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### Mariposa Stories Add Topical **Touch to Bond Conversions**

Canada is Mariposa, population ada in Ottawa where some far-

phen Leacock, best-known of all bank's vaults. Canadian humorists. It also has an

of this town and other communities wartime propaganda. across the nation were busy buying bonds to help win the war. War Finance Committee.

committee recognized the literary living at The Old Brewery Bay. value of the hand-written articles the people of Mariposa would once and gathered them up at the end again be gathering in Jeff's Bar-

The most famous small town in they were sent to the Bank of Can-9,000, location almost anywhere. sighted economist, possibly a for tion. Mariposa is famous because it mer pupil of Professor Leacock at was created and populated by Ste- McGill, stored them away in the

There, they were discovered a important connection with the Can- few weeks ago when the public old. ada Conversion Loan of 1958, be relations committee for the Cancause almost everyone in Mariposa ada Conversion Loan of 1958 movstill owns Victory Bonds and is ed in. Typical of the Canadian going to convert them for the new humorist at his best, the series den's?" of articles is a charming piece of Fifteen years ago, in 1943, Mari- Canadianna and represents an inposans in common with the people telligent and gentle approach to Ames place." Today, more than two million

Canadians still own the Victory The only difference was that Bonds they bought during the war. thanks to Leacock's fluent pen, Many of them bought their bonds people throughout the country read in 1943, influenced no doubt by all about what Mariposa was doing the whimsical appeal of the great and about what its citizens thought humorist. Today, they are being a caution. I seen a sulky go for about the Victory Loan. Leacock given an opportunity to exchange wrote about them in detail in a these bonds for new issues paying series of ten articles which he a higher rate of interest. That contributed to the campaign and is something the people of Mariwhich were distributed to news- posa would understand, the same papers by the Canadian Publishers security, the same patriotic purpose and higher return for their Fortunately, some one on the investment. If Leacock were still dollars more than it cost ten years

They would not be talking about six billion dollars, though. They would talk as they did on May 1943, when Leacock reported conversation about a country auc-

Next to me in Jeff's Barber Shop in Mariposa he wrote there sat this morning a country feller, at a guess, from 35 to 65 years

"Were you out at the sale at Crittenden's yesterday?" he asked. "No." I said. "Where's Critten-

"Crittenden's?" he answered in amazement, "why, right next the

"Where's that?" I asked." "The Ames place? Just beyond Lem Crowder's."

I let it go at that. "No." I said, "I wasn't there." "Well, sir," said the country fellow, "you'd oughter been. It was

I didn't know whether meant a lot or a little. But the audience in the barber shop did "Gosh," they said.

"Yes, sir, a sulky ten years old and with a broken trip, for ten

"There was an old lumber wag- ces, the groom's sister, was the on there," said a man from across bridesmaid. They wore taffeta the room, "fetched a hundred and gowns with overskirts of nylon fifty dollars."

"Gosh!" said the room.

feller to me, "you wouldn't be bands with circular net tulle-scalmuch interested in farm sales?" loped veils trimmed with pearls

said it I was carried back sixty five years in recollection and was standing in the April sunshine in the slush and snow of a barnyard — a farm auction sale while the purchasers, who didn't purchase (they had no money) walked up and down among the inery for sale. The farmer of the Calabogie. farm was treating them to whis-Manitobah."

men, the lady of the farm, was cutting sandwiches for the purchasers who couldn't buy but could still eat. The children were helping her. I was one. I could hear the voice of the auctioneer, hear it still across sixty-five years of

memory, calling. "Now gentlemen, this fine double-seated cutter, as good as newwhat do I hear? — make a bid gentlemen! Come, give me a start. Four dollars? Thank you, four dollars. Going at four dollars,

going! going! gone at four dollars!" Those were the hard times of the 'seventies, when the government had to borrow a million dollars, but couldn't find it in Canada.

But one need not look back across sixty-five years of retrospect for the remembrance of auction farm sales, the tragedy of the Canadian countryside. Five years is enough. Just five years! Right here in Mariposa every month of May brought with the spring birds that fluttered pinned up to the and flapping towels, the whole telephone and light poles and pasted up in the window of the Mariposa Newspacket.

Auction Farm Sale Concession that. Lot this To be sold regardless of reserve

And then follows the list. Stand here a moment and look upon i and reflect upon the tragedy of our economic life.

Item 1-Two year old grey mare Do you get that? That's Fancy. the family driving horse. They've had her for years and years on the farm. There's a boy now Tunis remembers driving her They loved her. That's why they put her down at two years. It' not a lie. She's still two years to

Those two "excellent milel cows," part Jersey (never mind the other part) and these "mixed poultry." all that in the life of a family. Going! Going! gone! Or look at the last item. Household furniture, books.

Do you realize that those are

the books that grandfather's father brought out from the old country, 100 years ago - look-Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake, half of part of Macaulay's England, nothing you read now, of course. And with that I came back to myself still in Jeff's Barber Shop and they were talking of the sale at old Tom Crittenden's place. They were saying that he "cleaned up" (their very phrase) fifteen hundred dollars. What else could he do, with both the boys, it appeared, overseas, and Sally. Tom himself is spry enough and not a day over seventy-five, but he and the old lady can't run the place.

And just as they were saying that in burst old Tom himself. When I say "burst", that is, he appeared outside the glass door, leant his stick outside the door frame, pulled the door open a little, then got his shoulder to it, took up his stick again and burst

#### in Georgetown Guests at Maher-Moore Wedding

Guests from Georgetown attended when Ella Mae Moore James Gilbert Maher were united in marriage by Rev. William Weir in a double ring ceremony Brampton Presbyterian Church. August 16th. Tall standards pink and white gladioli formed a beautiful setting for the wed

ding. The bride is the daughter Mr. and Mrs. Russell Thomas Moore and parents of the groom are Mr and Mrs. William Maher of Fort Frances. Mrs. G. Little played the wedding music and accompanied the soloist, Mr. Robert

Wallace of Woodbridge. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father wearing a floor-length wedding gown pois de soie with a scooped neck line, appliqued with a floral by the single loop of semi-ties which fell softly over the flounced skirt. A scalloped, pleated tulle headband trimmed with seed pearls held the nylon lingertip veil. She carried a cas-

cade bouquet of red sweetheart

roses and white stephanotis. Mrs. William Teasdale of Guelph was her sister's matron of honor. Miss Helen Maher, of Fort Frannet, fashioned with a high bodice, crossed cumberbund and V-neck-"I suppose," said the country line at the back. Covered head-"No, not altogether." Yet, as he completed their outfits. The matron of honour carried yellow and bronze mums with a small cascade which harmonized with her apri cot coloured gown. The bridesmaid wore a yellow gown and carried matching flowers.

William Maher of Vancouver was his brother's groomsman and ushering were William Mann of lean cattle and the broken mach. Atikokan and William Moore of

A reception was held in the key and laughing it off as best he church hall. The bride's mother, could. He was "sold up" and was received the guests in a Dior going to move, they said, to "this blue lace gown with a pleated; bodice and flared skirt. She wore Inside the farm house, the wo- white accessories and a corsage

> hale, and evidently so tickled with himself that he couldn't hold it in. He didn't look the least bit like the people who used to be "sold up" in the seventies.

> There was a chorus of "How are you, Mr. Crittenden?" "How are you Tom?"

The old man nodded a round "Just come over, Jeff", he said, "to get cleaned up." Then, unable to hold it any longer, he added, I've just put fifteen hundred dollars across the street in this Vic tory Loan, yes, sir, fifteen hundred dollars.'

That explained, you see, his need of a shave. Farmers, of course, are people who shave regularly, never miss a Saturday except in harvest. But when a farmer hits town, one of the things to do is to get a shave, a real one with a Roman massage, and a shampoo under machine brushes, a facial massage, lilac powder

"You're next," said Jeff, giving him priority over all candidates. "Sit right down." And with that Crittenden was draped and wrapped and pinned and whirling brushes -played round his bent head. When anyone spoke to Tom the barber stopped, Tom answered and then Jeff went at him with the brushes again.

"Where are the boys now, Mr.

Crittenden? "Both overseas. Jim's in Iceand with General Montgomery and Dick's right there in London with General MacArthur. Now, I got fifteen hundred in this Victory Loan, that's five hundred for each of the boys and five hundred for Sally.

As the dialogue had progressed had gradually transformed Mr. Crittenden, shampoo'd, massaged, shaved, creamed, powdered, and, at the end, splashed with lilac till he smelt like the 24th of May itself - he was disengaged out of the chair, fit for the bees to settle on him.

"I don't have to explain a thing," said old Tom."I leave that to these here economists."

I saw Jeff look at me apprehensively at the word "economist. He knew by instinct that economics won't go in a barber shop What's more, there'd been some talk there one day about cutting unnecessary industries and some one had claimed that shaving was non-essential. Jeff himself claimed it was a war service. So, as I say, he looked appre-

hensive when I began to speak. "What the government intends to do," I said, "is to make the most of every productive industry, like this farm of Mr. Crittenden's, and to keep the consumer away from everything not absolutely

Jeff looked across again. "You're next," he said.

That's how Stephen Leacock helped sell the Victory Bonds that everybody is converting today inhearty and to Canada Conversion Bonds.

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD Wednesday Eve'g., Sept. 3rd, 1908 PAGE 3

of white feather carnations. The young couple will make their home in Fort Frances. For a honeymoon in Northern Octario the bride donned sheath dress of brown patterned silk on white and a brown duster lined with the dress material and white accessor-

PARENTS, SCOUTS, CUBS, LIMEHOUSE CORN ROAST

On Saturday evening the cubs and scouts of Limehouse have been operating under a provisional committee to learn basics scouting were treated, along with thehir parents, to a corn roas There were sixty people present

for the evening of fun. The roast was held in the grove near Memorial Hall and was-incharge of the provisional commits ee. Charles James and Ed Fintlay were responsible for the gift of the corn, butter, and prizes. "The members of the pack" gave thier grand howl and prom ise and led their guests in a camp fire singsong.

**GLEN TAXI** 

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