THE MORRISBURG LEADER

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HISTORIC COOK'S TAVERN MOVED

The first of a number of historical buildings to be relocated in the Pioneer Village area of the St. Lawrence Parks System has been moved to its new location.

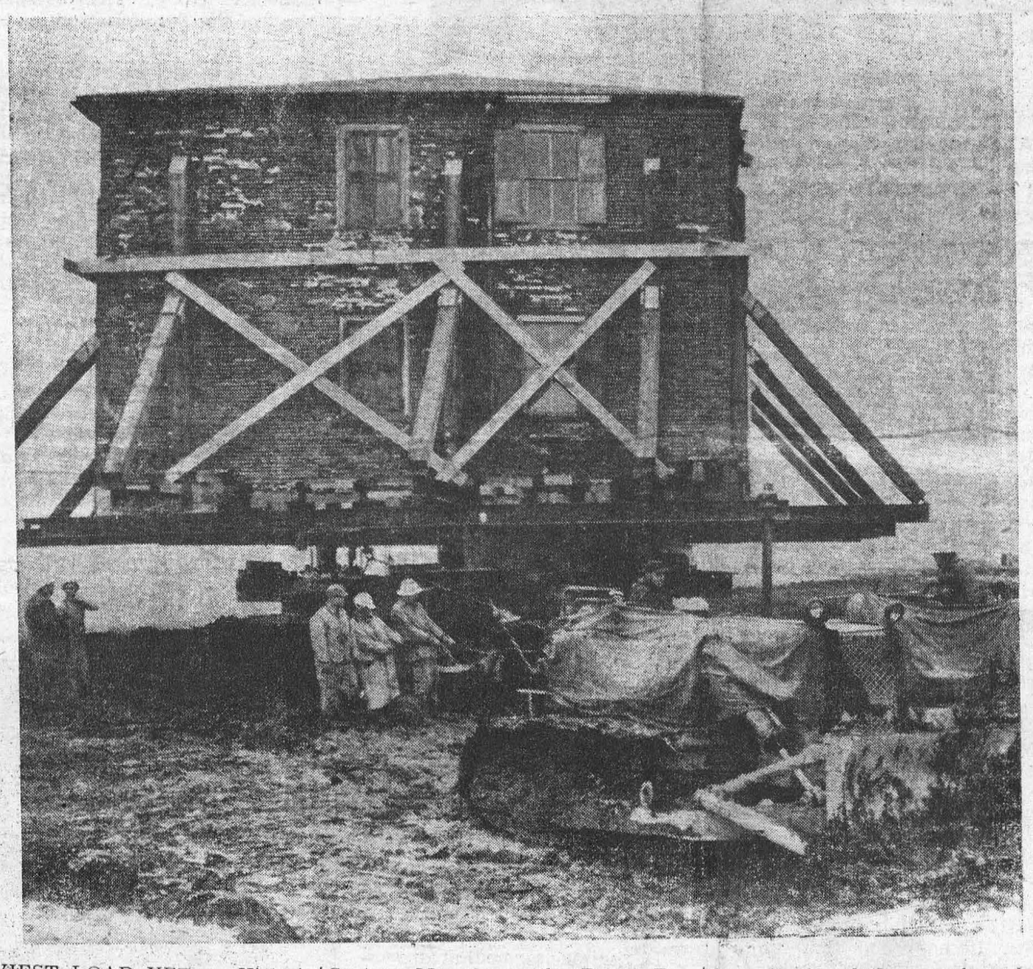
The huge rectangular brick structure, a landmark in the East Williamsburg area since its construction about 1800, is known as Cook's Tavern. It was a stopping place for travellers in the days when No. 2 Highway was not much more than a wag on trail. During the Battle of Crysler's' Farm, War of 1812, this building was used as Headquarters of American General Wilkinson.

Moving this historic building took many weeks ow preparation by the engineers and skilled crew of the Rehabilitation staff. The structure, weighing an estimated 275 tons, is the heaviest move to date in the rehabilitation program. Over a mile of winter road had to be built; special care had to be taken with the footings and the exterior walls had to be braced and shored to keep the somewhat time ravaged structure from crumbling into a mass of rubble when lifted free from its old foundation. The alternative method of relocating this structure of historic significance was to dismantle it brick by brick and to reconstruct it on the new site; (a costly procedure indeed) so great credit is due to the men who gently eased Cook's Tavern over the mile of frozen ground to its point of prominence in the Crysler Farm historic centre.

The innovation and adaptations to the technique of house moving used on this one structure are too numerous to mention. Of special interest however, was the system of transporting the building. Six sets of dollies, 48 tires in all, were used in pairs utilizing specially designed and constructed tandem beams.

The tavern was moved by the Rehab Staff for the St. Lawrence Parks Development Commission.

Involved in the planning and execution of this unusual move along with their staff were: George Estey, Assistant Rehab. Engineer; Don McIlwain, Office Engineer; Archie Cox, House Moving Engineer; Norm Bayes Construction Superintendent; Earl O'Shaughnessy, Grade Foreman. It goes without saying that Bill Hartshorne and his crew working with Foreman Bill Kensler again proved that they cannot be phased when it comes to house moving.



HEAVIEST LOAD YET — Historic Cook's Tavern is shown on the road to its new home in the pioneer village area of the St. Lawrence Parks System. Moved by the Power Project's rehabilitation crews, the giant brick structure proved to be the heaviest structure yet to be lifted from its foundation by these house-moving veterans. The 150-year-old building weighed an estimated 275 tons.

THE DIRECTOR



GEORGE PALMER, Director of the first production of the Morrisburg Drama Group, "The Two Mrs. Carrolls", has a wide experience in amateur theatricals in Canada. Formerly associated with the Army Show, he moved on to the Montreal Repertory Theatre, and then to Ottawa Little Theatre.

THE LEADING LADY



FLORENCE FANCOTT, of Ottawa Little Theatre, leading lady of "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" will bring to this production a wealth of fine theatrical training. Mrs. Fancott got her early theatrical experience in England— no better training ground for the ambitious actor. In Canada, she has acted with Canadian Repertory Theatre in Ottawa; Brae Manor Summer Theatre in Knowlton, Que., and for the past few years with the Ottawa Little Theatre, one of the best in Canada.

Recently she won best actress award in Eastern Ontario Regional Festival's winning play, Pygmalion. In his adudication, Mr. Cecil Bellamy described Mrs. Fancott as having "a fine sense of theatre".

Mrs. Fancott's interest in theatre extends to the rest of her family. Her husband is well known in Ottawa theatrical circles as a stage designer; her three children work with the Children's Theatre, her daughter Mitz, currently playing the part of Tiger Lily in Peter Pan.

LARGE FUNERAL HELD SOR JOHN BRUGMANS

A high tribute was paid on Tuesday [illegible] the funeral Mass of Johannes Brugmans, a Dutch immigrant to Canada, when St. Mary's Catholic Church was crowded for his funeral which was held from the G Leonard Keck Funeral Home at 10 a.m.

Mr. Brugmans died on Saturday, March 25th, following a short illness.

He was born at St. Oedenrode, Holland, the 25th of January, 1908, a son of Johannes Brugmans and his wife Marie Beetz. He received his education in the schools of his native land and worked in Holland as a civilian mechanic in the army.

He was married in Holland on May 12th, 1934, to Johanna Maria Bosmans, who survives with six children

He came to Canada in 1952, worked in Manitoba for one and a half years, before coming to Morrisburg, where he was employed by Reunion Properties.

Besides his wife, he is survived by his parents, who in October last celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in St. Oedenrode, Holland; one brother and 2 sisters, all in Holland; also five sons and one daughter, all of Morrisburg. They are John P., Peter, Jo, Ben, Martin and Mary.

The funeral mass was chanted by the pastor Rev. Father W. L. Terrion with Rev. Fr. Hendrikx of Kingston in the Sanctuary. The remains were placed in the vault to await burial later at St. Mary's cemetry.

Pall bearers were: M. A. Campbell Lawrence Coligan, Al. Egan, Gerrit Oosterhof, Art Laurin, John Brouwer. At the vault prayers were said by Father Hendrikx.

RAPIDE DU PLAT

A sudden whirl!
How the waters curl!
How they seethe and rush
Out of the river's even flow
The wild waves bear us, on we go.
The white foam splashes and madly dashes,
Showering o'er us in merry glee,
Sparkling gems from the clear cold sea—
Diamonds rare
To mermaids fair
To shine and gleam in their golden hair.

Onward, yet onward, our craft is pressed
It rises and falls on the billow's breast,
It tosses aside the foaming crest,
No fear, no fear.
The head is clear.
And strong and steady the arm that guides
Our little bark as it gaily rides
And schateless o'er bounding billow glides
Onward, onward, still we go,
Though the waters gentler flow.

They have ceased their riotous pressing;
See, they come, our bark carressing,
Murm'ring as they dance along,
Echoes of a sea-nymph's song.
Foam and splashes growing less
With each ripple's soft caress,
Slowly, yet more slowly go:
Ah! how gently now they flow.
Calm and peaceful we float at last
Idly drifting — the rapids are past.

Morrisburg, 1893.

Mabel MacLean Helliwell

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:—May I through the medium of your paper address the following note to the people on St. Lawrence Street:

I would like to take this opportunity to bring you up to date on the erection of a home on part of Lot 30, Block 29, St. Lawrence St.

This lot has been at my disposal and registered September 27th, 1949 at the Registry Office. Up until now I have had no occasion to occupy it.

There has been a misunderstanding in regards to building being erected on the site. I merely went to the Council and asked verbally if it would be permissible to move a house onto this lot.

If it will be of interest to anyone, you may go to the Hydro Commission and you will find out I have not even entered a tender for building No. SL.-5249. I have had in my possession since last fall blue prints for a new bungalow, design no. 211 in Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. planning book. Being unable to build in the winter months, other by-laws have been passed, requiring certain measurements which I do not think should have bearings in this case.

This building can be erected and be within measurements required.

I have not as yet applied for building permit, intending to do so at the next Council Meeting, April 8, 1957.

Anyone having objections on St. Lawrence Street, hope you will be present so there will be no misunderstanding between friends. Anyone not appearing I will take for granted you have no interest in same mentioned.

ROY MARCELLUS.

RALLY FOR BOYS INTERESTED IN SCOUT MOVEMENT

A meetting will be held in the United Church Hall Morrisburg, Thursday, April 4th, 1957 at 7.30 p.m., for the purpose of forming a Boy Scout Troop. All boys 8 years and over are invited to attend. Bring your parents with you. Films of the Boy Scout World Jamboree will be shown. Mr. A. Jackson, Brighton, the District Commissioner, will be there to tell you all about it.

JOHN RANKIN,
Chief Constable.

ON STAGE

The Two Mrs. Carrolls

by Martin Vane

— presented by —

MORRISBURG DRAMA GROUP

— AT —

MORRISBURG PUBLIC SCHOOL

FRI. & SAT. APRIL 5 & 6

8.15 P.M.

TICKETS $1.00 RESERVED SEATS $1.25

On Sale at McNeely's Drug Store

NEW LOW PRICES at DOMINION!

In spite of the fact that DOMINION had paid the tax on tons of coffee beans already purchased, we cut RICHMELLO Coffee prices the moment the tax news was released. Otherwise, you would have had to wait weeks for lower coffee prices.

Instead, you can get famous RICHMELLO Coffee now for just 97¢ a pound! Go to DOMINION today and take full advantage of this big saving. Look for the colourful maroon and gold RICHMELLO Coffee package with the big "D" and maple leaf.

RICHMELLO
TEA BAGS, 30's 40c

RICHMELLO
TEA BAGS, Cello Pkg. of 100 ..... 79c
60's 75c



CULVERHOUSE CHOICE DESSERT
PEARS, 20 oz. tin ..... 2 for 35c

ROSEDALE CHOICE 20 OZ. TIN
TOMATO JUICE 2 for 27

PRIMO READY CUT
MACARONI, 2-lb. Cello Bag. 29c
ECONOMICAL PET FOOD
PEP DOG FOOD, 15 oz. tin ..... 3 for 25c
BOURBON CREME or PINEAPPLE CREAM, DARES'
SANDWICH BISCUITS, lb. pkg. 29c
SHOWPACK SMALL
MEATY PRNES, 2 lpb. pkg. 39c
LIPTONS'
TOMATO - VEGETABLE SOUP MIX, pkg. ..... 2 for 23c
AUNT SALLY'S (With Pectin)
STRAWBERRY JAM, 24 oz. jar 45c
FRESH GREEN
ONIONS, Large bunches ..... 2 for 25c

McFEETER'S PLAIN OR CINNAMON
HONEY BUTTER, 12 oz. pkg. 39c

MAPLE LEAF Tendersweet Cryovac Wrapped LB.
SMOKED COTTAGE ROLLS 73c

IMPERIAL SLICED
BACON, lb. pkg. 59c
R. B. BONELESS ROLLED
BEEF CHUCK ROAST, lb. 59c

NEW CROP CUBAN RED SIZE 12's
SPANISH PINEAPPLES 29c

SWEET JUICY
CALIFORNIA NEW CROP ORANGES, 5 lb. bag. 59c
Values Effective at Dominion Stores, Ltd., from Mar. 28 to Mar. 30

Boxers' Mascots

If a modern boxer entered the ring before an important fight wearing a bright red cap, it would amaze everybody. Yet once this was always done by a superstitious Scottish boxer who believed that the red cap was a luck-bringer.

Not until he had shaken hands with his opponent did he take it off and hang it over one of the ring-posts. The fact that he was beaten more often than he won made no difference to his faith in the cap as a mascot.

Today's moxers are much less superstitious than those of the last century, but there are still plenty of fighters who pin faith to a rabbit's boot, a piece of coal, even a favourite pair of shorts.

The great Jack Dempsey was one of the most superstitious of all boxers. He never went into the ring without wearing a rather faded maroon coat-sweater thrown across his broad shoulders.

'It's been with me ever since I began fighting," he revealed. "I bought it in St. Louis out of my first ring earnings and have never been beaten while wearing it. On the one occasion I left it off, I lost the decision."

The boxer known as the Zulu Kid always carried a small doll dressed as a Zulu with him when he fought, tying it to the rope in his own corner of the ring. But when he fought Jimy Wilde he said it let him down, for Jimmy beat him.

Knockout Brown, the famous American lightweight, had a habit of dropping on one knee "just for luck" before every round began. His "mascot" was a little hunchbacked man who had a ringside seat at all his fights. Brown would touch the man's hump at the beginning of each round.

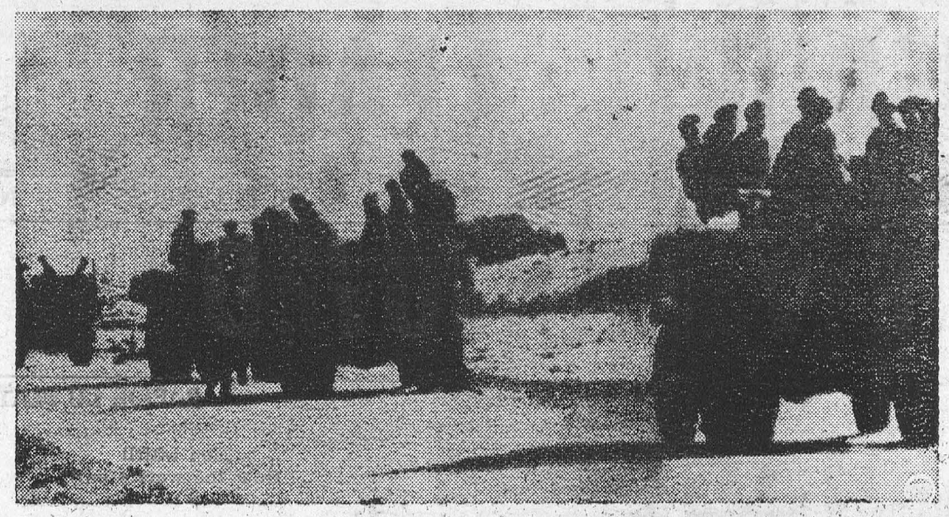
Jim Corbett saw a cross-eyed man as an evil omen if he met one while training or on the way to a fight. If he saw a white horse he would say: "That means that I'll probably lose." A horseshoe was always nailed to the door of his training camp and he believed that by carrying an assortment of odd foreign coins in his pocket he would ensure success in the ring.

"You pay a small deposit," said the door-to-door salesman to a prospective customer, "and make no more payments for six months."

"Who's been telling you about us?" asked the housewife, sharply.



BACK IN OFFICE — Former Irish Prime Minister Eamon de Valera is shown at his desk in Dublin during an interview following his party's return to power in the Irish general elections. De Valera's party won 78 seats in the 147-seat Parliament, more than enough to assure his election as Prime Minister when the new Parliament convened on March 20th.



ISRAELI TROOPS MOVE OUT OF GAZA—Israeli troops in half-tracks move along a road in the Gaza Strip, Egypt, during the withdrawal of troops from the area. Helicopters of the United Nations Emergency Force patrolled the Israeli-Egyptian border as long convoys of Scandinavian and Colombian units moved up to take the place of the departing troops.

Supposed To Be Her Farewell Voyage

A Short Story by
CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW

"Ready for the scrap-heap, pretty nearly," said Mr. Hiram Lee, Managing Director of the Gem Line.

"It'll break old Captain Fustian's heart if she goes to the graveyard," said Mr. Cowley, the sentimental Marine Superintendent. "He's served in the Turquoise since her launching—and that's fifty years ago. Deck-boy at the age of eleven. By seniority he ought to get the new Turquoise for a couple of years."

"My dear chap! Could you see old rough and tough Fustian in the new packet? He isn't the stamp. We're bidding for the passenger trade and passengers don't cotton to the old tarry-breeks type any longer. They want polished men of the world—"

"Fustian's a darned good seaman, and has kept working costs down like no other skipper in the line," was Cowley's dogged rejoinder.

"Well, we'll give them both another year, even if we lose money on the deal," agreed the Managing Director reluctantly. "But it'll have to be her farewell trip; we'll trust to the new ship to cover any possible deficit. Incidentally, Super, there'll be the cost of altering the ship's name, we can't have two Turquoises afloat under the one house-flag."

"The way the builders are working, the new ship won't be in commission inside another year," said the Super. "That's where the money goes, if you ask me — strikes and what-not."

Later, Captain Fustian invited Cowley to accompany the old Turquoise down-Channel until she dropped her pilot. "There's still lots of life in her," he boasted, as the tramp bucked into the Channel lop. "And you know this voyage's indents for repairs were lower than they were twenty years ago, even if everything has gone up three hundred per cent."

"Perhaps that's because I was your chief until they beached me for this Superintendent's job," grinned Cowley complacently. "Look," he added, "make this trip a winner. I'll see what strings I can pull in the office. Not in any hurry to get back, are you ?"

"Nothing particular to come back to," said Fustian. 'Only a vinegar-faced housekeeper. My daughter's in New Zealand, my son went down with his ship, as you well know. Get me chartered for Puerto Blanco, if you can. There's a decent picking there for a man who knows the ropes."

Cowley left with the pilot off Dungeness. Ringing to full speed ahead, Captain Fustian rubbed his hands and chuckled to his mate, old Sam Hurley, who'd never managed to pass the master's examination, and so was content in a subordinate job. "Shine her up for all you're worth, Mister," he recommended. "She looks like a millionaire's yacht as it is. We'll have plenty of time to treacle her up a lot more."

Mr. Hurley was agreeable. There was nothing he liked better than ship's husbandry, even if he wasn't a whole lot of good with the theoretical side of seafaring.

Off Cape Frio the Turquoise was lucky enough to fall in with a broken-down Argentine grain-carrier, and gave her a tow into Rio. Mr. Hurley took away the boat that carried the tow-rope and did the job in real Bristol fashion. It was more or less routine work. But the Argentinos were grateful, and didn't squabble about the salvage claim put in by the Gem Line and the underwriters.

As for the Turquoise, she went on with her normal occasions. It happened that there was a dock-workers' strike at Santa Rosalie; and that might have meant a longish hold-up and demurrage and fines for broken contracts. But Fustian and Hurley bustled their crew into action and discharged, willy-nilly, even if it meant a dozen fights with the striking crowd.

Fustian flooded his tanks and took her to Corvonha, and picked up a perishable cargo there that was waiting for one of the big Panamanian ships held up by the Santa Rosalie strike; he demanded higher freightage, and this was agreed to. Having delivered this 7,000 ton load without any depreciation, he got orders to proceed to Ilo-Ilo, and went through Magellan and Smythe's Channel to get there, saving a lot of coal by taking short cuts.

For six months the old ship traded here and there, short hauls and long hauls, filling her decks with coolie passengers at times, but always running like clockwork.

Then the big volcano on Tuhiti blew up. Fustian had noticed how the barometer was behaving, and expected typhoons; but the sight of that fantastic cloud overhead warned him of what might be happening, even though he was two hundred sea-miles off the island.

He invited his tried and trusted chief engineer to make all haste. At Tuhiti he found blazing chaos; the beachside town was burning from end to end, and hot lava streams were coming down the central mountain's sides. Falling ash had fired all canoes and wooden ships. The death-roll was high — it would have been much higher had not the Turquoise's crew gone into action. Fustian took her in as close as possible, and coupled his fire-hoses to his own pumps.

He and Hurley organized as many of the islanders as they could into bucket-gangs. Women and children were ferried aboard the Turquoise and housed under her decks. There was abundant rice in the cargo, and Fustian broached it without hesitation.

Between them the ships' afterguard tended the most severely burnt and by the time a rescuing cruiser appeared, the situation was well under control. The many dead were buried, the Turquoise's carpenter was instructing the natives how to build substantial hutments; and a plague had somehow been averted. The captain of H.M.S. Roderick Dhu invited Fustian aboard and solemnly drank his health. "A pretty good job of work," he complimented.

"Couldn't have done less, sir", answered Fustian, and Hurley and the chief nodded grimy acquiescence. Then the Sultan of Bahooka, under whose suzerainty Tuhiti existed, arrived at the scene of disaster.

"I won't insult you by gifting money," said His Highness affably. "But if the concession to work the phosphates of this group of islands is any use to you, have it and welcome." He then presented Fustian with his personal Order of Merit in appreciation of his services.

Fustian took the Turquoise away on her interrupted voyage, and found he had won fame. At Ilo-Ilo he was almost embarrassed by the offered charters. He accepted those promising biggest dividends, and kept out East for a matter of nine months more. During this time he shuttled to and fro like an express train. Such engine-room repairs as were necessary his own Black Squad performed, without calling on high-charging dockyards. Taken by and large, the threatened last voyage was a goldmine.

But, reluctantly, under office orders, Fustian had eventually to point his bow homewards. The fatal scrap-heap had been avoided, but he hated to imagine the old ship being torn plate from plate, and himself consigned to life under the iron discipline of his horse-faced housekeeper; the only person in the wide world of whom he was scared.

He seriously meditated running the Turquoise ashore in the Ushant fogs and letting her die gallantly, as she had lived. But his record was clean, and he had no wish to smirch an honest reputation, though the bad weather would have provided a reasonable excuse. Just as well, perhaps.

For, right in the middle of the Bay of Biscay, he picked up an SOS from a ship whose name the wireless man couldn't decipher; Fustian headed towards her at the best speed of which his heavily laden ship was capable.

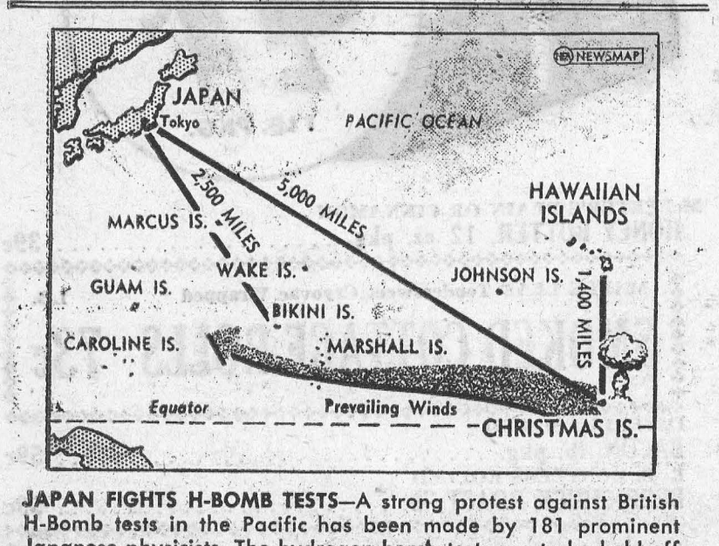
She, was a big ship, and she was wallowing. The weather was far too violent to permit of a boat being lowered, even under Hurley's capable handling. The harassed vessel was the new Turquoise, on her maiden voyage, crammed with passengers and a cargo worth a couple of million.

Fustian took a big chance by running so close to the lurching liner as almost to scrape her paint. But when he shot out into open water a four-inch rope connected the ships and hauled in the big chap's towing hawser, which, bitted and strutted, enabled the old Turquoise to keep her namesake head to wind until the worst of the flurry was over, and then to tow her slowly but competently to port of refuge.

It fell to Mr. Cowley to report safe arrival of tow and tower. Mr. Lee was busily making arrangements to exploit the phosphate concession in the Bahooka group. The balance sheet of the Turquoise's ultimate voyage was on his desk — and it was a promising document.

"What we'll do," said Mr. Lee decisively, "is sell this new ship foreign — if anyone's fool enough to buy the derelict — and keep the old packet running till she falls to bits. Fustian can stay in command of her until he takes root; and if he'd like to be appointed Commodore of the Line, offer it to him with my graceful compliments."

From "Tit-Bits."



JAPAN FIGHTS H-BOMB TESTS—A strong protest against British H-Bomb tests in the Pacific has been made by 181 prominent Japanese physicists. The hydrogen bomb tests are to be held off Christmas Island from now through July. Despite the fact that Christmas Island is about twice as far from Japan as Bikini, the U.S. testing area, the Japanese declare danger of fallout, on navigation routes and fishing grounds is great. The Japanese protest said nuclear testing would be "nothing but the worst sort of crime against all human beings."

DRIVER "STIFF" WITH COLD

Claude L. [illegible], of Bismarck, N.D., had a novel excuse to offer when he was summoned to appear at court on a charge of backing his car into another vehicle and causing damage.

He explained that he was so muffled up in clothes against the icy weather that he couldn't look round!

A Flag!

A flag is a symbol, of course, and as such it should represent the qualities for which it stands. Consequently it can be large or small. It should be large enough to deserve respect and allegiance wherever it is flown. But it should not be so big that it can serve as a ready shield for scoundrels, the intemperate or the ignoble. It must not be so small that it is easily forgotten in the times or places where liberty is a dim and distant thing. It must be large enough to win a place dear to the hearts of its sons and daughters. But it should not be so big that its sight strikes terror and fear where it is shown.

It should be large enough to cover all its people, not just the few . . . What matters is that where the banner waves those who live under it dwell in peace, in liberty and in justice.—New York Times.

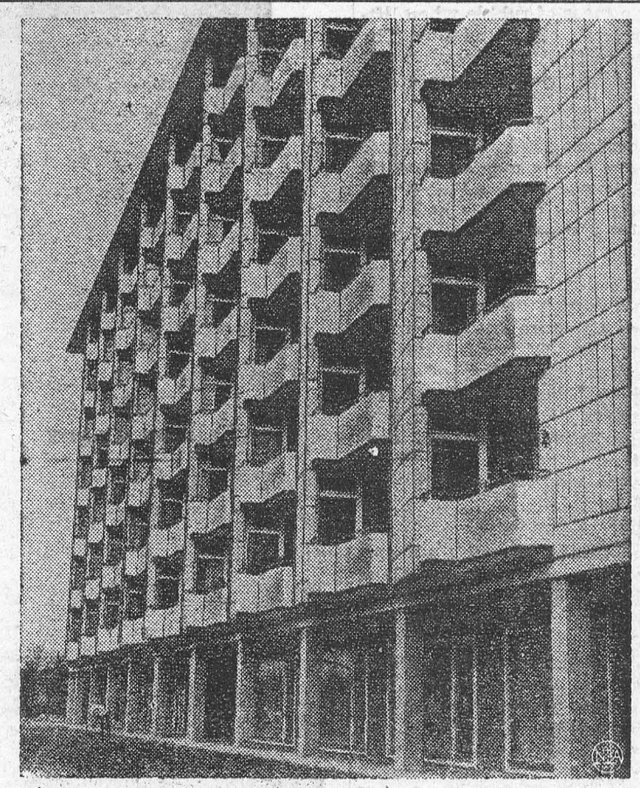
Modern Etiquette

Q. Should a man use his right or left hand when tipping his hat to a woman?

A. Either hand.

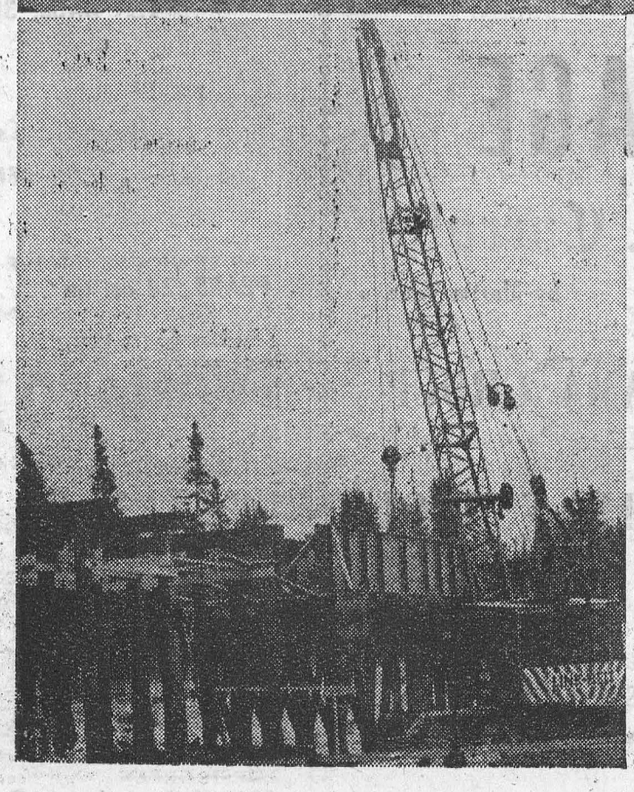
Q. Is it proper to send gifts to the mother of a newborn baby?

A. Relatives and close friends will sometimes send flowers or candy to the new mother, but usually any gifts sent are for the baby.



PATTERN OF PROGRESS—Remarkable recovery of West Germany from the ravages of war is symbolized in this new apartment building, just completed in West Berlin. It features windows and balconies opening on the sunny side of the structure for maximum warmth and light. Each tenant has complete privacy on his balcony because of the unique oblique walls that separate the apartments.





NEW CNR LINE — By autumn of 1957 trains will be running on a new $3,000,000 spur line being built by Canadian National Railways in northern New Brunswick. Twenty-three miles long, the railway will link the Heath Steele base metal lines at Little Tomogonops River to the CNR's Montreal - Saint John - Halifax main line at Bartibog. Construction has been carried on through the winter months and about 10 miles of the line are now ready for tie and track laying. Modern Construction Company of Moncton has the contract for the building of the sub-grade, and CNR crews will carry out the track-laying work. Top photo shows big machines chewing through a deep rock-cut near the Heath Steele minesite. At left is seen construction of a trestle across the East Portage River, on the Bartibog end of the line. The opening up of the Heath Steele ore deposits is one of the major mining developments in Canada in recent years. (CNR Photos)

Photo Trick Fooled Beauty

A beautiful Italian girl who got married "by post" to a man she had never seen has just returned home—heartbroken.

The girl, Antonietta, alleges that the man, actually far from handsome, had tricked her into marriage by sending a "film star" photograph purporting to be of himself.

She makes this claim in the divorce suit she is bringing against her bridegroom, Andrea, who is living in the Argentine and confidently expects she will win her case. The story as reported to date is as follows:

Antonietta, who comes from South Italy, received the photo by airmail in June, 1953. With it was a passionate letter from Andrea. He said he had heard all about the beauty of Antonietta and wanted to marry her. He was twenty-six years old and this was his photograph. He was not known personally to Antonietta, but they had been born in the same village.

The man in the photograph looked very handsome and intelligent, and Antonietta fell in love at once. In addition, the Argentine seemd like a promised land to a girl of southern Italy, where conditions are bleak and work hard to obtain.

In her village, everybody to whom she showed the photograph envied her. They said it looked like a film star—Tyrone Power maybe or Montgomery Clift. Antonietta, then only sixteen years old, became engaged to her far-off admirer. His letters were elegantly phrased and affectionate.

Eventually, the date of the wedding was discussed, but Andrea said that he was so busy with important affairs in the Argentine that he could not come.

However, he wanted the marriage to take place as soon as possible, and for his bride to come out to join him. The marriage was accordingly celebrated by proxy, in their native village, and an ecstatic Antonietta left by boat for Buenos Aires.

When she landed, she looked round anxiously for her husband. He was nowhere to be seen. She was beginning to feel desperate when an elderly woman came forward and said: "You must be Antonietta. This is your husband, Andrea!"

Antonietta gasped. Could this be Andrea—fat, ungainly, anything but handsome? "It's not Andrea!" she cried, and took the treasured photograph out of her handbag. The woman glanced at it. "Photographs aren't always good likenesses," she said casually.

When Andrea came forward to embrace her, Antonietta pushed him aside. He pleaded with her, showing her identity documents which proved him to be Andrea—but he was not the Andrea she had come for. When he tried to embrace her again, she burst into tears, and ran away through the streets of the unknown city.

Luckily, she had an aunt living in Buenos Aires. She found her, and planned to return to Italy as soon as she had scraped together enough money, by working day and night, to pay her passage home.

Andrea, however, was still planning to win her over, if not by coaxing, then by force. One day, with several of his friends, he waylaid her in the street, and forced her into a hotel. But her screams brought the police, and she was released. Eventually, Andrea agreed to send an authorization to the Italian consulate so that she could ask for the marriage to be annulled.

It took Antonietta almost two years to save sufficient money for her passage home. Her case is to come before the courts, and no one doubts that she will win it, even in Catholic Italy.

So her strange marriage, a marriage to a photograph, may soon be brought to an end.



SAVED FROM THE SEA—Lawrence Adams, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is carried off the Coast Guard cutter Castle Rock in Boston after he and eight other seamen were rescued from the icy Atlantic. The men spent two days adrift in an open boat after their ship, the coastal freighter Patricia Sweeney, sank.

They Cash In On Loneliness

"Lady, no ties now, attractive, own house, comfortable income, very young 47 desperately lonely, seeks gentleman, kind, genuine, who would remake home and give back lost hope. . . . Apply Box No. ——"

What a pathetic human story is contained in that short paragraph taken from the Personal Column of a London paper recently! In every issue such papers print columns and columns of close-type advertisements setting forth similar appeals They come from men and women of all ages, of all nationalities, from all sections of society.

There is the Indian Businessman, 58, who wishes to meet a cultured, unattached, attractive business lady under 40 . . . there is the Mum, late forties, alone seven years, who wants to meet a Nice Dad for her son of 18 . . . the Attractive Lady, tall, slim, fair, private means, fond of books art, travel, who would like to hear from a gentleman of similar tastes over fifty.

No doubt some of the adverts that appear in such journals as these are frivolous, "just-for-the-fun-of-it," such as this one: "GUYS AND DOLLS. Ordinary Guy seeks Extraordinary doll." Others may have been sent in by gold-diggers, fortune-hunters and lady-killers. But the overwhelming impression one gets after studying such papers is that there are hundreds of genuinely lonely people in London. And I am sure the same applies in other large cities.

"Desperately lonely," says the advertiser quoted earlier, and those words, or similar, are repeated in column after column, week after week. It needs little imagination to visualize the advertiser and the state of mind she has reached. What tragic significance that "No ties now" implies !

Her husband has died or been killed, or maybe he has left her. At any rate, she is now quite alone in the world. "Attractive" . . . of course, that can mean almost anything, and it depends on the pre-conceived ideas of the men she will be meeting. She may be a beauty; more likely she is just a bit dowdy. But "very young 47" surely indicates that she realizes her age is against her. It means that before that first fateful date at Victoria Station or Leicester Square Tube she will pay a special visit to the hairdresser's and spend quite a long time in front of her mirror.

But what a risk this love-starved woman is running in her bid for emotional security ! How will she know that the men she meets are not more interested in the "Own house, comfortable income" than in her? How will she know whether the man she contacts is sincere, or not some smooth-spoken rogue who plans to wheedle her money from her under one pretext or another and then disappear? For there have been countless cases of "desperately lonely" women who have fallen a prey to charming tricksters and bigamists.

A wealthy Birmingham woman who advertised that she was lonely received 150 replies. She was very unlucky in her choice, for the man she married was a 48-year-old engineering inspector who had a wife and four children !

At the man's trial for bigamy, the judge told the victim that she had been "exceptionally foolish" to go through a form of marriage without discovering more about him. He had proposed to her the first time they met, they had never been happy together, and the "marriage" crashed in ruins after a mere two months. During that time she had bought the man many presents, including a $1200 car, which he had proceeded to use almost exclusively.

But even if a man is unattached, and has no underhand intentions, he can bring havoc into a girl's life by an irresponsible attitude. Thirty-year-old Mary —, of Cheshire, was jilted twice by a man she met through a marriage bureau.

To try to end her loneliess, she had started a pen friendship with this man, a thirty-two-year-old farm worker. He proposed by post and they fixed the wedding date. But the day before the wedding he cancelled it. Then a year later his mother wrote to Mary urging her to renew the friendship. Mary did so. The wedding date was fixed again and once more Mary brought out her splendid bridal gown. A message then arrived from her fiancé to say it was all off. There was another woman.

Mary gave other girls this warning: "No one should seek romance through a marriage bureau or a pen friendship. It has brought me nothing but heartbreak."

That girl was understandably bitter, but I don't think her denunciation of marriage bureaux should apply to all. There are quite a number of reputable bureaux that have done fine work in bringing genuinely lonely people together.

Clients' interests are safeguarded in a number of ways. A declaration of good faith is required to be signed on registering, and no one is accepted if known to be mentally, physically or legally unfit for marriage. Personal interviews are arranged wherever possible and introductions with a view to friendship or correspondence are not considered. The private incomes of women clients are never disclosed to men.

Of course, even these safeguards do not guarantee 100 per cent immunity from rogues and wolves. But neither do the more conventional methods of meeting the opposite sex. The romance that starts at the church bazaar can also end in the divorce court.

But marriage bureaux, properly run. do fulfil a great need today, beause the social upheaval started by the war has destroyed so much family life. Before the war youngsters could meet at each other's homes during pleasant social evenings. But now, with overcrowding and both parents going out to work, there is much less opportunity. Meetings and courtships now have to take place in public — at crowded dance halls, steamy snack bars, smoky cinemas. The chance of finding the right partner under such distracting, clamorous conditions is very much reduced.

I know there are sports and social clubs where romance can get a firmer foothold through mutual interests, but these cater for a comparatively small section of the population, and subscriptions and the necessary clothes and equipment are beyond the means of many youngsters.

Chance meetings on holiday, or in a train or restaurant, always seem so romantic, especially when described in magazine stories. But marriage bureaux meetings can have just as romantic consequences, and be based on a surer knowledge of the person one is planning to marry.

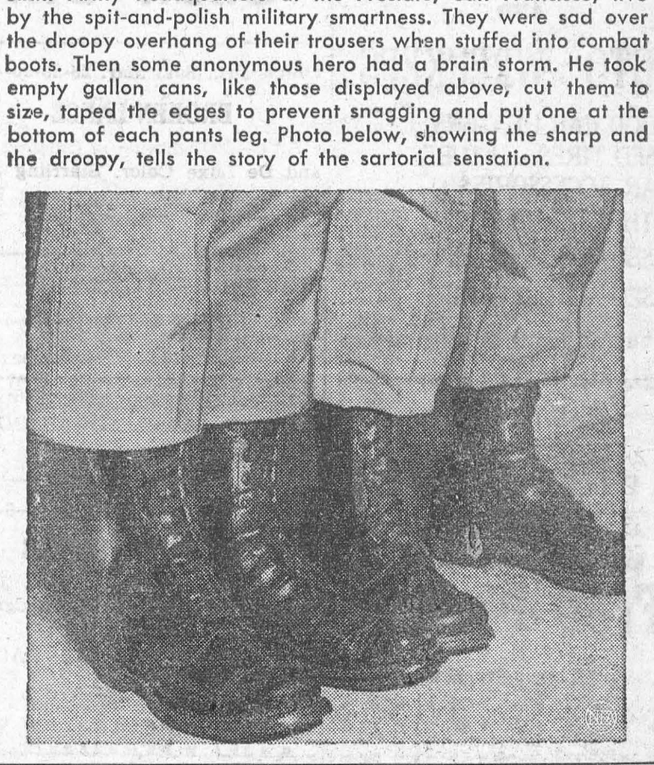
For all decent bureaux take extremely careful records of their clients — their age, physical appearance, interests, habits, jobs and general background. Clients are also asked to state fully the type of person to whom they wish to be introduced. Thus, one of the main causes of divorce, incompatibility stands a reasonable chance of being eliminated at the start.

Another benefit is that an appliant need no longer be limited to the small circle of friends he or she may know. On the books of one bureau recently were: Charming French Girl, 25; Vivacious Italian Widow; Beautiful (model type) young Lady; Fascinating Widow; Canadian Gentleman; Smart Single Lady, forties; Delightful, Quietly-spoken Young Lady; Elegant Divorcée; Major, Regular Army, 48; Unhappy Divorcée - Petitioner; Countess, Widow, 55; Policeman over Six-foot Tall; Good-looking South African Gentleman; German Nursing Sister.

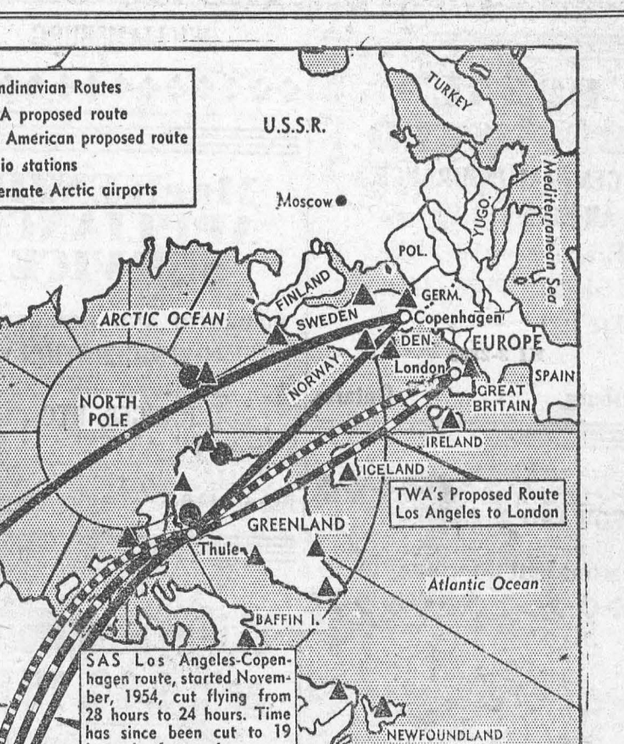
Even young and beautfiul girls from the aristocracy go to marrigae bureaux these days. Two girls who were débutantes two years ago, and whose family names are in Burke's Peerage, went to a Kensington bureau and paid five guineas registration fee. If those girls, who move daily in court circles, cannot find quite the type of husband they want, then surely there is justification for other girls with more limited social opportunities in trying their luck?

Other clients on the "blue blood" bureau included two M.P.'s, a barrister, four solicitors, and doctors and accountants. Each client pays $75 when the marriage contract is drawn up.

Yes, there seems no doubt that the **reputable** marriage bureau has come to stay — and many happily married couples are glad they paid a visit. A warning should be given, however, about the so-called bureaux that merely send out lists of names and addresses. They are usually a waste of money and can spell danger, as can any type of penpal correspondence. — By Edward Boston in "Tid-Bits."

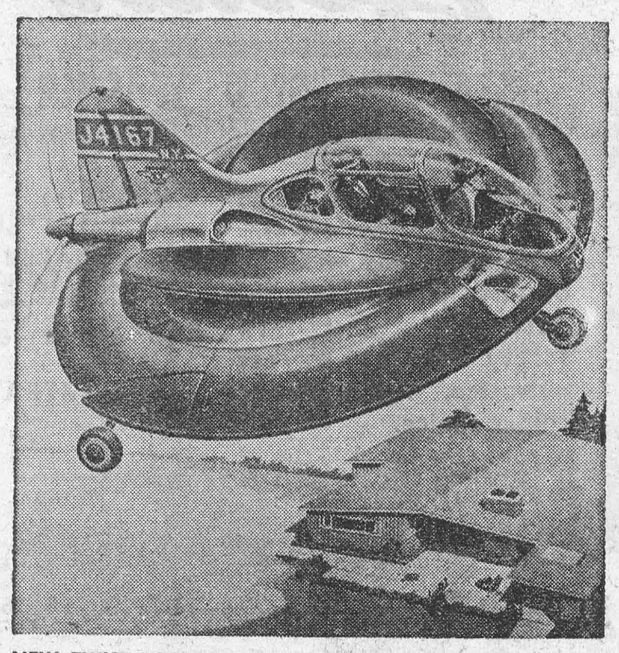


CANNED SMARTNESS — The lads of the honor guard of the Sixth Army headquarters at the Presidio, San Francisco, live by the spit-and-polish military smartness. They were sad over the droopy overhang of their trousers when stuffed into combat boots. Then some anonymous hero had a brain storm. He took empty gallon cans, like those displayed above, cut them to size, taped the edges to prevent snagging and put one at the bottom of each pants leg. Photo below, showing the sharp and the droopy, tells the story of the sartorial sensation.





A BLOW-HARD — Fred Polk, is all puffed up over his work, which makes sense because for 44 years he has been a glass blower. Polk demonstrated his special skill at the recent Glass Blowers Association convention.



A NEW TWIST FOR SUBURBIA — The daily trip from home to office and back may be made in a plastic flying saucer of this type by 1965. Designed to make any back yard an airport, as shown in this sketch from Mechanix Illustrated Magazine, the proposed craft would take off and land vertically by means of a ducted fan drawing in air and expelling it in a powerful jet. The pusher-type propeller would provide a 165-mile-an-hour cruising speed.

WILL BLEAK ARCTIC BECOME AERIAL CROSSROADS? — The recent inauguration of regular passenger service by Scandinavian Airlines System between Copenhagen and Tokyo, directly over the North Pole, suggests that the skies over the great Arctic wastes may become the crossroads of intercontinental air travel. SAS pioneered the trans-Arctic commercial routes in 1954, when it started Los Angeles-Copenhagen flight via Thule, Greenland. In addition to these, Pan American Airways and Trans World Airlines have applications in for trans-Arctic routes between Los Angeles and London. Military planes are, of course, flying back and forth around the North Pole all the time.

How good is YOUR aim?

You'll hit the mark with XL (EXCEL) Growing Mash!

How are you aiming to hit the profit target you've set for your layers? Balanced feeding is the answer – and that means XL(EXCEL) Growing Mash.

Aim now to bring out the full potential of your future layers. Hit your profit target by developing them now with XL(EXCEL) Growing Mash – for high production and sustained performance. With XL(EXCEL) Growing Mash your pullets get everything they need, including: –

- Quality proteins for proper fleshing.
- Antibiotic for growth and to combat disease.
- Correctly balanced minerals (calcium and phosphorus) plus trace minerals for a strong bone structure.
- Adequate vitamins, including A, D, B2 and B12, for good health and resistance to sickness.

XL(EXCEL) Growing Mash is *economical* and *always fresh* from your XL(EXCEL) Feed Service Mill. You save money too.

If you have your own grain –
Have us mix: – 3 bags your grain and 1 bag XL(EXCEL) Developing Conc.
or – 5 bags your grain and 1 bag XL(EXCEL) Range Conc. – if your range is very good.

EXCEL FEED SERVICE

BOUCK'S H'LL FEEDS

We have a full line of XL Feeds, Mill Feeds and Fertilizers.

We are agents for Allis-Chalmers Tractors and Farm Machinery

Custom Grinding, Rolling and Mixing.

KI 3-2409 WE DELIVER

PSP helped us save...

NOW gives us extra benefits!



- With PSP you set your own savings goal . . . you save by convenient instalments . . . and your Bank of Nova Scotia's PSP contract now guarantees your estate will receive the *entire* amount of your savings goal in case of death, *plus* all instalments paid, *plus* a cash bonus.

Take a minute to visit your nearest BNS branch—pick up a copy of the free Personal Security Program folder giving all the details of this new, *surer* way to save.

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your partner in helping Canada grow

9244

Your New Home

HOUSING PROBLEMS ARE BECOMING ACUTE IN MORRISBURG

SERVICED BUILDING LOTS ARE AVAILABLE IN OUR SUBDIVISION.

Houses Available for Immediate Occupancy.

For Appointments Call Representatitve

T. R. PARKER, KI 3-2157 or

REUNION PROPERTIES (Ontario) Co. Ltd. Ph. KI 3-2824

Homes Designed and Buitl to your Specifications.

$100 A MONTH FOR LIFE FROM AGE 60

This is the plan* — suppose you are not over 50, you make regular payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At age 60 you start receiving $100 a month for life or, if you prefer it, $17,149.00 in cash—both amounts can be increased by accumulating annual dividends. If you are over 50, benefits are available at a later date.

FOR YOUR FAMILY

Should you not live to the age of 60, $15,000 will be paid to your family on your death.

*Slightly varied for women.

By completing the enquiry form below you can obtain details suited to your personal requirements. The plan covers all amounts of premiums from as little as $5.00 per month and the cash or pension can in most cases commence at age 50-55-60 or 65.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Exact date of birth.....

TOMORROW YOU'LL BE OLDER!

That's right. And protection for your family and your future years through the medium of life insurance could easily be more expensive than it is at this moment. Yes, tomorrow you will be older, and illness can strike quickly. Act now. Call me today and we can discuss your life insurance needs. You will be under no obligation.

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AULTSVILLE, ONT.

PH. CORNWALL 5166-J-4

VII by Virginia.. Cowles, has.. been

SUN LIFE OF CANADA



PINKUS SALVAGE AND AUTO WRECKERS

- GOOD CAR HEATERS.
- USED TIRES and TUBES
- CAR ACCESSORIES
- OTHER HARD-TO-GET ITEMS
- USED ANGLE IRON & PIPING
- USED AUTO PARTS.

We buy all kinds of scrap metals, Bags, Etc. Highest Prices Paid

DAILY PICK-UP

— WE SELL —

B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCTS

— AND —

GLASS CUT TO MEASURE, See

Fred Pinkus

Williamsburg, Ont.

Show Bill

Thurs., Fri., Sat., Mar. 28-29-30—

BROKEN LANCE

An outdoor drama, in Cinemascope and De Luxe Color. Starring Jean Peters, Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner and Richard Widmark.

Mon., Tues., Wed., Apr. 1—2—3—

GUYS AND DOLLS

A musiral, in Cinemascope and Eastman Color. Starring Jean Simmons, Vivian Blaine, Marloon Brando and Frank Sinatra. ADULT ENTERTAINMENT.

Thurs., Fri., Sat., April 4—5—6—

THE DAM BUSTERS

A drama. Starring Ursula Jeans, Richard Todd and Michael Redgrave.

COMING SOON — THE RACERS and TOY TIGER.

THE PICADILLY

WILLIAMSBURG

W. A. PAVEY

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Office Hours: 9-12 - 1.30-5.30

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Lenses Ground on the Premises

SUPERTEST *Power-Horsed*

YOU SIMPLY CANNOT BUY A BETTER GASOLINE!

"Skinny" Girls!

Gain 5 to 10 lbs. Round out bony limbs. Fill up ugly hollows. Get lovely curves. Ostrex Tonic Tablets help build up body skinny due to appetite impaired by lack of iron. Improves digestion, nourishment; then food builds more flesh. Increases pep. "Get-acquainted" size only 60¢. Try Ostrex for lovelier body, new pep, vitality today. At all druggists.

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GENERAL INSURANCE

All Kinds of Insurance

Fire, Automobile, Life, Liability, Plate Glass, Etc.

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Morrisburg, Ontario



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REFRIGERATION WASHERS, DRYERS, RANGES, ETC.

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MORRISBURG, ONTARIO

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EXPERT SERVICE

ANY MAKE OR MODEL

TV SET OR RADIO

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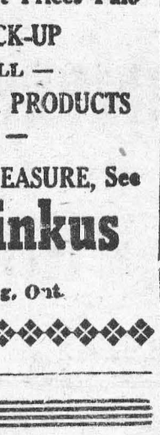
20 YEARS IN THE SERVICE BUSINESS

THOMPSON RADIO



The finest powdered louse killer for Dairy Animals, Hogs and Poultry. Kills lice, sheep ticks and poultry mites. Easy-to-use! Safe!

McNEELY'S DRUG STORE

PHONE 93 MORRISBURG

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

Get New Pep, Vim, Vigor



What a thrill! Bony limbs fill out; ugly hollows fill up; neck no longer scrawny; body loses half-starved, sickly "beanpole" look—because of poor appetite due to lack of iron. Thousands of girls, women, men, who never could gain before, are now proud of shapely, healthy-looking bodies.

They thank Ostrex Tonic Tablets. Contains iron, vitamin B_1, calcium. Helps build blood, improve appetite and digestion so food gives you more strength and nourishment; helps put flesh on bare bones.

Get Lovely Curves

As you gain pounds, you gain lovelier curves too. Try Ostrex Tonic Tablets today. See how quick they help build up body "skinny" due to iron deficiency. "Get-acquainted" size only 60¢. At all druggists.

1957 MARCH 1957

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4				8	9
10	11				15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

ALL-METAL with CHROMIUM Legs



Reg. Price $17.95

Beatty

ALL-HITE IRONING TABLE

Has been judged outstanding for its good design, as based on its form, function, originality, good value and consumer acceptance by the National Industrial Design Council.

BOTH FOR ONLY

$1.98

REG. PRICE $37.45

IRONING TABLE AND STEAM-DRY IRON

PLUS $50.00 TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE (FOR ANY OLD WASHER)



MORPHY-RICHARDS ZA-10

Uses any tap water. Automatic. Heat-controlled (gives more steam for heavy fabrics, less for light).

REG. PRICE $19.50

When You Buy A

Beatty

STAINLESS STEEL WASHER

TWO-TONE *CHROMATIC* FINISH

Double tubs, one inside the other. 6-minute washing action. 4-part ball bearing mechanism. Indestructible cast iron safety wringer. 6-year guarantee. All-white or colour choice.

$37.45 • EXTRA VALUE

$50. MINIMUM TRADE-IN

$87.45 • TOTAL EXTRAS

674

TERMS TO SUIT YOU — COME IN AND SEE US

Ross H. Beckstead

Williamsburg

WILLIAMSBURG

Mrs. Walter Loucks and Mrs. Stanley Forward are spending a couple of weeks at Ticonderoga, N. Y., with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Johnson.

Miss Iva Whitteker of Ottawa was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Whitteker.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNabb and Mr. Ross Becker of Ottawa, were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Casselman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Bell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ron Timmins of Inkerman.

Mr. Al Kappos, of Waterloo Seminary conducted the service in St. Peter's Lutheran Church on Sunday morning. He was entertained by Mrs. G. L. Barclay and family. Next Sunday Seminarian Smith will be in charge of the Service.

CHURCH ROAD

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Schwerdfeger spent the week end at the latters parental home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Crowder and children spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schwerdfeger and family.

Mr. George Casselman was a visitor with Mr. Sam Schwerdfeger on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Barkley and daughter of Iroquois were Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Crowder.

Mr. David Smith and daughters, Jean and Gail were in Cornwall on Tuesday where they called at The General Hospital, where his daughter Esther, is a patient.

Mr. and Mrs. James Travisano and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart and daughter Doris of Brockville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns on Sunday.

Mrs. Roy Styles of Chesterville visited her mother, Mrs. A. Bowman the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns were in Ottawa on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Casselman spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Casselman and family in Brockville.

STAMPVILLE

The Farm Forum was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Austin O'Dell on Monday evening. The topic was A Man and His Neighbour, which proved most interesting. This was the last meeting of the season and was well attended.

The W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. Chas. McInnis with a good attendance.

Mrs. Chas. Armstrong spent a few days at the home of her son and daughter in law, Mr. and Mrs. Clare Armstrong of Montreal.

Fire destroyed the home and all its contents last week of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Compeau.

Mrs. Evelyn McLean and Mrs. Arthur Webb spent Sunday in Kingston where Mr. Webb is a patient in the General Hospital there.

We welcome Mr. and Mrs. J. Merkley to our community. They have taken up residence in the home recently vacated by the Shaver family.

NOTICE

A Meeting of the Morrisburg Chamber of Commerce will be held on April 11th, 1957, when a report of the work and activities of the Chamber will be given. Further announcement of this meeting will be made.

GORDON W. THOM,
Secretary.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LOCAL DRAMA CLUB FROM THE DEPT. OF. EDUCATION

The Ontario Department of Education is definitely interested in the future of the Morrisburg Drama Group. In June 1956, the Ontario Drama Council was set up to study amateur theatre in Ontario and make recommendations.

In connection with this project, Mr. L. P. Pairier of the Community Programs Branch of the Department of Education has been in touch with the executive of the local group and has signified that he and Mr. Meiklejohn (Eastern Ontario Representative of the Ontario Drama Council) would come to Morrisburg in the near future.

With this in mind, Morrisburg Drama Groupp will shortly announce a general meeting which they hope will be attended by everybody interested in amateur theatre either as participants or spectators. Mr. Poirier hopes that amateur groups in Iroquois, Finch, Lunenburg and any other community in the Morrisburg area will send representatives to this meeting.

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

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

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

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

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

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

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO under The St. Lawrence Development Act, 1952 (No. 2) and all other powers thereto it enabling has for its purposes TAKEN AND EXPROPRIATED in fee simple the lands consisting of ALL THAT PORTION of the West half of Lot 9, Concession 1, in the Township of Matilda, in the County of Dundas in the Province of Ontario, lying South of the King's Highway No. 2, and HAS DEPOSITED a plan and description of the said Lands in the Registry Office for the Registry Division of the County of Dundas on the Twenty-first day of February, 1957.

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

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

DATED at Toronto this 7th day of March 1957.

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

12-14c SL.-6086

TO RENT

3 ROOMS AND KITCHENETTE. Private Toilet and Private Entrance.
Phone KI 3-2837.

13c.

Want to get TOP PROFITS?



Here's the way to make those EXTRA DOLLARS!

Good care — consistent culling — PLUS Blatchford's 70-30 Top Performance Egg Mash! That's how you put extra money in your pocket. Increase your egg profits the modern, scientific way — the proven Blatchford way. Get top profits, this year, by getting top performance from your layers. You avoid waste, too, because 70-30 is crumbled feed. Call in and learn more about this money-making product made by feed specialists. Be sure to use . . .

Blatchford's 70-30

Top Performance Egg Mash

CRUMBLED

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

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

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO under The St. Lawrence Development Act, 1952 (No. 2) and all other powers thereto it enabling has for its purposes TAKEN AND EXPROPRIATED in fee simple, the lands consisting of ALL of Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30, Block 8, Registered Plan No. 33, in the Village of Iroquois, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, and HAS DEPOSITED a plan and description of the said lands in the Registry Office for the Registry Division of the County of Dundas on the Twenty-first day of February, 1957.

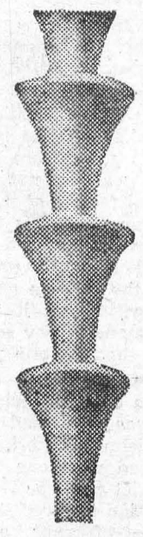
TO BE used for the construction, maintenance and operation of the works to develop and utilize the power resources of the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence River.

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

DATED at Toronto this 15th day of March, 1957.

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

12-14c. SL. 8158 et al



IT'S A CLAY PIPE CINCH

An end to this "lead pipe cinch" business! Because that curious-looking object up there is an unglazed, vitrified clay pipe house drain more than 5000 years old . . . and still in perfect condition. This was no surprise to us because, like present day Vitrified Clay Pipe, it was acid and alkali proof, with complete resistance to any chemical action. Specify the best, most durable house drain of all, Vitrified Clay Pipe.

NATIONAL SEWER PIPE LIMITED

Sales Office: 100 Queen St.
Swansea, Ontario
Phone: RO 7-7575

9-6

SUPERTEST
POWER-PACKED for PERFORMANCE

Don't Buy Feed ... BUY RESULTS



Ask for **"MIRACLE" CALF MEAL**

M40-6

Great* Liquidation *SALE!

We are extremely grateful to our many customers who made our "GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE" such a huge success. This has inspired us to continue this sale and we are offering greater reductions and MORE EXTRA, EXTRA SPECIALS!

Starting Thursday, March 28th

THESE ARE A FEW of the MANY ITEMS which we are offering for sale at RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES

MEN'S FINE SHIRTS	$1.00
LADIES' SHOES	$1.00
BETTER LADIES' SHOES	$2.00
BOYS' SHOES	$2.50
MEN'S BOOTS	$5.00
MEN'S FELT BOOTS	$4.50
BOYS' 3-PIECE OUTFITS	$3.95
BOYS' STATION WAGON COATS	$2.95
BOYS' PYJAMAS	$1.98
NEW MEN'S WINDBREAKERS—	
$8.95 VALUE	FOR $4.95
$12.95 VALUE	FOR $6.95
LADIES' DRESSES	$1,00

ALL SALES FINAL—NO EXCHANGES—NO REFUNDS

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THE BLACK LUMBER CO.

Our New Phone Number Is

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Best Quality Best Prices

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W. G. Black, Mgr.

Edgertons

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An Escape From Hungary

About the Author:

Paul Ignotus, was a well-known Hungarian left-wing writer before the war. Persecuted by the Horthy government, he went to England in 1939 and spent some ten years there, first as a program assistant for the BBC, then—after the war—as press attache and counsellor of the Hungarian Legation. When he returned to Budapest in 1949 to report to his government, he was arrested as a "British spy" by the secret police and kept in prison for nearly seven years. It was in prison that, by knocking through the wall, he made the acquaintance of his present wife, who had worked at the Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs and had also been imprisoned as a spy, probably because she had a British mother.

In March, 1956, just before Bulganin's and Khrushchev's visit to London, Ignotus was released together with some forty "social-democratic conspirators." Subsequently he was elected a member of the executive board of the Hungarian Writers' Association, a body largely responsible for preparing the uprising. He was at first fairly optimistic about the developments in his country, and even after the second Soviet onslaught in Budapest he hoped for a tolerable compromise. But subsequent events led him to change his mind. On November 27 he fled from Hungary with his wife, arriving at the Eisenstadt refugee camp in Austria the following day. Immediately the couple were brought by the camp police to WVF representative Colonel Leo Koenigsbert, as Mrs. Ignotus was pregnant, and helped to leave for England, where Paul Ignotus wrote this story of his escape for the WORLD VETERAN MAGAZINE who have kindly cabled us permission to re-print this article.

I escaped from Russian-occupied Hungary, together with my wife, on Tuesday, November 27. It was a sudden decision to take; in fact, my own decision took me by surprise.

Budapest had been re-conquered by the Soviet troops and packed with them for three weeks. Terrific bloodshed and demolition of homes and buildings had been going on all the time. The population lived under terror. And yet there was some hope in the air. Up to the last few days I spent in my own country, I went on hoping that, with the assistance of the United Nations, and perhaps of India, Yugoslavia and Poland, some reasonable compromise could be reached with the intruders. I have still not given up all hope, but after certain acts of terrorism I came to feel that I might be able to work for this cause abroad with a greater chance of success than at home.

The wholesale attack on Budapest took place at dawn on November 4. In my flat near the Parliament Building I was wakened by gunfire, and learned from an anouncement made personally by the head of the Hungarian government that our troops were engaged in a battle with the attacking Soviet forces. We peeped out of the window and after a while saw a host of Soviet tanks dashing at the Parliament, which was the temporary headquarters of both the government and the Budapest radio. The radio, after some SOS messages and tunes of patriotic songs, ceased to broadcast. I rang friends in all quarters of the city; the telephone was still working. No one knew more than I did. Later the radio announced that a new "Workers' and Peasants' Revolutionary Government" had been set up. But neither the announcer's voice nor anything else had the slightest similarity to our former "Free Kossuth Radio." Our "revolutionary" puppet government had been set up in the Soviet Union and the first announcement of its existence had come from outside our frontiers.

It was a Sunday, a very bleak one. We did not move out of the flat the whole day. We heard distant gunfire and the rattling of machine guns again and again and went on trying to guess where they came from. Already, in the days of the national revolution, this mixture of sounds had become a familiar feature of Budapest life. From the block containing our home, two flats had been entirely gunned out by the Russians before they were chased out of the capital. After the reoccupation, we had to get used to that day-long concert once again. And this went on, though with decreasing intensity, for a whole fortnight.

Nevertheless, neither we nor anyone else could afford to stay at home. On the Tuesday following that sinister Sunday, mile-long rows of people were queuing up in front of the bakeries and other food shops where food might be purchased. The Soviet commander and the puppet government, in their haste and muddle, first ordered that no one should leave his home, but quickly replaced the order with a curfew covering the hours of darkness. They ordered the personnel of food shops to resume work. (Medical services and food distribution were the only sorts of work which were never discouraged by either the Freedom Fighters, the strike leaders or the Soviet authorities). Distribution of bread thus began.

The big bakery near my lodging was not reopened, but some of its employees handed out loaves of bread to people, hanging out of the windows like bunches of grapes. Such procedures were quite frequently interrupted by the approaching rattle of machine guns and the roar of tanks; part of the crowd hurried under doorways, while others went on risking their lives to get bread. Three corpses, victims of the events of the previous night, scantily covered with paper, lay for two days in front of the big queue. But though many commented on them with horror, their presence did not deter people from standing around.

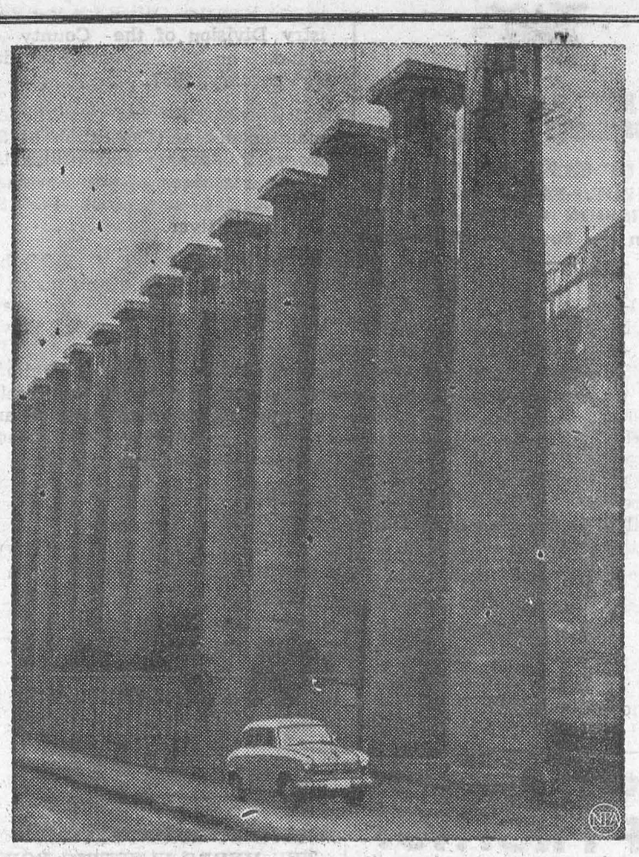
News reached us gradually from the places where fighting was still going on. In some parts of the city both the Hungarian troops and the population refused to give up. Some sixty youths, for instance, including eight or ten girls, armed with the rifles they had seized during the October revolution, set up their headquarters in a block of buildings. They managed from time to time to go out, unseen, to get food and thus to resume their attacks on the tanks. In the main these were made with bottles filled with petrol, or simply with rifle fire as the vehicles came in sight. The Russians then gunned, more often than not, at buildings whose inhabitants were quite innocent.

The onslaught upon Budapest and the Hungarian people was a very brutal one. But it must be stated in all fairness that the majority of the Soviet soldiers did not indulge in bloodthirsty or revengeful acts. They were puzzled and somewhat hysterical rather than systematically cruel. It is true that I had heard stories of their having shot freedom fighters who had given up arms on the basis of the government's promise to set them free if they capitulated, but I could not get these stories confirmed. I do know that in some cases they shot at women and children who happened to be on the spot when from somewhere shots had been fired at them. Broadly speaking, however, they gave the impression of having no idea what the whole thing was about. Most of the Hungarian people felt this was so. Although the battle cry that united all classes was *"Ruszkik haza"* — "Russians go home" — which was plastered and painted all over the walls, I really think that there was less personal ill-feeling towards the Russian soldiers once some form of personal contact had been established with them.

One of the most fanatical freedom fighters I met — whom I myself tried to convince that there must be some restraint exercised in deciding when to strike and where to shoot — told me: "You know, I cannot help feeling sorry for those Russians who glare at us so innocently and pathetically that I should often like to go and comfort them."

At the time of the National Revolution a number of the Soviet troops joined the Hungarians. What has happened to them since, I do not know. But it is certain that many of those Russians now camping in Hungary must feel disappointed and deceived. With the very scanty Russian I learned while in jail, I started conversations with some of them. The way to my home led through the embankment, which was then specially guarded. I told the Russian soldier I had to enter it. When he heard those two or three very badly pronounced Russian words he asked me, pointing to the Danube, whether it was the Suez Canal. From friends who got into touch with them more regularly I learned that indeed many of the Soviet troops had been previously told that they were to fight the Imperialists who had recently invaded Suez.

Other Russian soldiers, when searching the homes of inhabitants, looked for firearms and the *"Niemelzkie,"* that is, the Germans, who must be hidden there. These soldiers thought it was the German fascists against whom they had been dispatched to Hungary, the same fascists who had obliterated their towns and tortured their relatives in the last war. No less staggering was it to hear the expressions of astonishment of a Russian at our having "such an enormous mass of aristocrats." This one had been told it was merely the aristocrats, enemies and oppressors of the common people, whom he would have to fight in the streets of Budapest.



IN MEMORIAM, IN IRONY — No pillars of antiquity are these 14 columns lining a deserted lane near Stuttgart, Germany. The 60-foot columns were originally designed for the Nazi-proposed "Mussolini Square" in Berlin. Now a quarry has them up for sale at a reported price of $120,000. Tombstones, anyone?

In fact, however, he and his comrades had mainly to fight the industrial workers. Practically all classes were united in the national democratic revolution, but the most active came first from the universities, from amongst the undergraduates and other young intellectuals, and later from amongst the manual workers in the suburban factories.

When shooting died down in one suburb it recommenced in another. There is a big island on the Danube to the south of Budapest, the island of Czepel, on which the biggest industrial plants of Hungary are situated. The Soviet troops simply did not dare to enter its main factories. In some mines, too, in spite of the Russian occupation of the cities, the workers' councils set up by the leaders of the October revolution remained in charge. The intruders and their puppet government did not dare to remove these workers' councils and the revolutionary committees; they negotiated with them and tried to win them over.

This was characteristic of the attitude taken by the intruders in general. They were anxious, as far as possible, not to hurt the national feeling of the population. The Stalinist regime overthrown by the October uprising had been so unpopular that even the Russian and Quisling authorities felt it right to condemn it and to pay some lip-service to the patriotic rebels.

Let me mention just one example. The old Hungarian coat-of-arms was abolished by the Soviet Quisling, Rakosi, in 1949 and replaced with one modeled on the Soviet pattern. The October revolution restored the Hungarian coat-of-arms; and the puppet government set up by the Russians in November, far from objecting to this symbol, had it printed on its own manifestos. People all along the streets wore it as a badge in their buttonholes; everybody knew this was done as a demonstration against the intruders, but the authorities ignored its implications.

Similarly, they tolerated the mimeographed leaflets that were plastered on the walls. Quite big crowds gathered round such manifestos and discussed them. There were, for instance, appeals to the workers to strike in case the demands of the October rebels were not granted and the Soviet troops did not leave the country.

In this way, for about a fortnight, the attitude of the intruders was a mixture of ruthlessness, despotism and leniency. From time to time, they indiscriminately fought the population, and they imposed a rule of their own on the whole of the country; but they accepted, as far as possible, the arrangements made by the people themselves and were careful not to provoke the population.

But about November 20 this attitude changed for the worse. Rumors reached us that deportations had been started. They did not seem to be carried out in a systematic way. Youths, who may or may not have been suspected of taking part in the revolt, were suddenly caught by the Russians and disappeared. Some of the bodies elected by the people intervened with both the Russian commander and the Soviet - appointed Hungarian authorities. So did the Executive of the Writers' Association, of which I was a member. The Minister of the Interior of the Soviet - appointed Hungarian government admitted that some detentions has been taking place and that one train-load of Hungarian prisoners had been taken to Soviet territory. But he promised that this would be remedied and, in particular, that those deported to the Soviet Union would be returned. The Soviet commander also made some promises, asking the writers, in return, to intervene with the workers to persuade them to resume work. The writers, anxious to save the deportees, consented on condition that in their proclamation they might once again point out their faithfulness to the principles of the October revolution — that is, to the right of the Hungarian people to decide about their own fate.

In spite of the great tension, many of them were hoping that on the basis of these negotiations it would be possible to settle down to work, and that perhaps with the mediation of either United Nations observers or some of the powers considered neutral in the controversy between East and West — India for example — the main objective of the October revolution could be secured by peaceful means. In the meantime, the head of the Soviet appointed government, Kadar, made a public statement to the effect that if the premier of the overthrown head of the Soviet-appointed coalition government, Imre Nagy, were to leave the Yugoslav Embassy, where he had taken refuge at the time of the Russian onslaught, negotiations with him would be carried on in order to form a new coalition government. We were expecting the announcement of some arrangement of that kind.

Then came the great and disappointing surprise; I learned from writers in touch with Imre Nagy and his associates that after leaving the Yugoslav Embassy they had been detained by Soviet troops and taken to an unknown destination. Shortly afterwards this was announced from Yugoslav and Western sources as well. Again the Workers' Committee and the Writers' Association got into touch with the Kadar government and the latter promised to try and persuade the Russians to release the detained Hungarian politicians and the members of their families. Publicly, however, the government's explanation sounded quite different; it repeated and endorsed the explanation given by the Russians according to which Imre Nagy and his friends were to be kept "of their own free will" in Rumania lest they should be murdered by provocateurs in Hungary. This statement was, of course, nonsense. It only proved that no promises made by the puppet government could be trusted, for either the government people themselves did not take them seriously or their Russian masters did not care about them.

My feeling was that, under such circumstances, it would be useless for people like me to try to go on mediating between the embittered workers and intellectuals on the one hand, and, on the other, those of the government officials who, we assumed, had some feeling of responsibility for the people. I myself had spent more than six and a half years in a Bolshevik prison as a "British spy"; the girl whom I have since married had spent five years in jail under similar charges. Certainly it was not for us to wait until the same thing happened again. We discussed how we might get to England.

On the 26th, in the afternoon, I had a ring from a friend telling me by hints, lest the line were tapped, that she knew a way to escape but that we had to be ready to come the following morning. Each person had to pay 4,000 florins to the lorry driver who would take the party to a frontier village and then "something to the frontier guards."

It would be useless to try to explain in the currency of the Western world how much 4,000 Hungarian florins amounts to. It is about the sum that an average Hungarian family spends in three months. On such occasions, however, people manage to get money by selling their belongings and by other means.

I could not decide definitely to undertake this journey with my wife, who was in the seventh month of her pregnancy. Nor was I able to say "No!" I simply started making preparations "in case I accepted the offer."

I purposely concealed the idea of the trip from everyone except those who were to come, but, together with my wife, I prepared a small amount of luggage—one small suitcase and two dispatch cases. Then we quickly went to see the people who knew of the procedure. We were told where to go the following morning to meet the lorry driver who would take us by road. Whenever challenged by Russian or Hungarian guards, we were to lie about our destination. As trains were not running on schedule, a great number of people hitch-hiked from place to place. We were to pose as hitch-hikers.

The following morning my wife and I really set off in the lorry, along with twenty others, including a year-old baby in a pram which was to be left at the frontier, and an eight-year-old girl. Guards stopped us four or five times. As both our credentials and pretexts for traveling seemed all right, they let us go through — though most of them gave us to understand that they knew very well where we were going. One of them, when I told him I was going to Gyor (a city near the Austrian frontier), answered with a smile: "All right — if you go to Gyor, have a good journey beyond it on your way to a freer world."

Beyond Gyor, however, we met a Russian detachment escorted by Hungarian security police. These did not allow us to go further. They said we would have to return to Budapest. So we pretended to do that, but instead turned down a narrow lane not usually used by car traffic. We managed to avoid these guards and reached the highroad again, arriving at dusk in a little village near the frontier.

Helping people across the frontier has become a business in Hungary. Some people will always make money of the difficulties of others. However solid national unity against intruders may be, you will always find people who only regard it as a source of profit. Nevertheless, most of the hired guards I heard of proved to be very honest people. They accepted moderate sums and escorted their "customers" to places of safety.

We ourselves had hard luck. We got into the hands of a group of avaricious crooks. They first told us that from the frontier village we should have to walk only some 300 meters and that they would see us through it. In the house of the villager who was to escort us, we learned that the walk would be ten times as long as that — 3 kilometers. In fact it was some 15 kilometers — about 10 miles. These villagers, who were conniving with our lorry driver, tried their best to convince us that we must give them not only all our money but also wrist-watches and the like, for the frontier guards. This turned out to be a lie; they wanted these things for themselves.

At length we started on the journey, in mud which reached our ankles. It required great effort to drag our feet through it. Those of us who fell were unable to move for several minutes. It was pitch dark and we had to whisper in order not to be overheard. Some of the women, unable to drag their shoes from the mud, continued the journey barefoot. When we came to harder ground and stubble, their feet were badly torn. The guides persuaded many to discard their luggage. I knew they would pick it up on their way back and kept mine despite the effort of carrying it.

We were quite exhausted when the guides said we had only a few steps to go before we were over the frontier. Suddenly, in the dark, they left us and disappeared. We continued our route and when we stopped to rest, hoping we were in Austrian territory, we learned that we were still in Hungary. Flares were sent up and shots fired at us. We lay in the mud, not knowing whether we did so to escape our pursurers or to have a rest.

At last we came to a hut with straw inside where we took shelter, again assuming we were in Austria but still afraid we might be wrong. At dawn, when we started again, we met a cart with a peasant driving it. He was a kind old Austrian and took us to the nearest village.

This is the part of the story I can tell without endangering those who helped us cross the frontier. Once in Austria, our journey was less adventurous. The camp of Eisenstadt, in which we arrived by mid-day on Wednesday, was packed, with refugees and in a state of confusion which was, of course, unavoidable. The constant flow of these people was so great that no organization could be sufficient to cope with them. Water pipes had burst and newly arrived refugees were unable to wash, but such mishaps hardly counted when one considered the good luck of arriving.

Both the Austrian personnel and the non-Austrian relief people were at work day and night. Their patience and magnanimity filled the Hungarian refugees with profound gratitude. The head nurse — Eva Scherma —and her team of colleagues did an admirable job. My wife and I are personally most indebted to Colonel Koenigsbert of the World Veterans Federation and to Mrs. Norbury of the British Red Cross, for helping us to come to London at once. We arrived in the British capital in the afternoon of Saturday, December 1. It was like waking from a nightmare.



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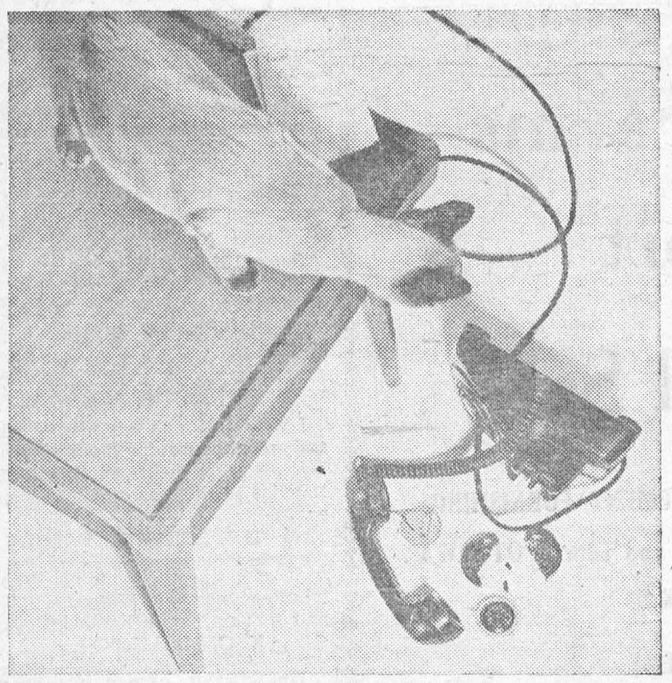

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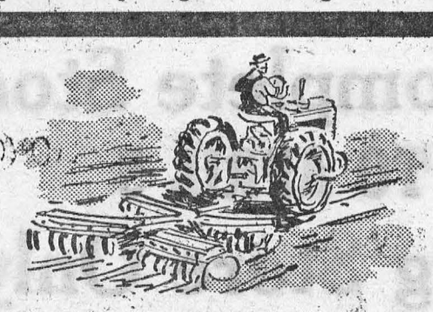

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His many friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. K. G. MacLuckie manager of the Bank of Montreal here, has returned from Shouldice Clinic at Thornhill, where he recently underwent an operation. Mr. MacLuckie expects to return to his duties at the bank shortly.

At the annual meeting of Ontario Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society, held in the Royal York Hotel, Toronto March 20-21st, the following were awarded Badges of Service: Mrs. George Casselman, Mr. S. G. Finnie, Mrs. Willis Salmon, Mrs. Murray Styles.

Mrs. Oral Casselman, Mrs. Jack Reid and Judy had the honor and privilege to visit the beautiful modern new plant of Caldwell Linnen Mills located in new Iroquis, Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Oral Casselman spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Ellery W. Casselman also Mr. and Mrs. Lyle S. Casselman of Rowena.

Mrs. Jack Reid and Judy was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ellery W. Casselman Saturday last in Rowena.

On March 4th, St. Lawrence Rebekah 373 entertained Hazel Rebekah 40, of Ottawa who conferred the Rebekah degree on a candidate. After the new member was welcomed into the Lodge, refreshments were served to 150 guests and members. Guests present were from Ottawa, Brinston, Cardinal and New York State.

Miss Grace D. Merkley arrived in town today from Florida where she spent the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Barkley have returned from a holiday spent in Florida.

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Phone 423, Chesterville.
12-13p.

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE .. Consisting of 125 acres, 90 under cultivation, balance bush and pasture, all buildings in good condition with electricity. Situated in the 3rd Concession of Williamsburg, one-half mile West of the Church Rd.
CLIFFORD TUPPER,
R. R. 2, Williamsburg.
12-13p.

CHICKS — S. C. HOLLYWOOD LEGHORNS; Strain Cross Leghorns; Rock x Leghorns; Red x Rocks; Barred Plymouth Rocks; Ames In-Cross; Cockerels and Capons. All breeders Canadian approved and government inspected. Phone or write for Price List to Ellis Chick Hatchery, South Mountain, Ont., R. R. 1.
4tfc.

FOR SALE
A QUANTITY OF BALED HAY and STRAW.
GORDON W. THOM.
13c.

HELP WANTED — MALE
POLICE CONSTABLE
Village of Morrisburg

Must have good physique and sufficient police experience to present cases in court. Must own late model car. Salary depending on qualificatioons. Car allowance and annual vacation. Apply in writing before April 6th, giving age, education, previous employment and references to

Lloyd D. Barkley, Clerk,
Morrisburg, Ontario.

NOTICE

Pursuant to adjournment, the April Session of the Council of the Municipal Corporation of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry will be held in the Council Chambers, County Buildings, Cornwall, on Monday, the 15th day of April, A.D. 1957 at 10.00 o'clock a.m.

L. C. KENNEDY,
Counties' Clerk-Treasurer
County Buildings,
Cornwall, Ontario
13-14c

KNOX CHURCH

"The Church With the Chimes"
10 a.m—Sunday School and Bible Class.
11 a.m.—Divine Service.
"THE ONLY MAN AMONGST MEN"
VISITORS
ALWAYS WELCOME

UNITED CHURCH

Morrisburg, Ontario
9.45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Jr. Congregation
11 a.m.— Public Worship.
Sermon Subject:
"FAITH HEALING"

ST. JAMES CHURCH

4th Sunday in Lent—
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
9.45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Holy Communion.
Wednesday—
7.30 a.m.—Holy Communion.
10.00 a.m.—Holy Communion.
4.00 p.m.—Children's' Litany.
7.30 p.m.—Litany and Address
Monday—
Lenten Tea by the W. A. in the Parish Hall, 6 p.m.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

4th Sunday in Lent—
10 a.m.— The Service.
11 a.m.—Sunday School.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—
Lenten Service.
EVERYBODY WELCOME

THE SALVATION ARMY

Church & Ellen Streets
Lieut. E. Gurney,
Commanding Officer
Sunday—
2.30 p.m.—Sunday School
7.30 p.m.—Salvation Meeting.
Wed., 8 p.m.—Home League.
Thurs. & Fri. 4.15 p.m.—Brownies
ALL ARE INVITED

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

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

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSIONN OF ONTARIO under The St. Lawrence Developmpent Act, 1952 (No. 2) and all other powers thereto it enabling has for its purposes TAKEN AND EXPROPRIATED in fee simple the lands consisting of ALL THOSE PORTIONS of Lot 15, Concession 1, in the Township of Williamsburgh, and Lot 30 Concession 1, in the Township of Williamsburgh, now in the Village of Morrisburg, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, more particularly described in Schedule "A" hereto and HAS DEPOSITED a plan and description of the said lands in the Registry Office for the Registry Division of the County of Dundas on the Sixth day of March, 1957.

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

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

DATED at Toronto this 22nd day of March 1957.

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

ALL THOSE PORTIONS of Lot 15, Concession 1, in the Township of Williamsburgh, and Lot 30, Concession 1 in the Township of Williamsburgh, now in the Village of Morrisburg, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, and being:

FIRSTLY:
ALL THAT PORTION of the East half of said Lot 15, lying North of the King's Highway.

SAVING AND EXCEPTING thereout and therefrom the following described lands:

(a) ALL THAT PORTION of the lands of the Canadian National Railways included in the above described lands.

(b) A strip of land 125 feet in perpendicular width bounded on the North by the following described line.

COMMENCING at a point in the Eastern limit of said Lot 15, which point may be located as follows:

BEGINNING at the Northeast angle of Lot 13, Concession 1;

THENCE South 30 degrees 19 minutes and 30 seconds East along the Eastern limit of Lot 13 aforesaid 1039.24 feet;

THENCE South 58 degrees and 25 minutes West to the said point of commencement;

THENCE South 58 degrees and 25 minutes West to the Western limit of the East half of said Lot 15.

SECONDLY:
AND BEING ALL THAT PORTION of the East half of said Lot 30, lying North of the following described line:

COMMENCING at a point in the Eastern limit of said Lot 30, distant 1689.98 feet measured South 30 degrees and 55 minutes East along said Eastern limit from a point, which said point is distant 205.19 feet measured South 30 degrees 25 minutes and 30 seconds East along said Eastern limit from the Northeast angle of Lot 30 aforesaid;

THENCE South 58 degrees and 25 minutes West 658.76 feet, more or less, to the Western limit of the East half of said Lot 30.

SAVING AND EXCEPTING thereout and therefrom the Southerly 250 feet of the above described lands.

C. W. LLOYD, O.L.S.,
For Chief Surveyor.
13-15c SL-5176

LOST

IN MORRISBURG, on Friday, March 22nd, about 5 p.m. a pair of horn rimmed Eye Glasses. Finder please contact Mr. Isaac at Caldwell Linnen Mills Ltd., Iroquois, phone OL 2-4325. Reward.
13c.

MALE HELP WANTED

FOR RETAIL BUSINESS IN MORRISBURG. Apply stating experience to
BOX 385,
Morrisburg, Ontario.
12tfc.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

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

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO under The St. Lawrence Development Act, 1952 (No. 2) and all other powers thereto it enabling has for its purposes TAKEN AND EXPROPRIATED in fee simple the lands consisting of ALL THAT PORTION of Lot 27, Concession 1, in the Township of Williamsburgh, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, more particularly described in Schedule "A" hereto and HAS DEPOSITED a plan and description of the said lands in the Registry Office for the Registry Division of the County of Dundas on the Fourth day of March 1957.

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

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

DATED at Toronto this 22nd day of March, 1957.

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

SCHEDULE "A"

ALL THAT PORTION of Lot 27, Concession 1, in the Township of Williamsburgh, in the County of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, more particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point in the interior of said Lot 27, being also in the Western limit of the Nash Road as fenced, distant 1612.62 feet measured North 9 degrees and 10 minutes East from the intersection of the Western limit of said Lot 27 with the Northern limit of the King's Highway;

THENCE North 38 degrees and 21 minutes West along said Western limit 50.79 feet;

THENCE North 34 degrees, 39 minutes and 30 seconds West still along said Western limit 74.93 feet;

THENCE North 30 degrees, 49 minutes and 30 seconds West 177.85 feet to the line of a wire fence;

THENCE South 60 degrees and 57 minutes West along said line of wire fence 178.27 feet;

THENCE South 57 degrees and 39 minutes West still along said line of wire fence 182.60 feet to a wire fence;

THENCE South 37 degrees, 29 minutes and 30 seconds East along said wire fence 36.40 feet;

THENCE South 69 degrees and 56 minutes East still along said wire fence 26.31 feet;

THENCE South 72 degrees 29 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said wire fence 43.11 feet;

THENCE North 55 degrees 09 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said wire fence 36.00 feet.

THENCE South 56 degrees 05 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said wire fence 268.48 feet;

THENCE North 68 degrees 36 minutes and 30 seconds East still along said wire fence 25.81 feet;

THENCE North 47 degrees and 27 minutes East still along said wire fence 151.61 feet, more or less, to the point of commencement.

C. E. STAUFFER, O. L. S.
For Chief Surveyor.
13-15c SL-5165

Allison Farms Resort

Dispersal Sale

SELLING BY AUCTION ALL EQUIPMENT, FURNISHINGS LINENS, DISHES ETC. APRIL 9th and 10th at OTTAWA ONT. STRAND HALL, 1265 BANK ST

AUCTIONEER, W. S. WALKER;

OWNER W. TREVOR ALLISON

THIS IS THE REAL CLEAN-UP

SALE

TUES. APRIL 2

YOU WILL BE AMAZED AT WHAT WE ARE OFFERING YOU

You can buy one can or a dozen, but we will give you all you can put in a bushel hamper for $3.00. (Please bring your own hamper.)

Hess Old Stand

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank our many friends and neighbours for their sympathy and also for their beautiful floral tributes in the loss of a loving mother.

THE SERVAGE FAMILY.

A very sincere thank you to those who sent messages of good will, cards and flowers, while I was in hospital.
K. G. MacLUCKIE.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks and appreciation, for the acts of kindness, messages of sympathy, and beautiful floral offerings received from our many friends, relatives, also neighbours, during the illness and death of a a beloved husband, father and grandfather. We especially thank Rev. F. L. owald, Mr. Frank Merkley and Doctor D. M. Robertson for his faithful service.
MRS. STANLEY FORWARD
AND FAMILY.

NOTICE

In order to determine the number and type of sub-trades available in this area and discuss our Custom Building Programme for this coming year, pplease be advised our Field Office on Augusta Street, will be open from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. commencing Monday, March 25th, 1957. Only sub-trades in a position to show proof of financial responsibility need apply.

A. C. EGAN,
Project Manager,
RE-UNION PROPERTIES
(Ontario) CO., LIMITED

HELP WANTED

WAITRESSES WANTED; PINBOYS WANTED. Apply at
PLAYDIUM RESTAURANT,
Box 97, Morrisburg, Ont.

FURNITURE SALE

Selling Out Complete Stock

MARCH 25 TO APRIL 5

Williamsburg Store Only

FELT MATTRESSES, Reg. $19.95 ..... $14.95
SPRING FILLED MATTRESSES — Reg. $59.95 ..... $42.50
Smooth Top POSTUREPEDIC MATTRESS $42.50
CHROME SUITES, Reg. $129 ..... $99.00
DAVENPORT SUITES— Reg. $139.00 ..... $109.00
LAZY BOY REST ROCKER— Reg. $99.00 for $79.00
10 PER CENT SAVINGS ON ALL OCCASIONAL FURNITURE, COFFEE TABLES, END TABLES LAMPS, ETC.

Robert Stephenson

BRINSTON, ONT.
OL: 2-4710

WILLIAMSBURG, ONT.
KI. 3-2425