The Morrisburg Leader

LXXXVIII, NO. 1. MORRISBURG, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1950. $2.00 PER YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 5c

Frank J. Crobar

Frank J. Crobar, 61, widely known plumber and tinsmith of the Ralph J. Morisette Plumbing and Heating firm, died suddenly at his home, 932 East David Street, Ogdensburg, on December 26th. at 11.30 p.m. He was stricken with a cerebral haemoohage Saturday and failed to regain consciousness. He worked all day Friday.

Born in Morrisburg, Ontario, January 1. 1880, he was a son of the late James Crobar and Nancy Hummel Crobar. He was educated in the schools of Canada, but came to Ogdensburg to make his home at the age of 22. In a ceremony performed at the Notre Dame Church, he married the former Lula Bergeron.

Surviving are his wife, one son, James, Ogdensburg; his mother, Mrs. Nancy Crobar; three brothers, Floyd of Syracuse; and John and George, both of Ogdensburg; also one sister, Mrs. Lulu Peacock and two grandchildren, Kenneth and Judith Crobar.

Funeral services were held from the family home Thursday at 9.30 a.m. and at 10 a.m. at St. Mary's Church.

Burial was made in St. Mary's cemetery.

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT RURAL SHORT COURSE

Largest attendance to date featured the annual Short Course for rural young people held at Queen's University, Kingston, from December 27 to December 29. For the three days some one hundred and twenty-five students heard lectures and held discussions on such topics as Farm Business, Co-Operatives, Organized Recreation, Rural Women's Citizenship Responsibilities, and Folk Schools. Resolutions presented at the end of the course included one recommending study next year of Conservation and Reforestation.

The short course is sponsored by the Department of Extension, Queens University, and the Ontario Federation of Agriculture, with assistance from Community Programs Branch, Department of Education.

Students attending the course from Dundas County were: Raymond Dawley, of Winchester, Stewart Edgerton of Chesterville, Robert Milne of Mountain, Gordon McVey of Winchester, Jack Smith of Chesterville, Ritchie Warren of Aultsville.

MAGAZINES

M. A. CAMPBELL

Subscription News Service
Phone 357

15-8p.

CROWN TO APPEAL JAIL SENTENCES FOR THREE

Crown Attorney R. P. Milligan announced today the Crown will appeal sentences passed against three Kingston men found guilty of robbery who were given terms ranging from one year to 30 days.

The men were sentenced by Judge D. E. Lewis, of Brockville, following a jury trial here in early December. They are George Smyth, 24; John Graham, 22; and Russell Parker, 23. Smyth was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and six months indeterminate and the latter two to thirty days in jail each. The three were acquitted of extortion.

Letter To The Editor

The Morrisburg Leader,
Mr. A. Laurin, Editor.

Dear Sir—At a recent meeting of the Council of the Village of Morrisburg, there was a motion passed by the Council directing the Clerk to extend to you a vote of thanks, for your co-operation for the year 1949, and thanking you for your service through your press during the past years.

Yours sincerely,
H. R. SCHELL, Clerk.

Mrs. J. D. Anderson

Mrs. J. D. (Nina) Anderson, one of Morrisburg's oldest and most respected residents, died at the St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, January 5th after an illness of several weeks.

Born at Mariatown, west of Morrisburg in 1864, she was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Michael Merkley, pioneer settlers of this district. She attended local schools and in 1882 was married at Morrisburg to J. D. Anderson of Montreal. She resided in Montreal for several years returning to Morrisburg after her husband's death, and has resided here since.

She is survived by one son, Ronald G. Anderson of Detroit, Mich., and one daughter, Mrs. F. J. Hecker of Badenton, Fla.; also one sister, Mrs. Geo. D. Meikle of Morrisburg.

The funeral service will be held Saturday at 2.30 p.m. at the Jarvis Funeral Home, Morrisburg. Rev. H. P. Maitland of Knox Presbyterian Church will officiate. Interment will be made in Mount Pleasant cemetery

Arthur G. Hill Dies At Kingston

Arthur Gladstone Hill, a highly respected resident of Morrisburg and proprietor of Rosedale Inn, died at Kingston General Hospital, Saturday after a short illness.

He had lived in Morrisburg a little more than a year and in that time had made many friends, who regret his sudden passing. Previous to coming here he had lived 25 years in Montreal and nine in Hudson Heights Que. During those periods he represented the Felt Farrant Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, Ill., makers of office machines. He was well known to business people of Montreal, with whom his work brought him in frequent contact.

Born in Wokingham, England in 1882, he was the son of the late Albert Hill and his wife, Mary Ann Luxton. He came to Canada when quite young and spent some time in the western part of the country before taking up residence in Montreal.

He is survived by his wife, the former Doris Butler, of Montreal, 3 sons, Franklin K. Hill, Arthur Hill, Montreal; Peter Hill, at home; and one daughter, Barbara, also at home.

A private funeral service was held at the Reid Funeral Parlors, Kingston, at 10.30 a.m. Monday, Rev. Harvey Servage, a former student of the Morrisburg Collegiate officiating.

Following the service interment was made in Cataraqui cemetery in Kingston.

Bearers were his three sons, and A. Reid of Kingston.

Dundas Holstein Barn Meeting

A record crowd of over 150 were in attendance at the first of a series of four Barn Meetings sponsored by the Dundas Holstein Breeders' Club held January 4th at Dixondale Farm, Chesterville at 1.30 p.m.

Mr. W. O. Dixon, proprietor of the farm, welcomed the visitors and was most generous in providing classes for a judging competition from individuals of his high quality herd.

Mr. John Thompson, President of the Club, acted as chairman. In his opening remarks he said he was pleased at such a fine turnout for the occasion and he felt sure all the other meetings would be as well attended.

Mr. Grant Smith, of Brockville, Eastern Ontario Fieldman of the Associatin demonstrated on breed type and also explained the new changes of policy inaugurated for the improvement of the breed.

Mr. H. W. Graham, Agricultural Representative of Morrisburg took charge of the judging competition, assisted by Mr. W. J.Fawcett of Winchester who had charge of the mature class of cows and Mr. Smith, who had charge of the heifer class. There were 150 took part in the judging competition. After the classes were judged a number were asked to give their reasons following which those in charge of the classes gave their official placing and their reason for doing so. Mr. L. Spearman won the first prize of a halter with a perfect score of 100. The second and third prizes offered were a little harder to determine as there were four namely H. McMenomy, Russell; Donald Rose and Allison Fawcett with a score of 97. This was broken by the four contestants making a draw, which finally resulted in H. McMenomy winning second prize of a shovel and Russell Suffell third prize of a pipe wrench. The prizes were provided by the Association and H. W. Graham with the assistance of Angus Smith made the presentations.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Mr. W. O. Dixon for his kindness and the use of his herd for the occasion by Mr. Frank Casselman, honorary president of the Club.

The last Barn Meeting which was to have been held on Wednesday, January 25th at the farm of Harry Holmes, Winchester Springs, has been changed to Thursday, January 26th at the same location.

DECEMBER REPORT
S. S. NO. 20, WILLIAMSBURG

Grade 8—Velma Smith, 77; Bette Merkley 75.

Grade 7—Audrey Duvall 75; Pauline Reddick, 67; Gilbert Hall, 61.

Grade 6—Henry Froats, 67; Colvin McNeely, 65.

Grade 5: Elma Armstrong, 55.

Grade 3—Mary Smith, 86; Gerald Hall, 81; David Froats, 75; Pearl Keeler, 63; Brent Casselman, 57.

Grade 2—Anne Keeler; Barabara Armstrong.

Grade 1B—Harry Keeler.

Grade 1A—Marlene Murphy, Margaret Smith, Margaret Duvall, Bryan Duvall, Raymond Roderick, Cecil Keeler.

Teacher—Mahlon R. Strader.

THE PRINTER

Each man lives his measured days,
In some named form of toil,
From the scientist in his quiet retreat
To the peasant on his soil.

And many are the tasks men do,
The greater and the less
Yet none can claim a prouder task
Than he who serves the Press!

Saga and song, knowledge and skill,
And history's precious store,
All these, the Printing Press sets free
All these and so much more.

For homes are blessed by Holy Writ
Set by the printer's hand
And lives enriched and new light brought,
To this, and every land.

Mighty its voice, far-flung its power,
The whole wide world its span,
Moulding the life of each passing hour,
Servant and master of man!

—Norman Sampson

S. S. Rapids Prince Is Retired

Canada Steamship Lines yesterday announced the abandoning of its passenger service between Toronto and Montreal after almost 100 years of continuous service.

The decision, announced by Col. K. R. Marshall, company president, was made because the vessels on the run were too old.

The company edict means the retirement of the familiar S. S. Rapids Prince, built in 1910, and the S. S. Kingston, built in 1901.

The Kingston plied twice weekly from Toronto to Prescott and the Prince took the passengers on from there to Montreal.

Said a company spokesman: "The simple fact is that today's construction costs make it impossible to replace these ships and still make a profit during the very short season they can run."

Ships operating below Montreal on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers will not be affected.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reddick spent New Year's in Brockville with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Southam.

NATURE UNSPOILED



YOURS TO ENJOY

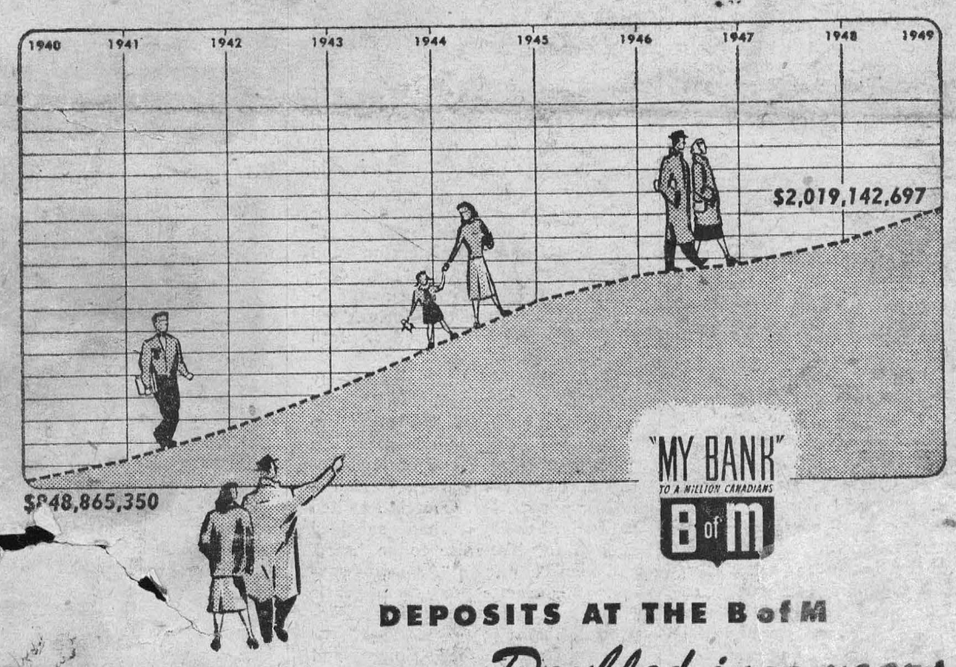
The CARDINAL is one of our most brilliant birds. You'd never guess that he belongs to the same family as the sparrows! His loud and cheery song is familiar to nearly everyone, and his flashing colors and happy nature make him worthy of protection. Look for him in brushy thickets.

YOURS TO PROTECT

CARLING'S
THE CARLING BREWERIES LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

† © 1949 CARLING'S D308

Canadians are thinking of tomorrow



DEPOSITS AT THE B of M HAVE Doubled in 10 years

— NOW TOTAL MORE THAN TWO BILLION DOLLARS

This huge sum is a tribute to Canadians' foresight and thrift.

Ten years ago, B of M customers kept a total of $848,000,000 in their savings and current accounts. During the war years, these people took the opportunity to boost their 'Fund For Tomorrow' to $1,613,000,000.

Their habit of saving for the years ahead has not only persisted since the war but has gained in strength. Today, their deposits stand at more than two billion dollars — an all-time B of M record and the largest Canadian deposits of any bank. Of this money, well over a billion dollars is in *savings*.

The fact that the B of M's resources also have topped the two-billion mark during the past year proves one thing clearly — that the size of a financial institution such as the Bank of Montreal simply reflects the measure of confidence a million and a half Canadian men and women share in it.

And by thinking of tomorrow, these people are helping to build the Canada of today and tomorrow. For their savings determine the support the Bank can bring — through investments and loans — to the enterprise of men and businesses across the nation. Indeed, this year, loans made by the B of M are the highest they've ever been.

Working with the people of Canada for the past 132 years, the Bank has kept continually before it these two guiding purposes — to assist actively the nation's economic development and to justify always the confidence of its depositors.



BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

Morrisburg Branch: K. G. MacLUCKIE, Manager

Williamsburg (Sub-Agency): Open Mon., Wed. and Fri.

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Announcement

We wish to notify the general public that we will continue the Undertaking and Furniture Business of the late H. R. Wallace, of Brinston, in the same stand where we have been serving the public of this district for three generations. We solicit your continued confidence and we will endeavour to give you the same courteous and prompt service as formerly.

FORREST G. WALLACE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR — FURNITURE DEALER
AMBULANCE SERVICE
BRINSTON WILLIAMSBURG

ACULNIK'S
Mid-Winter Sale
NOW ON!

You are cordially invited to visit our store and to see for yourself the really wonderful values we are offering at this January Clearance Sale.

There are exceptional values for every member of the family—Dad, Mother, and the Kids.

In addition to all items in our regular stock, we have been shopping in the foremost Canadian Markets for Clothing that you need at this time of year, at a price that you can really afford. All of these items are offered during this big January Sale at very greatly reduced prices (in many instances below cost) in order to make room for our new Spring merchandise.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE MONEY-SAVING PRICES. SHOP TO-DAY AT

Sam Agulnik & Son

Phone 120 Morrisburg, Ont.

Afternoon Teas make friendly entertainment

"SALADA" TEA

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"I'd like to explain some things to these husbands, Anne Hirst, who complain about their wives," writes a distracted young woman. "Many a man is romantic and gallant to his sweetheart, but once she is his wife, he expects to go on living the way he lived before!



"His wife must take the place of his mother—babying him, serving fine meals about which he makes no comment unless to complain.

"She must always have his clothes clean and ready—which he can never find unless by chance he looks where they belong.

"She must keep herself, and the house and children clean and attractive, for he expects everything to be just as his mother had it.

"But he does nothing to help make a home a home!

"WE'RE NOT SLAVES"

"We wives are not horses, chambermaids, nor slaves, We are human, and have hearts and backs that break and ache.

"We married to make a home and raise children, not just to pamper a man. Too many husbands take us for granted, yet complain when we get discouraged. It isn't fair to expect a woman to do all the household work, all the outside cleaning, all the child-raising and never get a helping hand during her pregnancy, nor a few kind words to encourage her after the baby comes, with all the added hard work a baby means.

"Now I'll ask you to advise me personally, for added to all these faults, my husband has others more serious. DISTRACTED."

* Counting the innumerable virtues which make a marriage fine, perhaps the most essential virtue is kindness.

* It is not kind for a husband to expect his wife to pamper him—it would be more natural for him to pamper her;

* It is not kind for him to sit down to a wonderful dinner which she has spent an hour in preparing, and never say one word of praise. He may not find it always to his liking, but at least he should reward the fact that she tried;

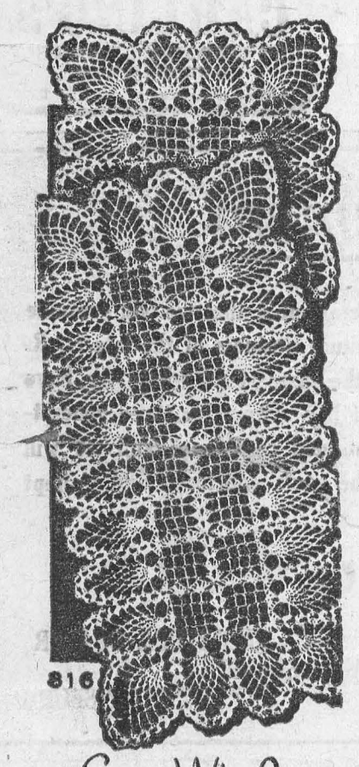
* It is not kind to expect his wife to take care of his clothes—why shouldn't he do that himself?

* It is not kind to expect his wife to be the perfect housekeeper his mother was. Too few girls these days are trained to be that, because so many of them have had to get out and help support their families;

* It is not kind to burden a wife with all the household chores and other work necessary to keep the house clean and shining. It is not kind to neglect his duties as a father, and turn over all the training and care of the children to her.

* I do not believe that men are deliberately unkind. Most of them are only thoughtless. If they would only realize that a loving wife will work herself into a sickbed, and cheerfully—if she sees that gleam of appreciation, hears those words of praise that repay her for all her efforts! A husband can be hard to get along with, he can spend his money recklessly, he can even be unfaithful—but if he is kind and thoughtful to his wife, sometimes she can overlook it all."

"Just the art of being kind is all the sad world needs." How much lovelier marriage would be if husbands and wives lived this truth! . . . Anne Hirst will help you see it, if you write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



Laura Wheeler

Magic crochet design shows how to make large or small, scarf, lunch-mats, buffet-set! Just wonderful for complete matched set!

Jiffy crocheted scarfs done in double or single strand string. Pattern 816; directions.

Laura Wheeler's improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its charts, photos and concise directions.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS**.

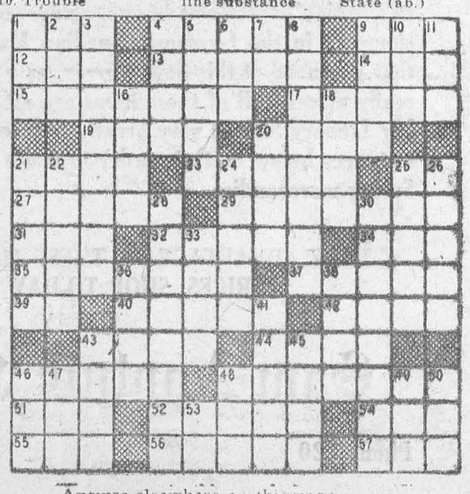
Glorious Beer

Someone emptied dregs from a beer barrel into the backyard flower-box where Mrs. May Moore had planted some seedlings. At her home at Portland Street, Walworth, she has been borrowing a ladder to pick the magnificent blooms of a 13-ft. dahlia that grew from the box.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Hockey ball
4. Pointed projection
9. Opening
12. Enemy
13. Wireless
14. Be situated
15. Gay
17. Leap
19. Fleshy fruit
20. Social unit
21. Presently
23. Nerve (comb. form)
25. College degree
27. Weathercocks
29. Makes
31. Printers' measures
32. Appearance
34. Fortune
35. Pine leaves
37. Male duck
39. While
40. Resume
42. Roman road
43. Cooking utensils
44. Speed contest
46. Throng
48. Joined at an angle
51. Of us
52. Angry
54. Ground pine
55. Rainy
56. Bats
57. Negative

DOWN
1. Away
2. Fish eggs
3. Answer
4. Stiffly proper
5. Black bird
6. Poem
7. Nickel (symb.)
8. Ruled
9. Sate
10. Trouble
11. Caress
16. Sound
18. Footless animal
20. Petitions
21. Oat genus
22. Titles
24. Obliterate
25. Exchanged for smaller currency
26. Flower
28. Magnificent
30. White crystalline substance
33. Domestic fowls
36. Tie
38. Cereal
41. Indite
43. Harbor
45. The sweetsop
46. Ruminant animal
47. Regret
48. Grown boy
49. Girl's name
50. Time unit
53. New England State (ab.)



Answer elsewhere on this page.



Champ "Purrsian"—Screen star Yvonne De Carlo holds the Blue Persian, "Champion Masterpiece," who is getting set to defend his title in the Hollywood cat show. With Yvonne on his side, the champ looks plenty confident.

TABLE TALKS
by Jane Andrews.

After the holiday festivities and all the rich foods that go with them, it's a grand feeling to get back to plain, hearty fare. There's nothing at all fancy about the recipes I'm passing along to you today, but I think you'll find them thoroughly satisfactory. Hope so, anyway.

* * *

Port Tenderloin With Stuffing

1 Pork tenderloin
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons drippings
1¼ cups bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sage
Pepper if desired
1½ teaspoons minced onion
Water or meat stock (milk may be used)

Method: Have the butcher split the pork tenderloin nearly through lengthwise. Add melted drippings to bread crumbs. Combine the remaining ingredients. Add enough moisture to hold crumbs together. Spread the stuffing between layers of the tenderloin. Either sew or skewer edges together. Season with salt and pepper. Place in an open pan and roast in a 275° to 300° oven for about one hour.

* * *

Cinnamon Coffeecake

Makes an 8-inch-square cake

Cream ¼ cup shortening, ¾ cup sugar
Add 1 egg, unbeaten
Sift 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt
Add flour alternately to fat with
¾ cup milk
Spread ½ batter in greased pan
Combine ¼ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter
Sprinkle half topping over batter in pan
Add remaining batter; then remaining topping
Bake at 375° (moderate) for 30 minutes.

* * *

Prune Bread

Makes 4x9-inch loaf

Sift 2 cups whole wheat flour, 1 cup white flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt
Add 1 cup diced, cooked prunes
Combine 1 egg, well beaten, **1 cup prune juice, ¼ cup milk**
Add alternately to dry ingredients with **3 tablespoons melted fat**
Pour into greased 4x9-inch loaf pan
Bake at 325° for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

* * *

Cranberry-Nut Bread

Makes 5½x10½-inch loaf

Grind 1 cup fresh cranberries
Add ¾ cup sugar
Sift 1 cup sugar, 3 cups sifted flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt
Add 3 tablespoons grated orange rind, ½ cup chopped walnuts
Blend in **1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 egg,** slightly beaten
Fold in sweetened cranberries
Pour into greased 3½x10½-inch loaf pan
Bake at 350° (moderate) for one hour.

* * *

Lemon Rice Pudding

½ cup uncooked rice
3 cups milk
⅓ cup sugar
Grated rind of one lemon
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated
4 tablespoons sugar
¾ teaspoon lemon extract

Method: Cook the rice and milk in a double boiler until the rice is soft. Add sugar, lemon rind, lemon juice, salt and beaten egg yolks. Continue cooking over hot water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Pour into buttered baking dish. Beat egg white stiff, and gradually beat in four tablespoons sugar. Add lemon extract and beat until mixture is soft and glossy. Pile on top of pudding and put into a 350° oven for 20 minutes, or until lightly browned.

* * *

Cottage Pudding

¼ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
2½ level teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Method: Cream the shortening. Add the sugar, vanilla and beaten egg, and beat well. Stir in part of milk, alternating with the flour, salt and baking powder, which have been sifted together, until all is used. Bake in loaf pan in a moderate oven. Serve with warm fruit sauce or a plain sauce. Frozen fruits are good on it, too, when used as a short cake.

* * *

Frosted Molasses Cookies

2 cups molasses
1 cup sugar
1 cup lard
1 cup hot water
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Flour enough to roll nicely

Frosting—

¾ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon baking powder
3 tablespoons cold water
1 egg white

Method: Cream sugar and lard together, then add the egg yolks, then the molasses combined with hot water. Dissolve the soda in a little of the hot water first, then add. Sift in flour, just enough so the mixture will hold shape and roll. Bake at 350°. Frost when cool with the frosting which has been combined in upper top of double boiler, and beaten for seven minutes, then spread on cookies.



Dolly Goes To Church—After a little girl came to the vicar of St. Botolph's Church, Northfleet, England, and asked him to have her doll "christened," he thought it would be a good idea to hold a service especially for children and their dolls. Here is the first "Doll Sunday," with the dolls sitting sedately in the pews as their young mistresses pray.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By The Rev. R. Barclay Warren

THE CHURCH EMPOWERED
Acts 2:1-4, 14-17, 37-41

Golden Text: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost"—Acts 2:38.

Today's lesson gives us the key to the success of the early Church. Here was a group of the world's nobodys. Socially, financially and educationally, they were frightfully insignificant. Among themselves there was self-seeking (Matt. 20:21), sectarianism (Mark 9:38), and cruel vindictiveness (Luke 9:54). But something happened to this 120 on the day of Pentecost that completely changed the picture. Their hearts were purified (Acts 15:9). James, whose mother had sought for him a high place, was fitted to soon secure a martyr's crown. John, who would have burned up the inhospitable Samaritans, saw that his Christ was for all men. He expressed this conviction in the best-known verse of the Bible (John 3:16).

These men were dynamic. Not only were their own natures purified; they had a new passion to tell the whole world about their Saviour. The Holy Spirit, symbolized by the tongue of fire, possessed them. Miraculously, they addressed the visitors from many lands in their own language. Peter, who had denied his Lord at the accusing finger of a maiden during the trial, speaks to the multitude boldly and fearlessly. Christianity is on the march. All are called to repentance and baptism in the name of Him Whom they had crucified. They, too, may receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It is comforting to know that the promise is to us and to our children. We may not hear the sound as of wind, nor see the tongue as of fire, nor even speak in a language we have not learned, but the Holy Spirit in His purifying and energizing presence is a gift which the Father delights to bestow upon His believing children. If we, the Church, would regain our power, let us lay claim to the promise. The need of the world about us makes it imperative that we should be at our best.

Famous Pauses

One of the cleverest men on a platform who knew the devastating effect of a correctly timed pause was Lord Palmerston. Once at Taunton, he was interrupted by a listener who asked him if he would give a plain answer to a plain question. Blandly, Lord Palmerston said he would.

"Will you, or will you not support this measure (a Liberal one)?"

"I will," replied Palmerston—and all the Liberals cheered, "not," continued Palmerston to the astonishment and cheers of the Tories, "tell you." Palmerston concluded. Both parties laughed.

Mr. Churchill has effectively used this trick many times. On one occasion, he began, "I hesitate to cast pearls before—" and paused.

Anticipating the end of the quotation, Labour members started a terrific uproar. Mr. Churchill waited patiently, until it had subsided enough for his voice to be heard, and then continued, "As I was saying, I hesitate to cast pearls (pause) before those who can't appreciate them!"

Members laughed long and loudly.

It was a Cabinet minister who was told once by a heckler that he was nothing but an idiot. Quickly, the minister replied, "Then I'm just the man to represent you!"

That retort probably brought him more votes than any amount of argument.

Orators have always to be on the alert. A laugh in the wrong place may easily kill a point. For instance, when Lord Strabolgi was passionately denouncing capital punishment, he asked:

"Would any of you listening to me now act as a hangman?"

"Depends who was the victim," came the reply from the back, and the listeners yelled.

Sometimes even the most experienced orator pauses in the wrong place. Sir William Jowitt once began a speech with the words, "We are fully alive—" and paused. He got no further. The House hooted with laughter.

Then there was the historic occasion when the late Lord Baldwin started a speech by saying, "I am partly conscious—" and a delighted roar from the Opposition drowned the rest of the sentence.

The use of the wrong word in the wrong place is another source of laughter. So Mr. Buchanan found when he apologized for "having hurled epitaphs across the floor."

COME OUT FROM UNDER THE SHADOW OF PAIN



Try DOLCIN Tablets for prompt relief from ARTHRITIC and RHEUMATIC pain . . . get a bottle of 100 or 500 tablets from your druggist TODAY and join the thousands of relieved sufferers who by taking DOLCIN have come out from under the shadow of pain . . . Most druggists carry DOLCIN . . . 100 tablets $2.39; economy-size bottle of 500 tablets $10.00. If your druggist does not have DOLCIN, write direct to DOLCIN LIMITED, Toronto 10, Canada.



DOLCIN
TABLETS

Patented 1949, DOLCIN is the registered trade-mark of this product.

SPLITTING HEADACHE



And the RELIEF IS LASTING

For remarkably fast relief from headache get INSTANTINE. For real relief get INSTANTINE. For *prolonged* relief get INSTANTINE!

Yes, more people every day are finding that INSTANTINE is *one thing* to ease pain fast. For headache, for rheumatic pain, aches and pains of colds, for neuritic or neuralgic pain you can depend on INSTANTINE to bring you quick comfort.

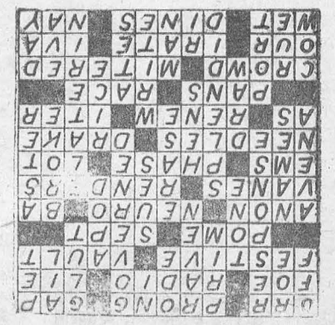
INSTANTINE is made like a doctor's prescription of three proven medical ingredients. A single tablet usually brings *fast* relief.

Get Instantine today and always keep it handy

Instantine

12-Tablet Tin 25¢

Economical 48-Tablet Bottle 69¢





Pretty Tough Going, Eh, Kid?—A Chinese boy, hungry, hurt and tired, wearily seats himself along the curbing to eat his dish of food, probably the first he received that day, supplied by the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF). Canada and a score of other United Nations member-countries are helping to feed the sick and hungry children now living in former theatres of war. The postal address "UNICEF, OTTAWA" is accepting funds from Canadians to buy Canadian food for six million hungry children.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

A Happy New Year to you all! A new day, a new week, a new month—and a New Year . . . what will it bring? So much to think about, isn't there?

Of course, there is plenty to talk about . . . I could write about the sudden drop in egg prices, or the gloom-spreading news that another depression is in the offing; or the increase in hydro rates, ditto car insurance premiums—but I am not to write about any of these to mention them in will know I at going on in the h I will say—if s hit us, I don't he farmer being he was in the the '30's. He has ince then. His has been raised has his radio to on world affairs busy or too tired as his car to take e country, and as a farmers are as much e city as they are on operty. His sons and o get around and have a time as their town and city cousins. His wife often has a better home and more conveniences than her friends in town. Young mothers have a much better chance to raise strong, healthy youngsters than their city counterparts. Oh yes, the farmer and his family certainly go places and see things these days! Maybe they "go" too often and see too much—but that is another story.

There is another change that is all to the good. The farmer, nowadays, keeps himself pretty well informed in regard to government expenditures—particularly in municipal affairs. There have been several instances just recently where farmers have gotten together and thrown a monkey wrench into the proposed lavish spending of their township council. Generally speaking, the farmer would lose a day's work rather than miss the chance to vote for the men of his choice in a municipal election. Now he has also reached the point where he is just as quick to call those same men to account if they fail to measure up to his expectations. Yes, our men of the soil are making their voice heard in the land—through Farm Forums, public meetings, letters to the press and an intelligent exchange of opinion with their fellowmen. Certainly, they are not sufficiently powerful to prevent a depression if one is on its way, but they have become sufficiently progressive — and aggressive — so that they will not be left holding the bag entirely alone. If they hold one end, they'll want someone else holding the other—and they won't expect to hold on indefinitely. If things get tough, farmers will be asking a lot of questions—questions to which they will surely want the answers.

So, I think, with our families and friends, we can safely allow ourselves plenty of enjoyment over the holiday season. After all, it will be another 12 months before this festive season rolls around again and between now and then, we shall have plenty of time for serious thinking.

What would we do without our Christmas and New Year? So much fun and excitement, and when we get away from it all, such a quiet sense of peace. In these moments of reflection, it is impossible to lose our faith for very long. We know that the wisest of the wise may err; we are constantly dismayed at the tangle we poor humans get ourselves into; and yet, through it all, if we pause for a minute, we are conscious of a Higher Power controlling the universe, and once more our faith is renewed that eventually peace will come to this troubled world.

And then you know, getting down to ordinary, everyday affairs, there are always bright spots on the darkest day. Even 30-cent eggs have something to commend them! At least we won't have to feel we are robbing the family treasury if we are a little generous in our use of them. Farm folk don't make omelettes when eggs sell at 60 cents a dozen, but with eggs at 30, well, we can live on omelettes and angel food, should we so desire. And when we have the folks home for the holiday season, it will be no hardship to them if we feed them generously with omelettes. To city folk, it is food fit for the gods. That is, if you can make a good omelette and serve it straight from the stove to the table—with a thick sprinkling of cheese, chopped ham or bacon. Yum . . . yum!

That's all friends . . . I still have a few things to do. Happy New Year, everybody! And don't forget, it can be a happy year if we help to make it so. Chin up, folks—we are not in Russia, Communist China, or occupied Europe. We are in Canada . . . and that should mean a lot.



In Red Jam—The State Department angrily denounced Communist-dominated Bulgaria for accusing U.S. Minister Donald R. Heath, above, of 'conspiring' against the government. Declaring the charges 'patent falsehoods,' the U.S. warned that continuance of diplomatic relations is in danger.

Edison Had A Practical Mind

Genius is the ability to do the hardest things the easiest way. One day, when Edison was working on a practical lamp for his newly discovered electric light, he found it necessary to get the cubical content of an irregular glass bulb. Too busy himself to attend to the job, he called in his most brilliant mathematician to help him. Arming himself with many sheets of foolscap, the great savant sat down to work. A week later Edison asked him how he was getting along.

"Very nicely, Mr. Eidson, but I am not finished yet."

Edison looked at the formidable array of charts and figures submitted by the mathematician. "How much longer will it take you to solve the problem?"

"Oh, another week, I expect."

"Let me show you how to do it in a minute," said Edison.

He filled the bulb with water.

"Now measure the water, and you've got the answer." . . .

Edison possessed not only a knack for hitting upon the obvious, but an infinite capacity for taking pains. In his effort to perfect the storage battery, he made ten thousand unsuccessful tests on various chemical combinations. "Isn't it a shame," said a friend, "that with all this tremendous labor you haven't been able to get any results?"

"Why, man," said Edison, "I've got lots of results. I've discovered several thousand things that won't work."

Here's Some Real "Bedtime Stuff"

Most of us have favorite positions for sleeping, but few people would choose to sleep sitting upright in a chair as 51-year-old Buddhist missionary, the Venerable Lokanatha, does.

He recently came on a three-month visit to Britain from America, where he has been living since he was four. He was born near Naples.

Why does he sleep upright? He says it is to strengthen himself against too much dependence on bodily comfort. On his voyage here in the Queen Mary, his nights were spent in a chair in the cinema or the lounge. He hasn't slept in a bed for 16 years.

Scientists who have studied human sleeping habits would probably applaud the Venerable Lokanatha's method on the grounds that it saves the colossal amount of energy which so many people waste by continually turning over during the night.

Experiments at the Mellon Institute, Pittsburg, have shown that the average healthy man changes his position up to 45 times during sleep. He remains in half of these positions for less than five minutes. And the more generally comfortable the bed is, the more often he changes his position.

British doctors arrived at much the same conclusions in 1930 by means of an ingenious appliance and the co-operation of a number of sleepers. The appliance consisted of a pen which marked on a roll of paper each successive position of the sleeper, and a camera which recorded each of his movements.

Science has also found that if you sleep with your head to the north—in line with the earth's main magnetic field of force—the spectre of insomnia is likely to be banished. Says one scientist, "Magnetic and other cosmic forces undoubtedly influence the processes of our bodies and minds. A great number of forces have effects on human beings, and if you believe that by sleeping with your head to the north insomnia can be cured; you will bring about a state through auto-suggestion which will encourage better sleep."

So, before turning in tonight, just have a look at the direction in which your bed lies!

One Too Many

Policeman in a Johannesburg court said he saw man (charged with being drunk) "stagger in front of a car and noticed that both his eyes were bloodshot."

"Both eyes?" asked the accused man. "Both," said the policeman.

The accused man removed a glass eye and showed it to the Bench. "Case dismissed," said the judge.

Old proverb re-written; Nothing recedes like success.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. How should a woman be governed about rising from a chair to show respect to an older woman?

A. In most cases, she should rise for a woman more than double her own age. Much depends, of course, upon the "older woman." Older women who are trying to appear very young might resent any such show of deference. Old-fashioned, comfortably elderly women would probably like it very much.

* * *

Q. Do you consider it necessary to have the approved "salad forks," or do the medium-sized regular forks serve the same purpose?

A. One may provide any shape or size of fork she wishes. The medium-sized fork is in very good taste.

* * *

Q. Should a woman wear gloves to a formal dinner?

A. Yes; she should take them off at the table and place them across her lap.

* * *

Q. When you are in a group of people and someone makes a derogatory remark about a certain religion, and you know that one or more of the group is of that faith, what should you do?

A. Turn the conversation quickly to some other subject — and it doesn't matter if you do this very bluntly. The person who makes such a remark is exceedingly ill-bred.

* * *

Q. When a woman is marrying for the second time, should she invite the family of her first husband?

A. That depends entirely upon the harmony that exists between her and her first husband's people. If perfect harmony exists, yes.

* * *

Q. When you have given someone a gift, and he expresses delight over it, is it all right to say, "I am glad that you like it?"

A. This is a very appropriate expression.

* * *

Q. Is it proper for a man to cross in front of a woman, when walking?

A. No; the woman should have the right of way whenever possible, and the man should cross behind her instead of in front of her.

* * *

Q. At a double wedding, should each bride have her own maid-of-honor?

Yes; although they may have the same bridesmaids, and each bridegroom has his own best man.

Q. Is it all right, when dining alone in a public place, to read a book or newspaper while at the table?

A. Yes.

* * *

Q. If the men in a wedding party are to wear formal morning attire, is it necessary that they wear gloves?

A. Only if the wedding is very large and very formal in every respect. In this case, the men wear the left glove and carry the right-hand glove in the left hand, not wearing this glove at all. And they don't have to wear the gloves at the reception.

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The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

General Statement

30th November, 1949

ASSETS

Notes of and deposits with Bank of Canada	$ 186,494,747.76
Other cash and bank balances	198,198,042.87
Notes of and cheques on other banks	88,220,196.05
Government and other public securities, not exceeding market value	1,088,661,626.62
Other bonds and stocks, not exceeding market value	116,817,041.92
Call and short loans, fully secured	69,097,830.05
Total quick assets	$1,677,489,485.27
Other loans and discounts, after full provision for bad and doubtful debts	584,168,935.78
Bank premises	13,601,961.99
Liabilities of customers under acceptances and letters of credit	51,790,695.28
Other assets	7,934,275.82
	$2,334,985,354.14

LIABILITIES

Notes in circulation	$ 3,703,729.56
Deposits	2,192,140,578.62
Acceptances and letters of credit outstanding	51,790,695.28
Other liabilities	3,558,112.20
Total liabilities to the public	$2,251,193,115.66
Capital	35,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	44,000,000.00
Dividends payable	931,924.55
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	3,860,313.93
	$2,334,985,354.14

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1949, before Dominion and provincial government taxes, but after contribution to Staff Pension Fund, and after appropriations to Contingency Reserves, out of which Reserves provision for all bad and doubtful debts has been made		$10,918,243.18
Less provision for Dominion and provincial government taxes	$4,435,000.00	
Less provision for depreciation of bank premises	655,721.31	5,090,721.31
		$ 5,827,521.87
Dividends at the rate of $1.00 per share		3,500,000.00
Amount carried forward		$ 2,327,521.87
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November 1948		1,532,792.06
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1949		$ 3,860,313.93

JAMES MUIR, President

T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager



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ALSO..... SHERIFF OF WICHITA:—Follow "Rocky" Lane as he rides down the adventure trail, in a thrill-a-minute, chill-a-second Western.

MON., TUES., WED., JANUARY 9—10—11—

SEALED VERDICT:—On the screen for the first time with all its stunning impact, the true, terrific story of the incredible Criminals whose dreams of glory wrecked an entire continent. Starring Florence Marly, Ray Milland, Broderick Crawford and John Hoyt.

THURS., FRI., SAT., JANUARY 12—13—14—

EL PASO:—Here's the kind of hard-hitting outdoor entertainment you love, sizzling with the thrills and excitement found only in the rugged West Starring Gail Russell, John Payne, Sterling Hayden and George "Gabby" Hayes.

COMING SOON:—"THE BRIBE" (ADULT ENTERTAINMENT) and "THE STRATTON STORY".



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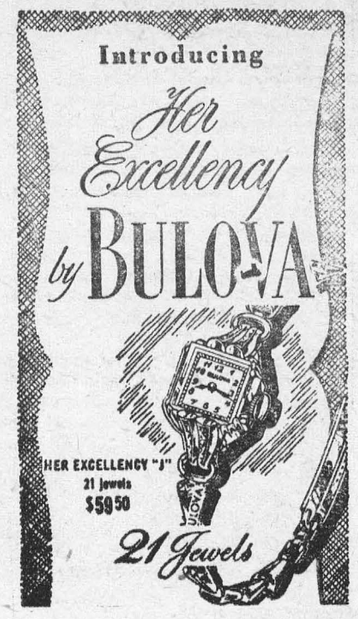

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YOURS TO ENJOY

In winter, flocks of PINE GROSBEAKS are a colorful feature of the land. The male is strikingly beautiful—soft, rosy red in color. Protect these handsome birds. They are found in evergreens, and live on wild fruit, cones and seeds.

YOURS TO PROTECT

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EACH EVENING AT 7.30 AND 9.30 O'CLOCK P. M.
MATINEES ON SATURDAY AT 2.30 P. M.

This Saturday—
Riders of the Whistling Pine
(GENE AUTRY)
—and—
Second Chance
(Kent Taylor and Louise Currie)
Please Come Early for This Double Feature!

Mon.-Tues.-Wed—
Tokyo Joe
(Humphrey Bogart, Alexander Knox)

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat —
God's Country and The Woman
(George Brent, Beverly Roberts)
Hoppy's Holiday
(William Boyd, Andy Clyde)

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The Scar
(ADULT)
(Paul Henreid, Joan Bennett)
Mary Lou
(Robert Lowery, Joan Barton)
Canadian Pacific
(COLOR)
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If you are going to the bush, see that your equipment is complete. The best in Axes, Handles, Saws, Files, Wedges, and Sets.

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Our Correspondents:

Williamsburg News

Mr. Stanley Saddlemire, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Saddlemire and Mrs. Gorden Render visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Merkley at a six o'clock tea on Friday evening.

Miss Virgie Merkley has returned home after spending the Christmas holidays in Pembroke where she visited friends and also attended a Lutherlyn Camp reunion.

Mrs. Harry Merkley, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Keays of Ottawa called on Miss Mae Merkley on Sunday.

The regular monthly meeting of the Williamsburg W. I. will be held on January 10th at 8 o'clock in the Lutheran Church Hall. The topic will be Citizenship - the Convenor, Mrs. Ross Beckstead. Roll Call will be "An Interesting Fact about one of the Provinces".

Miss Laura Aikman of Morrisburg, Mrs. Llolyd Sayeau and Sharon of Cardinal were guests in town for several days with Mrs. Annis Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Strader McIntosh were six o'clock dinner guests on Monday with Mr. and Mrs. George M. Tupper.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nash of Morrisburg, Mrs. Ralph Joyce and Mrs. John Brown, both of Collins Bay, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Johnston and daughter Velma Ella of Ticonderoga, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Loucks were guests during the Christmas season in town with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Forward.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Davidson of Winchester and Miss Mildred Davidson of Oshawa were guests on Christmas Day with their sister, Mrs. Jas. McMillan, Mr. McMillan and family.

Master Billie Trickey, a patient in the Civic Hospital, Ottawa, spent a few days and Christmas Day here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arden Trickey and Ann.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy of Dunrobin were guests for a few days last week here with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clair Algire and family.

Mrs. Iva Jarvis of North Bay spent the New Year's week end here with her sister, Mrs. George W. Strader. Mr. Strader and family.

Misses Dora and Lucy Merkley, R. N. of Brockville were week end guests here with their sister, Mrs. D. A. Short. Mr. Short and brother, Mr. Henry Merkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Becksted of Elma and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Becksted John and Margaret of Denver, Colorado were tea guests on Tuesday in town with Mr and Mrs. Weldon Becksted and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Beckstead and small son spent the Christmas holidays at Kitchener with Mrs. Beckstead's parents. They were accompanied by the former's grandmother, Mrs. P. E. Beckstead to Gananoque, where she was a guest with her daughter, Mrs. Arnold Montgomery, Mr. Montgomery and family.

Mr. Tommy Robb of Perth spent the New Year's week end in town with his brother, Mr. Jack Robb and Mrs. Robb.

Mrs. Lorraine Hamilton of Ottawa spent the New Year's week end here at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. A. Shaw. Mr. Shaw and her uncle, Mr. Harley Buchan.

Guests for New Year's Day in town with Miss Eva Myers, were her sisters, Mrs. Joe Thorpe, and Miss Luva Thorpe of Hulbert and Mrs. Maude Thorpe of Brockville.

Mrs. Audrey Barkley and children were guests for the Christmas holidays at South Mountain with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Merkley and Miss Jean McIntosh, R. N., of Cornwall, were Christmas Day guests with their daughter and son in law, and the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis McIntosh.

Mrs. A. J. McGruer returned home after spending a few days at Shawinigan Falls with her daughter, Mrs. D. M. Long and Mr. Long.

We join with her many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. Roland Whitteker. (Aunt Efie), who celebrated her 38th birthday at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Dwight Crowder and Mr. Crowder on Friday, December 30th. Mrs. Whitteker is enjoying fairly good health, and able to be about in her home and enjoy her many friends who wish her the best that life has to offer at the eventide.

Mr. nad Mrs. Edmund H. Thompson entertained at their home here at a six o'clock dinner on Friday evening, Mr. and Mrs. A .E. McGruer, Mr. J. A. McGruer, Mrs. M. W Locke Mrs. Marion Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hugh Thompson and Donald.

The Lord's Supper will be celebrated in Williamsburg United Church at 11 a.m. this Sunday morning, January 8th. A new mural entitled "The Ascension" will be dedicated to the glory of God and in loving memory of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Deeks and Glenn.

Mrs. David Short received a Life Membership in the Women's Missionary Society of the United Church of Canada on Thursday evening at the January meeting of the Williamsburg United Church Auxiliary. The presentation was made on behalf of the local auxiliary by the Rev. Gerald Fee, who spoke of Mrs. Short's notable contribution to the missionary work of the Society as well as to all the activities of the Williamsburg United Church.

Members of the Blue Cross Hospitilzation Plan are requested to bring their semi-annual dues to the next meeting of the Williamsburg Women's Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNabb of Ottawa spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman and Douglas were Christmas Day guests at Chesterville, with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Fyke.

Mrs. Grant D. Casselman was a guest on Friday with Mrs. Claude Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Barkley of town Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Barkley and children of Ottawa and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Wingard and Carol were Christmas Day guests at a family dinner on Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. Lyle O'Shaughnessy and Miss Helen O'Shaughnessy.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Casselman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Whitteker and baby daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Fyke were New Year's Day guests with Mr. Frank Casselman and Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Hess were Christmas Day guests near Dunbar with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Beckstead and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Fyke of Chesterville spent last week end here with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aden Casselman.

Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Casselman were Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Stanley and Wendell Stanley all of Russell.

Miss Muriel Becksted is teaching this week in the Froatburn School, on her year's work at the Normal School, Ottawa.

GALLINGERTOWN

A happy and prosperous New Year to all.

Andrew Collins is spending the holidays with his daughters in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Gallinger and Miss Marion Campbell spent Christmas at Prescott, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Campbell. Marion remained t ospend the holidays.

Guests on Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Charles McNairn and family were H. Presley and Miss Norma Presley, Mr. and Mrs. Lesley Presley and Lynn of Morrisburg, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Shaver and family, Second Concession and John McNairn, Cornwall.

Guests of Mrs. Hester Gallinger and family on Christmas day were Miss Kathleen Plumadore and Miss Fern Gallinger of Iroquois and Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Gallinger and Gary

BORN—On Tuesday, Dec. 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Swerdfeger, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gallinger and Joan were Christmas guests with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wells at Froatburn.

CHURCH ROAD

Mr. Clare Dafoe returned to Toronto on Monday where he has been in hospital for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Murray Styles and children and Mrs. Beckstead spent New Year's Day with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Styles at Iroquois.

Mrs. Russell Schwerdfeger and son Dwane spent the Christmas holidays at her parental home at Greeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Crowder spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Orval Crowder at Hoasic.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Walker and daughters spent New Year's Day in Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schwerdfeger Carl and Lyle spent New Year's Day at Pyrites.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Schwerdfeger and Mrs. Jeff Schwerdfeger spent New Year's Day with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Linnen and family, Iroquois, spent one evening recently with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Crowder.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Schwerdfeger, Morrisburg spent Monday at Mr. Claude Crowder's.

School re-opened on Wednesday with Miss Marian McMartin a Normal student in charge for a week.

Miss Jean Dafoe of Morrisburg, spent the holiday with her parents, Mr. ad Mrs. Wm. Dafoe.

Mr. J. Edwards of Pyrites spent a week with his daughter Mrs. Jacob Schwerdfeger and family.

Sorry to report Mrs. Gerald Styles on the sick ilst. Hope she will be well again soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Crowder and family of Williamsburg were Sunday afternoon visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Crowder.

DEAD STOCK

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SPORTSMANSHIP IN "CANADA UNLIMITED"



Skiing's standout moment!

In 1933, against all odds, a Canadian ski team blazed to Alpine victory!



The Canadian Ski Championships, together with events of the North American and International University Championships will be held this year at Banff from Feb. 4 to March 5.

Gusts of snow swirled around the mountains at St. Moritz, Switzerland. It was the day of the relay race in the International University Ski Championships. And for the first time Canada was competing . . . racing against many of western Europe's finest skiers.

The unfamiliar Alpine snow took its toll of the Canadians. The fourth-lap skier lagged eight minutes behind the leading Italian teams . . . and faced a steep 1,800-foot climb. But at the storm-blown summit amazed officials saw him sweep in—only 30 seconds behind the leaders. With half a minute to make up, the fifth Canadian streaked into the last lap—a 3,000-foot plunge into the valley. He flashed past the favourites one by one . . . and crossed the line a winner by 45 seconds!

Good sportsmanship has won many world friends for Canada . . . just as the spirit of working together has made us one of the world's great nations. These two, sportsmanship and enterprise, keep your opportunities for work *and* play in Canada . . . unlimited.

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King Inspects Bibles—King George VI examines a few of the thousands of Bibles sent all over the world by the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was visiting the Society's headquarters in London with the queen.

SPORTS—&c

by A SIXBIT CRITIC

THREE CHEERS FOR OUR SIDE! is the title of an article in the latest issue of the English weekly, "Tit Bits," to come to hand; and we only wish we had the space to reprint the piece in its entirety. It certainly says some things that badly needed saying, in these times when almost everybody seems to delight in putting the boots to poor old John Bull.

* * *

"We should be grateful to anybody who gives us a laugh these days," writes Wilfrid Webster, "so three hearty cheers for Professor A. A. Mavrodin, of Leningrad University. "It wasn't we who defeated the Spanish Armada, he has discovered, but the Russians."

* * *

"The English ships were made of Russian wood," he has just told the world. "They sailed under Russian sails and were painted with Russian tar. Russia made it possible for the English fleet to defeat the Armada."

* * *

Are you sure, Professor? comments the writer, that the winning admiral's name wasn't Francisky Drakeovitch?

* * *

From there, Mr. Webster goes on to deal with some more recent pieces of stone-throwing. "Not by any means so amusing has been the attitude recently displayed toward us by Ben Hogan, non-playing captain of the American professional golf team which came over here in September. In spite of being sustained by 600 steaks and other meat which our kindly customs let them import without licence, the visiting golfers were beaten in the Ryder Cup foursomes.

* * *

"Then they retained the cup by winning all the singles, and all our sports writers and all our defeated players paid tribute to the brilliant play of the Americans."

* * *

But was Hogan happy? Not he. On landing back in New York, he said he did not like British golf. "British courses," he added, are terrible!" And he didn't mean meat ones!

* * *

Back from Britain in the same ship was Fred Perry, pre-war Wimbledon lawn tennis champion. "Nobody can play tennis over there any more," he was kind enough to say, "and the courts are in terrible condition."

* * *

Equally severe were the comments of Evangelist Renee Martz. (In case you don't happen to know, or remember, Miss Martz is nine years old and is widely billed as The Wonder-Child Preacher). "No matter what I ate," commented Renee, speaking of her experiences in Britain, "it did not fill me up. Their ice cream is terrible. I did not like their candy. The people are threadbare and shabby!"

* * *

Not having been born until 1940—remarks the author—the little evangelist can hardly be blamed for not appreciating the main cause of our austerity. But surely the two sportsmen should have had some inkling of what has been going on in these isles in the last 10 years. As an American, Hogan may be largely forgiven for his ignorance, and so may Perry, for he has long been a United States citizen.

* * *

The fact is that the average American has very little appreciation of the fundamental causes of Britain's present plight, nor does he realize the tremendous strain to which all our resources (including golf courses and tennis courts) were subjected during the war, two years of which we endured before the United States was forced into the conflict.

* * *

Mr. Webster explains that this lack of appreciation is not due to indifference, and that the average American is well disposed toward the people of Britain.

* * *

"It is largely because the facts about Britain are either kept from, or distorted into falsehood. When the instalments of Winston Churchill's second war book, "Their Finest Hour," appeared in the Daily Telegraph, we were given the comparative figures of British and American casualties. The magazine, Life, which holds the United States rights for Mr. Churchill's memoirs, cut out those figures. Life's editor spared his readers the knowledge that, in proportion to the two nations' population, Britain lost twice as many fighting men as did the United States. He also left out all mention of the 60,000 British civilians killed in air raids."

* * *

But this is all we can quote from a very ably written article. This is supposed to be a column about sports, and it was the remarks of those two noted "sportsmen," Ben Hogan and Fred Perry, which first caught our eye.

* * *

Still, thinking it over again, perhaps they just furnish further evidence of the growing tendency of a whole lot of athletes and sports figures to take themselves much, much too seriously. We don't need to confine ourselves to golf and tennis to see glaring examples of this tendency—or to travel south of the border to find it, either!



Double Scrubbing—New York's water-saving campaign put both little Radigan kiddies in the same bath tub. Maureen, age 2½, took it nicely, but Jimmy, age 4 months, seems to say, "What's going on here?" Mother, Mrs. Dorothy Radigan, scrubs away—using as little water as possible.

Chink In The Armour

A Short Story by Clare Plummer

There was a legend in the remote Sussex village of Catesby. It was known throughout the length and breadth of the country—and, indeed farther afield—the legend of Lady Catesby of Catesby Manor, a lady bountiful par excellence.

And now, though she was dead, the legend would never die.

It seemed to Martin Gregory, wandering son of the village, that nothing had changed since he had left many years before. Even the tramp whom he and Bill Daley, the factor's son, had christened Sunny Jim, was sitting there by the lodge gates in his dirt and his happiness, cooking a stew identical with the horrible concoctions he had brewed all those years ago when Martin and Bill had been lads together.

But now the estate had passed to the National Trust and the long line of the Catesbys was finished.

It was with a kind of melancholy pride that Bill Daley led the first party of visitors from the gatehouse, up the drive, and in through the great main doorway.

For a moment, Martin Gregory stood and watched. Then he glanced at Sunny Jim, who stared back. It wasn't often Jim spoke, but the happiness which glowed from him needed no words.

Now he spoke slowly, as if his voice were an instrument rusty through lack of use.

"I'd go, too, if I was you, sir," he wheezed. "Nice to 'ear tell 'bout 'er Ladyship."

Martin grinned at him. "All right, I will. It's years since I've been in these parts. I thought I'd like to see the leaves before they fell. Sentimental, I suppose."

He paid his money at the gatehouse, took his ticket, and crept into the great hall as Bill Daley was warming to his theme. Some whim prompted him to keep in the background of the party where he wouldn't be noticed.

"And that, ladies and gentlemen," Bill was saying, "is the portrait of Lady Catesby herself, painted a short time before she died."

The party lifted tis eyes from the fireplace with its armorial bearings to the picture above, and stared in reverent silence at the painting—of a woman somehow lacking in humanity. The famous artist had succeeded in showing no more than he had been able to discover—a beautiful, empty shell

"She was a very wonderful woman," Bill went on. "The village will never forget her." There was an expression of devotion on his face.

The almost trance-like look was now reflected in the eyes of his listeners. They, too, had read of the legend in their newspapers.

As Martin listened, the old spell began to fall on him. It was true, every word of it—the houses she had built in the village, the well-equipped schoolhouse, the prize herds, the famous beech woods, the model farms.

And yet, it seemed there was more happiness in the grimy face of the old tramp—the proverbial poor man at the gate—than in that of Irene, Lady Catesby.

But if there were doubts in Martin's mind, there were none in Bill's. He, like Martin, had been through the war, but it seemed to have left him untouched, as if in the core of his being there still remained this vision, this faith in a legend.

Then he directed his hearers' gaze towards the picture which hung beside that of Lady Catesby, of Roger, her husband. Here, too, was perfection. A beautiful love story, cut short by the death of his lordship. He was drowned on his way to join an expedition to free some obscure European country from the yoke of another.

Bill Daley's geography was as unreal as his grasp of life, but there was no mistaking his sincerity as he told a story of deathless gallantry.

The audience sighed nostalgically. Not even Hollywood had conceived anything like this. And now it focussed its gazed on the next portrait, of young Jeremy Catesby, their only son. And here, again, was that lustre of heroism; for he had lost his life on a climbing expedition in Africa.

It was then, as Bill's voice went on eulogizing, that Martin's clear doctor's brain began to question. Why had young Jeremy—whom he had known as a quiet, gentle lad, a bookworm at heart—gone off into a dark continent that could have held no attraction for him, and died in a test of physical endurance for which he was utterly unsuited?

And more strangely, still, why should this father, a conventional English gentleman, have sacrificed himself in a cause which could not have touched him in the very least?

What was the chink in the armor? Why was it that somehow the story seemed to ring false.

As Martin went over the house, he was again caught and held by the spell, and his imagination was still dazzled when, at the end of the tour, he went up to Bill and made himself known.

"It's grand to see you here still, old man," he said, warmly. "I remember how you loved the old place."

Bill gripped his outstretched hand. "Gosh, Martin Gregory, by all that wonderful! Yes, it was a bit of luck being kept on here. It's meant so much to me."

"I read about the estate being taken over, and I felt I'd like to see the beech woods again," Martin told him. "I've dreamed of 'em in the most outlandish places."

Bill smiled understandingly. Then his voice filled with emotion. "It's a year almost to the day since her Ladyship died. But it doesn't seem possible she isn't with us still, there are so many signs of her goodness everywhere."

The two men walked slowly down to the gatehouse, where another party of sightseers was beginning to collect.

"It seems as if we were still kids together, you and I and young Jeremy," Bill continued. "Such a tragedy he went, too. But then, it was a fitting end for a Catesby."

He lit his pipe and pointed. "Even old Sunny Jim's here to welcome you! Queer how he turns up every autumn. Remember how he'd always arrive in time to see the leaves turn? Then he'd disappear again." He laughed awkwardly. "I expect it was only coincidence, really. You'd hardly expect a tramp to care."

"No, hardly," Martin agreed.

When the last of the visitors had gone and Martin had supped with Bill in his quarters at the manor, he sauntered down to the gatehouse before turning in, for a last look at the house in the evening light.

Sunny Jim was still sitting there, and Martin held out a plug of tobacco to him.

"Guess you'd rather have a chew than smoke," he said, with a grin.

The tramp took the tobacco and stowed it away in some dingy inner recess.

He pointed up to the trees. "Kinder pretty," he remarked.

Martin nodded. Then, impulsively he said, "They're lovely, too, in winter, when they're bare. You'd like 'em. I expect things'll loosen up a bit now her Ladyship's gone. Maybe you could find yourself a corner somewhere around, where you'd be snug and dry. There's a gamekeeper's shack in the woods that hasn't been used for years, so Mr. Daley tells me."

Sunny Jim's face broke into a delighted grin, showing broken teeth. "It's an idea, sir," he said. "I'm sure 'er Ladyship wouldn't have approved, but now, I guess I'll give it a try."

Then something flashed into Martin's mind—suddenly, like a voice speaking that wasn't his own.

He swung open the gates and with a gesture that was in no way ironic, he swept off his hat, and said:

"Welcome home, my Lord!"

For a moment the tramp regarded him without a blink. Then with dignity, he collected his few ludicrous belongings and moved slowly through the gates.

When he spoke, his voice had changed. "She was a maniac for perfection was Irene," he muttered. "And in the end, it would have driven me mad. I suppose the boy couldn't stand it either. She was never meant for this world. She's much better suited where she's gone." Now there was a ghost of a smile on his weatherbeaten face. "I tried to keep away, all those years. But—it was the beech woods that drew me back. I loved 'em, you know—always shall.

He raised his battered hat in salutation.

There was moisture in Martin's eyes as he watched him go up the drive towards the gamekeeper's shack. But why should there be? He had his beloved woods to add to the precious treasure of freedom and independence.

The last of the Catesbys was home . . .

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ISSUE 1 — 1950

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Honey and Hank — By Seeg



Heart-Rending Stories Of Happenings Behind Iron Curtain

One of the most heart-rending stories coming from behind the Iron Curtain is the plight of those seeking to get out. In this article Edmund Stevens — veteran Moscow correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor—now writing from Berlin—describes the sad case of the Russian-born women who married foreigners and were denied the right to leave their country with their husbands.

A current Moscow anecdote concerns Ivan Petrovich, who is sent abroad on "kakmandirovka" (official business assignment). From Warsaw, his first stop, he wires the home office: "Long live Poland, free and independent." Next, from Prague, he wires "Long live Czechoslovakia, free and independent!"

The cables are repeated in the same vein as Petrovich journeys to Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and other satellite countries. Then, after a period of silence, comes a message from Switzerland that reads: "Long live Petrovich, free and independent!" That's the last Moscow hears of this particular Ivan, according to the anecdote.

To Soviet wives of foreigners, trying for years to join their husbands abroad, to husbands struggling to free wives and children whom the Soviets claim, this story has tragic poignancy beyond all humor. To them the Iron Curtain is no abstract Churchillian metaphor, but something very hard and impenetrable.

Let the record tell the story. It includes the names of some 350 Soviet wives of American citizens who have sought permission to leave the country in the past nine years. Of these, 15 women married former members of the American Embassy staff in Moscow. Ninety-seven of the others are wives of United States veterans.

Apart from the embassy cases, the great majority are from former eastern Poland, the Baltic states, Ruthenia, or Bessarabia, and were married before 1939—that is to say, before these territories were annexed by the Soviets and Soviet citizenship automatically were conferred on all the inhabitants.

* * *

As the Soviet Union never has admitted the right of expatriation, the rule is that Soviet citizens are permitted to go abroad only in the interests of the government. Personal reasons, however compelling, cut no ice with the MVD (secret police) officials who pass on exit visa applications.

Nevertheless, up until a few years ago one or two Soviet wives of American citizens were let out every year. But since August, 1946, even this tiny trickle has been cut off.

In another move in this direction, on Feb. 15, 1947, the Soviet Government issued a decree prohibiting Soviet citizens from marrying foreigners. This grotesque attempt to legislate affairs of the heart is not something the Soviet leaders are proud of or care to advertise, for the announcement was buried in the columns of the Official Journal of the Supreme Soviet, something few persons ever read.

To my knowledge, the decree never has been published or referred to in the Soviet press at large. When I mentioned it to Russians their first reaction was one of utter incredulity. When correspondents tried to send the story abroad it was killed by the censo[illegible].

What makes this especially brutal is the apparent [illegible] to apply it retroactively.

* * *

It works like this. When a wife who has been waiting years for an exit visa goes found to the visa department for a routine inquiry on the status of her application she is received by a "sympathetic" official, who, across the baize green desk top where her file folder lies open, offers her "fatherly" advice:

"Are you really quite sure you want to go to America, citizeness?" he inquires solicitously, "especially after the news from there? Why, with the crisis coming on, your husband may lose his job any day and you yourself be out on the street, starving."

After a pause to let this dire warning sink in, he adds: "Besides, you as a Russian will be under suspicion everywhere. The Un-American Activities Committee will be after you. You won't have a moment's peace. And remember, if you go, it's for good. Never again can you set foot on your homeland."

Another pause, during which the official thumbs through her file. When he resumes talking, his kindly tone has steeled slightly: "Citizeness, it may take a long time to get your exit permit—a long time." (Outright refusals are not in accord with usual Soviet practice.)

Then, in a more persuasive note: "You are young, attractive. Is it really worth wasting the best years of your life for the sake of a foreigner? Is he really worth it? What's wrong with our Soviet fellows? Look around you!"

Next, with a wrathful crescendo rising to thundering climax: "I cannot understand how you, who claim to be a loyal Soviet citizen, can be prepared to renounce your birthright, to desert the socialist motherland that raised and educated you, for an American!"

If, at this point, the victim shows obvious signs of mental anguish, the inquisitor suddenly relents: "Here, here, Citizeness. I did not wish to hurt your feelings. I simply was trying to help you with sound advice—not as an official but as an older fellow countryman. Go home—think it over."

* * *

At home, the chances are that if the wife happens to live with her parents, and likely as not in the same room, she is the target of constant nagging. Her family choruses:

"It's all very well if you choose to wreck your own life and queer yourself. But you've no right to ruin our lives. By getting yourself mixed up with foreigners, you've brought us all under observation—you'll get us all into trouble. It's time to put an end to it. Forget about that America. You'll never see it anyway."

Possibly, she and her family will also be needled in some way by the house manager — registration formalities.

Few persons have the moral stamina to resist such browbeating indefinitely. Sooner or later, all but the most steadfast wives have "voluntarily" broken down and filed for divorce. In such cases, the stringent Soviet divorce laws suddenly are relaxed. A process that usually takes many months is completed in a few days. The requirement that both parties must appear before the court is summarily waived.

To crown her humiliation, the wife also is "persuaded" to write a letter to Pravada or Izvestia publicly repudiating her husband, denouncing his country in the approved manner and voicing her "wish" to remain in the beloved Soviet homeland.

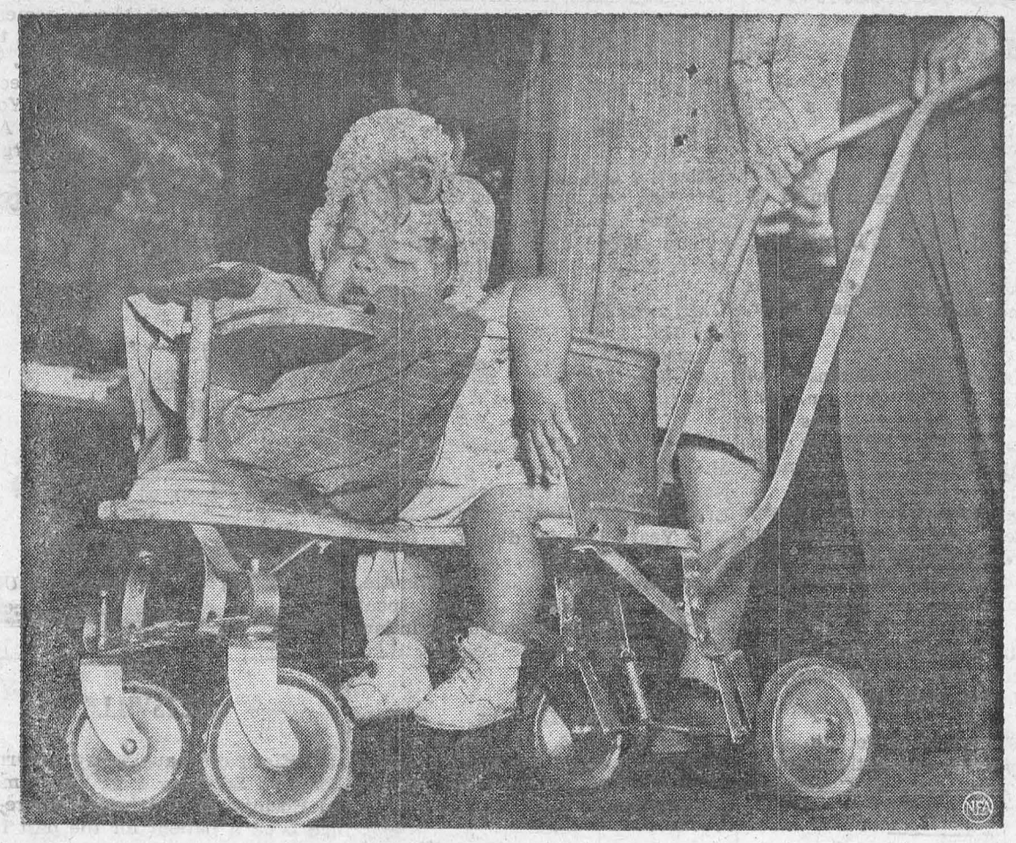
* * *

Things have not gone well with the few girls who stubbornly have clung to their hearts' desire: There was the Soviet wife of a certain American foreign service officer. Having tried but failed to get a Soviet exit visa for her and their small child, he had to leave upon termination of his Moscow assignment.

Six months later the house manager—a profession which in Russia includes the duties of police informer—came to the flat she shared with her parents and announced she no longer could be registered there and must move out immediately. When she pleaded that she had nowhere to go, the house manager sneered: "Go to the Americans; they'll look after you."

She was given lodging and a job as housekeeper at an embassy billet. One day a week later she failed to return from a trip to the market, and has not been heard from since. The customary diplomatic representations to the Foreign Ministry have produced the customary silence.

Wives of Americans and Britons are by no means the only victims of the no-exit-visa policy. The case of the son of the former Chilean ambassador in Moscow was brought before the United Nations. Another case involved the Russian wife of the Greek ambassador. In neither instance did ambassadorial rank carry weight with the visa department.



Just Plain Pooped—For his alertness in spotting the human interest qualities in this scene and for his skill in following through with the camera, Rudolph Vetter, photographer, was awarded a $25 prize. The attitude of the dozing damsel, 7-month-old Sharon Hart, shows how completely tuckered out she was after an exciting all-day tour of the Fair and Livestock Show.

The Smile That Convicts

By Louise Lee Outlaw

On and on droned the voice of the prosecutor. Above him, on the bench, the judge seemed half asleep eyes drooping wearily. At an oaken table, the defense attorney, a small, stringy man, slouched beside the defendant. In the jury box, the jury shifted restlessly and coughed and shifted again.

It was the last day of the trial, and they were all tired, tired of the volumes of words that had been poured into the record, tired of the mountains of evidence that weighed on their minds, and yet receded whenever they tried to pluck from the mountain one clear fact.

Only Juror Number Five, a woman, looked attentive. She sat upright, shoulders independent of the straight-backed chair. From a distance of twenty feet she looked young. From a distance of ten feet she looked almost young. She was dressed in the relentless, gloomy perfection of the prosperous business woman. Periodically her eyes shifted from the prosecutor and gazed avidly at the defendant.

Juror Number Five was Mrs. Edith Bolton. She was a Madison Avenue interior decorator. The defense attorney knew those things about her, and felt he knew many more. As the prosecutor rumbled on, the defense attorney turned to the defendant and whispered, "Remember what I told you—keep smiling at Number Five."

The defendant's broad shoulders moved irritably.

"Okay." The defense attorney drew in a hoarse breath. "But remember—it isn't enough that we know you're innocent. She's got to know it, too. I told you, the jury's going to listen to her. You'd better smile, boy."

The defendant, charged with first-degree murder, glanced at Juror Number Five. Painfully, he lifted his lips.

Edith Bolton caught the smile and was thoroughly conscious of what had prompted it.

A bribe, she thought. Oh, he's a shrewd one.

She turned quickly back to the garrulous prosecutor, tried to listen to him, tried to wriggle away from the memory of the smile. But the smile persisted, hung before her in the air—the full, firm lips, curling a little at the edges, curling sweetly like a girl's . . .

Cheater's lips, liar's lips. Jimmy's lips.

But she mustn't let herself fly off; she must be fair. She had always been fair. It wasn't the defendant's fault that he looked like Jimmy. It had nothing to do with the case. She would base her decision on factual evidence, comb through the maze of circumstances, pluck out the telling fact . . .

She felt her eyes easing back to the defendant at the oaken table, twelve feet from where she sat. Once more she saw the thick eyelashes, the high, unlined forehead, the disarming, wavy hair. Smooth-faced, pretty-faced, full of smiles. The kind, who smiled from the cradle up, smiled and got what he wanted, smiled and plundered . . .

Edith Bolton jerked her shoulders, snapped off the thought. It was her business to listen to the prosecutor—to listen hard, with judicial ears.

"And the State has shown," the prosecutor said, "that the defendant robbed and caused the death of a man who had befriended him—a man who, out of the goodness of his heart, had given him a decent job, started him on a career . . ."

Yes, that was the way it worked. You took the smiling charmer in, you gave him everything in exchange for nothing. You bought his clothes, you fed him, you put his name on your shop window: "James and Edith Bolton, Decorators, New York and Miami." You made up papers—"James and Edith Bolton, Associates"—and in a breath's time you signed away half the business you'd sweated to build. Each week you wrote a check for him, his share of the profits, the share for which he never worked. "What do I know about this fancy-pants business?" Smiling, smiling, pocketing the check . . .

But that was Jimmy. That had nothing to do with the defendant. She'd have to clear her mind, keep it clean and open, review the facts one by one . . .

Fact Number One: The defendant had been in the Army for three years; he was a veteran of North Africa and Anio. Easy to imagine him in uniform, ribbons on his chest, overseas cap cocky over his forehead, over the dipping black hair . . . Jimmy had had ribbons, too, and a jaunty set to his cap, and he had smiled at her over the heads of the pretty young hostesses at the Canteen. And later that night, they had talked and talked, and she had been faint with delight when he touched her . . .

But the defendant. She had to think of the defendant. Fact Number Two: The defendant had been honorably discharged from the Army. He had gotten a job with a clothing manufacturer, at forty-five dollars a week. Forty-five dollars wasn't much to live on . . .

Jimmy had spent almost as much on a single shirt. "Forty dollars for one shirt!" She had stared at him, waiting for the explanation that didn't come. Just the smile, the hand on her shoulder, weakening her. "What's mine is yours, baby," he had said, "and vice versa right? For better or for worse . . ."

Fact Number Three: The defendant had a wife and child. Forty-five dollars a week wasn't much for a wife and child. A coat for his wife, the defendant had said, a woollen coat to keep her warm. But his employer had caught him in the stockroom, the stolen coat over his arm. They struggled, the prosecutor said. The employer's gun went off. Two hours later, the employer died at Bellevue Hospital.

But the defense had a different story. There had been no struggle, the defense claimed. The defendant had started to run from the stockroom. The employer pursued him, gun in hand. At the bottom of the stairs, the defendant turned, said, "Okay—I give up," but it was too late then. The employer had tripped—come tumbling down the stairs, and his gun went off.

Who could prove the defendant hadn't wrestled with the man? Who could prove the defendant had intended to give himself up? There were no witnesses.

And the story about the coat—a coat for his wife. That was a shrewd excuse, designed to make the jurors' heart swell with pity. The innocent, uplifted face, the dangling forelock. "I wanted a warm winter coat for my wife . . ."

They knew how to find excuses, the smilers. With Jimmy it had been his mother. When the checking account was overdrawn, it had been for his mother. When he got a bank loan he could never pay back, it had been for his mother. His mother—who was slim-waisted and blonde and twenty-two. What did he give her now? Whom was he robbing now for his mother?

"The defendant has a clean record," the defense had said. Excellent character, the Army records had claimed. A fine boy, the character witnesses had added. Devoted to his wife, the defendant's neighbors had agreed.

But what did neighbors know? "You and Jimmy make such a sweet couple," her friends had said so often—her older friends, that is. They were the ones he didn't smile at, the ones who couldn't possibly know the nights she spent listening to his ugly flippancies . . . and worse, the nights she spent alone . . .

But she had to listen to the prosecutor. The prosecutor's voice was high, indignant, as if he knew she was slipping away from him. Edith Bolton straightened, dutifully fastened her eyes on his flushed vehement face.

"We have only the defendant's word," the prosecutor said. "We have only the defendant's word—the word of an admitted thief—against the very tangible evidence of death. How much can you trust the word of a man who would steal from an employer who had been kind to him, exceedingly generous to him?"

Edith Bolton glanced past the prosecutor's waving hands, once again sought out the defendant, and then let her eyes drift to the defendant's wife. She was a thin, pale woman, anguished, exhausted. A few years older than the defendant, and afraid of those years . . .

"Look, grandma," Jimmy had said, "you may be going home tonight, but I'm not. Now, don't get on your high horse. For better or for worse, you know . . ."

The defendant's wife was gazing at the defendant. Edith Bolton saw the woman's worshipping, owning eyes.

Women had always looked that way at Jimmy. Everywhere, always. The customers in her own shop. The trim, stupid assistant decorator. The sagging, avaricious rug buyer—even the seventeen-year-old stock girl with the hanging slip, the run-down heels. Rich or poor, rheumatic or infantile, they all looked at Jimmy.

But she had to stop straying, Edith Bolton told herself sternly. She mustn't think of Jimmy in the back of the shop, the stock girl in his arms. She mustn't think of anything now but this trial. There was a decision to make—there was no time left for debating or wondering. In five or ten minutes the prosecutor would end his summation. The jurors would retire. They would listen to her, because she was the strongest. She wasn't tired at all. They complained of the heat; she didn't even feel it . . .

Determindedly, she leaned forward, surveyed the courtroom. She glanced at the judge, at the drooping tipstaff in the corner. Her eyes travelled to the defendant, and then to the table with its pile of State's evidence. Once again, she checked off each article, weighed its significance. The tagged, greasy gun . . . the fingerprint charts which proved nothing . . . the coat. The coat for his wife.

It was a sturdy, coarse-grained wool. She knew fabrics, could appraise their value to the dollar. Thirty-five dollars, retail, Completely styleless, a revolting color. She had always hated fire-engine red . . .

She stared at the coat for a moment, and then, with a sweeping, victorious feeling she couldn't explain, she looked at the defendant's wife. The woman had long, frizzed hair—orange red.

But he wouldn't do that! Her mind closed in on the thought, clamped around it. He wouldn't give a redhead a red coat! Not the defendant—he'd know better than that. Even if he were stealing, even if he were pressed for time, he wouldn't pick a red coat for a redhead. He'd know better—his kind always did. There might be some men who wouldn't know—but not the defendant. He'd know. He'd know, her mind insisted. You could tell by looking at his face, at the fickle, thick-lashed eyes, the quick, jaunty smile. He'd be just the kind who would know about women's clothes, the way he knew about women. She was sure of it. He'd be the kind who would be proud of his taste, arrogant about it. Like Jimmy.

A coat for my wife. Oh, he had been shrewd, the defendant. He had almost convinced her. But the coat hadn't been for his wife at all. The fire-engine red coat had been for some other woman—someone younger, slimmer-waisted, someone blonde . . .

Liar. Liar from beginning to end.

Having made up her mind, Edith Bolton didn't bother to listen to the final words of the prosecutor. She sat back in her chair, feeling light and easy. And not at all bitter, she told herself—not at all like a woman who had received her final divorce decree in the morning mail.



Weapon Wedding — Helen Herrick, 19, a bride of one day, charged that her husband, Francis E. Byers, 29, of Des Moines, Ia., forced her to marry him at gun point. Byers said she eloped with him to Tekamah, Nebr., willingly.



Sitting This One Out—Demonstrating something new in water skiing, Bud Leach, mounted on his favorite chair over a pair of water skis, goes skimming over the water. Bud has promised to try a rocking chair lashed on two sharks for his next demonstration.



Local and General

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Top Modern Market Value! Burns' Shamrock Lard, 2 lbs. . . 25c. Modern Market, Main St.

Misses Marion and Brenda, and Gordon Marcellus spent a few days with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Myles Marcellus, Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McMillan of Waddington, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Foulds and baby of Cornwall, Mr. Gordon Foulds of Ottawa were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Foulds.

Mr. and Mrs. Mose Pariseau and Mrs. Rita O'Doherty of Montreal spent the holiday season with Mrs. A. B. McGannon and Maragaret.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wood of Cornwall enjoyed a holiday with Mr. and Mrs. R. H Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Christensen had as guests their family Miss Jean, of Toronto and Jeff of Guelph, and Miss M. Goodfellow, R. N., of Cornwall.

New Year guests of Mrs. D. T. Henderson were Miss Roberta Henderson R. N. of Montreal and Mr. E. H. Charleson of Ottawa.

Miss Mary Ada Wardrop of Prescott spent New Year's with Mrs. George M. Gorrell.

Miss Maye Suffell spent a few days in Ottawa.

Mrs. B. L. Carr is visiting friends in Toronto. She was accompanied by Miss Judy Carr, who will spend some time with relatives in Milton.

Miss Audrey Daly of Montreal was a week end visitor with her father, Mr. Dan Daly.

Miss Doreen Marie Robinson, of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto has returned to her duties after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Robinson.

Mr. Hugh Robinson and Misses Lois, Doreen and Daena Robinson, all of Toronto, returned home after spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson.

OYSTERS-R-IN-SEASON! Blue Point Selects. The best available, at Modern Market, Main St.

Mr. B. H. Carman of Toronto spent the holiday week end at the home of his sister, Mrs. John F. Casselman, Mr. Casselman and family.

Mr. Arnold Jarvis has been awarded three more long distance moving contracts for household furniture.

Miss Audrey Fraser of MacDonald College and Mr. Lyall Fraser, B. Sc., of Western University spent the holiday season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Fraser.

The regular meeting of the Women's Institute will take place on Thursday evening, January 12 at 8 o'clock in the Agricultural Rooms. The topic for the evening will be "Home Economics". All members are asked to be present and to bring some piece of handicraft so that there may be a good exhibit.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Saddlemire returned home Wednesday after spending New Year's day and holidays at Montreal Que., with their daughter, Mrs. Willis VanAllen and daughter Beverley, also with Mr. Earl VanAllen and Miss Arlene.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shennette and Gary, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Rivers and baby, Ronnie spent Christmas day the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Salmon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark and Gary Shennette were dinner guests with Mrs. Sam Casselman and Mr. and Mrs. George Casselman Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shennette and Gary, Norman Clark all motored to the Brownville Hotel, Brownville, N. Y., New Year's Day for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shennette, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark, spent Monday with the latter's sister in law Mr. and Mrs. George Bentley, Winchester.

Miss Eleanor Lapierre, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Lapierre, has been advised that she was successful in passing her exams for Nurse's Registration.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of Brockville Presbyterial W.M.S. will be held in Knox Church, Morrisburg, on Tuesday, January 10th. Miss Helen Horne will represent Council Executive and will speak at morning and afternoon sessions.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Weston left this week for Toronto to spend the winter months.

HOME FOR AGED BECOMES MURDER FACTORY! This headline, which shocked America back in 1914 now makes thrilling reading! Look for "The Case of the Hearse at Midnight" in The American Weekly, one of three big magazines with this Sunday's (January 8) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times.

MISS GLADYS CUNNINGHAM IS BRIDE OF LYLE HESS

St. Andrew's United Church, Williamsburg, was the scene of a Yule season wedding on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock when Gladys Alena, daughter of Mr. James Cunningham of Williamsburg, and the late Mrs. Cunningham, became the bride of Lyle Raymond Hess, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hessof Williamsburg.

Rev. Gerald Fee, minister of the church officiated at the double ring ceremony and the church was decorated with standards of yellow and white chysanthemums. The wedding music was played by Mrs. Maefred Merkley.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, was attended by her sister Mrs. Graham Garlough as maid of honor, and Dwain Hess acted as best man for his brother.

For her wedding, the bride chose a floor length gown of white satin, fashioned with a lace yoke, stand-up collar, long tight sleeves with points over her hands and full gathered skirt. Her finger tip veil was caught by a Queen Elizabeth headdress and she carried an arm bouquet of Better Time roses. The maid of honor wore a pink taffeta floor length gown, with a round neck line, full skirt, cap sleeves, long matching mitts and matching head dress and she carried a nosegay of Briarcliffe roses and baby mums.

Following the ceremony, the reception was held for the immediate families was held at the home of the bride's father. Later the couple left by motor for their wedding trip to Toronto, Niagara Falls and other Western points.

For travelling the bride chose a two-piece dress of grey wool with white accessories. Over this she wore a black seal coat and winter white hat, and her corsage was of Better Time roses. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Hess will reside in Williamsburg for the present.

Out of town guests included, Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Barkley and Ronnie of Ottawa and Mr. and Mrs. Graham Smith of Chesterville.

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Sunday, January 8th—
11 a.m.—"The Church's Role in the World Drama of 1950".
The Children's Story—" The Climbing Vine".
7.30 p.m.—"Two of the Strangest Texts in the Bible'.
The Pastor will preach at both services.
10 a.m.—Sunday School.
A new and novel attendance contest starts this Sunday. Be sure your children are on hand.

Want chicks now? Bray Hatchery has them. Or later? Always remember it's the early birds that catch the best markets later on. As agents, we can serve you here. Ask for special Bray folder "How to Make Your Money from the Birds you Sell". Agent—J. W. Steinburg, Morrisburg.

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AULTSVILLE

Clifford O'Shaughnessy returned home on Saturday from the Memorial Hospital at Winchester where he had been a patient for the past five weeks.

He looks well and says he feels much better than ever and needless to say, he is delighted to be home again.

Mrs. Ross Beckstead was in Cornwall on Saturday to visit her son who is very ill in the hospital there.

Guests of Mrs. May Hollister during the holidays were the Misses Helen, Jean, Doris and Betty Hollister of Ottawa and Merna and Miriam Hollister of Osnabruck Centre.

Wilmot Sampson of Montreal visited at the home of Mrs. Charles Cramer on New Year's Day.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. James O'Shaughnessy on their 50th wedding anniversary on January 3rd.

Mrs. Frank Casselman of Morrisburg, visited her brother, Mr. George Becksted and Orval Beckstead on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dafoe and Eddie Campbell spent New Year's Day with their daughter, Mrs. Clark Burton Mr. Burton and Carl at Nudell Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie VanAllen of Morrisburg spent New Year's Day with their daughter, Mrs. Rex Robertson, Mr. Robertson and family.

Mr. G. A. Beckstead and son Orval spent Christmas Day with Mr. Stanley Saddlemire.

Mrs. G. L. Brown and children spent Christmas week with relatives in Ottawa.

James Young has returned home after spending a couple of days with relatives at Beauharnois, Que.

Mrs. Jessie Crites of Cornwall was a guest last week at the Fred McIntosh home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dafoe visited Mr. and Mrs. Jake Grandeau at Bush Glenn on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Price, Miss Mary Rombough and John Godard, all of Cornwall were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Rombough.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Langevin and little son Phil of Rouses Point, N. Y. have returned home after having spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Canough.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Burton and daughter of Williamsburg were dinner guests of the former's sister, Mrs. A. M. Dafoe and Mr. Dafoe on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred I. Dafoe and E. Campbell and Mrs. James O'Shaughnessy were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Dafoe and family at Cedar Grove to a turkey dinner on Wednesday.

Miss Doreen Jarvis of Campbellford, Ont., spent the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Jarvis.

George Hickey of Queen's University at Kingston was a caller here on Friday.

Mrs. Gertrude Weagant spent Christmas Day with her daughter, Mrs. Merton O'Shaughnessy Mr. O'Shaughnessy and family.

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I'd like to thank those who called, sent books and treats while I've been shut in my home; special thanks to those who remembered me at Christmas and sang carols.
HILDA WHITTAKER.

I wish to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to all my many friends and neighbors who remembered me with flowers, cards, letters and calls which I received while I was a shut-in.
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