THE IROQUOIS POST

AND MATILDA ADVOCATE

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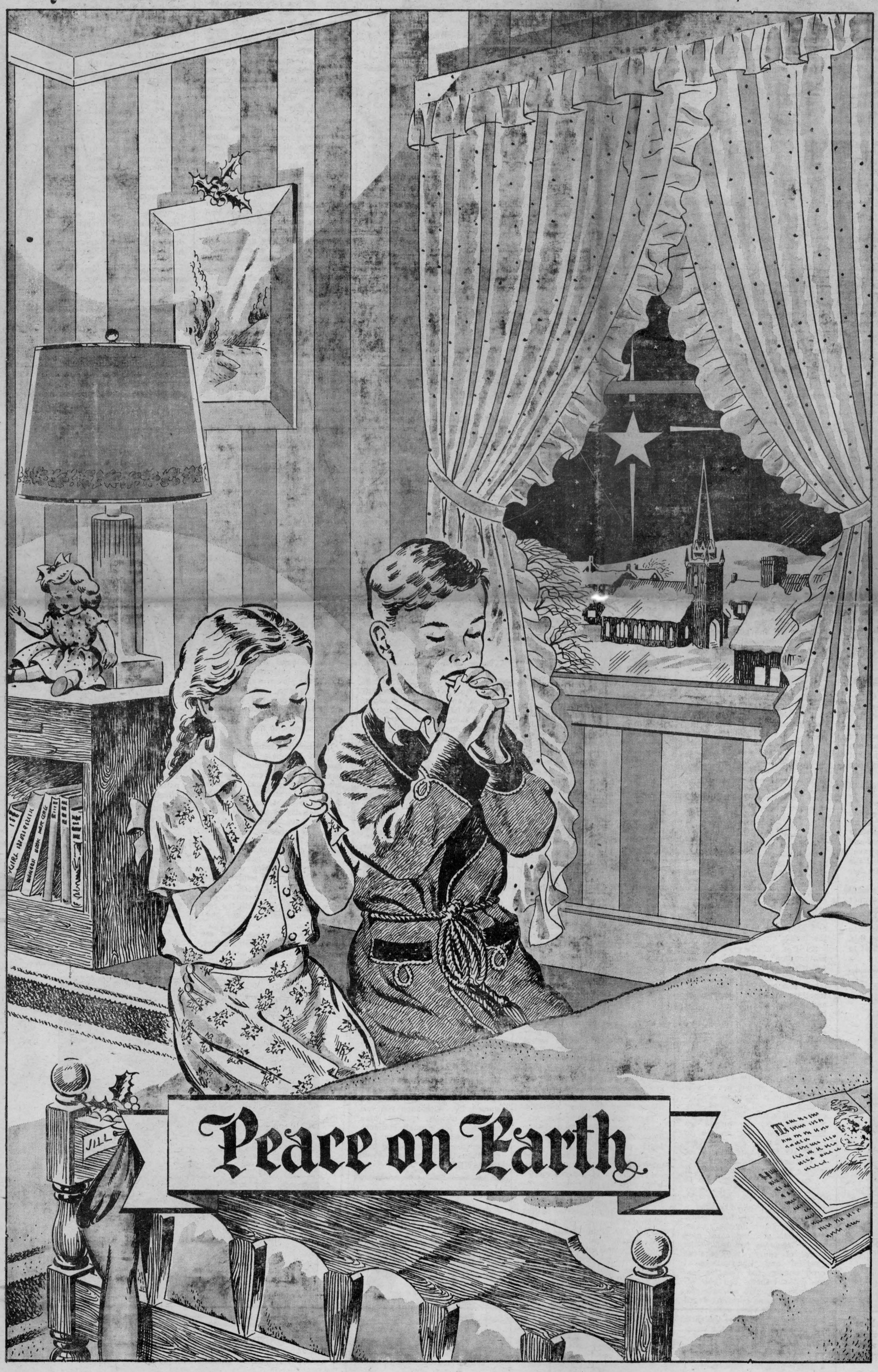
Merry Christmas To One And All!



THE IROQUOIS POST

Newest Addition

Open New Motor Hotel Here

A 25' illuminated sign with an Indian head featured at the top points out Iroquois' newest business addition, the Iroquois Motor Hotel, which officially opened this week. Owned by Savers' Realty Co. Ltd., the motor hotel features the most modern over-night conveniences and will operate on a year-round basis, B. J. Saver, informed The Post during a tour of inspection. Mr. Saver's son, Jack will manage the new business. Savers also operate a large drygoods department-type store in the Iroquois shopping plaza.

Designed with a zig-zag pattern to give each of the 14 units individuality for privacy, the new motor hotel is located a few hundred feet east of the shopping plaza on No. 2 Highway.

Out side construction is of stacked cement blocks, with precast concrete ceiling and floors. A central circulating hot water heating system provides the same temperature simultaneously in each of the 14 units. The entire building is completely fireproof, Mr. Saver added.

With an overall length of 215' and a width of 23', each unit has a large bedroom and three-piece bathroom contained in an acre 23' by 14' . . . one of the largest accommodation areas in any motor hotel in this part of the country.

There are double and single units and the inside decoration called for a blending of pastel shades with the walls and the rug-covered floors presenting a pleasing appearance. Rubber tile covers the bathrooms. Beautiful Swedish mahogany matched bedroom furniture is supplied with each unit and plans call for TV in each unit and a secetary dresser as well as standard chairs and night tables, etc.

Inside the units Styrafoam insulation, covered with plaster make the outside walls impervious to moisture and each unit is almost completely sound proof.

The new motor hotel is a magnificent addition and attraction to the community and The Post joins with the village in extending every success to Savers' Realty Co. Ltd. in their new venture.

15 Years Old

Village Mourns Passing of Youth

Glen Robert Summers, Iroquois, died at the General Hospital, Kingston, where he had been a patient for several weeks. He was 15 years of age.

Born at Winchester in 1943, he was the eldest son of Ollie Summers and his wife, the former Eva Gibson, and moved to Iroquois in 1945. He received his early education at the Iroquois Public School and previous to his illness was attending the Iroquois High School.

Surviving to mourn in addition to his parents are four sisters, Mrs. Charles Burrel (Gail), Cardinal; Cleo, Arlene and Anne, at home; three brothers, John, Gordon and Dean, at home; also his grandmothers, Mrs. Almon Summers, Mrs. John Gibson, both of Winchester.

Funeral services were held from the Fitzsimmons Funeral Home to the United Church where services were conducted by Rev. Gordon F. Dangerfield assisted by Rev. Willis Mack, Pastor of Wesleyan Methodist Church, Winchester, and Rev. J. Weaver, of Wesleyan Methodist Church, Inkerman. Special singers were Rev. and Mrs. James Poynter, Cardinal.

The students of the Iroquois High School formed a guard of honor at the Church and teachers and students attended the service in a body.

The remains were placed in the vault at Point Iroquois to await burial in the spring.

The pall bearers were all cousins, David Summers, Gary Summers, William Gibson, Reginald Gibson, Larry Gibson and Edward Gibson.

Delight Adults

Public School Presents Concert

A full house greeted the pupils of the Iroquois Public School at their annual Christmas Concert held in the auditorium of the school. Rev. R. W. Smith, Chairman of the School Board, welcomed the audience and proceeded to announce the different numbers on the programme.

Grade 1, pupils under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. Florence English, presented a rhythm band number, choral speaking, a carol, two action songs, "Snowflakes" by the girls and "Fishing" by the boys. Miss Ann Sabo and her pupils, Grades 2 and 3, presented a playlet, "The Elves and the Shoemaker" and an acostic "Merry Christmas". Grades 4 and 5, under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. Evelyn VanAllen favoured the audience with "The Rainbow Drill" by the girls and a "Scarecrow Drill" by the boys. Miss Kathleen Morgatroyd's class, Grade 6, presented the play "The Story of the First Christmas" and also the play "The Merry Maidens" by six boys.

Grades 7 and 8, under the direction of their teacher, Stanley Waddell, sang a medley of "Christmas Songs" and concluded the evening's entertainment with the play "Why the Chimes Rang".

Miss Margaret Kaine, music supervisor for the school, presided as pianist for the evening.

Rev. R. W. Smith presented each teacher and the custodian, Harold Dunbar with suitable gift from the school board. Mr. Stanley Waddell, Principal of the school, thanked the board on behalf of the teachers.

Mr. Harry Gilmer, President of the Iroquois Lions Club, presented ribbons to pupils who stood first, and second in their grade last June and also to the pupil who showed the most improvement during the year.

The Lions Club donated money prizes to these pupils last June. Following is a list of those who successfully obtained that proficiency:

Grade 1—1st Mary Lynn Caldwell; 2nd Donald Fisher; Most Imp. Brenda Sloan.

Grade 2—1st Gordon Johnston; 2nd John Roberts; Most Imp. David Whittle.

Grade 3—1st Roxie Thompson; 2nd Barry Caldwell; Most Imp. Dianne Cornell.

Grade 4—1st Sharon Bush; 2nd Janet Knechtel; Most Imp. Blaine Duncan.

Grade 5—1st Douglas Millard, 2nd Janet Thompson; Most Imp. Winston Baker.

Grade 6—1st Nan Perry; 2nd James Millard; Most Imp. Kathleen Merkley.

Grade 7—1st Gloria Caldwell; 2nd Leonard Roberts; Most Imp. Lorna Fader.

Grade 8—1st Barbara Fetterley; 2nd Patricia Sisty; Most Imp. Jack Coulter.

Message From Hydro Chairman

A message from the chairman of Ontario Hydro appears this week on page Eight and is of extreme interest to this area and Seaway Valley as a whole. Ed.

Here & There

by Kay Kay

Christmas is here once more . . . all the rushing of the past few weeks is over and the shopping done. Santa Claus has his sleigh loaded, the reindeer have been fed and are ready to go.

In many ways, Christmas is looked upon as the highlight of the year . . . it far outshines any other event in our lives and for good reason.

We have always felt that, if the Christmas spirit could stay with us the year 'round, perhaps many of our international difficulties could be ironed out and a more lasting peace subscribed . . . all countries look upon Christmas as a time of goodwill and peace. Leaders of the nations broadcast messages of peace and good wishes and before a week has passed another Christmas into history, relations with neighbouring countries are back where they were.

In our own country, where we have been blessed with our share of good fortune and comforts of life, we are fortunate that we are not living in turmoil such as is plaguing other nations of the world. We strongly believe in our way of life and the benefits it holds forth.

Looking at other people's problems, though, should make us realize just what we have and perhaps make us more thankful and appreciative . . . it is a good time of year to give thanks for the life we enjoy.

It is our sincere wish that each and everyone enjoy Christmas with peace of mind and heart and that the day represents to all, a day to be remembered. Merry Christmas everyone.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

A little while ago you published a warning reminding children to be more kind to their aging parents, if only to escape the punishment which might be meted out to them later on. It made me feel so guilty!

"But why always blame the children?

"Recently I lost my mother. I loved her, and I know that in her own way she loved us, yet she made it so miserable for all of us in so many ways. Since I married there have been many times I wanted to be with her and I wasn't, because she would make our visits so unpleasant I dreaded to go again. She had a way of 'downing' us all, even saying things which were not true.

"Shall ge get our come-uppance, too, as you put it?

"I think of my mother day and night. I pray for her. I have cried over her, and wished things could have been more pleasant between us But she never relented. (I've even blamed myself for not being more tolerant and understanding.)

"But we couldn't do it alone, could we? **ANONYMOUS"**

I have known a number of families where the children neglected their mothers for the reason you did. She was so hard to get along with that they avoided visiting her whenever they could, simply because they reached the saturation point and could take no more. She chastened those who loved her, whom she loved, too, "in her own way."

Violent remorse that flagellates one's spirit is not the answer. Such an orgy of self-punishment renders one unfit to cope with her own problems, and depresses the spirit to hopeless confusion. Isn't it better to admit that the past cannot be lived again, and accept the belief of religious leaders that your mother's soul, freed of earthly limitations, is at peace? In other words, she understands now that you all did the best you could, and she would not have you live on in self-inflicted despondency.

If your mother had changed her attitude, you would not live with such depressing memories. But she could not change. Remind yourself that there is a limit to human endurance, and more than once you reached it. I agree that you "could not do it alone."

Life is a challenge to us all, and a sane approach to the unknown hereafter charts one's ship through calm seas

* * *

"Dear Anne Hirst:

A few months ago I was silly enough to fall in love with a young man who attracted me immediately, but he is certainly disappointing. He almost never takes me anywhere though he is here at least twice a week. I know he dates other girls, but if I see another boy he walks off in a huff.

"I broke off with him twice, but I love him so much I can't bear it and I take him back... I think I know what you will say, but this time I think I can take it. **UNHAPPY"**

You guessed it.

What are you getting out of this association but the pleasure of being with the boy when he condescends to spend an evening in your house? Aren't you being foolhardy?

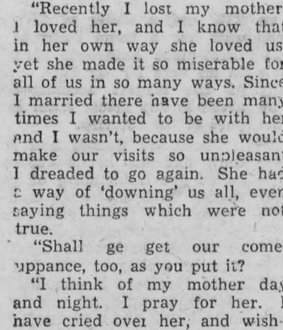
No girl will content with him for long; he is too self-centered to observe the social rules most of us live by. If you keep on dating him you will find yourself apologizing for his bad manners right and left; you must know other young men whom you can be proud of. Stop dating this boy, he isn't worth your time.

—And you need not give him a reason. Just say you'll be too busy for a while to spare him an evening.

* * *

If you have reached a crisis in your life, confide in Anne Hirst. Her frank approach to your problem can calm your spirit and guide you toward peace. Address Anne Hirst at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Low-Cost Luxury



by Laura Wheeler

Make a bedset as a gift so easily! Embroider motifs . . . add ready-made eyelet ruffles.

Low-cost luxury for gifts — hope-chest linens. Use smaller motifs as scarf ends, on towels. Pattern 591: transfer of one motif 7 x 18, two 5¾ x 15 inches.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern to Laura Wheeler, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS**

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

Modern Etiquette
by Roberta Lee

Q. Is it considered excusable now to "reach" at the table?

A. While the old "boarding-house reach" is still considered the sign of a chowhound, we can properly reach for things that we can get as easily as our neighbor can, instead of being over-genteel and bothering him needlessly to pass it.

Q. When a bride is writing her thank-you notes for wedding gifts received, does she write also to the bridegroom's mother and father, and to his sisters and brothers for the gifts they gave?

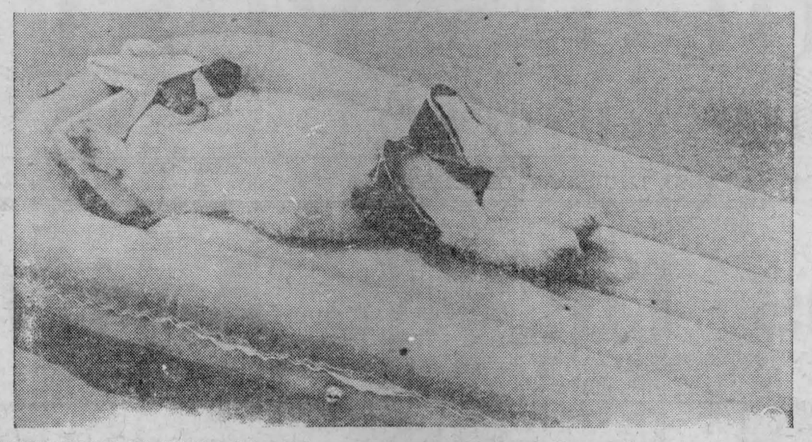
A. This is not necessary if she has been able to give them her sincere, verbal thanks.

Q. At a buffet dinner, should the hostess wait until all her guests have been taken care of before she fills her own plate?

A. While she does not have to make a thorough check of this, she should be among the last to fill her plate.



BACK TO WORK — Pat O'Laughlin, a' Trans World Airlines hostess in New York, is smiling as she adjusts her hat before leaving for Idlewild Airport to board the first TWA flight since the line was grounded by a mechanics strike that stopped operations completely on November 24.



WHAT MAKES HARRY FLOAT? — Like any other star, Harry the hare lolls on a swimming-pool raft in Hollywood. With dark glasses and swimming trunks, yet. Harry costars with Jerry Lewis in "The Geisha Boy." It's a 24-carrot life.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Isn't it wonderful to be able to wish each other a Happy Christmas once again? Supposing we were not allowed to . . . supposing there were not any Christmas. Wouldn't it be ghastly if December 25 were just another date on the calendar? But it isn't, thank goodness—it is Christmas Day—the most glorious day of all the year; the birthday of the Infant Christ. It is a day that means many things to many people. What we get out of it depends a lot upon what we put into it. You hear so often Christmas isn't what it used to be. Tha is perfectly true, no one realizes and regrets it more than I. But still, underneath all the commercialism, the over-emphasis on Santa Claus, the showers of greeting cards given and received, the Star in the East never diminishes in brightness. It is there if we look for it. It points the way in our hearts and inner consciousness to the wonder and joy of the Saviour's birth.

To me, Christmas now is something like the gift parcels we used to delight in as children. Very mysterious parcels parcels with all kinds of labels and coloured ribbons. You shook the parcel inquisitively — but there was no sound. You carefully untied the fancy ribbons and tore off the outer layer of bright coloured paper. And what did you find? Only more papers, more ribbons and more labels—maybe even another box. You removed the second layer only to find the same thing again. This might be repeated several times until a package that started out in dimensions of twenty inches by thirty was reduced to a small box that could be held in the hand. And what did the box contain? More than likely something that had been chosen with loving care; bought, perhaps, with nickels and dimes that had been saved for weeks. Something for Mother, Dad, big sister or brother; for Grandma, Gramp or baby sister. Maybe the mysterious wrappings were duplicated in all seven parcels. The tinsel and gilt, the gaudy paper and string; the unnecessary boxing created an illusion of Christmas. They were all there. So, also, was the gift of love, often quite inexpensive and sometimes quite inappropriate, yet it symbolized all the desire of the giver to bring joy and happiness to loved ones in the family circle.

So it is, in a way, with our present-day Christmas. There are too many wrappings; many boxes wtihin boxes; coloured labels plastered here and there, together with too much noise and ostentation. But yet if we have patience; if, as it were, we remove the papers one by one, eventually we come to the true meaning of Christmas. It is still there, just as it always has been, but a little harder to find among all the commercial wrappings.

The same applies to greeting cards. In our anxiety not to miss anyone who is likely to send us a card, we rush out and buy cards and stamps by the score We send cards to people we hardly know well enough to pass the time of day. We pore over last year's list, fearful of committing the social sin of forgetting someone, even though it be our next door neighbours to whom we can wish a Happy Christmas just by lifting the telephone receiver or calling a greeting as we see them going from their house to the garage.

So often greeting cards give me a let-down feeling. I like them, of course, they are so cheerful and Christmassey, I can't imagine the Yuletide season without them. But how often I have opened an envelope, sent by someone I haven't heard from for some time, and I have looked on the inside of the card, on the outside, inside the envelope again and what do I find—nothing but a signature. What I like best is a simple card, with a short personal note. Then I feel I've got something. But how many of us have time to take this extra trouble? Most folk have so many cards to send about all they can manage is to scrawl their names on the cards and write addresses on the envelopes. Who dares to be different? Very few. But wouldn't it be nice if we took the courage to ignore convention; cut out sending cards to casual acquaintances and spent more time on those to whom a personal message from ourselves might really mean something.

That is just my idea, of course —and one that I don't always live up to. Like everyone else I get caught up in a last minute rush and cards are popped into envelopes regardless. The road to Heaven is paved with good intentions and the Christmas season is littered with good wishes and loving thoughts, only the half of which are given expression. We all try to do too much in too short a time.

And here I am at the end of my column, and I haven't even said "Happy Christmas to you all". But neither have I sent you a greeting card without a message! This time you've got the message — not the card. Which would you rather have?

Magic Tape

A hundred or so gray metal machines, harmless-looking gadgets each about the size of a kitchen stove, were whirling brown plastic tape through their mechanical innards at 15 feet per second last month in network studios on both coasts and scattered stations in between. As they spun, they threatened to project America's hufe television industry into a whole new broadcasting era.

Thanks to such Videotape recorders, TV viewers saw more than 60 hours of taped network programming in New York City, and nearly twice that much out West. On all three networks, shows, which had prided themselves on their "liveness" — "Hallmark Hall of Fame," "Perry Como," "Steve Allen," "Playhouse 90," "The Voice of Firetone" — reached the unaware TV public via tape.

Considerably less unwitting than the public, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists made the control and use of Videotape a primary issue in negotiations which threatened network TV with a crippling strike through most of November.

One of the main reasons AFTRA is concerned about tape is that networks could pile up a tremendous backlog. "Obviously if a network had enough programs on tape, a strike would mean nothing to them," said a union spokesman last week. Also under current contracts no payments are made to performers after the show has been replayed five times. The union would like a "pay for play" formula.

These quietly whirring machines were indeed remarkable They could record on a ribbon of Mylar plastic — 2 inches wide — anything a TV camera and microphone might pick up. They could play it back seconds later with a clarity that was practically indistinguishable from the live variety of TV The tape could be duplicated or wiped clear and then re-used approximately 100 times. Being turned out at the rate of twenty a month by the Ampex Corp. of Redwood City, Calif., 53 of the machines — at $45,000 apiece—had already been delivered to the networks and 54 well-heeled local stations across the country. Advance orders already spoke for the entire factory output through May 1959.

Why was tape taking over? For the producer and director it offered the opportunity to dorrect mistakes before air time and present a flawless show to the audience. Run-throughs could be taped and examined immediately, and then production values corrected and improved. Studio facilities and personnel could be used with maximum efficiency, since shows could be taped either hours or days in advance. Stars, often unvailable for specific shows, could perform at their convenience. Big productions such as last month's "Kiss Me Kate," could be taped in a single day, while filming might require several weeks.

There were advantages for writers, too. Because interruptions were permitted, writers could have greater freedom in costume and scenery changes, and not have to worry about putting their actors through the obstacle race that live TV drama sometims does.

Actors experienced certain other benefits. Fluffs could be smoothed out; performances could be viewed and refined right on the set; a little of the disparity between TV and stage drama due to hasty preparation could be eliminated.

Advertisers, too, were discovering blessings in tape. Defects in commercials could be spotted immediately after recording; the costly delays and reshooting sometimes required by filmed commercials could be eliminated without risking any embarrassing lapses that have occurred in the live variety. Also, nervous sponsors, unwilling to sign up in advance for long series, could buy a taped show and then cancel it on a few weeks' notice without great loss to all concerned. Thanks to tape, network sponsors could have shows appear at exactly the same time all over the country —a great help in gauging audiences and national promotion.

Perhaps most promising of all tape's prospects was the possibility of distributing successful local shows nationally. Sylvester Weaver Jr., ex-chief of NBC and TV's most quoted kibitzer, commented: "You suddenly have a whole new world. It is a lot bigger step than any since we started TV. With tape you can produce serious, quality programming for a small audience at low cost. One of these days the taped programs will be bigger than the networks."—From NEWSWEEK.



DECEIVING — The skirt buttons don't button, and the pockets are flaps only. They serve as accents for the black-and-white plaid skirt, which goes with a wool jersey overblouse. Blouse has detachable tie-bow.



"Yes, Madam, we have specialists for all our clients—even a staff psychologist."

Keep It Special

Every Monday, when we return to our desks to pick up the thread of events and try to force intelligent comment out of our cold typewriters, we reflect briefly what a wonderful day Sunday was—and then go on to other things.

It certainly hasn't occurred to us in a long time to write an editorial about Sunday. Ordinarily, Sunday needs about as much defense as Mother—maybe less.

Sunday is a Special Day. It's a day for feeling reverent, in and out of church. It's a day for feeling love, for things like sunshine and our fellow human beings. It's a day for special dinners, and family outings, and loafing around not doing much of anything, in a special Sunday sort of way.

We have taken it for granted that everybody—even the poor souls who had to man the emergency stations, the hospitals, the drugstores, the movie theaters—felt that way.

Now we read that representatives of Denver supermarkets and the grocery clerks union have been dickering over pay schedules for the extra work that will be necessary in the event the supermarket operators decide to remain open on Sundays.

We hope they change their minds. Sure, we'll agree that there's a certain amount of inefficiency in leaving all those stores idle one day a week, but a certain amount of inefficiency is what distinguishes human beings from machines.

Not that we take a bluenosed view. Not that we want any legal prohibitions against Sunday opening. We don't think people go to church on Sunday because they can't go shopping. We just hate to see any development that tends to make Sunday more like the other six days of the week.

As long as Sunday remains different, we say thank Heaven for it. If we don't all keep it holy, we can all keep it special. —Denver Post.

Poisoned By Bad Temper!

It was the lovely but quick-tempered wife's 24th birthday. She was expecting a costly gift from her well-to-do young husband, but on unwrapping the parcel he had given her, she found it contained only gloves.

She was furious, for her husband was usually so generous with his presents to her.

Her dark eyes flashed as she declared contemptuously:

"You insult me by such a tawdry gfit. You have a big income and yet you present me with three pairs of cheap-looking gloves. I don't like their colours, anyhow," she snapped.

And she flung the gloves into the fire impulsively. Then, sat down and burst into tears.

Her husband was appalled—not by her outburst, but by the loss of the gloves, which he tried in vain to save.

For each one had banknotes concealed in it, and the total sum which his impetuous wife had consigned to the flames was $500!

Uncontrolled temper, like that of that Viennese woman, can cause a lot of trouble. But, say psychologists, people generally are bettered-tempered nowadays than they were 50 years ago, despite the fact that the tempo of life today is so much faster.

Girls have been warned recently by a beauty expert that habitual bad temper helps to destroy good looks.

"To be lovely, guard against the scowl or frown which results from a bad temper," she says. "Violent fits of temper generate poisonous toxins within us which interfere with the correct functioning of all our physical faculties."

Most people, when they are beginning to lose their temper, contract their chests and hunch their shoulders although they may not realize they are doing so.

"If they squared their shoulders instead they would find it much more difficult to become bad-tempered," declared a London doctor. "This is why I have not lost my temper once during the last five years," he added.

A Scottish woman who had occasional outbursts of temper claimed that she found the perfect remedy for them.

"I just went out into my garden and sauntered around it for five minutes," she said. "No one can stay sore long in a garden."

Scientists have tried to invent cures for bad temper. One, Sir Lauder Brunton, claimed to have found a drug that acted on bad temper as quinine acts on a fever.

All that a bad-tempered person had to do was to take the scientist's prescription to a druggist and, when he felt a fit of temper coming on, swallow the drug in tabloid form.

A continental pianist was engaged as accompanist to an amateur whose voice was always out of tune.

At last the time came when the maestro threw up his hands in despair. "Madam," he said, "I giff up der chob. I play der black notes, I play der white notes—and always you sing in der cracks."

"What's the idea of suddenly taking lessons in French?"

"We've adopted a French baby, and we want to understand what he says when he begins to talk."

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

Jumper-Dress



Jumper with companion blouse — or figure-flattering dress! You'll love the versatility of this pattern. Note double-breasted effect; easy fitting skirt.

Printed Pattern 4846: Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 jumper 2⅝ yards 54-inch nap; blouse 1¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate

Send **FIFTY CENTS** (50¢) (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 Street, New Toronto, Ont.



WELL ORIENTED — Her "Irish" eyes flashing, Nobu Otsumi McCarthy takes it easy in Hollywood. The former Japanese model who married an American GI is succeeding in films.

Irish—As A Second Tongue

They don't call the strange, lilting language they often speak in Ireland instead of English, Gaelic. They call it Irish. But, call it what you will, the Irish people still speak much more English.

Yet the government's Irish language campaign has served a most useful purpose. It has helped make the Irish of the Irish Republic think of themselves as a nation with a tongue of its own. The propagation of speaking and reading the Irish language was and is a nationalistic move in official recognition of Ireland's ancient heritage.

Prime Minister Eamon de Valera speaks Irish by preference, although he was born in New York City of a Spanish father, and it is said he had to learn the ancient tongue as an adult.

Few deny that Irish is awkward, and that only a few western Irish speak it today as their normal, or first tongue. Many Irish don't yet speak it at all. Yet it is required in schools in certain subjects. And I was told, perhaps accurately, that a student could get a higher mark in a mathematics exam if he could read a line in Irish at the bottom.

In Belfast, they told me a man had to speak Irish in the South to get a government post. In fact, all professional men in the Republic (with the curious exception of bankers) must pass a test in Irish—although passing a test, one suspects, can be perhaps less demanding than learning the language.

Irish as a language is credited with having served its purpose of boosting the morale of dedicated Irish patriots. But, frankly, there seems little enthusiasm for continuing emphasis on Irish in most circles. Mr. de Valera makes a point of using Irish, not to American visitors of course, but in telephonic conversations with other officials.

Among the language's shortcomings, however, is the fact it contains no modern words such as "airplane," "telephone," or "radio," which have to be synthesized, with some attendant confusion. The word "airport" reportedly is spelled four different ways on the way to the Dublin airport. Parking signs for motorists in some places are only in Irish, and motorists overpark because many literally don't know the time limit imposed. Dublin police apparently are alternately understanding and rigorous in such cases.

In Dublin nowadays, some schools are taught entirely in Irish. Officials admit it entails a sacrifice to revive the language for children take longer to learn. But they maintain the delay is worth while to emphasize nationality distinction. Eventually it is hoped Irish will be the first and official tongue, with English second. At present, both are official.

In justification, it can be argued that Irish was the native tongue of the areas from which the greatest Irish emigration took place — and that the re-establishment of the classical language is merel resupplying what would hav- been on hand normally if so many Irish-speaking persons had not emigrated, writes Harry S. Hayward in The Christian Science Monitor.

The Prime Minister, moreover, regards the language as fundamental to nationhood, as a valuable form of mental discipline, and as stimulating the Irish urge to learn.

In Mr. de Valera's view, Irish should be like Norse. The Norwegians usually understand English but also speak their own ancient tongue and have a strong sense of unity as a consequence.

In Northern Ireland, however, I encountered high officials who regard the formal introduction of Gaelic, as they call it, or Irish, as the Southerners say, as a failure. Ulstermen claim the Irish language cannot hope to compete with English, even south of the border. Emigrants, they say, quickly leave it behind as impractical. They suspect, moreover, that it may have been introduced chiefly as a diversion for the Irish, to keep their minds off other problems.

Some claim it is silly to try to bring an almost dead language back into general use, and that Irish, young and old, would be better advised to learn a modern, European language as their second tongue.

Others recall how sad it is to find a living tongue passing out of usage, as Gaelic is on the decline in Scotland and Northern Ireland. On the Scottish island of Skye, for example, I remember hearing parents grimly say they would have to teach their children Gaelic in the home now that it no longer is taught in the schools. Courageous Dame Flora MacLeod is one of those campaigning for a restoration of Gaelic. So perhaps the Irish are not entirely wrong in stressing the need for Irish.

On this, as on so many other issues, North and South are not in agreement. But even in the Irish Republic one finds little enthusiasm for a tongue that may be long on lyrical beauty but which in this day and age seems short of practicality.

Yet the Irish are a proud race —and doubtless will not quickly set aside the language of their Celtic forefathers.

Pulled A Bus With His Hair

If somebody hung you upside-down with four bicycles tied to your hair, you'd probably expect it to come out in handfuls. But it has been done — by a muscular Indian, who also by his hair pulled a fully loaded bus 600 yards along a Bombay street.

You'd be surprised at the strength of human hair. For instance, there was a man who hung by his hair with the greatest of ease shortly before the war. He was a daring New Yorker named Eddie Polo.

With his hair fastened to a pulley, he used to slide down a 1,000 ft. cable at forty miles an hour, plummeting at the end of the run into a river.

By his hair Eddie once pulled a car, with his wife at the wheel, for nearly a quarter of a mile. Another time he hung by his hair from a pulley with his wife dangling from his legs.

Few men with their hands could lift a barrel of beer weighing 140 lb. But a German named Sascha did it with the forelocks of his hair. He would also stand on two stools with leather straps attached to his hair in front and behind and suspend from these two big cans of sand weighing 176 lb. He could do this for five minutes.

An American scientist invented the pilometer, a delicate instrument which measures how firmly hair is attached to the head.

He found that a pull equal to one ounce is enough to pull a single hair out of the scalp. But Chinese hair, strongest of all human hair, needs three times this force.

I gave up smoking just like that—
Broke the habit in nothing flat,
With no regrets, nor any sorrow,
And will quit again, come tomorrow.

MERRY MENAGERIE



"He used to break up football games—now it's weddings!"



TELLS OF BLAST — Bishop Nekona (left) gestures as she attempts to describe to Sister Muriel how an explosion followed by fire swept through the Fountain of the World religious sect camp at Chatsworth, Calif., killing the cult leader and seven others. Ventura County fire officials say there is no doubt the explosion was caused by a bomb.



TAIL-HEAVY — Tiny Cocoa, a Mexican Chihuahua pup, will need more than that apple to keep the doctor away from his home. Suffering a broken leg when hit by a car, Cocoa will have to wear that heavy cast for at least a month.

Four Seconds Full Of Thrills

The heavyweight champion of the world was in trouble. Pinned against the ropes by a relentless challenger who had sworn to knock him out, he was trapped under a mreciless hail of blows. A left hook smashed against his jaw and spun him round. While he was still off balance, a right thudded into his face. The force of the blow lifted him off his feet and he crashed to the floor. He struggled to rise, but fell back.

There was a brief moment of awed silence as the vast crowd watched. Then pandemonium broke out. The challenger stood exultantly over his fallen rival, confident that the title was about to change hands. Four seconds passed before he noticed the referee frantically waving him to the far side of the ring.

Four seconds. A tiny slice of time, yet they altered the course of boxing history and became the most famous four seconds in the annals of the ring.

Because of them, Jack Dempsey failed to break the tradition that "they never come back." No dethroned world heavyweight champion had ever managed to regain his title, and none has done so since then.

Yet Dempsey, when he faced Gene Tunney, his conqueror of exactly a year earlier, that stiflingly hot night at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, in September, 1927, came nearer to achieving the "impossible" than any other ex-champion, before or since The irony of his failure was that he had only himself to blame—by breaking a rule he had suggested himself.

This was a sequel to a previous fight, with Luis Firpo, when many critics claimed he had fouled by hitting Firpo while his opponent was still rising after being boored. So Dempsey suggested that when a boxer was knocked down the man still on his feet should retire to the farthest corner of the ring. This way, he reckoned, there would be no risk of a foul or disqualification.

The rule was brought into operation when Dempsey, having lost his title to Gene Tunney after a three-year absence from the ring, was given the chance to win it back.

The circumstances boosted the return fight into one of the most important of the century. Many experienced judges, shocked by the ease of Tunney's first victory (on points over ten rounds), were sure he would never do it again. So was Dempsey, who said he would score a knock-out in the sixth round.

Tunney in turn declared that having won the first fight by better boxing, he would now demonstrate his complete superiority by proving himself the better fighter as well.

More than 100,000 people paid well over a million and a half to watch the bout, though most of them must have needed telescopes. Tunney received $600,000 and Dempsey just under half that sum. Tex Rickard, the promoter, cleared $250,000. No one grudged a penny of these vast sums, for it was one of the few big fights that lived up to its ballyhoo. Eight people died from excitement while listening to the broadcast, three of them during the dramatic "long count" seventh round.

Tunney waged a nerve war from the start by keeping Dempsey waiting in the ring for ten minutes before he appeared. Then his seconds immediately began pulling faces at Dempsey and his helpers and hurling insults across the ring at them—an odd pastime which they kept up practically throughout the contest.

The early rounds produced little of note, and it was not until the fourth round that the fight suddenly exploded into life. Dempsey, unleashing a series of blows, drove Tunney back until the champion's knees buckled. He looked about to go down, but unexpectedly produced a heavy right to the jaw which stopped Dempsey's advance. Now it was his turn to go forward, and before the end of the round it was Dempsey who was nearly down.

The fifth round was fought to a similar pattern, Tunney being out-fought at the start and finishing strongly as his rival spent his strength.

Came the sixth, the round in which Dempsey had promised to end it. He nearly succeeded, too, when after landing a dozen heavy punches he had Tunney hanging on desperately as the bell went

Immediately the seventh round began Dempsey threw everything into attack. Tunney was driven back under a merciless hail of blows and this time was unable to land the counter that got him out of trouble before. As he stood against the ropes, Dempsey moved in for the kill. A left turned Tunney round, and the following right dumped him on the floor.

The timekeeper began to count and Dempsey stood looking down at his victim. Then he realized the referee was motioning him away to the far corner of the ring. Under the rule, not until he was there could the referee begin counting. The timekeeper called "five" as the referee said "one." As the timekeeper reached ten Tunney was still down, but the referee went on. Six . . . seven . . . eight. . .

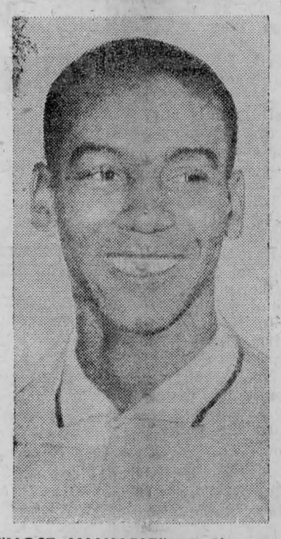
At nine Tunney climbed to his feet, and as Dempsey rushed across the ring he was able to wrap his arms round his opponent and hold on. He survived the round, and though still weak in the next his strength gradually returned.

His recovery was made to look more complete by his challenger's rapid decline. Dempsey had suddenly become old and tired, and as the bout wore on to the end of its allotted ten rounds there was no doubt that Tunney would keep the title.

Had Dempsey really spent himself in that desperate seventh round? Or was he so disappointed at seeing the title dashed away from him that his spirit gave up? No one, probably not even Dempsey himself, knows the answer.

As for Tunney, though he cut it fine, he was fit to continue according to the referee's count. Whether he could have done so by the timekeper's "ten," if Dempsey had retired to the far corner as soon as the knockdown occurred, is again something no one knows.

But two facts are beyond argument: the referee's statement that the count had reached a total of fourteen seconds, and Dempsey's laconic comment: "I had my golden chance in the seventh round, and I blew it."



"MOST VALUABLE" — Chicago Cubs' Ernie Banks is one big smile after hearing that he's the National League's "Most Valuable Player of 1958." Nomination is made annually by the Baseball Writers' Association.

Glamour Is Off Uranium Hunting

Probably the most spectacular road from rags to riches since World War II has been the trail trod by the uranium prospector. Men like Vernon Pick, who staked a claim near Hanksville, Utah, and later sold it to Floyd Odlum's Atlas Corp. for $9 million, and Charles Steen, who discovered the fabulous Mi Vida uranium mine in Utah, became multimillionaires overnight.

But last month, this particular road to riches was closed, an era ended. No longer will the beep of the Geiger counter—clutched in the expectant hands of thousands of prospectors (mostly amateur)—be heard in the land. Reason: The Atomic Energy Commission announced it would no longer guarantee a market for newly discovered uranium deposits.

The AEC, which now pays $8 a pound for all uranium produced, has tried to slow the rapid growth of the industry (now running at a $250 million yearly rate) for more than a year, even though domestic output accounts for only half of the agency's needs. It gets the rest of its ore from the Belgian Congo, Canada, Australia, and South Africa under firm contracts signed before the vast Western reserves were discovered.

Last month's ruling doesn't hurt companies with proven reserves. It might, in fact, help them by restricting future ore supplies.

"Prospecting will dip, but we are taking care of all the people who have found and developed ore so far," says Jesse Johnson, AEC's director of raw materials. Johnson even sees the day when the Picks and Steens will be back in the field with their Geiger counters: "Perhaps by 1966, the demand will rise again," he says.

But to Jess Larson, president of the Uranium Institute of America, the cry "Eureka!"—or whatever it is uranium prospectors say when they strike paydirt—will be heard no more. "The established companies are under the tent," Larson said last week. "But for the individual prospector, the romance is over. The door is closed." — From NEWSWEEK.

Holes-in-one And Other Oddities

It's what every golfer dreams of doing at least once in his lifetime: the "ace" — or hole-in-one shot. But few would care to experience the sort of aftermath that befell Mr. George Scott when playing the short seventeenth at Aboyne.

He hooked his tee shot left of the green but, to his joy, saw the ball kick violently into the air, hit the flag and drop — plonk! — into the hole. As he howled with delight a groundsman rushed up carrying two quart beer bottles. 'Did ye jist get an ace, sir?" he asked.

"I did that!" retorted Scott proudly.

"Then, sir," replied the old Scot, "I reckon you deserve a drink."

"Thanks," said the triumphant golfer as he grabbed one of the bottles and took a long swig. Unfortunately, he discovered — too late — that it didn't contain beer but oil for the mower!

In his latest addition to his popular collection of books on his favorite game — "Golf On My Pillow" fully illustrated with the author's usual deftness and humor — George Houghton says that for holes-in-one golf balls must carry "magic".

To prove his point, he says that although famous names like Alex Herd and James Braid pulled it off 19 and 18 times respectively, Harry Vardon (possibly the greatest golfer the world has known) is only on record as having done an ace once.

One American professional, Harry Gouder, decided he would keep hitting golf balls until he got an ace. Before witnesses, he cracked away for 16 hours 25 minutes on a hole of 160 yards. After 941 shots he stopped for food. His 996th hit the pin and stopped 3 inches away. His 1,756th was only an inch short; and after 1,817 shots — it was dark by then — he said to blazes with it and vowed he would never try to get a hole-in-one again.

Another American, a shoe manufacturer, used to give a pair to anyone in his Washington club who had a hole-in-one. One day he was on the course when someone shouted that the assistant professional, Ted McClandish. who was playing just behind him, had earned a pair of shoes. The shoe man replied that Ted, being a professional, would only get one shoe instead of a pair; but, to everyone's astonishment, young McClandish repeated the performance at the very next hole!

For his reward he got not only a pair but a promise of shoes for the rest of his life whenever he needed them!

A great book this. Full of fun to amuse non-golfers and crammed with useful hints for those who are striving to get their handicaps down.

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BABY CHICKS

PROMPT shipment Bray heavy breed cockerels, dual purpose Leghorn pullets, dayold and started in limited quantities. Also Ames 20-22 week Pullets, (low maintenance, high production). Order January-February broilers now. See local agent or write Bray Hatchery, 120 John North, Hamilton.

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BOOKKEEPING Service that is ideal and inexepnsive. We keep your records for $2.00 per month. More information write. Auditax. c/o 230 Herbert, Waterloo, Ontario.

DAIRY PRODUCTS WANTED

FARMERS having churning cream to market will find it profitable shipping to City Creamery, Toronto, where you get the best deal. We supply cans and remit promptly. Let us hear from you. City Creamery, 1207 Queen E.

FOR SALE

SALE of New Surplus electronic supplies and tubes. Radio, Amplifier and other electronic kits. Priced below wholesale. Write: Master Kit Company, Box 206, Belleville, Ontario.

TRACTOR Tire chains, car truck and road grader chains. Complete stock at low prices. Jack Wardell, 1371-3rd East, Owen Sound.

VALUABLE farm near Stratford, 53 acres. 4-bedroom house with full basement. Large brick double deck barn, 36x200, excellent for poultry and hogs, cattle barn 38x30; shed 38x20; granary 28x20; pressure water system in barn; hydro. Excellent land situated on outskirts of village. Must be sold to clear estate. Contact Mr. G. V. Kleinfeldt, 20 Queen St. W., Brampton.

WELDERS for farms and shops. From $86.50 and up. Also used welders from $50.00 and up. Forney Arc Welders Limited, Box 251, Station D, Ottawa, Ontario.

LOVELY! CHRISTMAS BELLS!

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WANTED: First Class, Experienced teacher. To begin duties in January. Salary, $400.00 per month.
FOR details contact: Mrs. Virginia M. Cameron, Sec. Treas., S. S. No. 1 Connell Pickle Crow, Ontario.



SHORT NOTICE — This street sign seems to be sinking into the ground in the Richmond Va., suburbs of Lakeside. The midget markers are designed to eliminate neck-craning by motorists.

ISSUE 52 — 1958

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove flakes of soot from a light felt hat?

A. Do not try to rub them off, nor wet the spots. Merely cover the spots with some dry salt, then remove with a stiff brush.

Q. How can I decorate a plain flower pot to make it more attractive?

A. Wrap the pot with crepe paper, but before doing this, cover the pot with about two thicknesses of oiled paper; this will prevent discolored marks from water that may overflow.

Q. How can I determine the correct height of a kitchen table when buying a new one?

A. This can be determined by placing the palms of the hands flat on the top of the table without stooping.

YOU CAN SLEEP TO-NIGHT
AND RELIEVE NERVOUSNESS ALL DAY TO-MORROW!
To be happy and tranquil instead of nervous or for a good night's sleep, take Sedicin tablets according to directions.
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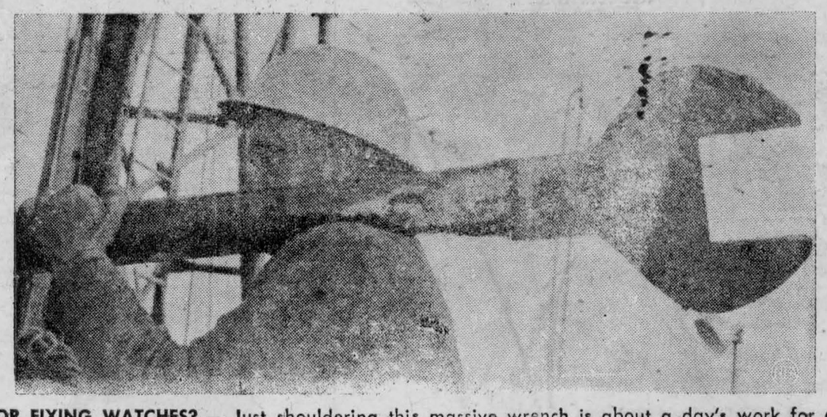

FOR FIXING WATCHES? — Just shouldering this massive wrench is about a day's work for a construction crewman in Latina, Italy. The giant tool is being used in the construction of Italy's first nuclear power plant which is expected to start operating in 1962.

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-FIFTH day of November, 1958.

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

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

DATED at Toronto this 11th day of December, 1958.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO
E. B. EASSON,
Secretary

SCHEDULE "A"

ALL THOSE PORTIONS of Lots 9, 10, 11 and 12, Concession 1, in the Township of Matilda, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, more particularly described as follows:

FIRSTLY:

ALL THAT PORTION of the West half of said Lot 12 lying between the Northern limit of the lands of the Canadian National Railways as described in Instrument No. 693, and a line drawn on a course of North 54 degrees and 34 minutes East from a point in the Western limit of said Lot 12 distant 706.31 feet measured South 28 degrees, 01 minute and 30 seconds East along said Western limit from the Northwest angle of said Lot 12.

SAVING AND EXCEPTING thereout and therefrom all that portion of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario as described in Instrument No. 21100, included in the above described lands.

SECONDLY:

ALL THAT PORTION of the West half of said Lot 12, more particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point in the interior of said Lot 12, being also in the Southern limit of the lands of the Canadian National Railways, which point may be located as follows:

BEGINNING at the Northwest angle of said Lot 12; THENCE South 28 degrees, 01 minute and 30 seconds East along the Western limit of Lot 12 aforesaid 1757.76 feet;

THENCE South 27 degrees, 31 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said Western limit 1252.66 feet;

THENCE South 27 degrees and 31 minutes East still along said Western limit 1243.23 feet;

THENCE South 27 degrees and 51 minutes East still along said Western limit 2980.35 feet;

THENCE South 28 degrees, 03 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said Western limit 8.58 feet to a point in the said Southern limit of the lands of The Canadian National Railways;

THENCE North 60 degrees, 45 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Southern limit 150.03 feet to the said point of commencement;

THENCE South 28 degrees, 03 minutes and 30 seconds East 1416.63 feet;

THENCE South 27 degrees and 37 minutes East 990.56 feet to the Northern limit of the lands of The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario as described in Instrument No. 21225;

THENCE Easterly along said Northern limit on a curve to the right having a radius of 1482.40 feet, the chord of which has a bearing of North 73 degrees and 40 minutes East and a length of 20.61 feet, an arc distance of 20.61 feet;

THENCE North 74 degrees and 04 minutes East still along said Northern limit 440.71 feet to the Eastern limit of the said West half of Lot 12;

THENCE Northerly along said Eastern limit to the aforesaid Southern limit of the lands of the Canadian National Railways;

THENCE Westerly along said Southern limit to the point of commencement.

THIRDLY:

ALL THOSE PORTIONS of said Lots 9, 10 and 11, more particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point in the Western limit of said Lot 9 which said point may be located as follows:

BEGINNING at the Northwest angle of said Lot 12;

THENCE South 28 degrees, 01 minute and 30 seconds East along the Western limit of Lot 12 aforesaid 1757.76 feet;

THENCE South 27 degrees, 31 minutes and 30 seconds East 1117.34 feet to the Northern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario as described in Instrument No. 21100;

THENCE North 58 degrees and 24 minutes East along said Northern limit 3772.19 feet to the said point of commencement;

THENCE North 27 degrees, 45 minutes and 30 seconds West along the Western limit of Lot 9 aforesaid 1207.44 feet;

THENCE South 62 degrees, 41 minutes and 30 seconds West 1601.07 feet;

THENCE North 27 degrees and 43 minutes West 987.42 feet;

THENCE North 54 degrees, 34 minutes and 30 seconds East 51.13 feet;

THENCE Easterly on a curve to the right having a radius of 5579.58 feet, the chord of which has a bearing of North 58 degrees and 55 minutes East and a length of 843.93 feet an arc distance of 844.74 feet;

THENCE North 63 degrees and 15 minutes East to the Eastern limit of said Lot 9;

THENCE Southerly along said Eastern limit to a point in the Northern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario as described in Instrument No. 21100;

THENCE South 58 degrees and 24 minutes West along said Northern limit to the point of commencement.

FOURTHLY:

ALL THAT PORTION of Lot 9 more particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point in the Western limit of said Lot 9 which said point may be located as follows:

BEGINNING at the Northwest angle of said Lot 12;

THENCE South 28 degrees, 01 minute and 30 seconds East along the Western limit of Lot 12 aforesaid 1757.76 feet;

THENCE South 27 degrees, 31 minutes and 30 seconds East along the Western limit of Lot 12 aforesaid 1242.66 feet to the Southern limit of the lands of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario described in Instrument No. 21100;

THENCE North 58 degrees and 24 minutes East along said Southern limit 3774.26 feet to the said point of commencement;

THENCE North 58 degrees and 24 minutes East still along said Southern limit 650.45 feet;

THENCE South 27 degrees, 12 minutes and 30 seconds East 498.02 feet;

THENCE South 52 degrees, 31 minutes and 30 seconds West 652.57 feet, more or less to the Western limit of Lot 9 aforesaid;

THENCE North 26 degrees, 43 minutes and 30 seconds West along said Western limit 196.33 feet;

THENCE North 28 degrees and 28 minutes West still along said Western limit 368.29 feet to the point of commencement.

FIFTHLY: part of the West half of said Lot 10 and the East half of said Lot 11;

BEING a strip of land 20 feet in perpendicular width lying North of and contiguous to the Northern limit of the lands of the Canadian National Railways (Formerly the Grand Trunk Railway) as described in Instrument No. 712 and 714 and extending from the Eastern limit of the West half of said Lot 10 to the Western limit of the East half of said Lot 11.

SIXTHLY: part of the West half of said Lot 10 and the East half of said Lot 11.

BEING a strip of land 10 feet in perpendicular width lying South of and contiguous to the Southern limit of the lands of the Canadian National Railways (Formerly Grand Trunk Railway) as described in Instrument No. 8833 and 8688 and extending from the Eastern limit of the West half of said Lot 10 to the Western limit of the East half of said Lot 11.

SEVENTHLY: part of the East half of said Lot 9.

BEING a strip of land 20 feet in perpendicular width lying North of and contiguous to the Northern limit of the lands of the Canadian National Railway (Formerly Grand Trunk Railway) as described in Instrument No. 682 and extending from the Eastern limit of said Lot 9 to the Western limit of the East half of said Lot 9.

C. W. LLOYD,
Ontario Land Surveyor

SL 6078 33-3c

Draw Winners

L. C. Davis won the large Christmas hamper and turkey at the annual Christmas draw held by the Iroquois Lions Club and drawn last Friday night at the plaza. Turkey winners were Miss Jean Wilmott, Mrs. Bessie Sypes and Mrs. W. A. Gibbons. Winners of hams were Mrs. Arthur Banford, Mrs. Dorothy Millions, all of Iroquois, and George A. Davis, Cardinal.

Full Gospel Tabernacle

Pastor, Rev. Chas. Marshall

Sunday—
Sunday School ..... 10 a.m.
Morning Worship ..... 11 a.m.
Evening Service ..... 8 p.m.
Tuesday: 7.30 p.m.—Bible Story
Thursday: 7.30 p.m. — Fellowship Service



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Blessings of the Season

Best wishes to all for Yuletide happiness.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS ONE AND ALL!

When the Spirit of Christmas treads softly—into your House on Christmas Eve—May it usher in as permanent guests Health and Happiness—Prosperity and Joy!

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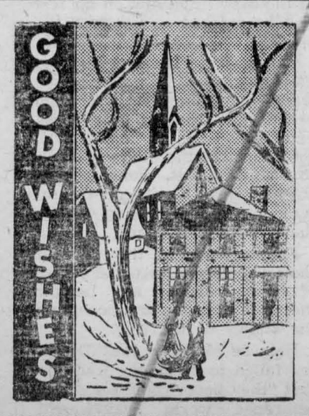

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Joys of the Yuletide season to each and every one.
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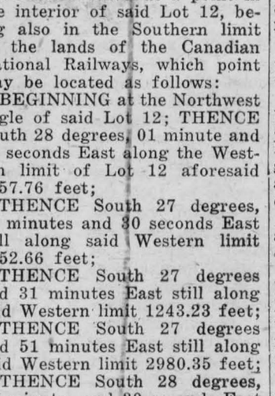

As the Christmas season approaches, may its true spirit be revealed once again unto us all.

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A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

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May the guiding star of the true Yuletide significance illumine the pathway for your journey through life . . .

WITH BEST YULETIDE WISHES FROM

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Along with the many presents under your tree, please accept our best wishes for a Merry Christmas!

ENGLISH'S

LANDS AND FORESTS

Kemptville Report

"THE NEED FOR TREE CUTTING BY-LAWS"

By R. N. Staley, Zone Forester

In the past several weeks, this writer has had occasion to visit many of the woodlot operations in some areas of the five eastern Counties, and in several cases a pretty dismal picture of "slaughter" was encountered. This waste of our most important natural resource is a very appalling thing, and we are going to "kill the goose that laid the golden egg" in a very short time.

Time after time a fine woodlot, ideally suited to management practices, has been virtually robbed of all its future potential for the sake of a few dollars today. This can be compared to a farmer who has a herd of young dairy cattle, and who sells them all off for beef before they become good milk producers and begin to really make money for him. Not many people would do this to their cattle herd, but all-too-many fail to realize that the woodlot is a renewable resource and should not be treated as a "mine".

In Stormont County one woodlot had been overcut for sawlogs — but still left a good stand of Hard Maple, Basswood, Hickory, Hemlock, Yellow Birch, and some Ash and Elm. The age class distribution of this remaining young stand was from the small reproduction sizes right up to ten to eleven inches in diameter. However, this potential was never to be realized — as shown by the remarks of the operator who was working there at the time. When asked about the limit they were cutting to, he gave the oft-repeated reply that his outfit "usually cut everything right down to three to four inches".

How can the present wastage be stopped, so that the future will have some assurance of more secure conditions regarding this resource? In view of present practices, education seems to be falling somewhat short of the mark, and if people cannot be convinced to practice even the simplest of conservation in their own interests, then perhaps the time is here where legislation should come into effect in the form of tree cutting by-laws. These would restrict and regulate cutting in woodlots on a more reasonable basis, and would eliminate wholesale "butchery". This would benefit all concerned — since the wood-using industries would have a continuous source of material close at hand, and the farmer would maintain a continued farm revenue from otherwise idle land.

If results cannot be obtained by education, the second alternative is legislation, and if this is not tried until too late — then the inevitable will result and we will have to learn the hard way; th esame as many other countries the world over, which now have a much better appreciation of the value of forest resources — "after the well ran dry!" Can we not learn by their mistakes and have enough foresight to see past the ends of our "self-interest" noses?

* * *

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!!

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A Year of Prosperity - - -

1958 has been a year of prosperity and happiness to many—heartache and suffering to others. It is my sincere wish that in the coming year each and everyone of you will receive your full measure of Happiness and Health. To all, a very Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year.

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WE THANK YOU - - -

- - - for your past patronage and hope to continue serving you in the coming year.

Good Wishes are always in season but at this time of the year particularly, we like to send greetings to you, together with sincere wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a New Year of Health and Happiness is the sincere wish of the

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Christmas and New Year's open hours 11 to 12; 4 to 5



Season's Best

May a wealth of good cheer find its way to your house this Christmas.

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Outdoor, comedy, drama. Starring Shirley MacLaine and Glenn Ford. Also Short Subjects. **Santa Claus, Mother Goose, Bugs Bunny and Three Little Pigs.**

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MODERN hot water heated apartment. Two bedrooms, large living-room, built in kitchen, 3-piece bath, all tile floors. Located 3 miles west of Iroquois. Telephone Cardinal 6001 23 or Long Sault KE 4-2328. 34-2c

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Lost

ABOUT three weeks ago black and tan Male Hound dog. Finder, please notify Ray Adams, Brinston, phone South Mountain 625r22. 34-1p

Found

YOUNG female Hound Pup. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this advt. James Willis, R.R. 2, Iroquois. 33-3p

CHRISTMAS NIGHT DANCE
December 25th
Civic Hall, Morrisburg
Russ Hayes and His Orchestra
Dancing 9 to 1
Proceeds to Community Centre
$2.00 per couple in Advance
$2.50 per couple at door
33-2c

NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE
Morrisburg Civic Hall
Jimmy Thompson and Orchestra
Dancing 9 to 1
Proceeds to Community Centre
$3.00 per couple in Advance
$3.50 per couple at door
33-3c

IN MEMORIAMS

CARTER—In loving memory of our son and brother James, who departed this life December 27th, 1955.
A silent thought, a secret tear
Keeps his memory ever dear,
Time takes away the edge of grief,
But memory turns back every leaf.
Ever remembered Mom, Dad, Jean and family.

* * *

SHAVER—In loving memory of our dear son and brother, Tpr. Alex Shaver who lost his life in the battle of Artona, Italy on December 24th, 1943.
Ever Remembered parents, sisters and brothers.

CARDS OF THANKS

I would like to express my appreciation to those who remembered me with cards, letters and flowers while I was a patient in Branson Hospital, North York.
—J. Sheila Ann Fitsimmons

* * *

We would like to extend sincere thanks to our friends and neighbours, and to Glenn's school friends, for the many cards, treats and flowers sent during his recent illness. Thanks also to those who sent flowers, cards, and for the many acts of kindness during our recent sad bevereavement. They were all deeply appreciated and will be long remembered.
—The Summers' family

* * *

We want to thank the Ladies' Auxiliary for their gift, Mrs. English and Grade 1 pupils for their treat and cards, Miss Sabo, and Grades 2 and 3 pupils, also thanks to everyone who so kindly remembered me with gifts and cards during my recent stay in the Ottawa Civic Hospital and since my return home.
—Lawrence Merkley, Harold and Leona Merkley.

The Iroquois Post
AND MATILDA ADVOCATE
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Receive Gifts

During the past few weeks, St. John's Church has received the following gifts which have been dedicated. A green Superfrontal for the Altar, given to the glory of God and in loving memory of Warrant Officer First Class David Lorne Brouse, by Mr. and Mrs. James Brouse. A purple Superfrontal for the Altar, given to the glory of God and in loving memory of John and Christina Armstrong, given by their sons and daughters and in loving memory of Percy and Mary White, given by their brothers and sisters. A set of four purple bookmarkers, given to the glory of God and in loving memory of William B. White, by Mrs. Catherine White and Cecil White. Two flower stands given to the glory of God and in loving memory of Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzsimmons, Annie and Thomas, by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fitzsimmons.

Each Branch of the Women's Auxiliary of the Anglican Church pray for one particular person serving in missionary parishes. St. James W.A. Perth pray for the Rector, The Rev. R. W. Smith. They very kindly presented St. John's Church with the gift of a red Burse and Veil to be used for Communion Services.

Living today is a game of robbing Peter to-pay Paul in order to make it possible to stand pat.



Christmas baking always better made with butter!

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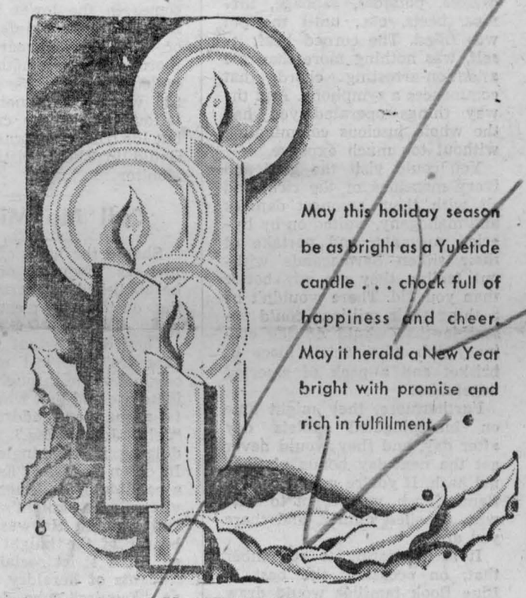

May this holiday season be as bright as a Yuletide candle . . . chock full of happiness and cheer. May it herald a New Year bright with promise and rich in fulfillment.

A VERRY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Thurs., Fri., Sat. Jan. 1-2-3
"Paris Holiday"
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Thirty-Five Cent Boiled Dinners

It has just occurred to me with something of a great surprise that cookery, or whatever is left of it, has lost its ingredient which may be called "cheapness." Cheapness, as used in this connection, has no bearing on quality, and is not meant to be a slur. Cheapness had only to do with the price, now called consumer cost, and it was entirely possible for an entire meal to be served to a family of fourteen, and the hired man, for 35c. Those days are, you see, gone forever.

It was possible for a good cook to feed her family the kind of things that stir up fond memories and tears of gratitude in later times, and do it without handling so much money that the Federal Bank was embarrassed. There were cheap meals that will be remembered more than the famous Roman orgies, but the sterling area never knew they got et.

The other day a neighbor went to the store here and bought a small chunk, or junk, of corned beef, with which to lay down the broad pattern of a boiled dinner and it cost her $3.45. By the time she invested in the other things to accompany this major expense, she had put her family budget on the brink of financial disaster. She ate sparingly, and did not rightly enjoy it.

This fiscal fact, stated so swiftly above, is about as severe an indictment against our social and political system as you can muster. The boiled dinner, besides being a gustatory maneuver of extreme magnificence used to be something you could tackle with the most stringent monetary status. It was not a major economic event.

Corned beef did not imply the choicest cuts nearest the apex or zenith. It was wholesome and nutritious, but not high society. And it was most of all symbolic. Essential, yes, but indicative. It was the starting point, the fundamental beginning. Around it you erected an opulence of carrots, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, beets, etc., until the pot was filled. The corned beef, itself, was nothing more than the attention-arresting chord that commences a symphony. And the way things operated you had the whole luscious commingling without too much expense.

You could visit the gold and ivory mansions of the rich, and sit with them amongst damask and mahogany, waited on by liveried servants, and partake of their silken Sarmacands without feeling they ate any better than you did. There wouldn't be a thing their millions could assemble that would do the culinary job of a small piece of brisket and a peck of assorted vegetables.

Furthermore, they might dine on hummingbird giblets day after day, and they would never get the next-day bonus of flannel hash. If you're going to have flannel hash, you've got to start with a boiled dinner, and there you are.

It is interesting to remember that, on occasion, the best of Blue Book families would draw the curtains and have a boiled dinner. They did not do this because it was cheap — they did it because it was good. They might have had any exotic fare they pleased, but they liked corned beef and cabbage. We have now reached an economic plateau where a boiled dinner costs about as much on either side of the tracks, if you can find a decent piece of corned beef to begin with.

It is a fallacy of modern times when we are taught that old-time kitchen affairs were always laborious. The patent mix in its airtight package, coming for the express purpose of lightening Mother's chores, is actually a partial hoax, for Mother's chores were not always that heavy. Most of the good things were not only cheap, but they were quick and easy to make, and I can recall many a conversation over recipes that began, "Oh, it's easy enough to make . . ." Grandmother wasn't altogether a slave in chains, and she knew a shortcut or two.

It has always amused me that the professional bakers took bread out of the home, liberating womankind, and then after a full circle brought back the half-baked biscuit. You have to go to the store, stand in line to pay, come home again, and then finish baking the product you bought so you wouldn't have to bake.

All this takes five or six times the effort and duration that Grandmaw spent on the batch of sal'ratus biscuits — particularly when you stop and reflect that Grandmaw didn't go to the store at all, ever, for such staples as the place needed. Of course, you can emphasize the amusement values of going to town, which Grandmaw didn't have, but you must also figure in the cost — and it's cost we're considering.

There was some kind of a pudding made with skimmed milk and things in a flat pan, and I don't remember that anything ever pleased me more than that did. It cost about ten cents an acre, and the labor involved in making it was incidental. But on the end of a large supper, this pudding was a monumental experience, and there is nothing — no, nothing — in modern affairs than can approach it.

It was manufactured so that the ingredients, all of them cheap, were disguised, and I have no knowledge of what the pudding came from. I just know it was good. And it was cheap enough so we could have it about any time we wanted to. Today, no doubt, that same pudding would run into real money.

What America needs is a cheap meal. Not just an inexpensive one, but a meal that not only comes in the lower figures but has all thsoe old-day qualities of good, rich hearty, family thoroughness. Something like a boiled dinner at 35c again, with $35 worth of flannel hash as a leftover. This is a crazy thesis, but it's true, true, true. By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

Call Me Mister?

Should the habit of addressing men as "Esquire" on envelopes be abolished? Yes, say critics of the custom in pleading for a plain "Mister" for every man.

They declare that the title of "Esquire" has lost much of its original value through indiscriminate use and that when we write to a man and address him as "John Jones, Esq." we are indulging in meaningless flattery. In olden days an "Esquire" was a candidate for knighthood and, virtually, a knight's apprentice and servant. He was the armsbearer of the knight he followed. In a strict social sense, say students of heraldry, no man is an "Esquire" who does not inherit a coat of arms.

Nearly a century ago, in 1859, a man who wanted to take out a life insurance policy described himself on the proposal form as "Esquire" after his name and gave as his address the mansion in which he was then living. It chanced that he carried on business as a shopkeeper in a nearby town.

On his death, the insurance company sought to evade payment on the ground that the description was misleading. The court over-ruled their objection.

Great Days of The Strolling Player

The eighteenth century was the hey-day of the strolling player. In no other age were provincial performances so frequent and widespread. One writer has estimated that there were thousands of actors roaming the land. A true representative of them, Tony Aston, claimed that his company was as well-known throughout Great Britain as the post-horse.

There is no one reason which can account for this expansion of numbers. The Licensing Act of 1737 drove many players from London but there is plenty of evidence to prove that many of them went no further than the outskirts of the city. If they were forbidden to act for reward in any theatres but Drury Lane and Covent Garden, they could alway perform for nothing and charge for something else. Foote made his audience pay for a 'Dish of Tea'; Aston exhibited his talent to anyone who would buy toothpicks. . . .

A better reason for the gradual increase of numbers in the provinces is to be found in the improved status which the actor began to enjoy. . . .

The stroller had to be able to take part in every kind of entertainment, tragedy, comedy, opera and pantomime.. He was expected to be a good singer, dancer and swordsman, and if he could prompt or play the fiddle, so much the better. This tradition persisted in the nineteenth century and Edmund Kean made his reputation in the provinces as much with his prodigious leap in Harlequin as with his portrayal of Richard III or Shylock.

If the company were good, their acting might be almost up to London standards and their best actors leaving soon for employment at the Patent Houses. Their dresses too, could be of fine quality. It is often said that Woffington and Mrs. Bellamy wore royal dresses in some of their metropolitan parts. The Bath strolling company could equal this and, as early as 1733, advertised that they would appear in 'four suits of men's cloaths and three women's, left off by the Royal Family.'

. . . They wandered about the country, either riding on their wagons with the scenery or walking and carrying it on their backs. Any town that was celebrating a fair, mart-day, horserace or cock-fight, could expect them. Their drum would beat; they would hand out their bills. They had a score of famous tragedies more or less at their tongues' ends. They would butcher any play to order. Tony Aston himself was ready for any part from Hob to Hamlet and his quaint enthusiasm is typical of the stroller. The history of their fortunes is in many ways an epitome of the changes in taste and interest in their day. 'Will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.' — From "The English Theatre in Wales," by Cecil Price.

The Smile Habit

It has been said that it takes 65 muscles to make a frown but only 13 for a smile. Yet it seems that a great many people make a habit of looking glum.

Granted that all of us have our troubles — but why should we post a public notice about them? It isn't pleasant for others to look at and it doesn't lessen our problems one bit. On the other hand, the persistent effort to at least "think a smile" will help not only to brighten the face but brighten the heart — and the heart of the other fellow, as well.

—Concord (Calif.) Transcript



GROUNDED CHERUB — Pamela Henry, 8, front row, second from right, is one of three children selected to symbolize the 1959 March of Dimes. She's shown singing with the Cherub Choir of the Covenant United Presbyterian Church, Oklahoma City.



PUMP DE LUXE — Chalmer Lovdahl, draws water at 110 degrees Fahrenheit from this well. The water started hotting up last fall. Illinois water experts offer no explanation for the phenomenon, but they do discount the possibility that Lovdahl's farm is sitting on top of a volcano-to-be.



DEATH CAME TO SCHOOL — This was the scene as firemen removed injured and dead from Our Lady of the Angels parochial school in Chicago, Ill., in wake of one of the worst school fires on record. The toll: at least 87 children dead, plus three nuns of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, who died with their pupils.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

BEEF KIDNEYS

3 to 4 beef kidneys
Flour
Salt and pepper
Paprika
3 tbsp. butter
½ cup onions, chopped
½ cup green peppers, chopped
1 small can tomato juice or puree
⅔ cup consomme
Pinch of thyme

Wash kidneys, remove membrane and cut into small cubes or slices.

Dip pieces of kidney in flour that has been mixed with salt pepper and paprika. Saute lightly in butter with onions and green peppers for 4 to 5 minutes.

Add tomato juice or puree and consomme. (Use a bouillon cube or meat extract if desired.)

Add thyme and taste for seasoning. Cover and simmer about 25 minutes.

Thicken gravy with flour.

Serve with mashed potatoes and a green vegetable.

* * *

CALF'S BRAINS

2 pairs calf's brains
3 to 4 tbsp. butter
Salt and pepper (to taste)
Juice of ½ lemon
Chopped parsely or chives
4 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. capers (optional)

Wash brains, remove membrane and dry in clean towel.

Brown brains in 3 to 4 tbsp. butter over high heat and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Reduce to simmer and cook gently for 18 to 20 minutes.

Sprinkle with lemon juice, parsley or chives and keep warm.

Spoon drippings from pan over brains.

Brown 4 tbsp. butter in another pan, add capers and pour over the brains. Do not burn the butter but merely brown it well. (Serves 4.)

* * *

CALF'S LIVER

½ lb. liver per person
Flour
Butter
Salt and pepper (to taste)

Dredge liver slices (they should be very thin) with flour.

Saute lightly in butter. Turn and brown quickly.

Season with salt and pepper. Liver should be pink in the centre, but some prefer it well done.

VARIATIONS

Saute bacon till crisp and drain on paper towel. Saute liver in a combination of bacon fat and butter. Serve liver and bacon together.

Saute liver over high heat in butter. Keep warm in the oven. Add 1 tsp. dry mustard and 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce to pan in which liver was cooked. Stir and cook for a few minutes, pour over liver and serve immediately.

Garnish cooked liver with onions which have been sauteed gently in butter.

* * *

JELLIED TONGUE

1 beef tongue
2 tbsp. gelatin
2 tbsp. cold water
2 cups boiling water
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Cook tongue, skin and cool. Whole Tongue. Skin and cool.

Sprinkle gelatin on cold water and dissolve in boiling water.

Add salt, pepper, mustard, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce.

Chill until almost set and fold in 2 cups cooked tongue, cut up or sliced.

Pour into greased 8½ x 4½ x 2½-inch loaf pan.

Chill until firm. Unmould and slice.

* * *

VEAL AND CHICKEN LIVER

12 chicken livers
2 tbsp. butter
2 slices cooked ham
1 tsp. parsley chopped
½ tsp. sage or tarragon
Salt and pepper
1½ lbs. veal cutlet slices (boned)
1 tbsp. butter
1 to 2 tsp. flour
½ cup consomme
6 slices crisp toast

Saute livers in butter, then chop finely.

Cut ham into small pieces and add to liver with herbs and seasonings.

Pound veal so that slices are very thin, and spread each slice of veal with liver-ham mixture. Roll and secure with toothpicks.

Melt 1 tbsp. of butter in skillet and add veal rolls, cooking till meat is browned all over.

Sprinkle flour over butter in pan, add consomme and cook till liquid has nearly evaporated.

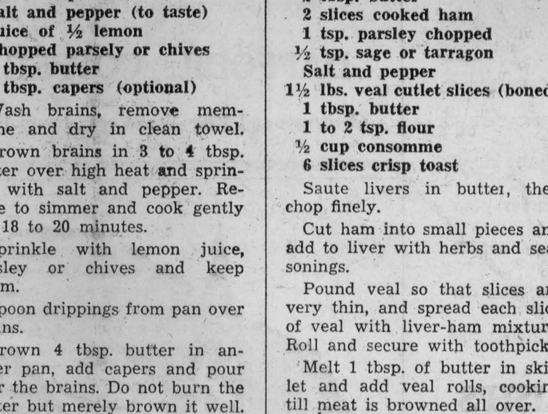
Add a little water to this pan gravy, arrange veal rolls on toast squares and pour gravy over them. (Serves 6.)

At a dinner party the guests were discussing whether women or men were the most trustworthy in business. "I don't believe that any woman can keep a secret," opined one man scorntully.

"I would not say that," retorted the forbidding looking lady sitting opposite him. "I've kept my age a secret ever since I was 24."

"Nevertheless, I'll wager that some day you will let it out," replied the skeptic.

"I seriously doubt it, sir. When a woman has kept a secret for 20 years, she can keep it forever."



PEDAL EXTREMITY — A new look with the same old ankle power is presented by this bicycle. Manufactured in London, England, its streamlined housing is made of lightweight, structurally strong glass fiber.

Latest Fashions For Your Pooch!

Looking for something special for your dog?

Saks Fifth Avenue has it: A space suit.

It's made of silver lame, with a plastic bubble for the head, and wriggly antennas fore and aft.

"Nothing serious technically, of course," explains Eric Richmen, head of Sak's dog toggery. "Just a conversation piece."

Actually, the space suit is for the dog that has everything. That means only for a small circle of dogs, to be accurate about it, for to have everything isn't easy for a dog in New York.

First of all, there is the long regular line of furnishings every well-dressed dog should have— coats (from simple woolens to $375 minks) with matching berets, suits, dresses, snowsuits, bathrobes for after grooming, and pyjamas.

For owners not fully aware of the wide range of dog fashions, here's a hint from Mr. Richman on how to avoid being caught in the wrong outfit:

"For the morning constitutional, we recommend just a sweater with matching cap — blue and visored for the boys, jewelled for the girls.

"For noontime shopping the thing to wear is a little tailored coat, matched to the mistress's wardrobe. For late afternoon, there is a sweeping choice of cocktail coats, of course.

"In the evening for going out it's either tails or tuxedo for the boys and sequin coats for the girls, with some nice jewelry. One of our popular items in dog jewelry is a rhinestone tiara. It can be worn by either boy or girl, I dare say.

"Dogs' tastes, like men's, vary. But it's usually determined by the owner's. In fact, if the owner is fashion conscious, the dog is almost certain to be fashion conscious. At times we just take one look at the dog and we can tell what the owner is like.

"If the dog is extremely shy, you can be pretty certain the owner is, too: except that he can hide it and the dog can't."

To please the highly developed nose of dogs, Mr. Richman has developed his own line of canine cologne. "It's called 'Faithfully Yours,'" he said with a gentle blush of pride, "it comes in two kinds, rugged masculine scent for the boys, sweet and dainty for the girls."

For other seasonal giving, there is a Christmas stocking with gaily colored bones. "Made of latex. We try to get away from rubber. It hurts the teeth."

What about actual bones?

"Out of the question," said Mr. Richman, "they tend to splinter. Our dogs aren't used to them."

Mr. Richman is dead set on safety. Saks wouldn't think of selling a woman's necklace at the dog counter. "We have special ones, smoothed around the edges so the dogs won't catch their hair in the setting."

For the dog that rides in open cars there is a pair of motoring goggles, personally designed by Mr. Richman, writes Frederick W. Roevekamp in The Christian Science Monitor.

Born in Vienna, Mr. Richman grew up among six dogs and several horses at home. None were dressed except in ordinary collars.

In the United States, he gave up a stage career to enter the dog fashion world. He has been an outstanding success.

Although competition in dog haute couture is sharp, few if any of his competitors take their business as seriously as Mr. Richman. Dogs pretty much shape his life.

He writes to them on birthdays and the major holidays. In return he gets autographed photos.

He is perhaps the most sought after dog-party guest in town.

"Some of these dog parties you must see to believe At one birthday party I went to the other day, the lights were turned out and we all sang 'Happy Birthday to You.'

"And the birthday child, that is birthday dog, who was the belle of the ball, went around getting pats. And then she went to open her packages. That's why we gift wrap everything on request.

"Well, you should have seen those fabulous presents —everything from a diamond necklace to an ermine collar to gift certificates and even stocks and bonds."

Some of Mr. Richman's competitors think things are going a bit far. Said British-born Ken Eggar, salesman at Abercombie & Fitch Company:

"In England, we just take the dog for a brisk walk They don't need any coat. But then those heated apartments in New York you know. Well, you've got to take it with a grain of salt, I'd say."

"How did you do at school to-day, Tommy?" asked a schoolboy's mother.

"All right," was the answer. "Teacher said I was a regular little beaver."

"She did?" exclaimed the parent proudly. "That goes to show what a hard worker you are."

"We-l-l, not exactly," said the boy. "It was really for chewing my pencil."

"So you suffer from indigestion?" sympathized a helpful friend. "Well, what could be better than drinking a pint of warm water after every meal?"

"Indigestion!" was the emphatic reply.

A VACATION

consists of 2 weeks
—which are 2 short
after which you're 2 tired
—2 return
—2 work
—and 2 broke
—not 2!

"I see that tips are forbidden here, waiter."

"So were apples in the Garden of Eden, sir."

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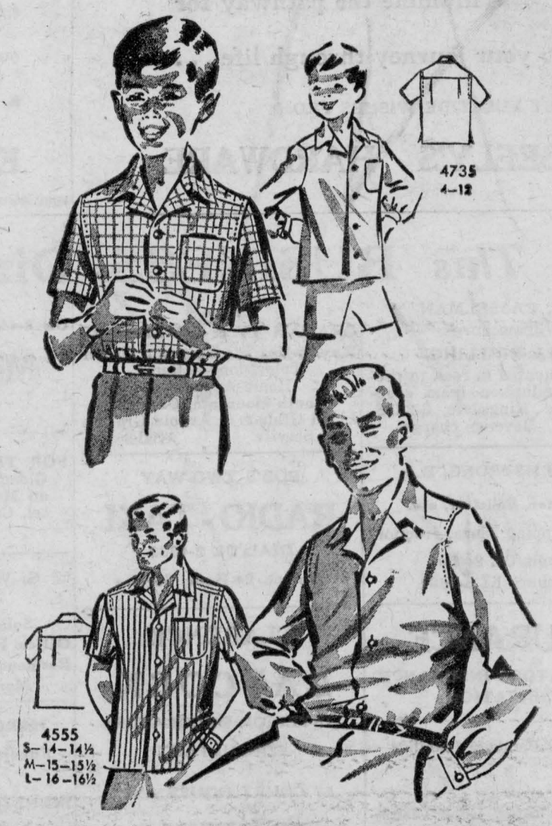
Designed To Please The Masculine Eye
- - - Shirts For Dad 'n' Son



No matter what his age, every male cherishes a secret yearning to own a wardrobe of custom-made shirts. Thanks to our new, easier to cut and sew Printed Patterns, it's simple (and fun) to make this masculine dream come true.

Printed Patterns 4555 for men and 4735 for boys can be used for sport or dress shirts depending on the fabric you choose. For casual wear, we suggest cotton, flannel, rayon, or foulard in paisley, bright solids, stripes, or plaids. For dress shirts, choose classic Oxford cloth, fine stripes or white-on-white designs. If a lightweight jacket is his order for spring, a wool plaid is soft, warm and fashion-bright.

Pattern 4555 is available in Men's Sizes Small (14, 14½); Medium (15, 15½); Large (16, 16½).

Pattern 4735 is available in Boy's Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.

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

Grandma Was A Champion Fryer

When I was a boy, a fall or winter Saturday evening had attractions offered by no other time. It was an interval for relaxing, remembering, preparing — the luxurious, cozy end of another busy week.

Of course, Saturday evenings in spring and summer had advantages, too, but they couldn't produce the snug comfort that arrived with the early darkness of, say, late November. Our unelectrified home was never so cheerful, never so hospitable and carefree. The lighted lamp on the round golden oak table in the living room, the dusky print of the three horses' heads (Grandma said the steeds were Pharaoh's), the easy chair in the window that kept its eye on the Mohawk River, the book on the nearby stand, awaiting the after-supper reading — well, my environment has changed many times, but those shining hours have been my yardstick for contentment.

Relaxing, to the boy meant an hour with Black Beauty, the Brownies, the Argonauts, or with Ernest as he studied the Great Stone Face in the White Hills. Grandma assisted in the reading, even when the lad was well able to do his own, for he was always eager to hear her animated voice act out the stories.

The remembering on Saturday evening recalled not only events of the week — academic and recreational — but a much more recent pleasure: Grandma's fried potatoes, a traditional part of the day's supper. She was a champion frier. I recall the pleasure I got from slicing the cold potatoes, left over from dinner, and speeding the thin slivers into the iron pan at the hot front of the coal stove. I took a station close by, to be certain that my pieces were allowed to carbonize properly. To me the height of culinary perfection was a heavily overfried potato. I loved it and still do.

"Well, if you turn into a chunk of charcoal, don't say I didn't warn you." Grandma would chuckle. Fortunately, the transformation did not take place, so she had no occasion for I-told-you-so.

The Saturday remembering however, concerned loftier matters recalling major and minor triumphs of the last week—that I had beaten my arch rival, Freddie Winters, in arithmetic; that I had successfully, yes, triumphantly, identified in geography class the capitals of the Balkan countries, a feat I was unable to duplicate in later years.

It was also, perhaps, good to remember that I had planted a rather sharp left on the chin of my occasional antagonist, Jack Niles, Grandma, to whom I promptly reported my victories as they came to pass, seemed especially pleased when I had walloped poor Jack, realizing full well, I suppose that the next time there would be a different story and that credit should be given in a hurry.

Let me admit that the week had likewise provided events reflecting less glamorously less creditably on my scholastic prowess; however, I naturally wasted no time thinking about them. Nor shall I give you, even now, a sample of my shortcomings, except to suggest that long division was my nemesis for several weeks despite Grandma's patient assistance, and that I never fully mastered the headquarter cities of those troublesome twins, the Virginias and the Dakotas, writes John L. Cooley in The Christian Science Monitor.

The chief item in the preparatory part of my Saturday evening routine was the study of the morrow's Sunday school lesson. Although I never said so to Grandma, perhaps at this advanced day I may confess to you that this was a chore I frequently conferred with my neighborhood cronies on the matter, and we agreed that the time spent in memorizing the outlandish names of Old Testament characters could be better used. (May I add, not in self-defense but in the interests of truth, that my opinion underwent radical and profound alteration as the years brought enlightenment. My friends' views changed also, I believe; anyway, one of them became a minister.)

Saturday evening at this time of year was an excellent time for forward thinking. Frankly, this was self-centered. It comprised chiefly the active anticipation of the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons, with their release from the clutches of my educators, the exchanges of good will (and gifts), the extraordinary opportunities for good eating. It was pleasant to contemplate the turkey and mince pie that would be mine, twice in about a month. And it was quite possible, even in November, to plan what one would do on skates, snowshoes, and sled during the glorious week between Christmas and New Year's when a boy would (he hoped) have new equipment to demonstrate to his friends.

Stormy evening, were, I think, best of all. Let the weather charge at our hilltop: I cuddled in my chair and thought of the unfortunate folks who, in Grandma's phrase, "had to be out in all this." We agreed that we were indeed fortunate to have the warm room, the books, the lamp, the good companionship.

But whatever the weather, the hours sped swiftly between Saturday supper and Grandma's inevitable, uncontestable comment, about 9 o'clock:

"Well, there's plenty of hot water, so it's you for the tub!"

Calling on a friend she had not seen for a long time, a woman said: "Why, Mary, what have you done to your hair? It looks like a wig!"

"It is a wig," replied Mary calmly.

The friend gulped, then rallied bravely. "Well, isn't it marvellous?" she blurted at last, "I'd never have known it."

Proper Care Saves Holiday Plants

For most of us this is the season for indoor gardening, with our major attention on "flower borders" along our window sills. December holidays just a few weeks away will add gift plants to our indoor gardens. We want to give them care that will keep them as long as we can.

Top favorite is the bright scarlet poinsettia, a very symbol of Christmas. This plant is of the milkweed family, which means it needs plenty of water. When it comes, set it for a while into warm water. Never let it become dry, and every day spray the leaves, both top and under side, with tepid water. (Do not wet the scarlet bracts.)

A warm sunny window facing south is the best location for a poinsettia. A newspaper between it and the glass will protect it on cold nights. Keep it out of drafts.

The poinsettia can be successfully carried over to next year if you wish to try it. Briefly: Dig out and transplant the fern. Cut back the plant to six inches, put it in a cool cellar window and water just enough to keep the roots alive.

Repot and place in the garden next spring, feeding it and keeping it watered. Bring it in next fall to a south window, and by feeding and watering you ought to have some blooms by the next Christmas.

Another gift favorite is the cyclamen. This plant needs much water, and from underneath. Do not get water on the leaves and stems. It must have a cool, even temperature and not too much sun. A north or east window is a good location. Set the pot into



YULE STAMP — The Christmas rose is featured, above, on a new, 40-centime Swiss stamp just issued. One of four, others in the series are: pansy, 10-centime; China aster, 20-centime; morning - glory, 30-centime. Each carries a 10-centime surcharge which will go to aid a Swiss youth program.

a deep bowl or saucer, fill this once or twice a day with tepid water and throw out after an hour what the plant does not take up.

The stems are juicy and decay readily, so if any of them yellow or droop, twist them off sharply at the corm or they will cause others to rot.

The cyclamen will often put out a whole new set of flower buds after its post-Christmas rest, blooming on into April. To carry it over, repot it in May, being sure to have the corm well up out of the soil, and keep it in a north window or set into the soil in a shady part of the garden border all summer, keeping it watered. By fall, it should be ready to repeat its season of indoor bloom, writes Millicent Taylor in The Christian Science Monitor.

It is important to know that the azalea likes acid soil. Other than this, your pretty little plant can get along with ordinary care. Give it plenty of water, nip off spent blooms so they will not go to seed, and keep it reasonably cool — in an east or south window.

If your tap water has a strong lime content, add a teaspoonful of aluminum sulphate to a quart, and water it once a week with this, using tap water in between.

For carrying it over, repot it in a soil mixed with acid peat, leaf mold, and sand. Keep it watered all summer, for it forms next season's flower buds beginning right after this season's blooming. If it can sit outdoors in a warm, sheltered place, it should be ready by fall to begin again.

Increasingly popular as a holiday gift plant is the pretty little flame crassula or Kalanchoe, with its bright red lilaclike flower heads and shining fleshy green leaves. This is a succulent, and needs little water except when in bloom. It does not need much sun, and will flower in a north window.

Your Christmas cactus does not want much water, and likes to be up high, in a hanging basket or wall bracket. It likes sun while blooming, and will appreciate a feeding of a tablespoon of hardwood ash and one of bonemeal added to the water once a week.

The gardenia likes acid soil and a warm, humid atmosphere. The Jerusalem cherry needs it very cool, plenty of moisture, and a daily sprinkling of the leaves. The little pepper plant can stand it a bit warmer, but also likes a daily spraying, and prefers a sunny window.



HATES CROWDS — Crowds are no novelty to this champion Hereford, and, to judge by his expression, he doesn't like 'em. Beverly McGrath, 12, brought her prize animal to enter him in the 59th annual International Livestock Exposition.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

The following is one of a series of articles by Dorothea Kahn Jaffe in the Christian Science Monitor based on her study of modern farming in the U.S. Middle West. It should be of interest to many Canadians interested in cooperative marketing.

* * *

John Reed sits in his office at the Elkhart County Farm Bureau Cooperative here and looks over the operation of some 50 or more privately owned poultry farms.

He does it by looking at a chart on his office wall. This chart has movable indicators which show just when each farmer started to feed his current crop of broilers, at what dates the chicks were given certain types of feed, and the exact date they will be ready for market. Further information about each farm is contained in a hanging file on the wall beside the chart.

John Reed has to know a great deal about these farms in his capacity as director of the poultry department for the cooperative. The cooperative has a financial stake in each farmer's operation. In today's language, the coop is an "integrator." it provides the farmer with feed and baby chicks on credit, gives him technical assistance, and pays him so much a pound (less cost of feed and chicks) after the broilers are marketed.

* * *

This farm-business setup protects the farmer from market fluctuations by guaranteeing him a flat rate per pound in advance of production. It also offers him a bonus for efficient feeding. In return, the cooperative gets a steady supply of broilers. This enables the cooperative to market the birds to the big processors who demand a constant regular volume in order that they in turn may operate efficiently. In this highly organized, low-margin-of-profit business, everything depends upon timing. No longer can volume of supplies be left to the haphazard ways of nature.

The integrator therefore plays an important role in maintaining regular marketing schedules. Almost all of the broilers commercially produced in the United States are now produced by "integration," it is estimated.

* * *

In many areas feed companies, hatcheries, and processors are the integrators. One of the big hatcheries, Cobbs Pedigreed Chix, Inc., operates here. But Mr. Reed and his associates are showing that a cooperative may serve as an integrator with comparable success. The cooperative in this case was already in the feed business. It sells its poultry feed at retail (on credit) to the broiler growers with whom it has contracts.

* * *

Like other integrators, this one helps farmers to increase their efficiency by adopting the latest findings of the research laboratories. Mr. Reed is a poultry specialist, president of the broiler department of the Indiana Poultry Association.

He has a long record of practical experience in the hatchery and poultry processing business. He has also been a feed salesman and part owner of a hatchery.

Working with him is Victor Gardner, another experienced poultry man. Mr. Gardner operates the Farm Bureau Cooperative's hatchery, a sizeable business in itself with a capacity of 210,000 chicks. The cooperative has a contractual arrangement with farmers for the output of 20,000 laying hens who provide the hatchery eggs.

Vic and John, as the farmers know them, are always ready to advise the cooperating farmers in regard to new poultry technology. They act as liaison men between the farmers and the research laboratories of the universities and the feed companies. They work also with the county agent's staff, gathering all the information they can which has bearing on the poultry producer's job. How valuable this new technology is proving is indicated in the reduced amount of feed now necessary to bring a broiler to marketing age.

* * *

One feed company expert puts it this way: "In grandfather's day more than five pounds of feed were needed to produce a pound of broiler meat; today it takes only 2½ pounds. Then it took 13 weeks to grow a three-pound bird; today it takes about nine."

More efficient production and marketing has made broilers a bargain item at the chain store. Thanks to lower prices, fried chicken, once a company-dinner dish, now appears on weekday tables and a greatly increased demand exists. Broiler production is reported to have increased fivefold since 1943.

* * *

Integration has had a lot to do with all this. Mr. Reed says the big appeal of the integration plan to farmers is that it takes most of the risk out of broiler production. Under the old system, a farmer might have to sell his entire flock on a low market, for broilers cannot be held more than a week or so from the time they reach marketing weight.

* * *

Under such circumstances, a producer could lose money on the operation. If he was so unfortunate as to strike a low market the next time he had birds ready to sell, the loss might be serious indeed. But by dealing with an integrator, he gets a guaranteed return a pound or per bird.

* * *

The integrator can afford to give this guarantee because he is selling constantly, and he gets the advantage of market peaks to make up for periods of slump. Actually, he plans the timing of each brood so that the marketing he does for the different farmers will be spread out over the entire month.

Nitwits! Arise!

Lady Helen Nutting, chairman of the British Council of Married Women, wants Parliament to pass a law requiring husbands to turn over to their wives a percentage of their salaries. She would let Parliament decide the amount.

Lady Helen says the status of British wives is inferior and she blames existing laws which make a husband lord and master of his wife's property, if any, and require only that a man must "maintain" his wife and "answer for her debts."

Maintenance isn't enough in this day and age, Lady Helen argues. A wife, unless she is a "little nitwit with no ambition," needs some extra spending money which would be hers by right.

As far as American males are concerned, Lady Helen's complaint reads like the account of some strange social custom discovered by an intrepid explorer in an out-of-the-way jungle.

U.S. husbands have long since lost control over the weekly pay check, to the "little woman." The legislation they would favor would be an act permitting a male wage earner to keep some trivial share of his pay for his very, very own.

Which leads us to the thought that if a Council of U.S. husbands were ever organized and amalgamated with Lady Helen's Council, the resulting revolution might be more world-shaking than any Karl Marx ever anticipated.—Denver Post.

They Practise Tongue-Twisters

If you think that tongue-twisters such as "She sells seashells on the seashore" are old-fashioned or merely a pastime for children, ask famous TV and radio announcers, preachers, teachers, after-dinner speakers and singers what they think.

They'll all tell you that the tongue-twister is a vital part of their training. The tongue, say elocutionists, must be trained to precision of action just as effectively as any other part of the human frame.

One radio announcer has revealed that the fact that he could accurately say: "The seething sea ceaseth and thus the seething sea sufficeth us" helped him land a good job.

The second floor tenant called the party below and shouted; "If you don't stop playing that blasted saxophone, I'll go crazy."

"I guess it's too late," came the reply. "I stopped an hour age."

ISSUE 52 — 1958

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus is Christ the Lord
Mark 8:27-35

Memory Selection: Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

As when Jesus was here, so today, people have different opinions as to who Jesus really is. Students of practically all religions agree that Jesus was a good man who taught fine ideals. Some call him a prophet. The Mohammedans consider him to be a prophet though not a par with Mohammed. One of their favorite sayings is, "There is no God except God and Mohammed is his prophet." As four men carry the open coffin bearing their loved one to the grave, they chant this saying over and over on their way.

There are some bearing the name of Christians who believe in Jesus as a good man, even as a son of God as we are all sons of God,—and stop there. Of course, such a one could not be a Redeemer and Saviour. He could set us a good example but could not provide forgiveness and new life for the sinner.

The confession of Peter is the correct answer: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Since all sin is primarily against God, only God can grant complete forgiveness. His willingness and desire to do so is shown in the fact that He gave His Son to be made in the likeness of men to become a Mediator. Jesus Christ is our only hope.

Though Peter made the great confession, he did not fully understand that Jesus Christ must suffer in order to make atonement for our sins. He did not see that the portrayal of the sufferings of Messiah as given by Isaiah, chapter 53, would be literally fulfilled.

We all shrink from the cross. We seek our own comfort. We hesitate to deny ourselves, take up the cross and follow Jesus. But this is the way into the kingdom for us all. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." It is not enough to acknowledge in word that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God. We must follow Him.

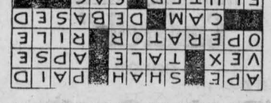
The judge lectured Mr. Adams at great length when that unhappy man was haled before him for calling a policeman an ass. "You must not say that," intoned the judge. "You must not insult the police."

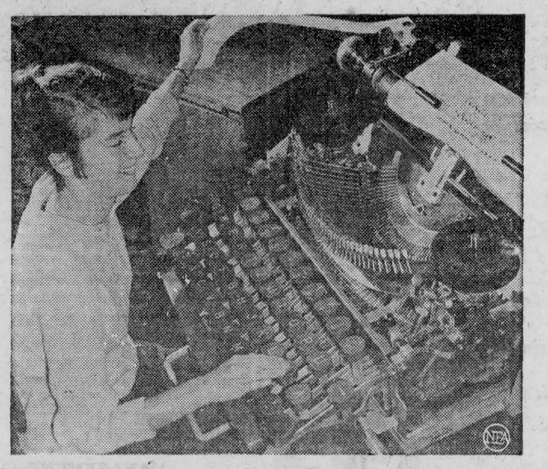
"Then," said Mr. Adams solemnly, "could I call an ass a policeman?"

"Certainly," the judge answered, hiding a grin, "if it makes you feel any better."

Mr. Adams turned to leave, tipping his hat courteously as he passed the patrolman who brought him into court. "Goodbye, poilceman," he said.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



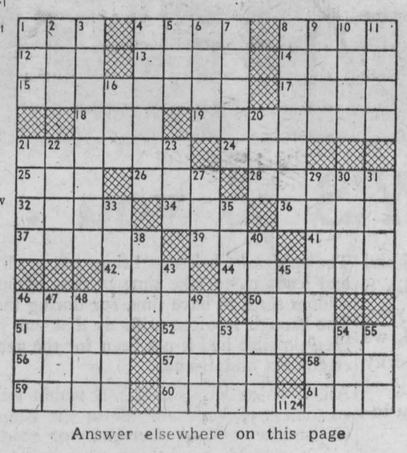


FOR HEAVY-HANDED TYPISTS? — The touch system wouldn't be of much use with this giant typewriter on display in Munich, West Germany. The girl demonstrating the machine finds she gets better results by using her whole hand to press the outsized keys. The machine, made in West Germany, measures a little more than a square yard.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1 Simian
4 Persian ruler
8 Discharged an obligation
12 Irritate
13 Yarn
14 Church recess
15 Telephone girl
17 Vex
18 Eccentric part
19 Humbled
21 Furrowed
24 Droop
25 Ignited
26 Horse
28 Unusual
32 Fragrance
34 Biscuit
36 Protuberance
37 Pierced with horns
39 Mire
41 Do up
42 Small swallow
44 Grew to be
46 Thought out
50 Except
51 War god
52 Expanding
56 Aromatic plant
57 Passage in
58 Contend
59 Caresses
60 Deposit of metal
61 House wing

DOWN
1 Coin of Macao
2 Vigor
3 Representative of a testator
4 Flower part
5 Headpiece
6 Absolute property
7 Heir (civil law)
8 Pattern of excellence
9 Honey bee
10 Small island
11 Exploit
16 Rodent
20 Forbid
21 Beat
22 Fashionable beach resort
23 Light touch
27 Chewing substance
29 Grammatical case
30 Kind of cheese
31 Unaspirated
33 Opposes
35 Pith or point
38 God of the underworld
40 Formal discussion
43 Treadle
45 Incision
46 Moist
47 Canal
48 Outlet
49 Prank
53 Cover
54 Nothing
55 Solidify



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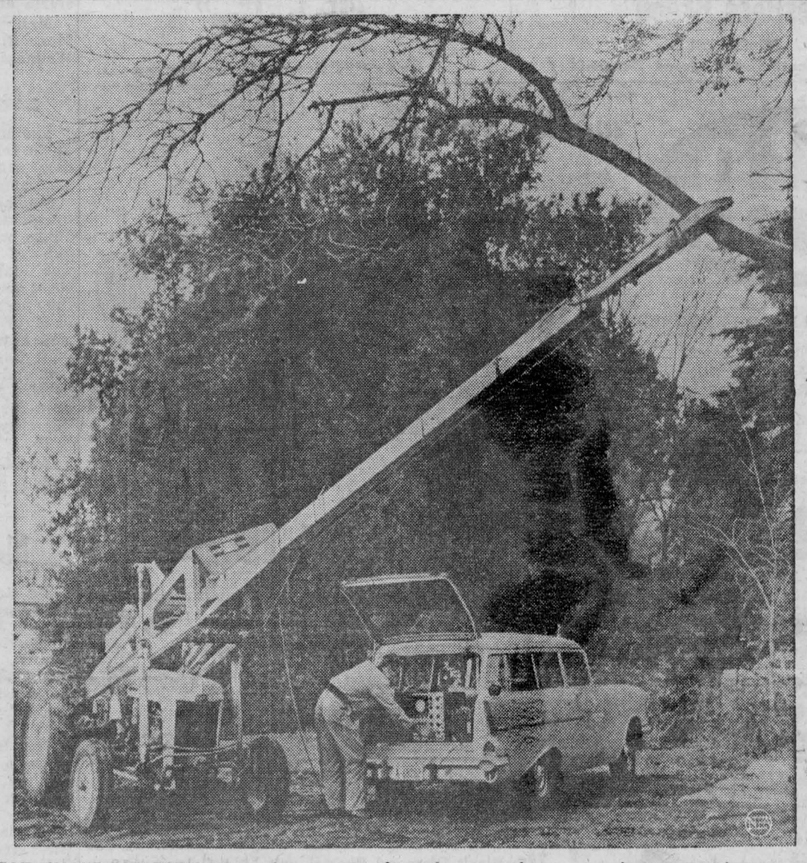


FAIR SHAKE FOR FARMERS — There's a machine for everything nowadays, or so it seems. A good example is this mechanical tree shaker, shown being tested above. It is one of a number of commercial machines under study. The aim is to remove a maximum of good fruit with minimum power and tree damage. The machines are successfully harvesting prunes, almonds, walnuts.

CHRISTMAS LONG AGO

Christmas is not far away.
And we remember years ago.
We hitched the horses to the sleigh
And how the Bells did jingle so.
The lamp was lit on the table
The stockings hung in a row.
Christmas Eve was crisp and clear
And gay with miseltoe
Santa Claus' Sleigh was a red as could be,
As he jumped the pitch holes so fast and so free.
I still remember meagre gifts
We were satisfied with simple things
Wax candles on the Christmas tree
And home-popped corn on crimson strings
The fragrance of Special Cookies
That were made to have on hand
A very fat large turkey too was roasting in the pan.
Pictures hung high on the whitened walls.
Grandfather's Clock stood so firm and tall
It was 12 o'clock on Christmas Day
As we all gathered round to the Blessing sang.
Was it ever such a friendly place
It had us all bound fast.
Close to the love of the dear ones back home
A Christmas that Belongs to the past.

—C.M.A.

Hydro Chairman's Remarks Interest To Valley Taxpayers

The elected representatives of the St. Lawrence Valley municipalities assured Ontario Hydro Chairman, James S. Duncan last week that the Commission had dealt equitably with both Municipal and individual problems during the areas vast rehabilitation programme. This assurance was given when the Chairman and other Hydro officials met with representatives of the municipalities affected by the St. Lawrence Power Project.

The purpose of the meetings was to permit the municipal officials to raise any problems with which they are confronted now that the Power project is in its final phase. During the two days of meetings, Mr. Duncan, Harry Hustler, Director of Property for the St. Lawrence Power Project and Gordon Mitchell, Project Director, met with each reeve of the municipalities concerned, the Mayor and other officials of the city of Cornwall and George H. Challies, Chairman of Ontario St. Lawrence Development Commission.

All the reeves with the exception of one have been personally involved in the rehabilitation since the power project began. All expressed appreciation for the manner in which various problems have been handled.

During the course of these meetings several rehabilitation matters were resolved but it became apparent that only one is of major concern — that of taxation which is a problem common to the entire area. In this regard Ontario Hydro is arranging an early meeting with the deputy-minister of Municipal Affairs. It is hoped this meeting will lead to the active participation of the provincial government in studying the problem.

Other points raised by municipal representatives in their discussions with Mr. Duncan on which in the majority of instances, agreement was reached, included water supply, sewage and drainage problems. The provision of recreational facilities including golf courses and boating areas, resurfacing of roads and railway relocation and overpasses.

Following the meeting Mr. Duncan said "The degree of cooperation which existed during our talks with local officials was extremely gratifying and with the exception of a few minor points major rehabilitation problems have been resolved to the satisfaction of all concerned".



As the happy music of the season fills the air, we hope it will bring you much harmony and cheer.

W. E. FITZSIMMONS

HIGH SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

The first 1959 meeting of the South Dundas District High School Board will be held at the Iroquois High School on Wednesday, the seventh of January, at 8.00 p.m.

Christmas and New Year's
DANCE
Sponsored by the Iroquois Fire Dept. and the Odd Fellows.
SATURDAY, DEC. 27th
Music by "THE ROCKERS"
Admission 75c
Come and bring your friends and enjoy yourself

CORRECTION

Last week we misquoted Reeve L. C. Davis in saying that Ontario Hydro would provide a centopah . . . the article should have read, "provide a walkway and lights" to a centopah. Anyway, what the village did get from Hydro was still a most generous gift. Ed.

Prevent Accidents

The Ontario Department of Agriculture, appalled by the yearly loss of life, property damage and man hours due to farm accidents, has decided to conduct a 12 month survey of farm accidents, starting March 1, 1959. —and ending February 28, 1960. This decision was made after several organizations interested in accident prevention, including the Canadian Chambers of Commerce, had made presentations to the department. It is hoped that, through publicity given the campaign by newspapers, radio and TV, farmers, their families and helpers, will become accident prevention conscious.

At a meeting of the directors of the County Federation of Agriculture, held recently, on request of E. K. Pearson, agricultural representative, it was decided that the Federation, assisted by other farm organizations would conduct the survey. The following committee was appointed to meet with the Federation executive as soon as possible in January to plan the survey. County Chairman, Harold McMenony, Township Chairman, Winchester; Angus Smith, Mountain; Byron Martin, Matilda; Allan Larlinger, Williamsburg; Edwin McIntosh; Secretary, E. K. Pearson.

The commitee will be responsible for obtaining canvassers to cover the county so that every farm accident which results in at least a loss of two man hours or $25.00 property damage will be reported.

Mr. Pearson will contact the Women's Institutes of the county to ask their assistance and, if the members of this worthy organization agree to help — the survey will be a real success.

Dundela Party

The pupils of Dundela Public School, under the leadership of their teacher, Mrs. Minnie Murphy, entertained their parents at a Christmas party in Dundela United Church on Friday afternoon. The programme, consisting of songs, plays and recitations, was highlighted by a rhythm band under the direction of the music teacher, Mrs. Ruby Bell. Both parents and pupils had a very enjoyable time.

Bonus Buck Drawing

There will be no Bonus Buck drawing the next two Friday nights due to the holiday season but Iroquois merchants, to make up for the temporary postponement will advance the cash giveaway to $100 on Friday night, January 9th. There will also be a larger amount of $5.00 cash draws that night.

To make the cheese more binding, so to speak, all the slips put in the draw since December 4th, will be left in. You may have a chance at the $100 on January 9th.

The Record World

by Gary Parmeter

In 1942 Bing Crosby recorded a new song of Irving Berlin's entitled "White Christmas". Since then his version alone has sold over 15,000,000 copies making it the largest selling record of all time. However, Bing has never made a cent on this record. He donates all his earnings from "White Christmas" to a Catholic organization. Crosby and Christmas have been associated in the record world for many years.

The next biggest seller of Christmas records is none other than Gene Autry, who has recorded the original versions of many Christmas ditties. Gene, who brought out "Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer" ten years ago, has not only the best selling version of that song, but is the best selling record Columbia has ever had. It is now nearing the 5,000,000 mark.

It took Johnny Marks a week to write "Rudolph" and he has made several thousand dollars for every minute of that week, for it has been recorded by dozens upon dozens of artists and translated into almost every language, and counting all versions it has sold more than 30,000,000 copies.

A Christmas record is the only kind that could possibly sell this fantasically because it continues to come back and sell year after year, whereas an ordinary song sells very few copies after its' popularity fades.

This year' yuletide favourite "The Chipmunk Song" by David Seville will easily sell 3,000,000 this year alone: it has already passed the 2,500,000 mark. This will never sell like "Rudolph" though because it probably won't be recorded by any other artists. My reasoning behind this is that it is not just a "song" but a "record". There is a great deal of difference in some cases. This record features gimmicks including, of course, the chipmunk voices that other companies won't bother to copy as they might if it were just a straight song.

For those of you who don't already know how "off-speed" voices such as those featured in "The Chipmunk Song" and others are recorded, here's the lowdown: ordinary voices are recorded saying or singing the proper words, then these voices are played on a faster speed and recorded again. Then the normal voices which you hear on the record and the "off-speed" voices which you also hear, are played together while a band plays the arrangement in the background. This is all recorded together and there you have the finished product.

At Christmas time probably more songs from albums are played on the radio than at any other time of the year. After hearing most of the new albums as well as the old ones, I would say that the best new album, and one of the best of any year is the Johnny Mathis set, "Merry Christmas". It contains a variety of seasonal songs all done up in fresh and splendid arrangements.

For late, late, late shoppers, may I recommend records as presents. LPs make ideal gifts because they last indefinitely.

Did you know? That "Jingle Bells" is 101 years old this year? That most Christmas carols were written during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? That Paul Anka's parents fly to Paris where they will spend Christmas together with Paul? That "Merry Christmas" by Bing Crosby is the best selling Christmas album of all time? That "Jingle Bells" was first known as "The One-Horse Open Sleigh"? That Elvis Presley's father and grandmother will spend Christmas with him in Germany?

. . . and as one song goes "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas".

CAROL SERVICE

On the Sunday after Christmas, December 28th, at 4 p.m. in the afternoon, in St. John the Baptist Church, there will be the service of Scripture readings with carols. This is one of the oldest congregational service of the Church. It has been in continuous use throughout Britain.

The lessons will be read by different people of the parish and traditionally it starts with a young choir-boy and ends with the Parish Priest. Each lesson unfolds the story of Christ's Birth and the carol which follows bears relation to the incident described. The service begins and ends with prayers that all may learn anew through the ministry of words and music the message of the Incarnation.

All members of the community are welcome to attend this Carol Service.

STRADER'S HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Gow, Glenna and Dalton, of Williamsburg, were entertained to Christmas dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wells and Donald on Sunday, Dec. 21st.

Mrs. Alton Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. John Riddell had dinner with Mrs. Mason Casselman, and Mr. and Mrs. Scott Gibson, of Iroquois, on Saturday.

Mrs. Cecil Hanson, Wayne and Susan, had dinner Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanson and John, of Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Riddell spent Thursday evening with Mrs. Mae Strader and family, of Brinston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Serviss spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Spence Fawcett, of Hulbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Beckstead and family had dinner Sunday with Mrs. Nathan Beckstead, of Dundela.

Mrs. Bill Byveldt called on Mrs. Alton and John Riddell Wednesday afternoon.

* * *

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The annual Christmas Concert in the school was held on Thursday afternoon. A wonderful programme of recitations, dialogue, and songs were enjoyed by all and the visit from Mrs. Santa was as usual the hightlight of the concert. Mr. Santa was unable to be present so instead sent his wife along. After the presentation of gifts and bags of candy the programme closed with the "Queen". Mr. Ivan Casselman acted as chairman and moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Dalton Coons and children for the fine work and acting they presented.

* * *

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

—Editor and Staff.

News Notes

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Smith, of Steeler, Alberta and Lt. and Mrs. L. J. Smith and baby, Dale, of Barrie, Ont., are visiting the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Smith for the Christmas holidays. During their visit, Rev. Smith will Baptize baby Dale.

* * *

The Intermediate Concert of Iroquois United Church will be held in Church Hall Tuesday evening, December 23rd, at 8 o'clock. Everyone welcome.

Charles McGee, son of Mr. and Mrs. William McGee, of Colborne, Ont., formerly of Iroquois, has passed his R.C.A.F. exams and is now stationed with the Air Force as a flyer.

BORN—At York, Alabama, on December 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter V. Walker (nee Beatrice Linnen), a son, Kenneth Ray.

Men who make big money are careful with their small change.

Self-made men should be more careful in selecting the materials they use.

Come to Church

Matilda Charge United Churches

Rev. C. A. Adey, Minister

Hanesville—
10 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Public Worship

Brinston—
1.30 p.m.—Sunday School
2.30 p.m.—Public Worship

Hulbert—
11 a.m.—Sunday School
7.30 p.m.—Worship Service

Knox Presbyterian Church

Rev. A. D. MacLellan, Minister
10 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Public Worship

Dixon's Corners—
2 p.m.—Public Worship

Iroquois United Church

Rev. Gordon F. Dangerfield, Minister
Mrs. Hugh Thompson, Organist
10 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Church Service

White Church—
1.45 p.m.—Sunday School
2.30 p.m.—Public Worship

Christmas Eve Service in Iroquois United Church at 10 p.m. There will be singing of carols, prayer and the Christmas Story.

The Anglican Church of Canada

Rev. Ralph W. Smith. Rector

CHRISTMAS

St. John the Baptist, Iroquois
11:30 p.m., December 24th—Holy Eucharist with Carols
9:00 a.m., December 25th—Holy Eucharist

Christ Church, Dixon's Corners
10:00 a.m., December 25th—Holy Eucharist with Carols

St. Paul's Church, Haddo
11:15 a.m., December 25th—Holy Eucharist

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, DEC. 28th

St. John the Baptist, Iroquois
8:00 a.m.—Holy Communion
10:00 a.m.—Church School
4:00 p.m.—Carol Service

Christ Church, Dixon's Corners
2:30 p.m.—Evening Prayer

St. Paul's Church, Haddo
9:45 a.m.—Holy Communion

Dundela United Church

REV. N. BOWERING, B.A. B.D. Minister
7.30 p.m.—Public Worship

MERRY CHRISTMAS—

THE GLORY THAT IS CHRISTMAS WILL
RING OUT—AND IN OUR GOOD WISHES
ARE ECHOED THE BEAUTY AND SPIRIT
OF BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEASON!

FAIRBAIRN'S

OUR GREETINGS TO YOU

As Christmas draws near and heralds the approach of a New Year
Our thoughts turn to our Customers, with whom our relationships have been most cordial.
We thank you for your valued support and it is our sincere hope
That the New Year will bring you a larger measure of Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

COLEMAN'S MOTOR SALES



ART'S Lucky Dollar MARKET

Aglow with the joy of Christmas

We join the happy throng;
And hear, in every passing voice,
A note from the angels' song;
All men are friends—all friends are dear
So Merry Christmas Friends, Good Cheer,
And Happiness this coming year.

L. J. GIBBONS



We wish for you all the happy hustle and bustle of a traditional Yuletide!

S+F FROM THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF

SAVOY THEATRE

DEC. 25-26-27 THURS.-FRI.--SAT.
Walt Disney's Great
"Cinderella"
IN COLOR
SECOND HIT—
"Restless Breed"
IN COLOR
Starring Scott Brady, Anne Bancroft

—CARDINAL—
DEC. 29-30-31 MON.-TUES.-WED.
"Mohawk"
IN COLOR
SECOND HIT—
"Under Fire"
Starring Rex Reason, Henry Morgan

IGA wishes you a very **Merry Christmas**



●—FROZEN FOOD FEATURES

Aylmer—15-oz pkg
STRAWBERRIES 35c

Aylmer 12-oz pkg Frozen
PEAS 2 for 39c

Grade "A" Eviscerated Oven Ready
TURKEYS 18 lb & over lb 43c

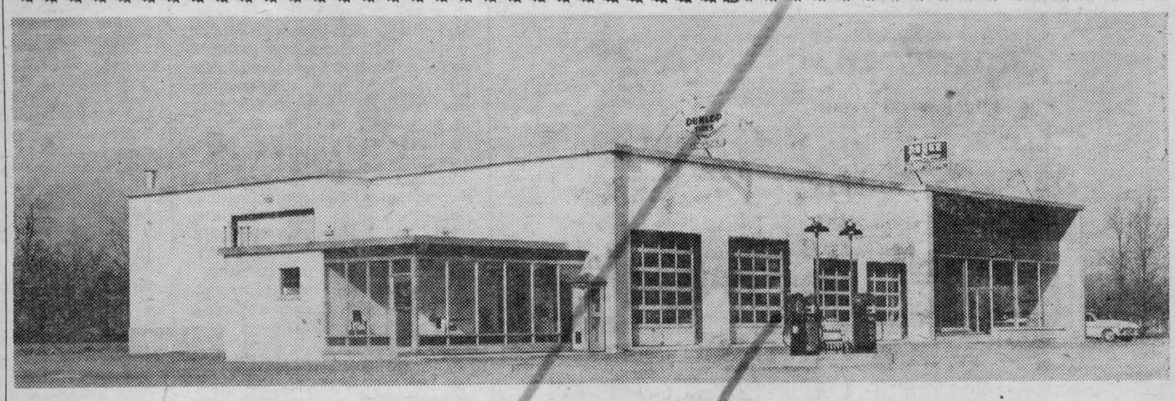
Maple Leaf Tendersweet—3-4 lb average
Boneless Hams ..... lb 69c
Ready-to-Eat Fruited—Buffet Style
Cottage Rolls ..... lb 69c
Tablerite—lb package
Sausage Meat ..... lb 39c

Ocean Spray Late Howe window pack
Cranberries ..... lb 19c
Calif. Sunkist Navel—medium 163's
Oranges ..... 2 doz 59c
California Pascal—large 36's
Celery ..... 2 for 35c

Stokely's Honey Pod—15-oz tins
GREEN PEAS 2 for 33c
Patterson's Ballet—1 lb box
CHOCOLATES 79c
Contanina Fancy—28-oz tin
FRUIT COCKTAIL 39c
Aylmer Choice—20-oz tin
SLICED PINEAPPLE 27c

Welch's—24-oz
GRAPE JUICE Bottle 33c
Black Diamond—Special Pack med. colored 12-oz
CHEESE 45c
Black Diamond Special pak Mild Coloured 12-oz
CHEESE PORTIONS 41c
Maple Leaf 28-oz tin
MINCEMEAT 41c
White Swan White
SERVIETTES 2 pkgs 35c

Plus Free Gifts With Gold Bond Stamps
H. A. GILMER Proprietor IROQUOIS



From FETTERLY'S to you . . .

WITH THE ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER CHRISTMAS and the holiday sentiments that go with it, we at FETTERLY'S truly have something to be thankful for. Each passing year, since the beginning of FETTERLY'S back in May, 1924, we have steadily progressed and prospered. Much of that prosperity has been due to the continued patronage from our many good friends of the past and carried on by old as well as new customers.

The spirit of Christmas brings out in all of us our finer qualities and leads us to take time to pass along good wishes which we seldom seem to have time for during the remainder of the year. The though is often with us that our progress would not have been possible had it not been for the generosity and trust of our customers and friends.

All of us at FETTERLY'S would wish each and everyone—customers, friends and all in the community, the merriest of Christmases and an abundance of good cheer.

Merry Christmas - Happy New Year