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**CLOTHING SHIPPED TO SASKATCHEWAN NEEDY**

Toronto, March 28—Approximately 37 tons of clothing were contributed by some 435 churches and organizations in The United Church of Canada to Saskatchewan's needy, it was reported this week by Rev. Dr. R. J. McDonald, superintendent of Southern Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta for the United Church of Canada. His report was given at the annual meeting of the Board of Home Missions.

Despite the discouragements of the past—the residents of the prairies continue to keep up heart and their faith in the land is undaunted. Dr. McDonald reported. Repeated crop failures in Saskatchewan, especially last year in the south-eastern areas, have tended to impede the work of the Church, he stated. There is an alarming shortage of clergymen, he told the Board. To save Home Mission funds many United Church ministers apply credit on salary account for every pound of butter and every dozen eggs brought to the manse by neighborhood farmers.

"Our Ministers serve their flocks with a spirit of devotion and uncompromising fortitude that is the glory of our United Church," Dr. McDonald reported.

Most encouraging feature of the work is the number of young men of fine type offering themselves as recruits for the ministry of The United Church, he stated.

**INSTINCTIVE KINDNESS**

Harsh indeed would be the schoolmaster who would punish boys for being tardy because they stopped on their way to class to save a dog's life. It is not surprising, therefore, that the boys were commended by the police and school authorities for their act. It appears that a tree fell on the dog and the animal, after being rescued by the boys, was taken to the police station for further attention.

The attachment between a boy and his dog has been the subject of comment since the world began. What would be the importance of algebra, or history in comparison with some boy's pet which was in distress under a fallen tree?

Perhaps the dog did not belong to any one of the three boys concerned, but he was the pet of some boy and the natural instinct of the three who found him in trouble was to save him and his owner from the grief that would follow any serious trouble for the dog.—Editorial in Item, Lynn, Mass.

**INVARIABLY**

Even a tombstone will say something good of a fellow when he is down.

"How long did it take your wife to learn to drive?"  
"It will be ten years next month."

**From the Clouds**

By ADELAIDE R. KEMP  
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WNU Service

MARtha drew the old rocker, with its patchwork cushion, closer to the window, and in the fading November light looked with discouraged eyes at the ancient black dress she had spread across her knees. The breadths of the skirt, after a long united existence, had parted of one accord. Nothing remained but the bit of real lace in the neck to tell of past splendors.

"I can't ever wear it to church again," she murmured and her face wore an expression of despair. To Martha church was as much a habit as brushing her hair or washing her face. Yet she might just as well wish for an automobile as the price of a new gown.

The clock on the mantel struck five. Martha lifted her eyes and looked down the darkening road. Here and there on the hills a farmhouse dotted the landscape. Not far away rose the spire of the little church. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation. From out of the sky, as it seemed to her, with a noise like the discharge of fireworks, a huge airplane was wending its way downwards. After a series of circles, like a bird with enormous wings, it landed almost at her very door.

To say that Martha was startled would have been putting it mildly. Never in all the fifty-odd years of her existence had she experienced such a shock. The old silk dress slipped from her lap unnoticed as she rose hurriedly and crossed the kitchen to the door. By the time her trembling fingers had opened it the great bird-like thing lay quiet.

A curious looking figure had jumped lightly to the ground. Martha felt a momentary inclination to slam the door and shut out such an apparition, but innate hospitality won. The approaching figure had by this time removed a pair of goggles and unfastened the side flaps of his helmet, displaying a most reassuring bronzed young face and eyes blue as the sky from which he seemed to have come.

"I hope I haven't frightened you half to death," he said, a pleasant smile displaying the whitest teeth.

"I heard you coming. You wouldn't had to knock," Martha answered. She was recovering somewhat from her nervousness. "I never seen one of them things before, only in pictures. Goodness, I should think they'd scare the birds something awful."

The young man laughed heartily. "Well, I'm wondering as long as I'm here at your very door if you could give me a bite of supper and a bed for the night. A cup of tea and some bread and butter would be plenty. I'd like to tinker on the old plane a little before it really gets dark. But I wouldn't want to put you out any," he added.

Martha nodded. This was the biggest adventure she ever hoped to experience in her life.

"You get your tinkering done. It's getting dark fast," she answered. "And I'll get supper."

That was a memorable evening for Martha. The young aviator told her of adventures above the clouds in distant countries during the war that fairly exhausted the strength of her imagination. Everything else was forgotten. The old silk dress remained a crumpled heap on the floor. It might have remained there until the next morning had her company not gone to the window for one last look at his airplane. There was a sound of ripping as his shoe caught in the folds. He stooped quickly and picked it up.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "just look what I've done now."

"My goodness," said Martha, shamefacedly, "if my old dress hasn't been lying there ever since you came. I was seeing if I couldn't mend it once more for church."

"Well I've finished it sure enough with that great foot of mine. I'm awfully sorry."

In the bright sunshine of the following morning Martha said good-bye to her unexpected guest.

"Don't forget, Aunt Martha," he said, holding her hand for a moment, "I'm coming back in April on my honeymoon. I'll give you a good trip then above the clouds. Only you must teach my wife how to make sugared doughnuts."

"Guess you don't get me off terra cotta," ejaculated Martha, shaking her head energetically. "But I'll be watching the sky every day when spring comes for you and your bride."

A few moments later and her company had made a noisy farewell. Nothing could be seen but a mere speck in the distance.

There were tears in Martha's eyes as she watched out the window wistfully. Then for the first time she saw a white envelope lying on top of the old silk dress. She opened it hastily. Two slips of paper fell out. On one was written:

"Dear Aunt Martha—The enclosed is for a new Sunday-go-to-meeting dress. I'll bring a better one from New York in the spring.

"Your nephew from the clouds."  
The other slip was a check for \$25.

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Sorry to have to remind those affected, but income tax time is near at hand. No doubt to many that all during 1938, the weekly pay cheque or envelope contents had seemed microscopic. The efforts of all were directed largely to making the magic figure look larger and go farther. But with

April 30th, 1939, rapidly approaching, suddenly every dollar over the \$1,000 or \$2,000 tax exemptions assumes tremendous size. The taxpayers will mobilize all energies to make that figure look as small to the Federal and Provincial Income Tax collectors as it did to him or her.

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