

Lif - O'Brien Marriage - cont'd from page 10

Attending the wedding from out-of-town were Mrs. Vincent Walker, Mrs. D. Kelson with Patty, David and Susan; Mr. and Mrs. R. Bodney and Cherry; Mr. and Mrs. J. Potvine and Pat of Fort William; Mr. and Mrs. T. Ryan; Mr. and Mrs. C. Paske of Port Arthur; Miss Lynn Haas of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Lorne McBride; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Broadhurst of Terrace Bay; Mr. and Mrs. L. Bryar of Marathon; Warren Piggott, Douglas Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. B. Duncan of Red Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Lif spent the honeymoon in Duluth and other centres in the States, the bride travelling in a beige suit with hat and accessories in yellow. They will make their home in Cochenour.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Colson and son John of Brace-bridge visited here last week. Mrs. Colson, the former Pauline Chartrand, spent her girlhood here and looked up many old friends, seeing also her uncle Walter Wilkes and Mr. and Mrs. D. May.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Niemi of Windsor are spending the summer here at their home in town and camp on White Sand Lake. Visiting with them are their daughter Ilone, Mrs. Dick Remillard and family of Sault Ste. Marie.

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL POLICE REPORT

Total Duty Hours: 200

Highways & Secondary Roads Patrolled: 3,820 miles

Investigations:

- 1 - alleged missing person, later located
- 1 - stolen auto apprehended and one subject apprehended for Manitouwadge Detachment.
- 1 - drowning
- 1 - case indecent assault, subject apprehended and charged
- 1 - charge of "Having Liquor" under Liquor Control Act
- 1 - minor disturbance, cleared.

Traffic:

- 7 - property damage accidents resulting in \$2,075 damage
- 6 - charges laid under the Ontario Highway Traffic Act
- 17 - warnings issued to motorists regarding infractions of the Ontario Highway Traffic Act, and vehicle defects.
- 50 - vehicles were given safety checks.

M. Kulmatycki

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



Ah, that silver lining

If your family is anything like mine, you must sometimes put your head down on your arms and weep, quietly and bitterly.

We go through periods of passivity and morbidity to the point where mass suicide seems the only sane solution.

And with the perversity of life, suddenly the clouds break, the sun comes out, the rainbow appears, there's a pot of gold at its base and God is once again back in His heaven, instead of hanging around the pool-hall.

We've just been through one of these cycles, and I reckon that just about one more will finish me off.

It began about ten weeks ago. For the fifth time in the last couple of years, Hugh, the wandering boy, took off to make a new start and his fortune. This time it was to be in the mines of northern Quebec. A week later we received a card from the flesh-pots of Montreal, urging us to write and saying he had a job at Expo Jr. We all wrote. Silence. Nothing. For weeks and weeks. Momma worried. I didn't.

At about the same time my wife got sick and couldn't write her university exams. Had a small operation, came home and lay around the house, driving me mad.

Kim, of course, had to get into the act and came down with mono-nucleosis. She was forbidden to study. Would she fail her year?

Your humble servant, as usual, had nothing wrong with him except a rotten family. However, he just put his nose to the wheel and his shoulder to the grindstone and kept on running in circles. He's used to it.

Things got steadily blacker. Hugh maintained silence. His mother learned she had to have a big operation and spent a month chewing her fingernails right up to the wrists as she waited for the hospital to call, the ghastly operation, and the news that she had cancer. Kim got surlier and surlier from being cooped up.

Did my best. Wrote Hugh a strong letter. Talked to my wife for endless hours about

hysterectomies, ovaries, uteruses, malignant fibroids and such delicacies. Tries to humor Kim into eating and sleeping.

Then everything started to pop at once. The hospital called and the old lady went off to her doom. For three days I sweated out the operation and at the same time Kim's promotion from Grade 12, which lay in the hands of the gods, her teachers.

Finally, the dam broke. All in one day we hit the crisis. Hugh phoned from Quebec City, to learn that his Mum was likely breathing her last. Kim was granted her year at school. And that night, a shaky old lady of about 90 called from the hospital to tell me that she was alive, though not exactly kicking.

During the next week, the tide rose and the old family ship, which had been high and dry on the bleak beach amid the rotting weeds, began to float again.

Hugh phoned his mother in hospital, and she was so glad to hear from him that she forgot to give him hell for not writing. The missus came home from hospital with an all-clear, a beautiful scar and feeling remarkably perky. Kim recovered her health with amazing speed.

So, as it stands now, Hugh has a job as a waiter in Quebec City, is happy and has stopped smoking and biting his nails. My wife is overwhelmed by the flowers and cards from friends. Didn't think she had many. And she's feeling great, on the whole. Kim is riding on a cloud because her brother has invited her to visit him in Quebec City, and she's going all the way by herself, with no parents to ruin everything.

All of this is rather uninteresting, but it is written as inspirational material for those thousands of gallant men across the country who are about ready to burst into tears.

Don't let it get you down, Jack. Behind every dark cloud there is a darker one. Just keep that in mind and you'll be amazed at how you feel when the sun suddenly comes out.

If you can live so long.