THE MORRISBURG LEADER

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Three Seek Reeveship In Morrisburg

Three men are likely to seek the Reeveship of Morrisburg following the nomination meeting tonight.

In addition to the present incumbent, George E. Beavers, other names brought forward were George Smythe and Gordon W. Thom. Mr. Beavers has been reeve for the past eight years. Mr. Thom conducts a successful real estate and insurance business in Morrisburg, and Mr. Smyth is the local representative for Canadian Pet rofina.

There were about 65 people present at the nomination meeting, somewhat of a record during the last few years.

Nominated for Council were: A. W. Guay, Art Edgerton, Lorne Laurie, Dain Connor, Harry Duvall, Len Belaire, Willard Steinberg, Lawrence Coligan, Fred Broder.

Nominees for Public School Trustees are R. Armstrong, M. W. Reilley Stewart Hope, Tom Jones.

Only nominee for the one position on the Morrisburg Hydro Commission was Eddie Jones, who fills the post by acclamation

In Williamsburg Township nominations were held at noon today and three were mentioned as possible Reeves. The names mentioned were Don Kyle, M. O. Robinson, and G. R. McIntosh.

Nominated for deputy reeve were M. O. Robinson and Johnny Whittaker.

Nominated for Council are Johnny Whittaker, G. R. McIntosh, Graham Hess, Harold Pemberton.

Nominees for School Trustees are Stanley Barkley, Robert Cougler, George Hill, Graham Hess.

SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED AT MOUNTAIN HIGH

Two students who graduated from the Mountain District High School last June have been awarded scholarships by the Student Council. The two recipients are Miss Clara Milne, who is taking a four year course as a dietitian at MacDonald College, and Miss Marilyn Shaver, who is attending Ottawa Teachers' College.

Both Miss Milne and Miss Shaver were active in music and athletics while attending Mountain High and Miss Shaver was also Head Girl, President of the Graduating Class, Captain of the Cheeerleaders, and Chairman of Social Activities during her last year at school.

Plans are well under way for the establishment of four scholarships to be made available for students of the school, who go on to further their education after graduation next year.

LIBRARY WILL RE-OPEN IN CIVIC BUILDING NEXT WEEK

Morrisburg Library will be re-opened at the Civic Building on Tuesday, November 25th.

A very beautiful and spacious room has been provided by the Council. The room, with its modern furniture, its fluorescent lighting, its shelving which makes it easy to get at books, makes it a Library of which every citizen should be proud.

There has been a worthwhile new interest shown in the work which the Library Board has been doing, and the plans which are made for the future. Generous donations from public spirited citizens for new furniture have been given. Old books have been sold to make room for the new ones. The shelves have been modernized, the window drapes are very attractive. In the canvass for new members the response has been most grtifying, and this canvass will continue until the whole village has been covered.

A Library in a town is the very life blood of cultural and intellectual expression. To know books is to know life.

A library is something which ministers to both old and young, for books give amusment, entertainment, permanent enjoyment and knowledge This Library then is the people's Library .... and it is well for us to remember the words of that famous scholar Augustine Birrell "Libraries are not made; they grow".

And so, on Tuesday afternoon from 2 to five thirty and from seven to 10 in the evening, the Library will be open to receive visitors and refreshments will be served.

Make your plans now to come and inspect the books and the furniture and meet the members of your Library Board. And plan, too, to make regular visits there .... and in so doing you will make many journeys and have many adventures in BOOK LAND.

BELOVED PRIEST DIES IN KINGSTON HOSPITAL

Rev. Martin James, parish priest of St. Mark's Catholic Church in Prescott, died recently ata Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston, after an illness of one month. Father James was born in Ottawa in 1897 and was ordained in Montreal in May 1921. He taught at Regiopolis College, Kingston for several years and was appointed parish priest at Cardinal where he remained for 28 years.

He was appointed parish priest in Prescott in 1950. In 1953, Father James was appointed Rural Dean.

A Pontifical High Mass was held on Wednesday morning by Archbishop J. A. O'Sullivan of Kingston, and burial was in St. Mary's cemeeterey, Kingston.

Faather (Dean) James was veery well known in Morrisburg where he had officiated at many ceremonies at St. Mary's Church here. His many friends here are veery sorry to learn of his death.

REEVE BEAVERS SEEKS RE-ELECTION IN MORRISBURG

Reeve George E. Beavers indicated to The Leader this morning his intention to stand for re-election to the Reeveship of Morrisburg.

Reeve Beavers has addressed the following letter to the people of Morrisburg:

TO THE ELECTORS
OF MORRISBURG:

May I take this opportunity thru The Morrisburk Leader to thank my friends for the confidence and honour you have placed in me by electing me as your Reeve for the past 7 years. They have been unusally difficult years for all of us, frought with with many problems, involving new conditions and sac rifices.

As we face the challenge of the future, it s evident a spirit of co-operation and constructive hard work of the highest order will be necessary between our civic administration and its citizens, if we areo t build a Better Morrisburg of Tomorrow.

Your Local Government should involve honest administration of its many business and personal activities It deserves your serious consideration and collaberation to succeed.

Should you feel my record of serving you has merited your continued support, I solicit and appreciate your co-operation.

On thaat basis I have allowed my name to be brought forward as a candidate for the Reeveship of Morrisburg in 1959.

I pledge to continue to serve you well if you should favour me with your support.

GEORGE E. BEAVERS

TO THE ELECTORS
OF MORRISBURG

For the past eight years you have elected me to serve as one of your municipal councillorc. This expression of your confidence, I have appreciated. I have tried to serve the best interests of all citizens of our village to the best of my ability.

Should there be an election for the 1959 Council, my name will appear on the ballot for another term of office. If you think that I am worthy of your support, I would appreciate your vote and influence.

HARRY B. DUVALL.

Funeral Service Held For Garnet McKenzie

Funeral service was held at Dixon's Corners in Christ Church (Anglican) for Garnet Clark McKenzie, who passed away recently.

Deceased was born Jan 16th, 1896 a son of the late George McKenzie and Alma Neville. He resided near Morrisburg, where he farmed, for almost all of his life until the St. Lawrence Development forced him to be moved and relocated at Brinston.

During World War 1 he served with the Army in England.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Hartley Allison, Brinston; two grandchildren, Anne and Michael Allison, Brinston; one brother, James McKenzie of Brockville

The funeral was conducted by Rev. R. Smith and the burial was in the relocated cemetery at Ingleside.

Pall bearers were Lorne Salmon, Keith Shaver, Clarence Countryman, Allan Gillard, Ernest Gillard, Kenneth Salmon.

SIMPSONS-SEARS

We are pleased to announce a New Customer Service

In Morrisburg

For your comfort and convenience, Mr. K. Polak of Morrisburg has been appointed our Catalogue Sales Agent. Now you can place your orders from any of our Catalogues through this agency, in person or by telephone, thereby saving money-order charges and C.O.D. collection fees.

Telephone or visit Mr. Polak today at the

Dutch Shop

Morrisburg, Telephone KI 3-3041

SIMPSONS-SEARS GUARANTEE Satisfaction or your money refunded.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

NOTICE OF EXPROPRIATION BY THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO of lands in the Township of Matilda, in the County of Dundas.

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

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

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

DATED at Toronto, this 5th day of November, 1958

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

E. B. EASSON,
Secretary.

SCHEDULE "A"

ALL THOSE PORTIONS of Lots 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and 37, Concession 1. 1st Range of Lots and Lot 31. Concession 1, 2nd Range of Lots in the Township of Matilda in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, more particularly described as follows:

FIRSTLY:

BEING part of Lot 37;

COMMENCING at a point in the Eastern limit of the West half of said Lot 37 where it is intersected by the Northwestern limit of lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario,, described in Instrument No. 21100, which point may be located as follows:

BEGINNING at the Northeast angle of said Lot 37;

THENCE South 29 degrees 50 minutes and 30 seconds East along the Eastern limit of Lot 37 aforesaid 2,057.51 feet;

THENCE South 29 degrees and 07 minutes East still along said Eastern limit 429.01 feet to the aforesaid Northwestern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario;

THENCE South 33 degrees 43 minutes and 30 seconds West along said Northwestern limit 866.93 feet to the said point of commencement;

THENCE North 30 degrees and 52 minutes West along the said Eastern limit of the West half of Lot 37 a distance of 973.94 feet;

THENCE North 31 degrees 38 minutes and 30 seconds West still along said Eastern limit 1,369.82 feet;

THENCE South 38 degrees 05 minutes and 30 seconds West 534.12 feet, to the Eastern limit of a travelled road;

THENCE South 30 degrees 30 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Eastern limit 1,234.41 feet;

THENCE South 29 degrees 52 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said Eastern limit 1,176.65 feet to the aforesaid Northwestern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario;

THENCE North 33 degrees 43 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Northwestern limit 604.09 feet, more or less, to the point of commencement;

SECONDLY:

BEING parts of said Lots 35 and 36;

COMMENCING at the Northwest angle of said Lot 36;

THENCE South 29 degrees 50 minutes and 30 seconds East along the Western limit of Lot 36 aforesaid2,057.51 feet;

THENCE South 29 degrees and 07 minutes East still along said Western limit 429.01 feet to the Northwestern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, described in Instrument No. 21100;

THENCE North 33 degrees 43 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Northwestern limit 2812.07 feet to the Eastern limit of said Lot 35;

THENCE North 30 degrees and 52 minutes West along said Eastern limit 79.66 feet;

THENCE North 29 degrees 35 minutes and 30 seconds West still along said Eastern limit 856.52 feet;

THENCE North 30 degrees and 05 minutes West still along said Eastern limit 472.78 feet to the North east angle of said Lot 35;

THENCE South 53 degrees and 41 minutes West along the Northern limit of Lot 35 aforesaid 308.53 feet;

THENCE South 56 degrees 13 minutes and 30 seconds West along the Northern limits of Lots 35 and 36 aforesaid 1,244.35 feet;

THENCE South 57 degrees 03 minutes and 30 seconds West still along the Northern limit of Lot 36 aforesaid 898.01 feet.

THENCE South 55 degrees and 21 minutes West still along said Northern limit 68.58 feet, more or less to the point of commencement.

THIRDLY:

BEING part of said Lots 32,33 and 34;

COMMENCING at the Northeast angle of said Lot 34;

THENCE South 51 degrees and 36 minutes West along the Northern limit of Lot 34 aforesaid 392.64 feet;

THENCE South 61 degrees and 08 minutes West still along said Northern limit 271.44 feet to the Western limit of the East half of said Lot 34;

THENCE South 30 degrees 47 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Western limit 1,110.83 feet to the Northwestern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, described in Instrument No. 21100;

THENCE North 33 degrees 43 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Northwestern limit 2,909.27 feet to the Northern limit of said Lot 32;

THENCE South 60 degrees 50 minutes and 30 seconds West along said Northern limit 478.89 feet;

THENCE South 57 degrees and 40 minutes West still along said Northern limit and the Northern limit of said Lot 33, a distance of 623.53 feet;

THENCE South 53 degrees 26 minutes and 30 seconds West still along the Northern limit of Lot 33 aforesaid 618.53 feet;

THENCE South 51 degrees and 36 minutes West still along said Northern limit 250.60 feet, more or less, to the point of commencement.

FOURTHLY:

BEING part of said Lot 32;

COMMENCING at a point in the Western limit of said Lot 32, where it is intersected by the Southeastern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, described in Instrument No 21100, distant 478.76 feet measured South 30 degrees 58 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Western limit from the Northwest angle of Lo t32 aforesaid;

THENCE South 30 degrees 58 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said Western limit 521.33 feet;

THENCE North 59 degrees and 50 minutes East 643.43 feet, to the Eastern limit of the West half of said Lot 32;

THENCE North 27 degrees 59 minutes and 30 seconds West along said Eastern limit 857.07 feet to the aforesaid Southeastern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario;

THENCE South 33 degrees 43 minutes and 30 seconds West along said Southeastern limit 761.03 feet more or less to the point of commencement.

FIFTHLY:

BEING Part of said Lot 31;

COMMENCING at the Southeast angle of said Lot 31;

THENCE South 56 degrees and 48 minutes West along the Southern limit of Lot 31 aforesaid 633.72 feet;

THENCE South 56 degrees 49 minutes and 30 seconds West still along said Southern limit of 596.47 feet to the Southeastern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, described in Instrument No. 21100;

THENCE North 33 degrees 42 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Southeastern limit 1,391.12 feet, more or less, to the Eastern limit of said Lot 31;

THENCE South 28 degrees 01 minute and 30 seconds East along said Eastern limit 548.23 feet, more or less, to the point of commencement.

SIXTHLY:

BEING PART of said Lot 31:

COMMENCING at a point in the Eastern limit of said Lot 31, where it is intersected by the Northwestern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, described in Instrument No. 21100, distant 690.15 feet measured North 28 degrees 01 minute and 30 seconds West along said Eastern limit from the Southeast angle of Lot 31 aforesaid;

THENCE North 28 degrees 01 minute and 30 seconds West still along said Eastern limit 89.79 feet;

THENCE South 61 degrees 58 minutes and 30 seconds West 13.00 feet;

THENCE South 28 degrees 01 minute and 30 seconds East 96.78 feet to the aforesaid Northwestern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario;

THENCE North 33 degrees 42 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Northwestern limit 14.76 feet more or less, to the point of commencement.

C. W. LLOYD,
Ontario Land Surveyor.

47-8-9c. SL 6010

NEWS OF THE ROARING GAME



Speaking about rookies there is nothing that gives greater pleasure than to report that we have a greater number of new members in the Morrisburg Curling Club this year than we have ever had before in our history.

It is definitely a healthy sign when our members volunteer to join our Club each year. This keeps our membership in a healthy position, because we lose some valuable members each yeear through moving to other localities through sickness or eyen thru' the grim reaper of deeath. If it were not for the new recruits our membership would drop to a point where we could not efficiently operate. We have plenty of room for even more new members, and hope they will join soon to enjoy the full benefit of this winter game that is growing more popular every day.

The knowledge of a few fundamental points can be a wonderful help to those who have never curled before. First of all, know your Skip He is the only authority on your team. He is the only one who gives the order. He is chosen by the Club and is usually taken from the ranks of the Senior Members, who have had a wide experience and who knows and loves the game.

When throwing a stone, make sure you give it the right turn. A stone must be curled or turned in order to control its direction. A stone that does not turn is liable to end up any place but the right place. When throwing your stone aim for the broom of your skip. His right arm out or his left arm indicates whether he wants a right turn or a left. Never sweep until told to do so by your skip. If your skip judges the stone to be coming up a little slow, he will ask yoh to sweep. The sweeping will eliminate anything in the way of the stone that will impede its progress. Don't be discouraged if you do not do things rght at first. We were all rookies at one time and there is no one who understands that better than your skip. Keep trying and you will be curling like a veteran at the beginning of the New Year.

Fond Farewell To A London Square

A pungent smell of burning leaves comes up from the Square Gardens and my balcony is filled with a soft veil of blue smoke shimmering in the clear autumn sunshine. The scarlet geraniums in the window boxes stand out vividly, their petals glowing in the sunlight. Down below some tiny children are enjoying a last picnic; their elder brothers and sisters who, through the summer holidays, tore shouting across the Gardens playing rounders or Red Indians, or space travelers to some new planet, have returned to school.

The plane trees have turned a soft lemon yellow. Even the catalpa tree, last to turn color, shows a golden leaf here and there. The pigeons are flying across the Gardens. Next year when they nest in the tree outside my window, someone else will watch them. Perhaps they, too, will be enchanted by the first cooing but less delighted as the summer passes and the cooing seems incessant.

And the owl which is hooting from the farther plane tree, though it is still abroad daylight, will call to me in vain, for I am moving away from the square where I have lived for the past seventeen years.

It is good to leave a familiar place and look forward to a new one. It will be fun to catch the bus from a different stop; to explore a new shopping center and find those "little shops" tucked away round a corner which stay open at odd hours so that you can purchase the forgotten loaf of bread or jar of pickles.

But it also is good to have memories of Square Gardens, and of a home overlooking them where so much protection and safety was found when bombs were falling on London. There was the night when the blackout curtains were flung wide and you listened to the bells ringing out over a city where they had been silent for so many years, and were entirely unashamed of the tears streaming down your face. You knew that all your life you would be glad London was your home during the war years, writes Evelyn M. Pinnell in the Christian Science Monitor.

Then came difficult years, so much more difficult than the actual wars years when London had been the home of one large family; when the man who sat next to you on the bus inquired with kindly solicitude how you got on the night before. Naturally he inquired, because he was your brother.

It was good to get home during those difficult years and tend your window boxes on the balcony above the Square Gardens. It was at that time that you, in company with half of London, grew tomatoes in your window boxes. Indeed, London almost became one family again over those tomatoes. Whoever sat next to you in the bus — the elderly lady who no longer had a chauffeur for her prewar Rolls Royce, or the office charlady, each carried tenderly a few tomato plants and exchanged tips as to the correct way of planting them. Even the bus conductor would join in the conversation; and when he unlocked his private cubbyhole for some change it was more than likely you would see some familiar plants tucked away for him to take home.

But however much of an adventure it was to pick your own tomatoes, window boxes are intended to growing flowers. So there were hosts of golden daffodils swaying in the soft spring breezes that swept down the Square Gardens, or standing upright and still in the moonlight, bathed in silver, huge trumpet blooms growing from the tiny shoots which not so long before had peeped through window boxes blanketed in snow.

Then there were salmon pink and scarlet geraniums, white and deep purple petunias, something different each year, until at last you had decided that scarlet geraniums against the back curtain of green trees was the best choice.

Always from the windows of your flat there had been green to look upt upon; evergreen shrubs in the winter, and in the spring not only the plane trees, and later the catalpa trees, to watch growing greener every day, but pink May and flowering cherry.

Though seasons follow one another in orderly fashion, memories jump happily from season to season and year to year; from summer days when you watched Peter, who lived in the flat above you, crawling on his rug in the Gardens, while his father and mother watched him from their deck chairs, to wintertime so little later — or so it seemed — when, tightly buttoned up in his blue reefer coat and swathed in a scarlet muffler, he followed Michael's pram on his scooter. One day, his mother wheeled his younger brother round the Gardens, the last leaf on the plane tree above fluttered down on the pram, settling on Michael's upturned face, and the two brothers chuckled with delight.

But such memories are not for today. There are "Change of Address" cards to be sent one of them to Peter and Michael's parents, for they too have moved away from a London Square and started on the adventure of a new home.

"Human Flies" With Nerves Of Steel

When Marten Jabowsky emigrated from his native Poland he was determined to go up in the world.

He did.

For 45 years Marten has earned his living as a human fly. He has climbed and climbed steadily, window sill by window sill, up the sheer sides of some of New York's highest skyscrapers, including the 1,250-foot high Empire State Building.

Marten has been handling continuously some 900 of the Empire State's 6,500 windows for the last 12 years.

He goes up, sill by sill, and when he gets to the top he crawls in and takes the elevator down to ground floor level and starts all over again.

When Marten reaches the 101st storey, the city of tall buildings lies far below him, as though seen from the window of an aeroplane.

There he is, this nerveless human fly, his feet on the window sill's edge, his whole body leaning back from the wall, with only a stout strap between him and a ghastly plunge.

People who stop to look up from the street below feel their stomachs turn over. But Marten, the human fly who makes the groundlings heave, just doesn't understand.

Some day an accident is bound to happen?

Marten nods; admits it.

He holds up a damaged finger.

"Pinched in a steel window frame," he explains.

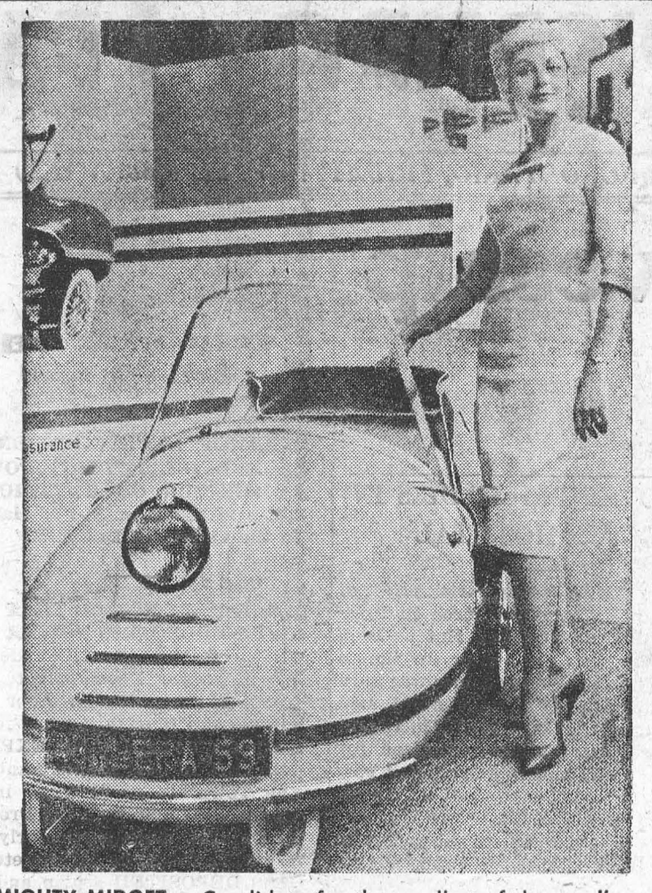
There are men like Marten Jabowsky who crawl up the steel girders of the Eiffel Tower with paint pots and brushes. When they get to the top they take the elevator down and start all over again.

There are men like that on the Forth Bridge, too. Human flies, these astonishingly nerveless men don't understand when they become the objects of admiring onlookers who can't look down from any height without a qualm.

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.



DEPTH BOMB — Displaying her championship form, Zale Parry, winner of the world's underwater depth diving championship, takes it easy on the beach. A movie and television starlet to boot. Zale made her record dive of 209 feet off the California coast But at the moment, the diving belle is relaxing between scenes of the television series "Sea Hunt."



MIGHTY MIDGET — Candidate for the smallest of the small cars is this three-wheeled, single seat Rollera, shown here snuggling up to a pretty model at the Paris Automobile Show. The British-made vehicle is capable of a top speed of 50 miles an hour.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

The following are a few interesting ideas for some of those "main-dish-in-a-casserole" meals that are so good when the weather becomes a bit wintry.

LAYERED MEAT CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons prepared mustard
Dash nutmeg
3 cups seasoned mashed potatoes
3 medium onions, chopped
¼ cup butter
2 cups diced cooked meat
1 cup meat stock or broth
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon each, pepper and ground cloves
¼ cup bread crumbs

Add 1 tablespoon of mustard and the nutmeg to mashed potaties. Sauté onion in 3 tablespoons butter about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add meat, broth, bay leaf, salt, pepper, cloves and remaining mustard; cover and cook 15 minutes. In buttered casserole, arrange layers of potato and meat, starting and ending with potatoes. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with remaining butter. Bake at 425° F. 20 minutes or until hot and brown.

* * *

HAM AND CORN SCALLOP

½ pound pasteurized process cheese spread
1 cup fine, soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter, melted
1½ cups canned whole kernel corn, drained
1 cup diced cooked ham
½ cup chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion

Melt cheese in top of double boiler over hot water. Toss bread crumbs in melted butter. Add corn, ham, green pepper, and onion and half the bread crumbs to melted cheese and mix well. Pour into greased 1-qt. casserole. Sprinkle remaining crumbs around edges of casserole. Bake at 300° F. for 30 minutes.

* * *

SPANISH CHICKEN

1 3-pound frying chicken, cut in pieces
½ cup fat
1½ cups long grain rice
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon each paprika and black pepper
2¼ cups tomatoes
1 cup chicken bouillon
1 clove garlic, chopped
12 whole small onions, peeled
1 pimiento, sliced
1 can mushrooms (4-ounce)

Wash and dry chicken pieces; brown in hot fat over medium heat for about 10 minutes. Turn frequently, so pieces brown evenly. Place in a 3-quart casserole in alternate layers with rice. Add salt, pepper, paprika, tomatoes, bouillon (this can be made with hot water and bouillon cubes), garlic, onions and liquid from mushrooms. Cover and bake at 350° F. for about 1 hour.

Remove from oven just before serving time and arrange pimientos and mushrooms in an attractive pattern on top. Cover and put back in oven for an extra 15 minutes. Add more liquid if rice seems too dry.

* * *

BAKED FISH CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked or canned fish, flaked
3 cups corn flakes
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1½ tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon thyme
1¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
2 eggs, well beaten

Crush corn flakes into fine crumbs; combine with milk. Add mayonnaise, parsley, onion, lemon juice and seasonings. Mix well. Stir in eggs and fish. Pour into well-greased casserole or into individual casseroles. Bake at 375° F. about 45 minutes.

* * *

BEEF IN SOUR CREAM

1 pound round steak, cut into 1-inch strips
2 tablespoons fat
1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup chopped onion
⅓ cup button mushrooms and liquid (2-oz. can)
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1¼ cups condenced consommé (10½-oz. can)
4 ounces elbow macaroni
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup cold water
½ cup cooked peas
1 cup sour cream
Buttered bread crumbs

Brown meat in fat in heavy skillet. Add garlic, onion and mushrooms and brown. Season with salt and pepper. Add consommé, cover, reduce heat and simmer until meat is tender (about 1 hour). While meat is simmering, cook macaroni in salted water until tender (about 7 mins.). Drain and rinse. Mix flour and water and add to meat mixture, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Stir in peas, sour cream and macaroni, mixing until well blended. Pour into 1½-qt. casserole and top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 350° F. 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Make Your Own Yule Logs

To enjoy a real old-fashioned Christmas this year, make some Yule logs out of old newspapers. Chemicals are the secret of these brightly - burning logs. When newspapers are rolled tightly, tied and soaked in solutions of different chemicals, they burn slowly and produce a rainbow of colored flames. The logs take about a month to dry, so better start now if they are to be ready for Christmas.

Put 2 pounds coarse salt into a pail — preferably a polythene or wooden one, since the chemicals will corrode metal — 2 pounds bluestone and 2 gallons boiling water. Now add one ounce of any of the following chemicals, depending on the flame color desired: strontium nitrate which burns with a red flame; bismuth nitrate which burns crimson; antimony chloride which burns blue; barium-chloride or borax, both of which give a green flame; or potassium chloride which burns purple.

Put the rolled up newspapers into the solution and let them soak until the liquid is absorbed. Don't use slick paper magazines because they won't absorb liquid easily.

Dry the logs on a rack till they are completely dry. When they are put on a holiday fire they'll burn with an array of glowing colors.

The older generation thought nothing of getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning—and the younger generation doesn't think so much of it either.

Women On The Vengeance Trail

The beautiful, 19 - year - old Greek girl hurried into church, lit a candle and knelt down. While the taper burned steadily she prayed for forgiveness for the terrible act of vengeance she was about to commit.

Then she took a revolver and went straight to the flat of her ex-fiance, a wealthy merchant who had jilted her and married another girl.

"Now you must pay for your treachery!" she screamed and, pulling out her pistol, blazed away at him from point-blank range. The man collapsed, with five bullets in his chest, and died immediately.

When women are on the vengeance trail they often take extreme measures . . . as Pierre, a Paris greengrocer, discovered to his cost.

Pierre was attracted to a buxom widow from Barcelona who was in her 40's. They married and were happy enough together for some months, until Pierre spied 19-year-old Yvette, a petite blonde, working in the cake shop next door He took her out, dined and wined her handsomely, and she fell deeply in love with him.

"But I can't marry you — you see how it is with me and my Rosa," he told her.

"You must! You belong to me!" insisted the girl.

"But Rosa will never let me go," he wailed in dismay.

Yvette sought an interview with Rosa. "You've no right to cling to a man who no longer loves you," she declared.

"But he is my husband," Rosa retorted.

"You wretch!" cried the girl, and leaping forward, she grabbed the Spanish woman by the hair and dragged her to her knees.

At that moment, Pierre came into the room. "Why are you fighting like this?" he demanded. The girl took one look at him and shouted: "Betrayer!"

"Really, Yvette," he answered, chidingly. "You should no better than to interfere in a married man's household."

"Oh — you beast!" gulped the girl, and stormed out.

That night she broke into the greengrocer's shop and threw his fruit and vegetables all over the place.

Opening up next morning, Pierre was shocked by the chaos —damage to the tune of hundreds of pounds. But there was worse to follow. For, going home at midday, he found his flat in ruins also, but it was not Yvette's work.

On the floor, amid broken chairs, torn tablecloths and china fragments lay a note from Rosa, saying she was finished with such a faithless husband!

It another case it was a husband's hobby that caused domestic strife. A highly respectable German upset his wife because of his hobby — goldfish breeding. All his evenings at home, after his day's work at an accountancy desk, were spent doting over his latest specimens.

"Pity I'm not a goldfish, Klaus!" said his wife to him one night. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Well, if I were, perhaps you'd give me a little attention," she explained.

"What nonsense!" he retorted

But he continued to devote his leisure time almost wholly to his fish.

At last his wife could stand it no longer. "I'm sick of you and your stupid goldfish!" she stormed, leaping up suddenly from the supper table. "Since you love them so much, you can have the lot!"

So saying, she grabbed the nearest glass tank from the sideboard and hurled it at him.

Then, before he could stop her, she hurled three more tanks at him. Something dreadful might have happened but, in the midst of this row, a neighbour tapped at the door and asked if she could leave some herrings in the fridge.

The accountant's wife cried out hysterically: "It's fish everywhere in this madhouse!" With that she rushed out to her parents' home.

However, a fortnight later, when tempers had cooled off, the goldfish enthusiast decided it was better to have no hobby than no wife. Selling the remaining stock, he persuaded his missus to return home. Now he is going in for hamsters!

The outraged feelings of spinsters must also be considered and guarded against. A 40-year-old librarian in the north had great expectations of a man she first met as a book borrower

The librarian, whom we'll call Grace, used to invite him to her flat for evening meals. But, to her dismay, he always kept their friendship strictly platonic Eventually, she decided he needed encouragement.

So Grace began to cook him food with a love potion worked into it. It seemed to have had no effect on him. But one evening when he felt off-colour and ate very little, she herself had to eat the bulk of the food containing her potion.

Suddenly, she threw her arms around his neck, kissed him frenziedly, and cried, "Hector, I'm crazy about you!"

But Hector wriggled free and said "Calm down."

At that, she picked up the heaviest volume handy, a complete edition of Shakespeare and, flinging it at his head, cried "Go to the devil, you cold-blooded bookworm!"

But it's not always romantic attachments that cause females to fly off the handle. Claire, a hot - headed 18 - year - old New York typist, became furious with her boss at a papermaking firm because he rebuked her for spelling mistakes.

That evening, Claire went to a black magic session in a Greenwich Village coffee shop. She bought herself a little stuffed doll, a deadly magic incantation and a black needle.

"That's my boss!" she repeated to herself, jabbing the needle again and again into the doll's heart.

Next day her boss, by a remarkable coincidence, had a severe attack of 'flu.

To Claire's dismay, however, the boss returned, restored to health, a few days later. Told about Claire's secret vengeance rites, he sent for her and demanded the truth.

When she confessed, he announced: "You're fired! I can't employ such a vindictive type!"

A hobo knocked on the door at an inn called "George and the Dragon."

The landlady opened the door, and the hobo asked for something to eat.

"No!" she growled, slamming the door in the man's face.

The hobo knocked again, and the landlady opened the door.

"May I talk to George, please?" he said.



ALL BY HIMSELF — An unwelcome guest on the main street of Wakefield, may be wondering (if skunks wonder) why the streets are deserted. Pedestrians kept their distance until the striped fellow disappeared.

Hallowe'en On A Scottish Island

"We could invite her for the weekend and they'd meet again." This was Miss Alice's proposal and Miss Ann nodded. "It might help." But Miss Cathy shook her head. "It might hinder — if they guessed what we're trying to accomplish."

Miss Alice said, impatiently, "He must have seen that she liked him when she was here."

Miss Cathy replied, "We saw that he liked her; yet he seems to have said nothing."

The three charming MacRaes who ran the School for Young Ladies on the Scottish island were having their afternoon "break." They were sitting in the "oriel" of their drawing room and discussing Dugal Shaw, the blacksmith, whose rose-clambered cottage was across the bay.

Miss Alice went on, "Maybe we could help without their knowing it." Then hopefully. "Here comes Annie. She may think of something. She often does."

Their pretty niece was coming up the garden path. "Annie," they chorused, as she entered the room, "how can we further a romance and keep the two concerned from suspecting us?"

"Who are the two?" she queried, cautiously.

"Dugal Shaw and yon nice Miss Hardie. We're planning to ask her here for some weekend."

Annie thought a moment, then, "I could get her — and you three — an invitation to Gowdie's old-fashioned Halloween party. Anything could happen that night."

Miss Ann clapped her hands. "The very thing. I'll write to her today."

Annie chuckled. "I've promised to help make something happen. Rab Gowdie is going to be home on leave and he wants me to get Allie Gibb to 'throw the clue.'"

"Throwing the clue" was an ancient Halloween observance. A girl was supposed to toss a thread of yarn into the dark and if it caught on anything she was to say, "Who holds?" Should a name be given in reply, she was expected, according to tradition, to accept it as that of her future husband, writes Mabel Gray Gehring in The Christian Science Monitor.

Gowdie's Peak, where, some weeks later, the party was held, was centuries old, the house having been added on to so many times that the roofs were an artistic cluster. The original kitchen was very large, with stone floors and polished copper utensils. This was the center of activities for it lent itself to the varied entertainment — especially to "ducking for apples."

The guests, having removed wraps in the modern dwelling, were ushered into this room and then directed to the adjoining scullery, where with eyes shut they were to pick a kale stock from those heaped there. Next they were to find the one nearest to it in size and in that way decide the supper partner. Comparing stocks caused much merriment and the small visiting cousin, Meg, was delighted that she, as she expressed it, "drew the city lady, Miss Hardie," for herself.

All the usual tricks were played. One of these was to place a mirror in a shadowy corner and then urge the girls to gaze into it and bite an apple. While so engaged an admirer's face might be glimpsed momentarily in the glass. Meg was eager to do this and she came dancing back exclaiming, "I saw someone. Truly, I did." No one spoiled the child's pleasure by telling her that kind Captain MacRae had tiptoed over and peered above her shoulder.

There was "forecasting fun" — such as choosing two nuts, one for oneself and one for an unamed individual, and placing these on the ribs of the grate. If they sparkled brightly together it meant that the companionship would be pleasant. If they jumped hastily apart, it did not augur so well.

There was a game called "The Three Luggies," which provided a good deal of amusement. Wooden bowls of water were set on the hearth and something different was predicted for the person whose fingers dipped into this one or that. The contestant (blindfolded) therefore approached with a particular one as objective, but those watching with suppressed giggles and as silently as possible kept changing the position of each bowl.

It was while this was in progress that Annie, holding two lengths of wool, whispered to another girl, "Allie, let's throw the clue — just for fun. We can each take a side of the back steps." They went out together, but almost immediately Annie came back — alone. Allie appeared soon afterwards, accompanied by Rab Gowdie, handsome in his lieutenant's uniform. Both were beaming. Said Rab. "I couldn't be prouder if they'd made me a general."

Congratulations were being showered on them when Dugal Shaw arrived. One of his sleeves was wet. He explained that, being late, he had taken a short cut and partly stumbled into a brook. John Gowdies brought a jacket, saying, "Wear this, Dugal, and we'll hang yours here." Then he added, jokingly, "If your wife-to-be is present it will be turned before midnight."

And amazingly enough it was! This fact was discovered when, after a buffet meal in the dining room, they were all on their way to the barn where reels were to follow. They crowded around as Dugal held up the garment wonderingly and then tammered, with his gaze on Ellen Hardie, "I — I wish — I knew who did it." She reddened swiftly, but it was little Meg who answered. "I did. I was letting on to be a fairy." Dugal pretended to be stern. "I demand a forfeit. You must give me your kale stock." Meg pouted, but, as host, John settled the question. "Time for your bed, anyway, Meg. Your mother insisted — no later than twelve." Annie stepped forward. "I'll go up with you, Meg."

The skirl of pipes could now be heard from an outer building and there was a general move in that direction. Dugal silently offered his arm to Ellen Hardie and they joined the others. Later, as they danced, their faces showed that events had turned out happily for them that old-fashioned Halloween.

Prehistoric Remains Found

Geologists are excited by news of the accidental discovery near King's Lynn, Norfolk, of an ichthyosaurus, a marine reptile which, 130 million years ago, roamed the seas as whales and porpoises do to-day. It is 24 feet long and the scientists describe it as an extremely valuable study specimen.

The remains were uncovered at a depth of 15 feet during excavations for the Great Ouse flood protection scheme.

The finding of such enormous fossils is much rarer to-day because of the use of mechanical excavators. In the past a number of complete ichthyosauri and numerous fragments have been found in various parts of Britain.

"Tommie, stop pulling that cat's tail!" Tommie yelled back, "I'm not pulling the cat's tail; I'm only standing on it. He's the one that's doing the pulling."



LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS, DIXIE — It's cotton-pickin' time in ol' Ohio, suh. Farmer Fred Shuman examines bolls from six-foot plants grown in his yard in Lowell. The seeds normally produce bush-height growth in the area.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

A performance testing program for beef cattle, based on the genetical principle that fast-gaining bulls will produce on the average fast-gaining progeny, has rounded out its second year of operation.

Top quality calves in 44 Canadian purebred herds were identified through the Record of Performance system.

* * *

The program, carried out by the Canada Department of Agriculture and participating provinces, tested 863 calves—more than double the number for the preceding year.

The ranks continue to swell as more provinces join in the project.

* * *

Idea for the program took root in 1955 when, at the urging of purebred cattle producers, a group of officials from the Federal Production Service and the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture inspected north- western United States projects.

* * *

Ultimate goal is to improve efficiency and economy of beef cattle production in Canada.

There were 404 bull and 459 heifer calves on test to weaning. The bulls gained an average of two pounds per day and the heifers 1.7 pounds. The top one-third of the bulls put on 2 26 pounds per day — 0.69 pound more than the bottom one-third. With the heifers, this difference amounted to just over half a pound per day.

* * *

Breeders weighed the test calves at birth and provincial officials weighed and graded them at weaning and again at the end of the winter feeding period. A number were eliminated, and, during winter feeding, 349 bulls and 418 heifers were under scrutiny.

* * *

During this period, the bulls again gained an average of two pounds per day and the heifers dropped to 1.3 pounds. The top one-third of the bulls tested 2.27 pounds per day, or 0.51 pound more than the bottom one-third. Difference in these two groups of heifers amounted to 0.41 pound per day.

* * *

Given this information, it is a matter of personal decision on the part of the breeder of purebred stock to determine his selection of future breeding animals. Producers of commercial stock may base their selection of bulls on a performance test.

* * *

Heavy baby pig losses in the critical first hours after farrowing may mean the difference between profit and loss to the commercial swine producer.

* * *

This loss can, for the most part, be overcome says Dr. H. T. Fredeen of the Lacombe Experimental Farm, by confining the sow in a stall or crate during and immediately after farrowing. This prevents nervous or clumsy sows from crushing the little pigs.

* * *

Farrowing stalls have certain advantages over crates.

They are simple and cheap to build and require a minimum outlay of labor and materials. Bolted construction permits rapid dismantling for storage when farrowing has been completed. The pen area may be used for other purposes afterwards.

* * *

Sows should not be confined in the stall too long before farrowing, since the lack of normal exercise may be detrimental. If possible she should enter the stall the day before her litter is due or, if the due date is unknown, when signs of preparing to farrow are evident.

* * *

Cut straw or shavings may be used for bedding.

Ample water and a light laxative feed should be provided.

After farrowing, the sow and litter should be left in the stall for two or three days. The sow will settle down and the pigs will become sufficiently active that upon removal from the stall, crushing should be minimized.



GOSH! — Many big boys would like to have been in this little fellow's shoes. That enthusiastic smooch is being bestowed by this year's Miss America, Mary Ann Mobley.

Cars — Like Women Can Get Too Wide!

A great deal has been said, possibly enough, about the length of the new cars. Perhaps the last word will be said by an exasperated chauffeur or owner looking for a parking space.

But a report by the Traffic Safety Policy Coordination Committee of New York State reminds us that even with low roofs there is still more than one direction automobiles can expand. Some are not only longer but wider, says an editorial in The Christian Science Monitor.

The committee says it does not appear that any particular thought has been given to the additional highway hazard created by a reduction of four inches in passing space when each of two cars is made two inches broader. "Thousands of miles of secondary and even primary highways," it asserts, "are becoming more and more unsafe as our automobiles become more bloated."

The report acknowledges that automobile models for 1959 include many added safety features. It remarks, however, that many of these still are regarded as optional. The committee feels it would be appropriate for the National Safety Council to publish an annual inventory of safety features desirable in new cars. This would be comparable to an inventory it conducts of traffic safety activities by state governments. Recommendations by the council should carry considerable weight with manufacturers and the public.

Vacation On Crusoe's Island

The summer vacation began a few days later. Mrs. Benninger and her sister were ready to start for the cabin on Big Oak Mountain with Annegret, Hans, and Lore for six weeks of glorious freedom. Father would join them for the week ends as he did every year. . . .

But this year it did not work out. It was a rainy summer, and when the vacation began, it rained harder and harder every day. Mother and Aunt Traute refused to go up to the lonely cabin; they insisted on staying in their comfortable homes. . . .

So Crusoe's Island was their wet but happy headquarters for this vacation. Actually it was not really an island, only a peninsula, nor was it washed by the waves of the Pacific Ocean, only by the ripples of a modest little river. But since it was bounded on the land side by the twelve-foot wall of the nursery heating plant, so that it could not be reached from that quarter, it could safely be called an island. Of course there was the faint possibility that someone might squeeze through the small window of the coal cellar and drop onto the island. But that was so unlikely that it could be ruled out. Aside from the old janitor who took care of the furnace and the head gardener Strunk, Fridolin's stern taskmaster, no one had any business in the cellar. And neither the janitor nor Mr. Strunk had the kind of figure that could easily squeeze through a narrow cellar window.

The island could only be reached by the water route, and even this was not easy to find. From the shore of Annegret's garden the children had to clamber along the steep embankment, which was overgrown with thorny bushes. They had to find the shallow spot where they could wade across without getting wet up to their hips. . . .

Since they could not go to the mountain cabin this year, Annegret decided that they must turn Crusoe's Island into a wild life preserve. Even Hans agreed that there was something to this, and during the first few days of the rainy vacation a document was drawn up and solemnly signed by Hans, Annegret, and Uschi. It promised aid and protection to all living creatures. This document was sealed in a tin can, buried between the roots of the willow tree, and weighted down with a big stone. Even the rats, or hippos as the children called them, were under protection as long as they did not disturb the peace of the island. — From "Blue Mystery," by Margot Benary-Isbert. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus' Healing Ministry
Matthew 8:5-17

Memory Selection: Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. Matthew 9:25

The stories of Jesus healing the sick take up a large part of the Gospel record. During the last ten years there has been a revival of interest in this phase of our Lord's ministry. Denominations are asking. "Have we neglected the teaching of Jesus' power to heal? If we turn to it now how can we avoid going to the other extreme?"

Our lesson emphasizes the importance of faith in God. The Roman Centurion did not ask Jesus to come to his home but said, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." What unbounded faith he had!

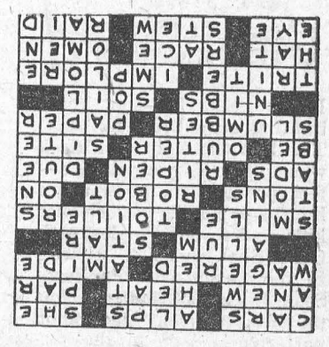
In the healing of Peter's mother-in-law. Jesus touched her hand and the fever left her. Sometimes Jesus touched the sick and other times. He didn't. Faith, not the touch, is the essential.

Jesus freed those who were possessed with devils. We are not sure of all that was involved in this. Sometimes the demon possessed acted as though they were mentally deranged. But, in any case, Jesus was able to give deliverance for mind, soul and body. He was the Great Physician.

We are on safe ground when we heed the admonition of James: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." (5:14,15). The anointing with oil will not heal. The prayer must be a prayer of faith. God does not always grant this faith. The sick are not always healed. We cannot blame those who pray. We can only conclude that sometimes God's purpose for a life can be fulfilled better through the sickness of the individual than through his healing. We cannot always understand. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." 1 Corinthians 13:12.

It is most important that we always be cheerfully submitted to His will.

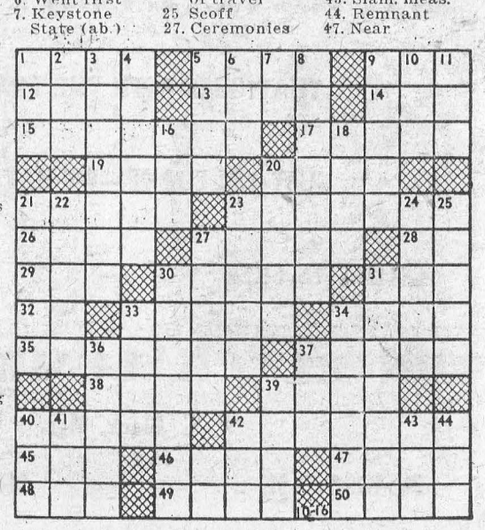
Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Balloon cages
5. Lofty mts.
9. That woman
12. Over again
13. Degree of hotness
14. Perfect golf
15. Hazarded
17. Ammonia derivative
19. Astringent
20. Asterisk
21. Broad grin
23. Workers
26. Large weights
27. Automaton
28. Ahead
29. Public notices
30. Mature
31. Appointed to arrive
32. Exist
33. External
34. Location
35. Sleep
37. Journal
38. Birds' beaks
39. Earth
40. Commonplace
42. Beseech
45. Head covering
46. Nation
48. Arabian sultanate
49. Vision
50. Fret
51. Foray

DOWN
1. Crow's note
2. Collection of sayings
3. Recovers
4. Bulges out
5. Utterance to attract attention
6. Went first
7. Keystone State (ab.)
8. Depot
9. Steeple
10. Possessed
11. Sooner than
16. Bitter herb
18. Germinated grain
20. Serious
21. Pierces
22. Pattern
23. Drunkard
24. Regular line of travel
25. Scoff
27. Ceremonies
30. Overshoes
31. Graduation certificate
33. Leave out
34. Mariner
36. Combine
37. Soft drink
39. Sawbilled duck
40. Article
41. Beam
42. Winter peril
43. Siam. meas.
44. Remnant
47. Near



Answer elsewhere on this page.



AND A HAPPY HALLOWEEN, TOO — The frost is hardly on the pumpkin yet but this highway billboard is already spreading Christmas cheer. Set up by a dairy, the sign draws chuckles from motorists, many of whom are southward bound to Florida.

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POWDER RIVER

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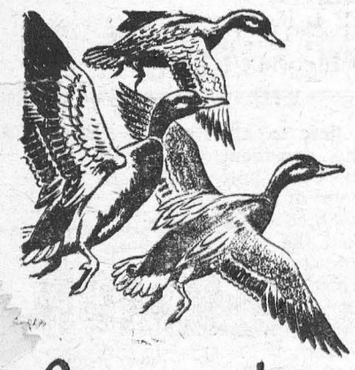

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So, this year, do a little hinting. Just say you'd like something wonderful for the household—something the whole family can enjoy. And don't be surprised if you get a superb, modern automatic electric appliance to help you "live better electrically"—the safe, clean, modern way.

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WE DELIVER *PHONE KI. 3-2005*

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"**Dear Anne Hirst:** I am terribly in love with the boy I expect to marry, but he has a few bad habits which alarm me and I hope you can tell me how to break him of them. One is drinking, and the other is speeding. He is 21, I am 18, and he has finished his Army service, but I do not think he has really settled down.

"We hope to be married in another year, but I am really afraid to think of it. Do you think he will straighten out and be a reliable husband instead of a drunkard or a hot-rod racer? Shall I wait to see how he turns out?

"I certainly need your advice. Please! **HELP ME"**

A RISK

For more years than you have lived, various organizations and institutions have stressed the nation-wide need for safer driving. Their influence is far-reaching; it is not considered smart to hot-rod it over the roads, and boys who insist on doing so only show how adolescent they are. Stiff jail sentences are being imposed; offenders are scorned, and their licenses revoked — which to any self-respecting young man is the ultimate disgrace.

Drinking while driving increases the chance of tragedy. It gives the youth a false sense of power and a determination to pass the car ahead; normal reactions are upset, judgment is impaired, and he becomes a menace to every other driver on the road. There is no escape from the consequences; he is tested for drunkenness, and the punishment is severe and inevitable.

Knowing these facts (and if he does not I hope you will tell him) how can a young man deliberately invite such consequences when his passenger is the girl he hopes to marry? Such irresponsibility is unforgivable. I do not wonder that you worry. Your fiance may be all of 21, but he is acting like a 16-year-old — surely not the mature, protective male she would choose to spend her life with.

I am sure you have tried to curb him, but you will really have to be severe. If he has had only one drink, refuse to go out with him. Don't keep a date driving if he does not let you set the speed. Be firm for his sake as well as your own. (I am amazed that your parents have not forbidden your seeing him at all. They may not know of his speeding, but they can hardly be ignorant of his drinking.)

Use your influence prayerfully and wisely, even if it means giving him up until he can control his habits. No smart girl will tie herself to a boy who is such a slave to his desires.

* * *

TOO YOUNG

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 14, and going with a boy whom my mother does not like. I can understand that because his family are looked down on by our neighbors and relatives. Some of his relations are in the 'pen,' and others drink. In other words, my mother says they are trash.

"This boy isn't like them at all. He is 17, and doesn't drink nor use foul language. He is one of the sweetest boys I know.

"Two months ago my mother found I was slipping out and meeting him. She was as sweet as she could be, but she told me it just wouldn't work out. She is afraid he will inherit his family's habits and I would be dragged down by being seen with him.

"Is she right? I still love him, and I can't date anyone else.

JANE"

You cannot know whether this boy will inherit his family's habits. He may be so disgusted with them that he will never succumb to such temptations, and you and I can only hope for this.

Meantime, I agree with your mother. Girls of your age are impressionable and impulsive, and your sympathy for him blinds you to the danger involved. If your reputation suffers, it would take a long, long time to live it down.

Your mother has been more than fair. For your part, promise her you will not see him again until she gives her consent. See other nice boys she approves.

I agree that it is dreadful that children must suffer for their parents' sins.

* * *

If the young man you love has any alarming habit, use your influence to help him overcome it BEFORE you marry. Anne Hirst's understanding and wisdom will help guide you. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



BUSY SQUAW — Grinding corn Indian style is Mary Brown, after being chosen Princess of the Sunburst Tribe in Arizona's Valley of the Sun resort region.

Modern Etiquette
by Roberta Lee

Q. My wife and I have received an engraved card from distant relatives, announcing their golden wedding anniversary What obligation does this impose upon us?

A. Your only real obligation is to send them a message of congratulations and good wishes.

Q. Is it still considered proper for a man to ask permission to smoke when he is with a group of women who he knows do not smoke?

A. This is still the courteous and thoughtful thing to do



SPARKLING BREW — Barbara Stell, 22, has been selected as "Miss California Wine" by a group of wine dealers. The beauty fills a king-sized champagne glass with a heady 37-24-34.



POPE JOHN XXIII — This is one of the first official photos of the new Pontiff, Pope John XXIII, as he made his first Papal address in Vatican City. The Pope appealed to the world's leaders to heed the anguished plea of mankind for peace and freedom.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Was there ever such a wonderful fall? The autumn leaves are gorgeous, staying on the trees much longer than usual because of the warm, sunlit days. If ever there was a time for getting out to see the country it is now. Anyway, that is how we felt about it yesterday as we seized what we thought might be our last chance this year for going to the cottage. Probably other folk had the same idea as there was plenty of traffic on the roads. The cottage, of course, was pretty chilly but a quick fire soon had the place feeling comfortable—that and a good snack lunch with plenty of hot tea and coffee, and we were soon quite happy. After that I did the dishes and kept an eye on sleeping Jerry while the rest of the family took the boat out on the lake. We sort of take things in turn. Last time Partner stayed home and I went for the boat ride. Before it was time to come home the boys and I went for a walk. Coming back the sun was setting behind the group of islands bordering the lake. The reflection of sunset and trees in the water was perfect—a picture I shall see in my mind's eye for some time to come. From our walk I brought back a few seedling evergreens to plant here at home. Incidentally I have been warned that if all the trees grow that I want planted we shall soon have a forest. And I have not finished yet. I won't be satisfied until we have a few silver birch. A group of three is what I would like and then I'll call it quits. Trees, water, birds and plant life are the basis for beauty anywhere in Ontario. We have trees, birds and plant life but only on a clear day can we see the lake.

Well, we had plenty of company last week to keep us interested and occupied. A niece and nephew and their two small children from Sudbury were here for part of two days. They didn't intend stopping overnight but there were the beds, ready and waiting, and it didn't take us long to hunt up night attire to clothe the family. Three-year-old Mike had a pair of sleepers about four sizes too big for him but we tied a string around his middle and he was quite happy. There were plenty of toys for him and Susie to play with so an active, somewhat noisy time was enjoyed by all. One afternoon nephew George took us to Malton Airport to see the planes going in and out. That pleased the kiddies and grown-ups too. It wasn't too good a day — foggy — so most of the planes were grounded but we had a good time anyway. Friday Partner and I went to work and cleaned up the house. Children running around sure keep the dust stirred up. We got things fairly ship-shape and then that same evening along came Dave, Eddie and young Jerry. Looks as if we can't win, doesn't it? Oh well, we never were a house-proud couple anyway so I guess we won't change now. Having children around is more important to us than a spotless house. We only wish we still had a hundred acres to turn them loose in — plus cows, chickens and machinery to interest them. But at least we have Taffy and Ditto — and all the children love them both.

We were up to Ginger Farm the other day and found roadwork more or less at a standstill in that district. Apparently the Department of Highways works in sections — grading, paving and building over-passes on new roads but leaving connecting cloverleaves to the last.

The old house looked much the same. The big poplar tree that has been three times struck by lightning has not yet been cut down. The young couple with their four small children who have the house rented think it's just a little bit of heaven—after being cooped in a small city apartment. But it took ten ton of coal to keep them warm last winter! Eight ton was the most we ever used.

But it isn't always heaven living on a farm — not with all the new worries farmers have to contend with these days. We just received a letter from our Shelbourne friends saying their neighbour just across the road has lost two cows with rabies. Apparently rabies was not even suspected until after the cows had died. Now the farmer and his wife are both getting rabies shots and find the after effects quite painful. Another farmer had a horse bitten by a rabid fox. Subsequently the horse bit the farmer so now the horse is dead and the farmer in hospital. Rabies was something we didn't even think about when we were farming. Any casualties we had were the result of bloating, accidents or natural causes. We certainly hope the present rabies outbreak will soon be under control. I can't imagine anything more frightening — especially to people living in more or less isolated districts. Losing livestock is bad enough but fear of infection must be a nightmare.

Chef's Favorite
PRINTED PATTERN



by Anne Adams

Plenty of protective cover for kitchen chores makes this a favorite apron. For bathing baby, sew apron in splash-proof terry cloth. A sew-easy Printed Pattern — see the diagram.

Printed Pattern 4769: Misses' Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Medium size takes 2⅛ yards 35-inch.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate.

Send **FORTY CENTS** (40¢) (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Please print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

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

Fate Of Explorer Solved At Last?

Has the riddle of what happened to Colonel Percy Fawcett, whose disappearance in the jungles of Brazil's Matto Grosso has kept the world guessing for 33 years, been solved at last?

He was killed by one of seven aboriginal tribes, according to reports of a British Universities expedition which recently arrived at Santiago, Chile. Members of the expedition visited Xingu River, where Col. Fawcett, his son Jack and an American disappeared in 1925

They met seven tribes among whom, they said, there is unanimous consensus of opinion that one of them was responsible for the "white man's" death. But no one was able or willing to identify the tribe concerned.

More legends have accumulated around the name of Col. Fawcett than around that of any other British explorer. It was reported in 1951 that his skeleton had been found, but investigations revealed no proof that the bones were his.

In the past there have been theories that the explorers were murdered or taken prisoner by Indians, that they died of fever or starvation, and that they found the "El Dorado" civilization they were seeking — and stayed there.

One of the seven Indian tribes which spoke to the recent expedition about the Fawcett party was the little-known Chavantes, a tribe which has only occasionally come into contact with civilization. The Chavantes are a strong, wellfed people who live on roots, birds and even monkeys.

Q. What is the proper procedure for persons who arrive late at a church service?

A. First, they must enter the church VERY quietly. If a hymn is being sung, they may proceed to their seats. If they happen to enter during a prayer, they must wait in the vestibule or at the rear of the church. Although it is unlikely that one should ever be tardy enough to enter during the sermon itself, if this should happen, slip quietly into a pew at the rear of the church.

For 10-Inch Dolls



by Laura Wheeler

Here comes the bride . . . beautiful in gleaming satin and tiers of lace with romantic pearls.

Little girl's dream come true — wedding gown, crinoline, travel suit, party dress for 10-inch doll. Pattern 730: pattern pieces of each garment; directions.

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

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

ISSUE 46 — 1958



EXPLOSION IN OTTAWA — This view shows some of the wreckage in the heart of the business section of Ottawa, after an early morning explosion rocked the area. No one was killed by the mysterious blast, but 35 persons were injured to some degree. The damage amounted to millions of dollars.

Those Amazing New Super-Glues

Leaky seams in small boats once drove owners to distraction. No amount of calking was enough to cope with deck seams that opened when the boat was high and dry, and closed when it was in the water. Adhesives used for calking not only squeezed themselves into little ridges, but became brittle in cold weather, gooey in hot, and runny if anyone spilled gasoline on the deck.

But all this was before the adhesives industry perfected remarkably versatile compounds with as much as 500 percent "elongation in tension." This simply means the same amount of adhesive makes a flush, waterproof joint whether the seam is an eighth of an inch wide or five times that. Adhesives in this family — also used for automobiles, window joints and other common applications — retain their characteristics at 10 degrees below zero or 180 degrees above, and they are unaffected by most household solvents.

Most seagoing adhesives are answers to specialized problems. However, even around the house, many of the new miracle glues and cements are turning otherwise inept amateur handymen into craftsmen. The accomplishments of these products range all the way from better, and tastier, ways of applying postage stamps to super-glues like the one recently developed by the National Bureau of Standards. It is so strong it can resist a pull of more than 7,000 pounds per square inch.

Included in the rapidly expanding field of adhesives are glues (from animal and fish gelatins), pastes (made with vegetable starches), mastics (from gums and tars), mucilages (also from gums, but of a less vicous nature), and cements (synthetic compounds, usually of thin consistency).

Over 30 centuries ago, when famed King Tut was buried in Egypt, the furniture entombed with him was held together with a casein (milk by-product) glue that was still intact when his crypt was opened in 1922. Old records show that the Chinese were familiar with paste many centuries ago. But it was not until late in the 17th century that adhesives — mostly glues — were produced in commercial quantities in Holland; and not until the 1930s that they began to replace nails, screws and rivets to any great degree.

Developments in adhesives in the past two years have been spectacular. You can, for example, buy fast-setting cements that outmode clamps and avoid long setting periods; fabric adhesives that are as flexible as stitches and withstand repeated dry cleaning; mastics that never dry out and retain a cushiony effect for years; and contact cements that when dry are not even tacky to the touch but when pressed together form a permanent, inseparable bond.

Basically, for home use, you will find eight types to suit almost any need:

Casein, a powder that must be mixed with water before use, and is excellent for heavy woodworking where only moderate resistance to water is needed.

Resin (urea or plastic), a powder that must be mixed with water, and is ideal for fine cabinetwork where stain-free qualities and high moisture resistance are needed.

Animal (fish) glue, ready-to-use liquid that takes a long time to set but has great strength for wood and cardboard.

Polyvinyl, usually of a white creamy consistency, quick-setting, and for all-purpose household uses where moisture and heat are not problems.

Resorcinol, powder, with a separate liquid catalyst mixed just before use. Absolutely waterproof, for outdoor furniture, boats, sporting equipment, and for oily woods.

Rubber - base adhesives, the gummy mastics used for floor tiles, linoleum, wall tiles, plywood. Usually applied from large tubes or by spreading with trowel.

Cements, of the rubber, household and contact types. Usually solvent-thinned, available in tubes ready to use, and good for a variety of do-it-yourself uses.

Pastes, made with vegetable starches, for use with paper and light cardboard.

Why do adhesives stick? Despite the diversity of types, the basic theory is that certain dissimilar molecules are attracted to each other like microscopic magnets, or vacuum suction cups. The molecules with the strongest attraction make up the so-called adhesives. Establishing a strong bond is difficult because even the most powerful glues and cements set up sufficient attraction only when applied to certain materials. This is the reason it takes special glues to do special jobs. From CORONET



EGGS-QUISITE — A "rooster" that surprised everyone by laying an egg is held by its owner Olie Hatch. A rooster in every other respect, the New Hampshire Red was dubbed "Christine."

Led Astray By Antiques?

Some men are islands unto themselves, and Daniel Omer Tobias was one of them. When he disappeared, he left no more trace than a pebble that has been tossed into the sea.

Daniel Tobias was born, 58 years ago, on a farm in the pleasantly rolling hills of Ohio's Miami County, between Tipp City and Troy, and in Miami County he lived most of his life. He went to school at Tipp City and, when he was 20, he went to work in Troy for the Hobart Manufacturing Co., one of the leading makers of food-handling equipment.

Around the plant, where he worked (at $4,800 a year) as a clerk in the export department, he was known as "Samson." "It was a joke and not a good one," said a fellow worker one day last week. "He was 5-feet-7, and he weighed about 150. He had a high-pitched voice and a meek personality—a real Milquetoast. He used to bring his own lunch and eat it in the cafeteria. He had a driver's license — I know because I saw it once — but he didn't have a car and I never saw him drive. And he didn't have any girl friends or anything."

The real measure of Tobias's character was in his home. He lived alone, without mother, sister, kith or kin. Without a housekeeper. Yet his home would have housed an entire well-to-do family. A nine-room, two-and-a-half story frame structure, it was set on a knoll in the better residential section of Piqua (just outside Troy) and it was immaculate. The shrubbery around it was perfectly kept, the white ruffled curtains at the windows gleamed, and so did the interior woodwork.

Almost never were there any visitors to the house; more often than not, when Tobias was at home, he would refuse to answer the telephone. If a neighbor came to the door, Tobias would open it a crack, say: "I'm too busy to talk to you" in his high-pitched voice, and close the door again.

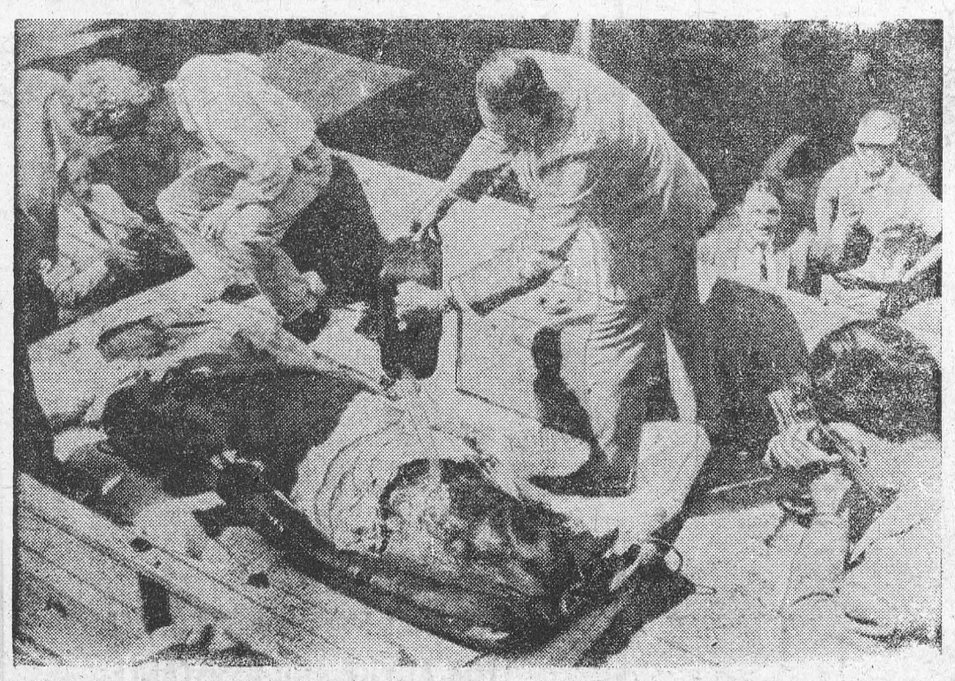
One day last month, Tobias did not show up for work. The company called his home. "I'm sick," Tobias said. When a company official went to his house to check up, he found that a note had been pinned to the door: "Have gone to the doctor."

Tobias had gone, but not to the doctor; and he never came back.

When police broke into his home, they found the key to Tobias's life, the thing that gave it meaning: An estimated $300,000 worth of superb antiques. There was a magnificent set of old music boxes, a collection of the finest china, a Queen Anne cupboard worth $500, a $350 Pennsylvania Dutch dresser.

And the Hobart company said it found why Tobias vanished: A shortage of $375,000 in its accounts.

A warrant was issued for Tobias's arrest. What he had done, the day he said he was "sick," was to cash a check for $26 — overdrawing his account — and to go to the railroad station. And then, like the pebble cast into the ocean, Tobias had completely disappeared.



COOLING OFF BERTHA — George Merck, pours a refreshing shower of water over Bertha II, a 400-pound Beluga whale from Los Angeles. Destined for the New York Aquarium, Bertha made the 13-hour flight to Idlewood Airport on foam rubber mats and wrapped in damp cloth.

Still, The Hunters Call It Sport

In the course of the season, not much goes on around this old farm that I don't know about. I see the various woodchucks sticking up their heads along the walls, the old foxes looking for mice in the orchards, the long-legged heron who stands on one foot in the mud, and all the rest. I see the evidence of "Ol' Slippery" — foot-prints of a buck deer slicing into the soft ground of the garden. He, with his two ladies and their two fawns, has cleaned the tops off my beets. This year he likes beets, but last year it was broccoli and carrots.

She sporting gentry of these parts call him 'Ol Slippery because they have missed him so many times. I have never really seen him, but have many times caught just the flash of his rump and single as he fades into nothingness and the bushes. He is huge and no doubt carries stately antlers, for his hoof is as broad as my palm.

I always keep a running census of the pa'tridge. These are ruffed grouse. One of the coziest signs of spring is to hear a papa pa-tridge drumming. He sits on a stump near his wife's incubation site, and anon will thump himself with his wings. It sounds like a distant jungle code. I never go near the nests, for that might disrupt the schedule, but I have often sneaked close enough to watch Daddy thump himself.

I have wondered why some gifted composer who could do "Afternoon of a Fawn" and "Forenoon of a Gopher," and things like that, hasn't used the drumming of a pa'tridge as the theme or motif of a symphony. He could depict the rebirth of the vernal forest, with tinkly jingling for the bursting of buds and the harp making like water on the sidehill. There could be deeper sounds for the wind in the lofty pines, and perhaps he could do something with a banjo to make maple sap dripping in the buckets. I don't know about such things, but I do know I never heard any concert a tenth so wonderful as the real music of the spring woods themselves, with a bull pa-tridge thumping away at his idleness.

But with all this awareness of my co-holders of property, I am never prepared for the sudden arrival on the scene, the last week in September, of the ring-necked pheasants. There are no ring-necked pheasants around at all, and then suddenly one rich morning I am surrounded by ring-necked pheasants.

I discover them with mixed feelings, mostly sad, for the ring-necked pheasant is a lovely creature, but he is also a pest, He has had the dubious honor of being "legislated" into a game bird, and he is sticking his noggin out of my weeds and millet for one fated purpose — to have it shot off by the stalwart hunters who will extinct him forthwith. He has been produced solely for destruction, and as regularly as he appears the last week in September, so will he disappear the first week in October. It is the law of the land.

He does not nest as the partridge does, in the wilds where he may grow up with cautious habits and stand some chance of surviving. He doesn't have a woodwise mummy to teach him to dodge and duck and keep out of sight. He has no wild instincts.

Instead, his mother is an incubator on a "game farm." He grows up at the patent water fountain and the feed hopper. He lives inside a fence and everybody is friendly. Picnickers come all summer to look through the wire and admire him. Then one day he is caught up and thrust into a cage and put aboard a truck. He is carried to the edge of my woods, or somebody's woods, to be kicked out and converted on the spot to a wild creature.

It's somewhat difficult to analyze this fairly, for the pheasant was a hen-pen pal of my youth, and we used to eat them. We hatched them, grew them, plucked them and made pies. We also raised Barred Rocks and White Leghorns. I used to exhibit them in the 4-H poultry show, and had blue ribbons to tack on my grainroom wall. The ring-necked pheasant was merely another barnyard fowl. He is Asian in origin, and has been domesticated for a thousand years. But suddenly by enactment of a statute made and provided he became a gamebird in the state of Maine. He attained this distinction only because his eggs can be hatched in captivity.

We might, with equal logic, have so legislated the Rhode Island Red and the Buff Orpington. But the pheasant was the goat, and they appropriated money to set up a hatchey and feeding ranges, and the litile ring-necked pet of my boyhood was now a full-fledged gamebird and lawful in October.

When they first appear, the last week in September, they are always bunched and looking as if they wondered what to do next. They wander off and find some food — my sweet-corn patch or my millet. They clean up the last of my everbearer raspberries and ruin my plum jam material. They go into my duck house and find the pellets. They like apples, too, and will sit in the tree and peck — one peck to an apple. They will walk across the dooryard and come onto the porch to look in the back door.

Then October dawns, and the sky is rent with the artillery of sport. The red-shirted hunters sweep across the farm, and all the other farms, and the next day they are smiling in the newspapers with windrows of pheasant and the occasion has been a huge success. — By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent the under-crust of a custard pie from soaking up the custard?

A. Bake the crust about half done before filling in the hot custard, and this will be avoided.

Q. How can I keep a half lemon fresh, when a recipe requires only half?

A. It will keep until a use is found for it if it is pressed firmly on a small dish, cut side down, and placed in the refrigerator.

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"Is it compulsory?"

ISSUE 46 — 1958

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*Every evening and both Saturday matinees.
Prices:
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Matinees: Wed., Fri. $1.00, Sat. $1.50
ROYAL COLISEUM
TORONTO

Local and General

Miss Adeline Bouck, daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Bouck and the late Mr. Bouck of R. R. 2, Iroquois ,has been awarded a $500 prize in anessay contest, the Schering Award Committee, Montreal, announced. Miss Bouck graduated from Iroquois High School in 1953 and entered Queen's University Medical School with three scholarships. She is now in her final year of the medical course at Queen's

Mr. and Mrs. Art Laurin and family spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Canning and family at Gouverneur N.Y.

Williamsburg Legion Branch No. 538 will hold 2 Turkey Bingos Nov. 27th and December 4th at 8 p.m. in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Williamsburg.
47 -48p.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gallinger and Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gallinger all of Gllingertown spent Sunday at the Cheley home.

Library Tea and Opening will be held in the New Civic Centre Afternoon and Evening, Tuesday, November 25th. Everyone Welcome!
47c.

FOOD AND RUMMAGE SALE Friday afternoon and Evening, November 28th by the St. James Women's Guild at R. H. Bradfield & Co tore.
47p.

The W. M. S. of Knox Presbyterian Church will hold a Food Sale on Saturday, November 29th in the office of Gordon Thom in the Shopping Centre.
47c.

Mr. Lorne Kinkaid recently left for Scotland where he will take part in International Matches as a representative of the Morrisburg Curling Club, one of the oldest clubs in the Dominion of Canada.

OYSTER SUPPER — St. James Hall —Thursday, Dec. 4th at 6.00 p.m. Admission, Adults $1.50 and Children 75c. Sponsored by L.O.L. No. 8127, Morrisburg.

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BORN — At Winchester Memorial Hospital on Sunday, November 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Rice, —a son.

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CARD OF THANKS

McKENZIE— Mr. and Mrs. Garnet McKenzie and daughter, Doris wish to extend heartfelt thanks for words of sympathy and floral offerings in their late bereavement of a loving Husband, Father and Grandfather.

We wish to express our appreciation to our neighbours, friends and relatives, for their many kindnesses, words of sympathy and beautiful floral offerings received in the loss of our dear daughter and sister, Dorothy Jean.

MR. & MRS. WM. H. LANE
AND FAMILY.

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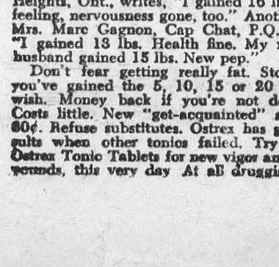

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Rev. L. C. Scott, C.D., D.D., Rector
Nov. 23— Sunday next before Advent
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
10 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Matins.
7 p.m. — Evensong.
Holy Trinity Memorial Church—
9.30 a.m.—Holy Communion.
2.30 p.m. — Evensong and Sunday School.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA

KNOX CHURCH, MORRISBURG
"The Church With the Chimes"
Minister, Rev. John Hardwick, D.D.
Sunday, November 23rd—
10 a.m.— Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Divine Service.
"Enter into His Gates with Thanksgiving, and into His Courts with Praise".

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

Last Sunday After Trinity—
10.a.m.—8he Service.
11.00 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.
Sunday, Dec. 7, 3 p.m.
Dedication of New St. John's
Rev. A. G. Jacobi, D.D. will be the guest speaker.

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Don't fear getting really fat. Stop when you've gained the 5, 10, 15 or 20 lbs you wish. Money back if you're not delighted. Costs little. New "get-acquainted" size only 60¢. Refuse substitutes. Ostrex has given results when other tonics failed. Try famous Ostrex Tonic Tablets for new vigor and added pounds, this very day At all druggists.

Vox Studentia

The football season has ended for this year. In the final play-offs South Mountain defeated MKorrsburg on Nov. 10th by a score of 15-7, and on Nov. 12 South Mountain was again victorious by the score of 27-12. Thus Morrisburg finishes as second best team in the district. The members of the team have put their best effort into these games and we are very proud of them.

Morrisburg, Osgoode, South Mountain and Iroquois will compete against one another in a Girl's Volleyball Tournament on Nov. 22 at Iroquois. Playing for Morrisburg will be team one : G. Herriot, B. Dowson, J. Ing, C. Merrill, T. Van Der Zweep; team two: M. J. Colquhoun, M. Duval L. Duval, M. A. Laurin, M. Lemon and K. Smith.

Interform basketball games are now being played in extracurricular periods. On Nov. 18 in a fast and furious game, Grade 13 beat Grade 12 by a score of 51-36. Before this 9A beat by a score of 9-8.

All students have been asked to take home forms concerning the possible establishing of a Home and School Association.

On November 19th, the High Schoo went over to the Public School NNovember 21st. The Glee Club's mencement. Our headline event of auditorium for a rehearsal for Comselections from "Oklahoma" and Carole Wingard's Valedictory address were receeivede with enthusiasm by the studnents.

The Christmas examinations will begin on December 10th. Naturally, the students are studying already for the hard days ahead!

IN MEMORIAN

CASSELMAN—In loving memory of our dear daughter and sister, Joyce, who passed away Nov. 14th 1956.
The midnight stars are shining
Upon your silent grave;
Beneath sleeps the one we loved,
The one we could not save.
Away in the beautiful Hills of God,
By the Valley of Rest so fair,
Some day, some time, we know not when
We will meet our loved one there.
—Sadly missed by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Casselman, Ada and Stewart.

BARKLEY — In loving memory of a dear wife and mother, Mrs. Delbert Barkley, who passed away on November 20th, 1956.
A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is still;
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.
ome may think you are forgotten,
Though on earth you are no more,
But in memory you are with us
As you always were before.
—Sadly missed by Husband and Family.

HUTT — In loving memory of a deear Wife and Mother, Piney Hutt who passed away Nov. 18th, 1955
We do not need a special day
To bring you to our mind
For the days we do not think of you
Are very hard to find.
If all the world were ours to give,
We'd give it, yes, and more
To see the face of Piney dear,
Come smiling at the door.
—Ever remembered by Husband and Family.

Iroquois High School Registration

ENGLISH FOR NEW CANADIANS

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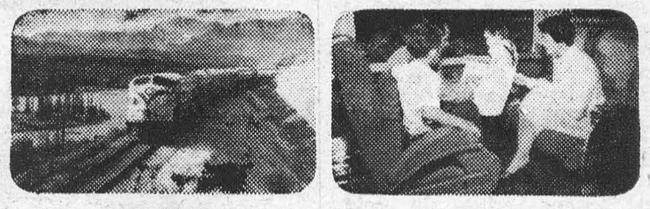

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—inquire about Farm Improvement Loans backed by the government and available through your bank . . . up to $5,000 and up to 10 years to repay.

Plan to help yourself and at the same time help your community to increase employment this winter.

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