

THE IROQUOIS POST

AND MATILDA ADVOCATE

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BOOKS ARE FREE!

LIBRARY IS SEEKING CUSTOMERS

Directors Report Good Selection On Shelves

One of the free services provided by Iroquois and Matilda Township to its residents, the Iroquois Public Library, is seeking customers. At a meeting of the board of directors held last week decision was reached to seek out new customers and re-interest old customers back into more use of the library's facilities.

The library is supported by both Iroquois and Matilda councils and is a free service to any resident of either community wishing to borrow reading material. It was pointed out at the meeting that many new books have been purchased and that the library's collection was now up-to-date. The directors further announced that they would procure any popular book requested by residents if the book was not already on the shelves.

With many new Canadians and new residents in our area, the invitation is offered through these columns for these residents to take advantage of the free services provided. The library is located in the Iroquois civic centre and may be found by entering the main front door. Just inside is a door marked "Library".

The library is open Tuesdays from 2 to 4.30 and on Fridays from 2 to 4.30 and from 7 to 9.30.

All one has to do to get a book is walk into the library, look through the shelves which classify the type of reading material in each shelf and hand it to the librarian on duty so that she may mark down the name of the volume and who is borrowing it. She will tell the borrower how long he or she may keep the book and when it should be returned.

Youngsters attending schools in the village and township are reminded that there are many book selections to suit their likes, fiction and non-fiction, and that the librarian on duty would be pleased to meet anyone and help them in their selection of good reading material.

Mountain School Exchanges Paper Across Canada

After an extended vacation due to Mother Nature, students at Mountain District High School are back to normal and pupils are busy preparing for the second quarterly examinations which begin on February 4th. Most students are burning the midnight oil in an effort to improve their standing on the first quarterly examinations.

The school will again present two one-act plays under the direction of Mrs. Mellan and Mr. Tomkins. Plays are being read and a cast for each play will be chosen within the next few days. A variety programme is planned for the intermission this year.

The bi-weekly newspaper is being hailed as a great success. The artistic and literary talents of the school are being discovered and used and has proven to be of great interest to all concerned. The school is exchanging newspapers with other schools across Canada.

Under items from here and there around the school it is noted there will be no more eye strain—since the school board installed fluorescent lighting—public speaking to be held soon with the winners entering the debating tournament of the English Debating Society, University of Ottawa—the girls hockey team is being organized and exhibition games with other schools are solicited—there is a great deal of talk about the Beauty Queen contest at Winchester. A good number of entrances expected from Mountain High School!

Miss Wooliam is receiving a great deal of support in the formation of a Glee Club and it should prove most beneficial at the time of the plays and of the June graduation.

BIBLE SOCIETY TO MEET IN WILLIAMSBURG

Special meetings for the branches of the British and Foreign Bible Society in this area will be held in Williamsburg United Church on Sunday, January 18th. The time of the afternoon meeting has been altered from 2.30 as announced last week to 3.30. This meeting is for officers and canvassers and Mr. Sutherland will lead a discussion of the problems of the Society. The evening meeting will be at 7.30 and will be open to the public. Mr. Sutherland will speak and show pictures on the work of the Society.

Here & There

by Kay Kay

Prior to Christmas a local businessman came up with an idea which to us sounds good. He suggested that a small store be opened in the village and operated by a local organization, to sell used and new articles, primarily clothing, at a much reduced price. In other words, someone in the village or district might have perfectly good clothing which their children or themselves had outgrown or grown tired of—suits, dresses, etc., still good and serviceable that might be of use to someone else. Toys, household needs and many other useful items could very well bring a few dollars while providing an opportunity to others to make use of these articles at much less than they would ordinarily have to pay.

Stores too, often have soiled or slightly damaged items that could be sold with a little mending or repairing.

The idea is being used in other communities and with much success. Residents sell what they have to the organization operating the store—for a trifle of what they are worth or take a percentage of what the item brings when sold. Others donate articles and the organization gains whatever the item sells for.

Basically, it provides a need in many communities and gives an outlet for old and new merchandise to a section of the population requiring such a service. Further, it provides an income for any organization and a return of a few dollars to those who have unwanted items still useful.

We mention that the store need not necessarily be in the shopping centre and if an organization is willing to take on such a responsibility on a year-round basis, perhaps open one night a week, we would make a further suggestion as to where the store might be located—at little or no rental, we are assured.

A floorwalker, tired of his job, gave it up and joined the police force. Several months later a friend asked him how he liked being a policeman. "Well," he replied, "the pay and the hours are good, but what I like most of all is that the customer is always wrong."

Just as the elderly man had stepped from the curb, a huge dog tore around the corner and knocked him flat on his back. He had barely struggled to his feet when a small foreign car brushed against him and knocked him down again. A passerby rushed over and helped the old boy to his feet. "Are you all right?" he asked.

The old man steadied himself, then replied, "That dog didn't hurt me any, but that danged car tied to his tail nearly killed me."

Any baseball team could use a man who plays every position superbly, never strikes out and never makes an error; but there's no way to make him lay down his hot dog and come out of the grandstand.

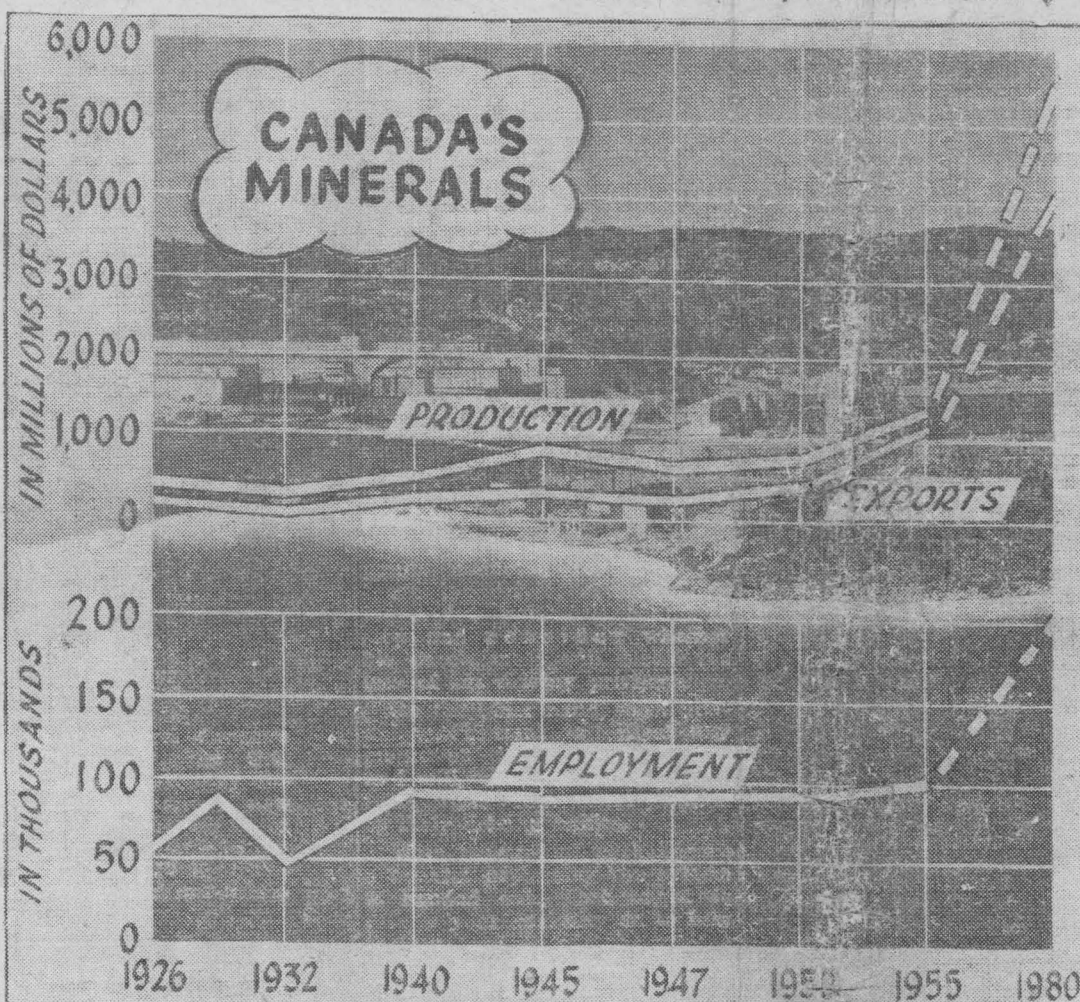
Want A Boathouse? Read On!

Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission has requested that the Iroquois Boating Club procure the names of all boating enthusiasts who wish boathouse facilities in the newly Hydro-proposed boathouse site between the old canal bridge and the old Beach powerhouse weir. Interested persons are asked to submit their name, the length and width of the boathouse they wish to build to either George Brouse or Keith Beaupre not later than January 20, 1959.

EUCHRE AND BRIDGE

A Euchre and Bridge will be held in St. John's Anglican Church Hall on Tuesday, January 20th, starting at 8 p.m. Refreshments served. Admission 50c.

MORE FOREIGN CONTROL OF MINES BY 1980, SAYS REPORT



The Gordon commission's report on Canada's mining future contains a glowing prophecy for production by 1980 but predicts new jobs will lag. This will be due, the experts report, to improved techniques for extracting ores and also to the fact that an increased percentage of the processing will

be done outside Canada. Mineral prices, the report says, will be lower by 1980 but should provide one third of Canada's export income. At present it provides one quarter. In spite of efforts to retain control of our resources, the report predicts the mining industry will be 66 per cent. foreign-owned by 1980.

Plant Construction Progressing

Matilda Township's first new industry in many years, Capital Concrete Products Ltd., is progressing favorably, although construction has been handicapped somewhat with the cold weather, which arrived with the new year.

On a visit to the site, three miles east of Iroquois on No. 2 Highway, at the week-end, The Post got a first-hand glimpse at construction procedures during winter erection of buildings. Being built by MacFarlane Construction Co., the new cement block products plant is expected to be completed in late Spring and in an interview with Casper Mooradian, the plant

manager, The Post learned that preparations are already being made for the arrival of equipment expected within a few weeks.

Cement block columns for the building have been erected and an excavation prepared for the future location of the boiler room. Despite the sub-zero weather, construction men are trudging in mud at the bottom of the hole for the boiler room. Steel beams are on hand at the site and footings have been laid for the exterior wall. R. H. Casselman's well drilling rig is at work searching for water and the 80-foot mark has been passed.

On mild days cement is poured and kept warm until it has time to "set". Meanwhile carpenters are busy preparing for the work when the cold weather comes back.

Most employees are from the area, some having worked on other construction jobs in the district during building of the Seaway and Power projects.

When completed the plant is expected to have an initial enrolment of 50, with a small office staff headed by Mr. Mooradian. At present the manager is residing in Morrisburg.

Return All Officers Knox Church Ladies Aid

The January meeting of the Ladies' Aid of Knox Presbyterian Church was held in the church hall Monday afternoon with President Mrs. H. G. Clark in the chair. In her opening remarks the president brought New Year greetings to all the members.

A hymn, suitable to the beginning of a new year, and a prayer by Mrs. J. R. Miller, was followed by the scripture lesson taken from Exodus 12, read by Mrs. Wm. Pollock.

The secretary, Mrs. B. Bradley, read the minutes of the last meeting and called the roll which was answered by the payment of the annual fee.

Several items of correspondence were read. Among these a card from Mrs. A. Serviss and one from Mrs. Wm. Fisher.

Treasurer's report read by Mrs. Wm. Pollock showed a satisfactory increase in the balance on hand over last month.

Several items of business were discussed, most important of these being the matter of serving dinner January 21st to those attending the annual meeting of the Brockville Presbyterian W.M.S. which meets in Knox Church.

The press secretary was instructed to send a note of appreciation to The Iroquois Post for printing notices in 1958.

The annual reports of the secretary and treasurer were submitted by Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Pollock, respectively.

All officers were declared vacant and Mrs. A. D. MacLellan took the chair for the election of officers. All officers of last year were re-elected. The only change made was the addition of the name of Mrs. George McCaslin to the flower committee.

Mrs. Clark again presided for the new business. It was decided to use the Sunshine bags again this year and a brief discussion took place about the food sale to be held on March 14th. This is the annual St. Patrick's food sale. Details were left over to the next meeting. A hymn and benediction closed the meeting.

Lunch was served by Mrs. G. Clark and Mrs. A. D. MacLellan.

Iroquois Lions Club directors Monday night laid plans for an active pre-spring season, focusing attention on a Shamrock dance March 17th with Frank Morgan's orchestra; a bingo within a few weeks and unique draw on the first ship through the new locks this spring.

The club was visited by zone chairman Stanley Tufts, Perth, who complimented the club on its active year and the program being prepared for 1959.

The Senior W.A. of Iroquois United Church catered and received praise from J. P. Vermette speaking for the club.

Draw winners were M. Hylop, G. Casselman and Rev. R. W. Smith.

Secretary-treasurer D. L. G. "Mike" Davis reported on the outcome of the annual turkey bingo and Christmas draw which were financially successful.

Letters of appreciation for a donation towards Christmas affairs were received from Iroquois United Church, St. John's Church School and the C.W.L. of St. Cecilia's Church.

A minute's silence was called by President Harry Gilmer in memory of International Counsellor Ben Cohen who died last week in an Ottawa hospital.

KNOX W.M.S.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Knox Presbyterian Church will hold their monthly meeting in the church hall on Monday, January 19, at 2 p.m.

UNITED ANNUAL MEETING

Iroquois United Church annual meeting will be held Sunday evening at 8 p.m. in the church hall. A light lunch will be served by the ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Fader and girls and Mrs. Harold Fisher attended the funeral of the late William Holmes last week.

Matilda Township Council Names 1959 Officials

Matilda Township Council met January 6th with Mahlon Zeron, reeve, presiding. Deputy Reeve Wilfred Cooper and the councillors, James Milligan, John H. Wells and Dwight Merkley, attending.

All members signed the declaration of office for the new term.

By-Law No. 748, appointing officers for 1959 was passed. Officers appointed were Ancil Locke, clerk-treasurer; Wilfred Larmour, assessor; Ralph Ennis, tax collector; Ernest Marcellus, truant officer; A. A. Crawley & Co., C.A., auditors; Ralph Ennis, live stock valuator.

By-Law No. 749 passed for borrowing money from Bank of Montreal, Iroquois, for current expenditures for the year 1959.

By-Law No. 750 passed to provide for road and bridge expenditures for the year 1959.

Following accounts were paid: Work on roads voucher No. 1, \$2626.44; relief, \$395.71; County Treasurer Hospital account for indigent patients, \$330.15; The Winchester Press, printing account, \$3.82; Village of Iroquois, use of fire equipment at fire in the township, \$75.00; fox hide bonus paid on 16 foxes, \$48.00; refund on the overassessments on Saddlemeire Drain, \$336.95; J. H. Johnston, property sales report, \$3.30; Association of Assessing Officers of Ontario, membership fee \$10.00; Good Roads Association of Ontario, membership fee, \$15.00; Salaries, \$182.50; postage and telephone, \$16.17.

Council will meet February 5th, at 1 p.m. in Memorial Hall, Brinston, or at the call of the reeve.

The Record World

by Gary Parmeter

"I once got to like beer so much, I started sneaking it to bed with me, until my mother caught me." Can you imagine Pat Boone saying that?

He did. He said it and he's glad. In a recent interview Pat said that he resents being cast as a "goody-goody" and as a "Billy Graham-type". He claimed that, as a youth, he got into trouble as any other person might have.

He admitted to such minor offences as shoplifting and sneaking into movies as a boy. He later paid for the things he stole even though he was not caught. He and a friend were caught after creating a disturbance in a theatre but were not prosecuted. He neither smokes nor drinks because: "smoking is harmful, and drinking, while it is not harmful, might be a bad influence on young people". These are Pat Boone's views.

During this same interview, Pat was plugging his book "Twixt Twelve and Twenty", which he said may become the all-time non-fiction best seller, excluding the Bible. The reason for this, Pat explains, is that he reveals things in it that he has never disclosed before, such as those mentioned above.

A song from the Everly Brothers' current LP "Songs Our Daddy Taught Us", entitled "Roving Gambler", is achieving a certain amount of popularity in various sections of the continent, and Cadence records might be considering releasing it on a single, because the Everly Bros. are currently soliciting opinions on the record. If you've heard the song and would like to forward your opinions to them, or write to them for any reason, here's the address:

Everly Brothers, 2510 Franklin Road, Nashville, Tennessee. Since reviewing Conway Twitty's new recording last week, "Why Can't Get Through To You" on Mercury, I have found out that it is merely a re-release of one of his old recordings. He used to record for Mercury and made a few records for them, to which nothing happened, including the aforementioned platter. After several fruitless attempts on Mercury, he switched to MGM and hit pay dirt with his first

The first of a series on Vertical Integration began January 5th—"Who controls the Product?" Due to road and weather conditions there was no meeting that date—hence no discussion on the topic. The second topic, "Who Writes the Contract?", was discussed January 12th.

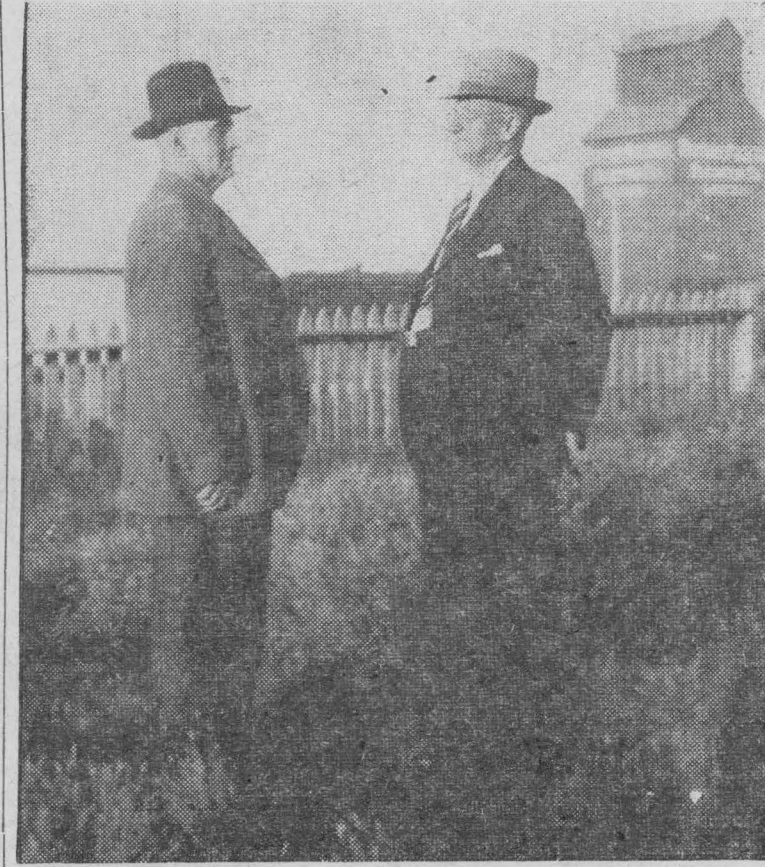
Vertical Integration—what is it? The answer most definitely depends on who controls it.

When controlled by the packer or processor it means nothing less than contract farming that turns the big farmer into a laborer. (See Page Eight)

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Former Village Assessor

W. Holmes Passes Away



WILLIAM M. HOLMES, assessor for the Village of Iroquois for several years, passed away at Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston. He is shown here on the right with his twin brother who lives in Battleford, Sask. Mr. Holmes was 91 years old.

William M. Holmes, a well-known resident of Iroquois for several years, passed away at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston, after a confinement of 12 days. He was 91 years old. During the past few years he had resided with his son, Morley H. Holmes, of Sydenham.

Deceased was connected with the Acme Farmers Dairy of Napanee, Ont., from 1920 until he retired in 1935. He was a member of Iroquois Masonic Lodge.

While in Iroquois he was the village assessor for a number of years and it is said his assessment of old Iroquois was

used largely by Ontario Hydro in their work of replacing the village.

His wife, the former Matilda Johnston, died in 1930. Surviving are two sons, Morley, of Sydenham, and Anthony E. Holmes, of Napanee; two daughters, Mrs. Gordon McKenzie (Minnie) of Cardinal, and Mrs. George Root (Rose) of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; also a twin brother, George, of North Battleford, Sask.

The funeral service was held at Tierney Funeral Home, Napanee, with interment in Eastern Cemetery, there.

Brinston W-M.S. Elects New Officers

LETTERS OF THANKS

Letters of appreciation were received by The Iroquois Post recently from St. Cecilia's Sub-division, C.W.L., the Ladies' Aid and W.M.S. of Knox Presbyterian Church and from Brinston W.M.S. for publishing notices of meetings during 1958.

Post graciously accepts letters of appreciation and wish the organizations success in the year ahead.

BIBLE SOCIETY RALLY

A regional rally of the Bible Society will be held in United Church, Williamsburg, Sunday, January 18th. District Secretary Rev. W. S. Sutherland, B.A., Ottawa, will meet the officers and collectors at 3.30 in the afternoon. In the evening at 7.30 a film will be shown entitled "The Leaves of the Tree". Invitations have been issued to Dundas, Brinston and Dixton, Corners, Elma, Dunbar, Colquhoun, Winchester Springs, Iroquois and Morrisburg. Every one interested in the work of the Bible Society will be cordially welcomed to these meetings.

HULBERT W.M.S.

Hulbert Women's Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Addie Graham on January 7th, at two in the afternoon. The meeting was in charge of the president and opened with a message for the new year by Mrs. Donald Sullivan, followed by call to worship and hymn 519. The Lord's Prayer, in unison, was heard and the prayer of approach in the monthly.

Miss Florence Roode presented the scripture lesson. Questions in the monthly magazine were discussed and a reading "God's Faithfulness" by Mrs. Nelson Schaff was heard. Mrs. Aldridge gave a reading and Mrs. Mellan led with prayer. Minutes, roll call, business and collection, followed.

Treasurer's report was given by Mrs. Percy McQuaig and a temperance reading by Mrs. F. Beckstead.

The Study Book was taken by Mrs. Wesley Flegg. It is also reported that the Hulbert W.M.S., Mission Band and Baby Band had met their allocations.

Housing Plan Presented At Morrisburg

The Morrisburg Leader reports that at a special meeting of the Morrisburg Municipal Council and the Morrisburg Planning Board on Thursday, January 8th, at 7.30 p.m., the Messrs. Chevier, Barton and Lamoreux of Cornwall, presented draft plans of a sub-division on the Lawrence Coligan property, west of Highway No. 31 and north of Highway No. 2.

The plan was unanimously approved by the Council and the board and upon approval by the Department of Planning and Development, the company is prepared to build 25 to 50 houses in Morrisburg, which will be within the means of wage earners in this area.

The annual meeting of Brinston Women's Missionary Society was held Friday evening, January 2nd, in the church. There was an attendance of 18.

A full report was given by all secretaries from the various departments, showing a very successful year for the society. The adoption of these reports was moved by Mrs. Wilfred Cooper, seconded by Mrs. Chas. Coons.

Due to the illness of the Rev. C. A. Adey, the new slate of officers for two years was installed by Mrs. C. E. Collison, a past president.

New Slate

Honorary President, Mrs. C. A. Adey; Past President, Mrs. Edward Thompson; President, Mrs. Mae Strader; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. C. E. Collison; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Irvine Payne; Treasurer, Mrs. Wilfred Cooper; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edward Thompson; Christian Stewardship, Mrs. Stanley Adams; Intercessory Prayer, Mrs. Chas. Coons; Temperance Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Collison; Supply Secretary, Mrs. Orville Small; Pianist, Mrs. Harold Boyd; Missionary Monthly, Mrs. Harold Boyd; Mission Band, Mrs. David Scott and Miss Beth McQuaig; Baby Band, Mrs. Harold McQuaig; Associate Members, Mrs. Chas. Coons and Mrs. Wm. Lennox; Group Leaders, Mrs. Orville Small, Mrs. Stanley Froats, Mrs. Delmar Adams, Mrs. Charles Strader, Mrs. Edward Thompson, Mrs. Irvine Payne.

Nominating committee for 1960: Mrs. Delmar Adams, Mrs. Carl Bell and Mrs. Merrill Coleman.

Finance Committee: Mrs. Mae Strader, Mrs. Wilfred Cooper and Mrs. Stanley Adams.

Hainsville Area Mourns Loss Mrs. E. Reynolds

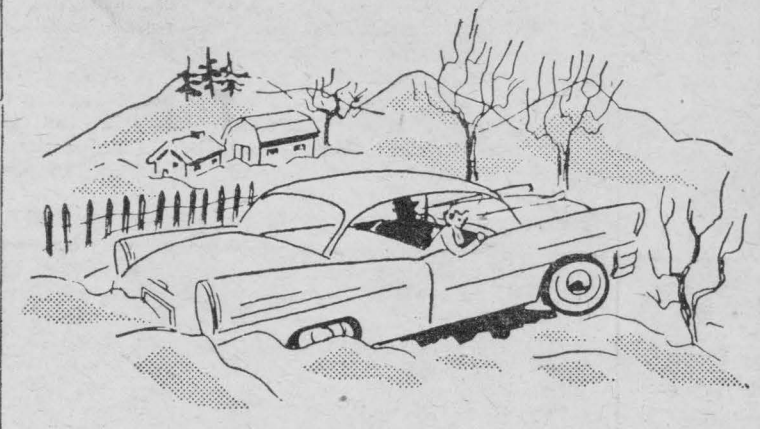
Mrs. Effie Reynolds died in Civic Hospital, Ottawa, Monday, January 5th, following a short illness.

Mrs. Reynolds was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Adams, Glen Stewart. On March 2nd, 1898, she was married to W. W. Reynolds, who predeceased her in July, 1950.

The late Mrs. Reynolds was an active member in Hainsville United Church and the Women's Missionary Society and church choir and as well as a life member of the Canadian Red Cross.

Funeral service took place in Hainsville United Church, with Rev. C. A. Adey, Brinston, officiating.

Interment was in the family plot at Hainsville cemetery. Pallbearers were Mr. William Fetterly, Mr. Thos. Thompson, Mr. Arnold Fader, Mr. John Banford, Mr. Ralph Burchell, Mr. Ben Johnston. Surviving is one son, Basil Reynolds, and one brother, John Adams, of Cornwall. There are two grandchildren, Mrs. George Cooper, Brinston, and Douglas Reynolds, at home, as well as three great-grandchildren Brian, Larry, Dennis Cooper, Brinston, several nieces and nephews.



GETTING OUT - WHEN YOU'RE STUCK - Start slowly forward in low gear. When you have moved as far forward as possible, shift to reverse. When the wheels spin, again shift to low. Repeat until car is free. Spinning wheels only digs you deeper into the snow.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

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

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

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

EVELYN"

HONEST CONFESSION

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

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

"One suggestion: You need not grovel in your letter, and certainly say nothing of your hope

* that he will want to date you steady again.

A DESERTER

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

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

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

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

WORN OUT"

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

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

How Britons Rule The Waves

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

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

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

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

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



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

They Really Don't Feel Pain

The small body lies athwart the parental knees, rump skyward. "This," intones the grownup, "is going to hurt me more than it hurts you."

But does it?

Last month, legions of well-thrashed children could take some malicious satisfaction in the report of a Cincinnati doctor, who said that there are undoubtedly occasions when the old saw about spanking holds true.

Radiologist Frederic N. Silverman was speaking of a bizarre medical condition — congenital insensitivity to pain — which he first observed in the case of two young sisters. Their medical history revealed that when one of the girls was spanked as a child, she didn't cry. "Her mother would cry, partly because of the exasperation at the child's lack of reaction," Dr. Silverman explains, "but also because of the pain in her hand. . . the child did not cry or seem to suffer."

Dr. Silverman, whose findings will be published in the Journal of Radiology, says there is data on 46 cases documenting this strange syndrome. Other examples of people who feel no pain:

People who can swallow large quantities of hot or cold food or mustard without discomfort.

The child who allowed a rabbit to nibble off the end of his index finger.

The parents of another patient who smelled something burning and discovered their daughter casually leaning against a hot stove.

The patient who earns a living as the "Human Pin Cushion."

No one really knows what causes the condition, but Dr. Silverman emphasizes that hysterical numbness or other psychiatric disorders are not responsible. He believes that it is a "genetic thing" that tends to run in families.

The young child who is unable to experience pain is particularly in great danger, Dr. Silverman continued. Adults who are aware of their condition have learned to substitute their own warning signals. But for the child who lacks the warning of pain, the world can be a pretty dangerous place.

—From Newsweek.

Only A Mother?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not the faintest idea."

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

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

"No."

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

The Why Of Winter

The U.S. Weather Bureau considers itself pretty daring when it issues its monthly 30-day outlook. But Dr. Walter Orr Roberts, director of the University of Colorado's High Altitude Observatory in Boulder, is willing to take a more far-ranging look. Last month Roberts made this prediction for the rest of the winter:

Rapidly changing, extremes of severe cold snaps and unseasonable warming periods; increased rain and snowfall.

Roberts can give wider sweep to his predictions because, unlike the Weather Bureau, he takes a truly cosmic view of how weather is made. The bureau builds its outlooks on terrestrial wind patterns, particularly the movement of the jet stream, a giant river of air that wanders from west to east across the U.S. at altitudes of between 10,000 and 40,000 feet. Last month, the bureau explains, Arctic air was being pumped down from the polar basin into the jet stream.

Roberts has no quarrel with the jet-stream theory—as far as it goes. But he and a small minority of scientists believe that earthly weather is influenced in part by otherworldly storms on the sun. "I am only theorizing," he explains, "but we believe these storms send streams of charged particles toward earth. One effect may be the formation of ice crystals high in the atmosphere; another may be north-south 'bends' in the jet stream, causing, for example, last month's severe cold in Chicago and mild weather in Colorado."

Noting that the past year has been a period of the greatest solar activity since the first records were kept 300 years ago, Roberts expects more ice crystals, more jet-stream bends, and more precipitation and temperature extremes. —From NEWSWEEK.

No Sleep For Sheep-Counters

To stop big-scale sheep and cattle rustling and organized smuggling of marijuana, a 100-mile fence is being erected along the 11,000-ft. Drakensberg mountain range on the Natal-Basutoland border.

But it's a tough job for the working parties. Not only do they have to battle against snowfalls, frost-bite and pneumonia, but they are shot at by raiders who at nighttime cut openings in the fence to drive through stolen stock. There's no sleeping on this job!

When the fence is finished, police will be stationed along it to prevent wire cutting.

Mr. C. T. Bourquin, senior native commissioner at Matatiele, says that thousands of cattle on the Natal side are stolen each year and driven through Basutoland to the Orange Free State.

Cost of the fence is being shared by South Africa and the Basutoland administration.

Modern Etiquette

by Roberta Lee

Q. Is one supposed to tip the stewardess on an airplane when she brings the food-tray?

A. Meals served on planes are included in the price of your ticket, and you neither pay nor tip for any food or service you receive aboard the plane.

Q. When does a woman never wear a hat?

A. In her own home. Even if she is giving a formal luncheon and all the other women are wearing their hats, the hostess must never wear one. Nor, of course, does a woman ever wear a hat with evening clothes.

Q. Does one's attendance at and the giving of a gift at a bridal shower relieve one of the obligation of a wedding present?

A. No. Of course, the shower present may be smaller and less expensive than the wedding gift.

Q. Is it proper for a person to ask the meaning of certain unfamiliar terms on a restaurant menu?

A. Certainly. No one expects you to know the food terms of every country, and no one will think you naive or impolite if you simply ask the waiter what lamb en brochette means — or lobster fra diablo.

Q. What would you say are the basic rules to be followed by a man at a social dance?

A. A man who brings a girl to a dance should always be sure to dance the first one with her, and usually the last. Also, it's his responsibility to see that she is never stranded while he is dancing with any other girl.

Q. When introducing one person to a group, are you supposed to introduce him first to the women in the group, then to the men?

A. Forget about any rules of precedence in this case, and just do it in the easiest possible way — by introducing the person around, the group in order.

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

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

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IVERNIA	Fri. JAN. 16	Cobb, Havre, London (Tilbury)	IVERNIA	Thurs. JAN. 15	Cobb, Havre, London (Tilbury)
SAXONIA	Fri. JAN. 30	Havre, London (Tilbury)	PARTHIA	Fri. JAN. 16	Liverpool
SYLVANIA	Sat. FEB. 7	Cobb, Liverpool	QUEEN MARY	Sat. JAN. 17	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Sat. FEB. 14	Havre, London (Tilbury)	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Tues. JAN. 27	Cherbourg, Southampton
CARINTHIA	Sat. FEB. 21	Cobb, Liverpool	SAXONIA	Thurs. JAN. 29	Havre, London (Tilbury)
SAXONIA	Fri. FEB. 27	Havre, London (Tilbury)	MEDIA	Fri. JAN. 30	Liverpool
IVERNIA	Sat. MAR. 2	Cobb, Liverpool	SYLVANIA	Fri. FEB. 6	Cobb, Liverpool
SYLVANIA	Fri. MAR. 13	Havre, London (Tilbury)	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Fri. FEB. 11	Cherbourg, Southampton
CARINTHIA	Sat. MAR. 21	Cobb, Liverpool	IVERNIA	Fri. FEB. 13	Havre, London (Tilbury)
SAXONIA	Fri. MAR. 27	Havre, London (Tilbury)	CARINTHIA	Fri. FEB. 20	Cobb, Liverpool
SYLVANIA	Sat. APR. 4	Cobb, Liverpool	SAXONIA	Thurs. FEB. 26	Liverpool
IVERNIA	Fri. APR. 10	Havre, London (Tilbury)	PARTHIA	Fri. FEB. 27	Cherbourg, Southampton
			QUEEN ELIZABETH	Sat. FEB. 28	Cobb, Liverpool
			SYLVANIA	Fri. MAR. 6	Cherbourg, Southampton
			QUEEN MARY	Wed. MAR. 11	Cherbourg, Southampton
			IVERNIA	Thurs. MAR. 12	Havre, London (Tilbury)
			MEDIA	Fri. MAR. 13	Liverpool
			QUEEN ELIZABETH	Wed. MAR. 18	Cherbourg, Southampton
			CARINTHIA	Fri. MAR. 20	Cobb, Liverpool

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

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

This is the conclusion we have come to. The Christmas tree is a tradition. Children look for it and we do too. But as our grandchildren mostly celebrate Christmas in their own homes we feel that all we now need is a symbol. So—no more evergreens in the house, dropping needles a

week before and for two weeks afterwards, making a lot of unnecessary work. Next Christmas we'll have a Christmas tree outside, set into one of the planters in the front of the house and trimmed with twinkly on-and-off lights. Indoors our decorations will be restricted to a gay centre-piece and a display of Christmas cards. . . those lovely, lovely cards! The result, we hope, will be just as effective but less tiring and far less hazardous. Or do I just think that because an outside tree will be Partner's job?! An inside tree, except for putting it up, I look upon as my job, just as we naturally divide our small chores in working for our grandchildren. I do the sewing and knitting but in December Partner spent hours and hours making a barn for Dave and Eddie to put their "animals" in. There was a division down the centre to avoid arguments and sliding doors on each side to let the animals in and out. It was quite a barn. Put many were the exclamations I heard coming up from below stairs as Partner's stiff fingers worked with the tiny, headless, half-inch finishing nails!

Q. Should a bride, being married in a travelling dress, carry a bouquet?

A. It would be better if she wore a corsage.

greeting, the great assemblage rose, swayed for a few moments like a wide garden of multi-coloured flowers, then stiffened to attention. . . The scene was most moving and magnificent."

Q. Should a bride, being married in a travelling dress, carry a bouquet?

A. It would be better if she wore a corsage.

Jiffy Towels



A pair of towels is always a welcome gift. Get out odds and ends of embroidery floss. The motifs in this pattern are done in a jiffy. Fewest of stitches — so colorful, effective. Pattern 658; transfer 6 motifs about 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches.

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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.

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

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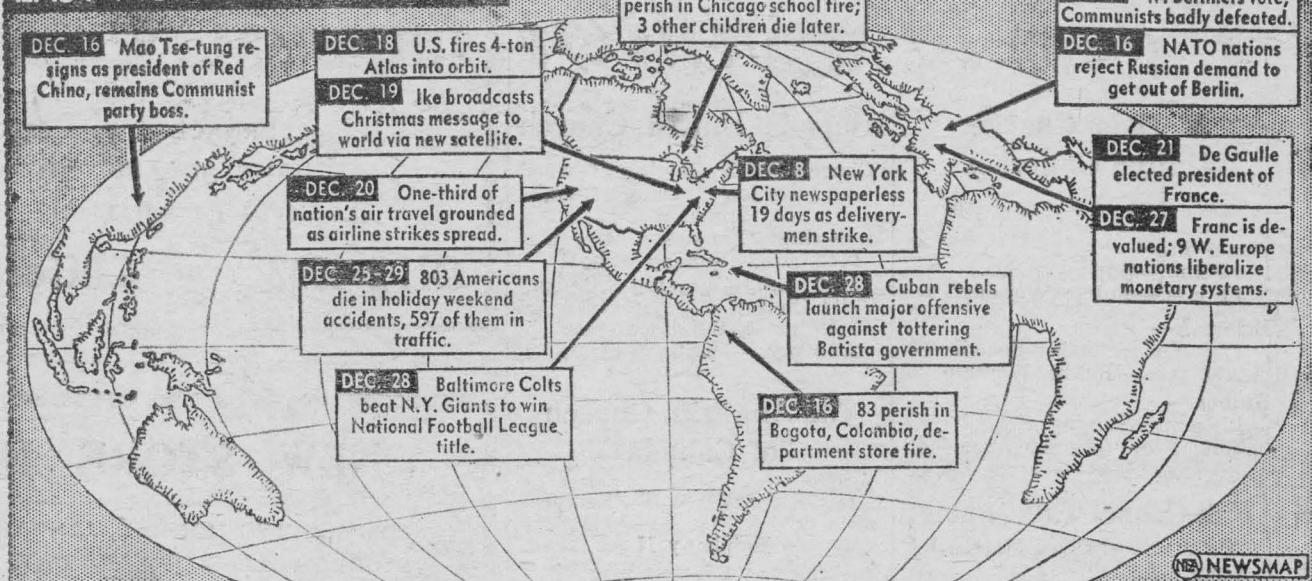
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ISSUE 3 — 1959



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

LAST MONTH - IN HISTORY



A Use For Bedbugs

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

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

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

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

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

Ten Million Year Old Man

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

Until now it was believed that the transition from ape to man was completed about a million years ago. Now Professor Hurler, curator of the Basle Natural History Museum, who has examined the skeleton sixty feet

Grave Robbers

In East London, recently, a hospital porter was sentenced to a year's imprisonment after admitting that on nine occasions he had removed the wedding rings from dead bodies.

Last year, in Rome, a young man was arrested for a similar callous crime. He broke into the old Church of San Nicola, prised off the marble slab covering a tomb, and by means of a rope ladder, clambered down inside and stole a golden episcopal cross lying with the remains of Cardinal della Rovere who was buried in the seventeenth century.

In London, some years ago, some criminals used a grave as a safe deposit. They had rifled a safe in Norwich and got away with thousands of pounds in notes, but the police were hot on their track and they had to hide the loot.

A woman accomplice had a brainwave. She travelled to a North London cemetery, placed the notes in a jam jar, and hid the jar under some turf on a grave. There it might have remained if the robbers had not been arrested and required money for their defence. They got in touch with the solicitor's clerk and he went to London and found the jam jar.

The thieves were convicted, however, and then the whole story came out when they were further charged, with the solicitor's clerk, with conspiring to defeat justice.

"It ain't that I'm lazy, ma'am," said a tramp to the lady of the country house. "There just ain't much doing in my trade now."

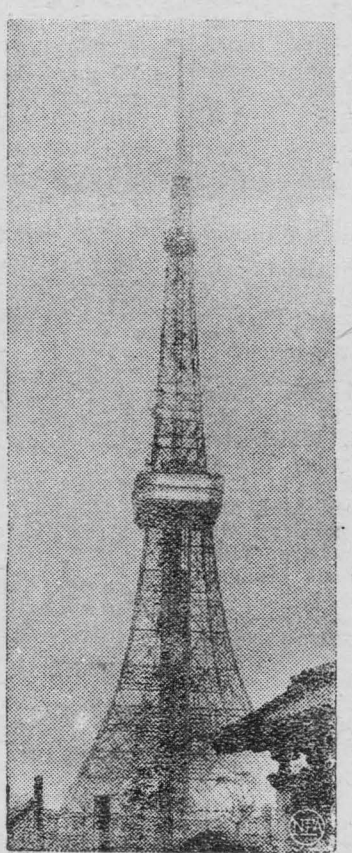
"What do you do?"

"I'm a window-box weeder." "Fancy, dear," said Mrs. Jenkins to her husband, "it says in this magazine that in China a man doesn't know his wife until after the ceremony."

"And why is China specially mentioned?" asked Jenkins.

It isn't the fact that a man stares at your wife that makes you mad; it's the fact that she enjoys it.

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



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

Big Race For The "Keyboard Stakes"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But old Bernard Schmidt went one better. He triumphantly

announced that his organ would be played by the great Purcell, the finest composer of church music in the country and a brilliant organist.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you turn off Fleet Street one Sunday and take the narrow lane that leads to London's oldest place of worship, you can hear this splendid organ being played by that great organist George Thalben-Ball. It was presented to the two legal societies of the Temple by Lord Gleananar.

Small Mice Cause Big Scare

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

Breathlessly interrupting the usual Sunday morning television and radio programs in Atlanta, Ga., recently, announcers sent a chill over the city which had already had a severe case of jitters

since last October when 55-year-old Willie Ester Ray died of rabies after he was bitten by a rabid dog.

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

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

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

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

Sick Ducks

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

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

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

Card Trick

The world's oddest and most travelled greetings card made its nineteenth journey between Pretoria and Cambridge recently.

In 1938 Dr. C. E. M. Tidmarsh of the South African Department of Agriculture in Pretoria thought he'd save his old friend, Dr. A. S. Watt, of Cambridge, sixpence and sent him a typical December greetings card with the note: "You will observe that I wrote my name in pencil on it so that you can erase it and re-use the card."

The next year the same card, this time with Dr. Watt's name pencilled on it, travelled to Pretoria. Despite the intervention of the war the card continued its travels backwards and forwards between England and South Africa.

The card is typically British and shows a Queen Anne house, and will probably continue its travels as long as it remains intact.

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MAKE top profit, 40 terrific patterns, no competition. Look like silk every man a prospect. Demonstrator \$1.00. Details free. Atlanta Import, Box 61, Station E, Toronto.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

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

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

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

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

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

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

Q. How can I make the pots containing house plants more attractive?

A. Cover them with scraps of leftover wall paper, using the same paper as on the walls of the room. The paper can be cut and fastened with paper clips or pins, then changed when it becomes too soiled.

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

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

Q. How can I regain a lost voice, due to a cold or laryngitis?

A. It is claimed that a dose of bicarbonate of soda taken regularly is often effective in restoring the voice.

Q. How can I preserve the fresh taste of a loaf of newly-baked bread?

A. This cannot be done if the fresh loaf is kept in the same box with any stale bread. It must be kept in a clean and separate box.

Itch..Itch...I Was

Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D. D. D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless, 30¢ trial bottle must satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

WORK available in Auto hauling to the West if you can qualify and own or can purchase late model Tractor. Contact Dominion Auto Carriers Ltd. Highway 96, Windsor, Ontario.

KEM KNITTING COMPANY — Requires 10 experienced hand knitters for St. Thomas and surrounding district to learn machine knitting in spare time in your own home. You get your wool from us at cost. You get complete instructions on operating the knitting machine. You get an opportunity to knit for your family and friends for a profit. For information phone ME. 1-1430 or write Box 274, St. Thomas. (If rural route, please give directions.)

NEW TO CANADA — Proven "Magic Voice" Courses solve personal problems. Invest \$100.00. Get back \$247.50. Courses retail \$48.50. Audio Suggestion, 244 Mercantile Building, Edmonton.

BE A HAIRDRESSER

JOIN CANADA'S LEADING SCHOOL — Great opportunity. Learn Hairdressing. Pleasant, dignified profession; good wages. Thousands of successful Marvel Graduates. America's Greatest System. Illustrated catalogue free. Write or Call **MARVEL HAIRDRESSING SCHOOL** 358 Bloor St. W. Toronto

44 King St. W., Hamilton

72 Rideau Street Ottawa

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & Company Patent Attorneys. Established 1880. 600 University Ave., Toronto. Patents all countries.

PERSONAL

LEGAL Forms for Will. Don't die without a Will. Two forms and do-it-yourself instructions for \$1.00. (Will has been drawn up by a Canadian lawyer.) Stationery Box 145, Gravelbourg, Sask.

ADULTS! Personal Rubber Goods! 25 assortment for \$1.00. Finest quality, tested, guaranteed. Mailed in plain sealed package plus free Birth Control booklet and catalogue of supplies. Write to: Distributors, Box 24-TE, Regina, Sask.

GAINING confidence, losing self-consciousness, reducing weight, excessive drinking, are among the many personal problems that may be helped by hypnotherapy. Phone for interview. No obligation. N. Siegel, Consultant. Physicians and Surgeons Bldg. W.A. 4-9073, Toronto.

\$1.00 TRIAL offer. Twenty-five deluxe personal requirements. Latest catalogue included. The Medico Agency. Box 23 Terminal 1, Toronto, Ont.

FARMER'S CAMERA CLUB

FILMS developed and 8 magna prints 40¢ in album. 12 magna prints 60¢ in album. Reprints 25¢ each. **KODACOLOR** Developing roll \$1.00 (not including prints). Color prints 35¢ each extra. Ansco and Ektachrome 35 mm. 20 exposures mounted in slides \$1.25. Color prints from slides 40¢. Duplicate transparencies 25¢ each.

POULTRY AND LIVESTOCK

IF you were sure that you could make more money out of Kimber pullets than any other breed or strain that you could buy, we are sure that you would purchase them. There is only one way that you are going to know is to try them. Some of the best poultrymen in Canada have, and in the majority of cases they come back for more. Kimber pullets commence to lay large eggs early. They lay good quality eggs with good shell texture. They have relatively good resistance to infectious diseases. Our broiler chicken is on the market. Vantress X Nicholas No. 108. It is by far the most outstanding broiler chicken we have ever hatched and the low prices we are quoting will please you. Turkey poulters for turkey broilers or Heavy Roasters. You will save money if you order turkey poulters and many breeds of chicks before February 15th. Registered English Large Black, Landrace Angus cattle. Catalogue.

TWEDDIE CHICK HATCHERIES LTD. FERGUS ONTARIO

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED: First Class, Experienced teacher. To begin teaching in January. Salary, \$400.00 per month. FOR details contact: Mrs. Virginia M. Cameron, Sec. Treas., Box 10, 1 Connell Pickle Crow, Ontario.

ISSUE 3 — 1959

You Can Depend On

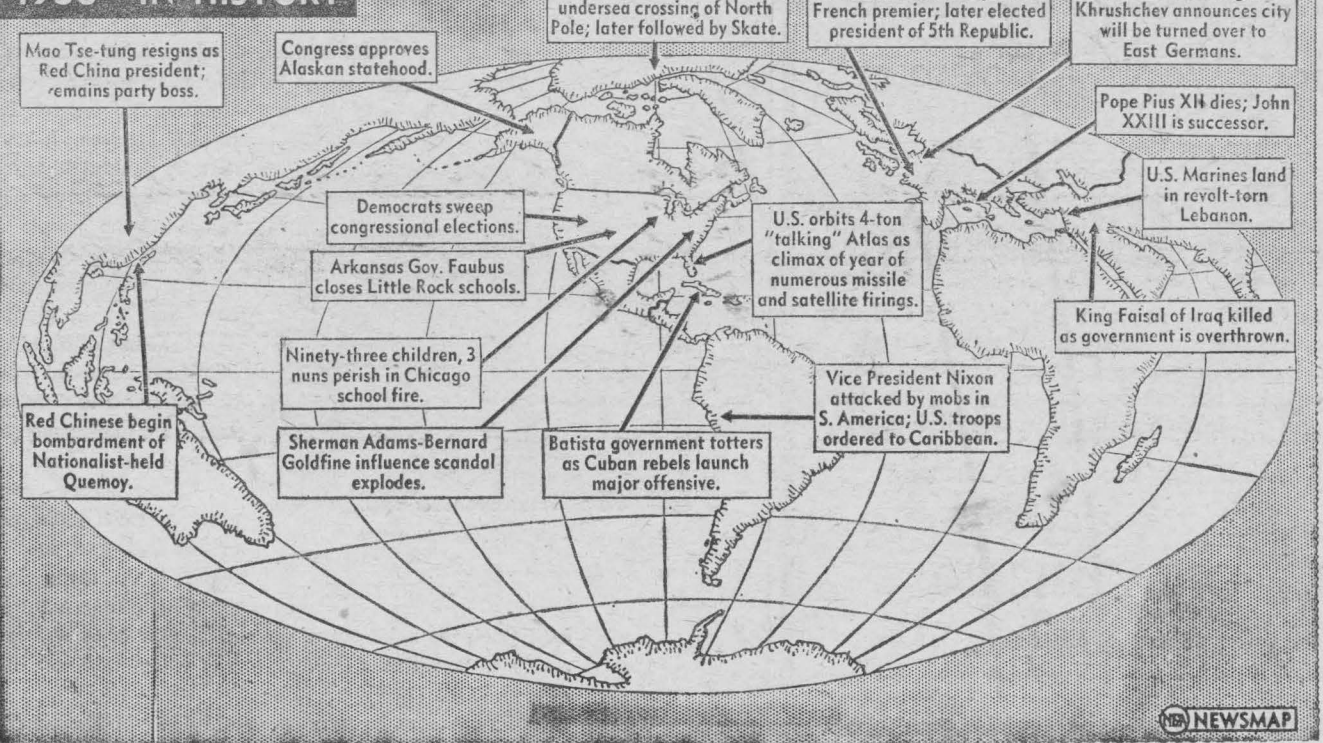
When kidneys fail to remove excess acids and wastes, backache, tired feeling, disturbed rest often follow. **Dodd's Kidney Pills** stimulate kidneys to normal duty. You feel better—sleep better, work better. You can depend on Dodd's. Get Dodd's at any drugstore.

YOU CAN SLEEP TO-NIGHT

AND RELIEVE NERVOUSNESS ALLDAY TO-MORROW!

To be happy and tranquil instead of nervous or for a good night's sleep, take Sedicin tablets according to directions. **SEDICIN** TABLETS \$1.00—\$4.95 Drug Stores Only

1958—IN HISTORY



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

The Greatest Tip Top CLEARANCE SALE

JANUARY 1st to JANUARY 24th!

in 50 years

SAVE \$15.00

On Tailored-to-Measure

All Wool SUITS

Regularly \$65.

\$50.

Fleet Street Tailored-to-Measure

15% Off SUITS

Regularly \$75

\$63.75

SAVERS'

IROQUOIS

WE APPRECIATE YOUR SALES AS WE DO YOUR SERVICE

—SHOP AT—

Styles & McIntosh

Radios — TV — HiFi — Refrigerators — Stoves — etc

—Record Bar—

—Complete Guaranteed Service—

IROQUOIS SHOPPING PLAZA

OL 2-4397

Frozen Food Lockers For Rent

by the

Year, Half Year or Month

—YOUR MEAT CUT, WRAPPED AND FROZEN

BY EXPERTS

APPLES FOR SALE

St. Lawrence Valley Co-operative
Cold Storage

IROQUOIS

ONTARIO

INSURANCE

AND REAL ESTATE

We offer prompt service, broad facilities, and many years of experience in the insurance business. In addition, our office staff are qualified to handle nearly any type of insurance coverage or claim by telephone. Just PHONE us COLLECT 5-2889 PRESCOTT, ONTARIO.

STRADER & CRABBE

LIMITED

PHONES: 5-2889 Bus.; 5-3873 or 5-3759 Residence.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

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

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

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

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

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

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

E. B. EASSON,

Secretary.

SCHEDULE "A"

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

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

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

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

THENCE North 30 degrees and 46 minutes West along said Western limit 5.00 feet;

THENCE South 60 degrees,

43 minutes and 30 seconds West 336.62 feet;

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

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

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

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

C. W. LLOYD,
Ontario Land Surveyor.
SL 7953 37-3c

TOYES HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Hall, Patsey and Jean; Mr. Carlos Baldy and Mrs. Ann Baldy, of Morrisburg, spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dwayne Johnson and boys.

Mrs. Joseph Steele spent the week-end with her daughter, Mrs. Douglas Helmer, of Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowder, Spencerville, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whittaker, of Williamsburg, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Will Pruner and Jim.

Master Joel Steele spent a couple of days in Winchester with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kirkwood and Karl called on Mr. and Mrs. Dwayne Johnson on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Knapp

BAMA LINEES

—DEAL FOR WEAR IN RUBBER BOOTS—

Socks - Mitts - Gloves

Hockey Laces — Skate Laces — Shoe Polishes

Shoe Cleaners — Dubbin — Saddle Soap

—FREE BONUS BUCK DRAW SLIPS—

PARMETER'S Shoes & Repairs

IROQUOIS SHOPPING PLAZA

SHELL FUEL OIL

Furnace — Stove

Scheduled Delivery — Satisfaction Guaranteed

All Invoices Metered

Gasoline and Motor Oils

Naptha Gas and Motor Oils

Lyell Strader Williamsburg

Phone Collect KI 3-2616

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

Full Gospel Tabernacle

Pastor, Rev. Chas. Marshall

Sunday—

10 a.m.—Sunday School

11 a.m.—Public Worship

Morning Service—

8 p.m.—Evening Service

Tuesday: 7.30 p.m.—Bible Story

Thursday: 7.30 p.m.—Fellowship 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

and Donnie, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kirkwood and Karl and Mr. Clifford Casselman, Winchester Springs, spent Thursday last at Westport.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Link and Marjorie and Mr. and Mrs. Orin Barkley and Barbara, Winchester Springs, spent Monday in Ottawa.

Iroquois United Church

"Church With Singing Tower"

Rev. Gordon F. Dangerfield,

Minister

Mrs. Hugh Thompson, Organist

9.45 a.m.—Sunday School

11.00 a.m.—Worship Service

White Church—

1.45 p.m.—Sunday School

2.30 p.m.—Public Worship

The Anglican Church of Canada

Rev. Ralph W. Smith, Rector

Epiphany II

St. John the Baptist, Iroquois

8.00 a.m.—Holy Communion

10.00 a.m.—Church School

11 a.m.—Holy Communion

Christ Church, Dixon's Corners

2.30 p.m.—Evening Prayer

St. Peter's, South Mountain

7.30 p.m.—Evening Prayer

Dundela United Church

REV. N. BOWERING, B.A. B.D.

Minister

7.30 p.m.—Public Worship

Imperial Esso Oil

FURNACE — STOVE
GASOLINE AND MOTOR OIL

— LOOK TO IMPERIAL FOR THE BEST —

OL 2-4592

Clifford McQuaig

NEW STORE HOURS

COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 12TH, OUR STORES WILL CLOSE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS AT 6 P.M.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON

DIXON'S CORNERS

FRED MORRELL

DUNDELA

Confidence Is Built With Service and Dependability

Complete Repairs

● TRANSMISSIONS — DIFFERENTIAL

● MOTORS

● TUNE-UP

● STEERING

● ALIGNMENT

● BRAKE SERVICE

● LUBRICATION

● TIRE REPAIRS

INCLUDING TUBELESS

● MACHINE SHOP

● WELDING — PORTABLE

both GAS and ELECTRIC

OML ONTARIO MOTOR LEAGUE

NAL NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE LEAGUE

Emergency Road Service

Used Car Specials

'55 Plymouth 4-door Sedan

No Rust — Snow Tires — Clean

'51 Buick Sedan

Dynaflow "8" — Radio

'46 Fargo 2-Ton Dump

Stake Racks and Gravel Box — Complete

Fetterly's

SINCE
1923

Highway No. 2 at Carman Road

DIAL OL 2-4841

NIGHT'S — SUNDAYS — HOLIDAYS
OL 2-4843

STOP

LOSS OF

HEAT!



INSULATE YOUR HOME
BEFORE THE SNOW FLIES!

● —GRANULATED WOOL

● —INSULATING BATTS—2"x15"x8"

2"x23"x8"

● —INSULATING BATTS—3"x15"x8"

3"x23"x8"

Quality Products At A Right Price

S. A. THOMPSON & SON

DIAL OL 2-4478—

—IROQUOIS

Everybody Wants A Coleman

Now is your chance to own the new

Coleman Oil Heater

Distinctively styled—It's no mistake to think of a Coleman Oil Heater as a fine piece of furniture. Traditional gracefulness and modern styling have been combined in a new adventure in beauty. Make your dream of tomorrow come true today—invest in low-cost, comfortable living.

For wall-to-wall comfort—get a Coleman!

REGULAR \$151.50—

FOR ONLY \$124.50

Complete with automatic circulating fan.

This Store Gives Bonus Bucks!

SEELY'S HARDWARE

DIAL OL 2-4553

IROQUOIS

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

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

The Success Story of Julian Janvrin...

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



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

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

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



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

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

"Fifteen months later we decided to obtain cheaper rental accommodation outside Toronto. A car, however,

would then be essential. Again the bank went along with us.

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

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

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

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

"I am now, therefore, at last in a position to write to thank My Bank and in particular

my bank manager, for the confidence it placed in us and for the help, encouragement and courtesy it has always extended to us."

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

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

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

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



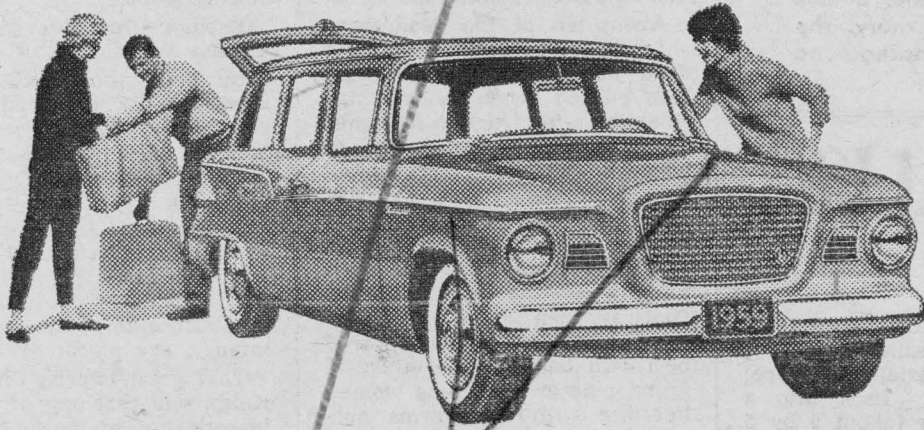
Nine-year-old Robert Janvrin, seen with his younger sister, Patricia, is a student at one of Canada's top preparatory schools, thanks to a timely B of M Personal Loan.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank



COME IN and COMPARE the new station wagon with the most room for the least money

THE LARK BY STUDEBAKER



Fam'liest wagon of all. Full 93 cu. ft. cargo space on 113 inch wheelbase, yet shorter outside for easier handling, turning, parking. > Optional rear-facing hideaway seat brings passenger capacity up to eight. > Economy six or super V-8 delivers top mileage, peak performance, on regular low-cost gas. > Costs less to buy, far less to operate. Smart... Sensible... Spirited... It's Your New Dimension in Station Wagons

Come in and Compare at...

Chas. Shaver's Sales R.R. 2, Iroquois

Use This BUSINESS Directory!

R. H. CASSELMAN
Williamsburg
WELL DRILLING
Casings cemented in rock to prevent contamination from seepage. Phone Kingsdale 3-2498, Morrisburg. Reverse charges.

R. H. ARMSTRONG, B.A.
Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
Office, Shopping Plaza, Iroquois
Iroquois OL 2-4500
Morrisburg KI 3-3061

INSURANCE
CO-OPERATORS INSURANCE ASSOCIATION
Auto
Farm and Personal Liability
Accident
Sickness
Fire
Reasonable Rates, Good Claims Settlement
Lorne Mellan,
R.R. 1, Brinston,
Phone South Mountain 25r3.
Sponsored by
United Co-ops of Ontario
Ont. Federation Agriculture
Credit Union League

W. A. Raney, RO
OPTOMETRIST
King St. East Prescott, Ont.
(Opposite Post Office)
Telephone 5-2522
Lenses Ground on the Premises
Office Hours: 9-12 & 1.30-5.30
Evenings by Appointment

Phone 4
GRAHAM TV & APPLIANCES
Massey-Harris - Ferguson Dealer
Television - Radio
Home Appliances
South Mountain, Ontario
Lloyd Graham Arnold Graham
TV Service Sales

OL 2-4410 —OR— OL 2-4416
Modern Taxi
24-Hour Service

HAROLD C. FAIRBAIRN
Funeral Directors—
Furniture Dealers
BRINSTON - WILLIAMSBURG
DIAL OL 2-4775

G. WILLIAM GORRELL
Barrister,
Solicitor, Notary Public
Office Phone Kingsdale 3-2577
Residence Kingsdale 3-3195
Morrisburg — Ontario

INSURANCE
LIFE—FIRE—AUTOMOBILE
SICKNESS—ACCIDENT
BURGLARY
FARM FIRE INSURANCE
At lower rates with a Reliable
Protection and no premium note
required.
AUTO FINANCE FACILITIES
Village Clerk's Office
Office Hours
10 to 12 a.m.—1.30 to 5.30 p.m.
Phone:
OL 2-4422 OL 2-4421
M. HYSLOP
IROQUOIS — ONT.

CALL
THE IROQUOIS POST



FOR ALL YOUR PRINTING NEEDS!
OL 2-4518

Personal items of news concerning the people we know and want to hear about, are always looked for. The only way we can get them is from our readers and we are seeking your co-operation in this respect. Our phone is 4-4518.

FOR TRUCKING SERVICE to
Glengary Commission auction
on Mondays contact Joe Martel,
Cardinal, phone 611r5. 36 1f

W. D. LOCKE,
AGENT
Prescott 5-2746
STATE FARM FIRE AND CASUALTY COMPANY
Home Office—Bloomington, Illinois

If Your Home Burns Tomorrow
Will your fire insurance pay for another like it? Compare your insurance with the current value of your home and see.

W. D. LOCKE,
AGENT
Prescott 5-2746
STATE FARM FIRE AND CASUALTY COMPANY
Home Office—Bloomington, Illinois

STRADER'S HILL

(Too Late for Last Week)

The sympathy of our community goes out to the family of the late Arthur Whitteker who passed away on Wednesday. Mrs. John Riddell and Ellwood spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Ferguson Froats. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Byveldt spent Sunday in Ottawa. Rev. N. Bowering, of Elma, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Riddell and family on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Ethel Bolton and Mrs. Dan Hitsman and children, of Mountain, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Beckstead and boys. Mr. and Mrs. John Wells and Donald were entertained to dinner on Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Gow, of Williamsburg. Mrs. Mason Casselman, Iroquois; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hodgson, Winchester Springs, and Mr. Thomas Anderson, of Brinston who has been taking treatment at Downsview hospital, spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Alton Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. John Riddell and Ellwood. Mr. Anderson remained over a few days, then returned to hospital Sunday for further treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Davis and Gary, Iroquois, spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson Froats and Thelma. Mr. and Mrs. Van Morsel, of Morrisburg, and Peter had supper Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Byveldt. Mr. Gordon Hanson, Inkerman, spent the holidays with his brother, Lloyd Hanson, at the home of Mrs. Cecil Hanson. Mrs. Albert Byveldt left by plane Monday evening for her native home (Holland) where she will visit her family for a month. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Serviss received a telegram Saturday that the latter's brother-in-law, Mr. Joe Sakry had passed away at his home in the USA. Mrs. Sakry was the former Mrs. Reta Beckstead of Hulbert. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson and children, Elma, spent New Year's with Mrs. Aggie Casselman and Mahlon. Masters Billie and Donnie Cook, Hanesville, spent Friday with Mr. Mahlon Cook. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beckstead had supper Friday with Mr. and Mrs. John Wells and Donald.

This Week's News
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Serviss spent Wednesday evening with Mrs. Aggie Casselman and Mahlon. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Johnston spent Sunday at Pembroke. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hodgson of Winchester Springs had supper Wednesday evening with

NOTICE
Pursuant to By-Law No. 2848, the January Session of the Council of the Municipal Corporation of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry will be held in the Council Chambers, County Buildings, Cornwall, on Monday, the 19th day of January, A.D., 1959, at 2:00 o'clock p.m.

L. C. KENNEDY,
County Clerk-Treas.
County Buildings,
Cornwall, Ontario. 36-2c

AUCTION SALE

MACHINERY, GRAIN AND HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS

Having bought a farm fully equipped I will offer my equipment for sale by Public Auction at Lot 2, Concession 2, Matilda Twp., 2 Miles West of Highway No. 31 and just off Highway No. 401, on SATURDAY, JANUARY 17th, at 1.30 p.m., sharp, the following:

McC-Deering 350 Hydraulic Tractor, 1 year old; McC-D 3-furrow Tractor Plough; McC-D 17-tooth Tractor Cultivator, power lift, used one season, hydraulic; M-H 3-section Drag Cultivator, 24 teeth; McC-D 13 Disc Grain Drill; Set 3-section Drag Harrows; Land Roller; Dump Rake; Case Double 16 Disc; New Holland 7-ft. Power Take-off Mower, new; McC-D, No. 45 Hay Baler, 2 years old; McC-D 4-bay Side Rake on rubber, 2 years old; McC-D Manure Spreader, 2 years old, on rubber, 90 bus. capacity; M-H Rubber-tired Wagon, 3 ton capacity; 3-h.p. New Gas Engine; Trailer; Six 5-gal Cans; 1200 bus. Rodney Oats; 1500 Bales of Hay; 400 Bales of Straw; Good Building 14x20 ft.; 100 Pieces Lumber 2x4x10'; 100 Pieces Lumber 2x6 and 2x8 — 16 to 20 ft. long; Lot of Lumber 2x4 and 2x6 in odd lengths; Quantity 1-inch Lumber; Lots Tongue-groove Sheeting; Quantity Flooring; Six Good Doors; Windows; Several Pieces Timber; 100 Sheets 8 and 10 ft. Steel Roofing; Quantity Used Brick; All Small Tools, Equipment; Wood or Coal Cook Stove; Table and Chairs.

TERMS — CASH
MARTIN VANDERYDT, Prop.
M. Zeron, Auctioneer.

DANCE
In Aid of the Fire Department
CIVIC CENTRE — IROQUOIS
Sat., January 17
Music by "THE ROCKERS"
Dancing 8.30 to 12
ADMISSION — 75c EACH
Come, Bring Your Friend and Enjoy Yourself!

SHOW BILL
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Jan. 15-16-17
"THE BADLANDERS"
Western picture, in Cinemascope. Starring Katy Jurado, Alan Ladd and Ernest Borgnine.

Mon.-Tues.-Wed. Jan. 19-20-21
"OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"
Drama. Starring Margaret O'Brien and Edward G. Robinson.

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Jan. 22-23-24
"ANDY HARDY COMES HOME"
Comedy drama. Starring Fay Holden and Mickey Rooney.

"QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS"
Outdoor drama, in Cinemascope. Starring Diane Brewster and Steve Cochran.

Picadilly
WILLIAMSBURG

BINGO!
LEGION HALL
Iroquois
Thurs. January 15
— 8 p.m. —
— CASH PRIZES —
20 REGULAR GAMES —
— SPECIAL GAMES —

WINTER'S THE TIME
for a farm improvement loan

• when there's more time to do the job
• and skilled help is available

Farm Improvement Loans, backed by the Dominion Government, are available from your bank—up to \$5,000 at five percent simple interest, and repayment periods up to 10 years depending on amount borrowed and the purpose of the loan.

These loans cover the purchase of all types of farm equipment and improvement to the farm house and farm buildings.

ALL HOME OWNERS are eligible for HOME IMPROVEMENT LOANS, under the National Housing Act, available through your bank—up to \$4,000 and up to 10 years to repay.

Why wait for spring — DO IT NOW!

Issued by authority of the Minister of Labour, Canada

6054

SHOUT IT FROM THE WANT ADS

For Sale

GRAIN GRINDER in good condition; Floor Furnace, oil; 4-burner Electric Stove. L. J. Gibbons, Iroquois, phone OL 2-4507.

LIGHT PORK by the carcass, half or quarter. Right prices. Bruce Barkley, R.R. 1, Iroquois, phone OL 2-4104. 33-tfc

QUANTITY of new lumber and scantling; cedar posts and stakes; Also stove wood. Apply Leonard McKee, Hanesville, phone OL 2-4287. 35-3p

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MATILDA Township School Board requires reliable maintenance man for part time work. Apply stating hourly wage expected. Applications received until January 26th, 1959. Lorne Bonck, Secretary-Treasurer. 36-3c

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RELIABLE WOMAN wanted for part time work, household duties and help take care of children. Phone OL 2-4556.

CARDS OF THANKS
I wish to extend grateful thanks to the many friends for their thoughtfulness in sending me cards, letters, treats and flowers during my stay in the Winchester Memorial Hospital; also to all who called in person or by telephone to enquire about my welfare. Special thanks to Dr. Robertson of Morrisburg, and Dr. Justus of Chesterville; also to Sidney Briggs and Eddie Duncan for donating blood and to Ken Palmer for helping out at home. These kind acts will not soon be forgotten.
William Wickwire

I wish to thank all those who remembered me with gifts, letters and cards and all who called during my illness at my home on Davis Drive.
Mrs. Henry Barkley

The Iroquois Post

AND MATILDA ADVOCATE

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HANESVILLE

Mr. Johnson Fader and Gayle of Brockville spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Fader.

Died—Monday, January 5th, at Ottawa Civic Hospital, Mrs. W. W. Reynolds, Hanesville area, mother of Basil Reynolds. Burial was in Hanesville cemetery. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Fader spent Saturday in Brockville where they spent the afternoon with Mrs. Fader's sister, Mrs. Roy Robinson, who is a patient in the General Hospital. We extend best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Dale Ogilvie and Ralph Link have returned home after spending a week with the former's mother, Mrs. D. Ogilvie and family, Kemptonville.

Miss Jean Munro spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Munro of Winchester Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert McQuaig, Newington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds.

recovery. Mr. Dale Ogilvie and Ralph Link have returned home after spending a week with the former's mother, Mrs. D. Ogilvie and family, Kemptonville. Miss Jean Munro spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Munro of Winchester Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Bert McQuaig, Newington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds.

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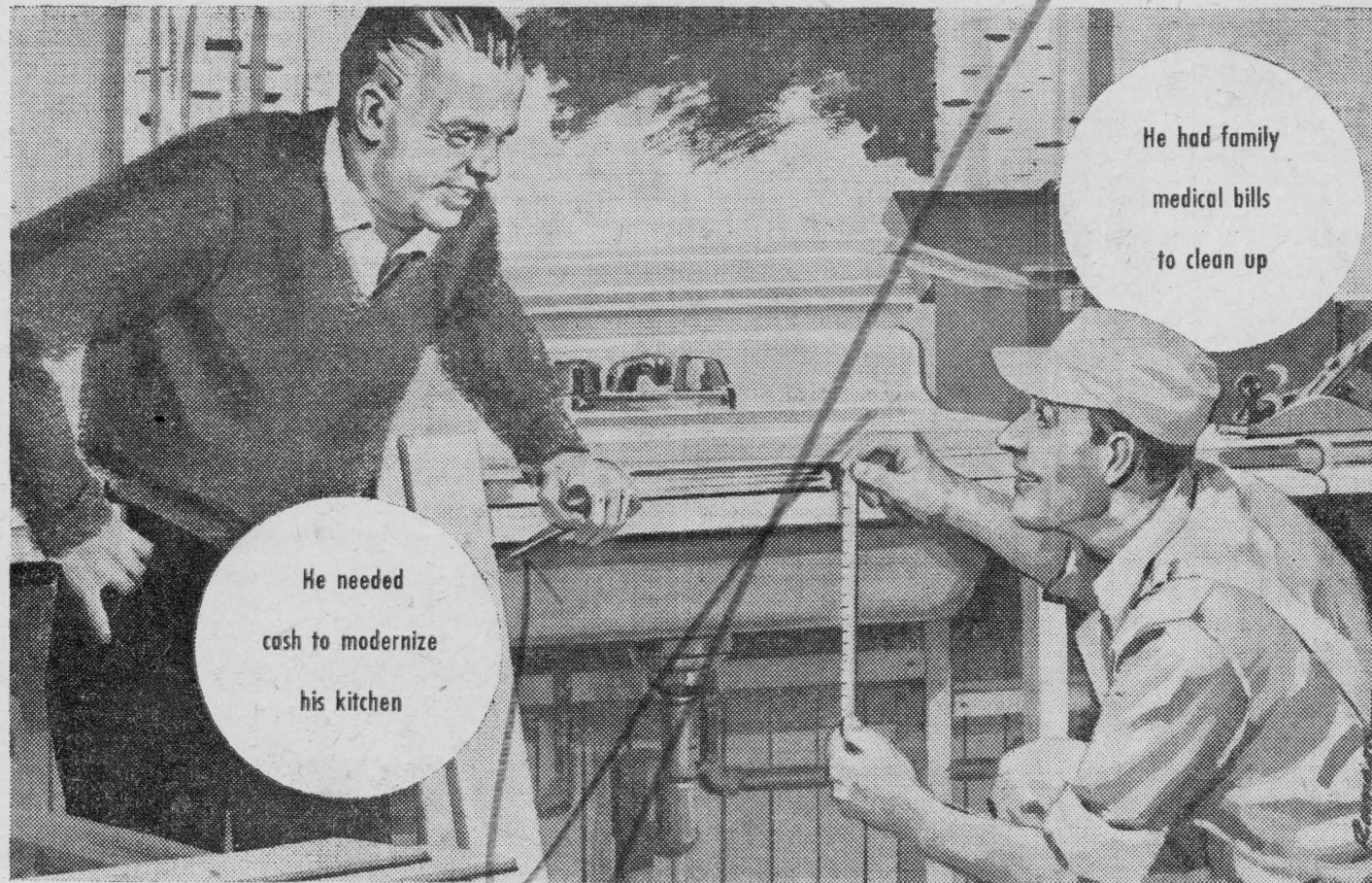
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Dust And Delight In South Africa

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

However, there is still opportunity for individual initiative, as was once spectacularly proved by an English newspaperman with whom I traveled across the Karoo. Out of gas, but with an emergency supply procured from some distance away, he found he could not pour from the can into the gasoline tank of his American automobile without the aid of a funnel. Undistressed he unloaded all his luggage and from the bottom of the car trunk produced an old

dusty cow's horn. This, he announced, he had been saving for some months for just such an occasion. Proudly he sheared off its end with a pocket-knife, and poured the gasoline through the horn in triumph.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oldest On Earth

When four snail-like animals were flown to Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory recently, after being dredged up from a 3-mile-deep ocean trench off South America, zoologists started calling Lamont. The reason: The snail, called *Neopilina*, is a replica of one of the first creatures to put on a shell 500 million years ago. As such, it gives zoologists a chance to dissect the flesh of an animal they thought had been extinct for 300 million years.

Later, when Lamont scientists were still pondering the best way to cut up their precious, inch-and-a-half-long specimens, the observatory's oceanographic ship, the *Vema*, was trying to bring some *Neopilina* back alive.

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



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



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

Melody Heard In The Courtroom

"This is the most monstrous case that has ever gotten into court," thundered the veteran tune detective, Dr. Sigmund Spaeth. "It's impossible to get 'The High and the Mighty' out of 'Enchanted Cello.' Only one note, a B-flat, appears in the same place in both songs."

The occasion for this indignant outburst was a luncheon celebrating the court victory of Dimitri Tiomkin, the Russian-born composer of such film music as the Academy Award-winning "High Noon." He had been accused of stealing the music for his "The High and the Mighty." As Deems Taylor, the astringent music critic and composer who had, with Dr. Spaeth, been a star witness at the Tiomkin trial, recalled: "The trial took fifteen days of argument by the lawyers, eight days of deliberation by the jury, and an appalling lot of money (more than \$100,000) out of Dimitri's pocket. 'These cases,' Taylor adds bitterly, 'should not be tried by juries. A musical judge would have reached a decision in 45 minutes.' Said the now ebullient Tiomkin: 'I hope that my experience will . . . help some other composer when his reputation is challenged.'"

Tiomkin's concern was well-founded, for each year an estimated 5,000 plagiarism suits are brought against song-writers and music publishers. In one unbelievable case, a plaintiff unsuccessfully argued that, from just one of his songs, Cole Porter had stolen music for eight smash hits, including "Don't Fence Me In" and "Night and Day." For himself, Tiomkin admits that he would have been ruined, professionally and financially, if the New York State Supreme Court jury had not rejected the million-dollar claim of an unsuccessful tunesmith named Leon Navara that "The High and the Mighty" was really Navara's 1949 "Enchanted Cello" in disguise.

After a trial which involved singing lawyers, a piano, a phonograph, tape recordings, and the movie itself, the issue boiled down to the famous B-flat which the two songs undoubtedly had in common. "We argued about that note for two whole days," Deems Taylor remembered bitterly. "The counsel for the plaintiff also went through the two songs and picked out the notes that were the same," one of Tiomkin's lawyers remembered. "As I told the jury, take a book like 'Lolita' and compare it with Giblin's 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Many of the words are the same, like 'and,' 'if,' and 'but.' Does it follow that 'Lolita' was copied from 'The Decline and Fall'?" —From *NEWSWEEK*.

TABLE TALKS Jane Andrews

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

APPLE CAKE

1/4 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
4 medium apples, peeled and chopped
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
Cream shortening and sugar together; add egg and apple and mix well. In another bowl mix dry ingredients; add this to first mixture. Mix well. Bake in a greased 9x9x3 pan at 325° F. for 25 minutes. Leave in the pan to cool.

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

A frosting many like on the apple cake:

NUTTY-CHEESE ICING

Blend together one 3-ounce package cream cheese (room temperature) with 2 ounces butter. Add 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 1/4 cup nuts. Blend together well. Spread on cake.

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

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

2 cups peaches
2 cups pears
2 cups pineapple
2 cups maraschino cherries
1/2 cup nuts
1/2 cup marshmallows
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Sugar—a little
Chop fruit; add sugar; drain. Fold in mayonnaise and whipped cream. Freeze.

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

SHRIMP SALAD MOUSSE

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

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

BREAKFAST WAFFLES (OR PANCAKES)

1 cup buttermilk
1 large egg or 2 small ones
1 cup unsifted flour
1 teaspoon each, baking powder and salt
1/2 teaspoon soda
3 tablespoons bacon grease or other melted shortening
Put all ingredients except the shortening in a bowl or waffle pitcher and beat with a rotary beater until well mixed. Then add shortening. Bake as waffles or pancakes. Serves 2.

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

SALMON LOAF

2 cans (15 1/2 ounces each) sockeye salmon
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
1/2 cup finely chopped celery
2 tablespoons minced onion
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Drain salmon liquid and reserve 1/4 cup salmon liquid. Mash fish well and crush bone. Combine eggs and 1/4 cup of salmon liquid. Add bread crumbs and allow to soak

for about 5 minutes; beat until smooth. Add salmon, celery, onion and Worcestershire sauce; mix thoroughly. Pack into a greased loaf pan (about 9 by 5 by 3 inches); bake in a preheated oven (350° F.) for 40 minutes or until loaf is firm in centre. Unmould and serve hot with a caper sauce, or cold with a cucumber-mayonnaise dressing. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

TUNA-CRANBERRY MOULD

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

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

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

Tuna Layer: Drain and flake tuna. Add celery and parsley. Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve over low heat or hot water. Blend mayonnaise or salad dressing and 1/2 cup water. mixture; mix well. Spoon over firm cranberry layer; chill until firm. Unmould on chilled serving dish in dissolved gelatine. Combine tuna mixture and gelatine.

Southern Tragedy

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

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

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

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

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

They Collect Bottle Labels!

It probably started with someone wanting to remember the name of the quaint drink he enjoyed in a faraway part of the world. Now labology is on its way to becoming firmly established as the hobby of good cheer.

Labology is the collecting of bottle labels. And labologists are the interesting people who can hold your attention with an album of labels, and really give you some worthwhile information built around stories of how this or that label came into their possession.

Those who have been at the hobby for some little time can show you two, three or even more albums full of the most fascinating assortment of labels. And if you ask whether their collection is complete they will smile and say it has only just begun.

No accurate information is available on the different kinds of bottle labels in the world: there must be millions. Guinness alone has dozens of registered labels. So it's easy to see why labology is pulling in an ever-growing number of enthusiasts from all over the world. A Wrexham man has over 40,000 labels in his collection and he is still going strong!

Collectors get labels from their own bottles, from bottles in the homes of friends, from pubs and restaurants, even from magazine advertisements. And you don't really have to travel to collect the unusual and little-known label. A friend or pen-pal in a distant land will often be glad to send you some.

A banker fell in love with an actress and decided to ask her to marry him. Before doing so, however, he employed a private detective to report upon her character and antecedents.

Back came the report: "The only thing known against this woman is that she has been seen too often in the company of a banker of doubtful reputation."

The cancer scare has increased the use of borrowed cigarettes.

Just How Much Are You Worth?

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

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

Enough fat for seven bars of soap.

Enough carbon for 9,000 lead pencils.

Enough phosphorus to make 2,200 match heads.

Enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop.

Enough iron to make two medium-sized nails.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



GHOULRY — Wearing one of his weird jewelry designs — an eye and eyebrow mounted on a patch — Sam Kramer bones up on history in his Greenwich Village apartment. Sam didn't design the skull. It's a pre-Columbian breast piece he found in New Mexico.



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



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

A Country View Of The Snow

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was one thing, however,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Demon Smoke

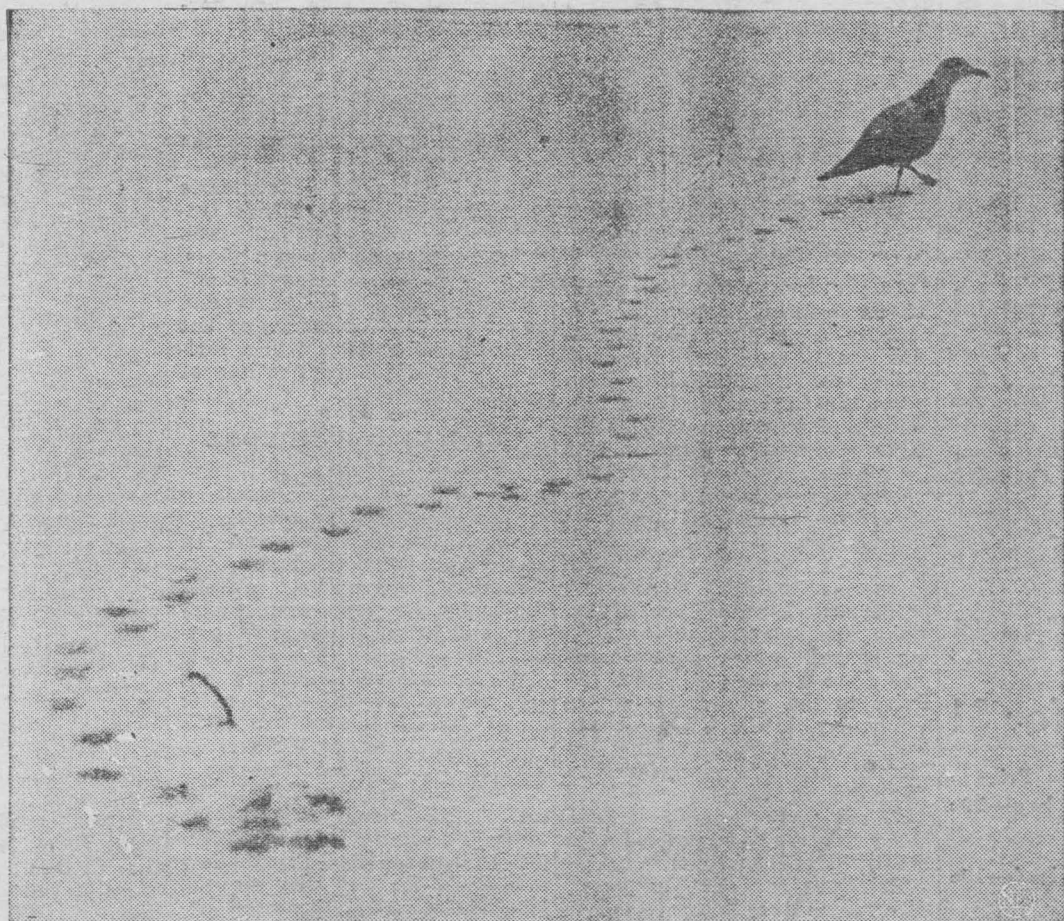
Throughout Britain next month, newspapers will begin carrying classified ads addressed to the thousands of Englishmen who have tried without conspicuous success to give up tobacco for one reason or another. Those who read the ads will find that they are invited to attend weekly meetings in rented halls,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

Founded recently by fifteen London doctors and social workers, the group, according to Dr. Wilfred Lester, has the following aim: "Smoking is a most serious sort of drug addiction, and with a real psychological basis. We all regress to the need for the breast, and cigarettes provide a substitute. . . . If someone says he has to smoke, we tell him that 23 per cent of the world doesn't smoke. If they can do it, why can't he?"

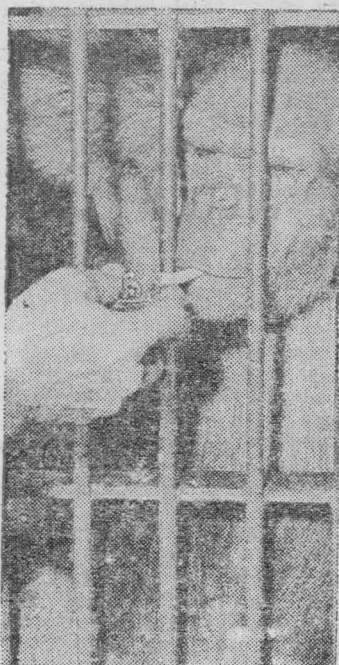
The train came to a sudden stop. A woman passenger picked herself up off the floor and asked the conductor what had happened.

"We hit a cow," he told her. "Was it on the tracks?" "No," said the conductor dryly, "we had to chase it across a field."

Some novels you just can't put down; others you don't dare to if there are children in the house.



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



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

Cornbread, Honey, Song Kept Us Fed

We were always short of cash by the end of the month, not only because a preacher's salary was so small but because Dad gave so much of his away. Fortunately Mother knew more ways to cook "chewed-up meat" than any chef. . . . She served it broiled with parsley, pan-fried with onions, wrapped in bacon, seasoned with fruit juices left over in the bottoms of tin cans; and when it neared the last desperate days before Dad got paid, a few brown specks floating in a sea of white sauce were moored to large pieces of toast. Lacking meat, we ate cereal sprinkled with brown sugar till pay day. Yet the Puritan paragonage of our childhood was a pleasant place, full of flavor and spiced with good companionship. We were not only blood kin: we liked each other. . . .

But there were so many more Dads than there were Don'ts in our house. Whatever the table menu, our hearts and minds were always richly fed. Ike and I learned to read from the King James Version, standing between Dad's big knees and picking out the large print with a small finger in the family Bible. . . . Laughter was another highly-seasoned paragonage fare. Dad could even chuckle that hot August evening when His Honor, the Governor of Massachusetts, was coming to dinner before he spoke at our church, and Mother, in her excitement, had cut off the tail of Dad's only good white shirt to use as a dust cloth. . . .

Music to us was another form of laughter, unplanned and uninhibited; we were apt to burst into song at any instant. Dad was a big man with rough-hewn features in his red jolly face so that his smooth golden tenor voice was a surprise; Mother was small and soft, short brown curls all over her head, a comely look in her violet eyes, and her soprano was as high and clear as a wood thrush calling. Since both of them sang as naturally as they breathed, Ike and I could carry a tune almost before we could talk and by the time we went to school we began nearly every day with a hilarious quartet.

"My Lord, what a mornin'!" Dad would wake us up, shouting from the bathroom where he was shaving. "Susie, have you been cutting out paper dolls with my razor again? Ike, if you don't stir your stumps, you'll be late to school. My Lord. . . ."

"What a mornin'!" Mother's clear soprano would join Dad's tenor from the kitchen. "Cornbread and honey for breakfast, children!" Then Ike and I would chime in, all singing together, lustily, "When the stars begin to fall!"

—From "Preacher's Kids," by Grace Niles Fletcher.

THE FARM FRONT



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

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

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

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

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

Most of our strictly rural communities attained their maximum population at or about the census of 1860. In much of rural New England the high-water mark was earlier. Indeed there are no small number of New

England townships which had more inhabitants at the first census in 1790 than have ever been reported since. Of course the popular explanation for this is "farm abandonment." It is true that this has been a major factor in the decline, although on the whole less important than the disappearance of the rural handicrafts and the industrial life of the community.

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

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

According to the definition established by the Federal Bureau of Census for 1950, it requires astonishingly little in the way of either area or agricultural activity to be classed as a farm. Officially any place of three or more acres is a farm if the value of agricultural products, exclusive of the home garden, is as much as \$50.00. An even smaller acreage is so classified if its production reaches \$250.00.

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

In 1850 the typical New York farm was made up of 112.1 acres. When another 25 years which included the Civil War had passed, the size was 106.1. Twenty-five years later at the turn of the present century, it was 99.9 acres. As late as 1925

it stood at 102.1 acres. In a word, these were 75 years when the medium size of New York farms did not show change enough to even indicate any definite trend.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

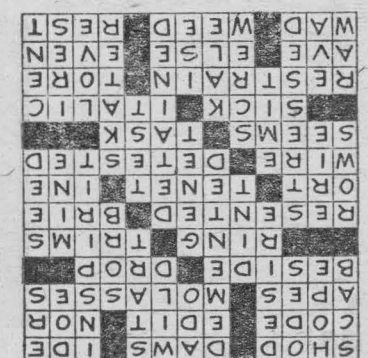
Betty Elliott, who is working among the very people who killed her husband with four other missionaries, writes, "I have a stronger conviction than ever before that the things of this world are pretty paltry in comparison with doing the will of God."

When the corned beef king visited Spain he also went to a bull fight in Barcelona. "Wasn't it interesting?" asked a Spaniard later.

"Yes, it was," admitted the visitor, and hesitated a moment trying to be polite. "But it's an awful bother, isn't it? We do all that mechanically back home."

Try jawwalking for that "run-down" feeling.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



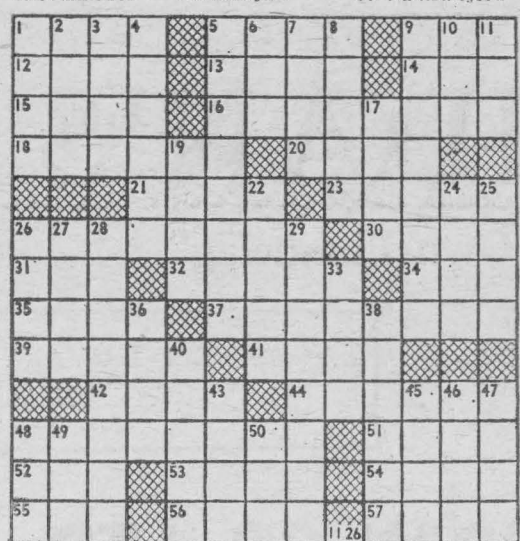
BOMB'S A LIFESAVER—Forestry Service plane drops a water "bomb" in efforts to save a farm building near Malibu, during war on a brush fire. Aerial bombardment with water and chemical mixtures is an experimental method of fighting the destructive blazes.

ISSUE 3 — 1959

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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

9. Intense life into
10. Female rabbit
11. Bitter vetch
17. Bur service tree
19. Force
22. Clivellike cat
24. Dig in earth
25. Progeny
26. Tiers
27. Early Amer. Indian
28. Emphasized
29. Delayed
33. Tires
36. Vent
38. Water rider
40. Metal fastener
43. Variety of cabbage
45. Affection
46. Angers
47. Coin
48. Damp and chilly
49. Miss
50. Danish fiord



Answer elsewhere on this page



PRETTY DOGGY—Home-sewn fur boots and coat give Sooki some doggone unusual protection. The outdoor gear was fashioned for the toy Pomeranian by her mistress, Mrs. Jerome Sims.



DOLLAR DAYS Sale!

Values Effective Thursday, Friday, Saturday — January 15th—16th—17

SEE HOW YOU SAVE AT "LUCKY DOLLAR"

Dollar Day Feature—Libby's Fancy Quality 20-oz	Dollar Day Feature! Bright's Fancy Quality 15-oz
Tomato JUICE 7 - \$1	Apple Sauce 8 for \$1
Dollar Day Feature—Heinz Rich Red—10-oz tins	Dollar Day Feature! Deep Browned 15-oz
Tomato SOUP 8 - \$1	Libby's Beans 6 for \$1
Dollar Day Feature—Spreads smoothly, even—lb	Dollar Day Feature! Lucky Dollar Tall Tins
MARGARINE 4 - \$1	Evap. Milk 7 for \$1
Dollar Day Feature—The perfect dessert 20-oz	Dollar Day Feature! Lynn Valley Stand. 20-oz
Golden PEACHES 5 - \$1	Green Peas 9 for \$1

Bonus Offer!

Aerated—Flake-filled Corduroy Decorator
Cushions 89c
In 6 colors—Reg. 1.49 Value
WITH A \$3.00 PURCHASE

King's Plate—7-oz tins	Tuna Fish 5 for \$1
Aylmer—24-oz jars	Plum Jam 3 for \$1
Dollar Day Feature—Reg. or Chubby	Kleenex Tissue .. 6 for \$1
Frozen Food Feature! Birds Eye—12-oz pkgs	Green Peas 5 for \$1

—FARM FRESH PRODUCE—	
Refreshing, Vitamin Rich Sunkist—Size 163's	ORANGES 59c
Fancy Grade, Crisp Sweet McIntosh—6 qt bsk.	APPLES 59c

Art's Lucky Dollar Market

FREE READING

Iroquois Public Library

The directors of the Iroquois Public Library invite residents of Iroquois and Matilda Township to borrow reading material from the well-stocked shelves of the Library. Popular books not on hand may be procured by the directors if requested.

LOCATED IN THE CIVIC CENTRE—MAIN DOOR
Open Tuesdays 2 to 4:30; Fridays 2 to 4:30; 7 to 9:30

SEAWAY FORUM—

(From Page One)

borer and forces the small farmer out of business.

Cannot this kind of farming be compared to the lordship and peasantry days in the old country more than a century ago?

Perhaps this same kind of farming is carried on behind the iron curtain today—who knows?

Our ancestors came to this new country more than a century ago to escape this way of life—gain for themselves freedom and independence—for which they cleared the land—created farms and handed them down to us. Are we going to betray their heritage to us and allow ourselves to become slaves under the processor and packer landlords, the Forum declared, and let them step in and control our business. This kind of vertical integration is nothing more than lordship and slavery was a century ago dressed up in modern garments.

Controlled by the producer or their co-operative organizations vertical integration could be the means of helping the producer to retain his freedom and independence which has always been their cherished heritage. Economists who are studying agriculture advise that farmers must band together into powerful groups to do what they can never do alone.

Next Monday night the forum will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Coker when the topic will be—"Who will hold the reins? All are invited to attend and help along with the discussions."

Kemptville Report

GUILT OR GOOD WILL?

A. J. Campbell, Zone Forester

In years gone by, the custom of an exciting outing in the country to cut your own Christmas tree, gave little concern. Rising urban populations have given the Christmas tree a new value and now each tree represents a potential income to the landowner. For the individual who wishes to instill in his children, the traditional thrill of cutting the "yule tree", there are two alternatives; (1) Drive to the country on a stormy day or towards evening, and sneak out a fine tree and, with a feeling of guilt mixed with Christmas good will, return home. (2) Drive to the country on a fine sunny day, locate a well-shaped tree, and after contacting the farmer and obtaining permission and an exchange of good will, cut your tree and return home refreshed and excited with the thrill of Christmas.

Relative to the frequency with which the first method is used, it would appear necessary to explain that all property belongs to someone, either a private individual or a branch of the Government. Theft is the only classification for the first method. This fact was forcibly brought home to three young men from the Elgin area, who were apprehended in the act of removing trees from the South Crosby Tract of Limerick Forest. Theft is an offence punishable under the Criminal Code, and carries with it the stigma of a criminal record.

Recently a local property-owner complained to our office of the high frequency of such thefts of trees from his own property and that of his neighbours, which prevented a profitable harvest and created financial suffering. Considerable time and effort had been put

into the development of this forest crop, and to find that some thoughtless individual had harvested the product was not only frustrating but a financial loss.

The attitude among many seems to be one of a lack of insight when we consider the frequently heard remark, to the effect "it was only a tree" (worth \$1). This contrasts sharply with the attitude towards the theft of a \$1.00 bill.

When next Christmas arrives, let us consider the spirit of the season which heralds peace and good will towards men, and cut your Christmas tree with a feeling of pleasure and not one of guilt.

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE
H. Rae Grinnell

Reforestation Supervisor

Recent heavy snows and icy conditions have brought the Hungarian Partridge to the roadsides for food and roughage, and to the non-hunter, perhaps the first sight of birds since last winter. It may be that this early winter will create many hardships to this fine game bird before spring arrives.

Similar worries last winter appeared, to great extent, to be unfounded when we see the good distribution of birds presently about us. Perhaps the farmer saves the day with his old shovelful of feed scattered behind the barn. Let us hope that all bird lovers will play their part helping this sporty partridge through to happier feeding times.

PLEASANT VALLEY
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac McShane and Mr. Gordon Coker spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gilmer.

Mrs. W. J. Gilmer returned home Thursday after visiting friends in Prescott for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bueley and daughter, of Iroquois, spent Sunday at her parental home here.

Died—At the Civic Hospital, Tuesday, Mrs. Will Reynolds, Hainsville. We extend sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

Misses Donna and Ruby Hunter, Ottawa, spent the week-end at their home here.

Mrs. W. J. Gilmer spent Friday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gilmer.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Clair Wallace, a daughter Kathy Rose. Congratulations.

We are sorry to report Mr. Thos. Gilmer ill at present.

Some from here attended the "At Home" for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cooley, Hyndman, Sunday. The occasion was their 50th wedding anniversary. Congratulations.

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THE RECORD WORLD—

(From Page One)

recording "It's Only Make Believe". Incidentally, Conway Twitty wrote that song last February in Hamilton, Ontario, during an intermission in personal appearance. He wrote the song in seven minutes; and it took that many months after its release to become a hit. A few more items of interest about Harold Jenkins (alias Conway Twitty): he decided against a baseball career to become a singer; he was offered a contract by the Philadelphia Phillies. He also was once seriously considering becoming a minister. At 25, Conway Twitty is married and the father of two girls and a boy.

New records: "A Stranger To Me" (Don Gibson) 60. "My Man" (Peggy Lee) 55. "Make Me Queen Again" (Margie Rayburn) 60. "My Lost Love" (Webtones) 55. "Sweet Shoppe" (Randy Stevens) 45. "Rawhide" (Link Raye and Raymen) 60. "Prelude To Love" (Danleers) 60.

Music musings: Somehow I get the impression that Dick Clark likes "Lucky Lady Bug".

I wonder why "Blue Bell" by Scott Engel is number three on the CKOY survey and is not even played on any other station.

"One Night" has finally overtaken "I Got Stung" on the CKOY survey.

Disc jockey Tom Shannon of WKBW Buffalo, uses this catchy little phrase to introduce himself: "My name's Tom, and a Dooley I'm not, But I'm hanging right here at the 1520 spot."

My personal Top Ten: 1. Sixteen Candles—Crests. 2. Lonely Teardrops—Jackie Wilson. 3. Stagger Lee—Lloyd Price. 4. One Night—Elvis Presley. 5. A Lover's Question—Clyde McPhatter. 6. All-American Boy—Bill Parsons. 7. The Little Space Girl—Jesse Lee Turner. 8. Donna—Ritchie Valens. 9. The Diary—Neil Sedaka. 10. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes—Platters.

Pick of the week: "Who Cares"—Don Gibson—RCA.

Album of the week: "More Sing Along With Mitch"—Mitch Miller and Gang—Columbia.

Predictions: "Try Me" (Jas. Brown) "I Cried A Tear" (Lavern Baker) "Teasin'" (Quaker City Boys) "The Children's Marching Song" or "This Old Man" (Mitch Miller) and (Cyril Stapleton) "Red River Rose" (Ames Bros.) "First Anniversary" (Cathy Carr).

Did you know: That Phil Everly, of the famous duo, will turn twenty next Tuesday (the 20th)?

That Pat Boone's manager once told him, "no one with a

name like Elvis Presley could ever amount to anything?"

That Vic Damone's voice is insured for \$100,000?

That Bobby Darin wrote "Splish Splash" in twelve minutes?

That there is a new record out entitled "Take Me To Your Leader Cha Cha Cha"?

It is by Son Space and the Cadets.

HOLIDAY Margarine

4 lbs 95c

Regular (Save 28c) **KOTEX** .. 2 - 69c

Save 16c—Pint **AEROWAX** 29c

32-oz (Save 6c) **JAVEX** 19c

Jergen's **SOAP** 3 for 25c

LOWEST PRICE ON CHASE AND SANBORN

COFFEE 69c

Canada No. 1 New Brunswick

50 lb bag

Sweet—Juicy—Ripe 2 doz Waxco No. 1 **ORANGES** .. 49c

Double Layer **TURNIPS** .. lb 5c

6 Quart Basket

McIntosh Apples 49c

Swift's Premium

COTTAGE ROLL lb 49c

Maple Leaf—1 lb flat pack

DEVON BACON lb 49c

5 lb box—Wrapped

Cod Fillets box 1.39

ALSO ON HAND—FRESH COD and SOLE FILLETS

CASSELMAN'S SERVICE STATION

Batteries — Tires
Auto Accessories

Farm Distributor:

Furnace Oils, Stove Oil, Gasoline

—Repairs To All Makes of Cars—

OL 2-4337

IROQUOIS

SAVOY THEATRE

JANUARY 15-16-17

THURS.-FRI.-SAT.

JANUARY 19-20-21

MON.-TUES.-WED.

"Joe Butterfly"

IN COLOR

Starring Audie Murphy and George Nader

SECOND HIT—

"Gunsight Ridge"

Starring Joel MacRae and Mark Stevens

CARDINAL—

JANUARY 19-20-21

MON.-TUES.-WED.

"Davy"

IN COLOR—Starring Ron Randall

SECOND HIT—

"Baby Face Nelson"

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

Starring Mickey Rooney and Carolyn Jones

IGA 1c SALE

Gattuso Spaghetti	IGA Fancy—20-oz tin
Sauce Mix 1 pk for 1c	Apple Sauce 1 tin 1c
—with the purchase of 1 pkg for 19c—	—with the purchase of 4 (20-oz) tins for 74c—
Hunts—7½-oz tin	IGA—16-oz jar
Tomato Sauce 1 tin 1c	Peanut Butter 1 jar 1c
—with the purchase of 3 tins for 19c—	—with the purchase of 3 (16-oz) jars for 1.11—
Gerber's Strained—5-oz tin	IGA Choice—20-oz tin
Baby Foods 1 tin 1c	Green Peas 1 tin 1c
—with the purchase of 6 (5-oz) tins for 62c—	—with the purchase of 4 (20-oz) tins for 70c—
7 Minit Cocoonut	Green Giant Fancy—15-oz tin
Pie Mix 1 pkg 1c	Cream Corn 1 tin 1c
with the purchase of	—with the purchase of 6 (15-oz) tins for 99c—
1 (7 Minit) Lemon Angel Pie Mix for 29c	

Tablerite Grade "A" Eviscerated 2-3 lb average

Frying Chickens

Cry-o-Vac 2-3 lb ave. **lb 29c**

Peameal—Cry-O-Vac

Back Bacon

lb 69c

Salada—Box of 60 bags	California Navel Sunkist 163's 133's
TEA BAGS 73c	ORANGES 25c 29c

Til Riden—7-oz pkg	Florida Marsh Seedless—Size 96's
English Toffee 25c	Grapefruit 10 for 49c

Blue Bonnet Quick Colour 1b pkgs	California Green—large 36's
Margarine 2 pkgs 65c	Pascal Celery 2 for 29c

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