



BEANS IN THE BEST BOSTON MANNER — Chief Chef Patsy Mazzuchelli of Boston's Hotel Statler is famous for his baked beans, a fact to which Mayor J. E. Ahearn and the City Council of Halifax will attest. Chef Mazzuchelli shipped sufficient beans to Halifax on the recent inaugural flight of the Trans Canada Air Lines Boston-Maritimes service to provide a bean supper for the Mayor and Council. Here is his personal recipe for baked beans Boston style in family quantities: 10 lbs. California pea beans, 3 cups molasses, 1/2 cup dry mustard, 1 quart chopped onions, 1 quart chopped celery, 5 lbs. salt pork, 1 tablespoon mixed spices, and 1 cup brown sugar; pick all stones and soak beans overnight; wash, and put above ingredients in large pot and fill with water, then cook for ten hours.

Ill Wind

By K. W. BROOKS
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Features

ACCORDING to his neighbors in the small coastal town, old Mr. Atwell was just plain cantankerous. With his gout and perennial hay fever he didn't do much but sit on his back porch, a sweeping view of the block's back yards before him. Naturally, he knew everything that went on.

One late summer day old Mr. Atwell saw the family next door move out and witnessed the moving in of a mild, moustached little man and his pink-cheeked wife. They were quiet and unobtrusive, but old Mr. Atwell wasn't deceived by appearances. He watched them carefully for some mild indiscretion over which he could argue a complaint. The house next door was only six feet away. Nothing untoward happened until the end of the week, and then it was worse than he could have hoped for.

On that hot Saturday morning he swept a satisfied eye over Betsy's neat and orderly vegetable garden, bordered with zinnias. Old Mr. Atwell's eye hit the low hedge separating his yard from the neighbor's, and traveled along it to a point exactly beside his own porch. The mild little moustached man was working there with new strips of lath. "What in tarnation you building?" roared old Mr. Atwell.

"A trellis, sir," the young man said, smiling. "My name is Bullock. I understand you're Mr. Atwell. I'm happy to be your neighbor, sir."

"A trellis? How big a trellis?" "Three feet wide and six feet high. Susan, that's Mrs. Bullock, thought it would be real pretty here. Make our back yard more private. She plans to have roses climbing all over it."

Old Mr. Atwell exploded like a toy balloon. "Roses!" he snorted. "I won't have it! Come on over here, young man," old Mr. Atwell said. Mr. Bullock climbed up uncertainly and sat down. "All the place I got to sit is this back porch. Bad gout. How'm I going to see anything with that confounded obstruction plumb up against my face? And roses give me hay fever. Worse than blazes."

"I don't want to make trouble, Mr. Atwell, but it's my land, and I don't know anything prettier on a trellis than roses. But if you object to roses we can plant something else."

That evening Betsy lost her temper completely. "George," she said testily, "I've had about all I can stand from you. Mr. Bullock said he wouldn't put roses there. Well, what are you crabbing about? If you can't see from that side, you can just sit on the front porch for a spell!"

He managed to stay off the back porch for a few days. On the third morning he stamped into the living room and shouted, "By Godfrey! That pipsqueak has put six hens and a rooster to housekeeping in his back yard. I'll not stand for it! Hens smell. Most as bad as roses for my fever."

That night the wind raged in from the sea. Rain lashed against the windows. Old Mr. Atwell seemed in high good spirits the next morning. He hobbled downstairs wearing an unprecedented smile. He bolted his breakfast and emerged on to his back porch a scant half-minute after his neighbor, Bullock, reached his yard.

The Jerry-built trellis lay forlornly flat, away from old Mr. Atwell's porch, a tangled mass of broken lath. "Well I do declare!" said old Mr. Atwell, a trifle louder than necessary. "A shame, I say."

"It's too bad," agreed Bullock. "All the lath I had, too. Seems to be the only thing blown over, though."

"Those steady sea winds can whip things down mighty quick. After you worked so hard on it, too. Real bad luck, Bullock." He sat on the back porch all day long.

The wind blew again in the night, and old Mr. Atwell was aghast at the sight of all six of Bullock's hens, plus rooster, enjoying a field day in Betsy's vegetable garden. "Bullock!" he roared. Bullock came out immediately with hat and brief case. "My goodness, Mr. Atwell!" he said, "my hens are in your garden."

"Don't you think I've got eyes in my head?" barked old Mr. Atwell. "Of course they are! How did they get there?"

"I'll get them out right away. I'm sorry. I guess the wind must have blown them over the fence."

"Wind! Rubbish! You put those chickens over in my garden on purpose, and I'm going to have the law on you!"

Bullock rescued the last hen from the shambles of his neighbor's garden. He picked up his brief case.

"I don't think you'll bother the law about it," he said.

"I will so! I mean business!" "Now, hold on, Mr. Atwell. It was a shore breeze again last night, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was, but you tell that to the judge."

"And you can't prove the wind didn't blow my hens over the fence last night," Bullock went on imperturbably, "because, you see, the wind was at least blowing in the right direction."

Choral Wedding for St. George's Choir Members

The lovely choral ceremony of the Church of England was enacted at St. George's Church on Saturday, June 14th, at 3 p.m., when Elsie Doreen Stigger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Stigger and Harvey Slater Dewhurst, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dewhurst were united in marriage by Archdeacon W. G. O. Thompson. The couple are both members of the choir.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was gowned in period style white taffeta and lace with an embroidered veil held with a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of Better Times roses and bouvardia. The groom's sister, Miss Elsie Dewhurst, was maid of honour, wearing heavenly blue sheer with sweet-heart neckline and full bishop's sleeves. She wore a blue flowered hat and carried a nosegay of Sweet-heart roses and sweet peas. Bridesmaid was Miss Jean MacIntosh of Cobourg, cousin of the bride, gowned in rose facon crepe with full skirt, sweetheart neckline, and a cap-style headdress. She also carried a nosegay of Sweet-heart roses and sweet peas.

Mr. Henry Matthews of Kitchener was groomsmen and ushers were the bride's brother, Edward Stigger, and Joseph Hall, Jr. Mrs. W. F. Bradley was organist and during the signing of the register, Miss Barbara Dawson sang "The Breath that Breathed O'er Eden." Gifts to the bride's attendants were strings of pearls and compacts, and to the groomsmen and ushers, tie sets.

A reception followed at the Odd-fellows Hall, Mrs. Stigger receiving in a street-length gown of heavenly blue facon crepe with navy accessories and corsage of Johanna Hill roses. The groom's mother assisted, wearing a street-length grey figured crepe gown with matching accessories and red carnation corsage.

For a wedding trip to New York and Atlantic City, the bride chose a gold and black lace jersey with black accessories, powder blue coat, and corsage of yellow roses. They will reside in Georgetown on their return.

Guests attended the wedding from Kitchener, Waterloo, Toronto, Cobourg, Cheltenham, Glen Williams and Georgetown.

Honoured guests were the bride's cousin and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Box, who had arrived in Canada from London, England, only a few days before.

KORZACK FAMILY HELD REUNION LAST SUNDAY

Gathering together for the first time in twenty-two years, five members of the Korzack family met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Korzack last Sunday for a reunion. Those present included Mr. and Mrs. Peter Korzack, Winnipeg, Miss Ruth Korzack and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. D'Arcy, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Korzack, Georgetown, and Mr. and Mrs. William Korzack, Glen Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Korzack remained in town for a five days' visit.

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9.30 a.m. — Holy Communion.

11 a.m. — Sermon by the Ven. W. G. O. THOMPSON
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7.30 p.m. — Sermon by the Rev. F. C. JACKSON,
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Schedule of Maturities

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1949	14,371.64	Sold	1954	16,661.05	Sold
1950	14,805.80	Sold	1955	17,163.98	Sold
1951	15,249.97	Sold	1956	17,678.89	Sold
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