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Mariposa Stories Add Topical Touch to Bond Conversions

The most famous small town in Canada is Mariposa, population 9,000, located almost anywhere. Mariposa is famous because it was created and populated by Stephen Leacock, best-known of all Canadian humorists. It also has an important connection with the Canada Conversion Loan of 1958, because almost everyone in Mariposa still owns Victory Bonds and is going to convert them for the new issue.

Fifteen years ago, in 1943, Mariposans in common with the people of this town and other communities across the nation were busy buying bonds to help win the war. The only difference was that, thanks to Leacock's fluent pen, people throughout the country read all about what Mariposa was doing and about what its citizens thought about the Victory Loan. Leacock wrote about them in detail in a series of ten articles which he contributed to the campaign and which were distributed to newspapers by the Canadian Publishers War Finance Committee.

Fortunately, some one on the committee recognized the literary value of the hand-written articles and gathered them up at the end of the campaign. By good fortune,

Convertible of 1958," just as they talked about the "Big Loan" in 1943.

They would not be talking about six billion dollars, though. They would talk as they did on May 8, 1943, when Leacock reported a conversation about a country auction.

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

"Were you out at the sale at Crittenden's yesterday?" he asked.

"No," I said, "Where's Crittenden's?"

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

"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 a caution. I seen a sulky go for thirty dollars."

"I didn't know whether that 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 dollars more than it cost ten years ago."

"There was an old lumber wagon there," said a man from across the room, "fetched a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Gosh!" said the room.

"I suppose," said the country feller to me, "you wouldn't be much interested in farm sales?"

"No, not altogether." Yet, as he 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 lean cattle and the broken machinery for sale. The farmer of the farm was treating them to whiskey and laughing it off as best he could. He was "sold up" and was going to move, they said, to "this Manitobah."

Inside the farm house, the women, 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 new — what 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 the little leaflets, the "doggers" that fluttered pinned up to the telephone and light poles and pasted up in the window of the Mariposa Newspaper.

Georgetown Guests at Maher-Moore Wedding

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

The bride is the daughter of 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 of pois de soie with a scooped neckline, appliqued with a floral design. Back interest was created by the single loop of semi-ties which fell softly over the full flounced skirt. A scalloped, pleated tulle headband trimmed with seed pearls held the nylon fingertip veil. She carried a cascade 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 Frances, the groom's sister, was the bridesmaid. They wore taffeta gowns with overskirts of nylon net, fashioned with a high bodice, crossed cummerbund and V-neckline at the back. Covered headbands with circular net tulle, scalloped veils trimmed with pearls completed their outfits. The matron of honour carried yellow and bronze mums with a small cascade which harmonized with her apricot coloured gown. The bridesmaid wore a yellow gown and carried matching flowers.

William Maher of Vancouver was his brother's groomsman and ushering wife William Mann of Atikokan and William Moore of Calabogie.

A reception was held in the church hall. The bride's mother, received the guests in a Dior blue lace gown with a pleated bodice and flared skirt. She wore white accessories and a corsage

of white feather carnations.

The young couple will make their home in Fort Frances. For a honeymoon in Northern Ontario, the bride donned sheath dress of brown patterned silk on white and a brown duster lined with the dress material and white accessories.

PARENTS, SCOUTS, CUBS, LIMEHOUSE CORN ROAST

On Saturday evening the cub and scouts of Limehouse who have been operating under a provisional committee to learn basic scouting were treated, along with their parents, to a corn roast. There were sixty people present for the evening of fun.

The roast was held in the grove near Memorial Hall and was in charge of the provisional committee. Charles James and Mrs. Ed Findlay were responsible for the gift of the corn, butter, and prizes. The members of the pack gave their grand howl and promise and led their guests in a camp fire singing.

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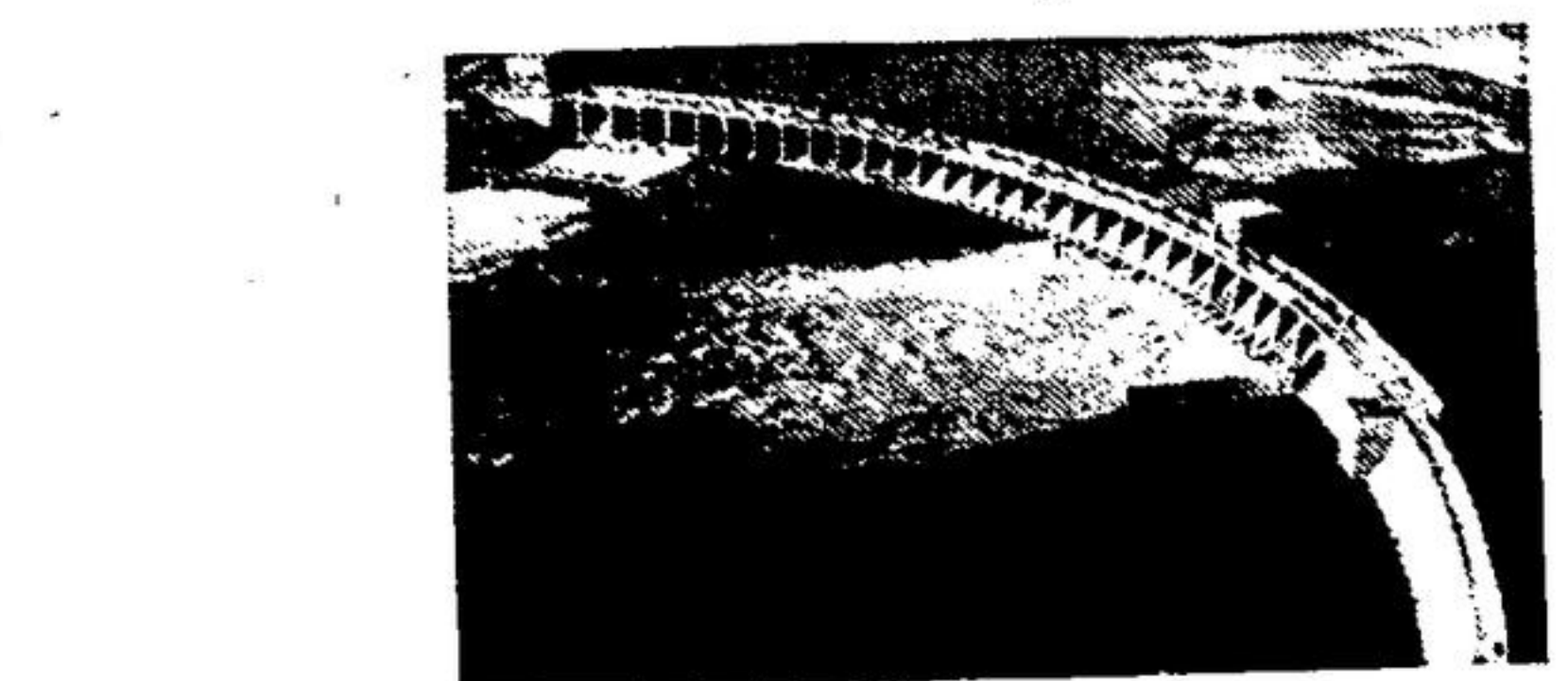
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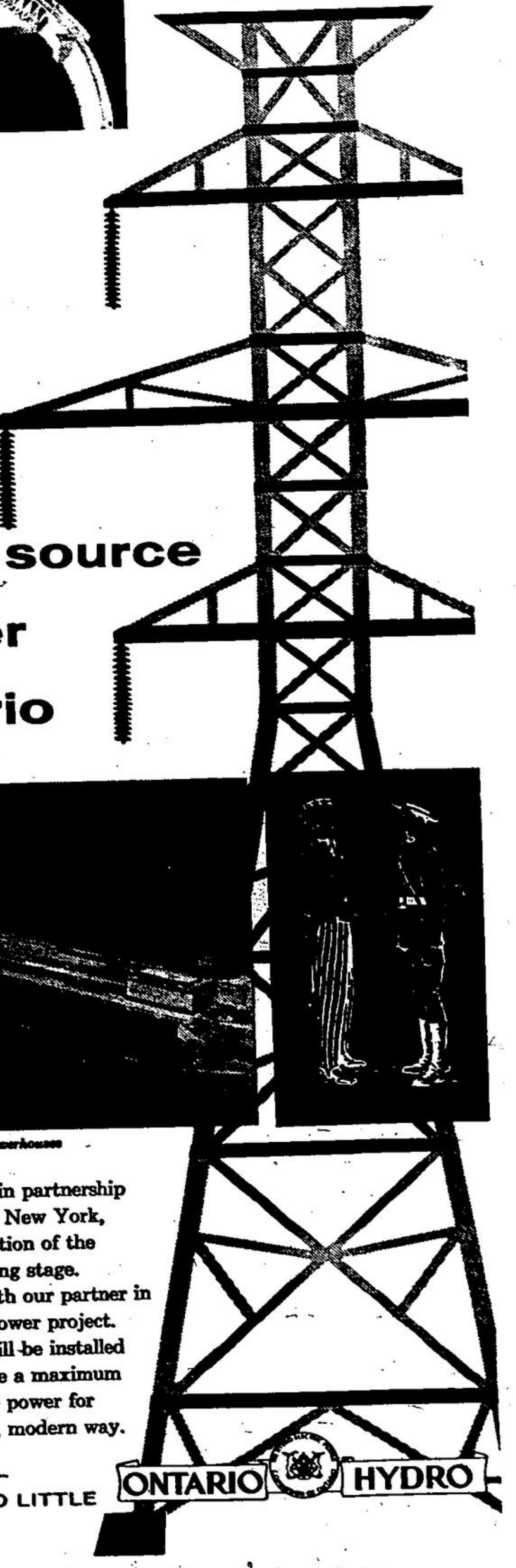
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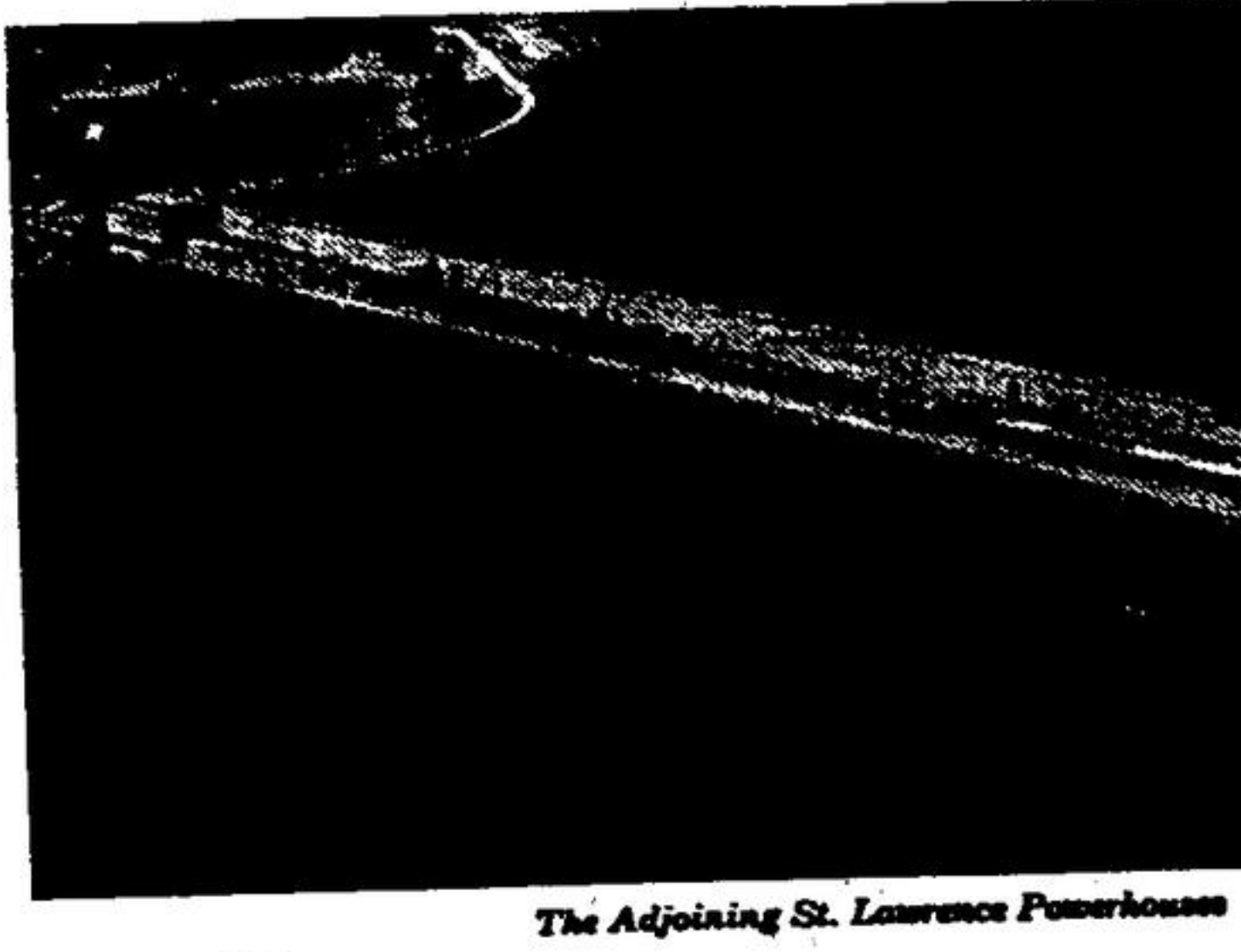
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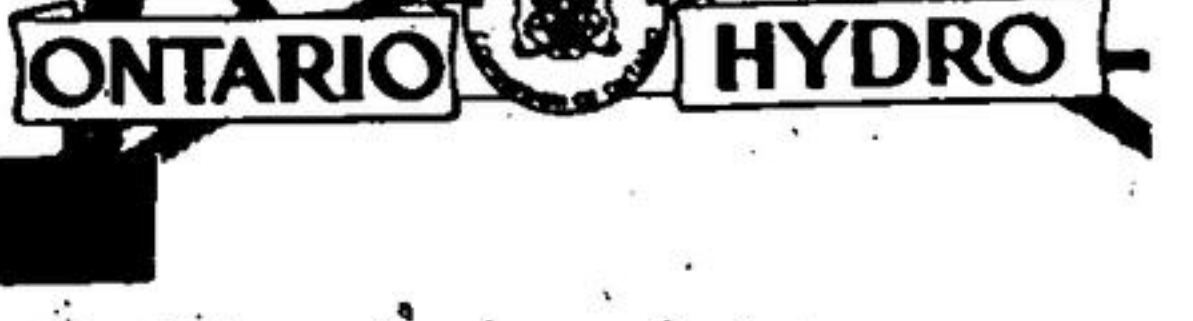
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The Adjoining St. Lawrence Powerhouses

During the past four years, your Hydro, in partnership with the Power Authority of the State of New York, has brought the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence River to the power producing stage. On September 5th, we will join hands with our partner in a ceremony officially opening the great power project. The 32 generating units, half of which will be installed in Ontario Hydro's powerhouse, will have a maximum capacity of 1,880,000 kilowatts . . . more power for living better electrically—the safe, clean, modern way.

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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.

So there he was, hearty and