



L. to R. Mrs. J. Corbett, Mrs. C. Tedesco, Mrs. H. Stevenson, Mrs. H. McCanna and Mrs. F. Macadam. Photo by I. McCuaig

INSTITUTE MEMBERS VIEW ANTIQUES

The Women's Institute at their March meeting, sent three choices in for short courses offered: 1 - Vegetables with a Flourish, 2 - Yeast Breads, 3 - Focus on Finishes in Sewing.

The annual bursary for Grade 8 students going to high school in Schreiber was changed to \$15.00 for Public and Separate Schools making highest marks. Last year it was \$25.00, offered to the one having highest marks between both schools.

It was announced that Gerry Litt, Local C.A.S. worker, will speak and show a film on adoption.

Reports from Provincial convenors were distributed and local ones asked to have theirs ready for the April meeting. Election of new officers will also take place at this meeting.

There were 20 members and two guests answering roll call with clothing for the Children's Aid Society. Motto for the meeting was In Youth We Learn-In Old Age We Understand. Mrs. Harvey McCanna presided.

Mrs. Stanley Mollard, of Park Hill, Ontario chairman of the Women's Institute Safety Program gave information on it.

A revised price list on Institute and Centennial pins, spoons, etc. was received.

Mrs. Forbes Macadam read a poem titled "You Tell Me I'm Getting Old."

Following the meeting members inspected with interest a large display of antiques brought by each other. Among these were several ladies watches, one a key winding style 110 years old brought by Mrs. McCanna's father from Scotland. A violin which has been in the Forbes Macadam (cont'd Pg. 13)

by Bill Smiley

Unification: Part Two

Remember where we left off? Twenty years from now. A weak central government, with everybody from the housewife to the U.S. government down on it.

A tough, ruthless Uniforce, popularly known as the Canadian Cobras, 100,000 strong. And jut-jawed Joe Garibaldi, former union leader, as Defence Minister.

The Honorable Joe vaulted into the House of Commons in a rather unusual fashion. One of his opponents withdrew from the campaign, on health grounds, and set out for a world tour. The other was run down by a truck, just after addressing a meeting in which he had attacked the Honorable Joe. Both incidents occurred three days before the election. Joe won.

He moved into Ottawa with several beetle-browed cohorts. A modest flat? Not on your life. He took over an entire floor of the Chateau Laurier. There he lived quietly, with nothing to distinguish him from the average MP except the constant flow of champagne, call girls, and guests.

He was lavish with the press, and they liked it. He was always good for a story, because he had guts, color, and good whisky, an unusual combination in a member of the House.

But the majority of his guests were sleek-headed men who grow fat and sleep o' nights. Industrialists with a new gimmick, armament-makers with a new toy, politicians with a new angle, and all the other flies who gather around honey.

The Honorable Joe was the natural choice for Defence Minister. Slack-jawed Lester Gordon, Prime Minister, last of Canada's Rhodes scholars, felt in a vague sort of way that the Cabinet needed new blood.

Within two years he had quadrupled the defence department's slice of the national pie. That made it 85 per cent. of the taxes, but nobody kicked, because, even though there hadn't been a new post office, bridge or breakwater built in several years, everybody was proud of the Cobras, the world's finest fighting force.

And only a few old-

fashioned members of the press thought it odd that the Cobras paid ten per cent. of their salaries, voluntarily, into the Old Soldiers Benevolent Fund. Chairman of the Fund, Joseph J. Garibaldi. By 1987, of course, there were precious few old soldiers left, but they were well treated by the Fund. Two glasses of beer a day, free smokes, roll-your-own, and a sexy movie every Saturday night, whether you wanted it or not.

Joe played it cool. He invited a couple of waiters from the Nanking restaurant up for a weekend bash. Everybody thought he was flirting with the Chinese.

The U.S. State Department called an emergency session. The C.I.A. infiltrated Ottawa, in the guise of civil servants. Of course, nobody recognized them. Each thought they were other civil servants sying on him.

Next thing he did was throw up a string of fortresses at Vancouver, Windsor, Brockville and St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. He justified the expense by pointing out, at a secret meeting of the caucus, that the forts were made of paper, thus giving a boost to our pulp and paper industry. But the results were drastic.

The Americans pulled eight divisions out of Germany and sprinkled them along the 49th parallel, about eight men to the mile. They sent an aircraft carrier up the St. Lawrence Seaway. It got stuck sideways, but the residents of Prescott, Ontario, lost their cool for a few days, with those 19-inchers trained on them.

The entire U.S. Air Force was yanked out of South Africa, from which they had been napalming the Congolese. The pilots were delighted to be back in spots like Oswego, N.Y., where a beer was 35 cents instead of a buck, and besides, they wanted a whack at those Canadian Cobras, who were getting more space in Life magazine than they were.

Alas, once again we have run out of space, and you must wait until next week's issue to learn how Canada was taken over by a dictator in the only bloodless revolution in history. Well, practically bloodless.