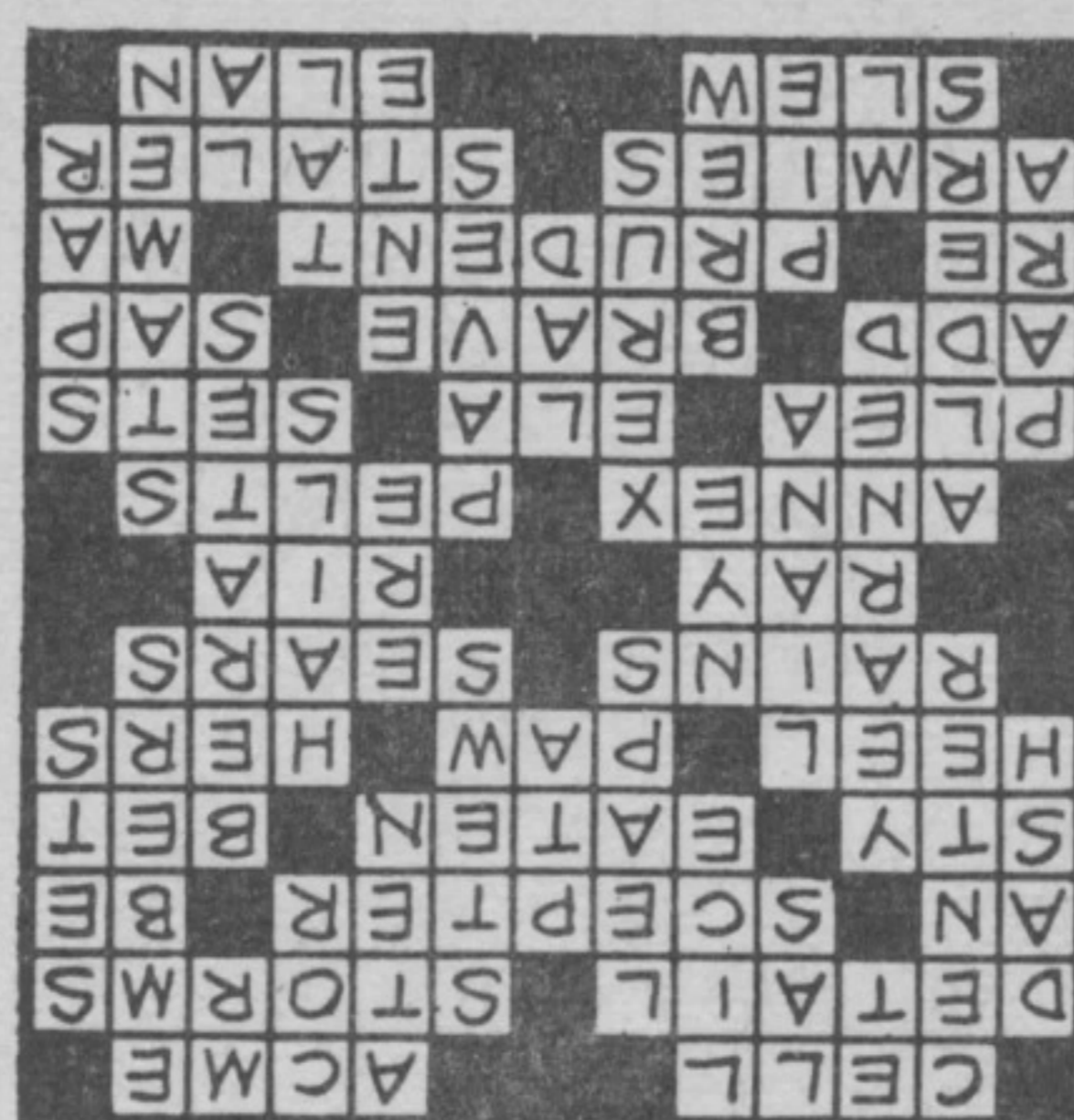


CROSSWORD PUZZLE

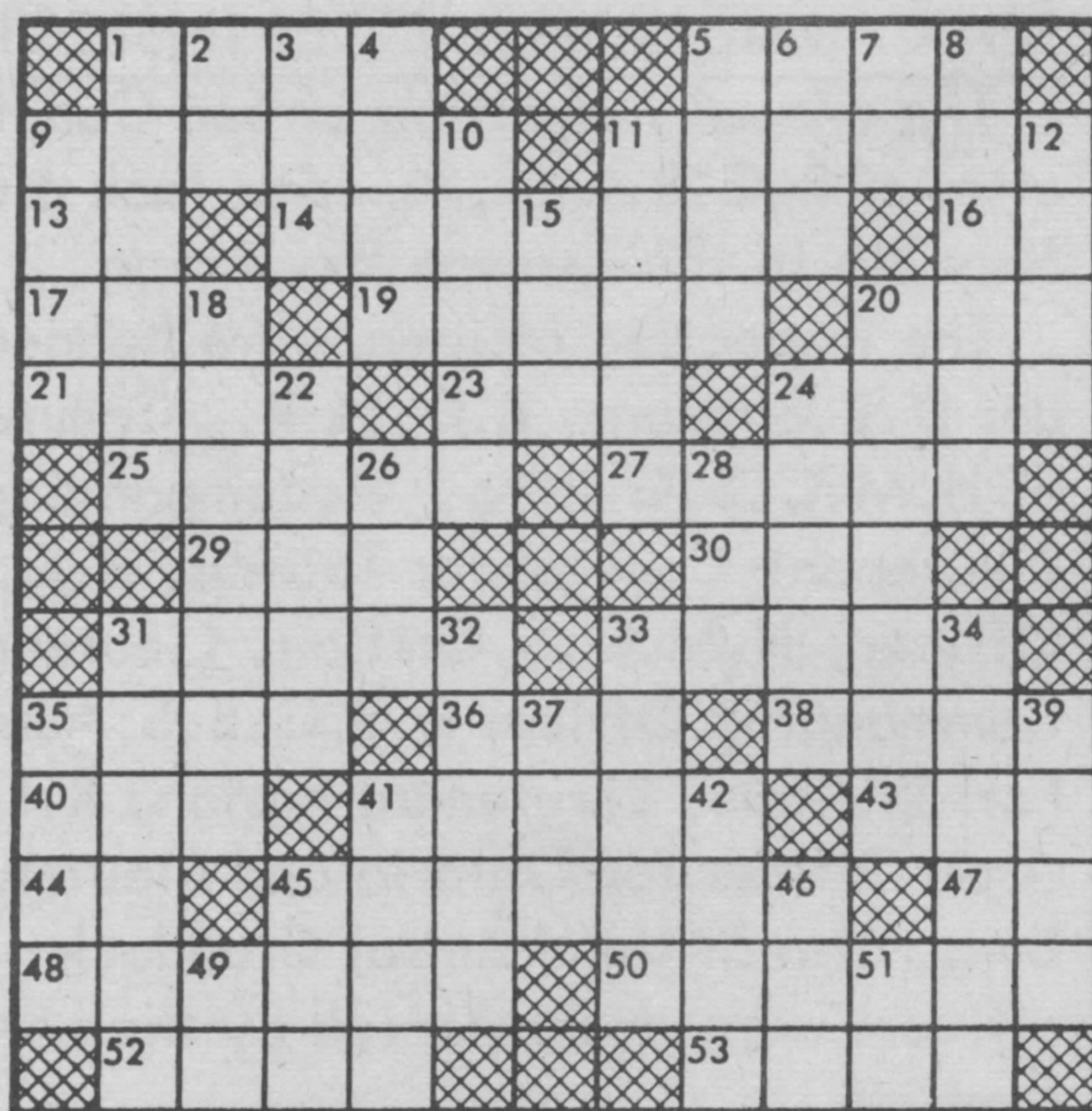
- ACROSS**
- 1-Prison compartment
 - 5-Highest point
 - 9-Minor item
 - 11-Atmospheric disturbances
 - 13-Indefinite article
 - 14-Wand
 - 16-Exist
 - 17-Pigpen
 - 19-Consumed
 - 20-Wager
 - 21-Part of foot
 - 23-Animal's foot
 - 24-Possessive pronoun
 - 25-Showers
 - 27-Scorches
 - 29-Beam
 - 30-Inlet
 - 31-Join
 - 33-Animal coats
 - 35-Entreaty
 - 36-Guido's high note
 - 38-Places
 - 40-Total
 - 41-Courageous
 - 43-Weaken
 - 44-Note of scale
 - 45-Cautious
 - 47-Parent (colloq.)
 - 48-Vast hordes
 - 50-More rapid
 - 52-Killed
 - 53-Verve
- DOWN**
- 1-Chief attraction
 - 2-Latin conjunction
 - 3-Spanish plural article
 - 4-Insects
 - 5-Solar disk
 - 6-The heart
 - 7-Title of respect (abbr.)
 - 8-Glowing coals
 - 9-Sprint
 - 10-Jumps
 - 11-Cooks slowly
 - 12-Places

- 15-Parent-teacher organization (init.)
- 18-Longed for
- 20-Chastises
- 22-Climbing plant
- 24-Calls
- 26-Brood of pheasants
- 28-Before
- 31-Kind of tree (pl.)
- 32-Genus of squirrels
- 33-Covers surface of flower
- 34-Part of flower
- 35-Brazilian estuary
- 37-Young boy
- 39-Mast



SOLUTION

- 41-Steep
- 42-Heraldry: grafted
- 45-Baker's product
- 46-Hindu cymbals
- 49-1,050 (Roman number)
- 51-Note of scale



SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



This Family Taxes Us All

All across Canada these days, municipal councils have been wrestling with the arch-villain of all time, a mysterious monster called The Budget.

Although he is made up from a combination of concrete things like sewers and schools and streets, The Budget himself is an abstract thing. He is like The Devil. You can't see him or hear him or even smell him. You can't really understand him, but you know he is there: a blind, malignant creature that cannot be controlled.

You can fight him — and get a bloody nose. You can hammer at him, chisel at him, chop at him — and all you get are a broken hammer, a dull chisel and a blunted axe.

The Budget is like an octopus. He grows bigger every year. His appetite increases, his tentacles become longer and stronger and more strangling as he grows. And when you try to come to grips with him, he exudes a cloud of black (or red) ink which obscures him from view.

Of what ingredients is The Budget composed? Really, he's a two-headed monster, a regular Siamese twin.

On the one hand, it is just a big bundle of sugar and spice: new schools; new industries; a new library or community centre; wider streets; better lighting, sewage disposal and snow plowing. Progress, culture, civilization, comfort. At first glance it appears that The Budget is the most desirable thing man has dreamed up since The Devil.

And on the other hand, he is snags and snails and puppy-dog tails. That's what little towns are made of. And big towns too.

And the reason for all this, of course, is that The Budget, this big, ugly, unmanageable brute who is impervious to human feeling, fell in love, by some chemical accident, while a mere hulking lunk of a boy, with a girl called Mill Rate. Most of us know her as Mill.

She is just as unprepossessing as her husband. She is steely-eyed, relentless, unscrupulous

and absolutely without mercy, charm, pity, looks, or any of the qualities we normally associate with that lovely creation known as the female of the species. I have known Mill Rate since she was a girl, and I am here to state, without apology, that she is a pig.

It's difficult to believe that such a union could produce progeny. But it did. His name is Taxes.

Taxes' career has been about what you would expect from such parents. He was an unpleasant child from the beginning. Unwanted, unloved, rejected at every turn, whiney, demanding.

He hasn't changed much, except that he's grown. He is now a big slob, over-fed, under-worked, menacing if he doesn't get his allowance right on time, sulky if some of it is held back.

But he has a lot of promise. Around election time. He's going to cut the lawn, and wash the car, and paint the trim and smarten the old place up so you wouldn't know it.

But somewhere along the line, something goes haywire. He cuts the trees, paints the lawn, and washes the lake, and figures, after one year, that his allowance is not big enough.

For some reason — and it certainly isn't his winning personality — Taxes has become the most-talked-about man in town. Mayors develop dyspepsia, councilors coronaries, when they try to deal with this delinquent.

They can't quite handle him. He talks so glibly of government grants on outdoor toilet systems under the winter works program, and potential pot-holes in the roads, and (with a heart-rending sob) of the people on welfare, that he bamboozles councilors with eyes like agates, and mayors with hearts of granite.

All I can say is that the municipal councils have my blessing as they strive to cope with Taxes, out of Mill Rate and The Budget.

Toronto Telegram News Service

TROPHIES PRESENTED AT CURLING BANQUET

Treasurer Jack Caccamo acted as Master of Ceremonies at the wind-up of the Terrace Bay Curling Clubs held in the Moose Hall on Saturday.

Presentation of trophies was made by guests representing the sponsors of each trophy. In the 'A' event the Caccamo Trophy was presented to the Ben Hayes rink. The Hiram Walker Trophy was presented to the rink skipped by Ken Johnson. The "Scotty" Hamilton rink received the Carling Trophy -- Rocky Gavin's rink won the Northern Builder's Trophy in the 'C' Event and the Soughton Trophy went to the Ken Johnson rink.

The Kimberly-Clark Trophy for the mixed bonspiel was won by Lou Duquette's rink of Mrs. G. Sidhu, Jack Caccamo and Mrs. N. Crockford.

Both the Canadian Oil and Seagram Trophies were won by rinks skipped by Peggy Wellings. The Laskin Trophy went to Dene Clancy's rink and Ollie Chapman's rink received the Molson Trophy.

The banquet preceding the presentations was convened by Steffie Dorman and prepared and served by the Ladies of the Moose. The evening ended with a dance with music provided by the Continentals from Marathon.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS PRE SENTED

Two life memberships were presented at the wind-up of the Terrace Bay Curling Clubs - one to Rune Ostling, first president of the club when it was founded in 1947-48 and on three occasions after that. The second was presented to Jack Wellings

who has faithfully served on many executives and whose experience and advice has straightened out many a rough spot.

This is the country where people in all walks of life prefer to ride.