

THE HAILEYBURIAN

Founded by C. C. Farr in 1904



Issued Every Thursday from The Haileyburian Office Broadway St., Haileybury, Ont. JOHN HUNT Publisher.

Member Canadian Weekly Newspapers Assn. Authorized as Second-Class Mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa

In Canada—\$2.50 per year, in advance In United States—\$3.50 per year in advance

EDITORIALS

While the Haileyburian is only a few million bucks and several hundred thousand readers behind the Toronto dailies, at least it can claim one distinction. We don't give a hoot about how much alimony Miss Rita Hayworth (otherwise known as Mrs. Aly Khan, Mrs. Dick Haymes, and Mrs. this and that and what-not collects from her former husbands.

In fact we are rather proud that if Miss Hayworth collects a fifth husband, or will the next be sixth? we won't even use the news to fill a hole between the classified column and the socials.

Of course, if Miss Hayworth should visit Haileybury, it would be worth a note, and if she jumps through the ice and drowns herself in Lake Temiskaming, we will put it on the front page.

But just why the escapades of Miss Hayworth and the rest of the crew who reduce marriage game of musical chairs mixed with high finance, should be worth so much publicity, escapes us.

It seems unfair that if Mrs. Haymes collects another potential alimony cheque, it will get world wide attention, but if a local citizen celebrates 50 years of happily married life, the matter won't be discussed far out of town.

The only consolation may be that while Miss Hayworth collects publicity and money out of marriage, the average citizen in Haileybury probably collects a great deal more lasting happiness. And that is worth all Rita's cheques put together.

All Haileyburians will certainly extend their congratulations to Dalton Dean, on his appointment as a Queen's Councillor. As we understand that Mr. Dean has no intention of giving up his Liberal connections, the appointment must be in recognition of his outstanding record, rather than a political plum.

Perhaps this is setting a trend, and in the future the Attorney General will appoint Q. C.'s strictly for merit, and disregard party labels. If so, it will be a step in the right direction. In Mr. Dean's case, the honor would seem to be overdue.



EASY DOES IT

FOR something different, pop your canned baked beans in parboiled green pepper halves and heat in the oven. They're really something special.

When you're looking for a tasty but nutritious sweet for the youngsters, pit cooked prunes and stuff them with a half a marshmallow. Put into the oven long enough to brown the marshmallow.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Pork Sausage Rice (Serves 4) 1 pound bulk pork sausage 1/4 cup minced onion 2 cups cooked rice 2 cups canned tomatoes 2 tablespoons catsup Salt and pepper Fry sausage and onion until brown. Pour off drippings. Add cooked rice, tomatoes and catsup. Mix well. Cover and cook slowly for 30 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Something wonderful to serve with chicken or turkey are these rice balls. To 2 cups of cooked rice, add a beaten egg, salt and pepper. Shape into balls and chill thoroughly. Fry in deep hot fat until golden brown.

Drained crushed pineapple added to a simple butter frosting is a wonderful treat for cupcakes or even spongecake.

Add some mustard to your thick white sauce and pour the over sliced hard-cooked eggs and diced ham sitting on a piece of toast. It makes a wonderful hot sandwich for a chilly day.

Veal chops need flavor when they're braised, so add a split clove of garlic, pour over some tomato sauce diluted with a bit of water and add a pinch of oregano. There's flavor.

Gone with the Window

BY — B. A. LONEY

The bathroom window is broken. Keith hurled a stone through it about three weeks ago. He says it was accidental, and I prefer to think it was - one would hesitate to look for deliberate malicious vandalism in one's own son and heir. Keith didn't say it was broken, he merely remarked, en passant, "I think the bathroom window got a bit cracked, Pop" something of an understatement.

When it happened, I put a piece of cardboard over the break, and it seemed to be doing the job adequately enough, but lately, my wife has been making some pretty snide remarks about it and wondering out loud what the ladies' bridge club must think about it when they meet in our house. In other words, pressure was being brought to bear.

I am always glad to be able to visit hardware stores - the little kitchen gadgets are so fascinating: footproof can openers, for instance, and automatic egg-timers that ring a bell when the egg is done - you never buy them, of course, but they're an awful lot of fun to play with in the store.

Usually I visit our local hardware store merely to potter around in this way and that's all they really expect from me. This time, however, I had actually come to buy, and when the store clerk got over his surprise when I asked him for a sheet of glass, putty, and a glass cutter, he sold them to me and even gave me a little booklet of instructions with the putty.

Bernice, my wife, seemed a bit worried when I told her I was going to do the job myself. Wives, I find, are inclined to deprecate one's efforts as a handyman. When all is said and done, what is there in just putting in a small pane of glass.

Half an hour later, I was asking myself just that, and answer-

ing myself with hollow laughter. First of all, I couldn't get the glass cutter to work - I discovered some time after that I was holding the cutter part and using the handle on the glass - I don't think it will leave too much of a scar on my hand, though.

Allan, our youngest, complicated matters somewhat by seizing most of the putty and making quite creditable little sculptures out of it - that boy's really got talent.

In the meantime Bernice, rather unnecessarily, was singing in an artless (and tuneless) way a new number entitled, as far as I can recall "It's nice to have a man about the house" - the only thing, she was actually singing "It would be nice to have a man about the house."

Inevitably, I cut the first piece of glass too small. Notice I said the "first piece - there were, alas, others to come. It slipped right through, to describe a graceful parabola and shatter into fragments on the driveway below.

"Hey, Pop," Keith shouted up to me, "I think something's just dropped out of the window." I ignored him.

Allen had suspended his sculpturing operation for the moment and now regarded me with interest. "Was it so small, Dad?" he asked, rather unnecessarily. I'm not usually short with my children but this time, well, it's the exception that proves the rule, they say.

I was rather more successful on the second try. The hardware people were very good and sent the glass up almost immediately. C. O. D. I had just managed to get it into the frame it fitted this time - when some demon of mischance tempted me to look at the instructions in the little book that came with the putty. "When the window is in the frame," I read, "Gently tap all around

edges with a small padded hammer".

Need I say more? Possibly my gentle taps were harder than those envisaged by the author of the little book, or maybe my hammer wasn't small - or padded enough. A hurried call to the hardware store soon fixed things however - they really do operate a most efficient delivery service.

I managed to get the glass in finally. The putty, perhaps lacked that professional look, but on the whole, I was quite pleased with it. Bernice came up to look at it but she didn't seem to be particularly impressed. "I think," she said pensively, "The putty is supposed to go on the outside of the glass, not inside - I'll go and look at the other windows"

She came back wearing that indefinable superior, holier-than-thou look that wives can put on so well. "You didn't need putty at all," she told me. "The glass is supposed to sort of clamp into the frame ... look, you just undo those screws and the frame comes to pieces."

I tried to persuade her that the old fashioned ways are the best, and that there would be a lot less draft with my method, but she didn't seem to be convinced.

Later that evening, we went across to the Williams, who live next door. When we returned, a half-hour later, Keith met us at the door. He held up a rather grimy hand, untidily swathed in a grimmer bandage, evidently the remains of a handkerchief, for our inspection.

"Alan took the putty out," he said resignedly. "Look" - he pointed to the hall table, which was lavishly decorated with little putty figurines and animals of an unknown breed. Alan stood by the table with the air of a curator of a museum showing his choicest exhibits.

E. M. McCuaig

REALTOR

Phone 135 Haileybury

I'm Getting Home Tonight



thanks to TCA

Relax in the knowledge you'll be home in a few hours. Enjoy tasty complimentary meals served in the comfort of your seat. Phone now for speedy confirmation of your space.

TCA Skyliner service to NORTH BAY Lv. EARLTON AIRPORT DAILY (except Sunday 3.20 p.m. (connections in North Bay for Toronto, Western Canada and principal U.S. Cities.)

Rouyn-Noranda - Val d'Or - Ottawa - Montreal Leave Earleton Airport daily (except Sunday) 6.05 p.m. (connections in Montreal for U.S. Cities and the Canadian Maritimes.)

TCA Service is by roomy 21 passenger DC-3 Skyliner and links you directly to principal Canadian and U.S. Cities, Bermuda, the Caribbean and Europe.

* NO TIPPING. * NO EXTRAS. * YOUR AIR FARE GETS YOU THERE.

See your Travel Agent or call TCA Office, Earleton Airport, Phone Earleton 48.

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

PHONE COBALT 4487 TODAY



for the

DAILY NUGGET

Nugget Carriers Deliver Daily in:

- Cobalt • Haileybury • New Liskeard • North Cobalt • Mileage 104 • Earleton • Thornloe • Englehart

SAVE MONEY ON THESE "BARGAIN-COUNTER" OFFERS. THIS NEWSPAPER FOR ONE FULL YEAR WITH... OFFER No. 1: 2 MAGAZINES FROM GROUP A \$3.95. OFFER No. 2: 3 MAGAZINES FROM GROUP A \$4.60. OFFER No. 3: 2 MAGAZINES FROM GROUP A 1 MAGAZINE FROM GROUP B \$4.95. OFFER No. 4: 4 MAGAZINES FROM GROUP A \$5.25. Includes list of magazines and a coupon for subscription.