

Across the Kitchen Table

By MRS. MAC

Just recently, I received the nicest letter from someone who believes, as I do, in "flowers for the living". My letter was from Mrs. F. A. Wherry of Rouyn, Quebec, telling me that she read and enjoyed my column and used clippings from it at the Women's Federation meetings of her church. She told me, too, that she left New Liskeard as a bride, in 1929, but wondered if she should know me. I am afraid not as I only came to New Liskeard to live about thirteen years ago, although I have lived in the North since 1903. However, she signed her letter Grace 'Helmer' Wherry, so I imagine I know her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Helmer, in New Liskeard. She sent me a poem which I will share with my readers. It is so nice to get a letter like Mrs. Wherry's, because, often I wonder if my column is really worthwhile, or if people are interested in so much personal chatter. Mr. Bond often refers to it as "The Kitchen Sink". But Mrs. Wherry's letter came like a ray of sunshine on a day when everything seemed dull and dreary. And it's amazing how much a bit of praise can do for a person. So thank you, Mrs. Wherry, most sincerely.

The Monkey's Reply

Three monkeys sat in a cocoon tree
Discussing things as they're said to be
Said one to the others, "Now listen you two,
There's a certain rumour that can't be true,
That man descended from our noble race—
The very idea is a disgrace.

No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life,
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk
Or pass them on from one to another
Till they scarcely know who is their mother.

And another thing you'll never see
A monk build a fence round a cocoon tree,
And let the cocanuts go to waste
Forbidding all other monks to taste.
Why, if I'd put a fence round the tree
Starvation would force them to steal from me.

Here's another thing a monk won't do,
Go out at night and get on a stew
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other monkey's life.
Yes, man DESCENDED, the ornery cuss,
But, brothers, he didn't descend from US!"

Remember, last week I said it was nearly time for the men to come and put some goo in the pot holes in front of the office? Well, they came the next day and now the stuff is starting to wear out again!!!
Our old friend, the lonely raven,

News from the Evelyn Shoppe

HAILEYBURY

Evelyn's Sale continues, many coats and suits for 1/2 price or less.

Remarkable values in Sportswear, jackets, slacks and skirts.

Dresses regrouped for specials on Friday and Saturday.

THE Evelyn SHOPPE

has started flying around the town again, emitting it's rusty "scray-awk!" Last year, it used to sit on top of the liquor store, but this year it has seen the error of it's ways and uses the restaurant roof as a perch instead.

First Brownie Pack Learns to Dance

The members of the First Haileybury Brownie Pack are proud to have on their Bulletin Board a Certificate, sent to them by UNICEF, to show that they donated \$31.56 to the Fund to help children in other lands, last Hallowe'en. They also had a letter, thanking them for their contribution.

At their meeting this week, Wendy Lou MacDonnell and Cathy Jane Crandell were the Fairy Queens. The Pack learned a new song called "Now You Know That I'm A Brownie." They also learned the Virginia Reel, a dance of the early Virginia settlers.

During the evening they worked on their test work, played a new game and had inspection as usual.

In registrations of trucks and cars in proportion to population Saskatchewan and Alberta lead the other provinces with a vehicle for every 2.8 persons.

Letters to the Editor

16 Ingleside Dr.,
Downsview, Ontario.

January 16, 1961.

To the Editor.

Congratulations on your sense of humour. My memory betrays me on who said, quote, "The man that is void of humor is dead", end of quote. How true. I am amazed why some people cannot or will not see the humorous things in life. My wife and friends keep reminding me that if I persist in my sometimes unconventional sense of humor I may land where I would not have the comforts of home. In almost all disasters, catastrophes and holocausts, there are humorous incidents.

The 1922 fire brings one back to mind. A Russell St. resident tried to load a piano on a wagon to take to the lake intending to save it. Fate deemed otherwise and it was left on the street over the night of the fire. However, there was some vacant land around and it was only scorched. The morning after the fire some teenage boys came across it. Remembering that there were no roads or railways open, and we could go nowhere, one of the boys played a song which was very appropriate for time, place, conditions and circumstances and in the face of utter desolation, hunger, thirst, nowhere to lay our heads, and even death, it was the most obvious demonstration of a sense of humour. I had the privilege to witness this.

They sang and played — can you guess? No? It was "Where do we go from here boys. Where do we go from here, nowhere". The sense of humour of our own Robbie Burns, whose birthday we will celebrate during this week, has never been surpassed in rhyme. One of the Greek mythological Goddesses of our fates, "Lachesis", is guiding the life of yours truly,

Jas. MacFarlane,
16 Ingleside Dr.,
Downsview, Ontario.

Returning Officer

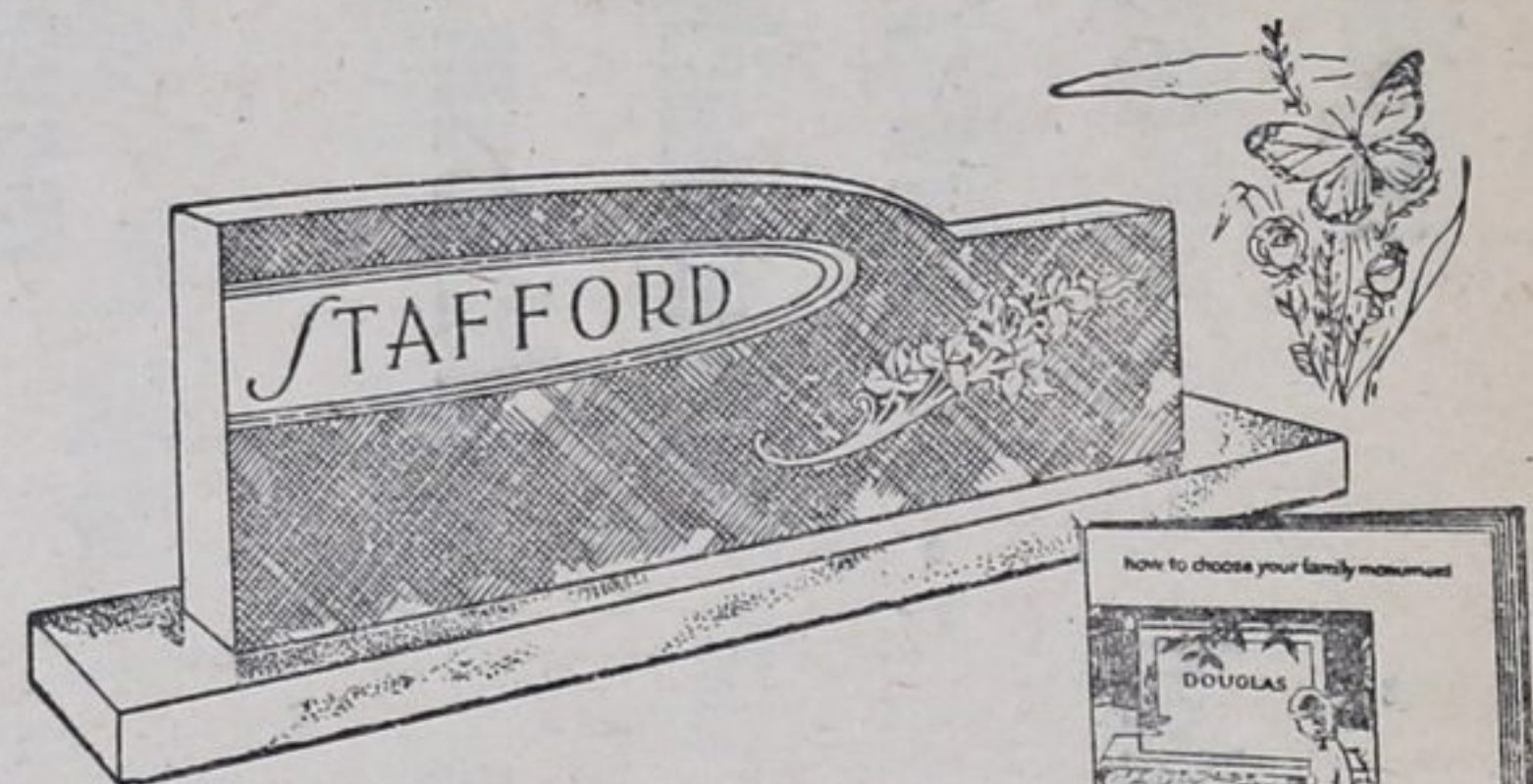
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trict. "This" he said "must be completed by February 28."

He said the procedure is purely routine and is no indication that a general election is imminent.

Mr. Belanger succeeds Clifford Krick of New Liskeard in his appointment.

He filled the post of Returning Officer in the last two provincial elections.



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