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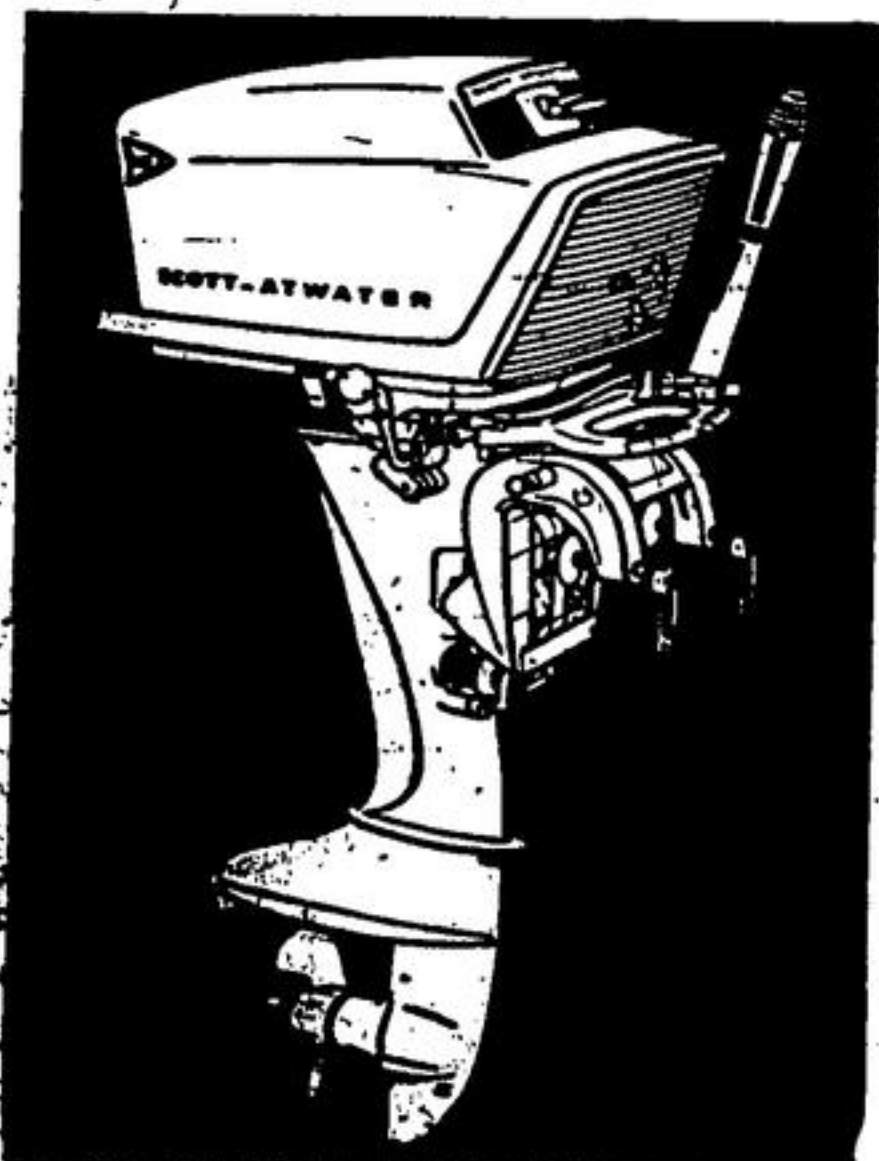
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**Sugar and Spice**

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Wartan Echo

You need the agility of an ape, as many arms as an octopus and the speed of a springbok to keep track of your children physically. But trying to keep track of what goes on in their heads is like trying to eat spaghetti with chopsticks.

At least that's the way ours are. They're complete paradoxes. They're studies in schizophrenia. Just about the time you think you have them figured out, they'll pull a switch that leaves your head swimming, your knees weak. They keep us in alternate states of utter exasperation and hopeless hilarity.

We're going through a rather hectic time with young Kim these days. With the coming of spring, she had shed her cocoon of scarf, snowsuit, rubber boots and helmet. But the chrysalis is emerging as a cross between a butterfly and a black hornet.

Just to give you an idea. The other day, when I left for work, she was as rosy, sweet, clean fresh and innocent as only a little girl can be when she has just got up. She gave me a soft little kiss, an angelic smile, and a dainty wave as I went out. Coming home, at noon, I saw a grubby little urchin chasing three small boys, with a six-foot scantling and murderous intent.

I stopped the car and jumped out, to prevent mayhem. I grabbed the wee devil with the big stick and was about to lecture him roundly, when, to my horror, a familiar voice said: "Lemme go, Daddy, I wanta kill those guys" and the big, brown eyes beseeching me were unmistakably those of my gentle little daughter.

Last week, she went to a birthday party at Jimmy Paton's, next door. Jimmy's mother got the kids playing games. One of them was a sort of small fry charades. Each was supposed to supply the dialogue for a certain situation. Come Kim's turn. "What," she was asked, "would your mother say if she dropped her purse and everything in it fell out?" Her brother, who was there, told us what happened. Kim thought for a moment, then shrieked "Oh, God!"

Dressed in her best for Sunday School, she's the picture of a demure demoiselle of six, prim and proper, shining and saintly. But

there are signs of the other side of her Jekyll-Hyde personality in evidence. The scratch on her nose she got when she fell out of an apple tree. The black eye is the result of a stone she stopped with her head, when the Indians were attacking the fort yesterday.

Does she want to be a nurse, or a mother, or a good cook, when she grows up? No, she doesn't even want to be a woman. She wants to be a cowboy, or, failing that, an Indian. She was playing cowboys with a small male, the other day. Her mother was shocked to hear her say: "Well, let's go into town and get a drink." They swaggered up to the "bar" in the kitchen, picked up an imaginary shot of whiskey each, threw it down in one quick, practiced gulp, hoisted their guns up a bit, and gave a steely look around the saloon.

Her brother, of course, is older, and a lot more sensible. He doesn't cause us any trouble at all. Like the other night. He walked into the house, after being absent for six hours, on a hike, and announced calmly that he'd lost his jacket. "Lost your jacket, you naughty boy, then you shall have no show on Saturday afternoon," said the mother cat, or words to that effect.

When I came home, she wanted me to pound him. I was too tired. So all I had to do was get the axe out of the cellar, drive him two miles into the country, climb four fences, walk across half a dozen fields, climb a vertical cliff, then slide down the other side, and cut down the tree in which his jacket had lodged when he'd thrown it off the cliff with the sleeves knotted, to see if it would float down like a parachute.

Yet some people will say kids give you a lot of trouble. I can't understand such an attitude. They're no more trouble than galloping dysentery. Or chronic malaria.

**115 PORTUGUESE MEN STRIKE FOR ONE HOUR "NOT ENOUGH FISH"**

All has been settled and 115 Portuguese laborers employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway are now back to work after they staged a one-hour sitdown strike near the Milton station. The men, part of a 200-man gang which is laying new rails on the CPR Chicago-Montreal line, received a 10-cent an hour raise in pay from the company and returned to work the same afternoon. Changes in their food, also requested at the start of the short sitdown, were also authorized by the company.

The men had reportedly been brought to Canada as laborers by the Canadian government, and the C.P.R. had hired them for the task of laying the new track from Erin-dale to Guelph Junction and back again, at 75 cents an hour. When they went out on strike, the men asked for an increase to \$1.00 an hour, but when the 10 cent increase was granted, they accepted it conditionally.

The laborers also asked for a change in their camp food, asking more of the food they were used to eating in Portugal. In the words of one man, they were getting "too much meat and potatoes—not enough fish." The company has apparently complied with the request.

Negotiations were carried out through the use of interpreters from the Portuguese Consulate in Toronto.

**Notice to Creditors**

In the Estate of Walter C. Lunan, Gentleman, deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of Walter C. Lunan, late of the Township of Equeusing, gentleman, who died on or about the 31st day of December, 1956, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of May, 1957, after which date the estate will be distributed with regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice and the undersigned will not be liable to any person of whose claim he shall not then have notice.

DATED at Georgetown, this 23rd day of April A.D. 1957.

Herbert Lunan, executor of the estate of Walter C. Lunan, by his Solicitors, DALE & HENNETT, Georgetown, Ontario. 5-8

**WILL VISIT WITH AUNT IN ENGLAND**

Mrs. Robert-Souther, R. R. 1 is on the Atlantic today aboard the Empress of Britain, bound for a visit with her aunt in England.

With her mother, Mrs. W. C. Stollery of Edmonton, Alta. she will be visiting in Worcester Park, Surrey with Mrs. H. Ould who is Mrs. Stollery's sister. They sailed from Montreal yesterday morning and plan to stay in England until July 12th. It is Mrs. Souther's first visit to her mother's homeland.

Support the "Cancer Blitz" on Monday, May 13th. \$4,500 objective for North Halton.



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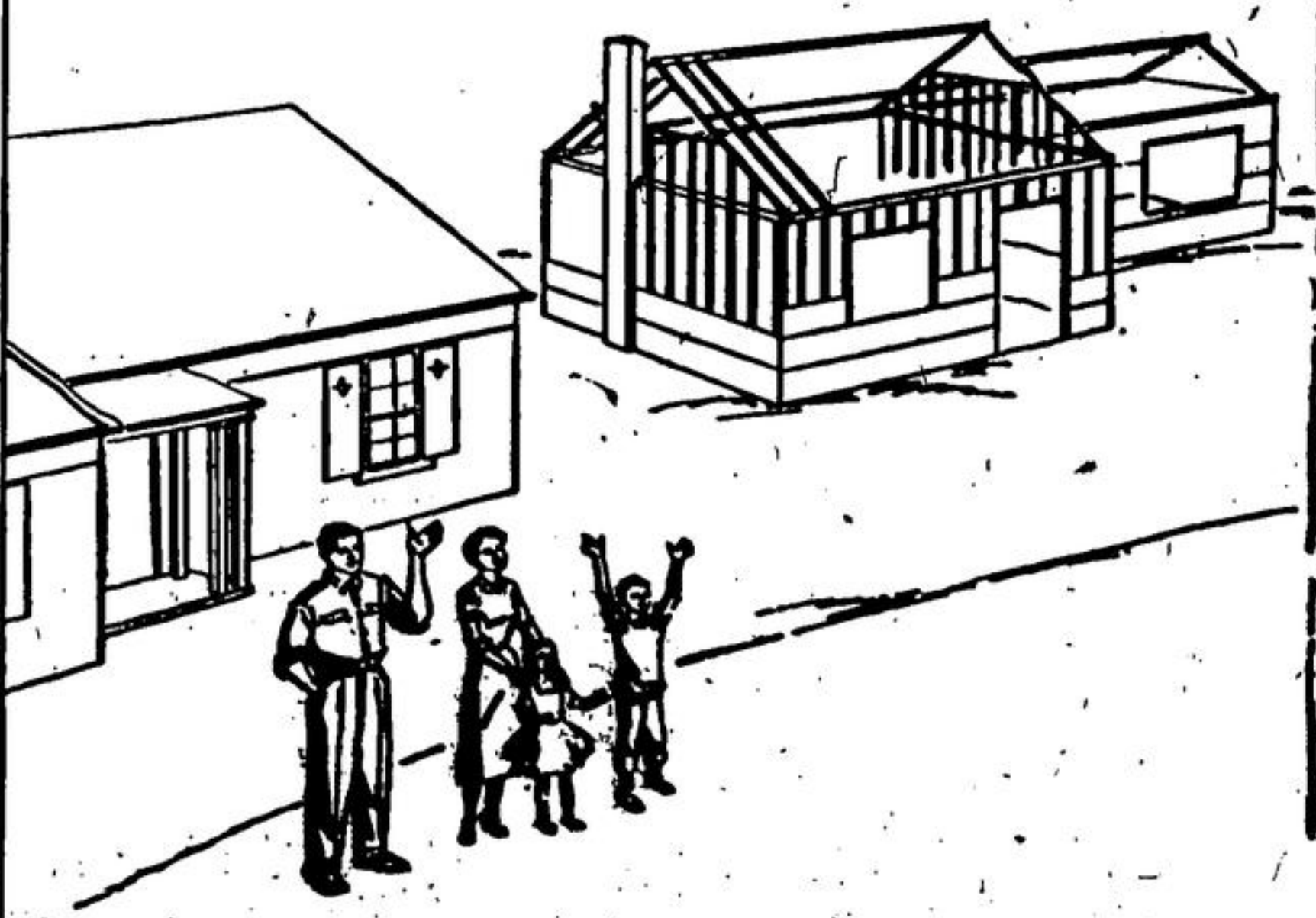
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For the occupants the flick of a switch will bring electric power surging to their bidding, to do a multiplicity of chores faster and more economically by electricity.



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