

Bless you
Miss B-



Miss Browning knows how easy it is to forget she's on a party line . . . and that others may be waiting. So she keeps a watchful eye on the clock — and limits the length of her calls.

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Recent war bride (to magistrate): "I can't stand it any longer. My husband actually swore at me. And I was learning to drive just to please him, too."
Magistrate: "What did he say?"
"He sat there in the ditch and said, 'Holy cats woman, didn't you see that truck?'"

Gratitude is much more than a verbal expression of thanks. Action expresses more gratitude than words.

SHORT STORY

Mrs. Halligan Expects
By
M. J. COLLINS

A NASTY spring blizzard whipped over the county from the east, then swung around into the west and came charging back with a cold viciousness. Every cold in the county was smothered in white oblivion. We were gathered around the huge box stove, in Jed's general store. A bunch of old coots were swapping tall tales and reminiscing about other storms.

"She's a good-slaying blow," Old Enoch Silhou took his pipe out of his mouth. "Sure raising job with everything. Hate to be livin' on a back road and get stuck."

"You'd say," Frank Hayes agreed. "You'd be hard put to get a doctor in now. This'd be about the time."

Mrs. Halligan would have snatched her pipe. "It goes to me she always has them in just about the worst time of the year."

The Halligans got too many kids. Old Enoch growled as if it were a personal affront. "They're running around like rabbits."

"Say, listen," Frank Hayes exclaimed. "I hear sleigh bells. Sure enough we heard them above the storm."

"That's Curt Evans from up the hill," said the man behind the counter. "Whoa!" to the heavy sweating team. We noticed a bundle of blankets and covers in the back of the sleigh.

"Here's a list of groceries," Curt handed a slip of paper to Jed. He pulled up a chair and sat down, rolling himself a fat cigarette.

"Mrs. Halligan expectin'?" Frank opened the conversation cautiously. Curt is a big fellow, sort of saturnine. He lives all alone and you can never quite tell how he's going to take your questions.

Curt finally nodded. "Old man Halligan's sort of put out about it, too. Says something always goes wrong with them faggots. He was hoping to have a spell of nice weather and now he's laid up with the flu."

"How many kids they got now?" Old Enoch growled. "Ten or eleven?"

Curt started counting them off on his fingers. "Edith, Judy, Ray, and so on. 'I don't know,' he finally admitted."

The Halligan man is next to Curt's so if anyone should know many little Halligans there are, it's Curt's the man.

WE FIGURED we must have come down to meet the train, as we usually got to the village about that time. Old Doc Homer would be here and Curt would have come out to the Halligan place to see if the blizzard would not be so much.

Just passed across to the station and was told the train would be on about five.

Curt relaxed again. He had been getting ready to go and had been waiting.



You can never quite tell how Curt is going to take your questions.

an in order to have them all set about the train arrived.

The talk went right back to him. You would have been surprised to hear we knew so much about the subject.

"Think you'd have any trouble getting back over the road?" Frank asked Curt.

"I hope not. I want to get back as fast as possible."

"The shrill whistle of the train sounded faintly."

"Well," Curt said, rising and reaching for his coat. "Guess it's time to harness up. Göt them groceries, Jed?"

I went back to the stable with him to help. By the time the train got on he had the team ready and the groceries stowed away safely. We drove over to the station and loaded several perforated cardboard boxes full of peep-peeping yellow chicks onto the sleigh. Curt covered them carefully with the numerous blankets and covers we thought had been to wrap around Doc Homer. Then he indicated the store with his thumb.

"You can tell the boys that what Mrs. Halligan expected has arrived—all four hundred of them." He grinned at me as he drove away.

Retelated by WNL Features.

COUNTY COUNCIL

Fifty-four boys and girls from all parts of the county, representing their different schools were guests at the regular monthly meeting of Halton County Council last week.

Under the supervision of Roy Smith and Miss Margaret Maxted, the pupils were welcomed by Warden George Cleave, who said members would do all in their power, to make them feel at home during the visit. He told them an interesting program had been planned, with a luncheon at the noon recess, as well as a tour of the different buildings operated by the municipality.

County officials and representatives from different Provinces of Ontario Departments gave brief talks, in respect to their work. Among those speaking were Ford Rogers, County Assessor who outlined the work done by the county assessors' office. Sergt. Darby, of the Ontario Provincial Police gave an interesting talk on safety. I. C. Merritt, Ontario Dept. of Lands and Forests, told them the value of reforestation in the county, while W. I. Dick, K.C., Crown Attorney for Halton, outlined the functions of justice, advising the boys and girls to keep out of trouble and they would never have to fear his department, whose duty it is to assist every citizen. Dr. James Mather outlined the value of the Health Unit and its work in our Municipality.

L. L. Skuce, Public School Inspector addressed the pupils at the luncheon, held at the United Church. He emphasized to the children the show's and rocks they would encounter during their voyage on the sea of life, referring to seven guides which he felt would help them to pass the danger zones safely.

He concluded by telling them the story of Lincoln adding his motto, "I will study to prepare my mind, and some day my opportunity will come." Mr. Dick also spoke.

During the Session Warden Cleave announced to the pupils that the County Council was awarding prizes for the ten best essays written, entitled, "My Visit to County Council."

Mackenzie News

What is bluer than Blu, Monday after a holiday.

Now is the time to think of screens. One of the few "wonder products" of the war is plastic screening. It really is better. Won't stain or streak your woodwork, never fades, rusts or needs painting and is non-inflammable. All for 12¢ per square foot. You can renew all your old screens at a modest cost. Remember those three, or four more you said last year, that you were going to make this year?

Well all your odd jobs must be done by now. See you relaxing in a deck chair enjoying the first day of summer we hope.

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FROM THE waste liquor of our pulp and paper mills, now come ethyl alcohol, vanilla flavour, yeast, some forms of plastic. New developments convert our saw mill waste into kraft pulp; slash from sawing into insulating board.

"OPPORTUNITIES HERE . . ."
LAINO MILLER of Jarvis, Ontario, "started at the bottom" in a local industry 30 years ago, has advanced to a position of responsibility today. 13 years ago he took over the failing local newspaper, has built it up until it has gained recognition as one of Canada's outstanding weeklies. He has served eight years as Councillor, four as Reeve, on his municipal council; last year was elected to the Board of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association.

LAINO MILLER says: "I'm glad I stayed in Canada when other boys seeking success elsewhere. There have always been opportunities here for those ready to take advantage of them — but many have gone to seek a better life elsewhere."

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