

Bumper to Bumper Bumps



VICTORIA STREET METCALFE

by Linda Kessler

Metcalfe drivers will have to do the Victoria Street Bump until July.

That's when bridge construction repairs will be completed, says a spokesman for the contractor.

Metcalfe's main thoroughfare was closed for five months beginning in August and at least one village businessman is upset that the regional bridge is not yet ship shape.

Bernie Truong, manager of the Metcalfe Pharmacy, said his businesses was affected while drivers detoured through the village until the bridge reopened just before Christmas.

"Nobody has told us what the problem with fixing the bridge is," he said. "I don't think a bridge in Metcalfe is considered very important. I think we're low on the priority list."

But a spokesman for Dibblee Construction Company, which was contracted to do the repairs, said "that just isn't so."

Elwin Pierce of Dibblee said: "We worked long enough to get the bridge opened for the winter. But the weather is too bad to finish the job. Completion of repairs will have to wait for warmer weather."

Castor Kids' Corner A Very Unusual Fly

with Margot McCallum

Alfred was bored!! Christmas was over and the tree where he had been snug and cosy was now a bird feeding station in the Browne's front yard, and Alfred had taken up his abode in a seldom used light fixture in the front parlour. It's glass bottom provided a good clear look at all the goings on; but, that was just the trouble. There was nothing going on. What action there was took place in the kitchen, and that was mostly on the weekend when Jennifer came to visit.

He was tired of reading. He had no new stories to write and the furniture in this house never answered when he tried to talk to them. Every time he spoke, they first seemed shocked as though they could not believe their ears, and then averted their eyes. Good gracious — a talking fly? What nonsense; — and the parlour furniture settled itself even deeper into the pretty hooked carpeting. "Aha" said Alfred. Mrs. Browne had entered the room.

She drew a chair up to the lovely golden oak secretary, let down it's slanted front, and taking paper and pen from pigeonholes, she began a letter to her daughter, Cathleen. Cathleen was visiting in Florida where it was warm and sunny as Alfred found out by reading over Mrs. Browne's shoulder from his lofty perch. Mrs. Browne's letter explained that she was sending a small parcel by air-mail and Cathleen should expect it in the same mail as the letter about three days from now.

"My" mused Alfred, "just imagine, Florida!; warm sun invigorating seawater, sand to tunnel in. Oh! My." Mrs. Browne sealed and stamped her letter with the special air-mail stamps, and turned her attention to the package beside her. It was about six inches square, and contained a smaller box holding a beautiful antique broach.

She very carefully poured popcorn around the inner box so that it was cushioned on all sides for it's long journey. "Well, I never!" said Alfred, "why even a fly could travel safely that way. There are lots of air spaces and popcorn is really good to eat."

Mrs. Browne got up to get the sealing tape from the kitchen and well — Yes! You guessed it. Alfred tied up his boots, clapped on his hat and seizing his knapsack swooped right down and buried himself under the popcorn. "Just in the nick of time" he chuckled as the box lid, paper and tape sealed all securely. Faint sounds came through to Alfred and he knew that farmer

Browne was carrying the box to the post office. Bang, bang, went the cancellation hammer and Alfred felt himself flying through the air; to come at last to rest among a lot of other parcels in a large canvas bag. Alfred had just started to nibble on a tasty bit of popcorn when he felt himself flying through the air. This time he heard a voice say "O.K. Joe! Just one more mail sack to come."

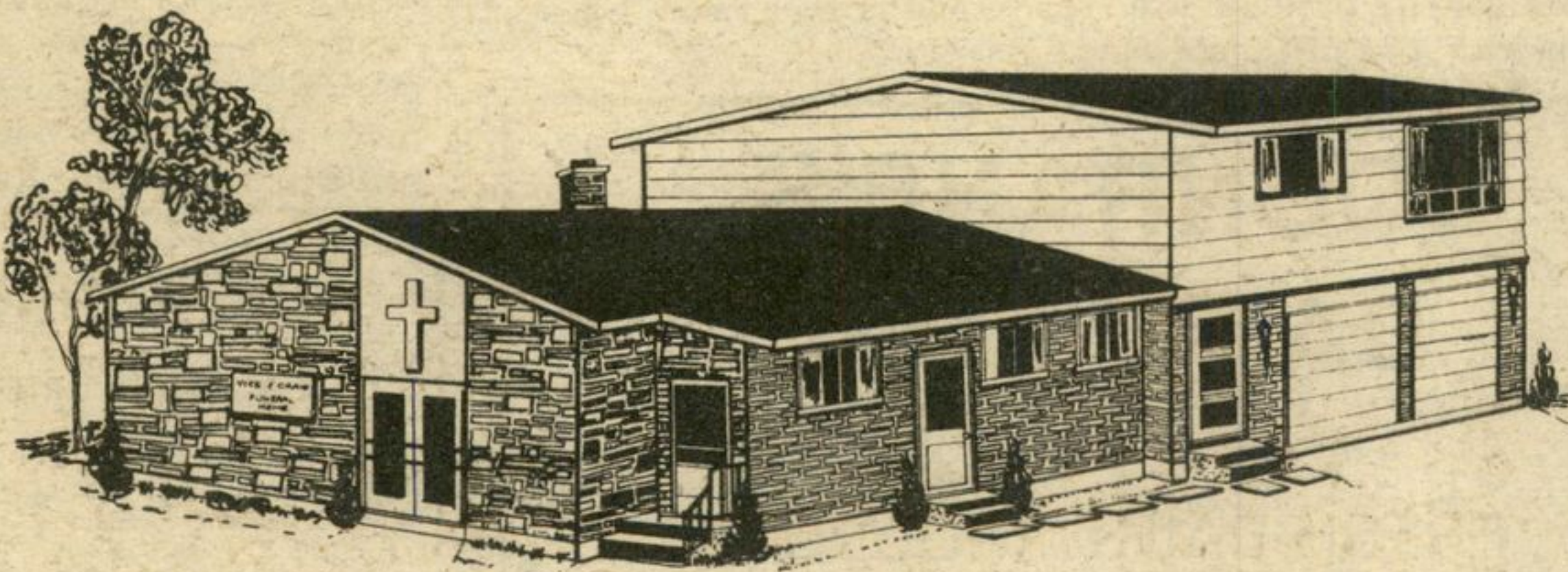
"Whew" said Alfred, "I hope I am not going to be sorry for hitchhiking this way. This could be a very long three days. "What have I got myself into," wailed Alfred fending off pieces of popcorn and trying to keep hold of his knapsack at the same time. "Whee-e, here we go again!" and the box landed right side up on a moving steel table. A shaft of light hit Alfred right in the eye. "Where did that come from?" asked Alfred aloud. "Why I do believe the corner of this box is broken. Yes, it certainly is. Now is my chance. Here's where I get off — and clutching his knapsack Alfred leapt out of the box quicker than he had hopped in.

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