The Flesherton Advance.

Vol. 58; No. 41 | FLESHERTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1939 | W. H. THURSTON & SON, Proprietors

Mrs. Ida Murphy Died in The West

Mrs. Ida Murphy (nee Ida Benson) 57 years of age, formerly of the 9th line, Artemesia, passed away at her home in Saskatoon, Sask., on Wednesday afternoon, February 22nd. She is survived by her daughter and two sons, Catherine and Jack at home and Walter of Flascombe, Sask.; one sister, Mrs. Charles Turner of Flesherton and four brothers, Will and Geo. in Ontario, John James of Guernsey, Sask., and Garnet of Edmonton, Alta. She was predeceased by her husband, Samuel Murphy, in 1931.

The funeral was held on Friday, Feb. 24th, from the Saskatoon Funeral Home Chapel. The Rev. John Manuel of Grace United Church conducted the service, taking his texts from Psalm 23, St. John 14 and Rev. 21. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "There is a Happy Land," were the hymns selected, and a solo "When the Day of Toil is Done" was sung by Mrs. L. S. Cumming.

Besides her immediate family the mourners included her brother, John James, and Mrs. Wes Benson of Guernsey, Sask., Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jamieson of Laura, Sask., Mrs. R. Sinclair and Miss Eugene Paul of Saskatoon.

The many floral tributes expressed the high esteem in which Mrs. Murphy was held.

Interment was made in Woodlawn Cemetery, Saskatoon.

Mrs. Ruthven Dies

The death took place on Monday afternoon, as the result of a stroke suffered a month ago, of Mary Cairns, widow of the late Robert Ruthven, in her 90th year, at Clarksburg. She was the daughter of the late Archie Cairns and was born at Cookstown in May, 1849, and therefore would have been 90 years old in May. When she was 11 years old the family moved to Flesherton, and she was married in 1876 to Robert Ruthven, who predeceased her by 17 years, since which time she has made her home with her son, Frank, near Clarksburg. Following their marriage they moved to a farm on the Clarksburg sideroad, and she has remained there since. She was a member of St. Paul's Presbyterian church at Thornbury and for many years in the earlier days was active in the work of the Ladies' Aid Society. She was held in the highest esteem by all who knew her, was a good neighbor and a friend to many.

She is survived by four sons, George of Carlyle, Sask., Harry of Cabri, Sask., John of Toronto, and Frank on the homestead near Clarksburg; also two brothers, Henry Cairns of Eugenia, and Archibald Cairns of Manor, Sask.

DIED

FLETCHER — At Gibraltar on Thursday, March 2nd, James Fletcher, beloved husband of Mina May Henderson, in his 69th year. The funeral took place on Sunday, March 5th at 2 o'clock from his late residence, interment being made in Sand Hill cemetery.

A test pilot made a fighing plane dive at more than 575 miles per hour. That's nothing compared with the way the popularity of most politicians declines once they attain office.

High School Results

GRADE X

ENGLISH COMPOSITION — M. Stafford 73, E. Pattison 72, F. Warling 67, L. Pedlar 68, B. Bellamy 62, B. Stephen 60, M. Stewart 58, J. Proctor 57, R. McConkey 57, F. Marshall 56, E. Watson 56, J. Thurston 54, W. McBride 50, D. Meads 49, D. Patton 47, E. Plester 40, B. Beard 38, B. Leavell 35, T. Miller and M. Buchanan absent.

FORM IV

FRENCH COMPOSITION — W. McCracken 69, G. Loucks 66, A. McVicar 56, L. Phillips 55, R. Johnson 55, T. McTavish 54.

FRENCH AUTHORS — W. McCracken 76, A. McVicar 67, R. Johnson 61, L. Phillips 41, T. McTavish 40, M. Hunt absent.

FORM V

FRENCH AUTHORS — M. Stephen 77, J. Monaghan 76, G. Patterson 76, J. Sutherland 72, J. Collinson 70, E. Hale 69, W. Russell 65, K. Bannon 62, E. Parker 49, A. Karstedt 46, W. Jamieson 42, G. Muir absent.

MODERN HISTORY — J. Monaghan 83, G. Patterson 78, J. Collinson 78, W. Russell 69, B. Bellamy 62, J. Sutherland 60, A. Karstedt 54, G. Muir 47, F. Reiley 32, E. Hale 27.

FRENCH COMPOSITION — G. Patterson 80, J. Sutherland 77, J. Collinson 76, M. Stephen 64, W. Russell 59, J. Monaghan 58, G. Muir 51, K. Bannon 50, A. Karstedt 45, E. Hale 32, E Parker 26, W. Jamieson 16.

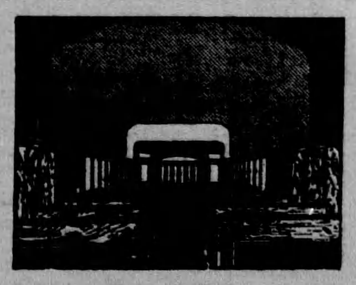
TRIGONOMETRY — J. Collinson 82, K. Bannon 77, J. Sutherland 75, F. Reiley 71, G. Patterson 70, J. Monaghan 69, E. Hale 51, A. Haynes 51, B. Bellamy 42, M. Stephen 37, W. Jamieson 32, W. Russell 30.

Bachelors Challenge

The bachelors of town have issued a challenge to the married men for a battle to a decision in a hockey game, which will be played in the rink on Wednesday night of next week. The teams will only include players who are not affiliated with any league which has been operating this year. We will see whether all the good hockey players have been performing before the public gaze this year. It is expected that a battle royal will be fought and Dick Richards has been warned to be on hand with the black maria to take away what is left of some of the players, the single men say that it will be the married men who will ride in it, and vice versa. Sid Cooke is expected to referee in an effort to keep down any rough play and Charlie McLean, chief of the Flesherton police force, will have charge of the penalty boot so that the players will not renew their feuds while in durance vile. Reg. Boyd says that George McTavish will have to watch out when he comes near him and we heard Ken Betts say that he was laying for Jack Kennedy. So, folk don't miss this game of the season. You will have a good time besides assisting the juvenile hockey club which is in the red. Admission will be 25 and 15 cents, with skating for an hour after the game.

In British Guiana fried caterpillars are eaten and taste like our soft shell crabs.

New recruits for the Ontario Provincial Police will be single men. But of course there is no law to say a man must stay single after joining the force.



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'Forget Party' Is Real Good Advice

(By Agnes C. Macphail, M.P.)

It was a week of many things. A pot pourri, an Irish stew! We heard Western members advocating a fixed price for wheat and urging that a committee be set up to study the live stock situation. We had a whole day on the trade treaties. The shell contract was protested and referred to the same committee as the Bren gun. Several small bills were passed and one to appoint a penitentiaries commission almost finished. In addition to all this, Mr. Herridge made a speech in Ottawa; Mr. McCullagh's ballots continue to arrive (a thousand to this office,) and I have wrestled with my annual 'flu.

Possibly the most significant thing happening in Canada is the arousing of the people from their lethargy regarding public affairs. And that they are aroused is clear from the hundreds of thousands of McCullagh ballots, the almost unprecedented amount of space given the Herridge speech and the conversation of people everywhre.

The request "to forget party advantage and co-operate for the common good" is both reasonable and right. I entirely agree that there has been far too much working for party advantage and forgetting the common good, and many members feel the same. The easiest way to effect freedom for the members of Parliament is, first, by providing that the defeat of a government measure doesn't mean the defeat of the government, but of the measure only. The government would then stay in office its full term, if it so wished, unless defeated on a straight want-of-confidence vote. That would leave every member free to vote on the merit of each question as it came up in the House.

The second, and most difficult thing, is to free every elected member from obligations to those who supply campaign funds. There is just one way to do that, and it is to eliminate campaign funds. If a constituency wants to be represented in the Parliament of Canada, all the people in that constituency should be willing and even anxious to give a small amount of money for the carrying on of the campaign of their candidate. They should indignantly refuse to have their candidate financed by powerful interests giving money in large amounts, particularly when the fortunes of these groups can be augmented by party policy and contracts. Isn't it fairly obvious that such groups expect return for their money? It is just at this point that the member's effort may be diverted from working for the common good and into the service of the campaign fund-producing groups.

If the electors think of their citizenship as a privilege, little money is required to conduct a campaign in the average constituency. You all know of instances where an aroused people have elected their representative at almost no expenditure of money — $500, $800 or $1,000. Then, in contrast, a pork barrel constituency in Montreal cost one former M.P., who is now in a very eminent position, $47,000.00. I dare say that he didn't put up the $47,000.

A third step is the elimination of rampant patronage; power given to M.P's and defeated candidates of the governing party to appoint their friends regardless of merit and the anticipation of themselves standing under a lusciouss plum tree at som future date.

An aroused electorate can accomplish all this.

But what I want to know now, is this, where is Mr. McCullagh going? Leadership is all very well, but we are going to be in a bad way if we get hundreds of thousands of leaders in this country. We have a trying enough time with the few we have. Supposing all the "leaguers" got together in some great assembly, and we might just think of it as a parliament, what endless months of talk there would be while they threshed out their policies.

A careful study of the ballot page in the Globe & Mail leads me to the belief that Mr. McCullagh has overshot the mark. Instead of eliminating the evils in our democratic form of government, such propaganda, if continued long enough, will break the confidence of the people in parliament.

The very meaning of "parliament" is a parley, a discussion, a place where representatives meet to talk. Talk is our tool. No matter how fast bills are put through the House, they are still put through by talk. And the cost of government is but very little increased by having Parliament in session. The buildings are here, heated and used whether Parliament is sitting or not, so long as it exceeds 52 days, the permanent and highly paid staffs are paid by the year. The session does not increase the amount. All this talk of a certain speech costing $3,000 or $4,000 is just a little silly.

While nursing my 'flu and sinusitis (cold in the head, but what a head) I lay comfortably and heard by radio Mr. Herridge's speech. It was arresting by its very daring. He, you would notice, emphasized the need of a "free" parliament and predicted a coming together of the major parties because of their very lack of difference. Even such a respectable journal as "The Toronto Saturday Night," in this issue, had a special article on the lack of difference. Mr. Herridge went on to predict a national government. I missed bits because in the middle of it I went to sleep. The monotony of delivery and lack of emotional appeal was soporific. Mr. Herridge will have to do better than that! However, he did well enough to bring Mr. Slaght to his feet in the House of Commons the following day, in a most denunciatory speech. Parliament Hill is a bit stirred up about these lads and would give a lot to know if they are travelling together or separately, and just what relation or both bear to Mr. Hepburn. And where Deplessis comes in. It's all very confusing.

The United States has decided that 86.2% of the quota on cattle weighing 700 pounds or more is allocated to Canada, which, for the remainder of the year, will mean that we can ship to the United States market 142,230 head.

—AGNES C. MACPHAIL.

OTTAWA
Sunday March 5th, 1939.

The 1938 C.N.E. reported the biggest surplus in eight years.

Flesherton Moves 100 Miles Friday Night

I hope this heading doesn't bring all the geologists of Canada and the United States flocking to see this phenomenal sight, but this is just what is expected to occur. What's causing this sudden slide to the south? Why the Flesherton Old Boys' and Girls' annual dance, euchre and luncheon is being held that night and everyone is getting slicked up to go. Nearly every resident of Flesherton and the surrounding country is talking of going if the roads are open. Steve Sutton, on the provincial snow plow stationed here, says the roads will be open even if he has to hire Jimmie Stewart's team to break the road through for the fleet of cars that are expected to leave that night.

Sandy Hoy is feeding his horses oats three times daily and claims he is going to drive down, as it is the only sure way to travel this winter.

Stan Menzies and Ken Betts are hoping the fire truck will be called to Toronto that night, and they and the fire brigade will attend in full uniform.

So let's all go and have one of the best evening's fun of the year. There will be fun for everyone, young and old. And what is nicer than seeing your old friends of your childhood days? We'll be seeing you there.

A meeting of the people of Flesherton will be held at the Munshaw House at 8 p.m. this Wednesday night to discuss ways and means of reaching Toronto. Any person who wishes to go can leave his or her name at The Advance office and an effort will be made to find transportation. It is hoped that there will be a large representation from town and surrounding district.

New Air Mail Route

The inauguration of the Canadian coast-to-coast air mail took place on Wednesday, March 1, by the Dominion Post Office Department and Messrs. C. J. Bellamy and F. J. Thurston received mail from Vancouver and Montreal. The letter was posted in Vancouver at 6 p.m., March 1, and arrived at the local post office on the evening train, March 2. It marks a new era in aviation for Canada and it is hoped that there will not be any fatal accidents to mar their record.

The Battle of Fundy

(By I. H. P.)

When we saw it first the ocean had retreated. The River St. John, which had had a run at it for four hundred and fifty miles into the fight at the Reversing Falls, plunged from a vantage point of twenty-five feet above. The ocean didn't budge. It just let old Oo-las-took (as the Indians called the River) go ahead and have its fling.

Then the ocean began to puff itself up like the story book frog. It bulged and heaved its mighty breast. The tide was coming in. The ridge at the brink of the falls wondered some more. There was no place to dump its river. On came the thousand whirling dervishes of the ocean. Some drift logs like soldiers here and there were tossed high in the air; then like soldiers others were sucked into the wild maelstrom and were never seen again. The mighty river, like a Pomeranian with an elephant at its heels, was skulking back fifteen miles up the road it had come, and the falls were reversed. Like most battles, the scrap starts about nothing and ends nowhere. Never is there a permanent victor or a permanent vanquished. Every six hours for a million years the ocean has been getting ready for the conflict; the next six hours it appears to be in retreating mood. At half tides there are no falls either way. Opposing forces look confoundingly innocent. The River comes to New Brunswick from the State of Maine. The ocean, not New Brunswick, disputes its right of way. New Brunswick neighbors go to Maine and friendly Maine come freely to New Brunswick. So there has been some improvement since La-Tour and Champlain and Charnisay and New Englanders and Indians battled almost constantly for possession of the Reversing Falls three hundred years ago. But the Ocean and Oo-las-took shall keep up the conflict for another million years. See if they don't.

It was an unexpected experience for us to see a lighthouse being wound up like a grandfather clock. That was at Quaco near St. Martin-By-The-Sea. We had been admitted to the living quarters of the lighthouse keeper in the base of the lighthouse and had climbed the stairs to the top. We found that the clockworks were turning the silvered concave mirrors around the coal oil lamp flashing its rays across the Bay of Fundy a distance of forty miles. Of course it burns more coal oil than our parlor lamp at home. Although the lightroom is enclosed by heavy plate glass one hundred and fifty feet above the ocean at low tide, the plate glass was cracked in several places by the waves. This did not happen while we were there however.

The ports of Montreal and Quebec being closed for the winter, Atlantic shipping from the Dominion now is busier here than during the summer. The light must never fail. The fog horns projecting from an adjacent building must never, never fail. The lighthouse keeper also sees to that. They cannot depend on one gasoline engine to keep up the supply of compressed air for the fog horns. There is an auxiliary engine and compressor. The foam-covered Fundy reefs at low tide look mighty treacherous in the eerie moonlight.

Someone told an unbelieving Londoner that there was a place where the fog was more denser than in London but none knew where—it was so foggy there. That place must be somewhere on the Bay of Fundy.

You wouldn't notice it so much in summer, but in winter with so many main streets with nothing but ocean at the end we wonder how the people can be so nonchalant. The main streets appear to have somewhat the same pitch as a barn roof. It's the sight of that cold salt water at the low end that urges you up the hill to a concrete park bench. They have to have park benches. Everybody has to rest after the ascension of Main Street. They have pigeons at the top end and sea gulls at the bottom; a three masted schooner stuck in the mud and pioneer memorials up at the other end, hundreds of years old.

You can read in any public library about the Tidal Bore at Moncton. But some day if you were crossing the bridge north of the village at home and saw six foot walls of water racing upstream until the river there was thirty-five feet deep, you'd think it was something to write home about; then about six hours after, when you were coming home, you found that the river had been sucked dry again, you might decide to say nothing about it for fear people would think you were goofy. This is the Tidal Bore of the Petitcodiac River, where the tide is the highest in the world. If you ever go wading there be sure you have your shoes handy so you can run like heck.

Comparing the Petitcodiac to your river seems like a fantastic dream, but, of course, for such a performance, a fairly good sized ocean would have to be found thereabouts and the bridge would need to be much higher on the river bed "bored" out so the tide could go places. Then the bank of your river, instead of being lined with water cress, buttercups and dandelions, would be dark brown mud with a smell that is just as well forgotten in "the tang of the sea."

Storm Blocks Roads

Heavy storms the first of the week in the district south of Flesherton blocked the roads completely and on Tuesday morning No. 10 highway south was not open for traffic, but cars were able to reach Flesherton from the north. A thaw the latter part of last week made one think that spring had arrived, but the past day has shelved that idea for the time being. Highways in this district are a dangerous condition for motoring as the high banks on either side are only wide enough for two cars to pass and if visibility is bad as it was on Monday with the snow blowing over the top of the banks and onto the road, it is no wonder that accidents occurred. Two drivers sideswiped south of town Monday afternoon, one of the cars having its lights on, but was not seen by the oncoming car. On the Priceville road the banks are so high that the plows are unable to shove them back and in places the road is only wide enough for one car to go through. Country roads are also high and if a horse or team moves off the road they are in difficulties. While the roads were heavy Tuesday morning the mails from Kimberley and Feversham came through on time, a tribute to their time-honored custom that "the mails must go through." They have not lost much time through storms this winter.

SUPPER FOR WARDEN

The Artemesia Council gave a complimentary dinner to Warden John A. Davis at the Park Hotel Tuesday evening. The press was not included among the guests and we are unable to give an account of the proceedings.

BORN

BARTLEY — At the Flesherton Nursing Home on Tuesday, March 7, 1939, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bartley of Markdale, the gift of a son.

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Genoe of Ceylon announce the engagement of their second daughter, Blanche Olive, to Mr. Isaac James Pattinson of Ottawa, son of Mr. George Pattinson and the late Mrs. Pattinson of Cumberland, England, the marriage to take place quietly the middle of March.

ENGAGEMENT

J. Harrison Gain of Toronto announces the engagement of his daughter, B. Louise Harrison, to Mr. Frederick Richard Maddocks, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Maddocks, Toronto.

IT COULD BE COLDER t

Has it ever occurred to you what would happen if the sun suddenly went out like a light that has fused? For eight minutes we should know nothing about it, for it takes eight minutes for light to pass through those ninety-three million miles that separated us from the sun. When that eight minutes had passsd, darkness would come. Then would come cold, which would freeze the sea from end to end. In a little while the air would first become liquid and then solid. By the third day the animals and birds would all be dead. Man might live for another seven days. We can imagine crowds of poor shivering mortals crowded round the great furnaces they have built up. But soon the fires would be frozen out and mankind would die too.

Canada now ranks third among the world's gold producers.