THE MORRISBURG LEADER

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ANNOUNCE PRIZE WINNERS AT FORD'S JEWELLERS

Winners of the lucky prizes at the Ford Credit Jewellers have been announced as follows:

1st prize: Lorie Diamond Ring — Miss Fiona VanAllan, Morrisburg,

2nd Prize: 1847 Rogers "Flair" Service for six: Miss Gail Young, Morrisburg, Ontario.

3rd Prize: Gent's "Montfort" Watch: Mrs. H. B. Duval, Morrisburg, Ont.

4th Prize: Ladies "Laurel" Watch Mrs. Earl Crober, Morrisburg, Ont.

5th Prize: Parker "61" Pen and Pencil Set — Mrs. Omar Patterson, Winchester, Ont.

6th Prize: Goldstone Necklace & Earring Set — Bernice Murphy, 7 Ontario St., Hamilton.

7th Prize: Tie Bar and Cuff Links Mr. E. M. Beakstead, Morrisburg.

8th Prize: Gents "Kriesler Expansion Bracelet — Mrs. Richard Dee, Morrisburg, Ontario.

50th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Swerdfeger, well and favorably known district couple marked their 50th wedding anniversary on Wednesday, January 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Swerdfeger spent the day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Johnston of Mariatown, and they were there served a holiday dinner and later received friends during the afternoon. Many gifts were received by the honoured couple testifying to the high esteem in which they are held in the community.

On January 1st, 1908, at the home of the bride's parents, Roy Swerdfeger, son of Silas Swerdfeger and his wife, Adeline Marcellus of Williamsburg, was united in marriage to Miss Hattie Saddlemire, daughter of John Saddlemire and his wife, Amanda Swerdfeger.

Rev. Mr. Cameron of Knox Presbyterian Church, Morrisburg, performed the ceremony.

Among those from a distance attending the celebration on Wednesday were Mrs. Frank Powell and son John William of St. Catharines.

MEET THE JUNIORS

Here are statistics on Morrisburg's Junior Hockey team:

In goal, we have Raymond 'Snook' Bakeer, 190 lbs., 5 ft., 11", 19 years old. "Snook" is a local breead salesman, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Merne Baker of town.

Sub goaler is Robert Jones, 185 lbs., 5 ft., 11 in., 16 years old. Bob attends Morrisburg High School. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones of town.

On defence, there is Brent Casselman is an able performer at 180 lbs. He is 5 ft., 11" and is only 16. Brent is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Casselman of town, and is a student a he Morrisburg High School

Jim Manle, another blue line stalwart, is a solid 10 lbs., 5 ft., 8 ins., and 19 years old. Jim hails from Smiths Falls, and is employed as a surveyor by the Department of High ways.

Donald "Buck" Monpetit at 180 lbs., 5 ft., 8 ins. in height and 19 years old, is the veteran on he juniors defence. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Monpetit of Iroquois and is a member of the Bank of Montreal saff at Iroquois.

Dale Stewart: Dale is the light est of the four at 160 lbs. Five ft. 7 inches tall, he is 18 years of age and looks better every time he comes out He comes from Finch and works for the Department of Highways.

On our forward lines which are all well balanced, we have Arnold "Red" Lawlor, who is 165 lbs., six ft. 1 in. in height and is 18 years old. Red plays centre and shotts right. An excellent playmaker, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Law lor and is employed by C. A. Pitt & Co.

At right wing there is Doug Casselman, a rookie at 176 lbs. He is 6 ft. tall and at 17 years of age, he is a menace to opposing goalies with his lightning-quick reflexes. Doug is a right hand shot, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman of Williamsburg.

On left wing is Russell Casselman also a rookie weighing in at 175 lbs. Six ft. tall and 19 years old he shoots right and is a very solid performer. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Casselman of Williamsburg and like Doug, he attends Morrisburg High School.

On another line we have at centre Graham Serviss, one of our smallest men at 160 lbs., 5 ft., 6 ins. and 17 years old. A left hand shot, this is his second year in junior hockey and he is a very able performer. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Serviss and attends Morrisburg High School.

On Graham's right is Warren "Conney" Disheau, a reliable wtoway man, who is used also as a penalty-killer. "Cooney" is 160 lbs., 5 ft., 5 ins., 19 years old and shoots right. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert isheau of Iroquois.

At left wing on this unit is Douglas Thompson, who is 5 ft., 7 ins., 172 lbs., 19 years old. Doug is a very fast hard worker with a tremendous shot. He is a native of Smiths Falls, but is a second year man with the juniors due to his employment as a surveyor with the Department of Highways.

On the next attacking unit at centre is the smallest man on the team, Billy Magee, who is a very shifty skater and can put the puck in the net. Bill is 130 lbs., 5' 4" and is only 16 years old. He shoots left and is a student at the Morrisburg High School. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Magee of town.

At left wing on this line is Mitch Cassell who is 150 lbs., 5 ft 9" and 20 years old. Mitch just got into Junior hockey, due to his age He is the man responsible for steadying the younger men on his line. Mitch is a strong skater and shoots left. He is the son of Mrs. ouglas Cassell and and the late Mr. Cassell and is employed by the C. A. Pitt & Co.

At right wing is Leonard Casselman, who is 180 lbs., 5 ft., 11" and 17 yeears old. Leonard is a rookie who shows a lot of promise. He shoot left and handles his sturdy frame well.. He is the son of Mr. Milton Casselman and the late Mrs. Casselman.

Last but certainly not leas is Lawrence "Larry" Wells. Larry is 160 lb. 5 f. 11" and is 18 years old. He was the victim of a shoulder separation which will probably sideline him for most of this season.He is a speedster who shoots left and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Wells of town.

THIS IS THE JUNIORS. LETS BACK THEM.

The firsDt home game will be played at the Morrisburg Arena on Monday Nite, when the Juniors play against Cardinal.

Your attendance at this game will indicate your interest in the future of hockey in Morrisburg, and in our junior citizens. If you are just paying lip service to the idea of encouraging our boys, then stay at home. If you are genuinely interested in the future of these boys, plan to attend the game, and give your support to the home town teeam

Hydro Officials Moved To New Posts

Transfer of three widely known Ontario Hydro personnel employed onthe St. Lawrence power project was announced to-day by the commission.

They include Malcolm E. Bradden Ontario Hydro rehabilitation officer; Charles G. W. McIntosh, project information officer, and William Killough, assistant rehabilitation information officer.

Mr. Bradden, who is in his 10th year with the commission, is being transferred to Toronto where he will become supervising information officer dealing with rural officers, manufacturers, public utilities and field representatives throughout the province.

Mr. MacIntosh, with Ontario Hydro for almost seven years will be posted to Toronto where he will become information officer and public relations representative for the commission in connection with the metropolitan Toronto group and Niagara regional public utiliites of the Hydro electric commission.

Mr. Killough with Hydro for almost five years, moves to Toronto to become assistant information officer with Eastern Ontario as his area.

The three are well known through out Seaway Valley, both to residents and members of the press alike. All three have been here almost since the project began and through their co-operative spirit have made easy what was feared would be a very tough job.

Mr. Bradden, working out of Morrisburg, came to the area in 1954. In July of 1955 he moved his wife, Louise Bradden and his two children, Stephen and Patty-Lou to Morrisburg, where they have lived for the past three years.

Organizing of main public events, helping to ease some of the residents' worries and working closely with press, radio and TV personnel to help keep the story of rehabilitation flowing through out all of Canada, United States and Europe, Mr. Bradden earned himself a reputation of being "very co-operative". His trademark, a big smile and a friendly handshake, have become famous throughout Seaway Valley.

Although now dividing his time between Morrisburg and Toronto Mr. Bradden will officially take over his new duties on January 15th.

An ex-newspaperman with some 21 years of experience with the Niagara Falls Evening Review, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Gazette and a Torontto trade papeer, Mr. McIntosh came fully equipped to handle a large job on the St. Lawrence project.

With Hydro for four years before he arrived in this district in 1955, Mr. McIntosh had been in charge of field publicity, press relations, tours and information services.

Through his illustrated talks, planned press meetings, organized tours and general day to day work he has become well known not only to members of the press and radio, but also to thousands of prominent persons and residents of the area.

Although planning a return to Torontto very shortly, Mr. McIntosh will continue his work in Cornwall and will be on hand for the flooding and planning of opening ceremonies.

To the people of Ingleside and Long Sault, the name of Bill Killough is well known. Mr. and Mis. Killough have one child. They came tto this area in 1955, when Mr. Killough first took up the position of assistant o Mr. McInosh.

However, not too soon after his arrival he was transferred to work under Mr. Bradden, where he has been since. Working closely with residents of Moulinette, Mille Roches Aultsville, Farran's Point and other Seaway Valley communities he, too, has earned himself a name of being "friendly and co-operative".

He will be transferred as soon as the work here permits, the Commission explains. This will probably be within the next month and a half.

57 Years Married

On the occasion of their 57th wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Whitteker, well known residents of Williamsburg, were honoured at a dinner at their home. Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitteker, Doris and Glen, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Whitteker and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Moorehead of Dixon's Corneers; Miss Iva Whiteeker of Ottawa.

NEWS OF THE ROARING GAME



The first thing on our mind as we go to press for the first time this year is to wish all members the compliments of the season. There is more to the Morrisburg Curling Club than the art of curling. Friendship, material interest, and trust is the foundation of it all. Tha is the reason the president and the executive take the first opportunity available to wish every one of its members a happy and a prosperous New Year..

The struggle for the Dodge Trophy has already begun. Twenty-four rinks have qualified to compete for this trophy. It is anyones guess as to which team will win the club championship. Each team is evenly balanced and there is dynamite in them all. This writer predicts that one of the twenty-four teams Will win the prize but he will go no further on the proverbial .

The battle for the Pat Lie Trophy will begin early in February and the winner will be decided before the monthof March. It is rumored thate the schedule for the Calvert Trophy will be replayed in March. If this is true the executiv should be commended for their efforts to be fair indealing with this trophy.

So many membershad other appointments in the weeks before Christmas that they had no chance at all to compete for this trophy.

With these and our interclub matches our Morrisburg Curling Club has a busy winter ahead. It is hoped that every one of the members will enjoy to the full a contented winter of curling.

Boy Scout News

The Scouts and Cubs of the 1st Morrisburg Troop are planning a paper drive to help them in their fund raising campaing. There is a good market in Cornwall for clean, bundled newspapers. The residents of Morrisburg, are therefore asked that they save all newspapers and tie them in handy bundles, and the boys will be around on the first Saturday in each month, rain or shine, to collect them. The first collection will be on Saturday, February 1st. Bundles should noly contain newspapers — no magazines, brown wrapping paper or waste paper.

Carmi Thompson Dies Suddenly In Hospital

It was with deep regret that the people of Morrisburg and the surrounding vicinity learned of the sudden death of Carmi Thompson at the Kingston general Hospital.

Mr. Thompson had until a few day previous to his death been in his usual good health. Born in Matilda township in 1879 Mr. Thompson enjoyed the friendship of a wide circle of

Until tein years ago he followed the vocattion of farming.At that time he retired to his late home in Mariatown.

In 1913 he married Margaret Thompon who survives him. He is also survived by one brother, William of Montreal.

In religion he was United Church and was a valued member of Morrisburg United Church. A lover of music, he was a faithful member of the church choir.

The funeral was held on Monday, December 23rd in the Morrisburg United Church with Rev. J. Maxwell Allan, the minister, in charge. Interment was in Fairview cemetery.

Bearers were Arnold Dukelow, Charles Baker, R. L. Duval, Floyd Reddick, Dwight Beckstead and Broder Millward.

Selling Out

As we are vacating our persent site all of our stock of

GROCERIES - DRY GOODS - PAINTS - etc.

must be sold IMMEDIATELY AT COST and

LESS THAN COST

Also scales - meat slicer - refrigerators - coal oil tank - cash registers and three (3) safes must be sold. Also OUTBOARD MOTORS and SPORTING GOODS.

We wish to thank all our customers who have given us the pleasure of serving them since 1855 and we hope that we shall again have this same pleasure in the future.

W. & J. Meikle

Junior Hockey

Mon. January 6

MORRISBURG ARENA

8:15 p. m.

MORRISBURG

-vs-

CARDINAL

AUCTION SALE

THE BALANCE OF OUR FURNITURE STOCK AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION, ON

Sat. Jan. 11

AT 1.00 P. M.

THIS SALE WILL BE HELD INSIDE OUR HEATED

...LE POSTERS

...ECK

Skinny men, women gain 5, 10, 15 lbs.

Get New Pep, Too. Be Thrilled With Results — or Pay Nothing

What a thrill! Bony arms, legs fill out; ugly hollows fill up; neck no longer scrawny; body loses half-starved, sickly look. Thousands, who never could gain before, are now proud of shapely, healthy-looking bodies. They thank the special vigor-building and flesh-building tonic, Ostrex. Its tonics, stimulants, invigorators, iron, vitamin B_1, calcium, enrich blood, improve appetite and digestion so food gives you more strength and nourishment; put flesh on bare bones. Mrs. L. Savard, Mattagami Heights, Ont., writes, "I gained 16 lbs. Tired feeling, nervousness gone, too." Another user, Mrs. Marc Gagnon, Cap Chat, P.Q., writes, "I gained 13 lbs. Health fine. My rundown husband gained 15 lbs. New pep."

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

THE HYDRO ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

BUILDINGS FOR SALE AND REMOVAL

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, at its Rehabilitation Office in the Village of Morrisburg, will receive from parties interested offers covering the purchase and removal of numerous buildings (barns, sheds, dwellings located in the St. Lawrence Power Project Area, between Mille Roches and Iroquois.

The buildings will be sold individually, and by tender.

Interested parties desiring to purchase more than one structure should specify price on a unit basis.

Further information, tender forms and lists of particulars for buildings now available may be obtained by writing to or calling at

Ontario Hydro, Rehabilitation Office,

High Street, P. O. Box 310,

Morrisburg, Ontario.

Tenders should be mailed to The Hydro-Electric Po... Commission of Ontario, Rehabilitation Office, Bo... Morrisburg, Ontario. Attention: Mr. J. H. Jacks...

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

I am the only child of my widowed mother, and I am 17. Four months ago she married again. My stepfather has two youngsters and they run riot and get their own way in everything, but he has forbidden me to go out with boyfriends as I have done since I was 16. My mother let me have two dates without his permission, and when I got home he administered physical punishment! Now I am refusing all dates, and I haven't spoken to him since.

"My own father and I were real pals, and when he was alive I was a high-school honor student. Now I can't take any interest in studying at all. As you can guess, I am miserable, and I can see only one answer—

"Last summer I met a nice boy. He wants me to run away and marry him. I'm afraid I would, except I am sure my stepfather would find a way to bring me back . . . I don't know which way to turn, but I know I can't stand living like this. Please guide me.

YOUNG READER"

* Your mother is your natural guardian, and she should not permit her new husband to lay down the law to you. His punishing you was presumptuous, and you have the right to feel outraged.

It is your mother's responsibility to see that you are happy in your home life, yet I can understand that she hesitates to raise any issue so soon after her marriage. She should impress upon her new husband that she has always regulated your social life and she cannot permit him to criticize it.

To do her justice, I am sure she has no idea of the lengths to which you have been driven. Tell her frankly. Once she realizes the crisis you face, she will find courage to insist that from now on she be the sole arbiter of your behaviour. Settle this issue now, before it breeds further bad feeling all around.

Running away from trouble never solves anything, particularly in marriage. You perhaps do not know that in your state you cannot marry anybody without your mother's consent for another year, and I doubt she would give that; for one thing, it would reflect upon her.

Besides, how dare you commit your future to a young man you hardly know? Look forward to marrying someone you love later on, when the marriage can be solemnized with proper dignity.

* * *

"Dear Anne Hirst:

I am in love with one of my teachers . He is married and has a baby, but I know he loves me. He lets me do little errands for him ,and never scolds me for low marks as he does the others. I am 15, and most of the kids call me teacher's pet.

"I'm afraid to tell my mother, she'd only laugh. I have tried dating boys I used to know but I always think of him, so I don't have a good time. I don't know what to do!

WORRIED MARIE"

You are looking for trouble. For the next few years your reputation and your social standing will depend on the good will of your fellow students and their parents. Don't risk alienating them now.

If you have read this column as long as you say, you know I deplore any girl thinking twice about a married man. When she is as young as you, the chance of her emotions running away with her are multiplied and she is at the mercy of the man concerned. If this one is encouraging you to the degree you describe, he shows a shocking lack of character; and if you allow this to continue, you risk the friendship of your classmates, who are really laughing at you. Stop it!

Concentrate on your studies, if only to show all of them how mature you are. Date nice boys you know, and get back with them and girls your age. Be one of the crowd again, since this is the quickest way to obliterate the unfortunate impression others now have of you.

* * *

Teen-agers are encouraged to confide their troubles to Anne Hirst. She is on their side when she honestly can be, and has guided thousands of them through adolescent pitfalls. Write your problems to Anne Hirst, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario.

SMOOTH WORK

"What sort of a person is Mrs. Foster, Colonel?" asked a lady of her dinner partner.

"Oh, you know," replied the Colonel, "the sort of person who calls a table-napkin a serviette."

"But I always call it a serviette," said the lady.

"Then," said the Colonel, blandly, "you know exactly the kind of person she is."

Wardrobe Wonder
PRINTED PATTERN



by Anne Adams

Make a versatile new wardrobe — from this Printed Pattern. Vary the neckline from mandarin collar to low squared beauty; sleeves in three versions. Easy to sew, joy to wear —pure flattery for your figure.

Printed Pattern 4605: Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate.

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

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

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...O SET—Having a little trouble with their can-can slips, ... Antoinette Penzabene have passers-by seeing ...ir eyes. A playful breeze uncovered the red ... dot style that each of the sisters favors.



MEMORIES OF HOME—Frances Walker of Sydney, Australia, employe of the Australian Chancery in Washington, examines a snow kangaroo built by her co-workers after nearly a foot of snow struck the nation's capital.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

It doesn't seem possible but it actually is .. . time to once again wish all the readers of this column a very Happy Christmas. I do hope the fact of Christma coming in the middle of the week will not make it impossible for sons aud daughters living away from home to get back for Yuletide celebrations. For what could Christmas be without a family? Greeting cards, presents, festive fare, parties and fun are just the Christmas trimmings; the outward expression of a deep abiding love that is the basis of all happy family gatherings. None of us is perfect; we may irritate each other upon occasion but it makes little difference to our affections, does it? We love, and are loved, not for any of our odd little ways but in spite of them. Uncle Bill may be a terrific one to argue and Cousin Emma too fussy for words, but bless their hearts, we know they are as loyal and kind as anyone could be. If you have an Uncle Bill or a cousin Emma in your family I am sure you will agree. Christmas wouldn't be the same without them, would it?

Christmas, most of us think, has become altogether too commercial. That, unfortunately, is true. Especially for children. There is too much Santa Claus and too little attention given to the Christ-child's birth. And yet, however little we recognize it, the Christian influence is still there. Can you imagine living in a country where the miracle of the Saviour's birth is no longer recognized? It would be a very pointless existence, wouldn't it — at any time, but more especially at Christmas. And do you know, I always think the farm is a grand place to be at Christmas. The story of the Nativity has a special significance for those who tend the cattle in the stall."

Remember Nina Moore Jamieson's lovely lines —

"With fork and pail and stable broom, as evening shadows fall,
In common tasks I tend for Him
the cattle in the stall."

I wonder — when you think of Christmas, do you just think of this very Christmas we are now celebrating? I don't. I think of all the Christmases that led up to it — that made this present Christmas possible. I look back to Christmases in England; to holly, mistletoe and paper chain decorations; to homemade gifts and stockings well padded with oranges, nuts and "sweets". To a golden brown chicken (the most we could afford) Christmas plum pudding, enveloped by tiny blue flames, dancing upwards to the sprig of holly at the top of the pudding. I remember lying in bed the night before Christmas, litening to the waites and the carol singers going from street to street . . . and the church bells ringing their special message . . . "Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King" ... way, with music ...

birthday of the Christ-Child was ushered in before we, as children, became excited with the fantasy of Santa Claus — of "Father Christmas" — as we called him in England.

And then I think of our first Christmas on the prairie. Mail was delayed. The thought of Christmas without a word from home was hard to face. And then, on the twenty-fourth, the letters came. Partner phoned me from the village . . . there was a money order from home — what should he do with it? "Coal . . . bring home some coal — let us be warm for Christmas!" He brought the coal and some balloons for the baby. We hung them from a string above her cot. It was a wonderful Christmas. We forgot about the last season's crop failure and we could not foresee the ones to come. We were happy, warm and optimistic.

Three years later came our first Christmas in Ontario — at Ginger Farm. It was a happy day — two children now. But the next day, sadness. A cable from England — my mother had passed away — on Christmas Day — which was also her wedding anniversary. For years after that, for me Christmas was always a mixture of sorrow and gladness.

Another year I specially remember . . . the children were asleep, a stocking hanging at the head of each bed. About ten o'clock I heard Dee crying — pitiful, heart-breaking sobs. I rushed upstairs — "What is it, pet . . . why are you crying? Have you got a pain?" Between sobs came the answer — "Santa Claus hasn't put anything in my stocking!" (remember — it was only ten o'clock).

And now that same little girl, who thought Santa had forgotten her, has stockings to fill for her own three children. And Bob and his wife will have their first Christmas with a baby in the house. A wonderful thrill.

And so the years go by and we measure time by what happened at Christmas time, ten, or twenty years ago, which makes Christmas a cumulative occasion. Looking back we treasure the joys, while time mercifully dims the sorrows. This, I am sure, is a common experience.

And so once again let me finish this column with best wishes to you all and "God Bless us, everyone."

Tragedies Caused By Jealousy

The gay, fastidiously dressed husband living in a Hamburg luxury flat with his somewhat dowdy wife could hardly conceal his delight when she announced at tea-time: "I shan't be back tonight, Herman, so don't wait up for me. Mother's not well, so I'll stay the night with her."

She waved him goodby and within minutes he was on the phone, fixing up a drinking spree with an office pal and two attractive frauleins.

They arrived at his flat later that evening and for nearly three-quarters of an hour the four made merry—dancing, sipping wine, kissing and laughing —until the wife suddenly stepped out of a cupboard, her face red with jealous fury.

"I've overheard everything," she shouted, swiping the astounded husband with a stick after driving out the others. "I've suspected you for a long time and felt sure I'd catch you by inventing that story about visiting my mother."

Most of the great lovers of history have been very jealous, including the French author, Victor Hugo. He loved beautiful Juliette Douret so much that at one time he jealously refused to let her walk through the streets of Paris alone.

When a woman gives way to jealousy, sparks usually fly.

A jealous woman once interrupted a wedding cermony by accusing the bride of "stealing" her man. She then tore off the bride's veil, ripped her wedding dress and blacked both her eyes.

Jealous husbands have been known to go to elaborate lengths to spy on their wives. On his seventh wedding anniversary a man bought a cap, spectacles and moustache and started a little amateur detective work on his wife, it was revealed in a divorce case. He followed her from her place of employment to a cafe where he saw her with a man. The judge commented that the husband had "an ultra-suspicious mind".

"People say that jealousy is the greatest symbol of love, but they are wrong. Jealousy shows a selfish spirit and shows doubt and uncertainty. Perfect love is never petty. It rises above little doubts and relies upon trust as its greatest asset."

Jiffy-Slippers



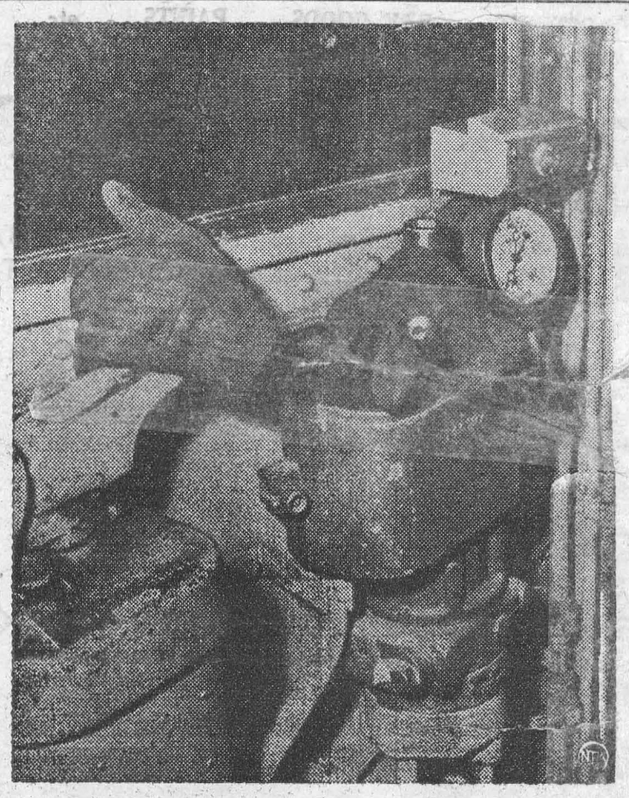
by Laura Wheeler

Easy! Easy! Just TWO main pattern parts to cut out, stitch up. Make 2 pairs of pretty TV slippers in jiffy time! Use scraps — add colorful embroidery.

Pattern 762: pattern pices, directions for small, medium, large, extra large included.

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

Two FREE patterns as a gift to our readers—printed right in our latest Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book. Dozens of other designs you'll want to order — easy fascinating handwork for yourself, your home, gifts, bazaar items. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book today!



HELPING HANDS NEEDED—These empty gloves in the cab of a New York subway car can't run the train by themselves. They needed hands in them, as did the more than two hundred other empty pairs of motormen's gloves.



Jockey's Reward—Glass Of Sherry

There was even more excitement than usual as the big field lined up for the start of the Cambridgeshire. For everyone in the betting world knew that the greatest gambler of all time, Charlie Hannam, was in deep water and had chosen the big handicap as his last despairing "get - me - out - of - trouble" wager.

He owed the ring $180,000. And he had plunged desperately on Gordon Richards' mount, Domaha, to win him $200,000.

As they streaked up the straight, three horses forged to the front, flashing past the post together. Domaha was one of them, and with no photo-finish in those days, 1938, a good many punters thought Gordon's mount had won. But the judge placed him third ;and gave the race to Helleniqua.

Hannam was finished. He vanished from the racing world forever after a battle with the bookies that had lasted 40 years, ever since, as a humble bookmaker himself, he suddenly realized that his lightning-quick brain could make him more money backing horses.

His yearly betting turnover was more than $10,000,000. Sometimes, for weeks on end, he would gamble $5,000 on every race. "There's no such thing as luck in steady betting so long as a man can judge which race will give him a chance and can calculate correctly the odds against him," he said.

"Yet Hannam's gambling was not confined to racing," says Meyrick Good in "The Lure of the Turf", a well illustrated and fascinating book covering over 50 years of racing activity. "He loved a game of billiards and thought nothing of backing himself for $1,500 or $3,000. The more at stake the better he would play. There was one occasion when he lost $50,000 on a game of darts in a Liverpool hotel."

Meyrick Good nominates the late Joe Owers, of Sutton, as the most astute gambling character he ever met. He had to borrow $500 to get to Monte Carlo for the first time. But after that he went there year after year and never brought back less than $30,000 with him.

He, too, had a wonderful brain for figures and he soon discovered a secret that made him thousands. He noticed that the croupier in Trente et Quarante always showed the last card, after cutting them, before placing it back in the pack. Owers never wagered until the turned up card had been dealt. Then he memorized the rest of the pack and placed his bets accordingly.

Unwisely, after a few drinks, he disclosed his secret to a party of Greeks who formed a syndicate and reaped a rich harvest until the Casino officials discovered the flaw. After that the cut card ceased to be shown.

Once Owers was "caught" for $500 by a man. He got his own back, however. He bet him the same sum that he could estimate more accurately than the other the weight of a huge salmon that was laid out in their hotel for supper.

He won getting the weight right to within a pound — which was hardly surprising since he had already got the chef to put the fish on the scales for him!

Though not much good at golf, he could never resist gambling — and usually losing — thousands of dollars at the game. His most freakish match was when he contracted to drink a whisky at every tee. It's reported that he reached the fourteenth green, where he had driven his ball into a banker. He went in after it — and stayed there!

"When a jockey wins the Derby he looks for a present of at least $3,000 or ten per cent of the stakes," says Meyrick Good. Then he cites the case of poor W. Bullock, who won the Turf's Blue Riband, and the Oaks as well, on Signorinetta, in 1908, for the Chevalier Ginistrelli. All he received from the grateful owner was a glass of sherry!

On the subject of the Epsom classic, the author recalls how St Amant won in a raging thunderstorm, with lightning flashing over the famous Downs. The colt, owned by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, got away like a bullet and never faltered until the post was reached.

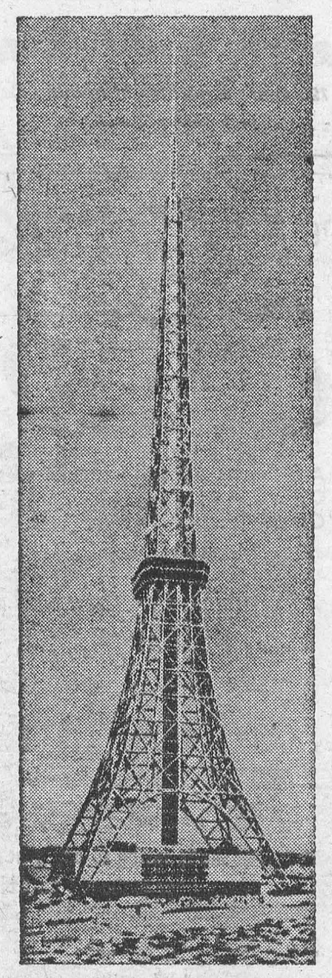
Most people thought he had won because he was scared out of his wits by the storm. But his trainer, Alfred Hayhoe, could have refuted that theory. In order that his horse would not be put off by the storm, he'd taken the precaution before the "off" of stuffing its ears with cotton wool!

His greatest thrill, says Merrick Good, during a career on the Turf lasting sixty years, was when he was asked by the late Lord Derby, in 1921, to go to his private box at Ashtree and "call" the race for a distinguished guest: King George V. The experiment was such a success he was asked to repeat it three more times.

When Master Robert won, in 1924, the King, who had backed the winner, shook Mr. Good warmly by the hand and told him how much the race had thrilled him. 'King George liked to have an occasioal wager of five or ten pounds," he says. And he adds: "His Majesty believed in moderation in all things, especially in smoking.

"Just after Master Robert had passed the winning post, the King took out a gold cigarette case . . . I thought he was going to ask me to smoke, but instead he took a cigarette from the case and broke it in half. One half he put in his holder, the other he put back carefully into his case. And I didn't get my cigarette after all."

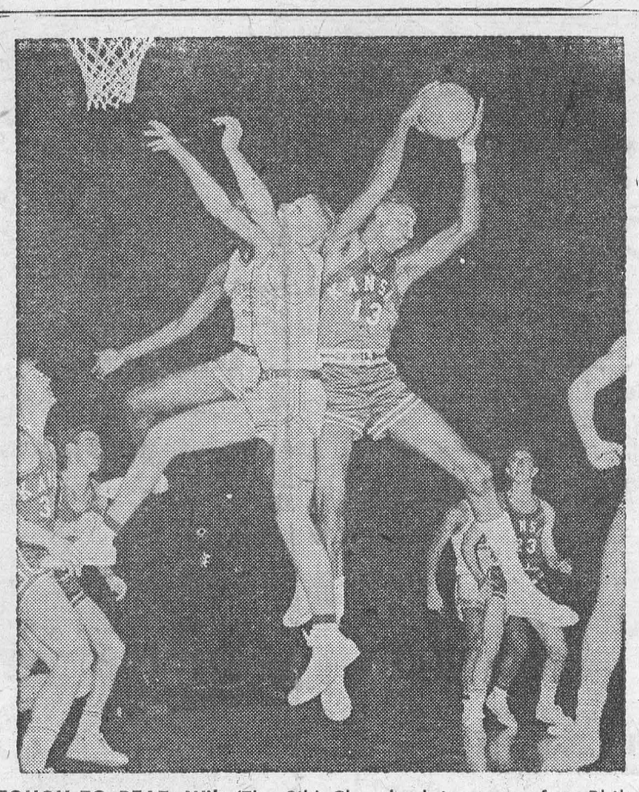
Meyrick Good, who has seen fifty-eight Derbys, tells in his book many such lively stories of the leading Turf personalities he has known.



TRANSPLANTED? — Strongly resembling the Eiffel Tower, this new TV station in Tokyo, Japan, shown here in artist's sketch, will be the second highest structure in the world when it is completed in December, 1958. It will rise 1,982 feet, almost 100 feet taller than the Paris landmark and second only to New York's Empire State Building, 1,472 feet high.



GIMCRACK, a great race horse in 18th century Britain, was portrayed for posterity by George Stubbs. It is one of more than a dozen pictures in the Georgian show which will interest horse breeders and livestock men. The exhibition of 18th century British painting includes 86 masterpieces and is at the Art Gallery of Toronto January 11 to February 16.



TOUGH TO BEAT—Wilt (The Silt) Chamberlain, seven-foot Philadelphian, makes Kansas basketball fans happy by outleaping two Northwestern University players to grab off a rebound. **THE END**—Grimly humorous is location of this "Dead End" sign on a street beside a cemetery. Indeed, for some it will be "the last stop".

Killer Now A Champion Scholar

Nat Leopold and Dick Loeb were the sons of Chicago millionaires. They had everything: vast wealth, good looks, brains, charm.

There were no follies marked up against them by the beginning of May, 1924. On the contrary, they were both undergraduates with fine scholastic records.

Then one May morning a car sped through the city and out into the countryside. Smiling Nat and gay Dick were taking fourteen-year-old Bobby Franks for a nice drive.

Or so the boy believed—flattered, no doubt, by the apparent friendship of these two older youths.

But at eighteen Nat Leopold and Dick Loeb were already satiated with the good things of life.

They lacked, they told one another, the final, the ultimate, thrill; the committing of a perfect crime.

The smiling, happy fourteen-year-old was their chosen victim.

They stopped the car at a lonely spot, battered little Bobby Franks' head in and thrust his body into a culvert.

Then the killers experienced a violent reaction. Not from pity or regret—but fear of the consequences.

Was this "the perfect murder"? Doubt seized them. They panicked. They made all the mistakes of amateurs in crime. The boy's body was found. The chisel which inflicted the fatal blows was found. The perpetrators of the murder were traced and arrested.

Court photographs taken during the early hearing of their trial show two handsome, immaculately-dressed youths seated on either side of a sad-faced counsel, Clarence Darrow, the most famous barrister of his day.

Both youths are grinning broadly.

The good fairy who had been so lavish with gifts at their birth had apparently omitted to give either of them any sense of decency or justice.

Chicago demanded death for both killers. The whole of the United States endorsed that demand. For a crime so heinous only the electric chair was sufficient penalty.

The vast wealth of the Leopold and Loeb families was mobilized for the defence. But there was no defence, advised Clarence Darrow. Both must plead guilty if he was to handle the case. The last chance was to be his plea in mitigation.

Darrow defended many murderers, and made some of the greatest defence speeches in the annals of the American Bar. This was his greatest triumph, for in the face of sizzling public fury against his clients, he saved them from the electric chair. Each received instead a ninety-nine-year sentence of imprisonment.

Richard Loeb is now dead. He was murdered in prison by fellow convicts in 1936. But Nathaniel Leopold is still living. He is now fifty-two years old.

To-day, the gilded youth of 1924 is a grave-faced scholar. He is short and stocky. The dark hair is receding from his brow, his eyes are black, large and luminous. But over the regular features of the once-handsome youth there broods an expression of abiding sadness.

During his great speech in mitigation at the trial, Clarence Darrow claimed that both men would be fit for parole at fifty. By then, he told the judge and jury, both would have become, as it were, new men, no longer a danger to society, redeemed by long years of punishment and the self-searching of their own hearts.

Has it gone like that with Nathan Leopold? Recently he applied for parole, and this is what he said: "I can look into my own heart and soul and know positively that I could and would become a useful, decent, law-abiding citizen. . . . How to prove that to others is another matter."

It is improbable that Nathan Leopold will ever be given the opportunity to prove his worth as a free man. But he has already proved his worth as a man while still serving his sentence in Illinois State Penitentiary, in Joliet.

It is a record without parallel in prison history.

What Nathan Leopold has achieved in thirty-three years as a prisoner it is given to few men to achieve in a long lifetime of freedom. He has made himself one of the greatest all-round scholars in the world.

He knows thoroughly no fewer than twenty-eight languages, including that ancient Greek in which, as an undergraduate before the crime, he shone above his class.

Useless knowledge in his position, you protest? Not at all. With the sanction of the governor Leopold set up as prison schoolmaster. Among the prisoners serving long sentences for every kind of major crime there are many clever men and some brilliant ones.

Leopold offered a course first of all in ancient Greek, and rapidly his class-room filled with enthusiastic students.

One idea led to another. There were other men of learning who also helped by teaching. But why courses only for men "inside"? Leopold explained a new idea to the governor.

That was in 1933, when Leopold had been in prison for nine years. The first prison-run correspondence school ever was the outcome. It succeeded from the first, led by Leopold and staffed by graduate prisoners as teachers.

Strangely enough, examination results showed a higher score for prisoner students than for students working as free men. Soon a "pass" from Leopold's Joliet Correspondence School counted for higher educational purposes. Some universities even accepted it.

You might think that enough for one man doing a life stretch. But it is only part of the Leopold story.

He worked for three and a half years as a laboratory assistant when the director of the lab. was seeking the cure for malaria. He mastered the technicalities of that work. He also offered himself for guinea-pig experiments.

Shifted to the radiological laboratory Leopold studied that science for fourteen years and became a self-made radiologist expert.

Assigned to reorganize the prison library after a fire, this astonishing man did the job so thoroughly that he was made custodian of the books.

It is probably true to say that Leopold has worked out his own redemption; that to-day, at fifty-two, his crime has for him the aspects of horror and revulsion it had for the whole world in 1924.

Recently, a Jewish author published a novel in which this terrible story is but thinly veiled, under the title "Compulsion." Leopold wishes he had not done so; for, just when he is working to bring about his parole the now nearly-forgotten horror story is revived.

"If I obtain a parole," he says, wistfully, "I have an offer to work with a church organization in Puerto Rico. . . My desire is to devote the rest of my life to others as further expiation for my crime."

This amazing man recently finished his autobiography.

Of it he says: "My book describes my activities, my thoughts and my feelings about the world, the prison and myself."

That book should be worth reading.

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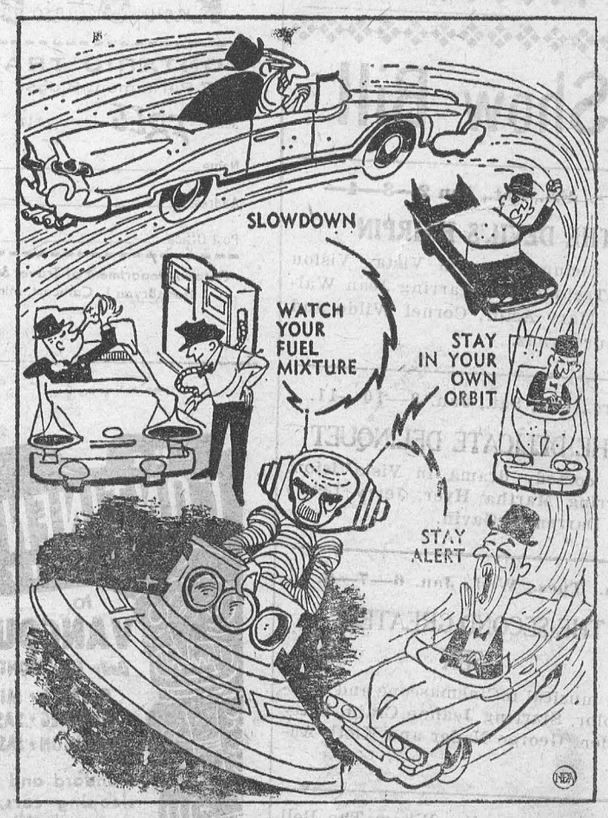

WARNING TO EARTHMEN — The American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators made a satellite-inspired plea for safe driving during the Christmas holidays. The Association proposed the four safety maxims, sketched above, in warning "earthmen propelling four-wheeled vehicles" that their cars have enough horsepower to "launch them on a career in the next world."

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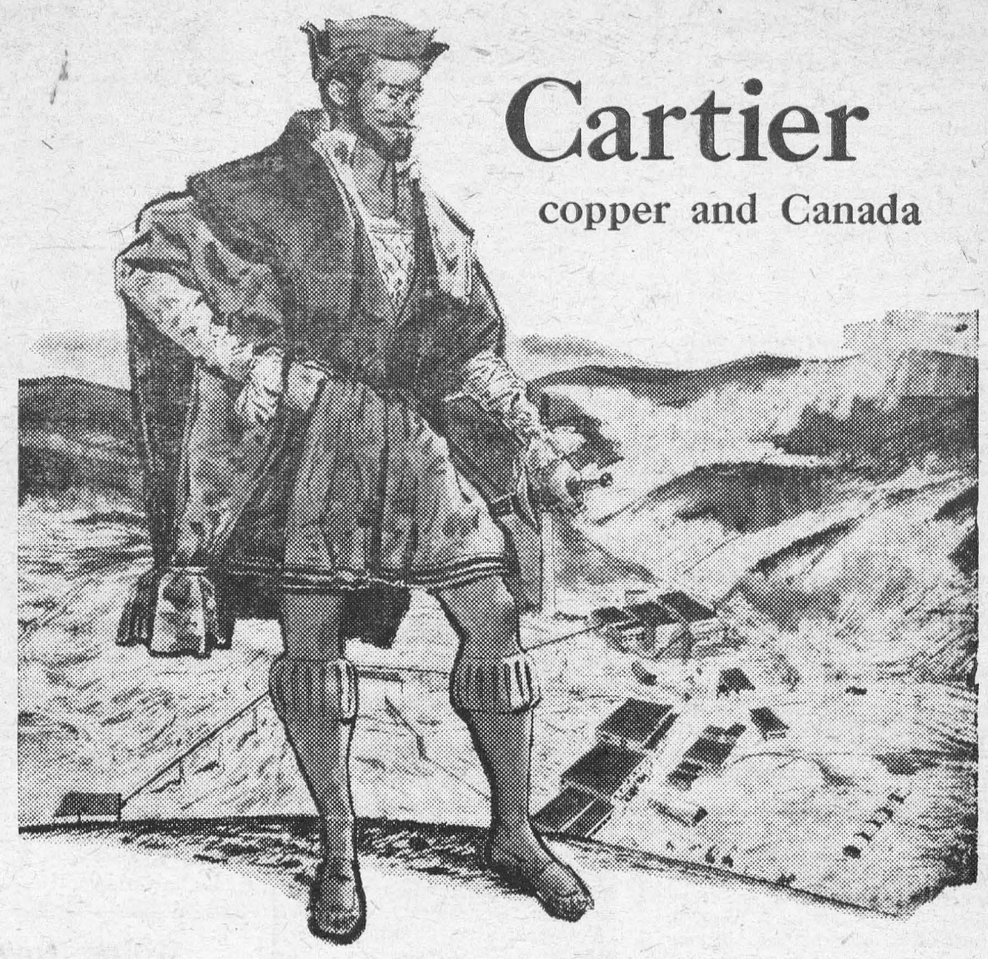

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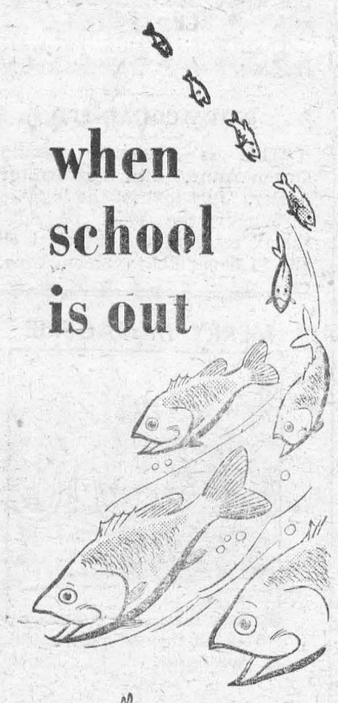

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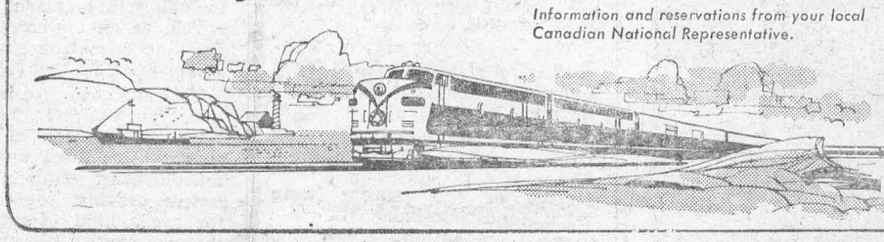

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To the Editor and Staff we wish a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The W. M. S. was held at the home foMrs. Charlie McInnis with a good attendance.

The Public School held their annual Christmas Entertainment on Wednesday evening the 18th, with a good attendance. There was a splendid programme consisting of songs, drills, recitations, dialogues and etc. and at the close of the progrm Santa in his usual pleasing manner, distributed gifts and bags of candy, while Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer awaited outside to journey on.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bates and family spent the week end with friends in Perth.

Mr .and Mrs. Chas. Armstrong and Allan accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Roger Guillmette of Gananoque spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Clare Armstrong of Montreal.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the home of Mrs. Harold Hodgson on Tuesday December 17th, when the weekly tea party group was entertained to a turkey dinner. Music was supplied by the Carolers with an exchange of gifts adding to the spirit of the Christmas season. The party broke up with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnie Ault and family Mr. and Mrs. C. Hollister and family of Cornwall, Mrs. C. Hollister of Iroquois were Xmas guests at Vivian Ault's.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin 'ell entertained their family on Xmas day at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brouse spent Xmas with friends in Iroquois.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennet Thompson and Mrs. Luvia Thompson were guests on Xmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Herman.

GALLINGERTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Ault of Colquhoun were guests on Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. David Alguire.

Guests on Chrristmas with Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gallinger and Joan were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cheley of Morrisburg and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wells of Froatburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Gallinger visited for a few days at Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Campbell and family at Prescott.

Paul Gallinger spent Chrristmas day with his grandmother, Mrs. Lillie Gow and family.

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SPENCER CORSETS AND BREAST SUPPORTS
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Society Beauty Slick Forgerer

Smilingly they faced one another across the silver and immaculate linen of the exclusive Mayfair restaurant, the lovely girl and the handsome man.

For her, a blue-eyed brunette with a dazzling smile and Cupid's bow mouth, the man with the looks and air of a Guards officer could open the door to riches.

For him, the lovely woman who now leaned provocatively across the lamp-lit table seemed a vision of loveliness too good to be true.

They had met at a Mayfair cocktail party only a few days previously. They had taken to one another at once, and soon she was confiding to him that she was worried about a grave problem.

He would be only too glad to do what he could to help, he said. He suggested a pleasant little dinner together when she could tell him all about it . .

And now, leaning towards him over the table, the satin sheen of her bare shoulders made rosy by the shaded lamp, she talked.

"I had a guardian," she began, "a perfect old dear who loved me like a father He had no relatives at all, and when he died he made a will leaving me his great fortune."

"Then, if you are rich," interposed her companion, "your trouble cannot be so very terrible!"

"But that's just it," she declared. "I'm not rich—I'm very hard up, even if I do move around in Mayfair and dress well. You see, though my guardian signed his will, he did so without the presence of witnesses. Such a will, of course, is not worth the paper it is typed on."

"Well, how can I help?" asked her companion.

"By signing as a witness."

"But that would be forgery!" he protested.

"It would also be a fortune for me and a tidy slice of it for you."

"I see" he remarked slowly.

Before they parted that night the man Morton, had agreed to sign the document purporting to be the will of an elderly Birmingham solicitor. He also undertook to find a friend who would sign as the second witness, for a cut.

Thus Josephine O'Dare, daughter of a Herefordshire farm labourer, and christened Theresa Agnes Skyrme, launched herself by crime on one of the most amazing careers of fashionable London in the gay and naughty 1920s.

Her story of the old guardian was nonsense, of course. The old gentleman whose will she forged was a wealthy Birmingham solicitor under whose protection she had lived and who had imbued her with a love for luxury and ambition to climb in London society.

Forgery, like poisoning, is a crime that is often repeated, and Josephine O'Dare, as she called herself, embarked on a social career on the proceeds of this particular felony.

Morton became her close associate, and with him his friend who had added his name as second witness to the forged will. This was a romantic crook named Davis, who passed himself off as Lord St. Helier and Captain Danvers, D.S.O.

These three, while strutting about the drawing rooms and dance clubs of Mayfair as socialites and members of the aristocracy, operated as a business, a business with three partners and one product: forged documents.

Between 1922 and 1927 this partnership yielded no less than $60,000.

During those years there were two Josephine O'Dares. There was the Irish heiress who gave magnificent parties in her luxurious Mayfair flat, who rode a fine mare in Rotten Row, was prominent at the great race meetings, and a notable figure at the most fashionable night-clubs.

The other Josephine was a hard - working criminal who, with her two male associates, made a business of forgery.

Though Josephine had gate-crashed some of the most exclusive mansions in Mayfair, she had not entirely escaped the interest of Scotland Yard. They had nothing definite to go on, but they could not find out the source of her income, and she was seen with Davis who had a long criminal record. So they watched and waited.

A forged will having done the trick the first time, Josephine continued on the same lines. When she forged a will, with Davis's assistance, generally, she overwhelmed with her allure even the toughest of money-lenders. She seldom came out of their offices empty-handed.

Another of their activities was collecting authentic signatures for later forging.

The system of forgery to which Davis introduced his apt and willing pupil was essentially simple.

He taught her that while the forging of a "guardian's" will may be an excellent idea, it had the obvious limitation of number. On the other hand there were many banks to which they could turn their talents.

Davis's method was to steal letters from the letterboxes of big business houses. Many of these letters contained cheques which bore genuine signatures. With these, application was made in the name of the customer to the bank concerned for a new cheque book. Using the new cheque book, a cheque was drawn and signed and presented at the bank by messenger.

The bank had just supplied that customer, so it believed, with a new cheque book. What more natural than that he should be making use of it?

By means of this trick and some brilliant forgery, Josephine and her two male associates robbed bank after bank of large sums of money.

After each successful coup Josephine would throw a party in her flat. To those who knew her then she seemed completely carefree, without a trace of the strain which she was undergoing.

One day a man presented to the cashier of a West End bank a cheque for $750. He was tall and well-dressed and aroused in the cashier not the slightest suspicion. Round the corner a pretty girl waited anxiously for his return.

Meanwhile, the cashier, intent on his work, went across to consult a ledger. At that moment panic seized the waiting man. He lost his nerve, turned and ran out of the bank. He could have done nothing to make pursuit more certain.

That was the beginning of the end for Josephine O'Dare. The arrest of Davis was soon followed by the arrest of Morton and of Josephine herself.

In March, 1927, Josephine O'Dare stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. She was charged with the forgery of wills, of cheques, and with getting cash from moneylenders by false pretences.

What manner of woman was this who began life in a farm cottage, who had but little education, and yet who could dazzle and bamboozle society men and women and business tycoons?

She was, of course an adventuress. But not an ordinary one. She had intelligence and a ready wit. When she went into the witness-box at the Old Bailey she did not try to lie her way out, but admitted freely what she had done.

When Josephine O'Dare went down the dock steps at the Old Bailey she disappeared from the gay and glittering world she had loved for four and a half years. . . .

And then, one day in 1951, the Westminster Coroner held an inquest on a woman named Joan Brooks. She had been found dead in a shabby bed-sitter, and said the pathologist, she had died by her own hand from barbituric poisoning.

Being charitable, the coroner returned an open verdict on Joan Brooks.

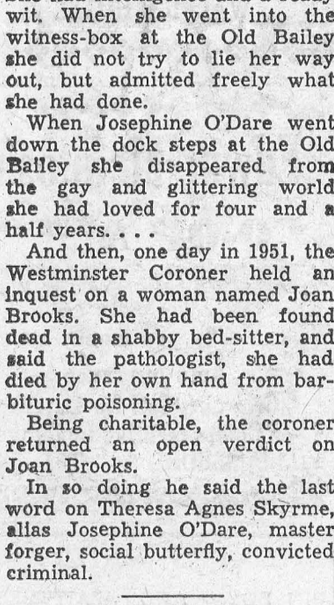
In so doing he said the last word on Theresa Agnes Skyrme, alias Josephine O'Dare, master forger, social butterfly, convicted criminal.

QUICK SERVICE

As an important looking business man was leaving the small town hotel, he suddenly turned to a not-too-bright-looking lad leaning against the desk.

"Quick, son," he ordered. "Run up to Room 13 and see if I left my brief-case there. Hurry! My train leaves in nine minutes."

A few moments later the boy rushed back. "Yes, sir," he panted, "It's there all right."



HOME - GROWN BLANKET — Sporting a two-year growth of whiskers, Lt. John Tuck Jr., first American to spend two consecutive winters in the Antarctic, is pictured during a press conference. Tuck, 25, is returning to school to work on his master's degree in geography.



ARTISTICALLY INCLINED—Apparently bent on creative endeavor, actress Linda Christian, left, gets the brush from Roman painter Novella Parigini as she tries her hand at a canvas in the artist's studio. The star is holidaying in the Eternal City.

Perils Of The Jungle Keep Her Young

As the little dog started barking frenziedly, the tall Englishwoman who was digging in her garden spun around and drew back instinctively. There, a few paces away, poised ready for the kill, was a krait, one of North Borneo's deadliest snakes.

Thinking more of her dog's safety than her own, the woman grabbed hold of it and called out to some natives who were laying down pipes in an adjoining field.

Seeing the snake, they rushed into the garden ,shouting a warning. Startled by this noise, the snake remained indecisive, and so presented its head to a fatal stroke by a native, wielding his large grass-cutting knife.

Had not that dog barked so opportunely, the Far East might have lost one of the British Red Cross Society's most courageous and adventurous field workers, Lancashire-born Miss Millicent Mary Johnson, holder of seven service decorations.

Though now in her 60th year, "Johnny", as everyone calls her, returned only a few weeks ago, after a visit to England, for a further spell of two years as a pioneer welfare officer in the jungles of North Borneo.

Being interested in people and roughing it are the two ingredients of her recipe for keeping young. Despite her years, she faces many physical hazards in carrying out her jungle duties.

Not long ago, at Kotablud, while she was preparing for bed, she stepped back with a gasp of amazement and alarm. There, nestling below her pillow, was a bulging centipede, fully 18 inches long!

Adventure dogged her even on her trip back from England. Flying from Damascus to Colombo, she found herself, owing to bumpy conditions, impressed into service as the sick-bay attendant. Two little girls were dreadfully air-sick, and one little boy became so ill that she had to give him oxygen.

Her job in Borneo is to introduce "mercy services", such as health clinics, first-aid training, old folks' homes and tuberculosis welfare centres to the backward areas.

Sometimes she travels by sea in a native canoe . By this means she reaches communities where everyone lives in huts perched high on stilts. A bamboo stairway leads down to the sea. Climbing these stairs in rough weather is tricky. Even trickier is stepping back into the canoe when it bobs up and down at the bottom of the stairway.

Here, she said, the natives have a very simple way of dealing with dirty dishes. They merely put them in a basket and, securing it by a rope, lower it through a hole in the floor into the sea.

Once, when visiting an isolated Chinese school, she made first a 20-mile canoe trip and then, the tide being low, had to wade for half an hour knee - deep through treacherous mud-flats. On arrival, she washed her feet and legs, blackened by mud, in a water butt outside the school, but could do nothing about her dripping skirt.

At one village she invariably gets a welcome from a little boy who rides a buffalo and wears a trilby hat and very little else. With a grin of joy, he doffs his somewhat battered headgear in salute to "Missy Johnny" .

The people she visits include Dyaks, Ibans, Murats, Dusans, Malayans, Chinese. She has formed first-class Red Cross detachments from dark - haired Dyak girls whose grandfathers reveled in their prowess as headhunters.

These new welfare services tend to reduce jungle hazards especially the casualties caused by crocodile bites.

A Dyak, involved in a cruel tussle with a crocodile, had an arm partially severed. In the old days he would have lost his arm and perhaps his life. But thanks to prompt and proper first-aid action his wound healed.

Miss Johnson has also introduced blood transfusion services.

Richly endowed with Lancashire "pep", refreshingly broad-minded, resourceful and unofficious, Millicent Johnson first threw herself into Red Cross work at the outbreak of war. She was then a fashion buyer in a Middlesbrough store. But soon Red Cross work, with its travels, variety, and fascinating insight into human problems, became her chief love.

After serving in a British general hospital in Brussels, she volunteered in 1945 for relief work in India, but was switched en route to Colombo, Ceylon. There she helped to receive shiploads of men released from Japanese prison camps.

One day her heart jumped a couple of bounds. The man now before her and posted as missing three years earlier from Singapore was the brother of her own brother-in-law! Naturally, he was equally dumbfounded at this meeting.

When this work was finished she found herself with some surplus medical supplies. A leper colony near-by was, she knew, desperately short of such supplies. To hand them over was unauthorized; it might well earn her a rap from authority.

But Johnny never hesitated. She gave the supplies to the Franciscan sisters who ran the colony.

The place was infested, she noticed, with large disease-carrying mosquitoes. So, through a naval friend, she recruited a ship's disinfestation squad. The men, all volunteers, sprayed the site thoroughly. Then, in response to Johnny's invitation, they treated the lepers to a round of sea shanties. Not to be outdone, some lepers themselves grabbed their drums and beat out breezy rhythms.

Meeting emergencies is all part of this go-ahead, practical woman's daily life. And courting fresh hardships and adventures at 60 shows just how deeply Red Cross pioneering has got into her blood.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

CAULIFLOWER WITH PIMENTO SAUCE

1 head cauliflower, cooked
1 can or jar (7 ounces) pimento
6 tablespoons sharp cheese (optional)
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
½ teaspoonful salt
Dash cayenne

Melt butter and blend in flour; add milk gradually. Cook over hot water in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thick. Add salt, pepper. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally; add cheese. Add pimento stars and pour over cauliflower just before serving.

* * *

Mash cooked sweet potatoes and serve them in orange shells. Or if you want to serve them in a casserole with marshmallows, cook them this way:

SWEET POTATOES WITH MARSHMALLOWS

3 cups mashed sweet potatoes
¼ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon each, nutmeg and cinnamon
1 tablespoon melted butter
¼ cup cream or rich milk
16 marshmallows

Combine potatoes, sugar, salt, spices, butter, and cream. Cut 6 marshmallows in half and mix with this combination. Turn into greased baking dish. Top with remaining marshmallows. Bake at 350° F. for 20 minutes, or until mixture is puffy and marshmallows are delicately browned. Serves 6.

* * *

If you'd like to combine apples with a vegetable, try this acorn squash with apples. This recipe serves 4.

ACORN SQUASH WITH APPLES

2 small acorn squashes
3 cups chopped apple
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ cup brown sugar
Nutmeg
2 tablespoons butter

Cut squash in halves and scoop out seeds. Place squash in baking dish; fill centers with apple. Pour a little water into dish. Cover and bake at 350° F. 30 minutes, or until partly done. Sprinkle with salt, sugar, and nutmeg, and dot with butter. Bake uncovered about 45 minutes, or until squash is soft.

POTATO PUFF

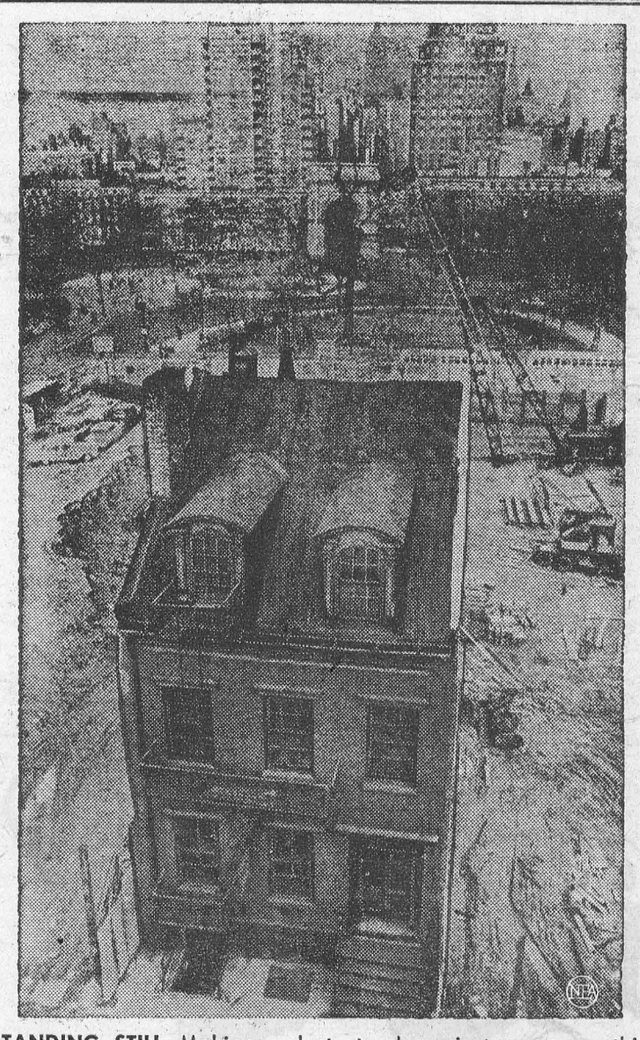
3 cups mashed potatoes
1 egg yolk
Hot milk
2 tablespoons melted butter
Salt
1 egg white, beaten stiff

Combine potatoes, egg yolk, melted butter and salt. Moisten with hot milk. Beat well. Fold in egg white. Pile lightly into greased baking dish. Bake at 375° F. 30 minutes, or until puffy and brown.

Moths With "Radar"

Biologists have long suspected that warfare in the animal world is at least as complex as in the human world. Now, they have evidence that moths possess an early-warning defense which is triggered by the navigational radar of their enemies, bats.

According to the current issue of the magazine Scientific American, when Kenneth D. Roeder of Tufts University and Asher Treat of the City College of New York attached electrodes to a moth's ear, they found the ear sensitive to the ultrasonic echo-locating cries of a bat 10 feet away. Even more subtle, the biologists found that a parasitic mite which lives on moths' ears is careful to abstain from eating both of its host's ears — leaving one line of defense against hungry bats and saving his own skin.



STANDING STILL—Making a last stand against progress, this picturesque building in Manhattan finds itself alone, but not for long. The houses that formerly surrounded it have been cleared away as workers continue excavations for a new apartment building. The owner of the old house has refused to sell and the new building will be erected around his property. In the background is Washington Square Arch with the Empire State Building looming in the distance.



CHURCH IN PARIS—President Eisenhower is waving to crowds in Paris on Sunday as he drove to church. The President was over there for the top level NATO meetings as well as personal meetings with the delegates of the other participating countries.

Making Way For The Parlour Stove

Along this time of year, when the chillier air worked through the walls, a great rural indoor sport was setting up a stove — and that, too, has passed. I hear no complaints, although setting up a stove left memories to cherish.

We know now that the old parlor heater was an inefficient machine, doing poorly a job that modern knowledge has made precise. But it was also far ahead of the open hearth, and for this reason was frequently plugged into a header in the throat of a fireplace or was fed into a bricked-up front on the fireplace — although it could also go into a thimble in the wall where no fireplace had ever been.

This last arrangement sometimes set fire to the wallpaper, or at least brought creosote down to make interesting patterns. We had one pattern, in an upstairs bedroom, which looked just like the old prints of Lincoln's Cabinet, beards and all.

The severe and unadorned lines of modern functional devices make me wonder what perversion of thought led to some of the ornamentations on the old parlor heaters. There were smallish airtights which came plainer, but for real style you had to have one with bunches of grapes and draperies held back with bows—all done in cast iron. The stove was intended to heat the room, but it would sit there beautifying the parlor at the same time.

As the season drew on, the women would rearrange the furniture and make way for the stove. There was usually a sheet of tin, sometimes decorously etched with ferns and filigrees, and you had to move the rug back. On this tin would be placed four glass cups for the stove-legs and then the men were told to bring in the heater.

The stove had been taken out of the parlor the previous spring, when the weather had warmed, and this gave more room for family affairs when the parlor was used much less often. During the summer, unless it rained, we'd be outdoors, or off in our own rooms, and we seldom used the parlor. It was in winter, when the rest of the house, except the kitchen, was cold that we needed the parlor. So the stove might just as well, really, have been left set up all summer.

But that wasn't the way of it. When the stove was taken out, we had to thump the sections of pipe behind the barn and brush out all the soot. We had to clean out the wood ashes and see if the grates were all right. Grates failed now and then, usually because the ashes built up under them and they got too hot. A clear stove burned brighter and grates lasted longer.

Anyway, when we got the stove all cleaned for summer storing, we would anoint the stove with sweet oil, using a rag and a small brush. The stove would presently shine as Aaron did when the ointment ran down, and it would smell like an Arabian boudoir Then we would lay a cloth over it, push it back against the shed wall and leave it until autumn.

Nobody liked to set up or take down a stove. It was heavy and tricky, and either full of soot or covered with oil. There were things known as stove casters, and if you owned a set you could move it around nicely. We never owned any, and always lugged. Going through doors was a real maneuver. Most door jambs, between the parlor and the shed, had chunks out of them where stove legs had struck.

True, you could knock the legs out of their sockets and handle them separately, but then you ran the risk of setting the stove down with your fingers in the way. A man who was moving a stove and found himself pinned to the floor by his fingers was usually a voluble and expressive character even though at other times he might appear taciturn and bashful. The man who had moved a stove could be told by the full flavor of sweet oil which surrounded him. It clung.

When a stove was being set up, the pipe was always a question. It might go together easily, and it might not. A pipe which fitted exactly last spring seemed peculiarly reticent about it in the fall. But it would eventually fit, and next came a small fire to burn off the oil and check the draft.

This filled the house with a characteristic aroma belonging to once-a-year things, and was not so pleasant as some other aromas. Sweet oil, all but ablaze is not so sweet. This stench was immediately added to by the chore of blacking the stove — for which a cake of patent shine was dissolved in a saucer of vinegar. I do not know why vinegar was used, but it may have been to neutralize the sweet oil, the way you might burn down a house to remove the paint. The liquid blacking was swabbed on and burnished with flannel rags, and it would sizzle on the hot stove and bring tears to eyes away out in the barn. I don't know why they couldn't black a cold stove, but they couldn't.

Then winter would set in and the parlor would be het. Some stoves cooled down as fast as they got hot, but the ornamented ones would keep the heat long after the fire had dwindled. But never long enough to last the night. In the morning the parlor always had a left-over atmosphere of gloom and stale popcorn, vinegar and sweet oil, cold wood ashes and contracted cast iron, and it was cold. It's been many years now since I've heard anybody call, "Hey! Come give us a hand with the stove!" —By John Gould in "The Christian Science Monitor"



PIGEONHOLED — Taking no chances with any of their total of 54 lives, six precious felines play it safe in lockers at a Frankfurt, Germany, railroad station. They were en route to the Seventh International Cat Show in the city.

"Yes," said the explorer, "once I was so hungry that I dined off my pet parrot."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, very nice."

"Yes, but what did it taste like?"

"Oh, turkey, chicken, wild duck, plover . . . that bird could imitate anything."

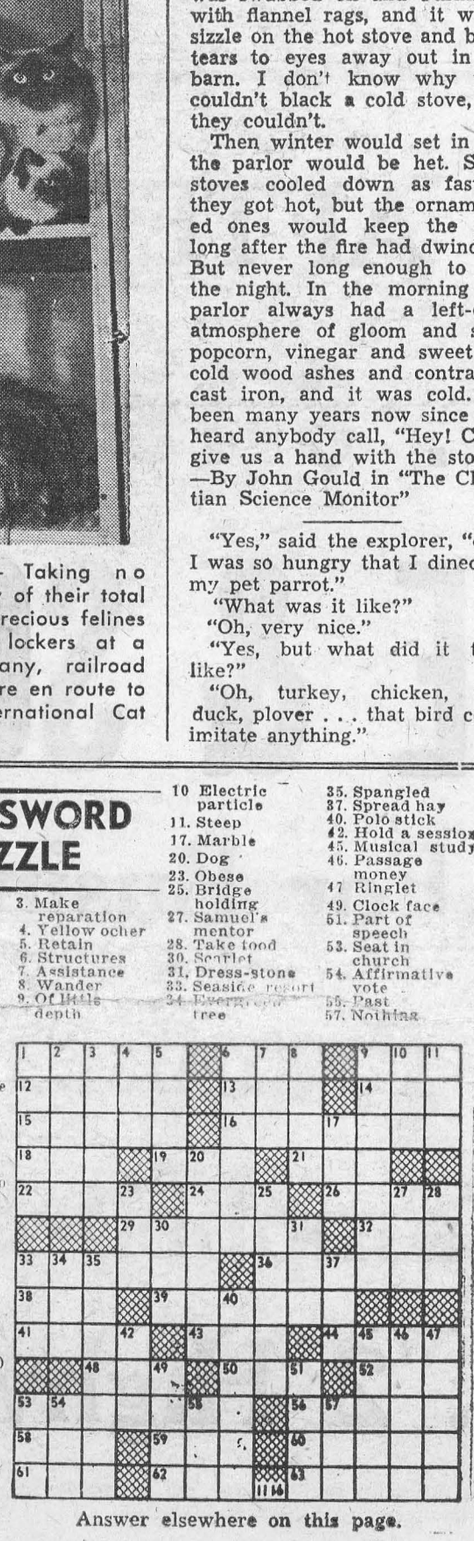
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Collision
6. Distant
9. Title
12. Proportion
13. Capital of Brazil
14. Garden tool
15. Coral island
16. Impenetrable hardness
18. Swamp
19. Barrier
21. Wire measure
22. Unclean
24. Clear profit
26. Mirth
29. Ascended
32. Palm leaf
33. Method
36. Foolish person
38. Favorite
39. Injure
41. Milkfish
43. Resinous substance
44. Skillful
48. Disencumber
50. Bulgarian coin
51. Road-surfacing material
53. Incomplete
56. Harden (var.)
58. Watch narrowly
59. Stage of life
60. Drives
61. Marry
62. Building site
63. Hallow

DOWN

1. Trade
2. Subsequently
3. Make reparation
4. Yellow ocher
5. Retain
6. Structures
7. Assistance
8. Wander
9. Of little depth
10. Electric particle
11. Steep
17. Marble
20. Dog
23. Obese
25. Bridge holding
27. Samuel's mentor
28. Take food
30. Scarlet
31. Dress-stone
33. Seaside resort
34. Evergreen tree
35. Spangled
37. Spread hay
40. Polo stick
42. Hold a session
45. Musical study
46. Passage money
47. Ringlet
49. Clock face
51. Part of speech
53. Seat in church
54. Affirmative vote
55. Past
57. Nothing



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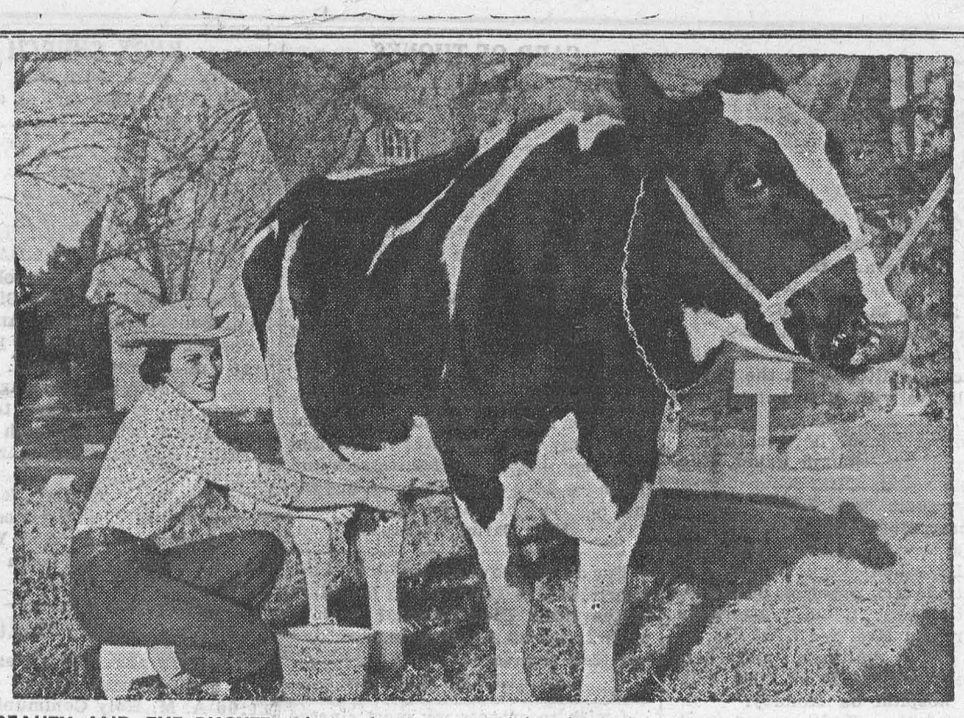


BEAUTY AND THE BUCKET—Obviously not cow ed by the task at hand, pretty Barbara David is quite a handy girl to have around the farm. The 19-year-old displayed enough farming ability to be named "Queen of the Agriculture Barnwarmed Dance".

THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

Canada isn't the only place where the farm problem is troublesome to the powers-that-be. In the United States the latest idea designed to stem over-production is to put entire farms — not just certain unproductive acreage — "on the shelf." The following from Washington will give you a better idea of what I refer to.

* * *

The administration badgered by continued farm surpluses, is prepared to resort to extraordinary measures to reduce farm production.

It would remove whole farms from production by paying farmers to turn their entire cropland over to government conservation projects.

Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, in his second sensational press conference within the past fortnight, has announced that the program is being put into effect on a trial basis in four states — Illinois, Maine, Nebraska, and Tennessee.

The unusual feature of this new, bold attempt to beat the costly and uneconmic surplus problem is that farmers will name the price at which they are willing to enter into this contract with the government.

"Bids,' they are called. The Department of Agriculture may accept or reject these bids, "on the basis of the lowest acceptable offers."

This differs from past practice in that under the regular conservation reserve procedure, farmers have no opportunity to suggest a price, but are offered specific per-acre annual payments for land put to conservation crops.

There is no doubt that the new plan was prompted by the failure of the soil bank to pull any large amount of land out of production and reduce surpluses.

The all-out effort now will be to concentrate on the long-range, conservation program as the better solution. Making it worth while for the farmer to put his whole farm to conservation crops will remove the incentive to turn remaining acres over to price-supported crops already in surplus.

Secretary Benson's announcement of the four-state "trial program" followed a similar proposal by the Committee on Economic Development. The CED estimated that the cost of retiring whole farms would be costly, but less costly in the long run than the present program.

* * *

If the trial program proves successful, it will be extended to other states. To make the offer more attractive, the government will increase its maximum payment from $5,000 to $10,000 under the new "bid" procedure "thus enabling larger farms to participate with all eligible land."

Secretary Benson feels that while the new program is on a very tentative, "trial" basis, that it offers real promise.

The program, in essence, is seen as representing one of the most revolutionary ventures in agriculture. The effort to take whole farms out of crop production appears to corroborate the often-repeated claim that the basic problem is one of too many farms and too many farmers.

* * *

The administration already has taken initial steps in this direction through the rural development program, designed to help unsuccessful farmers find full-time or parttime work in nearby cities.

"The whole program," as Secretary Benson put it, "is aimed at reducing the size of the agricultural plant and preserving it in a good state of conservation until such time as additional crop production may be needed."

The Agriculture Department is preparing to re-appraise the soil bank feature of the farm program, which expires in 1959, with a view to terminating it even sooner if it seems feasible.

* * *

Surplus disposal programs have defeated their own ends, under this formula, by boosting price supports and encouraging more production.

For some time the administration has advocated an end to acreage allotments for corn and the treatment of all grains fed to livestock as one commodity. Otherwise, land taken out of corn production has simply been sown to other feed grains, creating new surpluses.

* * *

All this is obviously part of a vigorous attempt to revamp the farm program, and approach Congress with new recommendations for cutting back persistent surpluses and at the same time keeping a steady floor under farm income.

Secretary Benson is almost certain to ask authority for more flexibility in the adjustment of price supports, now limited to a range of 75 to 90 per cent in most major crops.

The regular conservations reserve program will be continued — that is, the retirement of land to conservation crops at the government-set price per acre. Under the new "bid" procedure designed to encompass entire farms, contracts will call for diversion of crop land to trees and conservation gains.

FALLING OUT OF FAVOUR

After Jean Coupe, the famous French paratrooper, jumped 22,965 feet in 143 seconds before pulling the ripcord, and thereby setting a new world record, he was arrested by the army authorities and put in the guardhouse for eight days for violating regulations which forbid paratroopers jumping from heights exceeding 9,842 feet without carrying oxygen equipment.



SLAPSTICKERS—Veteran Hollywood writer-producer-director Hal Kanter thinks there's too much talky-talky comedy in the movies, so he has come up with "Once Upon a Horse", a zany film reviving the old whang-bang-socko slapstick technique. Here's Kanter, background, clowning it up between scenes with cast members Dick Martin, left, Martha Hyer and Dan Rowan.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

The Church's One Foundation

Memory Selection: He is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. Colossians 1:18.

The general subject for the lessons for this quarter is, "New Testament Teaching About The Church." We shall study the origin, nature and mission of the Christian church.

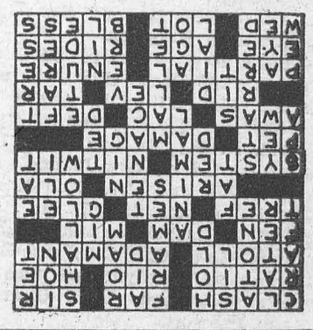
Jesus worked with his foster-father, Joseph, in the carpenter shop. But during the course of His short ministry He said, "I will build My church." He was not thinking of a building of wood or stone but of that great body of called-out ones who would believe that He was the Messiah, the Son of the living God. He is still building. People of different races and colour are believing on Him as Saviour and Lord and becoming a part of the church.

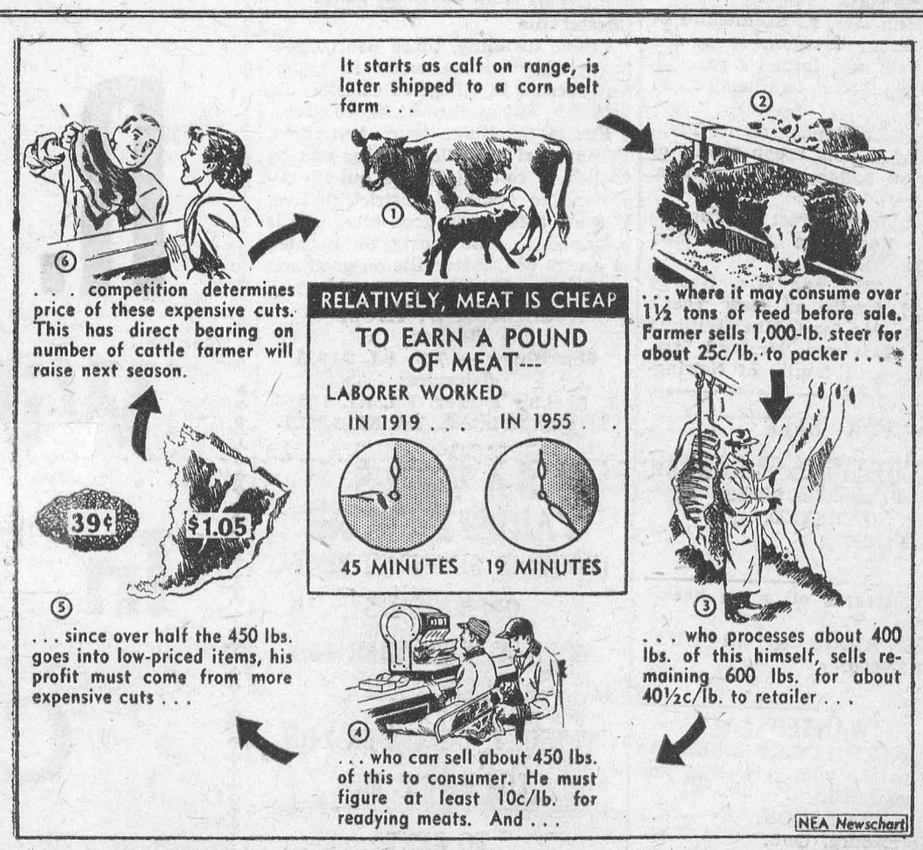
What is the foundation of the church? When Simon Peter made the great confession, Jesus replied, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." The Greek word for Peter is petros and the word for rock is petra. The first is masculine and the second is feminine. Petros is a rock or stone whereas petra is a rock, a crag, a ledge or shelf of rock. Peter was a fragment of the great foundation. The revelation which he had received from the Father concerning the identity of Jesus qualified him to be part of the foundation. This harmonizes with the other reference to the foundation in this lesson, "The foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."

The keys are the symbol of authority. In Matthew 16:18 they were conferred upon all the apostles. They were given power to bind and loose signifying to forbid and to allow. God was to endorse the decisions of these holy men of God.

It is encouraging to note that when Jesus said, "I will build my church," he added, "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Communism is advancing and some tremble for the outcome. The Builder was confident. Fear not, the church will triumph.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking





WHY IS MEAT SO DEAR?—This is a question often asked by Mrs. Homemaker. But as newschart above shows, the history of a steak from range to frying pan is a long and expensive process. Cattle, sheep and swine convert large quantities of grain and grass into meat which is nutritious and flavorful and a concentrated source of protein and energy. Actually, the American homemaker is spending a smaller and smaller percentage of her disposable income for meat (see centre box). While many minor improvements can yet be made in the slaughtering, processing, distribution and retail business, meat experts say, the industry today is doing a competent and efficient job of serving the consumer inexpensively.

Local and General

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Weagant of Bellville spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weagant.

Mrs. Hattie Cowan of Hamilton is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weagant.

Miss Nellie Maguire of Montreal spent the weekend with Mrs. Luke Mallen and MR. and Mrs. T. W. Bouchard and family.

Miss Claudia and John Coburn are spending a holiday with relatives in Ottawa.

Miss Shirley Anne Canning of Carinal is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Laurin and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil St. Pierre of Sterling spent a few days in Iroquois and Morrisburg.

Donald Canning, formerly of Morrisburg, and now a member of the U. S. Army, leaves Jan. 18th for a three-year tour of duty in Germany

Mrs. Leo Laurin spent New Years day in Cornwall, the guest of Mr and Mrs. J. N. Trottier.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Meyer of Finch were visitors in town last week.

The regular meeting of the Women's Institute will be held in the Public School Kindergarten Thursday evening, January 9th at eight o'clock. Roll call— The advantage of being a farmer's wife. Convenors are Mrs. John Burton and Mrs. Harry Tindal. All members are asked to attend and visitors are welcome.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Jannack on Christmas day were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gauthier and family of Cornwall; Mr. and Mrs. Gallinger of Archer; Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Stata and family of Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Jannack and Homer were guests of Mr. Garnet Stata's on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Gordon Miller of Montreal spent the Christmas week end with Miss Helen Merkley and Mr. Craig Merkley.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Don Smithson on Tuesday, December 24, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smithson of Meaford, Ont., spent last week end with Mr. and Mrs. Don Smithson.

Miss Gladys Bayne spent last week end with Mrs. Leo Laurin and other friends in Morrisburg.

Mrs. Ida Flynn passed away at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Marvin Lemon, Main St., West, Morrisburg, on Sunday, December 29th. The funeral was held on Tuesday, December 31st at Stayner, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Draper of Mount Chesney, Ont., were New Year guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Keck.

Mr. Paul H. Beckstead and Miss Yvette Sabourin of Ottawa spent Christmas Day with the formers parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey W. Beckstead.

Mrs. A. N. Riley enjoyed the Christmas holidays with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shennette, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Garry Shennette in Kingston.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Deeks this week were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lawrance, Mr. and Mrs. Rae Merkley and family of Madrid, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lafave and daughters Joanne and Marlene, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Marshall and daughter Susan, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Caskenette and daughter Pauline, all of Cornwall; also Miss Darleen and Marilyn Tyo, also of Cornwall; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hutt of Prescott.

WO. 1 and Mrs. K. Saddlemire of RCAF Station, Trenton, spent the holidays with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Saddlemire and Beatrice.

Miss Phyllis Stephenson of Prescott and Miss Lois Stephenson of Ottawa were holiday guests of Mrs. G. M. Gorrell.

Mr. Stanley R. Frost of Toronto spent New Year's the guest of Mrs. George Gorrell.

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Baker and family on New Year's Day were: Mr. and Mrs. William Baker of Mariatown, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shaver and family of Newington, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Shaver and son of Prescott and Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Froats and family of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wilson were dinner guests at Mr. and Mrs. Ron McLean's on New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Froats and family of Hamilton spent the Christwas holidays with Mrs. Anna Froats and Mr. and Mrs. Crowder and called on other friends here in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, Kenneth and Garth, Mrs. Riley Shaver and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cheley spent last Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Hart and family at Ingleside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shaver of Ingleside spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cheley.

Mrs. Don Smithson and baby daughter returned home from Winchester hospital on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithson of western Ontario spent a few days with their son, Don, and family.

Mrs. James Atheson of Ingleside is spending a few days with her son James, and wife and young son.

Guests over Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Beckstead were Mr. and Mrs. Ken Beckstead of town, Mr. Don Beckstead of Merlin, Ontario, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold McIntosh, Carole and Beverley of Elma.

BORN—at Exeter, Ontario, Nov. 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ken McLaughlin, formerly of Morrisburg, a son, Richard.

NOTICE

THE STEWART HOPE GARAGE WILL BE CLOSED ON SUNDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Augusta Street—

Frame Dwelling, four bedrooms—modern facilities — will accept best offer.

Frame Duplex, three bedrooms each — desirably located and revenue producing. Located on large double lot — good potential. Owner will not refuse good offer.

Re-Union Property Sub-Division ....

Augusta Street, three bedrooms,—price $14,950.00

Loyalist Street, two bedrooms, price $11,650.00

Duncan Street, 4 bedrooms, price $13,400.00

All of these newly built modern equipped homes are readily available for occupancy. All are equipped with automatic washer, etc. Low down pay ment available and 25 year mortgage if required. Let us show you these homes before making up your mind.

First Street

New Brick Veneer Dwelling. Two bedrooms. All modern conveniences. Will be ready for occupancy October 15th. Mortgage available on this property which is beautifully located near all churches in residential section. Price: $11,800.00

Lots For Sale

Locations on Alice Street, Hight St., No. 31 Highway Near Shopping Centre, Meikle Street: Prices from $900 to $2500.00

Williamsburg:

Frame Dwelling—Two bedrooms, all modern convenienies, on No. 31 Highway outskirts of Village. Mortgage available and small down payment. This is an excellent house.

Chesterville

Frame dwelling, three bedrooms—heavy duty wiring, water in house, well located in village of Chesterville priced to sell at once at $4,000.00

Frame dwelling, four bedrooms. This is Carl McMillan's home and he wishes to sell this house quickly — moving to another district to live. Will not refuse any good offer and is prepared to take mortgage. Located in centre of Chesterville on good size lot 100 ft. x 100 ft. approx.

GORDON W. THOM
Realtor
Morrisburg — Tel. KI. 3-3055
Salesmen:
T. Rockley Parker, Tel. KI. 3-2157
Stanley McIntosh, Tel. KI. 3-2266

SAVERS VARIETY STORE

IROQUOIS SHOPPING PLAZA

OPEN NIGHTS

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16th

—thru—

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24th

TILL 9.00 P. M.

TO RENT

8-ROOM HOUSE TO RENT.
CARL G. CASSELMAN,
Aultsville, Ont.

51-2p

ROOM AND BOARD

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY
BRUCE LODGE,
Tel. KI. 3-2070.

48tfc.

FOR SALE

COFIELD USED ELECTRIC WASHER. Good Condition, $49.50
DON BECKSTED,
KI 3-2860.

40tfc.

BEDS, Mattresses, oil space heater, car radio.
GREEN RIDGE MOTOR COURT
KI 3-9000.

47tfc.

WANTED

EXPERIENCED BOOKKEEPER. Apply in person with references and salary expected.
J. A. EDGERTON,
Morrisburg, Ont.,

48tfc.

NEWCOMBE UPRIGHT PIANO IN good condition.
Mrs. M. A. ROBERTSON,
Phone KI 3-2553.

1p

WEBER PIANO in good condition.
BERNARD ROBINSON,
KI 3-2017.

1c.

CARD OF THONKS

I wish to thank all the good people, who by sending gifts, cards, letters and flowers, made my stay in the Kingston General seem much shorter. A special thank you to the people of St Paul's Church of the Women's Institute and the Borden Clark family—Such kindnesses are never forgotten.

EMMA E. FRYER

At this time I wish to thank all those who were so kind and thoughtful of me during my recent bereavement. Special thanks to Rev. and Mrs Allen for flowers sent to the hospital during my late husbands illness and to all my nieghbours for flowers and the many kind aacts rendered me during my late husbands illness.

Mrs. Carmi Thompson

For all the flowers, cards and kind remembrances while I was a patient in the Hotel Dieu Hospital in Cornwall, I extend my most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

MRS. LUKE MALLEN.

I wish to express my most sincere thanks to all my friends who were so kind as to remember me while I was a patient in the Kingston General Hospital.

ED. LA PIERRE

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for many acts of kindness, cards and messages of sympathy, personal calls and beautiful flowers received from our many friends and neighbours in our recent sad bereavement in the loss ofa loving wife, mother and grandmhoter.

Mr. Jacob Garlough,
Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Garlough and Family.

KNOX CHURCH

SUN. JAN. 5th

10:00 A.M. Bible School and Sunday School. .....

11:00 A. M. Divine Service Subject: A New Year's Message. .....

UNITED CHURCH

Morrisburg, Ontario

NEW YEAR SUNDAY

9.45 a.m.—Sunday School.

Classes for all ages. Two Bible class. High School Students and Senior Junior Congregation at 11 a.m.

11 a.m.—Public Worship.

New Year's Message

Main St. is now open to Church door. Lawn behind Church open for parkink. Boy Scouts Father and Son Banquet.

Congregational meeting Jan. 21st. Young Adults class Wednesday Jan. 8th. Worshipping on New Year Sunday is a good way to begin the jouney of 1958.

ST. JAMES CHURCH

2nd Sunday after Christmas.

10 a.m.—Sunday School

11:00 A. M. Holy Communion.

Rev. Scott in charge.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

2nd Sunday After Christmas—

St. John's and St. Paul's—

10 a.m.—Confession and Holy Communion Service.

No Sunday School.

Annual Congregational Meeting Wednesday with Supper at 6.00 p.m.

HELP WANTED

CLERK WANTED for progressive Hardware Store. Opportunity for advancement Apply in person at
McGILLIS HARDWARE,
Morrisburg, Ontario.

1c.

SEE US FOR EXPERT

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PERSONAL CHEQUING ACCOUNT

simple • safe • convenient • inexpensive

What a Personal Chequing Account is

A *Personal Chequing Account* is a new BNS service that can save you money if you pay bills the convenient way—by cheque. To open an account you deposit money in advance—then write as many cheques as you need, up to the amount you have on deposit. Low cost!—the prepaid service charge is just 10¢ a cheque. *There are no other service charges when using these cheques.*

Shop, Order by Mail, or Pay Bills With a Personal Chequing Account

Pay for your major purchases by cheque, when you shop or order by mail. Then there's no need to carry or risk sending cash . . . and you save time and C.O.D. charges.

Pay Bills by Cheque. No waiting for change. When you pay bills by mail, your cancelled cheque is kept safe at the bank—always available—in case of need to serve as a receipt. By recording all deposits and withdrawals you can always tell at a glance just how your account stands.

How to Open a Personal Chequing Account

Simply go, phone or write your nearest BNS branch, state the amount you wish to deposit, and whether you need a book of 10 or 20 cheques. (The prepaid service charge of 10¢ a cheque can be charged to your account). *Personal Chequing Accounts* are easy to operate, for all deposits, withdrawals and current balances may be entered in the cheque book itself . . . providing an accurate record at all times. If not convenient to come personally, you can deposit by mail. JOINT ACCOUNTS WELCOMED.

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ON AND AFTER

Wed. Jan. 8 1958

R. S. HOPE & SON

Will Be Open For Business

In Their New Premises At Corner of Campbell St. And New No. 2 Highway