



### Rural scene-quiet tranquility

Jones Farm on the Fourth Concession of Tay provided this rural picture of quiet tranquility. Rural scenes like this remind us

that not all the hustle and bustle of city life is worth the hassle. Meanwhile farmers from Elmvale to Peterborough who have had a

surplus of hay this year have found a way to share their "wealth" with Manitoba farmers who have been plagued with weather

problems this year. Boxcars loaded with hay have been sent by rail out west in an effort to help ailing farmers.

## Merry closes Antique Market

by Marion Sleep

Herb Merry, whose "Paulie Bergie" shop has been a Victoria Harbour landmark for many years, had the honor of officially closing the 15th annual Antique Market, Thursday evening.

Mr. Merry, a charter dealer who has never missed a Market, is retiring this year. With customers gone and only a happy group of dealers and auxiliaries remaining, his remarks were received with applause and nostalgia.

With a little cooperation from the weatherman, the attendance was excellent, including the usual carloads of early-birds who arrive each year on Tuesday morning.

It's a compliment to the Market's fine reputation that the majority of these disappointed tourists bought tickets to return for the 7 p.m. opening and spent the day shopping and touring "your beautiful town."

Months of organization were rewarded by

the many compliments on the quality of the antiques, the atmosphere at The Mill, and the obvious friendship between dealers and auxiliaries. Guests from Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Calgary, Timmins, Kapuskasing and many Torontonians signed the guest book.

The Country Craft Shoppe, convened by Ann Robertson and stocked with everything from jams and jellies to Christmas decorations, was almost sold out, helping to swell the proceeds.

The quilting bee, always an attention-getter, had a special meaning this year. The Maple Leaf quilt top was started by the late Jessie Brown and completed at the market by 15 of her friends and co-quilters, organized by Norma Cole and Pearl Goldsmith.

And so the 15th Market milestone is history, its success reflected by all dealers signing up and looking forward to "bigger and better next year!"



Jim Nesbitt recently received his Chief Scout Award which was presented at the June 1 dinner. Seen here are from left to right, Clint

Nesbitt, Scout Leader, Jim Nesbitt, award winner, and Rob Reynolds, assistant scout leader.

# 'Attention please: your mother is obsolete'

## Shirley Whittington

I was amazed the other day to read an advertisement for a clock that has a built-in electronic voice.

Does it go tick-tock like all the other clocks in the world?

It does not. It says "Attention please. It is now 7:05. Please hurry."

Think about that. A kid that had a clock beside his bed that said "Attention please. It is now 7:05. Please hurry," wouldn't need a mother any more.

Since this little miracle clock works on batteries, it's possible that when the batteries wear down and the miracle voice becomes a laconic baritone, maybe fathers would become obsolete as well.

Since the beginning of time, mothers and fathers have used time checks to inject immediacy into nagging. "It's after 11 o'clock. Turn that thing down." Or, "It's three in the

morning. Get in here and go to bed." Or, "It is now 7:05. Please hurry."

To think that man in his infinite wisdom has perfected a clock that says something else besides tick-tock bong-bong and cuckoo, is absolutely staggering. I keep wondering if it's possible to program the little miracle voice to emit other useful phrases.

I might shell out \$100 for it if it would say "Attention please. It is now 7:05. Your eggs are getting cold."

I'd consider saving up my pennies to buy the thing if I could get it to bark, "Attention please. It is now 7:05. If you miss your bus, I'm not driving you."

I am so excited by the idea of a little clock that talks that I'm wondering if it could be extended to other appliances. Would you buy a toaster that flung the bread up, and then said in crisp tones, "Here's your toast. Wipe

up the crumbs and wash your knife when you're through."

How about a little blender that babbles? "Enjoy your milk shake. Put the ice cream away. Don't leave the glass on top of the TV."

For some of us, a refrigerator with vocal cords might be helpful in the battle against overweight. What if your fridge went "Hi Fattie!" every time you opened the door? Or "What'll it be, Lardbucket? An apple or a piece of chocolate layer cake?"

Most vacuum cleaners hum. Think what fun it would be if your vacuum cleaner knew all the words, and could sing whole songs as you worked with it. A machine that sang "It was dust one of those things," would make housework a breeze.

The Squire says the last thing he needs in the morning is a talking razor. But if an electric razor could be programmed to say things like "This is your mother's birthday" or "Today is garbage day," as it mowed down the whiskers, it would keep a guy on his toes.

It is wonderful to think of all the things a

talking electric toothbrush might say. "Up and down, not back and forth, and don't forget to floss. Put the cap back on the toothpaste, and pick up your towel while you're at it."

I really shouldn't find the invention of a clock with a little miracle voice so surprising. A society that can invent Chatty Cathy and Patti Prayer dolls is capable of anything. Now, thanks to electronic wizardry, we can become clock listeners as well as clock watchers.

There's only one problem. Those for whom the nagging little electronic voice is intended will soon learn to tune it out. In no time "Attention please. It is 7:05. Please hurry" will carry as much impact as a butterfly landing on the back of an elephant.

I would say there is a bright future for the man or woman who can invent a little clock that actually talks and also pulls off the covers and tips the mattress sideways. That's the only kind of nagging my kids ever pay any attention to.