

### O.N.R. Ambulance For Cochrane And Moosesee Area

The north line is to get emergency ambulance service by O.N.R.

Announcement by Col. C. E. Reynolds, chairman of the Ontario Northland Transportation Commission, that necessary equipment had been obtained, rewards a long campaign by the Women's Institutes of the area. In the past when illness or accident struck in any of the multitude of camps and small communities on the 186 miles between Cochrane and Moosonee, transportation has been restricted generally speaking to regular trains or speeders. When the W.I. branches initiated their request there were only two regular trains a week on part of the line, and although service is now more frequent the gaps between trains can make quite a difference to people who are very sick or badly injured.

In a letter to Mrs. Murray Young, public relations officer of the District W.I., Col. Reynolds says that the O.N.R. has now obtained a station wagon, equipped to run on the rails, and which will accommodate a stretcher and other passengers. The vehicle has a double set of wheels, and can be removed from the tracks at any crossing and converted to run on a road. It will be stationed at Cochrane.

and will be available for any emergencies.

Agent C. J. Kenny says arrangements have been made to house the vehicle, expected any day now, in the diesel shop. Staff will be trained in operation, and will be ready for calls.

### Baptiste At The Bonspiel

De noder day a frien' of mine He say "Bateese" to me "W'y don' you go upon de rink For see Bonspiel?" say he; "Dere's plenty chair for sit upon, De place she's nice an warm" And so at las' I t'ink I go, She can't do me no harm.

Wall, dat is de mos' foolish game I never yet did see, For all de men was yell so loud I t'ink dey go craze.

Dey have de stone like big spetoon An' shove it wit' der han' But w'y dey got so much excite I cannot understan'

De man down at de noder en' Ese put hees broom down—so, An' den he yell "Now tak' dat ice—"

Dat's foolish t'ing you know; He cannot tak' de ice away She's frozen down so hard, But still he yell "Yes, tak her out."

I do not want de gard." An see dem feller sweep de broom,

For w'y I cannot tell, Dere is no dirt upon de ice; An' den some fellow yell "Yes! Hold her up"— say w'at he mean?

Madam's not dere at all, An' mam'selle in de gallerie, I do not see her fall.

All sort of feller play dat game Dere's some dat's t'in and long An some dat's mabee short an' stout,

An' some dat's pretty strong; But w'en dey yell de stout man's "wide"

An' man dat' long an' tall "He's narrow, sure," I do not t'ink

I stan' for dat at all. I wonder w'at dat name she mean;

Well, "Bon" in French she's "good", An' "Speil" is Scotch for de beeg talk

Dat's w'at I understood. I s'pose she's sort of half-breed name—

I spik de way I feel—

I watch dat game for two-t'ree night—

I t'ink she's mostly "spiel" Re-printed from The Haileyburian, March 1925.

### The Son of a Fisherman

"Are We goin to keep him?" asked Bobby, looking at his new baby brother.

"Of course. Why not?" asked the mother.

"Well, he's so small I thought maybe we'd have to put him back."

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### WORDS THOUGHTS



### Uncle CHARLEY'S "Epi-grins"

When folks git at swords points they look daggers.

Yep, folks who pout should be thrown out.

It's the folks who grin that are invited in.

Hum, a grin is just a smile that graduated.

When some folks fish for compliments all they git is crabs.

There's a lot of folks git de-toured on the road of life.

Some folks try to make a big splash by gushin'.

Some gals simply dye a little every day.

Even back in the stone age, women chiseled on their age.

Now days a penny saved won't buy anything anyway.

Jet planes may pass the speed of sound but not that of gossip.

How a woman's voice kin change from fussin' with her hubby to answerin' the telephone.

you kin tell a feller's religion by the way he pays, prays or brays.

—REV. CHARLEY GRANT



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### CHURCHES

The United Church REV. J. W. WILKINSON, D.A. HAILEYBURY Public Worship — 11.15 a.m. Public Worship — 7.30 p.m. NORTH COBALT Sunday School — 1.30 p.m. Church — 2.30 p.m.

The Salvation Army Sunday Morning Meeting—11.00 a.m. Sunday School—2.15 p.m. Tuesday Night—Public Meeting, 7-30. Salvation Meeting—7.00 p.m. Cobalt Sunday School, Cobalt—2.45 p.m.

Pentecostal Assembly RORKE AVENUE Sunday School—10.00 a.m. Morning Worship—11.00 a.m. Evangelistic Service—7.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 8 Young People's Meeting—Fri., 8 p.m.

St. Paul's Church Holy Communion—8.30 p.m. 1st Sunday, Holy Communion—11 a.m. Other Sundays, Matins—11 a.m. Church School meets at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer—7.30 p.m. ST. GEORGE'S, NORTH COBALT

The Baptist Church PASTOR—HOWARD S. STAPLES SUNDAYS Organist—Miss Jean Wilson 11.00 a.m.—Morning Worship 7.00 p.m.—Evening Worship 11.00 a.m.—Church Bible School Classes for all Ages Come to Church and bring the Children WEDNESDAY 8.00 p.m.—Mid-Week Meeting for Prayer and Bible Study SATURDAY 8.00 p.m.—Prayer Meeting YOU WILL BE MADE WELCOME!

LAKEVIEW BIBLE CHAPEL Albert and Georgina Ave. SUNDAY Sunday School—9.45 a.m. Breaking of Bread—11 a.m. Gospel Meeting—7 p.m. THURSDAY Ladies' Prayer Meeting, 2:30 p.m. Bible Reading & Prayer Meeting at 8.00 p.m.

WEDDING INVITATIONS Styled by Inter-National-Artcrafts Acknowledgments Announcements Reception Cards We feature Thermo-Gravure Printing (Raised Lettering) Complete Selection Popular Prices Prompt Deliveries THE HAILEYBURIAN

CAPTAIN FLAME NO WONDER HE WAS DRUMMED OUT OF THE ARMY... YELLOW!! THAT'S WHAT HE IS... C'MON MAJOR—SHOW 'EM YUH AIN'T YELLOW BY DRAWIN' ON ME! HAW—HAW

SHOOT 'IM, TED, YOU AIN'T SCARED OF NOBODY! SHOOT 'IM!! WE'VE GOT OUR SUPPLIES, SKIP. BEST WE GET BACK TO THE RANCH!

I SAY DRIVE HIM OUT OF TOWN! THE ARMY DON'T WANT THE YELLOW COYOTE! DO WE?! CASCO'S RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S FORCE HIM OUT!

By DON SHERWOOD

THOSE WERE THE DAYS GOSH—FIVE MILES AN HOUR IS AS FAST AS WE CAN TRAVEL! CHUG CHUG CHUG LOW HORSEPOWER

But NOW—WOW! GOSH—FIVE MILES AN HOUR IS AS FAST AS WE CAN TRAVEL! BIG HORSEPOWER

By ART BEEMAN

By ART BEEMAN

HOSSFACE HANK LOOK! —A LONE RIDER SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY! ISN'T HE ROMANTIC-LOOKING?

HE'S RIDING DOWN TOWARD US! I'LL GET THE CAMERA!

HOLD IT!...DON'T WASTE THE FILM! HE WAS BETTER AS A SILHOUETTE!

By FRANK THOMAS

SONNY SOUTH HELP!

AHM COMIN' COUSIN PEE WEE

NO, NO! COUSIN SONNY, AH'M NOT DROWNIN'—

AHM STUCK IN TH' MUD!

By AL SONDBERS

RURAL DELIVERY I'LL GIVE YOU THE JOB BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK AROUND HERE!

OH, WORK NEVER BOTHERS ME, SIR!

HEY, YOU SAID WORK NEVER BOTHERS YOU!

IT DOESN'T! I CAN SIT RIGHT DOWN NEXT TO IT AND FALL ASLEEP!

By AL SMITH

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