

Across the Kitchen Table

By MRS. MAC

Poem by KATE SMITH
TV, Radio and Stage Star

God grant that I may see the joke of things,
The little things that bother, now and then;
God grant my sense of humor may be strong,
To weep a bit, and yet to smile again.
God grant there be a chuckle in each tear.
To every trial God grant a funny half.
And when I'm judged perhaps You'll say:
"Are you the soul who always tried to laugh?"
And when I nod and answer: "Yes, I am;
I tried to kill my troubles with a grin,"
Perhaps You'll smile and say:
"That was a task.
But there's the gate of Heaven; enter in."

Wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone had a saving sense of humor? Next to good health, I think it is the greatest thing a person can have. I sometimes wonder what I would have got out of life if I had not had the ability to see the funny side of things that at times, did not seem to have a funny side. I remember once walking three miles to a beaver meadow where the wild strawberries grew thick and large. I picked enough to fill three two-quart jars, but found that I needed about a quarter of a cup of syrup to completely fill the last jar. In those days I had a wood stove and the fire had gone out so I went out and like the little Red Hen, brought in a few chips in my apron to build it up in a hurry. I had foolishly put the jars on the window sill and as I walked in the door, the window fell, knocking all three jars onto the floor where they smashed into bits! A six mile walk and a whole afternoon's work gone to glory, not to mention the loss of those delicious berries, with the flavor that is unsurpassed by any other berry or fruit in the world. I looked at the mess and then I walked out of the kitchen, shut the door, and got the hoe and attacked the weeds in my garden. My little German neighbour saw me and came over. She took one look at my face and said, "What's happened?" When I told her she just roared with laughter, explaining between gusts, that she was not laughing because I had lost my berries, but because it was the first time that anything had ever happened to me without me seeing the funny side of it. I rather indignantly said that there was no funny side to that, but if I had ten cents for every time we

have laughed about it since, I think I would have enough to pay for a trip to British Columbia.

* * *

Just this last week I heard two little stories that go right along with what I have always been saying, that the reasoning of children is a wondrous thing. The first one concerns a little boy in New Liskeard who came to his mother one day shortly before Christmas and told her that his little friend Jimmy didn't believe in Santa Claus, that it was only his father and mother, and that he would get whatever he asked for whether he was good or bad. His mother told him that it was a different kind of Santa Claus that came to their house and that he had better be good. The other is about a five-year-old Haileyburian, who some time before Christmas told his mother that he was tired of trying to be good, and anyway, he doubted if there was a Santa Claus so there was not much use of working so hard at being good. I sometimes think, during the time it takes me to skid across the living-room floor and snap the radio off,

New Years Greeting From Commissioner

Carol McLaughlin and Nora Burke were the Fairy Queens when the 1st Haileybury Brownie Pack met this week. Carol also showed the Pack her Nature Chart. Brown Owl brought a hyacinth in bloom which she had planted at the same time that the Pack planted its narcissus bulbs.

Packie read a letter from the Commissioner wishing the Pack a good year in 1961.

The Brownies then listened to a story and played a new game with spoons and string, in addition to having inspection, practicing a dance and doing test work.

that if that ho-ho-ing moronic babble that is supposed to be Santa's message to children, really does come from the North Pole, it would be much better if there were no Santa at all. But thank goodness, the real Santa, the one that I knew when I was a child, and the one that I still most earnestly believe in, is not like that one at all, at all.

Haileybury Personals

Rev. and Mrs. W. Churchill are spending this week in Hamilton, where Mr. Churchill will attend the Western Ontario Pentecostal meeting in Central Tabernacle in Hamilton while Mrs. Churchill will visit her mother at Thamesville. Mr. J. P. Carter has returned to Cochrane after spending the week-end with his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Blackwell, and Mr. Blackwell.

Mrs. William Bolger, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Albert Larkin Sr., of North Cobalt, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Larkin Jr., and Mrs. Gil Gignac, all of New Liskeard, were in Sudbury last week-end to attend the funeral of Mrs. Larkin's sister, Mrs. Isabel Hicky.

Friends of Mr. Sydney Graham, who went to Toronto to spend the winter months with his sister, Mrs. Stables, will be sorry to learn that Mr. Graham is quite ill and is a patient in Toronto General Hospital.

Fred Bartram and Mr. R. J. Shannon of the local Department of Labour, are in Toronto this week attending the Department of Labour Convention.

Squadron Leader Gaynol Davis, who is stationed at Metz, France,

with the Air Force, will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. St. Louis and Mr. St. Louis until the middle of February.

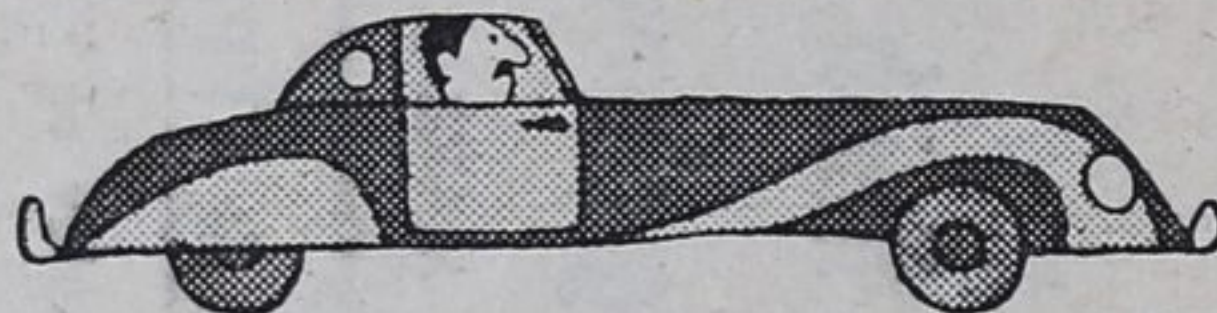
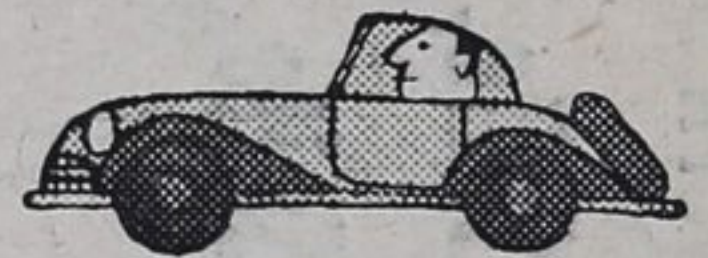
Mr. J. Reavell visited his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pummell, formerly of Charlton, now staying at Northdale Manor in New Liskeard, Tuesday evening.

Miss Ida Childs left Saturday for Toronto, where she will attend the Ontario Department of Labor convention being held there January 16 to 20.

Parent-Son Banquet For Scout Troop

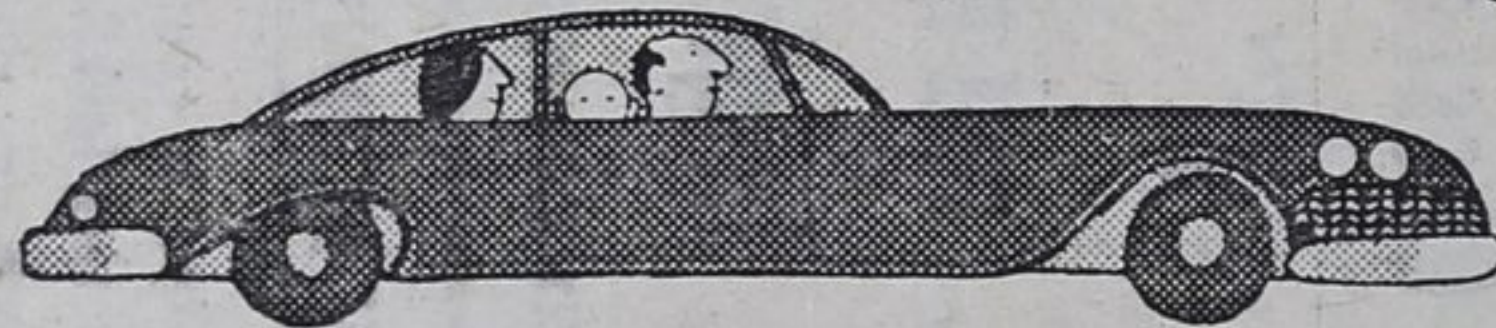
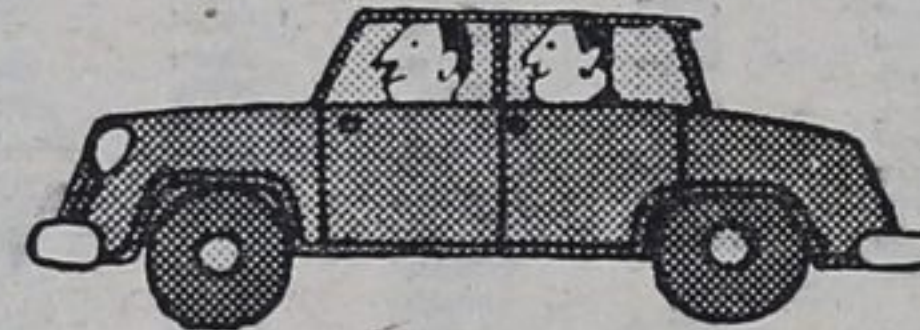
Members of the Boy Scout Group Association are planning a Parent and Son Banquet for Wednesday, February 22, which is the anniversary of the birth of the founder of the Movement, Lord Baden-Powell. Please note that this is to be a "Parent" and son, not "Father" and son, gathering, so that if Dad happens to be out of town, Mother will be given a warm welcome.

Now that there are small small cars



and big small cars

and small big cars



and BIG BIG cars

and, just in case



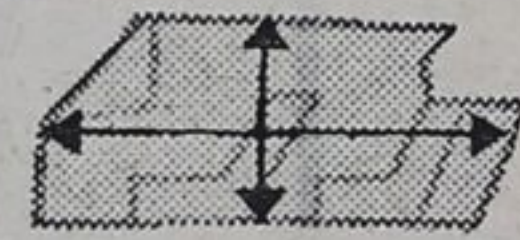
you're confused,

take a look at an unusually normal automobile,



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

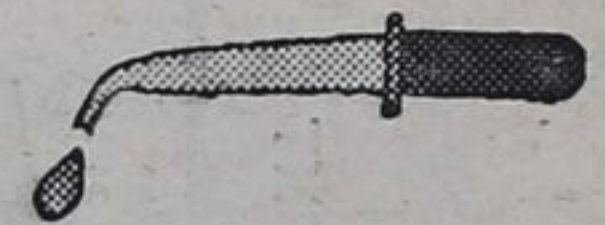
THE '61 CHEVROLET. It's roomy,



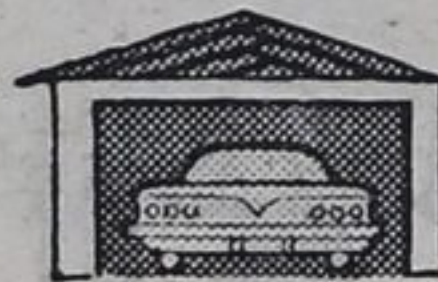
it's luxurious,



it's thrifty.



It's just the right size



to go in your garage!

The one with the girl in it is the Chevrolet. A Bel Air Sport Sedan. Trim, very tastefully styled. Not so big that driving is a chore, nor so small that it puts the squeeze on comfort. Sort of a just-right automobile, from its parkable size to its

remarkable room. Luxuriously Jet-smooth and whisper-quiet on the road; yet thoroughly practical where you want Chevrolet's thrifty no-nonsense practicality. So "normal" there's not another car quite like it.

Whitewall tires optional at extra cost.

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News from the Evelyn Shoppe

It will pay you to visit Evelyn's during the week-end and take advantage of the many savings. You will find suits at half price and less; coats, one brown Borgana by Gordon, regular price \$98.00, now only \$59.95; this silky fur fabric looks so much like seal that only a moth could tell the difference. Another coat of Temptation Mink, regular \$149.00, is now \$89.00. These fur fabric coats are from the best makers, and there are also a number of real buys in cloth coats, in sizes from 8 to 20 1/2.

Dresses in half and regular sizes are drastically reduced. Six only Liberty Print blouses by Lady Hathaway, up to \$11.95, now going at \$7.95. Special Clearance — a few Cashmere sweaters, regular \$19.95, now \$10.95. These and dozens of other bargains will greet you when you visit Evelyn's during the sale that starts today.

ALL SALES FINAL

THE Evelyn SHOPPE