The Morrisburg Leader

LXXXVI, NO. 1. MORRISBURG, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1948. $2.00 PER YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 5c

New Fixtures At Bank of Montreal

The Bank of Montreal has just installed in its Morrisburg branch the new counters and furnishings which have been planned for some months past.

The new counters, as The Leader learned on an inspection trip to the branch this week are of oak construction, in keeping with the other interior fixtures; have marboleum tops and specially designed cash drawers for two tellers. These new-type cash drawers are designed to save wasted motions on the part of the tellers, and will enable them to serve a greater number of customers in less time than with the old lay-out.

Gone are the high steel mesh teller's cages, the partitions between the offices being of double of sheets of frosted glass.

Recently the branch installed new lighting fixtures, and with a new interior decoration scheme will complete the renovation, giving Morrisburg one of the most modern small branches in the country.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT

St. Paul's Lutheran Sunday School held their Christmas service Sunday evening. The choir with about 40 children entered the church singing "Joy to the World", after the Gloria Patri, and Prayer, the children's service followed with a solo by a primary pupil, Carol Ann Cancilla, "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful".

"Christmas Symbols" was presented by the primary class, closing the sketch by all singing "Away in a Manger". Carol Ann sang again very sweetly "O Little Town of Bethlehem", which was followed by an exercise by the Junior Group "Christmas Star".

A pantomine by five girls "Come Hither, Ye Faithful" was presented under the supervision of Mrs. Howald, with Miss Lillian Casselman as reader. The Pastor spoke briefly to the congregation regarding the age-old story of the "Bethlehem Scene". This pageant was composed of ten newly confirmed boys and girls and the Junior Bible Class. Miss Flossie Schell, as Mary, sang, "All Through the Night" while the three Wise Men assisted by Mr. G. Casselman sang "We Three Kings of Orient Are". The scene closed with the singing of "Silent Night" by Agnes and Emma Casselman, accompanied by Richard Casselman on his trumpet. This pageant was very capably presented under the leadership of the Pastor.

The lighting was very effectively handled by Robert Howald and Fraser Schell. The service closed with the Lord's Prayer and Benediction. The Superintendent of the Sunday School then distributed bags of candy and gifts to the children.

Arnold and Garnet Lawlor are spending a few days in Montreal with their grandmother, Mrs. Lawlor.

Richard and Carol Wilkins of Brockville spent a couple of days this week with relatives in town.

Winchester Lad Accidentally Shot

Vanamber Morris, 14 year old high school student and son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Morris, of Maple Ridge, was killed almost instantly on Saturday afternoon about 2.30 when a bullet from a 22 calibre rifle with which he was target shooting entered his head and lodged in his brain.

The accident occurred on the farm of young Morris' grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson at Toyes Hill while Vanamber and his brother Joseph were shooting in the farmyard.

According to Joseph Morris and the dead boy's two uncles, Charles and Warren Jackson, who were working nearby, the lad was resting the barrel of the rifle on the fender of a parked automobile while taking aim at the target. In some manner he slipped and as he fell the muzzle of the rifle went into his mouth, the weapon discharging and sending the bullet upwards into the boy's brain. He died less than 15 minutes later and before medical aid arrived.

Coroner Dr. C. R. Marcellus, of Iroquois, viewed the body and after learning the details of the mishap, decided that an inquest would not be necessary. Provincial Constable Earl Wellesley of Morrisburg, investigated.

Vanamber Morris was popular with numerous young friends in this area who were shocked at the news of his tragic death. He attended Winchester High School where he was in his first year and was considered as one of the brightest pupils by his teacher.

Surviving in addition to his parents, grandparents and uncles, is his brother, Joseph, and one sister, Evangeline Morris.

The funeral was held from the family home on Tuesday to Wesleyan Methodist Church where the service will be conducted at 2 p.m. Interment will take place at Maple Ridge cemetery.

RATCLIFFE—MARTIN

A double ring candle lighted ceremony took place at 2.30 p.m. on Saturady, December 27, at Moulinette United Church, when Rev. Howard Hamilton joined in matrimony Marion E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Martin of Mille Roches, and Edward B. Ratcliffe, son of Mrs. E. Ratcliffe and the late Mr. Ratcliffe of Hamilton. The wedding music was played by Mrs. Wingard, of Moulinette and a wedding hymn sung by Miss Betty McIntosh, Toronto.

The bride, given in marriage by her father wore a gown of white brocaded nylon with pointed sleeves, the full skirt fashioned in bustle effect. Her fingertip veil was edged with lace and she carried a white cascade bouquet of mums and ivy.

Mrs. Ruth A. Cochrane, of Toronto matron of honor, wore a gown of rose colored taffeta with a halo head dress of the same color and carried a muff of mums trimmed with feathers.

Miss Keitha Hadley, Toronto, and Miss Bettina Ratcliffe, sister of the groom, bridesmaids, were gowned in green. The attendants' gowns were fashioned alike with ruffled neckline short sleeves with long loves of self-material and full skirts.

Duncan Fraser of Montreal was best man and the ushers were Grove Glough, Kingston and Charles Campbell, Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. Martin, mother of the bride, wore a street length dress of printed grey crepe with black accessories and a corsage of red roses. Mrs. Ratcliffe, mother of the groom, chose a street length dress of fuschia crepe, black accessories and a corsage of white roses.

A reception was held in the United Church hall decorated in Christmas colors. Evergreen and poinsettias were used in the church and evergreen and red carnations in the hall. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe left by motor on a wedding trip. They will reside in Bartonville, Hamilton.

Miss Evelyn Crober Bride of Thomas R. Graham

At the home of the bride's parents which was decorated with holly and seasonal flowers, the wedding took place late Saturday afternoon of Evelyn Frances Crober, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthew Crober of Morrisburg, and Thomas Richardson Graham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert William Graham of Morrisburg. Rev. Herbert P. Maitland performed the ceremony.

The bride, who was attended by Miss Irene Mullin of Morrisburg, as bridesmaid, wore a nutmeg brown suit, cut on tailored lines. Her accessories were dark brown and she carried a colonial nosegay of Johanna Hill roses, Talisman roses and stevia.

Mr. Thomas Harvey of Toronto was best man.

Following a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham left on a wedding trip to Ottawa and Montreal.

They will reside in Toronto.

Williamsburg Council

The Council met December 15 with all the members present.

A by-law adopting the 1948 assessment roll as revised by Court of Revision was passed, signed and sealed. A resolution asking the Dept. of Highways of Ontario for the fifty per cent subsidy on snow plow and truck, amounting to $5,584.21, was passed.

Orders and accounts paid were: County rates $24,066.57, pub. schools $19,652.82, roads $1835.35, salaries $1095.77, postage, printing, advt. etc. $178.22, indigents $155.25, relief $81.96.

The council then adjourned and will meet on January 5th, 1947 at one o'clock in the I.O.O.F. Hall in Williamsburg.

LYLE O'SHAUGHNESSY,
Clerk-Treasurer.

Kraft Canadians Win First Two Games

The Morrisburg Kraft Canadians opened up their schedule with a bang on Friday nite when they took an easy win over Prescott in the local arena. The boys from the Fort Town didn't prove to be much opposition to the locals and consequently came out on the wrong end of a 7-1 score. The play was very fast in the first period, dragged in the second and got better again in the third. Whitney, in the Prescott nets, saved his team from having a much higher score against them as time and again he robbed the local boys of what looked like sure counters, Perrington, in the Canadians' goal, robbed himself of a shut out when he deflected a shot by Lockhart into the net. With two minutes to go in the first period, the Prescott goalie got a bad cut over the right eye and the period was called while he was patched up. He came back and played the second period, but had to have five clips put in to close the cut at the end of the second. Goals were as follows: Casselman (W. Stitt and Deeks); W. Stitt (Casselman, B. Stitt) Casselman (W. Stitt, Deeks); W. Stitt (Casselman); Lockhart; W. Stitt (B. Stitt, Casselman); Smith (Lynch, Dillabough); B. Stitt (W. Stitt).

On Monday night the locals journeyed to Prescott where the played the Brockville Juniors, supposed to be the dark horse team in the league, and defeated them by a 6—1 count. The game was not quite as one-sided as it might sound. Play was fast and furious throughout with Morrisburg collecting the majority of penalties as well as the greater number of goals. Morrisburg got the first counter at 6 minutes of the first period on a lovely play by Wes and Bruce Stitt, when the locals were playing a man short, and from then on ther ewas no stopping them. The Canadians swarmed all over the Brockville Club, and very often were stopped only by McIntosh in the opponents' nets. Brockville smartened up in the second period and no goals were scored by either club. Perrington, in the Morrisburg net, was called on to kick out several hot ones in the second and third periods and at the close of the third, Deeks of Morrisburg and Timleck of Brockville tangled in what turned out to be a bit of a free for all scrap. Following is a list of the scorers: First period, W. Stitt (B. Stitt); Casselman (B. Stitt, W. Stitt); Casselman (Devine); Cunningham. Second period, no score. Third period, Casselman (B. Stitt); Dillabough (Lynch); Casselman, (W. Stitt).

The whole Morrisburg team played a lovely brand of hockey that will carry them through the season, we would say, on top of their league. Morrisburg has a good fighting team this year and they need and deserve your support. Morrisburg has always been a good hockey town and now they have the team to prove it. On Friday night of this week they play Brockville back here in the local arena. This encounter promises to be a good one. Brockville has a good team and will be anxious to save their name with a win. Morrisburg players, however, after their fine start, will be loath to lose. If you like good fast hockey be on hand on Friday night and we're sure you will see a good team in action in a fine exhibition of hockey.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

CREDITORS of LUKE MALLAN, late of Morrisburg, Mariner, who died on the 10th day of October, 1947, are required to file their claims with the undersigned befose the 15th day of January 1948, after which date the assets of the estate will be distributed having regard only to the claims so filed.
DATED at Morrisburg, the 15th day of December, 1947.

ARTHUR FLYNN,
Solicitor for Mary Mallan,
Executrix.

51-2-1|48c.

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A VERY HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR
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To all our Good Friends and Customers we extend the time-enduring wish of a Good Old-Fashioned Canadian
Merry Christmas
—and a—
Happy & Prosperous New Year
WEEGAR'S
MORRISBURG, ONT. PHONE 75

Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON • COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XX: The two riders find the body of a 19-year-old boy suspended on a cross. Juanita starts out on the trail of the killer's horse. Michael comes across a wagon of three westerners, headed for Deep Water Valley.

Chapter XXI

Settlers! Probably about to get their first glimpse of the valley by moonlight, and so anxious to get to their promised land that they had not waited until daylight, but were traveling on by night. And bitterness against the fate he knew they were facing swept over the tall man beside the tree. He could read their futures for them—tell them tales of other families which had come to this Deep Water Valley in hope that Don Attero's peace and plenty was still to be had.

"Coming straight to the haunt of Satan," gritted Valdez. "And they don't know it."

He mounted, ready to be on his way. But the woman, or girl, was singing alone now—a song so appealing to his Celtic-Latin soul, so full of peace and the contentment she hoped to find, that it loosened Valdez's gloved hands on the reins.

Why he looked down into the valley at that moment he did not know. But t what his startled eyes saw there, an instantaneous decision was ade. He would—he must—tell these hopefuls the truth about what they were riding into now!

* * *

For below, far to the south, a pillar of flame and smoke had shot suddenly up toward the night sky—one that told Michael Valdez a plain story. In a moment h saw that the blazing structure ing shed—and t that all the murder he had

he blue roan ne night. He t bend in the trail e wagon made it, run the t always attended El Caballero Rojo's every contact with other human beings. Bu he must see these people. He would say what he mu t say to them, and let the newly arriving settlers make their own choice as to whether they would remain here or not.

Right around the bend in the Mission Ridge trail stood a wagon drawn by a double team of horses. The agon was piled high with farm tools and household goods. The young woman who sat on the front seat was worried. Her hopeful song of a moment before was n forgotten. She sat like one who had expected a caress, and instead had been given a harsh slap.

* * *

El Caballero Rojo saw the trouble at once, from his unseen distance. A lame horse! That was a calamity, for not yet had they even entered Deep Water Valley.

The man who sat beside the girl puffed on quietly. His hands were clasped over his knees.

Another man was out of the wagon, at the head of the left lead-horse. He had lifted the horse's hoof and was struggling to get it between his knees and into the moon's rays. Success brought an exclamation of relief, a laugh of thankfulness.

"Told you!" he cried. "Only a stone wedged in beside the frog. I'll have it cut in a minute."

The animal jerked its foot free. The man jumped side, narrowly escaping an angry lash of the steel-shod hoof. But without hesitation or any sign of wrath he tried again to lift the animal's hoof.

"You get own there and help Chet, Clark Weber!" Ellen Maxon said sharply to the man beside her.

Clark Weber, the man who had led this little expedition into Deep Water Valley country, from far to the east, looked at her and scowled.

"He can manage alone," he grumbled. "W , it's—there you go! He's got the stone out."

Chet Maxon climbed back to his seat and the wagon moved on. Ellen and her brother exchanged rueful glances, but they said nothing. After all, had it not been for Weber's ambition and his persuasiveness, they would not be heading into this homestead valley, and they were much too contented with the prospect to bother about how Weber behaved.

Clark Weber was a heavy-eyed man, sharp-nosed, loose-mouthed. He slouched in the seat, staring straight ahead, as if famished for a sight of the promised land, even by moonlig . When the wagon was partly around he bend, he snatched at the reins in Chet Maxon's hands, stopped the team and hungrily gazed down the bit of valley that was visible.

"There it is!" he breathed. "The place to plant an acorn and watch an oak grow!" He touched Ellen's hand. "A small beginning — but fast, steady growth. In time I hope to own the whole valley! That man, Russ Bartle, who sold us our piece of land, is a fool to sell any of Deep Water Valley. If I owned all he does out here, I know I wouldn't sell a foot of it. With such soil and climate there's a fortune in the tobacco alone."

The blue eyes of the girl—the eyes of a day-dreamer — were trained ahead

"Fortune?" she said musingly. "Who cares about that? If we find peace here, and enough to eat, I'll be satisfied."

"Same he e," her brother promptly agreed. He glanced at Weber. "Clark, why are you always thinking about fortunes, and a kind of a kingdom of your own? Three times you've staked everything you had on try to double your money — and lost it all. When we started for Deep Water Valley you said you were cured."

* * *

"Ambition runs in my family, I guess," snapped Weber, moving restlessly. "Anyhow, all I expect to do here will be done for Ellen's sake, and . . . Well, let's get on. I'm anxious to see how the house looks — whether it's anything like Bartle's description of it or not."

A hundred feet of trail went under the wheels. Then three faces changed, three bodies stiffened, and three pairs of wide eyes were on the d sky ahead where sparks shot up from a blazing pile.

Even as they stared at that unexpected sight down below them, from the distance they heard the hall muffled bark of a gun. And then, the next moment, they faced a greater shock.

Where the apparition that confronted them had come form, or how, none of them knew. But sudden as death he was at the head of the team—a man so glitteringly attired like a conquistador of old that Weber and the two Maxons blinked unbelievingly.

"Great glory!" Weber squeezed out wheezingly. "That's that El Caballero Rojo I've heard tell about as sure as you're alive!"

Even back in his Eastern home he had heard of El Caballero Rojo. He had heard more in the saloon back in the town of Gold Creek while Ellen and her brother had been struggling to load the wagon, and he had listened avidly. Instantly now his nimble brain was recalling how he had been told that the red-headed, gaudily bedecked Caballero was worth a small fortune, dead or alive.

* * *

The man in the conch a-trimmed hat that hid most of his features walked his mount beside the horses and stopped so close to the trembling girl that he could have touched her hand.

"Settler?" he asked, his voice surprisingly soft. "Moving into Deep Water Valley?"

"Y-yes," the girl quavered.

He looked at her pityingly. "Change your mind, senorita," he advised, his tone low and insistent. "I know it will hurt for you to give up your plans, but if you stay here you will get hurt much more."

Ellen Maxon had expected the scarlet-masked man to behave like the road agents she had heard about. Gun out. A harsh order: "Hands up! Shell out!" But this man seemed only to want to help them, to advise them about something of which they did not know. And there was a gentleness in his voice that eased her fear.

"Around this bend is Don Attero's Cross," he said. "A man is nailed to it—as a warning. That fire below is another warning that farmers are not wanted here. The cowmen are getting restless because so many outsiders are coming into their valley. There's trouble here, senorita. Plenty!"

"But we couldn't turn back now!" Ellen Maxon cried. "We'd lose—"

"You'll lose your lives, maybe, if you stay!"

(To be Continued)

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

John 20:30-31; Acts 16:11-15; I John 5:1-5.

Golden Text—Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and everyone that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.—I John 5:1.

It is frequently said, "It doesn't matter what one believes as long as he is sincere about it." This is a grave error and would be laughed out of court in any field except religion. For example; the man was quite sincere when he swallowed arsenic thinking it was baking soda. He died in spite of his sincerity.

John points out that the miracles were signs recorded that "ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." In this scientific age some have difficulty in believing miracles. But these are not stumbling blocks to faith if we remember that the fact that Jesus walked on the sea, fed a multitude with a lad's lunch, healed the sick and raised the dead are not the deeds of a mere man but evidences that the man Jesus was the Son of God. Believe in Him and receive life and you will have no difficulty believing the record of His miracles.

* * *

Good beliefs are not sufficient. Paul exhorts Timothy, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee?" Doctrine is only effective as it is translated into experiences. When we are born of God, we love Him and keep His commandments. We also love the children of God.

He that is born of God overcometh the world. The Christian life is not one of defeat. By faith he is victorious. He has no occasion for worry for he knows that in everything God is working for his good. Financially, he has the promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." If you would have satisfaction, poise, calm when all is stormy about you, victory both within and without, believe on Jesus Christ, the Son of God and experience the new birth. It will help you in every way.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Handwriting Identification

As I sit in the theatre watching a Hollywood murder mystery I cannot help but smile at the melodrama which takes place with the young hero tracking down hoodlums and gangsters single-handed, or perhaps I should add with the assistance of his lady love. The detectives involved in the picture are apparently baffled and are not clever enough to apprehend the crooks and are consequently helpless to do anything until our hero, after discovering numerous clues eventually corners the culprits which he gives over to the police. This is done only after a wild chase, an exhibition of gunplay or possibly a fist fight to finish out a rousing good thriller. It is positively amazing the police accomplishments these movie heroes are able to attain without the assistance of criminal technicians.

As a matter of fact, in every day life the detective is a particularly clever person, well-trained in his job of crime detection, so much so in fact, that he does not hesitate to call upon the criminal experts for advice and special technical work in following up clues which may be the means of "cracking" a puzzling crime.

In many criminal cases, the handwriting identification expert makes complete evidence after checking all questions involving forged cheques, altered documents, age of ink, identification of written documents, the validity of suicide notes, love letters, and other written evidence which may be necesary in court to prove innocence or guilt of the person or persons on trial.

Handwriting identification experts, chemists, finger-print experts, ballistics examiners, and other well-trained personnel, each experienced in their profesion, make up the staff of the modern police force. Without the assistance of these specialists the work of bringing criminals to justice would be very difficult.

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box B room 421, 73 Adelaide St West, Toronto There is no charge for this service



Time—The Great Healer—Three years have passed since terror-stricken Suzanne Oliphant, young survivor of a flying bomb blast in London, sobbed miserably in the arms of her rescuer, air raid warden Florence Kelly, as pictured at left. Time has erased the tragic fear from their faces, permitting them to smile happily when (right) they were reunited at the recent wedding of Miss Kelly to a former infantryman.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Long Engagements Are Hard On Both

A MOTHER ASKS my opinion about her daughter's being engaged. The young man is entirely



acceptable, but four years of college stare him in the face before he can hope to start upon his career. Like most arden lads, he has asked her to wait for him. What, her mother asks me, shall she say?

The girl should say no. If she consents, she will feel duty bound to play fair. She'll not feel it proper to date other young men. She will become absorbed in her dreams of the future and she'll neglect her friends, spend her leisure hours in building air-castles. She will cut herself off from many activities she has been part of, pouring out all her energies and emotions in love-letters and as frequent meetings as the two can arrange.

She is apt to become a very dull number indeed. And in the process of becoming dull, she may grow less interesting to her fiance, too

● PLAY SAFE

These are the years that present her best opportunities for meeting other men and making friends in general. She is 19. *She should be dating more than one lad, having fun, enlarging er social interests and responsibilities. If she is through school, she should be getting some business experience to help her understand the male point of view and give her a practical idea of handling her own money. It will provide a discipline which most girls of her age can very well use, and it will help teach her how to get along with people of different temperaments. Perhaps she'll be energetic enough to take a course in one of the arts, or sciences, or world affairs, too. That will keep her well-balanced and interesting, and develop her personality and character.*

Entering into a four-year engagement is a strain on both people. Either may fall out of love with the other, for several reasons. If an engagement exists, it is apt to be too confining, for the very vows they exchange can become irksome.

Better to stay free—to learn to know each other better through letters and occasional meeting. To cultivate the best in both, study the other's temperaments, get acquainted with innate prejudices and preferences, learn how to compromise pleasanty. They are free to stay in love—or not. It is better so. There are excepions, of course. But young minds are at once so stern and so impulsive that both are best left free to change them if they want to, with no regrets.

* * *

Stay in love, but don't bind yourself to a long engagement. Anne Hirst's counsel will help. Write her at Box A, Room 421, 73 *Adelaide St. West., Toronto.*

● BRIEF ANSWERS

To "PUZZLED G.": When a boy doesn't date you over the weekend, you can be pretty sure you aren't important to him. Stop letting this lad drive you home, and refuse any week-day date he asks for. That should wake him up.

* * *

XXF

TO "WORRIED": If you are not engaged to the Navy lad, I don't understand why your mother won't let you date other boys. Explain to her that you don't care for him anyhow, and you miss the fun your friends are having. I think she'll understand.

* * *

XXD

TO "PUZZLED READER": You are right. Such a note could only be in the worst possible taste. If the girl wants to meet this boy, let her tell a mutual friend.

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Wonderful news! New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast is here—ready to give you perfect risings, delicious breads in super-speedy time. No need to keep it in the icebox—New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast stays fresh in your cupboard for weeks. Always there—ready for work when you need it. Just dissolve according to directions. Then use as fresh yeast. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—order a month's supply of New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast from your grocer. Once you try it—you'll always use it.





Early in 1948 pure aluminum foil, made in Canada, will be for sale in 10-inch widths in Canadian stores. Its uses are manv and varied. Paint brushes can be cleaned and wrapped in the airtight foil to keep them soft anl flexible; for lunches or picnics it keeps sandwiches fresh and soft drinks cool. Packaging is easy, as no string or fasteners are needed.

Blooms Indoors the Year Round

There is a way, I have found, to have beauty in my kitchen and living rooms the whole year through, writes G.A.S. in the Christian Science Monitor.

Autumn leaves and late fall flowers, carry me well through October. By November the small rootlings of myrtle and late petunias from the garden have grown and are blooming.

December is taken care of with outdoor greenage of cedar and evergreens. Also the pepper plants I started last spring are really thriving and add a touch of gaiety as the holidays draw near. At Christmas an additional bit of glamour is given by the annual poinsettia from the green-house.

New slips from my old fuschia and geraniums should be blooming in January and February and these are backed up by the colorful begonias.

In March I start forcing beauty for my rooms. Branches from the trimming of the cherry and apple trees are brought in, placed in water in large, open-mouthed jars and given a good strong light each day. We watch the wonderful transformation and soon the branches are a bower of fragrant bloom. Spring has been brought indoors a few weeks ahead of time.

* * *

When the honeysuckle vines are trimmed in the early spring, I carefully save each branch and force them in a sunny window for early beauty indoors. We have been thrilled to have our rooms filled with the scent of honeysuckle weeks before the bushes were more than turning green outside. The dark green foliage of the honeysuckle keeps well for weeks indoors and is a delightful floral piece when combined with roses or columbine.

From here on the summer garden flowers and roses supply all our floral needs and they are gorgeous and beautiful throughout the warm summer months.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

It may have been coincidence or it may be that the Federal Government has a perverted sense of humour, anyway a few weeks before Christmas there was a great amount of registered mail awaiting farmers at the various post offices throughout this county.

It would be interesting to know how many farmers—or their wives—made a special trip down town to pick up this unexpected registered mail—and after they had signed for it, and after it had been handed through the wicket, what did they find? Income Tax papers, no less! Oh, brother! Think of the headaches they would bring!

All in the middle of Christmas preparations; slap-bang at turkey and goose picking time, and when everyone was olmost too tired to think straight—along comes that reminder from the Government that when the poultry is ready for market they want a share of the picking.

But that isn't the worst headache. The real trouble lies in the fact that so few farmers keep any books at all—more's the pity. And just to look at those income tax forms gets most of us bewildered. And to have to deal with them when we are tired . . .

* * *

Of course we have ourselves to blame—but why? Because for so many years farmers couldn't even make ends meet so that income tax, they felt, was one thing that did not concern them at all. The government knew this and left them to sink or swim according to their ability. But during the war, and for some time after it, farmers were doing better; they were able to catch up on their debts and to enjoy some of the privileges customary to their city cousins. During the war the government let well alone—it was more concerned in keeping the farms producing than in collecting income tax. But now it's a different story. The Department of National Revenue knows there are some farmers who should be paying income tax and it is out to get them. So they throw out a dragnet, as it were, but when they haul it in the little fish have no trouble at all in slipping through. But the big fish—they are really caught! Only sometimes it turns out that the fish that look so big have really very little meat on them after all. Just a big frame and that's about all.

* * *

Well, if the farmer wants to prove he is not a big fish the only way he can do it is by his own showing of income and expenditure. Of course it is too late now to catch up on 1946 records and be really accurate, but there is another year coming and in a few months returns should be made for 1947. Why not see to it at the proper time? For 1947 that, too, may be largely guesswork unless there are records to go by, but this is the beginning of another year and it is not too late to make a real effort towards keeping accounts for 1948. That is one new year's resolution we should make—and keep.

* * *

The Department of Agriculture, most of the banks, and the Hydro Electric Commission all have little booklets published, free for the asking, and, if followed, give a clear and concise picture of farm finances. They are not intended for day by day bookkeeping but rather for monthly summaries and deal only with expenditure that is allowable on income tax returns. Of course to be able to make these summaries, daily or weekly accounts are also necessary—and for that purpose the little black notebook that so many farmers carry around in their insde pocket does very well! Fifty cents worth of black wire or a bottle of medicine for a sick cow doesn't amount to much at the time but such items added up over a twelve-month period can make all the difference on the expense side of a farm account book. And yet how often they are forgotten.

* * *

One person should be responsible for summarising accounts but everyone who does any shopping should know what he or she spent insofar as farm expenditure is concerned, otherwise how can any record be preperly kept?

But remember, sisters, this doesn't apply to what we womenfolk spend on the house, the table or on clothing! The government isn't the least concerned with our personal expenses. But remember this also — all such expenditure must come from net income — that is what is left from farm income after expenditure is deducted. And since a married man is allowed only $1200 untaxable income it doesn't leave much marg'n in which to play around.

TABLE TALKS

Two New Breads

Orange Honey Bread

2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup honey*
1 egg
2 cups sifted enriched flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
¾ cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 cup rolled oats (quick or regular, uncooked)
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
⅓ cup chopped nutmeats
⅔ cup seedless raisins

Cream shortening; gradually add honey, creaming thoroughly. Add egg and beat until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, salt and soda and add to creamed mixtured alternately with the milk. Add rolled oats, grated orange rind, chopped nutmeats and seedless raisins, stirring only enough to combine. Bake in a greased paper lined bread pan (4½ x 8½ inches) in a moderate oven. Cool thoroughly before slicing.

*Corn syrup may be substituted for the honey.

Chicken Corn Bread

2 tablespoons chicken fat or other fat
1 to 2 cups diced cooked chicken or turkey*
¾ cup corn meal
1¼ cups sifted enriched flour
¼ cup sugar (optional)
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 beaten egg
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon minced parsley
¼ cup melted fat

Melt the two tablespoons fat in a 7 x 11 inch baking pan. Spread chicken evenly over the bottom of this pan. Sift ingredients into bowl. Add egg, milk parsley, stirring lightly; fold in the ¼ cup melted fat. Pour batter over chicken, spreading evenly. Bake in a hot oven (425 dg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Invert on platter. Garnish with parsley and pimiento. Serve immediately with chicken or giblet gravy.

*Tuna fish, salmon or canned luncheon meat may be used. Serve with seasoned cream sauce.

Rubber Gloves

After you have worn rubber gloves doing various household chores your hands may swell or perspire from the exercise. The gloves are then often hard to roll off.

A quick, simple way to loosen one without damaging the rubber in any way is to hold the hand under the cold water faucet and let the water run under the glove cuff into the palm of the hand. This immediately shrinks the hands and loosens the glove.

It is then easy to turn back over the hand and slip off. Once removed, hold the glove up to drain the water out. But it is better to wait until it is dry to turn the glove back to its normal shape.

As You Wish

Fastidious Customer: "But I always like to see my bacon lean."
Assistant: "Certainly, madam. Backwards or forwards?"

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

We have never been told that we are greedy—just that we like a lot. Well, I'm awfully sorry if I'm greedy. Especially when I run into something like this: A small boy we know, of about 8 years, found a brand new pair of skates under his Christmas tree. He was so happy he almost bawled. He wanted those skates in the worst way, but he didn't believe there was a chance in the world of getting them. His family were very, very poor—that was the reason he didn't hope to have a new pair of skates. The day after Christmas he went down to the local pond with a gang of kids. One of the group was struggling along with an old broken hockey stick. He had no skates. When questioned about it, he admitted that his folks had no money for such things for him. Well, the first poor boy put on the new skates; he flew around the ice three or four times, then went and took them off. He handed them to the second poor boy whose eyes nearly bulged out of his head. "What's the idea?", he asked. The first boy turned his back, and biting his lip to hold back the tears and trying to swallow the lump in his throat, he replied, "Aw, I hate skatin' ". And off home he went.



And a fathead like me has the gall to complain because the oranges in my stockng were not as large as last year's.

Now Ain't That Ducky?

It was with a great deal of astonishment that we read recently that the Liquor Control Board was arranging to have their numerous outlets remain open evenings for the Christmas and New Year's holidays.

So again we say, now ain't that just too ducky for words? I wonder how many of those holiday deaths could be traced to drunken drivers? We'll probably never know. But this very minute many people are suffering the tortures of having loved ones suddenly taken from them, and many of them in the cruelest manner. If only we could say what we felt like saying, there wouldn't be a politician in Canada that wouldn't be suffering from scorched ears.

The New Year

Last year I decided not to make any new resolutions and, as a result, I didn't break any. It's to be the same thing this year. However we have plans that we hope to carry out. For example: Some time ago we told you of a surprise we had for you. We still have, and hope to see the little plan go through very shortly.

We would also like to extend a personal invitation (by this medium) to each and everyone of you, who read this column, to write a newsy letter to Teen-Town Topics. Now the idea is simply this: We feel that there are a lot of interesting things happening to you and around you that would make interesting reading. If you happen to have a correspondent for this column in your town, you could pass along a few leads to him or her; but there are many towns where this column appears that have no T.T.T. reporters. We are anxious to hear from you and hope that you will favour us with a letter about some newsy event in your locality.

Our sincere and most grateful thanks to the many kind friends who sent cards at Christmas. They were swell. Oh yes, and a great big thanks to the friend who gave us two dozen peppermint candy canes. Some we ate, some we used to decorate the tree and some we broke—when we pulled the tree over trying to plug in the lights. Quiet please! We know what you are thinking. Once again—thanks a million, everyone.

Keep Poinsettias For Next Christmas

Christmas poinsettias may be saved after the "flowers" have died and, with a little care, will bloom the following Winter. The withered "flowers" are cut off and the amount of water reduced. From the first of February until May the plants are not watered.

In May, when the weather is settled and all danger of frost is past, the poinsettias are pruned back hard and repotted in a mixture of loamy soil, sand and a very little bonemeal, and placed in a shady place for the summer. They are pruned again before the first of August, if too much growth is made.

The cuttings, too, may be planted, as they often root easily if kept moist and will make blooming-size plants in a short time.

Add a little salt to the first water in which spinach is washed. It will not have to be washed nearly so many times.

MOST MOTHERS DO THIS

If Baby Has A Cold





AT BEDTIME rub throat, chest, back with VapoRub. Relief-bringing action starts right away...

WORKS FOR HOURS while child sleeps. Often by morning most distress of the cold is eased.

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of children's colds is comforting Vicks VapoRub. Even while you rub it on, VapoRub starts to work to ease distress...and it keeps on working during the night. No wonder most mothers do this when a cold strikes. Tonight, try VICKS VAPORUB

WHEN VISITING TORONTO MAKE YOUR HOME AT THE

WARWICK HOTEL

Every room with bath, shower and radio.

CENTRAL — Rates from $2.00 single. Permanent guests invited. Excellent Cuisine. — MODERN

Cor. Jarvis and Dundas Sts. — 169 Dundas St. E.

For constant Smoking Pleasure

Roll your own with

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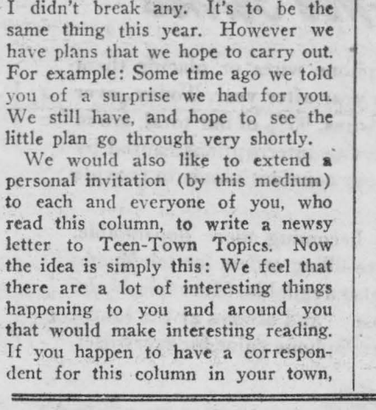


ALSO AVAILABLE IN ½ POUND TINS

Governor

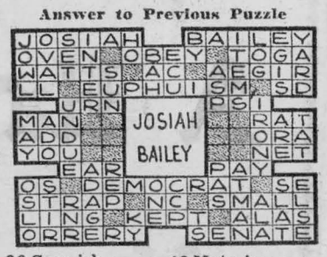
HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured U. S. governor,
11 Worries
12 Oleum (ab.)
13 Disrobed
15 Competent
16 Drag
18 Dread
19 Pastry
20 Swamp
22 Theatrical sign (ab.)
23 Whirlwind
24 Father
25 Upward
27 Epistle (ab.)
28 Czars
30 Erects
32 Seine
33 Obtained
34 Pursuit
36 Foe
39 Sun god
40 Senior (ab.)
41 Bone
42 Id est (ab.)
43 Employ
45 Abrupt
50 Feminine undergarment
51 Ado
53 English street car
54 Rip
55 Wading bird
57 Part of "be"
58 Pulls
59 He is governor of ——— ———

VERTICAL

1 Hydrophobia
2 Shield bearing
3 Honey maker
4 Electrical term
5 Trip
6 Palm leaf
7 Pound (ab.)
8 Dolt
9 Native metals
10 More precious
11 Winning of all tricks at cards
14 Lets fall
16 Italian river
17 Left side (ab.)
20 Conquers
21 He is also a ———
24 Iron
26 Spanish-American laborers
29 Collection of sayings
31 Consumed
34 Squeeze
35 Hurry
37 Optical phenomenon
38 12 months (pl.)
44 Ireland
46 Note in Guido's scale
47 Weight
48 Moist
49 Type measure
50 Endure
52 Tier
54 Three times (comb. form)
56 New Hampshire (ab.)
58 Deadhead (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle



LITTLE REGGIE

By Margarita



WILLIAMSBURG CHRISTMAS TREE CONCERT

On Christmas eve in the Williamsburg United Church Sunday School hall, the Sunday School scholars presented their annual Christmas Tree Concert to a large and appreciative audience of parents and friends. The stage was arranged as a living room, with a Christmas tree, great fireplace and easy chairs. The three part program opened with a group of famous Christmas carols, sung by the whole Sunday School. Between the carols, there were religious recitations by Hilda Mark, Edna Tupper, Georgie Larson, Jean McMillan and Betty Worster. The second part of the program was a humorous play entitled: "The Minister's Christmas Visit". The cast included Ray Larson, Eileen Mark, Doug Mark, Pat and Gail Hess, and Baden Carr. The third part of the program was a play and pageant entitled "Home for Christmas". The curtains opened on a family gathered around the fireplace on Christmas eve. The action moved quickly from the hanging of the stockings, and the reading of the Christmas story to the coming of Santa Claus out of the fireplace with his sack of presents. During the reading of the Christmas story there was a beautiful pageant of the first Christmas. The back of the fireplace was waised to reveal Mary and the Baby Jesus in the manger. The wise men and shepherds came forward to worship the Christ child. The parts in "Home for Christmas" were taken by Georgie Larson, Carole Wingard, Betty Worster, Edna Tupper, Gordon McMillan, Donald Thompson and Betty Becksted. The concert concluded with the audience and cast joining in singing "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow".

CHRISTMAS REPORT WILLIAMSBURG PUBLIC SCHOOL SENIOR ROOM

* Denotes absence for one or more exams. (60 is a pass).

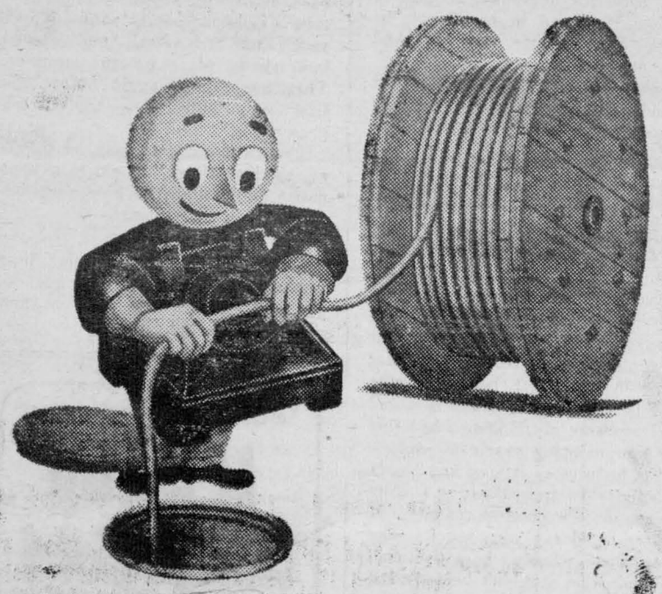
Grade 8: Mary Ruth McIntosh, 82; Luke Bryan, 68; Sheila Hayes, 63; Junior Summers, 55; Robert McIntosh, 54; Wilfred Summers, 53; Hubert Casselman (absent).

Grade 7: Georgie Larsen, 78; Patricia Hess, 67; Audrey Richmire 56; Billy Tupper, 55; Betty Tupper, 50; Shirley Craig, 38; Eileen Mark 37.

Grade 6: Hilda Mark, 78; Barbara Tupper 75; Connie Barclay 72; Thelma Summers * 69; Douglas Mark, 65; Shirley Worster, 55; Donald Harper * 51.

Grade 5: Gordon McMillan, 77; Betty Worster, 71; Gail Hess, 61; Edna Tupper, 60; Wade Hayes, 56; Aileen Barkley, 54; Norma Harper * 51; Phylliss Harper, 48.

JACK K. CASSELMAN,
Principal.



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Not only is our service becoming more dependable, but it's growing, too. We are filling orders for telephones just as fast as new equipment is available. More telephones plus more dependable service — and always at the lowest possible cost—mean greater telephone value for every user.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

It is not too soon to plac eyour order for 1948 chicks. Waiting and shortages are the order of the day. Nearly everything in in short supply today and it is quite a common expression when we go into the stores to buy the innumerabl things we require in our every day life to hear this: "Sorry, we haven't any and we don't know when we will". You can avoid being disappointed in your chick supply if you come in and place your order today. We are local agents for Tweddle chicks. Place your order today and you will receive the breed of chicks you desire on the date or near the date you desire them. You have nothing to lose by placing your order now. Free price list on request.

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THURS., FRI., SAT., JANUARY 1—2—3—
SHE WROTE THE BOOK:—A comedy. Starring oan Davis, Jack Oakie, Mischa Auer and Kirby Grant ..... ALSO .....
RENEGADES:—An action drama in Technicolor. Starring Evelyn Keyes, Willard Parker and Larry Parks. Western type.

MON., TUES., WED., JANUARY 5—6—7—
SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING:—A picture you will not want to miss. Starring Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray and Macdonald Carey. Added Attraction: Unusual Occupations, No. 3.

THURS., FRI., SAT., JANUARY 8—9—10—
THE WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO:—An unforgettable love story, sweeping to the screen in a magnificently stirring spectacle. Starring Lenore Aubert, John Loder and Fritz Kortner ..... ALSO .....
CARAVAN TRAIL:—Starring Eddie Dean, singing King of the Range, hitting a new high in music and adventure.

NEW YEAR'S EVE MIDNITE SHOW—
SHADY LADY:—A comedy. Starring Ginny Simms, Martha O'Driscoll, Robert Paige and Charles Coburn.

All Kinds Of Plumbing And Plumbing Fixtures Work Guaranteed

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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"We have been and always will be with you and for you....
"We hope you will always be with us and for us!"

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EACH EVENING AT 7.15 AND 9.00 O'CLOCK
MATINEES ON SATURDAY AT 2.30 p.m.

Next Week's Programme

This Friday and Saturday—
NOW PLAYING
BILL WILLIAMS AND CELESTE HOLME IN
Carnival In Costa Rica
In Coleur

Mon.- Tues.- Wed.—
NGRID BERGMAN AND CARY GRANT IN
NOTORIOUS
ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

Thurs.- Fri.- Sat.—
SHARYN MOFFETT AND JACQUELINE WHITE IN
BANJO
A story of a dog and his faithfulness to his friends Also..
FRANCES LANGFORD AND GENE KRUPA IN
BEAT THE BAND

Cameo Highlights

COMING
Don't Forget the
MIDNIGHT SHOW, DEC. 31
Lum and Abner in
PARTNERS IN TIME

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

THE LAST OF THE REDMEN

DEADLINE AT DAWN

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to All!

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER
FOR THE COUNTY OF DUNDAS
All Kinds of Sales Handled
At Reasonable Rates
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WE WISH YOU
A Happy New Year

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INSURANCE—REAL ESTATE
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MORRISBURG — ONTARIO

A Happy New Year

N. McGILLIS HARDWARE
PHONE NO. 17 MORRISBURG, ONT.
"EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE"

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS
A Happy and Prosperous 1948

R. H. Bradfield & Co.
HARDWARE PHONE 10
AGENTS FOR FRIGIDAIRE

Our Correspondents:

Williamsburg News

Messrs. Gordon Louden and Robert Loucks are spending a few days of their Christmas vacation at the ski resort at Ste. Sauveur in the Laurentians.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Merkley left on Monday to take up residence in Guelph, where Mr. Merkley is to take up his duties on the staff of tre Agricultural College.

Rev. and Mrs. Gerald Fee are spending New Year's day in Ottawa at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Fee.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated by the Williamsburg United Congregation this Sunday morning.

The Rev. Mr. Fee and a group of the United Church Young People attended the Young People's Winter School at Prescott which commenced on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Shaw entertained at their home on Sunday at a Christmas dinner Mrs. Lorraine Ham ilton of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac McShane and family of Pleasant Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McQuaig of Hulbert.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGruer of town spent the Christmas season at Shawinigan Falls with their daughter and son in law, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Long and small daughter Donna.

Miss Hazel Barkley and Miss Ruth Brown, both students at Queen's University, Kingston, spent Christmas here with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barkley and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Barkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund H. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hugh Thompson and Donald were guests at Ottawa for Christmas day dinner with the former's daughter and son in law, Mrs. E. A. Devitt, Col. Devitt and family

After spending the past couple of months here with her mother, Mrs Mary Saddlemire and brother and sister in law, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Saddlemire and Miss Beatrice Saddlemire, Mrs. May Belway left on Friday last for her home at New Westminster, B. C.

Mrs. Lyla Hess of Montreal spent Christmas at her home here with her daughter in law, Mrs. Byrtle Hess and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Merkley were guests at a Christmas day dinner with their daughter and son in law, Mr. and Mrs. Willis McIntosh.

The Misses Beth and Eva Carlyle and John Carlyle spent Christmas at Cardinal at the home of their sister, Mrs. Harold Johnston and Mr. Johnston.

Flt. Sgt. Keith Saddlemire, Mrs. Saddlemire and small daughter, Sheryl Ann of Clinton, Ont., spent the Christmas holiday season here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Saddlemire and Miss Beatrice Saddlemire.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Barkley had as their guests on Christmas day Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barkley, Mrs. Wm. McNair and Miss Ada Barkley, Miss Hazel Barkley and Miss Ruth Brown of Kingston.

Miss Zola Tupper spent the week end with relatives in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Street and family of Belleville were guests during the Christmas season here with her sister, and brothers, Miss Etta Weaver and Fred and Mansell Weaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Merkley, Jack Merkley of Johnstown, Miss Jean Merkley of Ottawa, Miss Betty L. McIntosh of Toronto, Donald McIntosh of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McIntosh and Miss Florence McIntosh were guests for Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Strader McIntosh and Dick.

Carl Reilly of Cardinal spent the week end in town with his sister, Mrs. D. Hugh Thompson and Mr. Thompson.

We are sorry to learn that Joe Lewis is a patient in the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Beckstead of Toronto are guests during the holidays with the former's father, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Beckstead and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wiltsie and baby daughter Linda Margaret of Belleville and Chas. Dewland of Toronto were guests during the Christmas season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dewland.

Mrs. George Clement and sons, Mahlon and Wallace of Lisbon, N. Y., were guests over the week end in town with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund H. Thompson.

Miss Gladys Shaver of Ottawa spent the week end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Shaver.

Mrs. Martha Weaver has returned to her home after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earl VanAllen at their home near Iroquois.

Mrs. Nettie Barclay, Morrisburg, was a guest on Sunday in town with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McIntosh.

Rev. and Mrs. Gerald Fee spent Christmas in Ottawa with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fee.

We join with their many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Whitteker of Williamsburg, on the occasion of their 34th wedding anniversary which they celebrated on Wednesday, December 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Whitteker have lived the most part of their married life here, and have made many good friends who wish them the best that life has to offer. They were married on December 24th, 1913 at Pillar Point, N. Y. They have one son, Howard Whitteker, and two grandchildren, Jimmie and Anne all of Britannia Bay, Ottawa, with whom they were guests on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fetterly of Oshawa, and Dr. J. M. C. Fetterly of Apsley, Ont., spent a few days this week in town with Mrs. Fetterly's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Sayeau and baby of Cardinal were Christmas visitors in town with Mrs. Annis Becker.

Mrs. Belle Algire of Morrisburg was a guest on Christmas day in town with her daughter, Mrs. L. Heafey and boys.

SELLING OUT STORE STOCK IN WILLIAMSBURG

As I have bought a barber shop business in Winchester I am selling out my store stock, which consists of groceries, dry goods, drug sundries and confectionery at greatly reduced prices. One Day Only—Wednesday, January 7th. Sale starts at 8 a.m. and lasts till 11 p.m.

SPARLING SUMMERS

SIX INJURED IN CAR CRASH NEAR MORRISBURG

Six persons were injured, four of them seriously, when two automobiles collided head-on on Highway No. 2, about six miles east of Morrisburg at 6.45 p.m. Friday.

Injured were Mr. and Mrs. Hermas Maisonneuve of 80 Catherine street, Eastview; their two daughters, Aileen 19, and Rita, 16; G. B. Chartrand of Cyrville; Keith Black, Jr., 25, of 164 Concord St., Ottawa.

Provincial Constable Earl Wellesley, who investigated said that the automobile driven by Maisonneuve, in which his wife, daughters and Chartrand were passengers, was travelling west when it collided with the car driven by Black, who was alone in the vehicle.

Chartrand, most seriously injured, was taken by a passing motorist to Hotel Dieu Hospital in Cornwall and his condition was reported as "serious but slightly improved".

He suffered a fractured jaw, bad cuts about the face and head and legs.

Mr. and Mrs. Maisonneuve and their daughter, Aileen, who were also seriously hurt, were taken to General Hospital in Cornwall.

All suffered abrasions about the head and face and Mrs. Maisonneuve sustained a fractured leg. Their condition was reported favorable by the hospital.

Rita Maisonneuve and Black also were badly shaken up and were given treatment by Dr. A. T. Shannette, Morrisburg. Miss Maisonneuve suffered a sprained back and cuts about the face while Black was treated for a badly lacerated wrist.

Both automobiles were badly damaged.

AULTSVILLE

The candle light service in the Anglican Church last Sunday evening was a very lovely and impressive service. Rev. James Brodie is to be congratulated on his efforts to make it such a success.

Clarence Watenau and friend of Trenton are spending the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Gillard.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Pruner and family have moved into the house lately vacated by Mrs. Howard Summers.

Mrs. Wells has moved into Della Wells' house.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Weagant of Colquhoun visited the former's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Weagant on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and George Casselman of Morrisburg visited Mr. George Henophy on Monday.

A Happy New Year, 1948, to everyone everywhere.

Miss Ruth Fowler the High School principal has gone to Montreal to spend the holidays with friends.

Mrs. Everett O'Shaughnessy went to Kingston last Thursday to meet her husband Capt. Everett O'Shaughnessy who has finished his trips on the boat for this season. They returned on Saturday.

Miss Marion Campbell of Prescott visited at the Cheley home on Saturday.

Mrs. Malby of Quebec and little son Freddie are visiting her mother Mrs. Charles Rombough.

Mrs. Murray Dyke of Toronto is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanes and also with her sister, Mrs. Everett O'Shaughnessy, Mr. O'Shaughnessy and family.

Mrs. May Sampson spent the week end in Brockville with relatives.

George Hickey is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Hickey in Cornwall.

NOTICE

Dr. E. E. Howe

VETERINARIAN

will be located in

WILLIAMSBURG

STARTING JANUARY 5, 1948

Phone Morrisburg 607—41

Ruptured?

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO INVESTIGATE

THE DOBBS TRUSS METHOD

FOR TREATMENT OF RUPTURE

IT'S BULBLESS! IT'S BELTLESS! IT'S STRAPLE IT'S STRAPLESS SHRDLU SHDRL

It has no bulb or ball to spread the weakened muscle tissue and enlarge the rupture opening. It has no belt or strap to irritate the skin or bind the body and impede free circulation. A soft CONCAVE pad holds the rupture closed while walking, lifting, working or swimming. Presses the body in but two places.

ASK FOR MR. BLACK AT THE

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, MORRISBURG

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14 3.00 P.M. to 9.00 P.M.

Free Demonstration—No obligation—Clip this Ad Now!

Barn Meetings

Under auspices of the Dundas Holstein Breeder's Club

Wed., Jan. 7, 1.30 p.m. at the farm of Patrick McGinn, Dixon's Corners.

Wed., Jan. 14, at 1.30 p.m. at the farm of George Hill, Williamsburg.

Wed., Jan. 21, at 1.30 p.m. at the farm of W. J. Fawcett, Winchester.

Wed., Jan. 28, at 1.30 p.m., at farm of Angus Smith, Chesterville.

Addresses, Demonstrations and Judging Competitions

Three Prizes offered at each Meeting. All Welcome.

FRANK CASSELMAN, Pres. H. W. GRAHAM, Sec.



THOS. BARNHART

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UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE COVERAGE EXTENDED

(Authority, P.C. 4854, dated December 3rd, 1947)

ON AND AFTER January 1st, 1948, every employee in insurable employment paid by the month whose annual remuneration does not exceed $3,120.00 *will be insured* under the Unemployment Insurance Act.

AT PRESENT those paid by the month whose annual remuneration is $2,400.00 or less are insured under the Act.

THE CHANGE will not affect the coverage of all hourly, daily and piece rated employees and those paid on a mileage basis, who will continue to be insured regardless of earnings.

WEEKLY RATED employees whose earnings are expected to be $3,120.00 or less per year will continue to be insured under the Act.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE COMMISSION

J. G. BISSON, *Chief Commissioner*

R. J. TALLON, *Commissioner* C. A. L. MURCHISON, *Commissioner*

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

is a lot of little things



THE ART OF SAYING "NO"

Saying "No" is more than a movement of the mouth—it is an art. There are lots of ways to say it—but only a few of them are both diplomatic and tactful. Trouble is that most of us give a curt "No" when it would be much kinder to offer a word of help and encouragement. Diplomacy and tact help retain old friendships and make new ones. They are essentials to "Good Citizenship".

You can help this public service effort. Make a note of some of the little things which, in your opinion, contribute to Good Citizenship.

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HAPPY HOLIDAY

By MARY NELSON

"Happy new year!"

The cry echoed and re-echoed down the street as Penny made her way toward the bus stop. Everywhere about her people were lighthearted and gay and busily wishing their friends good fortune for the coming year. She buttoned her coat at the neck and turned up the collar. It was a bitterly cold day and she told herself she would be happy to reach home and stay in for the night. Let those with pioneer blood go out and stand in the raw wind down at Dayton Circle just to blow a silly horn at midnight ostensibly to usher in the new year.

Penny had always been known at home as a sensible girl with good common sense. She was proud of that reputation and now that she lived in the city alone she was more determined than ever to live up to it. She didn't want to become a sophisticated, worldly wise city girl. Thus, she summed up mentally, it was just as well she didn't.

"Going out tonight, Penny?"

The words interrupted her thoughts and she turned to greet Ruby, a fellow worker who was always going out with someone she called "Beanie." You could always tell the status of Ruby's romance by her mood. If she was exuberant to the point of being giddy, she was



"But her foot missed and came down on a sheet of ice."

going to see Beanie that night; if she was quiet and petulant, she was downright rude with a sarcastic twist to every remark she made, then they had quarreled.

Penny smiled. "No, I'm not, Ruby," she replied. Odd that she should feel such emptiness within her as she said the words. She noted Ruby's quick glance of sympathy and it irritated her. "I don't know anyone here," she defended herself. Then added curtly, "And anyway, I wouldn't dream of going out in such ghastly weather."

Ruby shrugged. "Oh, well, if you feel that way about it . . . happy new year, Penny." She hurried away before the wretched girl could make any response. "Now why did I act so nasty?" she asked under her breath. Ruby hadn't meant any offense—she was simply so wrapped up in her own little world that she felt sorry for anyone who had no Beanie to whom to belong. She was essentially a generous person and now Penny had deliberately hurt her.

As she stood in the middle of the sidewalk, angry and discouraged, she saw her bus speeding recklessly down the street and without another thought to anything else she hurried toward the corner. "Wait, oh, wait!" she called, running breathlessly. No one else was waiting, however, and he careened sharply off the curb, hurrying on his way. "Oh, dear!" She burst into tears at this new dissappointment and reached blindly for the curb.

But her foot missed and came down on a sheet of ice sending her into an astonished heap in the street.

For a moment she was too stunned to move. She heard footsteps hurrying toward her and managed to sit up dazedly. A man knelt down beside her but his face was a blur of features. "Take it easy," he admonsihed, placing an arm across her back. She tried to focus her eyes upon him and hadn't quite succeeded when he cried, "Penny! Why, Penny Lindsay! What in the world are you doing out here?"

And then everything cleared and she saw the handsome, blond features of a former school friend. "Oh, Alan!" Tears tumbled over each other in hasty exit. He helped her to her feet. "Gee, it's good to see someone from the old home town. I've been so doggone lonely," he told her, manipulating a handkerchief around her nose and eyes.

"I'm lonely, too," she gasped. "I've only been here a month."

"Say! What are you doing tonight? Anything?"

"N-nothing." Her heart skipped a beat in anticipation.

"Then why don't we go somewhere and talk over old times? Gee, I'm dying to hear some gossip about the Turners and the Mitchels and all the rest. Will you Penny?"

And Penny smiled happily this time. "Yes, Alan. Even this ghastly weather couldn't stop me from talking over old times with you.'"

★

As Interpreted

A young wife, wishing to announce the birth of her first child to a friend in a distant city, telegraphed:

"Isaiah 9:6" Which passage begins: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

Her friend, unfamiliar with the Scriptures, said to her husband. "Margaret evidently has a boy who weighs nine pounds and six ounces, but why on earth did they name him Isaiah."

★

SHORT STORY

A Haven For Mannie

By ANNA E. WILSON

Wind, broad-shouldered Joel said, was just air in motion; all wind was the same. But Mannie, putting a tired hand to her head, pressing it against that spot of pain above her eye, decided that Joel must be wrong. There were all kinds of wind; but the worst was this wind that blew for days until it got into your head and burned a tight band about your forehead.

Joel came in to dinner. "It must let up soon, Mannie. It's never blown this long before."

"It'll never stop, Joel."

Joel's kind, blunt face looked worried. "We've got a good start here, Mannie. You like it here when the wind doesn't blow. Maybe running away isn't the solution. Maybe any other kind of life would have drawbacks too, Mannie. Seems like we might find a better way."

"You can't stop the wind, Joel." When Joel had gone, Mannie



washed the dishes, the pain above her eye becoming each moment more unbearable. She reached for an aspirin, thinking of Joel, and stopped. It did no good to say the wind wouldn't blow tomorrow. there'd be the next year and the next.

Joel could sell the ranch and get work in a factory. She could see him in 15 years, his shoulders stooped, his hair thinner and the swing gone from his walk.

Joel wouldn't blame her, but he wouldn't be happy. Joel would never be happy anywhere away from the prairie. That was what made it so hard, so impossible for her.

She looked out and nowhere was there anything but sameness, nowhere except that old bluff, bordering Dead Man's canyon, a deep cleft sheltering a slough.

* * *

Roanie was surprised at being saddled so early in the day. He jumped as spurs dug into him and he swung around and headed into the wind. When Mannie came to the bluff she reined in Roanie and sat looking down into the canyon. It was narrow, steep with few footholds.

She slid down from Roanie and looked down to where a thin sliver of light, water, was barely visible — it was quiet down there — the wind could never reach you. She began to climb down, her feet slipping on the shale and stone. She rolled down the last 20 feet ignominiously.

She lay quiet on a tiny beach, relief seeping through her. The sun was warm and she relaxed and slept, like a limp rag on the sand.

When she woke clean-eyed clear-headed, the sun was slanting against the wall. It was time to get back. She could stand anything. She glanced upwards and caught her breath. Nowhere was there a single foothold.

She proceeded cautiously, examining the walls, coming at last to a shelving cave. Above the entrance was printed in rough letters: Windhaven.

Windhaven. Someone had been here before her. Someone had come here to escape from the wind, just as she had come.

She advanced farther into the cave and her foot struck a light object — a comb that some woman might have worn. If a woman had come here years ago, she must have had some way of getting back. Mannie hunted furiously.

It was simple when she found it. A rough hair rope, hidden by the side of the boulder, exactly the same color as rock and shale. She seized it eagerly and began to climb. She reached the rope's end and found it anchored securely by a huge rock, invisible to those above. She pulled herself over the rim of the canyon. She heard a nicker farther along and rounded a curve to find Roanie grazing.

She rode him with the wind behind her—but it was no longer a fearsome thing, something from which there was no escape but in flight. Windhaven—she had only to climb down the canyon to sleep securely on the small dry beach. Why they could spend whole days there, she and Joel.

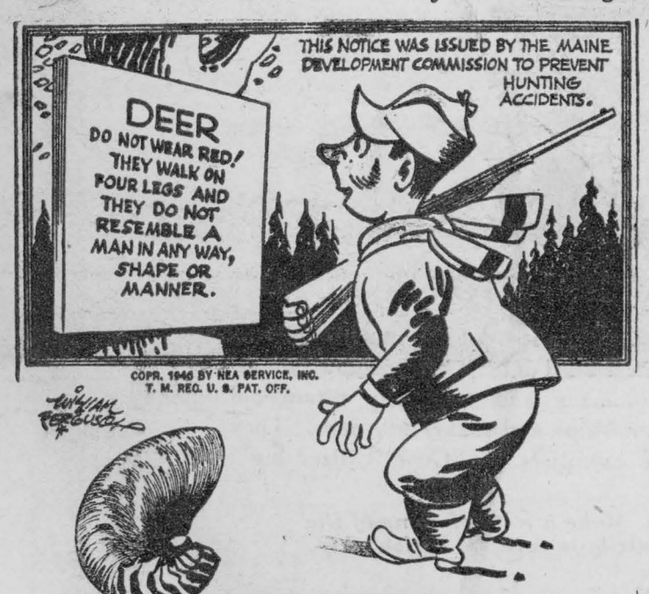
Dampened salt can be restored by the addition of a little cornstarch. One teaspoon of cornstarch to six of salt is about the right proportion.

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER





THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



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MUTT AND JEFF—And What D'Yah Know? So Soon After Christmas By BUD FISHER

