The Chesterville Record.

VOL. XLV. NO. 31. CHESTERVILLE, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1939. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Citizens Attend Gatherings Honouring Their Majesties

During the last week-end our citizens have been run almost ragged joining in the celebrations in honour of the visits of Their Majesties at Ottawa, Cornwall and Morrisburg, and all would be very willing and anxious to do it all over again just for another glimpse of the royal pair.

While every one was in on the more formal occasions at the Capital, it remained for Dundas County to be the scene of the finest unrehearsed demonstration in Eastern Ontario, Sunday afternoon. While it had been passed along that the royal train would be serviced at Morrisburg, making a ten-minute stop for the purpose, many could not even visiualize the necessity for that, and with considerable doubt in their minds hurried home from the unveiling ceremonies in Ottawa, and were very much on hand in Morrisburg to the number of more than 10,000, all returning home swelling with the feeling of an almost personal visit with Their Majesties.

The Royal train pulled into Morrisburg at almost a quarter to five and had no sooner stopped than King George and Queen Elizabeth appeared on the rear observation platform of the train. It struck one that Their Majesties were somewhat bewildered and joyfully surprised to find such a large crowd at what must have been thought of as almost a tank town where water was to be taken on the engine.

While being most gracious to all those within speaking distance, holding personal conversation with many, the King and Queen seemed to be discussing the crowd, perhaps being impressed by the evident prosperity of all, motor cars parked as far as the eye could reach, the people well dressed and apparently very happy, in the rich farming district of Dundas county.

Queen Elizabeth was anixous that none should return home without having had their desire fulfilled. All could not be at the rear of the train, and Her Majesty leaned first from one side of the platform to look at the crowd and then crossed over and did the same at the opposite side.

As has been the case all along the line, everyone wishes to see the King, but once coming under the hypnotic influence of Queen Elizabeth's smile and lovely personality an impression is made that will be carried undimmed throughout the years whether they be long or brief.

LOCAL VETERAN HONOURED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH

Private Lyle Marcellus, M.M., of town, is an extremely happy many as he was one of the honoured veterans to shake the hand of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth at the unveling of the war memorial in Ottawa, Sunday morning. He was in the front rank of veterans when the King and Queen made their splendid gesture of friendliness by mixing with the veterans, the Chesterville ex-soldier was honoured by the Queen. Her Majesty asked him, after shaking his hand, of his regiment.

Seventy Pounds Butter Will Be Distributed Here

Local distribution of the surplus butter arranged by the Dominion Government is to be arranged by the Rotary Club. Vouchers will be distributed to needy families who will present them to local merchants. The merchants will receive cash for the vouchers on presenting them to either of the local banks.

The Government is endeavouring in this manner to cut down the huge butter surplus in Canada and thus aid the farmer in the expected rise in milk prices. Chesterville's share will be about 70 pounds.

FLAGS FLOWN BY SCOUTS.

The flags at the Community Hall, High and Public schools, Separate school and the Town Hall are in charge of Scouts of the 1st Chesterville Troop who raise them each morning and furl them at sunset. The flags will be flown while Their Majesties are in Canada.

Finch Egg and Poultry Assn. Supply Eggs to Royal Train

Reg. Helmer, with the Stormont Egg and Poultry Association at Finch, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Helmer of Chesterville, is almost ready to crow. The Stormont Egg and Poultry Association had the distinction of receiving unsolicited an order to supply fresh laid eggs to the Royal train while it was in Ottawa. The stipulations were that the eggs come from flocks of hens scientifically fed, given clean drinking water, and housed away from all barnyard matter. They were all strictly fresh and secured from farmers in the district whose poultry plants met the requirements. Extra precautions were taken in candling the eggs. Reg. Helmer first passed his seal of approval, after which a supervising inspector of poultry products gave them the once over and his O.K. before despatching them to the Royal train.

The Stormont Egg and Poultry Association at Finch has in a few years earned a very high reputation for its products. It has been exporting eggs to England and a further larger shipment is being prepared for this week. The eggs besides being very carefully handled have each to be marked with the word "Canada." During 1938 6,453 cases were received at Finch for which the producers were paid more than $45,000 dollars.

Baseball Replaces Softball In New Dundas County Loop

Baseball will replace softball in Dundas county this year, according to plans made at a meeting held in the North Mountain Consolidated school Monday evening, and presided over by Herbert Watson, of Winchester.

Representatives were present from Morewood, Hallville and Winchester, and all expressed the desire of entering teams in a county baseball league, rather than reorganize the Dundas Softball League, which has been functioning for the past several years.

With invitations being extended to South Mountain, Williamsburg and Chesterville, it is expected the loop will consist of six teams, and plans are under way to open the schedule on June 2.

Permission will be sought from the donor of the George H. Challies Trophy to have the cup put up for competition in baseball instead of softball as it has been in recent years.

The new organization will be known as the Dundas County Baseball League with the following officers elected for the current year:

Hon. president, George H. Challies, M.L.A.; president, George I. Martin, Hallville; secretary-treasurer, Glen Kerford, North Mountain.

Club representatives:

Herbert Watson, Winchester; Finlay Evans, Hallville; Dalton Steinberg Morewood; and one each from any additional team that enters the league.

Final arrangements for the league's activities will be made at an executive meeting to be held next Monday evening.

"I'll Explain Everything" Cleverly Presented by Locals

A very interesting three-act comedy was presented in the Community Hall under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild of Holy Trinity church Monday evening entitled "I'll Explain Everything," by a group of young people who turned in quite a creditable performance even though it was the first time most of the cast had appeared on the stage.

The members of the cast and the characters they portrayed were: Keith Graham, who played the part of Henry Becker; Jack Morris, as Valentine Scott; Earle Gordon as Montgomery Walsh; Charles Collingridge, as James Darby; Fred Moore, as Walter Dow; Mrs. Earle Gordon as Mrs. Gertrude Becker; Mrs. Jack Morris, as Miss Ada Becker, cousin of Henry; Miss Jean Merkley, as Mrs. James Darby, sister of Henry; Miss Eileen McMillan as Caryll Carroll, and Mrs. Richard Fawcett, as Dr. Blair.

Before the curtain and between acts music was played by members of the Rotary Club orchestra, while before the final act, Misses Marjorie Morris and Phyllis Marcell danced a waltz clog.

The plot was set around a harmless affair with a young lady by Henry Becker, cashier of the Farmers' State Bank, while on a visit to Montreal to arrange for a loan from the Federated Trust Co., of which Montgomery Walsh was president, so he might secure enough stock to land control of the bank.

When word comes that Walsh is to visit Becker to investigate his appearance in the notorious Black Bell night club, Becker and Valentine Scott, his friend and chief adviser in the bank, attempt to clear up things by getting Mrs. Becker and Ada out of the house for it was thought Walsh would only be present for an hour of two.

Their plans go haywire when Mrs. Becker comes back too soon, so they pass her off as Henry's sister, and when Ada appears they pretend she is Mrs. Becker and that she had missed her train to Lake Geneva for a vacation. Walsh becomes very interested in Henry's "sister" and decides to stay for the week-end, and Henry, almost overcome, feigns illness and a doctor is called.

The doctor proves to be a lady chiropractor and as she is endeavouring to get a misplaced vertabra back for Henry, his wife appears and, believing this another woman making love to Henry and Scott, starts a scene. The plot is deepened as Walter Dow, an advertising man from California, friend of the family and engaged to Ada, thinks Henry and Ada are in love as he does not know of the scheme to fool Walsh.

Walter and James Darby also saw Henry with the strange woman in Montreal, and Valentine Scott, in his efforts to "explain everything" only gets Henry in worse at every attempt. The veil is finally lifted when Caryll Carroll drops in to visit her cousin Walter Dow when her car broke down. She is recognized by Henry as the girl he had in the city, and after further "explanations" Walsh claims her as his former secretary and sweetheart, Ada and Walter are reconciled, Henry lands the loan and his wife's confidence and Scott is pleased with his success at explaining.

The crowd in attendance at the play was not very large but showed its appreciation by loud applause and hearty laughter. The comedy had already been presented in Vars and Dunbar.

PERCHERON COLT IS BORN WITH DEVELOPED TOOTH

Quite an unusual occurrence happened at the farm of Robert Brown, of Morewood, when a percheron mare gave birth to a colt the other day which had one well developed tooth almost an inch long and about as broad as the fingernail on the second finger of a man's hand. Having difficulty in inducing the colt to take its nourishment in the usual way, the tooth was accidentally discovered. After its removal the colt proceeded to absorb a hearty meal and is now doing well.

FISH WERE BITING.

Yesterday was a real holiday for the mud pout fishermen of the Nation river. Hundreds of these fish must have been taken from the water yesterday, boys on their way home lugging strings of fish reaching from shoulder to the ground.

ENJOYABLE EMPIRE DAY DANCE

A dance in the Community Hall on Tuesday evening in aid of the 1st Chesterville Troop of Boy Scouts was an enjoyable affair, with a good crowd in attendance. Duquette's orchestra provided the music.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Chesterville, Ontario.
Rev. R. C. Tait, Pastor.
Sunday, May 28, 1939.

10.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
11.00 a.m.—Public Worship
"A Super Sense"
7.30 p.m.—Public Worship
"Footmen & Horses"

SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH

The Presbyterian Church in Canada
Rev. Gordon R. Taylor, M.A.
Sunday, May 21, 1939.

10.30 a.m.—Sunday School
11.00 a.m.—Public Worship
Special Service in Honour of the Visit Of Their Majesties.
1.30 p.m.—Dunbar Sunday School
2.30 p.m.—Dunbar Church Service
7.30 p.m.—Evening Service
Sermon in Series on Epistles of St. Paul—II Corinthians.
Rev. W. D. Turner, B.A., Interim-Moderator.

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"A Man to Remember"
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Ann Shirley Edward Ellis Lee Bowman
Tuesday and Wednesday
JOE E. BROWN
—in—
"Wide Open Faces"

Next Week's Programme
Picadilly Theatre
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MATINEES DAILY
THIS FRIDAY & SATURDAY MAY 26 & 27
Three Shows Nightly Commencing 7.00, 8.30 & 10.00 p.m.
HOME ON THE PRAIRIE Starring GENE AUTRY With SMILEY BURNETTE
MONDAY, TUESDAY & WEDNEESDAY, MAY 29, 30 & 31
Torn from the pages of a great novel.....Now brought thrillingly to life on the screen.....
THE CITADEL Starring ROBERT DONAT ROSALIND RUSSELL
With Ralph Richardson, Rex Harrison and Emlyn Williams. Power that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began. The young doctor tempted.....a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideas.
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STAND UP & FIGHT Starring WALLACE BEERY and ROBERT TAYLOR with Florence Rice, Helen Broderick and Charles Bickford in the greatest adventure drama since "Munity on the Bounty." Crowded with action, stars and thrills...comes this drama of adventurers who built the West...and the romance of a man who got up to battle again...for a courageous beauty's love.

The Chesterville Record

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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Business notices inserted in local columns for 10 cents per line every insertion.

No advertisement published for less than 50 cents.

Advertisements without special directions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. The paper will not be discontinued unless notice is given by the subscriber. No subscription will be cancelled unless all arrearages are paid.

In Memoriam notices with verse of four lines .50c; extra verses, each four lines 25c, cash with order.

Classified ads. — Wanted, For Sale, Etc., fifty words and under, .50c first insertion or three insertions for one dollar.

G. C. LACEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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GOD SAVE OUR KING!

THURSDAY, MAY 25TH, 1939

The Story Behind The Royal Visit

BIGGEST NEWS of the week is the story behind the present visit of Their Majesties, the King and Queen. And that story is the unification of Canadians unparalleled in the history of the country.

Factional politics are pushed far in the background at Ottawa as members of parliament representing every shade of Canadian opinion still feel the glow of a Monarch's presence. Both the members of His Majesty's Government and His Majesty's Loyal Opposition have come to a still closer realization of Canada's constitution and its import, through the direct Royal assent given to government bills last week.

And radiating from Ottawa, that same spirit is in evidence in every section of every province. Conscription as an issue in Quebec is ordinarily dynamite. But how unimportant even that question seemed as the French and English speaking populace of the province gave their Sovereign an ovation unsurpassed anywhere. There, even anti-Imperialists became hoarse from cheering the King of Canada!

Everywhere, as the royal party continues this triumphant tour, from east to west and back again, the concerted acts of a nation to give expression of loyalty and esteem are backed by a united people.

Industrial firms everywhere close up plants so that none shall miss a chance to cheer the visitors. School curriculums are pushed aside to accommodate the children.

Millions of dollars have and are being spent in lavish decorations, the modest wage-earner doing his share with flags, alongside the big corporation directors who spend hundreds on elaborate standards, profuse bunting, and large statues of Their Majesties.

Almost everything is forgotten as attention is rivetted on what Their Majesties do, and what is done for them.

Reflecting this one-tracked interest displayed by the general public, the newspapers relegate Herr Hitler and his friend Mussolini to inside pages. By comparison, the whole world slows down for Canadians while the King and Queen keep passing by.

Imagine what headlines, what big fat type, what columns of space the newspapers would have given to the first visit of the Quintuplets to Toronto had that visit been timed, let us say a month ago! The Quints have been rated as the most interesting news of the past five years. Yet they come to Toronto as wards of the King, to meet Their Majesties, and are practically deluged by the news of the general welcome extended by more than two million people to the reigning Monarch and his charming Queen.

Ontario citizens who will be paying homage after this is published can take a very good tip from the experiences of their fellow-citizens located where the King and Queen have already visited. That tip is—be on hand early, if you want to be close.

Everywhere the crowds have exceeded all estimates. In Toronto, where a few residents eyed with askance the scores of grandstands erected along the route of the procession, there was scarcely a vacant seat left. Thousands of city people had to be content with a long range view over the heads of hundreds in front of them. The early birds were the lucky ones.

One arresting situation arising out of the visit lies in the large number of jobless men who found two weeks work during the rush to decorate.

A union official at the Labor Temple in Toronto declared that at the peak of the decoration activities, it was difficult to find an unemployed carpenter. The same situation was true of the painters. And in addition, factories and stores dealing in products for decorating had to add to their pay rolls to keep up with the demand.

A large slice of the fortune being spent lavishly on the spectacular end of the tour goes into the pockets of Canada's citizens. Millions of dollars are in circulation that would otherwise not be visible; and the benefit goes to the merchant, the farmer, the factory owner, and back again to the wage-earners.

* * * *

While the eyes of the nation were turned to the Atlantic and Quebec where Their Majesties made their historic landing on Canadian soil, members of Parliament at Ottawa have been trying to keep their noses to the grindstone to clean up a great deal of work in as short a time as possible.

Highlight of the proceedings just prior to the arrival of the King and Queen at the capital, was Finance Minister Dunning's cryptic remarks on the management of our currency. The Minister reported that the government could get what money it needed for public works programmes and other stimulants to better conditions throughout the country by borrowing on treasury bills. The cost of this was two-thirds of one per cent: less, he said, than the cost of printing more money, as advocated by a few members of the house. The cost of printing money Mr. Dunning stated, would be more than one-half of one per cent. and to that would have to be added the cost of distribution.

King Shows He Can Pick Good Horse on the Track

Woodbine Track, Toronto. — The King knows a good one on the track when he sees him.

"What horse is that?" he asked on Monday when Archworth flashed past the Royal box at the start of the mile and a furlong King's Plate. Premier Hepburn told him.

The King glued his field-glasses on Archworth for the rest of the race, watching the C. George McCullagh-owned favourite come down 10 lengths in the lead. Both the King and Queen stood throughout the race.

There was no doubt about His Majesty's admiration for Archworth as the handsome three-year-old paraded back to the enclosure. When the King went to the infield to present the Plate and 50 guineas, he questioned Mr. McCullagh closely on the horse's history.

"And how did you come to own him?" the King asked.

Mr. McCullagh told of buying Archworth at public sale two years ago from W. H. Wright, who bred the speedster at his Barrie farm.

The King congratulated him upon the showing of the horse and the work of the trainer, Mark Cowell, and jockey, Dinney Birley.

Most owners who had horses in the Plate attended the race in formal morning clothes — just in the event they might be presented to His Majesty.

Berwick

Mrs. Deguire is visiting with relatives at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dutt and son Bernie visited Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dutt on Sunday at Massena.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hutt visited with relatives on Sunday at Trenton.

Mr. Norman McPherson, of Northern Ontario, is spending a couple of weeks at his parental home.

Miss Jessie McPherson, of Williamsburg; Misses Mary A. McPherson and Elva Ouderkirk, Miss Elizabeth Blair and Erma Blair, of Cornwall, visited over Sunday at their parental homes.

A number of our citizens are taking in the sights at Ottawa this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Ouderkirk spent Sunday with relatives at Finch.

Born—On May 15, 1939, to Mr. and Mrs. Euclide Bissonette (née Mae Legge) a daughter.

Mrs. Paul Gauthier of Mille Roches, is spending a few days caring for her sister, Mrs. Bissonette.

Appetite O.K.

The healthy-looking countryman on a visit to London, was just finishing his soup. The waitress approached him.

"What will you have to follow? Boiled mutton, pork sausages, roast beef, tripe and onions and curried rabbit?" she asked.

"Yes, please, miss!" was the answer.

Very Touching Spectacle As Royalty Greets Quints

It is said to have been a very touching and home-like scene in the special scene in the quiet chamber of the Legislature buildings in Toronto on Monday when Their Majesties were introduced to the Dionne quintuplets who had been brought from Callander by special train for the occasion. The little girls were waiting for the King and Queen when they arrived, the latter on the arm of Premier Hepburn, while His Majesty escorted Mrs. Hepburn. After the introductions, the quints immediately became interested in the King's uniform, Cecile being the leader in asking about the medals and informing the King the blue of his uniform was her favourite colour. The quints presented photos of themselves carrying their autographs that they wanted taken home to the Princesses Margaret Rose and Elizabeth

Soon as the slight shyness wore off it was kissing time, Annette setting the precedent by putting her arms around the Queen and kissing her, which action was immediately followed by her sisters.

Their Majesties were so delighted with the quintuplets they hated to break up the call and go on their way. It is understood each little girlie was left a handsome coat by the royal couple as a gift to each from the Royal Princesses who could not be brought on the visit.

Facts About Canada

THE USES OF ASBESTOS.

MICROSCOPIC investigation has shown that asbestos fibre is probably the finest in existence, a property which, when better understood, may lead to valuable new applications of this material. As a result of work by the National Research Council, knowledge of the physical nature of fibre aggregate and the effects of milling process on asbestos is being definitely increased and put on a sound basis. Considerable work has already been carried on in the Council' laboratories with a view to finding new uses for the mineral, especially for the lower grades, and for the waste rock, which among other things is a potential source of magnesium metal and magnesium salts.

Chrysotile is industrially the most important member of the asbestos family and constitutes about 98 per cent of all the asbestos used commercially. Canada has long been the chief source of world supply of the mineral, the output being obtained almost entirely from the Thetford district in Quebec. Russia and Rhodesia are the only other important producers.

Asbestos mining in the province of Quebec is now in its sixtieth year, the first shipment of the mineral from Thetford Mines having been made in 1878 from a mine which is still prominent and in full production. Canadian asbestos as produced commercially in Quebec is of the chrysotile or serpentine variety of high quality, and reserves of milling grade asbestos rock are reported sufficient for many years of commercial fibre production.

As regular production in other countries did not commence until much later, the development of the Canadian deposits and the introduction by Canadian operators of the modern asbestos industry which has seen its greatest development in the United States, the United Kingdom, and, recently, in Russia.

Although a constituent of many products, asbestos fibre is used chiefly in conjunction with Portland cement, metal, rubber, grahpite, oil, grease, and bituminous materials, the five types of asbestos products being textile and textile products, building materials, heat and sound insulating materials, molded products, and miscellaneous products. Textiles were perhaps the first asbestos products, having been made by the ancients, but it was the advent of the steam engine and the automobile that was responsible for this large branch of the industry. At present the manufacture of automobile brake-linings and clutch-facings is the largest single outlet for asbestos textiles. In the building industry, asbestos is used in lightweight roofing and siding of very pleasing appearance.

Canadian asbestos production totalled almost 300,000 tons last year, although in 1937 (the peak year for the industry) it was more than 400,000 tons.

Just Like That.

One day a little girl said, "Mother, I feel nervous."

"Nervous!" said the mother. "What is 'nervous'?"

"Why, it's being in a hurry all over," was the reply.

Shifting the Blame.

Pauline: "Men are the most changeable creatures on earth."

Josephine: "What makes you think so, dear?"

"Well, only a fortnight ago I was desperately in love wth Dick, and now I simply cannot stand him."

Looking Backward

20 Years Ago

From The Record Files

Thursday, May 22, 1919.

Ptes. Wilburn and Joshua Johnston arrived home from overseas Monday night, bringing with them English brides.

* * * *

The news was recently received of the untimely death in Chicago of John T. Coyne, which occurred in that city April 25. He was found drowned.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Merkley, of Milton, were called to town this week owing to the very serious illness of the former's mother, Mrs. Emma Merkley.

* * * *

Machine Gunner Walter Carr arrived home Saturday hale and hearty after seeing very strenuous service as a member of the Machine Gun Section of the 154th Battalion.

* * * *

Mr. Calvin Munro of Nation Valley, was reported very ill at his home.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beckstead, of Grantley, were guests of Mr. Willie McIntyre of Finch on Thursday.

Mr. Sam Black's barn was burned at Morewood last Thursday morning.

* * * *

Pte. Wm. Rady, of Berwick, returned last week from overseas service and all were pleased to see him.

* * * *

Mrs. S. O. Kendrick passed away on Tuesday at her home in Winchester township.

* * * *

Miss Susan Annable, of Winchester, passed away May 14. She was 72 years of age, a native of the Melvin Settlement.

* * * *

P. M. Curran was the lucky winner of an auto tire from the Dominion Rubber Co. in a Birthday Competition.

Getting Around It.

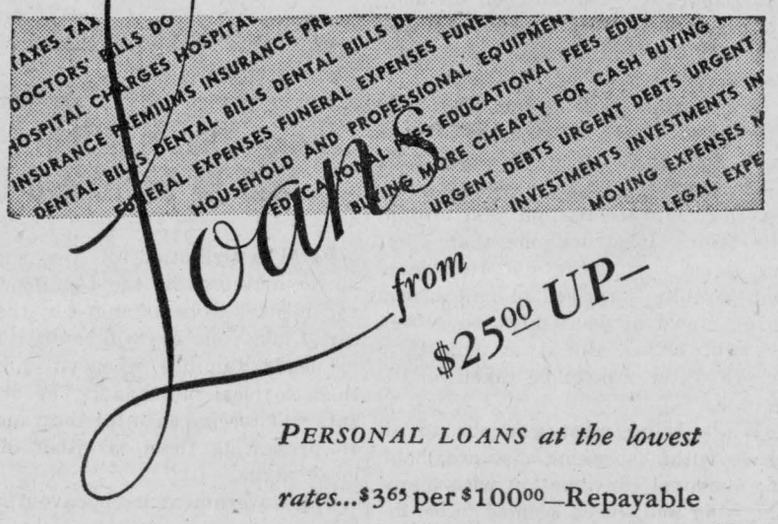
A student who could not sound the letter "R" was given the following sentence to read:

"Robert gave Richard a rap on the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare."

He studied it in since for a minute, then glibly rendered it as follows:

"Bobby gave Dickey a thump in the side for cooking the bunny so little."

It doesn't cost to advertise in The Record. It Pays.



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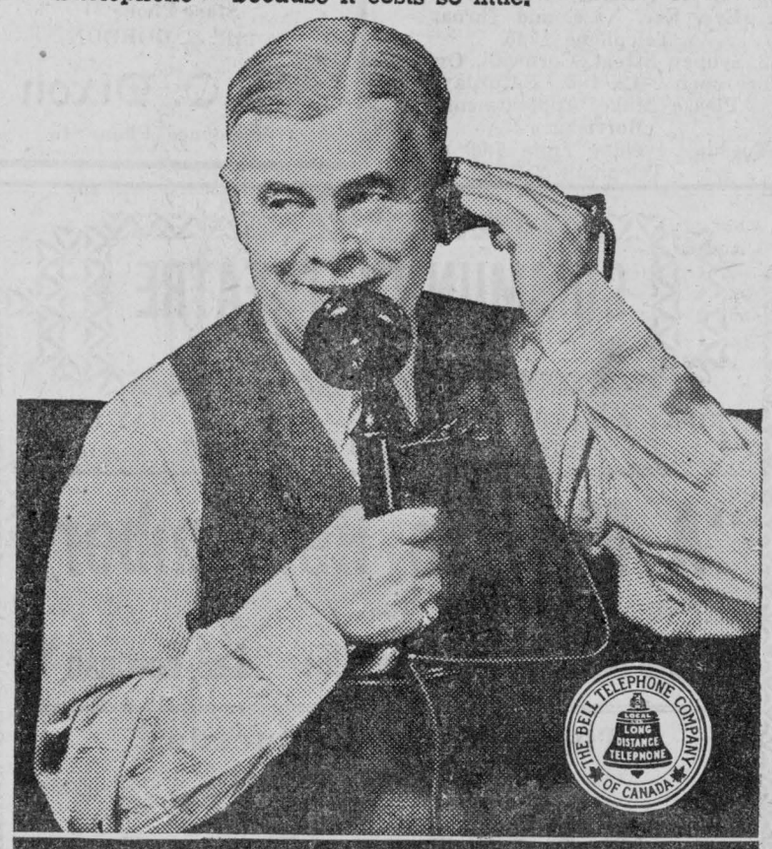
"It's all right—I see them coming along the road now!"

When you've got a telephone you can reassure people quickly. In the country, farm homes are far away from each other — it takes a lot of time to send somebody "next door" — but it takes no time at all when you've got a telephone. Then you are in touch with your neighbours, with the stores in the village — and if your grown up children are working in nearby towns — you can hear their voices too. Every farm home should have a telephone — because it costs so little.



LOW RATES for FARM HOMES

Human Sides of Their Majesties Revealed During Unannounced Country Visit Saturday

A LITTLE BOY living on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River, just a few miles from the Capital, is the proudest and happiest little boy in all Canada today. He not only saw the King and Queen, but he spoke to them and was spoken to by them, and his head was patted by the Queen.

And this little boy's dog, Snap, is also wagging his tail just a bit more smartly than the other dogs in the district, for he was patted by the Queen's hand, too.

The little boy's name is Ray Routliffe, and he is the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Routliffe. His modest farm home is on what is known as the Side Road, which runs parellel to the Aylmer Road, a few hundred yards to the northwest of the Glenlea Golf Club.

Walks on Side Road.

Seeking a respite from their official duties, Their Majesties enjoyed an unannounced trip to the country Saturday afternoon following their luncheon with the Prime Minister. They left their car at the Aylmer Road and walked along the rustic gravel lane which leads from the Aylmer Road to the Side Road, and then along the Side Road for a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

It was during this quiet stroll that fate decided to lift little Ray Routliffe from rural obscurity to Royal prominence. He had been in his home mixing himself a chocolate drink, and he had a little accident. Some of it had spilled, and in some way he had spilled it on his head, and so his little face was streaked with chocolate. He left his home to go to the home of his uncle when he encountered the Royal couple.

Apparently the Queen didn't mind his chocolate streaked face, for she asked him his name and his age, and a few other questions such as any moter would ask an attractive healthy little youngster she might meet as she walked along a quiet country lane.

Little Ray was so thrilled and confused by this unexpected meeting he forgot to take off his cap as he spoke to Her Majesty, and for the life of him couldn't remember anything she had said to him other than to ask his name, his age, and the name of his dog. "She did talk to me, though," he said, "but I can't remember all she said."

Ray said he knew he was talking to the King and Queen because he had seen them in the morning as they drove along the Aylmer Road on their official drive through Hull.

Other Happy Meetings.

Several other Aylmer road people had the happy experience of personally meeting Their Majesties in this informal manner, and will long treasure the memory of their visit. One of them, Miss Ida Allen, was fortunate enough to have Their Majesties pose for her as they stood in the dusty road while she snapped their picture with a camera.

Miss Allen's brother, W. L. Allen, well-known Aylmer road dairy farmer, was standing in the yard of his home when the Royal party stopped at the foot of the gravel lane which separates his farm from that of Conrad McConnell. He at once recognized them and walked over to get a better view of the King and Queen. He called his sister, Ida, to come and see their visitors, and when she was about halfway to the lane across the field, he suggested she go back and get her camera.

Mr. Allen started to stroll up his lane behind Their Majesties when one of the plainclothes guards stopped him. When he explained he was the owner of the property, the guard smiled and allowed him to continue.

General laughter among the party waiting behind the Royal couple resulted when Mr. Allen offered to "climb back over his fence if it would make them feel any better."

"They were at once all very friendly and one of the guards told me His Majesty just wanted to get out into the country for a few minutes for a stroll and a quiet smoke," said Mr. Allen. The proprietor of the farm entered into easy conversation with Lady Nunburnholme, the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting, as she rested in the lush green grass beside the road. After discussing farming affairs with her, he told her he would dearly love to have the opportunity to grasp the King's hand.

"Now I think that could be arranged, Mr. Allen," replied Lady Nunburnholme.

In the meantime Mr. Allen's sister had approached the waiting party and as she stood behind the wire fence by the side of the road, Mr. Allen introduced her to the Lady-in-Waiting.

The party watched the King and Queen as they strolled quietly up the road and out of sight. Then Their Majesties returned. As the Queen approached to within a few feet of Mr. Allen, he addressed her with these words:

"Your Majesty, I am much honoured by your visit to my property."

To which the Queen replied, "Oh, are you the owner?" and walked up to him and shook his hand warmly. Then the King shook hands with him. Mr. Allen then presented his sister, who was standing behind the fence, and the Queen walked from the middle of the road where she was standing across the wide grass margin, up a small grade, and shook hands with her across the fence. His Majesty the King followed suit, and soon the little group were engaged in easy and happy conversation.

Picks Wild Flowers.

Mr. Allen stated the Queen had picked some wild flowers on her walk, and was carrying a few in her hand when she returned. She asked them what they were, and he told her they were cowslips.

The Queen asked Mr. Allen about his farm, what he had growing in the different fields, and expressed her delight in the beauty of the countryside. The King also chatted with the farmer, and asked him the extent of his farm.

"I have 300 acres here," said Mr. Allen.

"That's a fairly extensive farm," replied the King. "What is your principal produce?"

"I'm a dairy farmer, principally," he answered.

"How many cows have you?" His Majesty asked.

"I have 75," said Mr. Allen.

"And where do you keep them all?" His Majesty wanted to know.

"Right over there in that barn, sir," replied Mr. Allen, pointing to a large barn about 75 yards inside his property from where the King was standing.

Mr. Allen said Mis Majesty made an involuntary step toward the barn, as if he intended to go in and see the cattle, but then he appeared to change his mind, and remained on the road gazing at the barn for a few moments.

Just by way of saying something which he thought might interest the King, Mr. Allen told His Majesty that his farm was surrounded on three sides by golf clubs, the Glenlea, Chaudiere and Rivermead. The King asked him if he played golf, and Mr. Allen replied that he didn't play very much. "You certainly should be well supplied with golf balls, at any rate," replied his questioner.

The Queen asked the landowner what kind of cattle he had, and he told her they were Holsteins. She seemed very much interested in these farming details.

Takes Their Pictures.

Mr. Allen then felt sufficiently at ease with Their Majesties to suggest they permit his sister to take their picture. They expressed their willingnes readily, and stood together on the road while Miss Allen took a number of exposures. When interviewed later, Miss Allen stated she would under no circumstances release her pictures for publication, as she understood the King and Queen did not wish to have photographers about, and she intended to respect their wishes by not having her pictures published.

KING EATS SPARINGLY WHILE QUEEN TRIES ALL

The King ate sparingly of a sumptuous luncheon at Hart House, Toronto, waving aside the assorted hors d'oeuvres, a sweet potato, sparagus, and ice cream.

From the menu he had only breast of chicken and coffee. His wishes in regard to dessert had been anticipated however, and while the Queen and others ate ice cream the King nibbled on a cream cheese that is his favourite.

Just what this particular variety of cheese is, the Royal waiters wouldn't tell.

The Queen partook of every menu course and seemed to enjoy it all.

A GOOD START.

Peterborough Examiner.

A young man stole a mouth organ from a store in Norwich three years ago, and hitch-hiked a good many miles last week to pay for it. His own explanation was that he had been converted and wanted to make the thing right. Any country can stand a good deal of that sort of conversion.

Williamsburg Maid Chats With Her Majesty the Queen

To be singled out by Queen Elizabeth from the crowd of 10,000 persons who greeted the King and Queen at Morrisburg, Sunday afternoon, was the distinctive honour bestowed on little Lois Weagant, eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Weagant, of Archer.

Standing behind a guard rail at the station along with hundreds of spectators, the little girl was first noticed by the Queen, who immediately drew the King's attention to her. Dressed in yellow, Lois was about two feet away from the observation car platform on which Their Majesties were standing, when suddenly the Queen leaned over and spoke to her.

"You darling little girl," Her Majesty exclaimed, "how tired and crushed you must be, standing there so long waiting to see us."

The Queen chatted with the little girl for some seconds asking her where she lived and other personal questions. Thrilled beyond words to be spoken to by Her Majesty, little Lois answered all questions in a firm voice and although visibly excited she quickly regained her composure.



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BUY FROM A BUSINESS LEADER . . . YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER

Over 300 Local People View Royal Procession Friday

"We saw the King and Queen!" was the cry of more than 300 Chesterville folk who crowded the reserved section on the Experimental Farm Driveway in Ottawa when Their Majesties made their triumphal entry to the capital, riding in the state coach and escorted by the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

With the excursion train leaving at 5.05 a.m., many of those aboard were out of bed at the earliest for many a day and perhaps won't be out again at this hour until another such visit should draw them. The streets were lined with parties bearing their lunch baskets at 4.30—all hiking to the station, and the platform and waiting room were crowded when the special train pulled in on time.

To many of the youngsters it was their first train ride, although nearly all had been to Ottawa before by motor, and the trip was a thrill. Especially when some one discovered the dispenser of paper drinking cups and the supply of drinking water. It was not long before the long glass tube of Dixies was empty.

A walk of slightly more than a mile followed the landing at the siding near the Experimental Farm at 6.40, and on the way up to the Chesterville reserved spot the heavy clouds broke and rain and hail fell. It was a wet and cold wait until 10.00 o'clock, but entertainment was provided with watching other groups arriving and getting to their positions along the beautiful drive, and every now and then a scarlet coated Mountie buzzed by on his motorcycle, or a police car with officials sped by.

As the time of arrival drew near, the escort of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards rode by on the way to the station and drew a rousing cheer that kept their horses prancing nervously, and then the official cars and the state coach went by.

At ten o'clock, the steam from the royal train could be seen to the north and then the royal salute began to boom out. Shortly afterward the sun could be seen glinting from the brass helmets of the escort as the parade made its way down the winding hill from Fisher avenue, and at 10.19 the Chesterville people saw for the first time Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth as they drove by in the open carriage. Rain had stopped and the sun came out just before the Royal party started their drive.

It has been said that the cheering was not as loud as it might have been. The answer is, that when we, the common people, saw our sovereigns in reality for a fleeting moment, the spectacle left us speechless and we could just feast our eyes on His Majesty in his brilliant uniform, and his most charming Queen.

Many did not see the King at all as the beauty of Queen Elizabeth was so entrancing they could not take their eyes off her. "Gee, isn't she swell!" "Isn't she beautiful?" "Her pictures don't do her justice!" were the comments that went buzzing through the crowd of awe inspired spectators after the parade had passed.

Lunch baskets were opened immediately after the last of the royal procession passed and the excitement had died down somewhat. The train for home did not leave until 2.00 o'clock so many whiled away the time strolling up to the Royal station and viewing the sights, and many went down town to see the decorations.

The arrangements for handling the huge crowds that thronged the city were wonderfully well completed, with first aid stations all along the route manned by soldiers, nurses and Boy Scouts. The Chesterville folks had a chance to test the efficiency of the Scouts when a young boy was missed. The local Scouts started to search after notifying the Scouts at the nearest tent who telephoned the Scouts along the Farm route to keep on the lookout. Each child from town was tagged by the Rotary club with his name and address in case just such an emergency happened.

Every badge was scrutinized by the Scouts, big and small. One local little chap was strolling along when a bit of a Scout ran up and started to examine his badge. "Get out of my way!" said the Chesterville boy, "I'm looking for him myself!"

The boy was found at the station.

The Chesterville train got away at 2.30 and shortly afterward rain began to fall in torrents and continued until just before Winchester was reached.

Preliminary arrangements of the trip were made by the Rotary Club of Chesterville and members assisted at the station with the issuing of tickets and badges to children and also in keeping watch over them on the train and in Ottawa. The village council paid the fare of all who were unable to do so and thus assisted in arranging that as many as possible made the trip to see the sovereigns

PLANT SOMETHING.

Winnipeg Tribune.

ANY PERSON who, at the time of the year, doesn't plant something for the pleasure of watching it grow is cheating himself out of one of the simplest pleasures of life that anyone can enjoy.

One doesn't need a farm for the purpose. A small back garden will do quite well. But if one lives in an apartment? Very well, window boxes will serve. If window boxes are impossible there are always flower pots, cheap and undemanding.

One need not grow a field of wheat, or a formal garden. It need not be a broad lawn, or a clump of lilacs. It need not even be a bed of pansies.

If nothing more elaborate is possible, a few seeds or cuttings planted in a flower pot will do the same thing for any man or woman by providing a link between them and old Mother Nature.

Anyone who helps to create beauty which might not otherwise have existed is approaching as near to an understanding of peace and beauty as is possible in this fear-ridden world.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the estate of EMMA URANNIE VanDUSEN, late of the Village of Chesterville in the County of Dundas, widow, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to section 51 of The Trustee Act R.S.O. 1937, cap. 165, that all creditors and others having claims or demands against the estate of the said Emma Urranie VanDusen, who died on or about the Fifth day of November, 1938, at the Village of Chesterville aforesaid, are required, on or before the NINTH day of JUNE, 1939, to send by post prepaid or deliver, to the undersigned Solicitors for ROBERT OUDERKIRK and MARGARET EMPEY, executors of the last will and testament of the said deceased, full particulars, in writing verified by statutory declaration, of their claims and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and that the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part of them to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated May 12, 1939.

CASS & CASS,
Chesterville, Ontario,
32-3 Solicitors for Executors.



Mountain West

Miss Marguerite Crowder spent Friday afternoon with Miss Hazel Carr.

Mr. Wm. Dillabough, Kemptville, is spending a few days with his son, Mr. Ralph Dillabough.

Messrs. Lorne and Lyal Stewart and Miss Ellen Stewart spent a couple of days with their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beggs, Kemptville.

Mr. Bert Kennedy visited his sister Mr. Howard Prosser, Kemptville, last week.

Mr. Thos. Smith spent Monday evening with Mr. Ken Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs Melvin Crowder and family, of Pleasant Valley, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lytelle Crowder.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Workman and family called on Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beggs of Kemptville, Saturday evening.

Mrs. E. Gilroy spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Lytelle Crowder.

A number from here attended the celebrations in Ottawa in honour of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Farrell and family spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arlow Beggs.

Mrs. Wm. Beggs, South Mountain, spent Monday with her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Beggs.

Nation Valley

Nation Valley was well represented at Ottawa and Morrisburg to see Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Murray and son Jack spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Enos Munro.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Rae spent last week-end at Hammond, with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cardiff.

Miss Bessie Merkley, R.N., of Ottawa, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Merkley.

Miss Nora Elliott, of Winchester, was calling in the Valley.

Mrs. A. McGregor and son, of Quebec, were visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Merkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Rae, Mrs. Kenneth Merkley, Mrs. Clifford Summers, Mrs. I. P. McIntosh and Miss Helen Jamieson spent the week-end in Ottawa.

Mrs. Archie Black entertained the W.M.S. of St. Andrew's church, Chesterville, Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Jay Bailey has the sympathy of this district in the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jos. Shaver.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our thanks and appreciation to our neighours and friends for many kind acts and expressions of sympathy on the death of our mother, the late Mrs. Joseph Shaver.
—Mrs. D. Runions, Mrs. E. Loucks.

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For spraying Apple and other Fruit Trees

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Bulk Golden Bantam Corn
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WHITE BEANS 8 pounds ..... .25
Onion Seed by ounce

Horsehide Gloves
With Gauntlet Cuff Per pair ..... .85
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Screen Doors 2.25 each
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2' 6" x 6' 6"
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Soft Balls and Bats
A full line to choose from.

Sweat Pads .50 and .60

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White Shoe Dressing
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The Bargain Table

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NOTICE—DOGS AT LARGE.

A Special Meeting of the Municipal Council of the Village of Chesterville was held on May 23rd, when a By-Law to Prohibit and Regulate the Running at Large of Dogs was passed, signed and sealed and came into effect as soon as passed. Under this By-Law any dog found running at large may be seized and impounded or may be killed either before or after impounding. If the owner of a dog impounded is known, he will be notified and he may recover same by paying poundage fees. If owner is not known, a notice will be posted in the Clerk's Office for one week after which the dog will be either sold or destroyed. Chas. Weeks has been appointed dog-catcher and pound-keeper and any complaints of dogs running at large should be made to him.

HARRY C. HUMMEL,
Municipal Clerk. 31-1

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR RADIO.

During the summer, do not neglect your radio. It cost you money and will give you years of service, reliable service, if you have it overhauled periodically. You do not have to sacrifice it on a trade-in deal. If you have it checked and repaired by an experienced radio man the expense will be insignificant compared to your loss in a trade.—ELVIN LaSALLE, "The Radio Doctor," at My Home, Chesterville. 31

WANTED

Graduate Nurses willing to do relief duty, with opportunity of permanent position. Apply J. R. McLACHLAN, Business Manager, St. Lawrence Sanatorium, Cornwall, Ont. 31-2

GREEN ROC CHICKS

Breeding Counts! Our quality chicks hatched only from bloodtested breeders on my own breeding farm—Barred Rocks, White Leghorns, New Hampshires, Baby Chicks, day old Pullets 95c doz.; Leghorn Cockerels 1.50 per 100. We often have chicks on hand—how about yours? See—GREEN ROC POULTRY FARM, Wales, Ont. 32

HORSES FOR SALE.

Never less than 20 head Good Farm Work Horses at all times to choose from. — McINTOSH'S SALE & EXCHANGE STABLES, Box 27, Phone 610 r 4, Winchester Springs. 24tf

Order your Bray Chicks from me!

I am agent for Bray Chicks in this locality. Phone or call for catalogue and price list. The Bray Chick does the trick.

ALBERT MERKLEY,
CHESTERVILLE.

Morewood

Miss I. Jervis, Correspondent.

Miss Mary Popplewell visited for a week with her cousin, Miss Esther Andrew of Ottawa.

The sympathy of the community goes out to the many friends of the late Mrs. Joseph Shaver who passed away on Thursday after a short illness.

Mrs. A. Dillabough spent a few days visiting in Ottawa with Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Wilson.

Miss Alta Loucks visited over the week-end in Kingston.

Born—On May 15th, 1939, at the Civic hospital, Ottawa, to Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, of Morewood, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Casselman and friends of the United States visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thomas.

Mrs. Arthur Steinberg spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Strader of Williamsburg.

HEAVY ELECTRICAL STORM OVER DISTRICT ON TUESDAY

The first thunderstorm of much intensity passed over this district Tuesday afternoon, lasting for a couple of hours. The lightning was very vivid at times and the power lines had about all they could do to carry the surge of electricity without going out of business. Motors and lights reached a precarious low at times but came back to normal within a short time. No particular damage has been reported throughout the district.

COURT OF REVISION TOWNSHIP OF WINCHESTER

NOTICE is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court of Revision in connection with the Assessment Roll of the Township of Winchester for the year 1939, will be held in the Presbyterian Hall, in the village of Morewood, on Monday, the Fifth Day of June, at 10.30 o'clock a.m.

All persons interested will govern themselves accordingly.

Morewood, May 22, 1939.

32-2JACOB STEEN, Township Clerk.

FOR SALE

Quantity Western Seed Oats, No. 1 Victory, also a few good Young Horses. — A. V. HEMMINGS, Chesterville. 31-2

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S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS 8½c
S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS 90 per cent Pullets 19 c
S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS Cockerels 1½c
BARRED ROCKS 9½c
BARRED ROCKS 90 per cent Pullets 16 c
BARRED ROCKS, Cockerels 6c
ROCK LEGHORN CROSS 9c
ROCK LEGHORN CROSS 90 per cent Pullets 16c
ROCK LEGHORN CROSS Cockerels 6c
BROODING Can Brood Chicks up to TWO WEEKS in our new Electric Brooded at 2c per Chick a week

TWO 10' x 12' BROODER HOUSES FOR SALE CHEAP

BERRYHOLM CHICKS we admit are not the lowest priced but we are sure they REPRESENT THE BEST VALUE.

Write or Telephone your Order Collect.

D. Leroy Berry - - South Mountain

Melvin

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Burd, Crysler, called on Mr .and Mrs. Roy Miller.

Miss Verna Miller was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Melvin of Ottawa the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Presley and Clarence were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Presley of Brockville on Sunday.

A large crowd from this settlement was in Ottawa and Morrisburg to see Their Majesties the King and Queen.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the family and relatives of the late Mrs. Joseph Shaver of Moulinette who was formerly of Morewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Moore and baby were guests of Carleton Place friends on Sunday.

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Arthur Hutt in the loss of her mother, Mrs. N. Alguire who had spent the past four years with Mr. and Mrs. Hutt from where the funeral took place on Sunday to the Williamsburg Lutheran church and cemetery.

Visitors and callers on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. John Redmond were Mr. and Mrs. Rugles Desjardin and children, Miss Flossie Desjardin, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Redmond and Lyle, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scott.

Grantley

Miss Shirley McMillan accompanied some friends to Vermont where she enjoyed a week-end holiday recently.

Mr. Albert Bush, Mr. and Mrs. John Bush of Finch, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Taylor.

The many friends of Mr. Donald Carr are sorry to know that he is not enjoying the best of health, being shut in for a few weeks.

Mrs. S. Starbard and Mrs. A. Reddick, of Morrisburg, visited for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. Kittle and family.

The remains of the late Mrs. John Clark were brought from the Williamsburg vault and interred in Grantley cemetery last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Servage, of Ogdensburg, visited the latter's brother, Mr. Donald Carr, Mrs. Carr and family a day last week.

A good many from the community were in attendance at the celebration during the visits of Their Majesties to Cornwall, Ottawa and Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hemmings went to Montreal on Monday, Mrs. Hemmings remaining in the city to visit friends.

Miss Vera Haggerty, of Aultsville, visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace.

Mrs. Jas. Wallace and Miss Vera Haggerty were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McMillan, Chesterville.

Mrs. Arthur Beckstead and Mrs. D. Robillard and children visited friends near Finch on Sunday.

Goldfield

Mr. and Mrs. John Gauthier and family, of Alexandria, visited friends here on Thursday.

A good number from here were in Ottawa on Friday and on Sunday in Cornwall and Morrisburg when Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, visited their subjects.

Mr. Robert Pollock, of Avonmore, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blake Nephew during the week.

Mr. Blake Nephew and Harold and Mr. Sam Cameron were in Ottawa on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith and family visited friends in Cornwall, Sunday.

Mr. James Foley, of Kirkland Lake, spent the week-end at his home.

Misses Ena Nephew, of Flinton; Martha Nephew, R.N., of Detroit, and Mrs. Edward Bowles, of Chapleau, spent a few days at the week-end at their parental home and in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Black visited with Mrs. Clarissa Kendrick and Hudson during the week.

Mr. Willard Swerdfeger and Dorothy Swerdfeger visited their mother in Cornwall hospital, Sunday.

Mr. Keith Markell, student at McGill University conducted services in St. Luke's church on Sunday.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hutt desire to express their appreciation for many expressions of sympathy and acts of kindness by their friends and neighbours on the death of the latter's mother.

NUMBERED IN MILLIONS.

Ottawa Journal.

THE PROPORTIONS of the crowds turning out for a glimpse of the King and Queen almost pass belief. Toronto estimates that a million and a half persons filled the streets and parks for the Royal processions. Montreal must have had as big a crowd. Certainly in Ottawa at least a quarter of a million persons saw Their Majesties, and Quebec must have had as many spectators. And Kingston and Three Rivers, and all the towns and villages through which the Royal train has passed, and the uncounted tens of thousands who have watched these blue-and-silver coaches speed by their farms, and it is probably no exaggeration to say that at this time some four million Canadians either have seen the King and Queen or at least have seen their train go by.

With Winnipeg to come, and all the larger cities of the Prairies, and Vancouver and Victoria, and the crowded areas of Western Ontario, and later the cities and three provinces by the Atlantic, this present total will be doubled at least, we should say. By the time the tour ends, that is, probably two-thirds of the people of Canada will have seen their King and Queen. That is the answer to any who may have doubted that the visit would arouse much popular enthusiasm.

The magnitude of the triumph that now is apparent may be measured by more common standards. If a political leader travelled across Canada and addressed 100,000 people at a score of meetings, if he were seen in the flesh by perhaps a quarter of a million persons, his tour would be hailed as a political triumph. The King and Queen when they sail for home, will have seen, and have been seen by, thirty times as many. So extraordinary an outpouring of the common people about the head of their State and the centre on which their unity is fixed possesses a significance no one will miss.

North Winchester

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gardiner called on Mrs. Wm. Hillis Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Mac Gordon and Shirley spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex McLeod of Crysler.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Gordon were Mr. L. Henry, Misses Hazel and Florence Gordon, of Winchester; Miss Greta Fetterly, Mr. G. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Gordon.

Mrs. A. Smirle and Mr. L. Smirle spent Friday in Ottawa.

Mr. Milton and Mr. Harold Hillis visited Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hillis.

Mr. Howard Myers visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Coulthart.

Mrs. Milford Glasgow spent the past week in Ottawa.

Newington

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Blair and family have moved to Berwick after spending the past year here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lalonde and family have moved this week to a farm just west of Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Vance are down from the West on a visit to friends in Cornwall, Newington and surrounding district. Mr. Vance is a brother of Mrs. Abe Eligh, and Mrs. Manson Hollister and Gordon Vance of Cornwall. Mrs. Vance is a sister of H. E. Rutley of Cornwall. Their many friends here are more than pleased to see them.

Mrs. H. Hesson went Monday to Summerstown to reside for the summer. We wish her success.

Miss Florence Winters, R.N., Detroit, who has been with her mother, Mrs. Samuel Winters who is very ill in Ottawa following a serious operation, spent a few days this week with her sister, Mrs. Jas. Hall, and is returning to Ottawa to be with her mother the last of the week.

Mrs. Angus McIntyre is a patient in the Cornwall General hospital.

Mrs. Sarah Rupert of Avonmore, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. Meldrum.

Many from here were in Cornwall on Sunday to see Their Majesties. Several went to Ottawa on Saturday to see them. Long may they reign.

A number of the local sports went fishing on the Victoria Day.

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Money Wasn't Everything

Condensed from The Forum By The Reader's Digest.

Ruth Gordon

Distinguished Actress, star of "Saturday's Children," etc.. etc.

"HIGHWAY ROBBERS!" my father used to call the merchants of our little town. "They got to be, to keep alive," he'd say, and sometimes add, darkly, "dog eat dog," which did not seem quite to follow on. But, at any rate, ours was definitely not the trade by which they kept alive. All the village might patronize the local stores but our trade was aimed at the larger marts, in Boston. On Saturdays, my father would go to Sprague Brothers and purchase our entire butchering for the week. On Thursday he would forage once again, to "T" Wharf this time, for a "good fresh fish." Then, every fortnight, he and mother ordered, from the S. S. Pierce catalogue, our groceries for the following two weeks.

But the problem of our groceries had never been quite solved, and every Sunday evening my father catechized my mother on the local grocer's bill. He would first want to know why there should be a local bill at all. "It don't take education," my father would declare, "to know that if you buy things in bulk it's a lot cheaper than if you go crumbling your money away in small doses."

His questioning as to each item elicited a somewhat scattered set of replies from my mother, who always found it hard to stick to the point. Sitting in the dining room, half listening, half reading, I sided with my father against our trading at the Backus General Store, for it was I who had to "run up to Mr. Backus' like a good girl" when my mother ran short of things.

"Now what about this butter?" my father would demand. "I thought Ruth got that from the Brighams."

"She started to, Clinton, but climbing up that hill and all, Ruth says it hurts her back."

"She climbs up there all right to go coasting, don't she?"

"Well, it's carry butter that tires her out."

"We don't take but three pounds once a week. To hear you talk, you'd think she was tugging a supply to stock up the Nazarene's Home."

"Now, Clinton," my mother's voice dropped to a delicate whisper, "she's just at the growing age."

"Lazy as a louse," said my father. "How old is she anyway, fourteen, fifteen? At that age I'd had six years before the mast. What's this cat meat? Was that the steak we had last night?"

"Of course not," my mother sighed. "That was called Louisiana steak. It was the recipe I got out of the Boston Globe. You ate it and liked it, too."

"Well, if it was so good, whyn't you give some to Punk? Why's he got to have special cat meat? What's good enough for me is good enough for him."

"You've got it all wrong—"

"You mean it ain't good enough for him?"

"If you'd just let me finish what I was going to say. You got the dates all wrong. The day I bought the cat meat was the day we had baked beans. You can't feed a cat beans. And when she's hungry she's doleful and it makes me feel bad."

"I don't care if she's doleful as hell, there's no call to lay out money on a cat. Dribble, dribble, dribble, that's where the money goes. Every two weeks we get that box from Pierce's and then each week a bill from Backus comes along."

"I'm not a wizard, Clinton. I can't tell two weeks ahead just what I'm going to need."

"Why can't you? A cook on a vessel can. If you were in the Straits of Singapore and you want lard there's just two things you can do: have it with you, or go without."

"I know it, Clinton."

"Why've we got to have a cat anyhow? It don't do nothin' but eat his head off. A cat's an animal ain't any use to man."

"Now, Clinton, a cat does keep away mice. And Punk's a lot of company. Mrs. Cliflin thinks she's a bright cat. And she loves you, Clinton."

Who, Mrs. Cliflin?"

"Clinton, if anybody heard you! Punk loves you. And beside, look how Punk does her trick for you. You showed her that. When you persevere, Clinton, you can do just about anyting you want."

Somewhat mollified, my father studied the cat. "Come here, for goodness' sake, and do something to earn your keep. Jump over." Punk tacked diffidently across the kitchen floor to my father's outstretched leg, and jumped over."

"There!" exclaimed my mother. "Where could you get a cat to do that?"

"Don't like cat," said my father ungraciously. "Germ carriers, every one of 'em. Layin' in at Singapore one time, bubonic plague broke out and everyone said it was brought aboard by the second mate's cat. Malay cook tossed him overboard."

"Whatever did the poor thing do?"

" He swam, of course. If you mean where did he swim, that I can't say."

"I declare, men are heartless, treating a dumb animal like that."

"Don't know what's dumb about 'em. Don't do no work, gets a fair to middlin' place to live, and from three to forty square meals a day just accordin' to how often you forget. Damned if I don't wish I was a cat." My father's eye drifted despondently back to the bill. "What was we doin' with four tangerines?"

"Well, now, Clinton, the child took one a day to school in her lunch."

"Can't she eat plain oranges, like the rest of us?"

"It was just for a change."

"And these bills need a change. Last week it was a dollar ninety-eight and this week it's two twenty-two."

"O dear! Well, I know I manage a lot better than the Claflins do. I know their bill is bigger than ours."

" I don't kive a — what Claflin's bill is. He may be a millionaire, for all I know. I ain't and never will be, so long as I get bills, bills, bills."

"Money isn't everything, dear."

"Well, poverty is! Poverty's everything in my whole word. Seems like there isn't anything I can afford. We live on hash and stew and Louisiana cat meat, when I got a taste for oysters, and curry like they make it in Bombay."

"Oh, I don't know what to do. I really don't."

"Don't trouble," said my father, with a world of meaning. "I'm going out."

"Why, Clinton, you can't. It must be nine o'clock."

"Don't try to stop me," thundered my father. "I been out at every hour of the night that there is."

"Oh, Clinton, don't do anything rash," pleaded my mother. "Please don't, Clinton, for all our sakes." I was listening, intently, dreading the worst.

"Nothin' rasher than to lay down on the railroad tracks," my father said, so convincingly that, as many times as I had heard this, I really believed he might."

"Oh, Clinton, you wouldn't. Think of Ruth, Clinton, think of me."

"And I'm going to take that cat right with me! You come here, Punk," and my father bent down to drag her out from under the stove. "I'm damned if I'm going to be a foreman all my life, just so's I can support a striped cat."

"Oh, Clinton, I'll never give her anything again," my mother pleaded. "I don't care how she looks at me, I won't. Only, don't go out, Clinton."

My father hesitated, stared balefully around the kitchen, and then graciously decided to give in. "Drop it," he growled, "it's just like everything else I can't afford. I can't even afford that. The railroad'd sue you, for me clutterin' up their tracks. Come on, put out that lamp. It's been smokin', like it nearly always is. I don't know why no one around here ever thinks to trim a wick."

With relief I heard my father open the door to the back stairs.

"I don't know," he murmured, disappearing up the stairs, "I don't know what the answer is. God save us all from the kick of a lame duck."

ASPARAGUS

EVERY permanent fruit or vegetable garden should have an asparagus bed. It supplies the family with spring's first cultivated vegetable states James Gallaher, Head Gardener, Experimental Station, Kentville, N.S.

The soil should be comparatively deep, friable, well-drained and fertile, with plenty of organic matter and an abundance of soil nutrients. A good coat of barnyard manure deeply dug in the autumn previous to planting, and a spring application of a 5-10-5 fertilizer at the rate of five pounds per square rod, dug into the soil when it is being worked up for planting, are advisable. One-year-old plants of Mary Washington are recommended. These may be grown from seed a year before, or purchased as roots. If two or more rows are planted they should be six feet apart. A trench eight inches deep by two feet wide is dug out, levelled at the bottom, the roots of the plants spread out flat on the bottom of the trench one and one-half feet apart, covered with about two inches of soil and tamped firmly. Do not refill the trench. Hoe frequently to control weeds and moisture. The roots of the asparagus work toward the surface and the trench is gradually filled in over a period of twenty to thirty years, the lifetime of the bed. Do not cut any of the tips the year after planting and but few the second year, and never too many thereafter. Some must be left to develop the roots for the following year's crop.

In the late autumn after planting, the stalks are cut off close to the ground and taken away and burned. The bed is then heavily manured (three to four inches) with well-composted manure, which is covered with one inch of soil. In the years that follow all the stalks that produce seed should be removed (or the seed picked off) to prevent them from falling to the ground and reseeding the bed. The bed is cleaned up annually late in the autumn and the stalks burned to destroy insects and diseases that they might harbour.

Astounded Boy Gets Souvenir As Queen Tosses Hankie

"Since we can't go to the Garden Party to see the King and Queen, let's just go off for a ride on our bikes," was the thought that occurred simultaneously to two 'teen age Ottawa girls Saturday afternoon, after the thrilling events of the morning. Deciding to take the Island Park Drive route, and look for violets, the two girls set out, and on the Drive were riding abreast, indulging in Ottawa's favourite occupation of the day—exchanging impressions of the King and Queen.

A warning siren, and they assumed the single file position more favoured by the "law," then looking back, they were thrilled and excited to behold the vanguard of Their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, who apparently were taking an unannounced, leisurely drive along some of Ottawa's beautiful driveways. Leaning forward as they passed the girls, the King and Queen waved to them, and smiled happily—a greeting which was promptly and enthusiastically returned by the girls.

A small boy was the only other person on that part of the road, and as the Royal car passed him, the smiling lady inside threw out her handkerchief. Picking up the dainty wisp of chiffon, exquisitely scented, the bewildered young man ran to the girls and told them that the Queen had lost her hankie, and "what will I do about it?" he asked.

His delight was unbounded when he was told that the Queen probably meant him to have it as a souvenir, and that he should keep it as a remembrance of her kindness.

Explained.

Jones: "Life is full of trials."
Brown: "Yes, thank goodness."
Jones: "Why do you say that?"
Brown: "I'm a lawyer."

Preferred Homes :: :: ::

IS YOUR HOME a "preferred home?" Here at the Children's Institute we have gotten into the habit of designation as "preferred home" those in a community that provides educational opportunities at home in the form of books to help their youngsters make the most of their schooldays, and later their life.

TODAY'S PARENT

Ellen McLoughlin
Director
Children's
Institute

There is a definite connection, you know, between books in the home and grades made by youngsters in school. In a national survey, is was found that in the great majority of cases, homes from which high intelligence springs are invariably those abounding in reading matter to which youngsters are exposed. Only about one home out of three on a nation-wide basis was found to give its youngsters this extra educational help.

Here is proof of the rewards that come when parents place cultural knowledge at the easy disposal of their young people. The facts seem to indicate that by making well-chosen and helpful reading easily accessible in the home, parents can feel that they are doing something constructive for their children.

Educators are coming more and more to the opinion that the right books should be looked upon as necessities rather than luxuries. As Dr. Lewis M. Terman, internationally known educator of Stanford University, has stated, "It would be greatly to the advantage of the next generation if some of the expenditures now going for gasoline, tobacco, candy, cosmetics and chewing gum were diverted for the purpose of purchasing books for the home."

It has been demonstrated that 96 per cent of the child's life is spent in the home environment, and that is where the greatest opportunities for moulding the child's character and abilities lie. Children who learn informally at home make much more rapid progress than those whose education is confined to school work alone. Given parents of average intelligence, and the opportunities to browse in books that stimulate and at the same time satisfy their curiosity, youngsters find the acquisition of knowledge to be a real joy. Income figures show that those who have a well-rounded education earn more than three times as much as those who have not had the educational opportunities at home as well as in school.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Mrs. T.W.E.: We are new in our community. What are some of the ways my youngster can get acquainted with young people his own age?

Let him go to the groups that do things that interest him, and where other fine boys are—the school clubs, the Y, the church, the playground. Common likes and dislikes are the things on which friendships are built. If he likes sport, urge him to join the team; if he is a stamp or camera fan, see if you can find other youngsters interested in those same things.

THEY ALL DO IT.

Brockville Recorder and Times.

An inventory of the late Sir Joseph Flavelle's holdings shows that one of his investments was in 31,500 shares of a mining company which are now estimated to be worth the sum of $1. This should be heartening to many small investors who have similar certificates in their possession.

Hard to Say.

Tommy: "I want some chocolate caramels."

Dealer: "How much do you want, sonny?"

Tommy: "I want enough. How much will that come to?"

A Common Trouble.

The owner-driver of a smart little blue two-seater car was permitting his friend to inspect it.

"By Jove!" his friend said. "You must have done a lot of touring this year. I see you've done ten thousand miles."

"Ah!" was the reply. "That was mostly through looking for parking places in the town!"

"Young Man— I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!"



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- ☐ Rod and Gun, 1 Yr.
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- ☐ Open Road (For Boys), 1 Yr.

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The Record, Chesterville

Tying Old Arrowhead

CHARLEY HACK was a range rider in the employ of the X and S Cattle Company of Lower California. Although he was now chasing cows for wages, he had been a professional exhibition rider and had won renown at the California cowboy contests. Hack had a "pardner" named Tommy Tyler, and the pair were called "the side-by-sides."

One day, as Hack and Tommy were riding after cattle among the vast mesquite thickets that cover the overflow bottoms of the Colorado river, they suddenly came upon a big, lone, blood-red steer with a diamond-shaped splotch of white on his forehead. One moment they saw the flash of his eyes an dthe gleam of his horns through an opening in the brush; the next, they saw him roll his tail high and go crashing off through the thicket. Tommy, who was young and from Texas besides, immediately "jumped" his horse after the steer, and at the same time seized his rope.

"What you going to do?" demanded Hack, spurring after his partner.

"Goin' to put my string on that Old Arrowhead!" Tommy shouted back.

"You'll get your horse horned, sure," Hack warned him. "The range boss said he was going to fire the next cow hand that tied on to one of those brush hiders."

But Tommy had hooked his belt over the horn of his saddle and was riding pell-mell through the thicket.

This big, lone, blood-red steer, with the arrow-shaped marking on his forehead, had outwitted all the cowboys who had tried to drive him out of the brush. Although Hack hoped with all his heart that the brute would now elude his partner, he well knew that the reckless Texan generally managed to rope anything he started after. So Hack, too, hooked his belt over his saddle horn and jumped his mustang into a swifter run.

Old Arrowhead could hurl himself through the thickets like a bull moose. Hack was not able to see the brute at all; but occasionally, above the crashing of the two horses through the brush, he could hear the sharp snapping of dry limbs ahead. The horse that Hack rode had "seen his best day"; but Tommy was riding a swift, strong-running animal that would follow a brush-breaking steer with the eager frenzy of a dog chasing rabbits. Before the race was well begun the Texan had passed out of sight of his partner.

Tommy was about fifty yards in the lead when, after a chase of nearly a mile, the brush hider suddenly dashed out into an opening. That was all the Texan could wish for. Spurring his fleet horse forward, he made a cast at the big steer.

After a steer has been chased until he breathes hard he is likely to show fight when he feels the bite of the noose. If the steer is a Sonora longhorn that has "turned brush hider," he is almost sure to have an ugly temper. Tommy had hardly tightened his rope when Old Arrowhead whirled on him with a menacing bellow.

It was said that Tommy was a better rider than he was a horseman. He was rough with all of his stock, and as a result his horses were likely to become "bullheaded" in a moment of excitement. And now, when Tommy tried to spin his mount round to keep the lasso tightened, the animal obeyed with a stiff neck. A cowboy who has "tied on" to a fighting steer is indeed in danger if he cannot depend upon an instant response from his mount. Tommy was "tied on" literally, too, for in the reckless style of Texans, he had his thirty-five foot cotton rope knotted hard and fast to the pommel of his saddle.

Hack burst out of the thicket just in time to see Tommy's horse floundering in the slack of the cotton rope. A moment later, before Hack could ride close enough to make a cast with his own lariat, Old Arrowhead hooked his horns under the fore quarters of Tommy's mount and slammed horse and rider to the ground.

The steer was drawing back for another thrust at Tommy's horse, when Hack, jumping his mustang alongside gave the brute a quick dig in the ribs with his right spur. Bellowing with pain, the steer whirled to fight; whereupon Hack struck him in the face with the loop of his lariat. Ten, jumping his horse forward just in time to escape a scythe-like sweep of the long, white horns, the cowboy sped off across the open with Old Arrowhead charging furiously after him.

Tommy's rope, which was tangled around his horse's legs and still fastened to the saddle horn, snapped as Old Arrowhead came to the end of it. That backward twitch from Tommy's rope seemed to double the steer's fury.

Hack, whose mount was getting winded, rode as lightly as he could, and kept an anxious lookout over his shoulder.

"Make yourself scarce, pardner!" he shouted to Tommy. "And get a move on you, too!"

With the brush hider not more than ten feet behind, Hack led the brute away from Tommy straight down the open. His mustang, although badly blown, proved able to keep his tail at a safe distance from the steer's horns, but Hack knew that his mount would not be able to keep that killing pace for long.

The cowboy was nearing the end of the clearing, when suddenly Old Arrowhead slackened his pace. For a moment Hack hoped to see the steer dive off into the thickets and take himself to a place of hiding; but the next instant the brute had whirled square around and was charging straight back at Tommy. Tommy's horse had a torn shoulder, where one of the steer's sharp horns had caught him, and, as a strong breeze came from that direction, it is probable that Old Arrowhead had scented the blood.

As Hack whirled his mustang and jumped him into a run after the steer, he saw that his partner was pinned to the ground by his horse. Tommy was trying to make his mount get up, but it was evident that the animal's legs were still tangled in the cotton rope.

For a moment Hack did not know what to do. His lariat was coiled ready for a cast; but with a limp horse under him, there would be little use in his lassoing that brush hider!

"Might as well tie on to a locomotive!" he muttered.

But as his eyes rested again on the squirming pile ahead, he decided on a plan of action. Letting out a shrill yell and leaning forward in his saddle, he called on his horse for a burst of speed. His rope made a sharp, whining wheel! wheef! wheel! as he whirled the loop above his head. He was going to do the "throw and tie"—a feat of the cowboy contests.

He had performed this feat many times, but always when mounted on a fresh, strong horse and pitted against ordinary range steers in the panic of first flight. Moreover, there were always alert men close at hand to help a contestant in case he needed their aid. But here, alone, on a winded mount, and pitted against a fighting Sonora brush hider, Hack was setting out on a desperate venture.

Shouting wildly, he charged after Old Arrowhead. With the nerviness of the desert breed, his horse was summoning fresh reserves of strength, and was gaining rapidly on the steer. The cowboy had knotted the end of the lariat to the saddle horn to be ready for the cast. He could see that Tommy's mount, abandoning the struggle to get up, was lying quietly. Tommy was digging at his imprisoned leg as silently as a badger.

Old Arrowhead, running with a furious flourish of horns, was within a hundred feet of Tommy, when Hack came close enough for a favourable throw. The cowboy knew full well that the most skillful thrower will occasionally miss a cast; the force and direction of the wind, the speed of the running steer and the speed of his own horse must all be nicely calculated.

When, with a final, swift overhead whirl, he released the loop of rawhide, he watched with breathless suspense while it shot ahead in spirals. With a quick, downward swoop, it fell directly over the brush hider's horns; snapping it tight with a deft backhanded jerk, Hack let out a wild yell of encouragement to his horse. His plucky little mount understood—his master was calling for yet another burst of speed.

As his mustang bounded forward, Hack bipped his long rope over the steer's back so that it trailed along the animal's right side. In the same instant he veered his leaping mount a little to the left. A final fierce spurt of Hack's mount took him abreast of the steer's left flank, then even with the steer's fore shoulder, then ahead of the steer—then the tunk! of tautened rawhide and the violent jerking strain on the saddle told Hack that the time to tie had come.

He leaped to the ground as the steer tripped by the rope against his hind heels, floundered heavily forward. Tommy and his mount lay scarcely ten feet from the brush hider's horns.

The moment that Hack's feet hit the ground he saw that Old Arrowead was not completely cast. The mustang had lacked sufficient power and speed to throw and stretch the big steer in a favourable position for tying. In getting up, a steer has to raise his hind quarters first; he is helpless if his hind legs are tied. But because Hack's mount had not drawn the steer's heels far enough forward and was not now holding the rope taught enough, the brush hider was already strggling to get a foothold.

Hack never knew exactly what happened after he dived for the steer's hind legs. A blow from one of the creature's hoofs opened his forehead; the blood ran down and filled his eyes. For what seemed an endless time he felt as if he were being shaken and battered to pieces. But he hung on blindly, straining every nerve and muscle to keep the struggling steer from getting a foothold on the ground.

Then, in the smother of dust, Tommy was suddenly at his side, shouting, "Stay-y with him, pardner! Stay-y with him!"

The help of Tommy's tough, experienced hands was all that Hack needed. In less than a minute the two of them had Old Arrowhead's hind legs firmly bound. Later on, while the partners sat panting side by side, Tommy explained that he had managed to free his pinned leg in the nick of time. And at the end he declared emphatically that he had had enough of lassoing brush riders.

Finch

Mrs. Roland Cherrie and daughter June, of Toronto, spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brownlee and Lillie.

Mrs. John Brownell spent Friday with Mrs. Grace Hesson.

Mrs. Carman Empey, of Cornwall, spent a day recently with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Empey.

Mr. Elmer Flegg and Mr. John Brownell spent Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Flegg.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan McDougall and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Nephew spent Friday in Ottawa.

Mrs. John Black spent the week-end with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell and Jean, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brownell attended the reception for Mr. Freddie Brownell and his bride at Wales on Thursday evening.

Mr. Elburn Shaver is spending a few days with friends in Ottawa.

Orange Pekoe Blend
"SALADA"
TEA
19

ALONG THE AIR WAVES

BY "ETHERITE"

ROYAL BROADCASTS AT A GLANCE

CALGARY
Friday, May 26, 7.15—7.45 p.m.
Their Majesties' visit to an Indian Village.

VANCOUVER
Monday, May 29—2.45 - 3.30 p.m.
Description of official welcome to Their Majesties.
Departure of the Royal party by boat for Victoria will be described and the events of the day reviewed by Pat Terry.

VICTORIA
Tuesday, May 30:
6.00—6.45 p.m. Speech by His Majesty The King.
10.30—11.00 p.m.—Royal Visit to Victoria—Bruce Hutchinson.

JASPER
Thursday, June 1:
6.15 — 6.30 p.m.—Commentary on Royal Visit from Jasper.

THEIR MAJESTIES will commence the return journey from Canada's west coast on Wednesday, May 31.

On Friday, June 2, the Royal train will glide into Edmonton, capital city of Alberta, where CBC commentators will be on hand to capture the picturesque welcome. Farm cowboys, miners oil-field workers, trappers and Indians will join the city's population to honour their Sovereigns.

Saskatoon, Sioux Lookout, Sudbury, Windsor, London, Hamilton and Niagara Falls will be among the chief points of the Royal itinerary before Their Majesties cross the Peace Bridge to undertake a gala four-day visit as guests of the United States.

Special broadcasts will tell the story of the receptions in all cities visited and CBC commentators will bring the highlights of the journey to Canadian and United States listeners. Commentaries by members of the BBC staff, accompanying the Royal party, will be heard in England and by Empire audiences, from Daventry.

In Edmonton, Their Majesties will see some of Canada's finest specimens of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope. At Saskatoon, they will behold a great exhibit of natural products and a thriving city where 40 years ago was virgin prairie.

Skirting Toronto to visit briefly the industrial centres of Ontario, Their Majesties will reach the prolific fruit-bearing district which extends westward to Niagara. Here, on the evening of June 7, just as countless of tourists have done before, George VI and Queen Elizabeth will don oil skins and descend to the rock ledges beneath the Falls. An after dark view of their visit, when the spraying cascades are bathed in coloured light, will be broadcast, followed by an account of the historic crossing of the international boundary to extend the Royal hand of friendship to Canada's good neighbour.

Spencerville Threatened Fire Destroys Two Homes

Spencerville.—Fire of unknown origin destroyed two residences, damaged a third and threatened the entire village before being brought under control here Saturday afternoon. Damage was estimated at upwards of $15,000. No one was injured.

Two hundred volunteers from the village and district struggled to extinguish the blaze, and when their efforts failed to halt the flames, fire apparatus was called from Prescott, Kemptville and Brockville. The fire broke out at 2 p.m. and it was not until four hours later that it was under control.

The blaze started in a shed at the rear of the home of Alfred H. Stirtan just off the main highway, and spread rapidly to the residence itself. From there it jumped to the next-door house of Mrs. George Fairbairn. Both these dwellings were burned to the ground.

Damage was caused to the rear of the home of Mrs. L. H. McAuley and sparks set fire to the shingles on the roofs of the United church parsonage, the post office and Alfred Langstaff's roof. Volunteers, who were summoned by Miss Madeline Cook, telephone operator, and firemen concentrated their efforts on these dwellings.

Firemen were forced to pump water 2,000 feet from the Nation river to the scene of the fire.

Sparks from the fire travelled four blocks away and set fire to a barn at the home of the late Mrs. A. Fraser. The barn was destroyed.

Invade The Golden Eagle's Domain



The Sky-Line Trail Hikers and Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies will share with golden eagles and white mountain goats the glaciers, mile-high alpine meadows and scenic beauties of two of the loveliest sections of the Canadian Rockies on their annual outings this summer.

Starting each year from Banff Springs Hotel, the Riders on sure-footed mountain ponies, the Hikers on foot, explore new sections of the Rockies. Carefree days are passed camera-hunting big game, fishing in virgin lakes, roaming in alpine gardens, mountain climbing, or basking in the sun, roused from lethargy only by the incantations performed thrice daily by the cook.

The Trail Riders will leave Banff Springs Hotel early Friday, July 28, riding in easy stages over the scenic High Line to Moraine Lake in the Valley of the Ten Peaks, where they will hold their closing Pow-Wow on the evening of Tuesday, August 1. A day's rest in a most interesting location is provided enroute.

The Hikers will make headquarters at a central camp in beautiful Ptarmigan Valley north of Lake Louise, August 4-7, and spend their time exploring the high country.

The Trail Riders and Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies' plans for this year are being received enthusiastically by nature lovers all over the world, judging from the number of inquiries reaching the secretary, J. M. Gibbon, Windsor Station, Montreal.

HELPFUL HINT, GARDENERS

Halifax Chronicle.

GARDENING seems to breed sympathy and understanding. This tens to make gardeners helpful to each other.

This spirit of helpfulness prompted a gardener who "season after season, broke her back in digging dandelions out of her lawn" to tell the Eastern Chronicle (New Glasgow) of another method which she had discovered to be "a restful operation." The Eastern Chronicle, in that spirit of public service which characterizes newspapers, passed the word along to its readers, with the comment ((Recommended." The information may be helpful to other gardeners and the Halifax Chronicle passes it along in turn:

An ice-pick dipped in gasoline and thrust into the heart of the dandelions will kill the weeds with little damage to the surrounding grass.

The remedy sounds simple enough and if it proves an effective way to avoid the digging and pulling ordinarily employed, it will be a blessing to many a gardener.

It doesn't cost to advertise in The Record. It Pays.

Mainly About People

Fine Empire Day Address Given Before Rotary Club

Members of the Rotary Club "went back to school" for a brief period on Tuesday evening when Ray C. Dillabough, principal of the Public school, gave his fellow Rotarians an extremely interesting history lesson as he spoke on "Empire Day."

Empire Day, he said, was originated 40 years ago that day in Hamilton when Hon. G. W. Ross, then Premier of Ontario and Minister of Education, was prevailed upon to pass the measure through the Legislature, and the first Empire Day was observed in the larger city schools, when an address was given by a granddaughter of Laura Secord, the Canadian heroine.

History has seen many empires rise and fall, said the speaker, who referred first to the the wonderful Chinese empire that held sway 5,000 years before Christ, but is now largely subject to Japan, a country hardly heard of 50 years ago. Then came the Assyrian empire of Biblical times, the Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Cartheginian, which have all crumbled to dust.

"You ask why?" said Mr. Dillabough. "As a student of history, I say it was because the people and government became corrupt, morally and politically. A country is just as great as each individual, and an Empire is the sum greatness of all its peoples."

He then traced the history of the British Empire from the days when Caesar, not able to understand the stubborn resistance of the Gauls, saw one day the white cliffs of Dover over the channel. If he were to subdue the fierce Gauls, he must conquer that new land. He defeated the Britons in 55 B.C., and though the Romans were good masters, building roads, walled cities and draining marshes, they did not allow their subjects to bear arms in their own land.

When in 410 A.D. the Romans had to return home to save their country from the Germanic hordes, the Britains were unable to defend themselves and were invaded in turn by the Scots and Picts, the Saxons, Danes and Normans until the Britains were pushed back into Wales and the highlands of Scotland.

Edward I conquered Wales and as the Welsh prince was killed, he gave them the first Prince of Wales. It was not until Henry VII sent John Cabot in search of the northwest passage that the first overseas possession was claimed, Newfoundland. The speaker traced the growth of the American colonies until the capture of Canada in 1763. George III, the "pig-headed monarch who ruled 60 years—59 too many" lost the American colonies in the revolution and the United States of America were set up.

Mr. Dillabough pointed out that not all of Britain's colonies were obtained by conquest, but many were claimed by discovery and colonization, some by extensive financial investment. He also told why many strategic islands are watched over so closely by the Admiralty. many thousands of miles of cables link the British Dominions, the protection of which lies with the Admiralty, and these islands scattered throughout the seas must be kept as coaling stations for warships and the merchant marine.

Australia and New Zealand are two of the largest Dominions obtained by discovery, while Singapore and the Cape of Good Hope and other possessions came to England as a result of the Napoleonic wars.

Gibraltar was captured in 1704 by Sir George Rook who surprised the depleted Spanish garrison on a holiday, and despite many attacks, has never been given up. "It has been said Gibraltar is now an antique, through the use of heavy guns and airplanes, but I don't think any of those birds will hover around there with the fine system of defence Britain has built up," declared Mr. Dillabough.

The great Spanish Empire fell because the Spaniards were not good colonists and because they had no conception of fair play for the conquered.

In contrast, after the South African war when the Boers were defeated, they were given every privilege enjoyed by a British subject and today South Africa is one of the most loyal Dominions within the Empire.

The glamorous history of India was recited, and also of the British Egypt and the Suez canal which forms a link of the all-red line to the East.

"There are some things in the history of our Empire which we wish had not happened," said the speaker, "but Britain has profited from her mistakes. There never was a successful man who did not make mistakes at some time, and it is on the knowledge of these errors that real success is finally built."

Walter Carr thanked Mr. Dillabough for his interesting talk.

H. M. Henderson was the only guest present at the luncheon, which, on account of the heavy downpour, saw a drop in the attendance, the first since last July.

A letter was read from Dr. F. W. oRutley, director of the Ontario Division of the Red Cross, regarding the distribution of butter to needy families, and the responsibility of this work was given to the Community Service Committee.

PREMIER KING DEMONSTRATES PERILS OF MINISTER'S LIFE

Brandon. — The life of a Minister accompanying the King and Queen can be a hazardous one, it seems, and tonight Prime Minister King made a leap from the fast moving Royal train that would indeed have startled onlookers had their attention and interest not been focused on the last car, carrying Their Majesties.

The Prime Minister was to alight near the raised stand on the station platform to participate in Brandon's Royal welcome, but he was in a car near the front and as it passed the stand at a decidedly unsafe speed, he leaped to the platform, silk hat in one hand and cane swinging from the other.

He stumbled slightly but recovered, running several steps to keep his balance.

"That train must have been travelling 25 miles an hour," exclaimed a trainman. "What a chance to take!"

Alleged Maniacal Slayer Dies in Brockville Hospital

Morrisburg.—James Zeron, of Morrisburg, who was committed to the Ontario Hospital in Brockville after he allegedly killed his attendant, Edward Wilson, about three weeks ago, died yesterday afternoon at that institution.

Death was attributed to heart and kidney troubles. Zeron, who was in his 80th year, had been in poor health for about three months.

Preparations for his removal to a mental institution were under way when the killing of Wilson occurred.

After Cornwall doctors had declared him to be of unsound mind, Zeron was taken to the Brockville hospital. Here his health steadily became poorer and his death was not unexpected.

Autos Collide Saturday Night

Victor Thoms, R.R. 1, Mountain, will appear before Magistrate John McCormick in Winchester, June 5, on a charge of driving an auto with defective brakes as a result of an accident in Chesterville late Saturday evening when his car and that of Lloyd Gallinger, of Gallingertown, were in collision.

According to Constable Garnet McLean, who investigated the accident, the Gallinger car was turning from Main street to King at the Bank of Montreal corner when the Thoms car, form Water street, struck the Gallinger machine, causing about $75 damage to the latter car, and slight damage to his own.

With Gallinger in the car were his wife and two children and Nathan Thomas. No one was hurt.

Church Road

Mr. and Mrs. James Swerdfeger and Mr. Douglas Swerdfeger spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Summers of Aultsville.

Mrs. N. Bowman spent the week-end at her home in Winchester.

Roy and Gerald Styles were in Martintown on Tuesday.

Mrs. S. Dillabough was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Prunner.

Mr. Jack Patton, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Gilroy.

Miss Helen Lacey, of Stirling, spent the week-end and holiday at her home in town.

Mr. Arthur Hewitt spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Hewitt.

Mr. Gordon McWhinney, of Sioux Lookout, Ont., is visiting with friends here.

Miss Edith Clayton spent the holiday and week-end with Dr. A. B. and Mrs. Clayton.

Mr. Don Magee and son Jack visited at the week-end with his mother in Stirling.

Miss Frances McAvoy visited over the holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McAvoy.

Mrs. D. Hamel, of Montreal, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. McAvoy in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Turner and Lois visited on the holiday with Mr. Turner's mother in Brockville.

Miss Gwen Hummel, of New Carlo spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hummel.

FORT COULONGE PASTOR INVITED TO MORRISBURG

The United church in Morrisburg, following a congregational meeting on Monday night, issued a call to Rev. James A. Payton, B.A., B.D., of Fort Coulonge, Que. The call was unanimous at the meeting. Mr. Payton, should he accept, will succeed Rev. R. D. Smith, present pastor, who has accepted a call to Wall Street church in Brockville. Mr. Payton was one of six who preached for a call.

Mr. Payton has, for the past five years, been stationed at Fort Coulonge, which followed two years at Gould, Que. He graduated in 1928 from McGill University, and obtained his B.A., in 1931 from the Montreal Theological College.

Born in England, he came to Canada in 1912. He is married and has two children, Ivy, 11; and James, 9.

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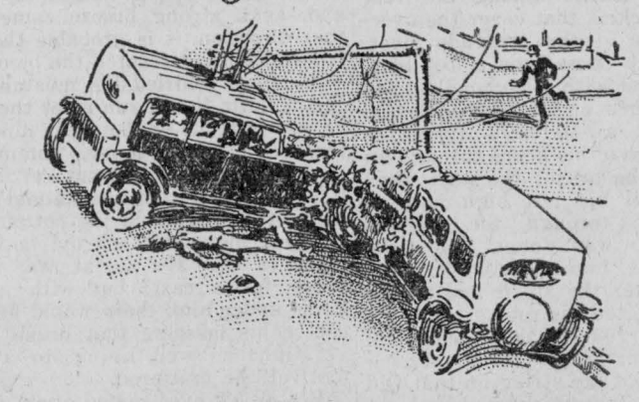

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POTATO ONIONS 4 lbs .25

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