

## PREACHED A SERMON ON THE SCIENCE OF CURLING

Old-Time Preacher Evidently had the two "Games of Your Life" Down Pine.

Curling is so dear to the hearts of so many in Timmins that there will be special interest in the following sermon on curling. It has been resurrected from an old scrap-book and was recently re-published in The Sudbury Star, which paper gives the story thuswise:—

"The late Dr. Waterston, parish minister of Birketneuck, was a most exemplary man, and a keen curler. He was, it appears a character. His wind-up to a discourse on the eve of a great curling match was considered to be the finest piece of pulpit eloquence ever heard in the parish of Birketneuck. It was a cold day, and there were not many forward—three in the east gallery, four in the west, and about a dozen scattered through the body of the "bit biggin." The weather was cold, and the tramp chorus executed by the feet of all to the last psalm was perhaps excusable, but they all warmed up when the preacher, after a long pause, said:

"Life, ma brethren, is like unto a game at curling. Without ae bit rag tae cover oor bits o' bodies, we are sent oot into the cauld, cauld atmosphere. But we gather claes as we gang on, till we hae tae enter on the great, great struggle. And oot we

gang, reckless of the frosty friendships we meet, wi' besoms and oor carpet bauchies, and oor crampits and oor bottle o' whisky, and cheese and breid. And as we enter on the slippery, treacherous boards some o' us fa', and ithers again tumble through the thin ice a' thegither; but we help ane anither as best we can, till we come to a piece whaur it can bear us. Then, ma brethren, we get ready oor besoms and sweep the ice o' snaw o' mischief and villainy, and lay the rinks for the great bonspeil o' existence.

"And for the sake o' bringing it hame mair clearly to ye, ma brethren, there is mase' skippin' the rink o' the righteous wi' John Paterson, oor faithfu' eider, ma third haun'; William Watson, second; and Peter, the beadle, leadin'. And in the rink o' the unrighteous there is Lucifer and his frenn Beelzebub, ma brethren, and his chosen representatives in this parish, their helpers and successors, and aibler deevils maybe, than themselves—I mean Geordie Johnstone, the flesher, and my brither Tam the horse-dealer—and Geordie, need I say, skippin'.

"Noo, ma brethren, rin doon the deevil and his rink as muckle as ye like, but dinna ony o' ye think for a single meenit that they canna play. No, no! They clever; I may say over clever.

"Noo, we hae curled awa' a' day. Sometimes we were up, and sometimes they were up; and whiles, ma brethren they play strong and we worked oor righteous besoms and sootpit them oot a' thegither; and some-

times we played a wee hard and they carried us through a' ice wi' their infernal besoms o' corruption. And whiles we were weak and no ower the hog score. I'm sorry to say, and whiles we were aff the ice a' thegither. But at times we played cautiously and carefully and wi' the richt strength and the richt curl on, sailed through the narrowest o' ports, and refusing a' the wiles o' the fast worked besoms o' temptation, stuck hard and fast tae the pot-lid o' success.

"But, oh! ma brethren, it has come tae the last heid and the last stane; and oh! it's sair tae say, but we are par and the unrighteous lie the shot. And oh! if ye saw hoo it's gairdit, just an inch o' its cheek bare through the only port. If we played it hard, ma brethren, we would lift oor ain nearest stane tae, and it would be as bad as ever. Ma brethren, what am I then tae dae?

"Wad ye no try a bit inwiek aff the pillar o' Redemption?" says John slowly, who was apparently strongly affected.

"Or a rattle on the gairds," said Peter, who fancied he saw a' the stanes as if they were before him.

"Na, it will not do; an inwiek is impossible and a stramash would dae nae guid, for a' oor stanes are ayne the tee. But I'll jist, ma' freens—and be ready wi' your besoms—try tae draw canny through the port, lowly and reverently and wi' the richt curl on.

"A breathless silence ensued during the time the preacher was supposed to walk down the rink to the crampit. Peter, the beadle, said afterwards he

could see at the time the whole thing as if it were before him. Carefully, he said, he saw the minister lift his stone and wipe the sole of it with his cove, adjust the crampit, and elbow out, put it on the ice like a duck on the water. At length it was apparent to all that the stone was on its course.

"Let him alane! I'm on him! burst from the pulpit. It will do it; bounily it works doon ower the hog, the haunle half turnin' as if tae look at me. Not a cove, me freens, not a cove! Through the port o' the wicked, clear o' a' guile and wickedness, it catches the face o' the unrighteous interloper, and, gently moving it aside, lies shot. And the righteous have, ma brethren, triumphed once more!

"There were many head-shakings as the Book was closed with the familiar thump, and some of them felt a difficulty in keeping themselves from ascending the pulpit stairs and giving him a shake of the hand."

### AN UNSTRETCHED TALE

Doctor (to Bettie, aged five)—Put oot your tongue, please.

Bettie just shows the tip of her tongue.

Doctor—Come, dear, put it right oot.

Bettie—I can't; it's fastened at the back.

—100-ton Booster.

"What is it, Mr. Interlocutor, that has fo' legs and flies all around?"

"I'll bite, Rastus. What is it that has four legs and flies all around."

"A dead hoss, Mr. Interlocutor."

## MAN STABBED IN THE NECK ON RIVER ROAD SUNDAY

Lost Considerable Blood but is Understood Not to be Very Seriously Injured.

Sunday evening just before nine o'clock reports came to the police that there had been a fight ending in a stabbing affray down the River Road near the B. C. Cafe. Investigation by the police resulted in the finding of Mr. A. Lapalme at his home on Wilcox avenue, with a nasty wound in his neck. He had been attended by Dr. Porter and though he had a nasty cut on his neck he was evidently not in a serious condition, though he had lost a considerable quantity of blood. His coat was saturated with blood that flowed from the wound before medical aid was secured. The wounded man's story to the police was that he resented a remark passed by one of two men at the cafe and a scuffle resulted. While he had a grip of the one man, the other came up behind him and stabbed him in the neck. Witnesses of the affray gave similar information to the police, confirming and extending Mr. Lapalme's story. One of the witnesses went with the police to the cafe and identified two men as the men in the case. The two appeared to be under the influence of liquor, and were placed under arrest. One was Duncan Lobb, a returned soldier, who told the police after his

arrest and warning, that he had been in a discussion with a man that night, but that though he had struggled with him he had not used a knife or otherwise wounded him. The other man, Nick Severt, whom the witnesses say was the man who used the knife, denied all knowledge of the affair when questioned. The two were searched but no knife or other weapon found. Officers Perrault and Moore made the arrest. The two men will be up this week for preliminary hearing.

### UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR IN APPEALS FROM TAXES

There were a couple of amusing examples of unconscious humour in the appeal considered Monday by the town council in regard to the taxes, garnishees and requests for refunds. One man wrote to point out that he was assessed as a "single" man, while he was a married man and a householder. He wrote:—"I was married in 1923, and had the same trouble last year."

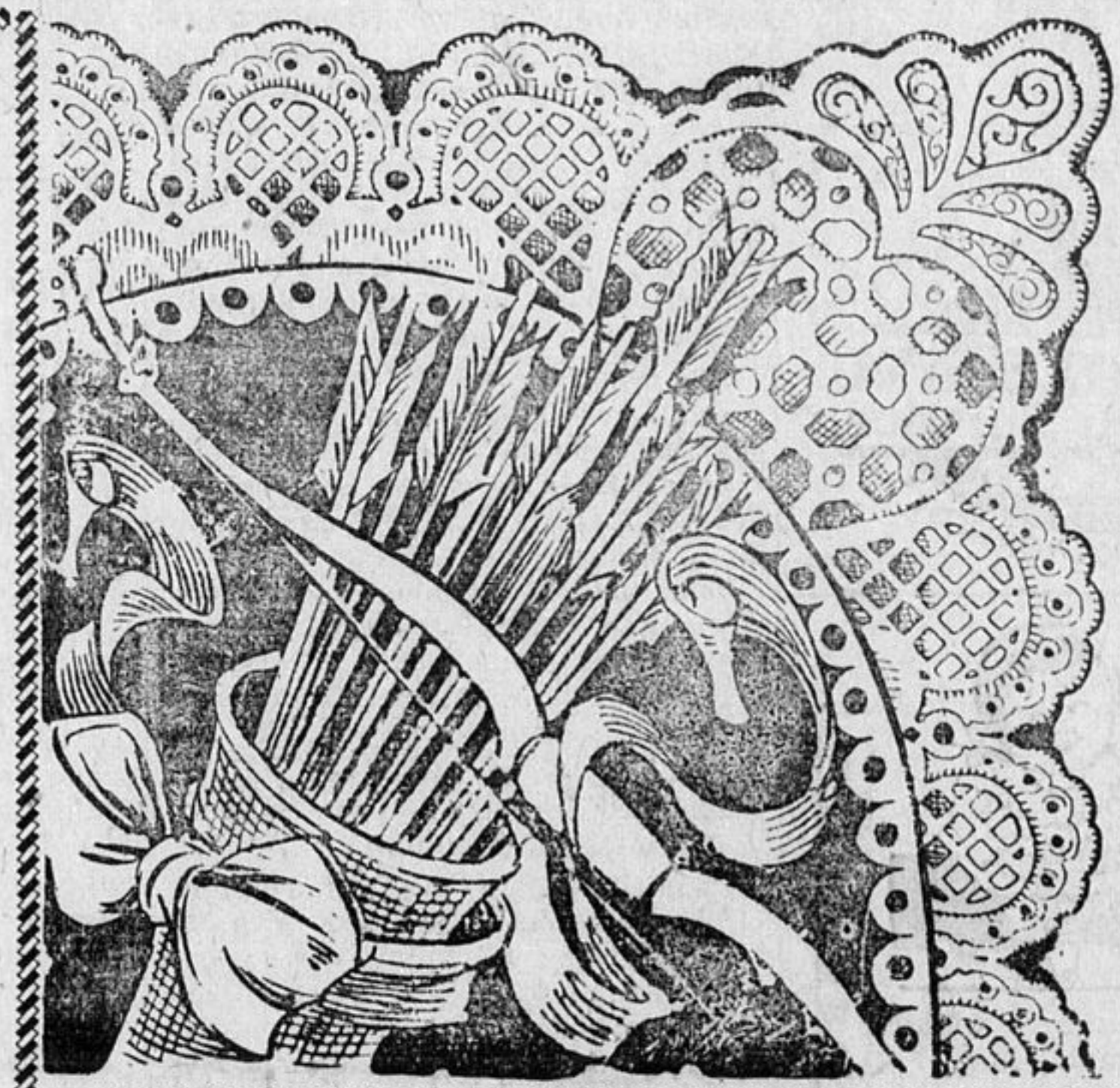
Another man made the same kind of a joke from another angle. He was appealing against his taxes here on the grounds that he was not a resident of Timmins. He wrote:—"I have lived in Schumacher since 1923. Had the same trouble last year."

Most folk here who are married, and most who live in Schumacher, consider married life and life in Schumacher among the joys of living. But taxes last year and next year and the year before are always "the same trouble."



## "Lovely" Gift Hints For - - St. Valentine's Day

"Love is Life's wealth  
—ne'er spent but—  
ever spending!"



### Suggestions for St. Valentine's Day

She'll not forget St. Valentine's Day if her Gift is a selection from our wonderfully fragrant array of imported or domestic Perfumes. We also suggest as a pleasing reminder a beautiful box of Chocolates.

Look over our Wide Range of Valentines

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ST. VALENTINE'S day - - again comes as a reminder to "spend some Love" on the one who is closest and dearest to you. To bestow visible proof upon sweetheart, wife or mother that your affection and esteem for her still brings you your greatest happiness.

Kind words, of course, are Gifts in themselves. But this is an occasion to be a little more generous. To give her some gift that appropriately symbolizes your Love for her!

These Advertisers know the "way to her heart!"

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### A Sparkling DIAMOND

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