

NASAGAWAYA BUSY WEEK NEWS

February meeting of the Boy Scouts was held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Service. All received the Lord's Prayer in unison after which nine members answered present to the roll call. Minutes of last meeting were then read and adopted. Correspondence contained letters from overseas, one from Spr. H. A. McDonald, formerly from Harrison, acknowledging cigarettes sent by the club through the Overseas League Tobacco and Hamper Fund, Toronto, and one from J.K. O. Ray, Pinney, India for Christmas parcel sent.

Financial report showed \$50.00 had been spent on boys homes and \$50.50 on cigarettes. \$21.88 had been cleared from progressive euchre parties and \$27.62 had been cleared from quilt

making, which considering blocked roads in the country wasn't bad for January.

Meeting then opened for business and it was moved and seconded that Mrs. Stan Robinson and Mrs. Wilfred Kennedy act as auditors for 1944.—Carried.

Ten dollars was to be used to send gum to the ten boys overseas this month.

The quilt convenor then took the chair for a few minutes. A quilt top donated by Mrs. Wm. McLeod, Acton, to the club was shown and appreciated. A letter from Mrs. Margaret Robinson, Arxmaster, was read. Her offer to piece enough blocks for three quilt tops of a certain pattern was to be accepted with thanks. It was decided to carry on euchre parties in February as in January. Meeting closed with Mrs. Alf. Allen leading in

singing. God Save the King.

Mrs. Wm. Frank moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Service for the use of her home for the lovely lunch served. A quilt (the ladies' fingers had been busy on) was finished before the last left for home.

Three euchre parties were held during this month in the school, and quilts were quilted at the homes of Mrs. Jennie Howard and Mrs. Wilfred Kennedy. Donations came from Mrs. Allen \$1.00, Mrs. Wm. Frank 75c; Mrs. Thos. Kennedy \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. McLeod \$1.00; Miss Pearl Kennedy \$2.50.

Two good euchre boxes were sent out and two sympathy cards. The club sold their hot-plate and donated \$10 to Nasagawaya Council toward fund for installing large hot-plate in township hall. The books were audited by auditors chosen and found correct, and the following is a statement of the

Club's finances for 1944 at the end of February. The club's receipts total \$1,339.20 for 1944, and for their four years work they total \$4,004.83.

RECEIPTS

Good Cheer collection	1.80
Membership fees at 100	2.40
Ball: front last year	152.87
Donations, Int. and discounts	38.14
Articles, signed and sold by club	19.97
Auction sale (only)	59.17
Progressive euchres	38.62
Garden party gate receipts	116.26
Door receipts dances	431.90
Chicken draw	11.14
Booth receipts	236.27
Quilts made and sold	205.35
Quilts quilted for others	13.90
Last year's accounts paid	38.42
Total	\$1339.20

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for April 1

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THE AUTHOR AND PERFECTER OF OUR FAITH

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 27:62-66.
GOLDEN TEXT—Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith.—Hebrews 12:1, 2.

Ambition

By R. H. WILKINSON

Associated Newspapers
WNU Features

CLARK was city editor on the Evening Express. He'd been city editor for better than 12 years. The publishers kept him on because he knew his stuff. He was good. He produced. No one disputed the man's ability. And when an executive has ability, when he produces—personal differences don't enter into it much with employers.

Leon Faye hated Clark more than did the other boys in the city room. Leon was a cub, fresh from college. At first when Clark Lyons had said, "Listen, kiddo, this stuff you handed in is lousy. You oughta be driving a truck," Leon thought the city editor was kidding. And so he winked good-naturedly and replied, "Aw, go flap your ears, you big stiff. You don't recognize genius when you see it."

It didn't take Leon long to realize that Clark wasn't kidding, or if he had been he was the only one in the office permitted to indulge in the pastime. Leon had put his foot in it right at the start with that crack of his. For from that day forward Clark made the boy's life miserable. And Leon, once he had become acquainted with the city room men, once he had analyzed the cowed looks of them, the humble manner of them whenever Clark was about, realized that if ever he wanted to get ahead in the newspaper game he'd have to quit the Evening Express.

But jobs were scarce. Leon stayed on. He needed the experience, and he needed the money. During the weeks that followed he came to know a new and deep emotion. Hate. He hated Clark Lyons with all the vehemence and bitterness of injured pride and suppressed enthusiasm.

He hung on for a year, and then one day he quit. He had expected to gain some satisfaction from telling Clark Lyons that he was quitting, but Clark had accepted the thing as inevitable, as if he had been expecting it. He nodded briefly, cast one derisive look toward the youngster and turned away.

Leon surprised even himself when he secured a position almost at once on the Daily Star, the Express' rival. He didn't know why the Star editor had hired him; nor could he explain why, three months later, he was promoted to a desk job with an increase in pay. Of course, he was elated and some of the old-time good humor that Clark Lyons had bullied out of him, came back. Deep inside of him, sometimes dormant, sometimes kindled by memories, a bitter hatred still burned. He couldn't, of course, know that it was this deep-seated bitterness that was driving him ahead; that unconsciously he was striving to reach an unknown goal.

After three months at his desk job, the country editor died and Leon was given the vacancy. He wondered at it, wondered why they had selected him. There was no doubt that he was doing his work well. But there were older men ahead of him; men perhaps, with a little less imagination and ambition, but nevertheless experienced men, old hands at the newspaper game.

Within the next year or two things happened of importance. First, the Daily Star and the Evening Express, which had been rival newspapers for almost half a century, consolidated. The Star's equipment was sold and the force was moved over to the Express' newer building. Naturally, a lot of the staff of both papers were thrown out of work. Leon wondered if he would be among them.

But he wasn't. And the most surprising and, incidentally, the second occurrence of importance was his promotion to assistant manager of the newly formed Express-Star.

It took a week for him to get settled in his new quarters. The excitement of it took all his time and thoughts. He sat one day in his private office, his feet comfortably crossed atop a shiny mahogany desk, and his thoughts dwelt once more on his phenomenal and speedy climb to the top. The vague something still troubled his mind.

Presently he pressed a button. After a moment a door opened and a man stood there. The man was in his shirt sleeves. He wore an eye visor. His arms were encased in black bands of cloth from wrist to elbow. He stood there, looking toward Leon with an inquiring expression. His attitude was one of respect, of humbleness, of inferiority. "Hello, Clark," said Leon. "Remember me?"

Clark took a step forward, peering intently from beneath his eye shade. Suddenly he smiled. "Why, it's Leon Faye! How are you, Le—Mr. Faye? It certainly is fine to see you sitting in here. I—"

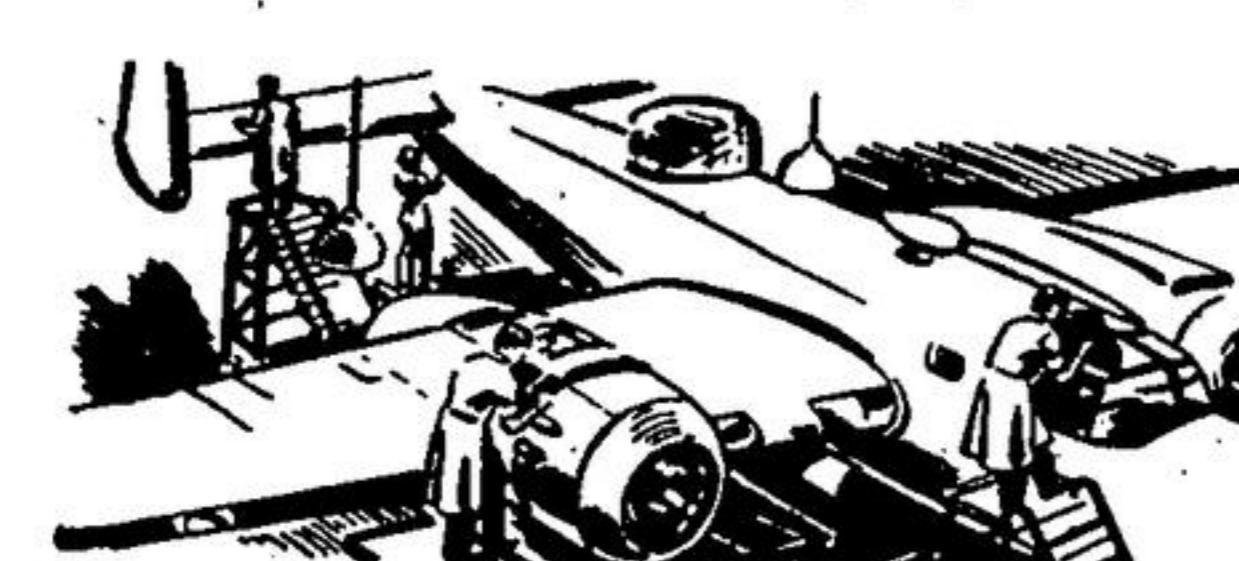
"I'll bet you're glad, Clark! You're fired! Now how glad are you?"

The door closed behind Clark Lyons and Leon took his feet from the desk and suddenly felt weak. He knew now what had pushed him ahead—up to this position which enabled him to fire Clark Lyons. He knew it was the bitter hatred in his heart, the thing of which he had been unable to rid himself, the burning passion to achieve a goal which would satisfy the pride of him in paying a score.

And now that the thing was accomplished, he found himself wondering about his future.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW..

That Canada has produced more than 13,000 warplanes of various types since the beginning of the war.



That you get 25% on your investment in War Savings Certificates in 7 1/2 years. A \$5.00 certificate purchased now costs \$4.00.

CONTRIBUTED BY
CARLING'S
THE CARLING BREWERIES LIMITED

EXPENSES

Good Cheer, memorial wreath and gift to bride	10.00
Advertising	33.28
Sec.-Treas. supplies	2.00
Booth supplies	152.23
Quilt Materials	87.98
Postage on boxes	41.87
Orchestra, floor manager, garden party talent, prizes	97.12
Local boys overseas: cigs, and boxes	277.00
Telephone calls	1.75
Salvation Army	30.00
Acton and Vicinity War Service League	75.00
Red Cross	100.00
Nass. Council (hall improv.)	17.50
Nass. Presby. Church (appre.)	10.00
Total	\$1210.34
Accounts unpaid	34.90
Bank Account	61.12
Change and bills on hand	43.14
Total	\$1339.20

VELMA KENNEDY, Sec.-treas.
Bernice Robinson,
Dora Kennedy, Auditors.

WRECKERS OF FINANCE
—CHARLES V. BOB

From a pick-and-shovel beginning he became a multi-millionaire speculator who promoted anything. The American Weekly, with this Sunday's (April 1) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, tells of how this fabulous figure rose to the heights, then plummeted to nowhere again, leaving a mountain range as a tombstone.

According to the weather would be appropriate if the trout season could be moved ahead to April 1st, instead of May 1st.



★ The million homes Canada will need after the war will mean jobs for 750,000 workmen in construction and allied trades over a period of ten years. Your Victory Bonds will enable you to be in a position to purchase your new home in Canada Unlimited.

CONTRIBUTED BY
O'Keefe's
BREWING CO. LIMITED

YOUR VICTORY BONDS ARE JOB INSURANCE

★ Source: National Construction Council

III. The Victory of Christ (28:1-6)

Victory and praise should be the keynote of Christianity. Why should we be doleful and sad? Our Lord has come back victorious from the grave! We may be glad and sing even in the midst of earth's sorrows and distresses. Let praise be the employ of our lips constantly as we worship Him and work for Him.

The picture that greeted the surprised eyes of the two women as they came to the grave, as it began to dawn on the first day of the week, was one resplendent with the glory and majesty of God. The earth quaked as the lightning flashed. The angel of the Lord broke through the supposedly unbreakable seal of Rome and rolled back the stone which was to have permanently closed the door to the tomb.

This was done, not to release Christ—for He had already gone, no grave could hold Him—but that men might see the empty grave and know that He was risen. Other religions keep the graves of their founders. Christianity points to an empty tomb.

To the foes of Christ represented by the keepers, the coming of the angel and the revelation of the power of God brought absolute discomfiture. That is still true. Men will argue with theology, church methods, even Christian profession, but when they see the power of God revealed, they can only be "as dead men."

To the friends of Christ, the angel brought comfort and assurance. Their fears were assuaged by his word of comfort, and then their faith was revived by the assurance that Christ was risen. The resurrection declares that He is the Son of God with power the Saviour of the world.

III. The Joy of Christ's Disciples (28:7-9)

The followers of Christ had their share of fear and unbelief, but it was quickly overcome by joy and assurance as they knew that their Lord was risen.

The note of great joy is highly appropriate on Easter Sunday, but just as proper on every Sunday—yes, every day of the Christian's life. He is risen from the dead! That settles all questions about His deity, His power, His salvation. It meets the problems of our lives with an unfailing word of confidence and joy.

Be sure to note that such good news must not be kept to ourselves. We should emulate the zeal of the disciples, who "departed quickly" to wake it known to their families and friends. The story of the victorious Saviour is still unknown to many thousands—possibly we should say millions. Let someone depart quickly to tell them of Jesus. And don't forget to ask yourself, "Should that someone be me?"

Jesus met them on the way with a greeting of peace. He loves to fellowship with His people as they see His errands. You will find Him there awaiting your coming.