after he was bitten by a rabid dog.

As Atlantans waited the search for the mice went on. At the big buff-colored brick animal laboratory, state special agent, Sgt. Maj. W.P. Holley, assisted by W.M. Bowman, coordinator of technical service, checked the cages and lab tables for fingerprints. Later, as he drove home, Holley noticed four boys in their early teens walking down the empty sidewalk "neatly dressed like they might be going to church." On a "hunch," the agent pulled up and called to the boys. "I didn't want to scare them off," Holley said, "so I just said some dangerous rats had been taken, and did they know any boy who had any white rats. One of the kids — a real willing one — said he knew some boys who had rats."

Holley and the boy drove to a brown-stained shingle house, where Eddie Wallace, 13, and Joe Ragsdale, 15, were routed out of bed. Told of the peril of the missing mice, the terrified teen-agers produced a wooden box containing about half of the missing animals, helped to catch another that was running loose in the house. They also confessed that two other boys, James Scarborough, 14, and his brother, Charles, 13, were involved in their escapade. Nine more mice were found at their home and all four youngsters were taken to the Atlanta police station.

Two of the boyps, Eddie Wallace and Joe Ragsdale, had been bitten on the hands by one of the white rats. Bitten also were the father of the two other arrested lads, Calvin Scarborough, 58, an older brother in the family, and a teen-age boy neighbor. All the victims were given anti-rabies shots. The boys were released in custody of their parents.

But to the public at least, the sense of peril still existed. Three of the stolen mice had been killed by the boys and their bodies thrown in the Atlanta streets, where, it was feared, dogs or cats might have eaten them. This menace, said Bowman, "probably was exaggerated. A dog is not likely to eat a dead mouse, and a cat dosn't generally eat anything that it hasn't killed itself. — From NEWSWEEK.

Sick Ducks

In some parts of the United States, water birds have been dying in large numbers — as many as 10,000 dead ducks to the mile have been found along some lakes. They've been killed (U.S. Fish and Wildlife people think) by one of the deadlist of all poisons — botulism.

Villain in this case is a microbe known as Clostridium botulinum. He's highly resistant to heat and grows only in the absence of oxygen — which explains why many deaths have occured from eating homecanned foods not correctly processed, or which have later spoiled.

In the case of the ducks: the microbe abounds in the soil in some areas (in the U.S., mostly on the west coast) where they are eaten by insect larvae. Later, the ducks eat the insects, which by then contain considerable botulinum toxin. Result: dead ducks.

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How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove perspiration stains from a garment?

A. Try sponging with good white vinegar, then wiping dry with a soft clean cloth. It the perspiration has changed the color of the fabric, try touching with ammonia.

Q. How can I set the color in colored wash fabrics?

A. Soak the material in salt water, 2 cups of salt to 1 gallon of water, or in ½-cup of vinegar to 1 gallon of water, for at least an hour before washing.

Q. How can I prevent olive oil from becoming rancid after the can or bottle has been opened?

A. Dissolve two lumps of loaf sugar in each quart of the oil.

Q. How can I make old fur look like new?

A. Wet the fur with a hair brush and brush against the nap. Allow it to dry in the air, then beat lightly with a beater. After it is dry, comb the hair out carefully into place.

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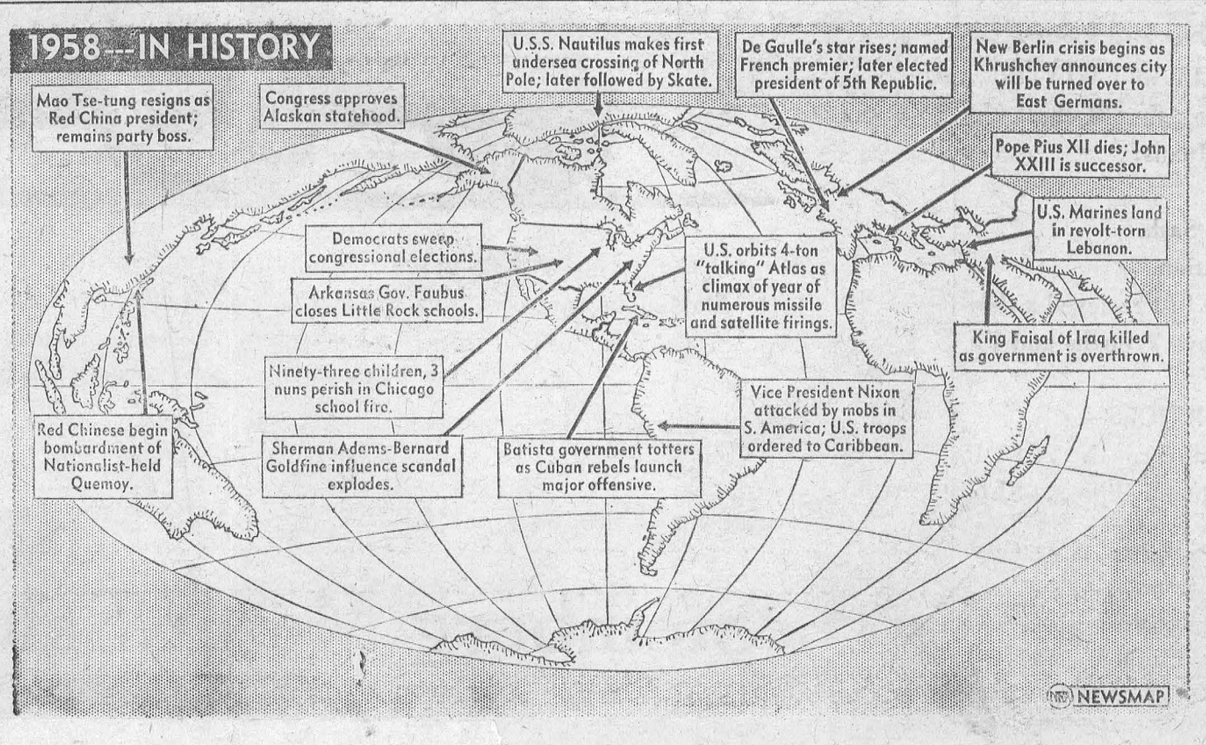

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DATED this 30th day of December, 1958.

Bernard Whitteker,
Executor,

by his solicitor herein,

G. William Gorrell,
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1-2-3c.

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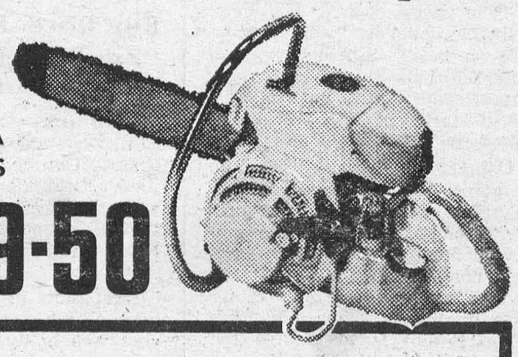

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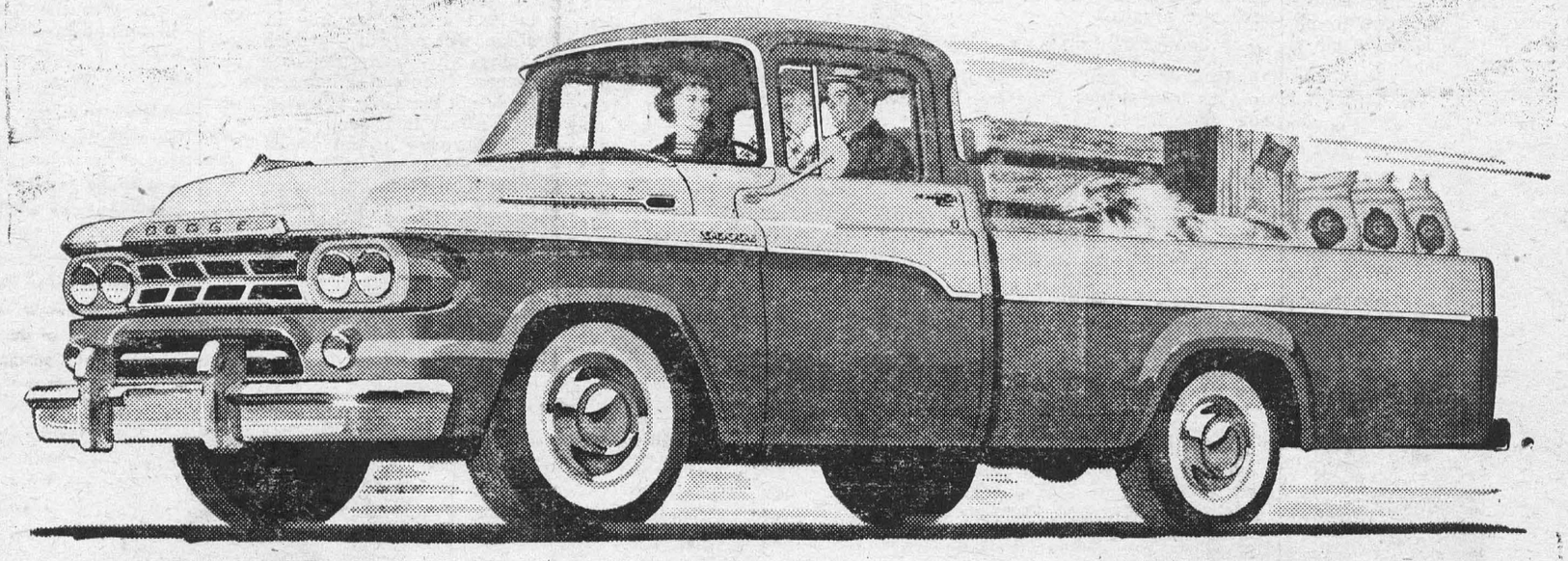

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The true story of one small borrower... and "MY BANK"

A few weeks ago, Julian Janvrin, an Englishman by birth now living in Toronto, came upon this headline in his daily newspaper: "Bank of Montreal Deposits Top the Three Billion Mark". A depositor at the B of M since shortly after his arrival in Canada five years ago, Mr. Janvrin was prompted by the headline to write a letter to Gordon R. Ball, president of the B of M, outlining his experiences as both a depositor and borrower at Canada's first bank. We thought Mr. Janvrin's story of his struggle against adversity was worth repeating, and with his permission, have made it the basis of this advertisement.

The Success Story of Julian Janvrin...



Julian Janvrin is the last person in the world to say that his is a success story. We think it is. But you can judge for yourself.

FIVE YEARS AGO, shortly after his arrival in Canada with his wife and three children, Mr. Janvrin had occasion to cash a cheque at his local B of M branch in Toronto. "Although I had told the manager that I was just an immigrant," he recalls, "he invited me to open an account, and it was gratifying to me to feel that my confidence in the future of Canada was reciprocated by the Bank of Montreal. Two or three weeks later I opened an account at that branch."

Like most newcomers to Canada, Mr. Janvrin had only enough capital when he arrived to get himself settled, and eventually he found himself short in meeting the final payment on his car, which was essential in his new job as a salesman. So he talked over his problem with his B of M manager, who considered him a good enough risk to advance him the money he needed.

But let Mr. Janvrin continue the story in his own words:

"I mention this because bankers are sometimes charged with being little more than moneylenders and usurers, but in this instance, I knew that the Bank of Montreal was acting as it were on behalf of the people of Canada in helping me to get established in much the same way as in pioneer days the Bank of Montreal must have advanced funds to immigrants to purchase seed, a few implements and maybe a team of horses.



An average Canadian family, Mr. & Mrs. Janvrin and the two younger children relax at TV in their comfortable Toronto apartment.

"Soon afterwards I gave up selling, disposed of the car and took a regular job by night, while my wife by day quite literally took the holes out of doughnuts. One of us was able always to be with the children, two of whom were not then of school age.

"Fifteen months later we decided to obtain cheaper rental accommodation outside Toronto. A car, however, would then be essential. Again the bank went along with us.

"Two years ago the landlord of the house we were renting decided to sell the house. Again the Bank of Montreal helped us and advanced the down payment that prevented our home being sold over our heads.

"This summer my son, having passed through six grades in three years at public school, sat for the competitive entrance examination to a school for which I would have to pay an annual fee . . . For this, too, I am in large measure indebted to the Bank of Montreal, for in June my financial circumstances were such that had I not been confident of my banker's support, I might not have ever considered sending him to this school.



"Get to know your banker," says Mr. Janvrin. "Your best collateral is his confidence." A spare-time free-lance writer, he spends many evenings at his typewriter while the children study.

"We have now again moved into Toronto to be nearer the school, but our circumstances have improved, inasmuch as our teenage daughter has now left high school of her own wish and is now working; and as the two younger children are now at school, my wife in the New Year will be in a position to take an office job.

"This is not a success story, for the struggle, believe me, is still on. But our bank account is now in better shape than it has been for the past five years and will now perhaps bear scrutiny.

"I am now, therefore, at last in a position to write to thank My Bank and in particular my bank manager, for the confidence it placed in us and for the help, encouragement and courtesy it has always extended to us.

"To me it is no surprise that the deposits of the Bank of Montreal should have topped the 3-billion mark, for although from the short term point of view I myself am not yet in a position to make large deposits, it may well be from the long term point of view, that my son, as a representative of the coming generation, may be in a position to do as other sons of Canada are now doing."

• • •

The B of M is, of course, proud to have played its part in Julian Janvrin's success story, and is grateful to him for allowing us to publish it to indicate some of the many ways in which Canada's first bank works with Canadians—new and old alike—in every walk of life from coast to coast.

Mr. Janvrin's story provides a sincere and unsolicited testimonial to the fact that "*When you ask for a loan at the Bank of Montreal, you do not ask a favour*".

When money is a problem with you, why not see your B of M manager? *If your proposition is sound and reasonable there's money for you at the B of M . . . at the lowest rates and on the fairest terms.*



Nine-year-old Robert Janvrin, seen with his younger sister, Patricia, is a student at one of Canada's top preparatory schools, thanks to a timely B of M Personal Loan.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

"MY BANK" TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M

Dust And Delight In South Africa

South Africa is a land of endless scenic wonders. One of the most striking is the Karoo, the great desertlike waste which confronts the African traveler for hundreds of miles if he sets out northward from the Cape of Good Hope.

It is strange that so desolate a piece of country should exercise such fascination. Parched and sun-baked, there are parts of it where the year's rainfall drops in a shower of a few minutes. And a familar South African story says that if you fall into a river in the Karoo, you just get right up and dust yourself off — for there never is any water in it.

Yet many a lone Karoo farmer would live nowhere else on earth. And there are breath-catching flashes of beauty to its harshness, as sunsets when a sky, listless blue by day, explodes into crimson, and the flaming orb of the setting sun leaves great streaks of magnificent red, yellow, and purple against the first stars in the west.

But if dawn and dusk soften the hard lines of the Karoo, there seems little romantic about it, if you see it for the first time in the glaring heat of full day. Mile after dusty mile, the scrawny, knee-high scrub stretches away, montonous and arid as Arizona always sounds to one who has never been there. But that is perhaps a dangerous comparison, for Arizonians we have met have been doggedly, and probably justifiably, proud of their state. One of them, an American consular official in Africa, used to dispatch maps of the United States to his friends, depicting Arizona as a huge centrepiece, with the other states of the Union attached minutely around its edges.

Be that as it may, there is a dash of the jaunty, early American West about the Karoo. There are rickety little hamlets, dust-laden and baking, their corrugated iron roofs glinting in the sun. In some of them there is a railway station — with never a train in sight — and the inevitable, slowly twirling aluminum wind-pump sucking water from a hidden well, and perhaps in the background the put-put-put of an electricity generator.

Sometimes, if you half close your eyes, you can almost imagine Roy Rogers or some other cowboy hero swaggering though a pair of swinging doors and trotting grandly away on his horse.

But when you open your eyes, what you see is a late-model American car flaunting its chromium in front of you; for though the Karoo may look stark, behind this starkness there is wealth enough for some. These are the wool farmers breeding huge flocks of rugged sheep originating from Holland, Australia, Spain, and Britain, which somehow thrive in the Karoo.

During the years after World War II, a wool boom sent the value of the South African wool clip soaring from about $39,000,000 a year to nearly $280,000,000 a year. At least one farmer collected a check for more than $500,000 for one year's product, writes John Hughes in The Christian Science Monitor.

And so, beside the old wagon trails which still leave their tracks in places, there now runs a tarred national highway. Though the motorist still needs to work out his gasoline points, and take along a can of water in case his radiator should boil, much of the drama of a trek across the Karoo has vanished.

However, there is still opportunity for individual initiative, as was once spectacularly proved by an English newspaperman with whom I traveled across the Karoo. Out of gas, but with an emergency supply procured from some distance away, he found he could not pour from the can into the gasoline tank of his American automobile without the aid of a funnel. Undistressed he unloaded all his luggage and from the bottom of the car trunk produced an old dusty cow's horn. This, he announced, he had been saving for some months for just such an occasion. Proudly he sheared off its end with a pocket-knife, and poured the gasoline through the horn in triumph.

Such adventures build up something of a cameraderie among motorists along the Karoo road and a passing driver will very likely give you a friendly toot-toot for company, and will certainly stop to help if you appear in trouble.

Some motorists prefer to travel at night to avoid the heat of day and this is not altogether a lonely trip. For if little moves there in the daytime, a variety of shapes peer into the car's headlightse at night.

A pair of bright eyes — now here, now gone — could belong to a rabbit, a spring-bok perhaps, or a donkey or baboon, maybe even a prowling leopard!

Like much of the African continent, the Karoo is a land of contrast and though some of it gets but a trace of rain in a year, other parts know savage floods. Some farmers recall storms which piled hail-stones three feet deep upon the veld.

Few know where the Karoo proper ends, for after the coastal or Little Karoo, it becomes the Great or Central Karoo, of perhaps 30,000 square miles. Then it merges gradually into South Africa's main watershed, the Northern Karoo or big veld, encircled by a great escarpment of mountain ranges running from Namaqualand in the west to the Drakensberg Mountains of Natal in the east. This total area is probably about 100,000 square miles.

Although at first sight the Karoo is dry and uninviting, there are little oases of loveliness where a farmer has tapped a hidden spring or well to transform a few acres about his house into a lush garden of greenery with sunken pools, as well as using the water for his stock.

There is also contrast between the little Karoo hamlets and an expanding town such as Beaufort West, unofficial capital of the Karoo.

In the former, visiting motorists are still an item of interests to the little colored boys who gather about your car, hitching their thumbs through their suspenders and regarding you gravely until you descend and greet them. Then they become coy, rubbing one bare foot upon another, drawing patterns in the dirt with their toes, tucking their heads almost under their arms, and going through all manner of shy and embarrassed gyrations, until with a little giggle or two they at last break into one of those trusting, wide-mouthed smiles like sudden dawn after night.

Here in Beaufort West, the motorist is no longer an oddity and the town is growing fast. There are big bright gas stations, and signs for "Snacks," and an American-style motel with — wonder of wonders after a day in the Karoo — a swimming pool for its guests.

But however fast the town grows beyond its limitis it is making only the slightest dent on the vastness of the Karoo. And though men have learned to live off the Karoo, some of them profitably, it is doubtful whether they will ever change its unique and lonely grandeur.



GATEWAY FROM DARKNESS — Floodlights add to the cold loneliness of this scene, a time exposure of the Brandenburg Gate in East Berlin, as seen from Red-dominated territory. The famed structure is located just across the border from West Berlin, and lights in background stretch into the Western-controlled portion of the beleaguered city.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

Here is one of the favorite specialties of a famous restaurant which specializes on "home-made" foods.

APPLE CAKE

¼ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
4 medium apples, peeled and chopped
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon soda
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Cream shortening and sugar together; add egg and apple and mix well. In another bowl mix dry ingredients; add this to first mixture. Mix well. Bake in a greased 9x9x3 pan at 325° F. for 25 minutes. Leave in the pan to cool.

This will keep a long time, like a fruit cake. You should put it in a tight-topped box as you would a fruit cake.

A frosting many like on the apple cake:

NUTTY-CHEESE ICING

Blend together one 3-ounce package cream cheese (room temperature) with 2 ounces butter. Add 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and ¼ cup nuts. Blend together well. Spread on cake.

* * *

"This is a very, very old recipe," wrote Nancy Cabell Sawyer to the Christian Science Monitor. "I use canned fruits and miniature marshmallows for convenience and freeze in round, tall ice cream cartons."

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

2 cups peaches
2 cups pears
2 cups pineapple
2 cups maraschino cherries
½ cup nuts
½ cup marshmallows
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Sugar—a little

Chop fruit; add sugar; drain. Fold in mayonnaise and whipped cream. Freeze.

* * *

Shrimp salad mousse—another party dish—was also sent by this same reader. "This can be prepared ahead of serving time —it's perfect for Sunday night supper," she said.

SHRIMP SALAD MOUSSE

2 cans shrimp or 1½ pounds small fresh cooked shrimp
1 can tomato soup
2 small packages cream cheese
3 tablespoons gelatin
1½ cups cold water
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup each finely chopped onion, celery and green pepper

Bring tomato soup to a boil, stirring and watching carefully. Add cheese and beat until creamy. Add gelatin which had been dissolved in the cold water; cool. Stir in shrimp, mayonnaise and vegetables. Pour into molds and put in refrigerator to harden. When serving, top with a dressing made by combining equal portions of mayonnaise and cream.

* * *

BREAKFAST WAFFLES (OR PANCAKES)

1 cup buttermilk
1 large egg, or 2 small ones
1 cup unsifted flour
1 teaspoon each, baking powder and salt
½ teaspoon soda
3 tablespoons bacon grease or other melted shortening

Put all ingredients except the shortening in a bowl or waffle pitcher and beat with a rotary beater until well mixed. Then add shortening. Bake as waffles or pancakes. Serves 2.

* * *

Two seafood dishes which wold be a welcome addition to a party buffet table are a handsome, easy-to-serve, salmon loaf and a colourful tuna-cranberry jellied salad, moulded in the shape of a star.

SALMON LOAF

2 cans (15½ ounces each) sockeye salmon
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
½ cup finely chopped celery
2 tablespoons minced onion
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Drain salmon and reserve ½ cup salmon liquid. Mash fish well and crush bone. Combine eggs and ½ cup of salmon liquid. Add bread crumbs and allow to soak for about 5 minutes; beat until smooth. Add salmon, celery, onion and Worcestershire sauce; mix thoroughly. Pack into a greased loaf pan (about 9 by 5 by 3 inches); bake in a preheated oven (350° F.) for 40 minutes or until loaf is firm in centre. Unmould and serve hot with a caper sauce, or cold with a cucumber-mayonnaise dressing. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

* * *

TUNA-CRANBERRY MOULD

Cranberry Layer
1 envelope unflavoured gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 pound can (2 cups) cranberry sauce
½ cup crushed canned pineapple with juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Tuna Layer
2 cans (7 ounces each) tuna
1 cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 envelope unflavoured gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup water

Cranberry Layer: Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve over low heat or hot water. Break cranberry sauce with a fork and stir in crushed pineapple and lemon juice. Mix in dissolved ing plate. Makes 8 to 10 servings. gelatine. Pour into a greased 1-quart mould; chill until firm.

Tuna Layer: Drain and flake tuna. Add celery and parsley. Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve over low heat or hot water. Blend mayonnaise or salad dressing and ½ cup water. mixture; mix well. Spoon over firm cranberry layer; chill until firm. Unmould on chilled serv- Stir in dissolved gelatine. Combine tuna mixture and gelatine

---

"Jack comes to see me every night, now. Do you think that means something "

"Either he's in love with you or he hasn't got a television set."

Southern Tragedy

Late one afternoon recently at the Almacen Vida (Life Department Store) in Bogota, Colombia, Christmas shoppers packed the aisles. In the long, narrow store, children clutched at toys, their mothers fingered the clothing displays. Many customers stole a moment to admire the brightly lighted creche in the center of the main floor.

Suddenly a short circuit flared in the colored lights of the Nativity scene. Flames, fed by the paper and straw in the manger of the Christ Child, leaped to counters piled high with flammable plastic toys. Salesgirls' skirts burst into flames. "The fire went up to the ceiling in a cloud of smoke," manager Alberto Mazeura said later.

"Fuego!" someone shrieked — and the crowd panicked. Those in the front of the store broke out easily through the doors, smashed their way through show windows. People in the rear stormed the back stairs, found they led only to a blind mezzanine, which quickly turned into a funeral pyre for masses of men, women and children. Many were trampled or suffocated in the trap between the flames and the rear wall. A critically injured 16-year-old girl was found alive beneath a mass of bodies on the stairway. The manager and two employees battered the ceiling with chairs, finally knocked a hole in it and dragged out ten women. "Then we couldn't stand the heat any more and were forced to jump into the street," he said.

About ten of the dead were children. A boy of 8 was found dead in a pool of water, his face burned away; he was still shielding a toy truck in his arms. "A woman knelt as though in prayer beside the boy's body," said a fireman. "She was still alive but she died as I took her in my arms." Fireman Pedro Rodriguez worked his way with a hose to the corpse-littered stairway, then to two rear storerooms. He found four charred bodies in one. In the other, "I found nine or ten young women kneeling with their arms outstretched — they were burned to a crisp."

Eighty-four Colombians died, 50 were injured, scores overcome by smoke. The loss of life was the largest on record for a department-store fire. President Alberto Lleras declared national mourning.

Just How Much Are You Worth?

If you calculated a man's value merely on the total amount which the chemical and other constituents in his body would fetch on the world market today, what do you think he'd be worth? Less than $30.

Scientists have been telling us that, among other things, the average human body contains:

Enough fat for seven bars of soap.

Enough carbon for 9,000 lead pencils.

Enough phosphorus to make 2,200 match heads.

Enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop.

Enough iron to make two medium-sized nails.

But here's some more cheering news. To-day, a good human skeleton of the kind needed by medical authorities for research purposes is worth between $120 and $135.

Talking of bones, how is it that we are born with 270 but die with only 206? What happens to the missing sixty-four? They join with other bones during our infancy, say physiologists.

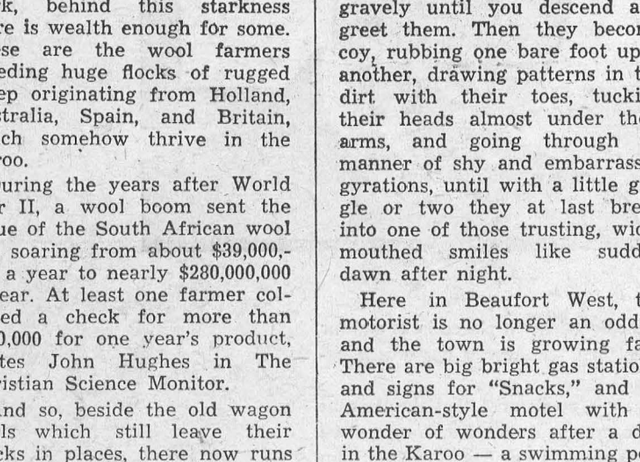
That great expert, Sir Arthur Keith, said that only if scientific investigation of the human body is continued for another 2,000 years shall we gain real knowledge of it.

Take the heart, for instance, which weighs only eight or nine ounces, but pumps 2,500 gallons of blood in twenty-four hours and 55 million gallons in an average lifetime.

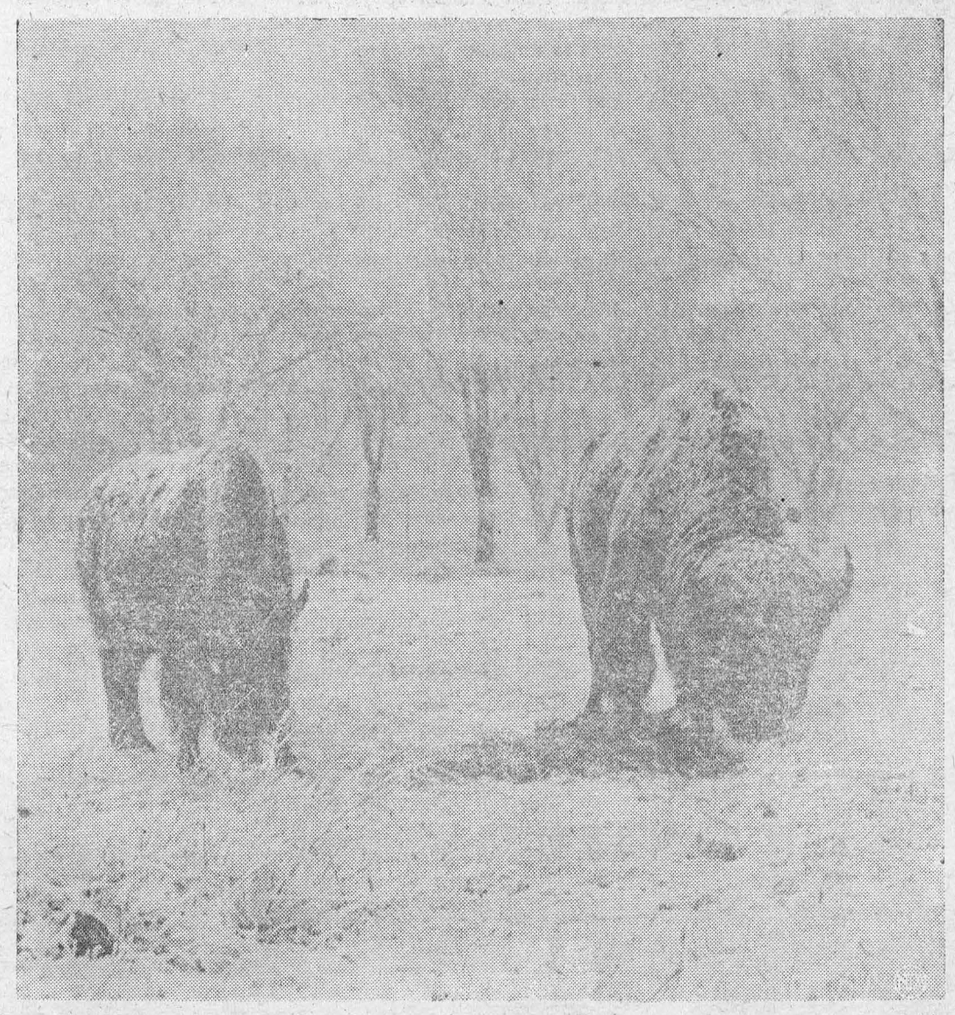
"If one man's heart-beats in a single day could be concentrated into one huge throb of vital power, it would be sufficient to hurl a ton of iron over 100 feet into the air," a heart specialist calculates.



SNACK—Four-year-old Timothy Short makes ready to feed Nautilus, the seal, at a private zoo in Eppingham, England. Tim's grandfather owns the zoo which houses animals and birds from the British Isles.



SLIGHT OF HAND—Just a drop in the bucket himself, this sleepy Chihuahua puppy is simply too tired to take his bottle. Though he weighed but two ounces at birth, the two-week-old has a mighty name—Pablo Romando Chihuahua VanZile Peacock.



A COLD LUNCH—Thanks to their "buffalo robes," this pair of bison at Fort Hays (Kan.) State Park doesn't mind recent record snows. They manage to graze despite the fall.

A Country View Of The Snow

"Oh, I hate to see the snow coming," said an otherwise nice lady the other day, but it came. I don't subscribe to this—I like the snow. Of course, you have to realize that I'm talking about country snow—six inches will tie up Boston, but two feet doesn't bother us a bit. However, there has developed a change, and it isn't hard to find the Mai: er who detests the snow. It was once welcomed as an agreeable device.

The sweetness of adversity is there with snow. Or was. Foremost was its use as an insulator, piling up against the house and making the floors warm again. The coldest weather was always between freeze-up and snow, when the foundations were exposed. You could even put sawdust or boughs around, but the wind would work in.

Then would come the first snow and the floors would be congenial, and Aunt Midge would say, "Good, my feet are warm again!" Pa or the hired man would circle the house, tossing loose snow against the building. It made all the difference.

There came, with snow, a difference in the feel of the outdoors, too. The temperature could be the same one day as another, but with snow on the ground it felt warmer. There was a saying that snow would take the chill out of the air, and somehow it did change our perceptions of it. You could pull on your long-legged ones, and dig out the mittens, and tie your hat on with a scarf, but there would be a deep chill until it snowed. It would seem, at once, more bearable.

There was a change in the feel of the ground. The frozen dooryard was muffled, and your feet didn't clunk down so hard. This was much better.

I guess the thing was that we didn't fight snow so much. We used to clean off the doorsteps and fix a place so the barn door would swing, and trim around the mailbox, but we didn't shovel paths so much. We were told the frost would work into the ground if we cleaned the driveway, and frost all winter meant deep mud all spring. We hated mud more than snow.

Understand me, I have no joyous illusions about sleighing. It was a cold, cruel means of locomotion, dreary and numbing. There is much to be said for the heated automobile, snow treads in place and a clear roadway. Of all the winter thrills that sentimentalists extol, sleighing is the one I'll fight them about.

There was one thing, however, that was worse. That was the last trip to town before snow, when the road was a welter of frozen logging ruts, and your buggy wheels bounced around on them until your teeth all came loose in your head and your ears flopped up and down. Part of the punishment came because the horse kept ranging around to find some place he could step without jarring his shoulders loose, and he couldn't.

After a trip like that, snow would fall and the ruts would all get filled in smooth, and the runners would pack things down. You could glide all the way to town without a twitch. There may have been something delightful in the clink of bells, and the cold brisk air, and such, but I never liked sleighing except that the road was always smoother. So we were glad to see the snow.

Sliding has pretty much gone out, so nobody nowadays is glad to see snow for that reason. We all had double-runners, sometimes called bobsleds in this region, and the long hills were ours to coast on. People put their cars "up" for the winter, then.

There were teams and sleighs on the roads, but they didn't sneak up on us, and they had some respect for sliding youngsters. There was no sand or salt — the teamsters would have lynched anybody who put sand on a road — and there were times the dragging feet of a whole sled load couldn't slow us down for the turn. We'd pile up and lug the pieces home.

Skiing has changed, too. We had skis, some of which we made from staves, and some of which we bought. We had no harnesses on them, no skiboots, no poles, no accredited appurtenances. We had no lifts, huts, and clubs. There was no fee. It wasn't a high society sport, with stock-holders. We didn't make up a party and "go" somewhere to ski. I think we liked the toboggan better, anyway, but best of all was the wide-runnered hand shark and the long slides on the geography's crust. Crust sliding was best, anyway you looked at it.

I guess all the reasons we liked to see snow are gone, really. Snow brought the family closer, and the house was cozier. Where snow was a vehicle, it is now an expense. Snow was pretty when it fell, and the sun came up in the morning, but now if it isn't pushed away in the morning the automobiles can't go by.

Now, more and more, comes the one who says, "Oh, I hate to see the snow!" I don't, I like it. If it doesn't contribute anything to my newer experiences, I'm grateful to it for past favors. — By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.



APING HUMANS — No chump, this chimp avoids cigarette taxes by begging smokes from visitors at Tropical Hobbyland. The simian then screams for a light from its keeper.

The Demon Smoke

Throughout Britain next month, newspapers will begin carrying classified ads addressed to the thousands of Englishmen who have tried without conspicuous success to give up tobacco for one reason or another. Those who read the ads will find that they are invited to attend weekly meetings in rented halls, where an organization with the unalliterative name "Smokers Anonymous" will offer them faith and fellowship in their daily battle against the demon.

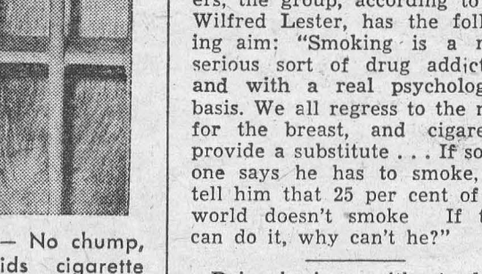
Founded recently by fifteen London doctors and social workers, the group, according to Dr. Wilfred Lester, has the following aim: "Smoking is a most serious sort of drug addiction, and with a real psychological basis. We all regress to the need for the breast, and cigarettes provide a substitute . . . If someone says he has to smoke, we tell him that 25 per cent of the world doesn't smoke If they can do it, why can't he?"

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you're doing, but no one else does.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Fitted with shoes
5. Black birds
9. Cyprinoid fish
12. System of signals
13. Redact
14. And not
15. Mimics
16. Treacle
18. In addition to
20. Abrupt descent
21. Circlet
23. Decorates
26. Took offense
30. Soft white cheese
31. Dan. weight
32. Dogma
34. Anglo-Saxon king
35. Telegram
37. Loathed
39. Appears to be
41. Duty
42. Ill
44. Style of printing
48. Curb
51. Lacerated
52. Broad thoroughfare (ab.)
53. Instead
54. Impartial
55. Small mass
56. Tare
57. Repose

DOWN
1. Incrustation
2. Expect
3. Poems
4. Crave
5. Insane
6. To-do
7. Savage
8. Commence
9. Infuse life into
10. Female rabbit
11. Bitter vetch
17. Eur. service tree
19. Force
22. Civetlike cat
24. Dig in earth
25. Progeny
26. Tiers
27. Early Amer. Indian
28. Emphasized
29. Delayed
33. Trial
36. Vent
38. Water strider
40. Metal fastener
43. Variety of cabbage
45. Affection
46. Angers
47. Coin
48. Damp and chilly
49. Miss LeGallienne
50. Danish fjord



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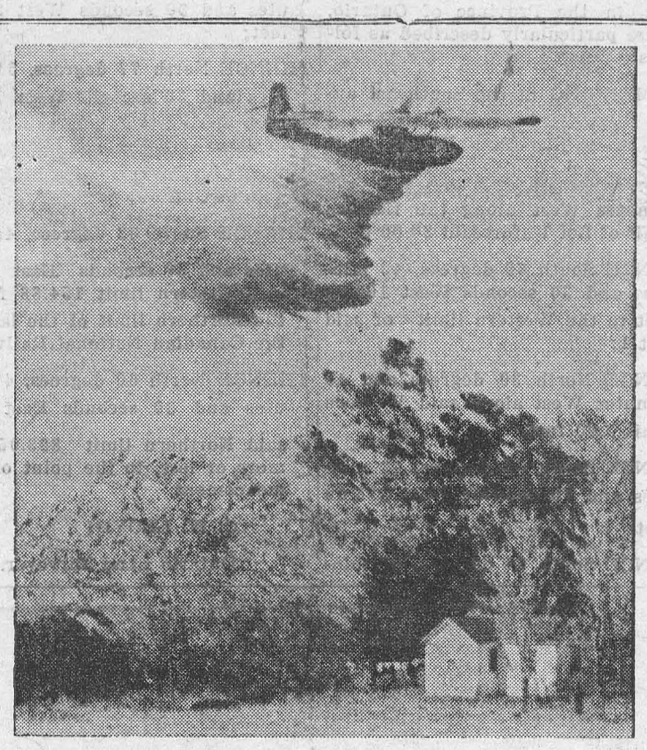

BOMB'S A LIFESAVER — Forestry Service plane drops a water "bomb" in efforts to save a farm building near Malibu, during war on a brush fire. Aerial bombardment with water and chemical mixtures is an experimental method of fighting the destructive blazes.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell



"Can the Family Farm Survive?" is the challenging title of an article by Jared Van Wagenen, Jr. in a recent issue of The Christian Science Monitor. I think you'll be interested in it, and with that fine paper's permission I'm passing it along.

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Somewhere in the writings of James Russell Lowell there is a bit of autobiography in which he tells how in his boyhood he knew a very old man, one who in his far-off youth had talked with a certain ancient man who told tales of how he with his own eyes had seen the witches hung on Salem Hill. Then Lowell proceeds to moralize concerning how just one long lifetime bridged the gulf between scenes such as those and the secure and tolerant New England civilization of his time.

In much the same, although in less dramatic, fashion I may say that in my boyhood years I was casually familiar with elderly men who had grown up here and whose youthful memories ran back and linked with our earliest pioneers—men who had fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill and marched with Sullivan's army. Then after the war was done they joined themselves to that New England wave of emigration which (most commonly in ox carts or covered wagons) swarmed westward across the Hudson to lay in the tangled wilderness of central and western New York the foundation of an enduring civilization.

One of these Argonauts was my great-grandfather, and as the present head of a farm family which has tilled the same acres since 1800, it seems proper for me to inquire if the same type of life on the land we have always known can continue in this assembly-line era.

If we judge by analogy and the remains of a forgotten rural industrial life which lies all about us, the answer is an emphatic "No." New York State alone has literally thousands—far in excess of ten thousands—of abandoned millsites and their accompanying milldams, testimony to the very diversified industrial life of the countryside which reached its full flowering in the years before the Civil War.

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Most of our strictly rural communities attained their maximum population at or about the census of 1860. In much of rural New England the high-water mark was earlier. Indeed there are no small number of New England townships which had more inhabitants at the first census in 1790 than have ever been reported since. Of course the popular explanation for this is "farm abandonment." It is true that this has been a major factor in the decline, although on the whole less important than the disappearance of the rural handicrafts and the industrial life of the community.

Shrinking rural populations in the older regions of the country may be considered an almost universal phenomenon, but the extent to which this movement has progressed varies greatly with the locality.

Perhaps there is no better field in which to study the problem than New York State. As everyone knows, measured by wealth or population or commerce—the criteria by which we usually compare one state with another—New York is undebatably the Empire State. Perhaps it is not so generally recognized that it is also agriculturally very important. Among the states of the Union it stands only 17th in acreage, but it rates (varying somewhat with the particular year) sixth or seventh in the value of the agricultural production. (In 1957, it slipped badly, falling to 12th place.)

* * *

According to the definition established by the Federal Bureau of Census for 1950, it requires astonishingly little in the way of either area or argicultural activity to be classed as a farm. Officially any place of three or more acres is a farm if the value of agricultural products, exclusive of the home garden, is as much as $150.00. An even smaller acreage is so classified if its production reaches $250.00.

Fortunately we have for New York State fairly dependable data concerning the size of farms and number of farm families for more than a full century. A contemplation of these figures lends small support for the popular thesis that the "family farm" is on the way out and that the future belongs to the consolidated, corporation-managed "big business' type of farming. These are the figures for the average or median size of all farms reporting for the 100 years between 1850 and 1950.

In 1850 the typical New York farm was made up of 112.1 acres. When another 25 years which included the Civil War had passed, the sze was 106.1. Twenty-five years later at the turn of the present century, it was 99.9 acres. As late as 1925 it stood at 102.1 acres. In a word, there were 75 years when the medium size of New York farms did not show change enough to even indicate any definite trend.

However, a quarter of a century later in 1950 there was a somewhat different story, because the median farm acreage had made a fairly steep increase and stood at 128.2. Evidently there was a new force abroad in the land. It seems plain that the progressive mechanization of farms, especially during the last dozen years, and the greatly increased capitalization required has forced the consolidation of many small farms. Even so, the ncreasing acreage of surviving farms falls far short of being an economic revolution.

The foregoing is concerned with the acreage of New York farms. When we come to consider the number of farms and farm families, there is a very different story.

By 1850 the state had been pretty generally occupied and cut up into farms, and the pioneer period was about done. Indeed the census of 1855 reported a larger total farm acreage than has ever been found since, although the maximum number of farm families was not reached until 1875 when we had nearly a quarter of a million farms.

From 1855 to 1900 the number of men who called themselves farmers held on bravely with only minor and inconclusive fluctuations. After the turn of the century the decline became unmistakable. By 1910 it had become steep and for the past 15 years it may be described by no lesser term than precipitate. Between 1900 and 1950 more than 100,000 farms disappeared from the assessors' rolls.

* * *

Now while statistics may not lie, they often require interpreting, and in this case the situation is not as desperate as it might at first appear. True, the number of farms steadily grows less and some of this is due to the consolidation of farms under one management. Examples of this can be found in every rural community.

However, such consolidation of farms is not the greatest reason for their declining number. The major factor is actual land abandonment and farm extinction. No lesser authority than the New York State Department of Conservation some years ago estimated that more than three million acres once classed as farm land had quietly again slipped back into the forest from which it had been wrested with such incredible labor.

Our pioneering forebears of a century or two ago were a stout-hearted, land-hungry race who in their enthusiasm cleared, and after a fashion farmed, a great deal of land that ought always to have remained in forest. The passing years have shown how greatly they were mistaken. Most of our so-called land abandonment is a movement that is all to the good. Certainly we want the "family farm" but we do not want it if it is too small or steep or stony or infertile that it cannot afford a reasonably full life for its occupations.

In an era when strange economic doctrines and heresies are abroad in the world, the land-owning farmer is a priceless asset for an orderly society. Give a man a hundred or two acres of decent land that he may call his own and at once he becomes a stout pillar of the established order. It may well be that we farm folk are in a way a somewhat dour and stubborn breed. In U.S. there remains a hard core of some millions of men road to wealth but as a way of life. There is not convincing evidence that the "family farm" is on the way out. Rather, it will be a part of our civilization for all the foreseeable future.

The Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren B.A., B.D.

Jesus Emphasizes the Cost of Greatness
Mark 10:35-45

Memory Selection: Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. Mark 10:44.

When James and John asked for the chief places in the kingdom they were giving expression to the type of selfish ambition that the other ten disciples probably possessed. Hence they were displeased with James and John. Were these two trying to get ahead of them? Self-seeking with hidden carnal motives is often the result of false self-evaluation. Carnal displeasure always results from a discovery of maneuvering for place, because others are desirous of the same recognition.

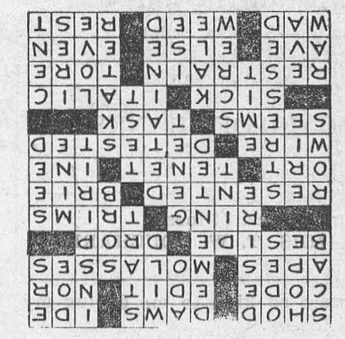
Jesus showed the disciples that the way of greatness is the way of service. It is the way of happiness, too. Olga Deterding, the twenty-eight-year-old daughter of a multi-millionaire oil king, stopped at Dr. Albert Schweitzer's mission station in Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa, when on a world tour. The plight of the lepers and the opportunity for service there caused her to give up sixty thousand dollars a year income, a villa with eleven servants, and a suite at the Ritz, to become a nurse at the colony. Dr. Magit, a visiting doctor from Beverly Hills, California, remarked, "She has that satisfied look which comes from an inner happiness and no regrets."

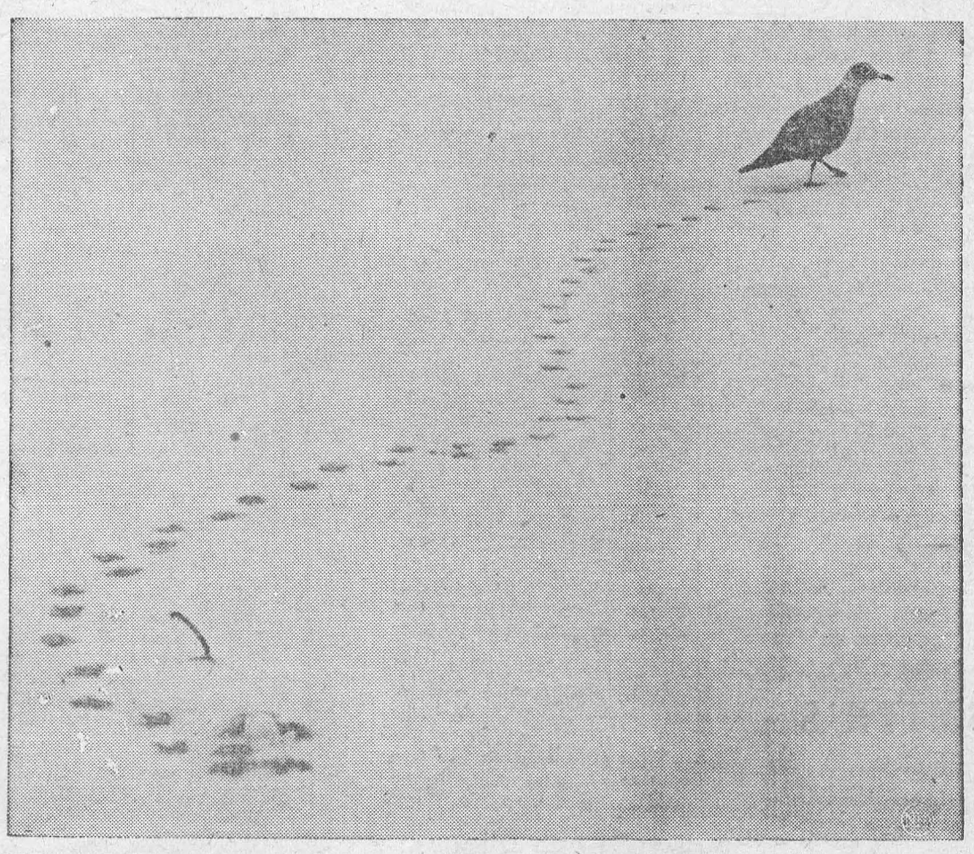
Noel Phillips, a 23-year-old masonry contractor of Lawton, Oklahoma, ran the following ad in the newspaper: "Man or boy 18 to 23 years old. Must have court record. Prefer man who is on parole. Bring paper and apply in person . . ." Mr. Phillips said when he was at the Englewood, Colorado, federal reformatory, he prayed on bended knees: "If I get out of here, I promise to help others like myself." The following day he was paroled. He has employed over 400 parolees or former convicts and has helped many more by finding them jobs elsewhere. He is finding happiness in serving others.

The greatness of the Master is best observed in His taking the towel at the Last Supper. The carnal Peter objects to Greatness stooping. Dr. C. H. Zahniser, writing in Arnold's Commentary speaking of the incident writes, "Someone has said, 'We are all fighting for the top in the church, but there are so few fighting for the towel'." How true!

Betty Elliott, who is working among the very people who killed her husband with four other missionaries, writes, "I have a stronger conviction than ever before that the things of this world are pretty paltry in comparison with doing the will of God."

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking





DOWN, BUT HE SEEMS HIGH—Grounded, this gull seems to be high as a kite as it staggers through the snow. May have imbibed some potent antifreeze.

Local and General

Starting Saturday January 17, a dance will be held in the Morrisburg Civic Auditorium every Saturday Nite Music will be supplied by Russ Hayes and his orchestra. Admission: Students 75cand Adults $1.00. Proceeds will go to the Community Centre.

The CWL of St. Mary's Church in Morrisburg will hold a Pre-Lenten Supper on Monday February 2, in the Public School Auditorium from 5.30 to 7.00 p.m. Tickets are $1.00.

Mrs Verna Hunter is a patient in the Brockville General Hospital recovering from an appendectomy.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Archie Cox of Morrisburg, on Tuesday January 13, 1958, a daughter.

Mrs. Ben Carr is reported to be feeling better after spending a restful period at Winchester Hospital where she is a patient.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Joe Shutte of Morrisburg, on Thursday, January 15, 1958, twins, a boy and a girl.

Miss Mary Anne Laurin spent last weekend in Cardinal with Miss Shirley Anne Canning.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Laurin of Ottawa were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Art Laurin.

BORN — On Saturday January 10, 1959, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cassel, of Morrisburg, a daughter.

The engagement is announced of Edna Barbara, youngest daughter of Mrs. Arnold Meyer and the late Mr. Myer of Morrisburg to John William Vincun, youngest son of Mrs. Albert Vincun and the late Mr. Vincun of London England. The marriage is to take place this month.

Mrs. Harold Canning and Mrs. Francis Serviss and family spent a day last week with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Laurin.

BORN — On Sunday Jan.11, 1959, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Black of Morrisburg a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Shaugnessy of Ingleside were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cheley, Maude St., on Tuesday.

Friends will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Thorald Donnelly is a patient in the Ottawa Civic Hospital.

ST. JAMES ANGLICAN CHURCH

Rev. L. C. Scott, C.D., D.D., Rector

Jan. 18, 2nd Sun. After Epiphany —
8 a.m. — Holy Communion.
10 a.m. — Children's Service.
11 a.m. — Choral Communion.
7 p.m. — Evensong.

Holy Trinity Memorial Church—
2.30 p.m. — Evensong and Sunday School.

ST. JOHN'S AND ST. PAUL'S EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH

2nd Sunday After Epiphany —

ST. PAULS —
11 a.m.— Sunday School.
10 a.m.—The Service.

ST. JOHN'S —
1.30 p.m. The Service and Sunday School.
4 p.m. — Brockville.

EVERYONE WELCOME

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA

10 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Divine Service.

ALL WELCOME

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank all those who so kindly remembered me in any way during my recent illness.

MRS. T. W. BOUCHARD.

My sincere appreciation to all those who were so kind to me during my recent illness.

MRS. LUKE MALLAN.

NOTICE

Pursuant to By-law No. 2848, the January Session of the Council of the Municipal Corporation of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry will be held in the Council Chambers, County Buildings, Cornwall, on Monday, the 19 day of January, A.D., 1959, at 2.00 o'clock p.m.

L. C. KENNEDY,
Counties' Clerk-Treasurer,
County Buildings,
Cornwall, Ontario.

2-3c.

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THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

NOTICE OF EXPROPRIATION BY THE HYDRO ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTA RIO of lands in the Township of Williamsburg, in the Village of Morrisburg, in the County of Dundas.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO under the St. Lawrence Development Act 1952 (No. 2), and all other powers there to it enabling has for its purposes TAKEN AND EXPROPRIATED in fee simple lands in Township of Williamsburg, in the Village of Morrisburg, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, more particularly described in Schedule "A" hereto and HAS DEPOSITED a plan and description of the said lands in the Registry Office for the Registry Division of the County of Dundas on the eighteenth day of December, 1958.

TO be used for the construction, maintenance and operation of the works to develop and utilize the power resources of the International Rapids Section of the St. Lawrence River.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that every person having any claim to compensation must file the same with the Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario at 620 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, within six months of the receipt of this notice, giving particulars of any claim that he may have in respect of this expropriation.

DATED at Toronto, this 7th day of January, 1959.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO.

E. B. EASSON, Secretary.

SCHEDULE "A"

ALL THOSE PORTIONS of Lot 1 on the East side of Church Street, Lot 1, on the West side of Church Street and Church Street, all in Block 5 as shown on Registered Plan No. 29, and part of Lot 30, Concession 1, of the Township of Williamsburgh, in the Village of Morrisburg, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, more particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the Southeast angle of said Lot 1 ,on the East side of Church Street;

THENCE North 30 degrees and 46 minutes West along the Eastern limit of Lot 1 aforesaid 20.00 feet;

THENCE South 60 degrees, 43 minutes and 30 seconds West 100.00 feet to the Western limit of said Lot 1;

THENCE North 30 degrees and 46 minutes West along said Western limit 1.00 feet;

THENCE South 60 degrees, 43 minutes and 30 seconds West 336.62 feet;

THENCE South 64 degrees, 57 minutes and 30 seconds West 270.37 feet;

THENCE North 77 degrees, 51 minutes and 30 seconds West 171.43 feet; more or less ,to the Eastern limit of the King's Highway as shown on the Deposited Plans Numbers 64 and 66;

THENCE South 33 degrees, 49 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Eastern limit 154.88 feet to the Northern limit of the lands of the Canadian National Railways;

THENCE North 60 degrees, 43 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Northern limit 823.05 feet more or less, to the point of commencement.

C. W. LLOYD(
Ontario Land Surveyor.

FOR SALE

XONE BURNER HOT PLATE, never used. Very reasonable.
MRS. EARL STIENBURG,
KI. 3-2970.
3c.

TO RENT

2 3-ROOM APARTMENTS. Available Immediately. Apply to
RUSELL BAKER,
R. R. 1, Morrisburg,
Tel. KI. 3-2315.
47tfc.

A 1-BEDROOM APARTMENT and a 2-Bedroom Apartment, available immediately.
KI 3-3106.
47tfc.

3 MOBILE HOMES. Furnished, rents reasonable, Also for sale: nearly new furniture and appliances.
Paul's TrailerSales and Park,
Morrisburg.
50tfc.

HOUSE with all modern conveniences In Williamsburg. Apply
FRED PINKUS,
Phone KI. 3-2759.
49tfc.

3 ROOM APARTMENT for rent. 3 piece bath. Heavy wiring, fitted for gas.
PHONE KI. 3-2009.
3c.

ROOMS available for immediate occupancy by three single persons. Board available if desired. Apply:
Mrs. Earl Stienburg,
KI. 3-2970.
3-4c.

MODERN 4 ROOM APARTMENT, newly decorated, Modern bathroom Rent reasonable to reliable couple.
BOX 473, Morrisburg.
3tfc.

Morrisbrug Arena Limited

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders of Morrisburg Arena Limited will be held at the office of the secretary, Morrisburg, on Wednesday, January 21st, 1959, at 8:00 p.m.

DATED January 13th, 1959.

G. WILLIAM GORREL,
Secretary.

3c.

WANTED

SECRETARY-TREASURER. Morrisburg Public School Board. Applicants are requested to apply in writing stating qualifications.

C. M. CROBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

3c.

WOOD FOR SALE

A QUANTITY OF DRY WOOD For for Sale. Price $5.00 to $5.50 per cord, delivered.

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WHAT ABOUT this word VALUE?

Is there any *real* meaning left in the word "value"? We think there is, and we know it's mighty important to the man about to buy a new car!

There are plenty of good automobiles in showrooms across Canada. They give you a lot of car at a reasonable price. But for *value* to have *real* meaning for you when you're ready to buy . . . you've got to get the *most* car at the *lowest* possible price! And we honestly think that qualifies Dodge as the *value car of the year!*

Here's why we think Dodge gives you the *most* car for its low price! In style, Dodge has started a trend you see in some form on practically every new car on the street. It must have something! In convenience and comfort features and in bright new driving ideas, Dodge offers you: push-button drive, swivel seats, push-button heat control, Torsion-*AIRE* Ride, Total-Contact brakes, to name *only* five!

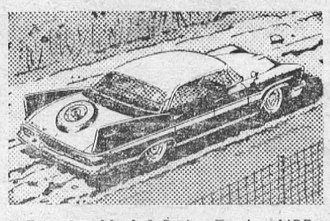
Let's talk about performance! Only Dodge offers you engines with the advanced design features of either the all-new 220-horsepower V-8 or the marvellous, money-saving Six, newly improved for '59. That means the *most* in performance and economy benefits to you! And as a final measure of *real value*, let's not forget the exclusive Dodge extras that cost you not a penny more: independent parking brake, Safety-Rim wheels, Oriflow shock absorbers, and famous Dodge dependability.

Add it up! And you'll know that this is the kind of *value* that has real meaning to you. Because Dodge represents the value that gives you the *most* car . . . most style, comfort, convenience, new ideas, riding benefits, performance, exclusives . . . at the lowest possible price! But see for yourself! Come in today . . . and *value*-judge a '59 Dodge out on the open road!

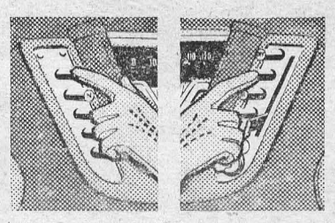




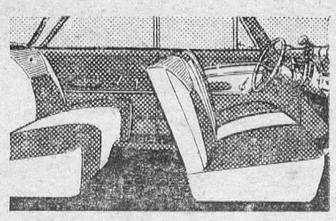
Easy to get into, easy to get out of! New Dodge Swivel Seats swing out to meet you at the touch of a lever, lock automatically in driving position!



Easy to ride in! Dodge Torsion-AIRE Ride is the miraculous cushion that seems to level the ruts in the roughest road, eases you around tight corners, smooths every stop and start your Dodge makes!



Easy to drive, easy to heat! Dodge push-button drive and push-button heating make operation strictly a one-finger affair. Click—you shift gears! Click—you change in-the-car climate! It's the easiest way to go today!



Easy to look at! Inside and out, your new Dodge is styled to reflect your own taste for the dramatically new! Rich interior appointments complement the splendour of new Dodge Viscount styling!

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