

Delicious
Flavour!



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Mennonite Brothers Known Locally, Killed By Gas Fumes Near St. Jacobs

Excavation of a water well three miles east of St. Jacobs brought death last Wednesday afternoon by carbon monoxide poisoning to two Mennonite brothers, Enos and Israel Weber whose families are known to Markham members of the churches.

Although the men died shortly after 1.15 p.m., their bodies were not discovered until after 7 o'clock that night.

Carbon Monoxide Blamed

Dr. LeRoy Wagner of Elmira, district coroner, said blood specimen tests "quite definitely" established death was due to carbon monoxide poisoning. There will be no inquest.

Leah Bowman, hired girl at the nearby farm of a third brother, Amsey, made the discovery in calling the men when they did not appear for supper.

Enos, 35, had worked at Amsey's farm. Israel, 32, had been employed by his brother, Jacob, at Winterbourne. They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Weber, near Lexington.

Intended for Cottage

The well, which is on the property belonging to Amsey, is at the rear of a cottage owned by William Knopesser, Kitchener. It was intended to supply the cottage which adjoins the Conestogo River. Seeing the bodies in the well, 21 feet down, the hired girl summoned Amsey who descended and found his brothers dead. Life had been

extinct about five hours.

Fumes which killed the two men were the result of a dynamite blast set off in the well early Tuesday morning, Provincial Police said. After the blast, the brothers postponed further work to allow the fumes to escape.

Umbrella Circulates Air

Shortly before dinner Amsey descended into the well. An open umbrella was worked up and down to circulate the air. Amsey said it was felt the excavation was safe and his two brothers resumed work after dinner.

Dr. Wagner said Amsey was not in the hole long enough to feel effect of the fumes. The brothers, working on their first well, did not realize the danger of carbon monoxide, he said.

The public should be warned, he commented, that the gas is odorless, tasteless and invisible.

When the two brothers returned to work in the afternoon, Israel apparently descended while Enos remained at the windlass above. It was being used to haul buckets of loose earth to the surface and the workers also ascended and descended by it.

Believe Rescue Attempted

Police said when Israel entered the excavation, he apparently became stricken. They surmise the older brother, Enos, above, then slipped a 14-foot ladder into the hole and attempted to go to his brother's aid.

Apparently he, too, became stricken, police said. A small cut over Enos' lip was either inflicted as he fell from the ladder on being affected by the fumes in descending or in falling after attempting to rescue his brother.

Israel was found lying on the umbrella used in ventilating the well. Enos was found at the foot of the ladder. The bucket, which had apparently worked free from the hook, was also found in the hole.

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was a fatal admission, and when I was offered the use of a rod and line I had a brief struggle with my resolve and yielded to the temptation. I would go for the sail—perhaps drop a worm to the fish, just to be sociable.....

Next morning I found myself on the beach with a borrowed rod and a few worms and hiring a boat—just for one day only. I would show those fellows how to catch bass. Not the little bits of things they were bringing in, but big ones. But I wasn't going to over-exert myself; would row leisurely around the shore. From long experience I knew that the bass were where you caught them, but that they had favorite haunts. I was informed that the best of these were around some submerged rocks off shore some distance up the lake. I didn't feel like rowing that far, and I doubted the information anyway. They had not produced the evidence. I was after big game. There must be grandparents and great-grandparents of the fish they had brought in, and I decided to explore fresh rocks and waters new.

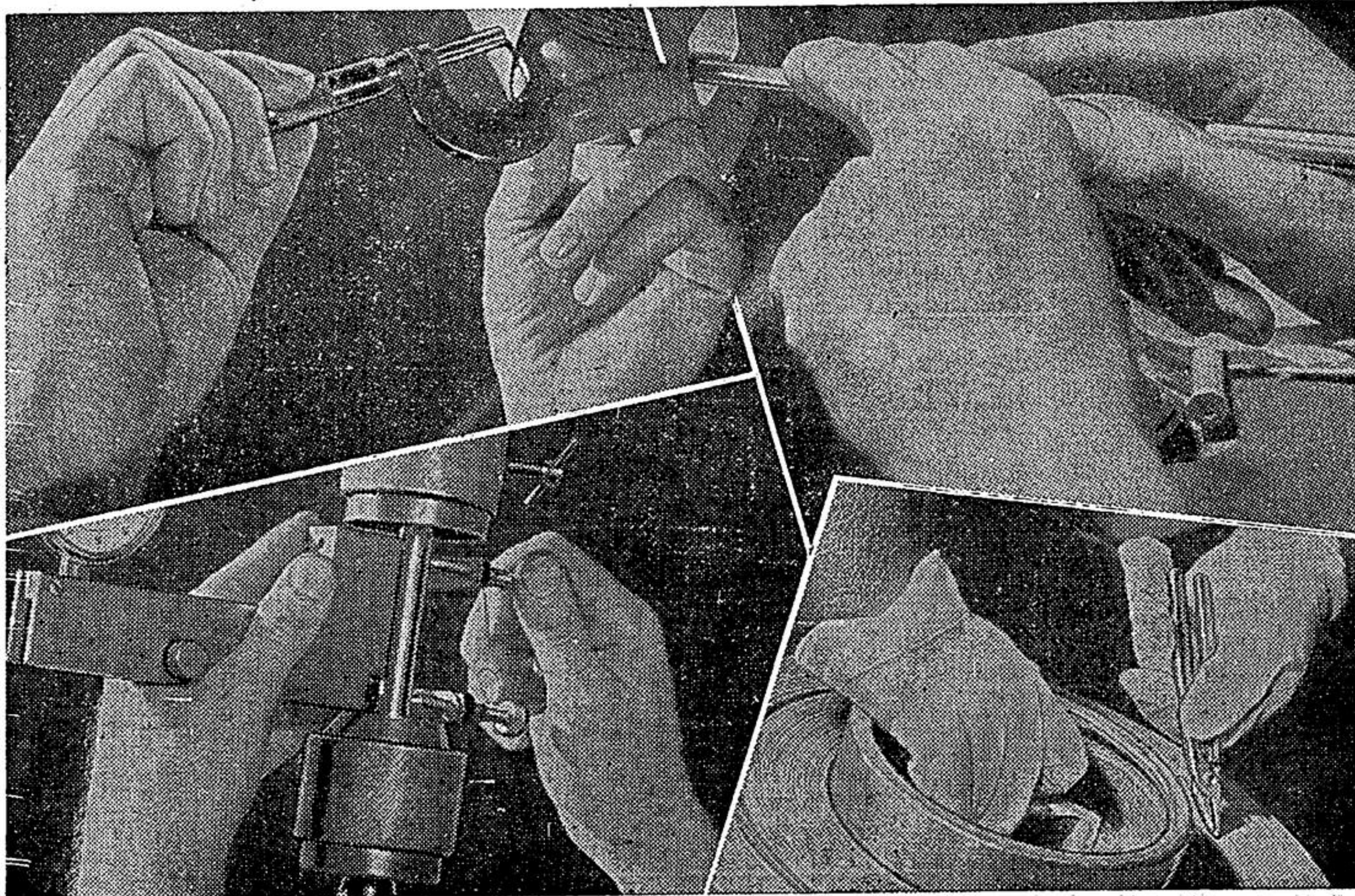
Sighting a little rocky cove, I told myself that it looked like a good place for bass. It is true that I was rather tired of rowing, but I attribute my decision to a shrewd fisherman's instinct. So I pulled in, dropped anchor and line—and waited. Nor did I wait long, for it seemed that a fish had also been waiting there for me. A strike and a run! I let him run on a slackened line until I felt him strike again, then jabbed in the hook. Then came the tug-of-war, a leap in the air, a dive for deep water and the battle was on between man and fish. The rod bent double as I tried to land him. Gradually he grew tired—and so did I, for when I had with difficulty swung him into the boat I relaxed and renewed my resolve to quit fishing.

Having proved my prowess as an expert fisherman, with ample evidence displayed on the lawn before the unbelieving eyes of those well-equipped sprat-catchers, I was satisfied. But, such is the weakness of human nature, "the native hue of resolution was sick-

lied o'er with the pale cast of thought" on the following morning. I thought of how another and an even bigger bass might be waiting out there to challenge me to piscatorial combat, and I felt that it would be craven cowardice on my part to disappoint him. So I went and "dropped him a line" and, believe it or not, he struck viciously, ran off, and struck again. I nicked him and a tremendous battle ensued. He fought like a tiger, broke water twice, plunged and went round in circles under the boat.

At last I brought him to the surface on a dangerously bent rod; but, just as I was about to swing him into the boat, he looked at me with a gleam in his eye, shook his head in a defiant "No!" and disappeared beneath the wave. "All right," I said. "You've won." Although I challenged him for ten days afterwards he never appeared again. But he provided me with a good fish story to which those jealous sprat-catchers listened in awed silence.

HANDS IN TRAINING...FOR ONTARIO



Learning to Work With Copper and Brass

IN Ontario the wheels of industry turn for the benefit of every single one of us. Our lathes, dynamos, drill presses, farm combines, tractors, business machines, etc. are producing goods and services which earn dollars. These dollars provide food, clothing, medical care and other necessities which contribute to our security and high standard of living. Every single one of us, therefore, has a very personal interest in the flow of a steady supply of trained workers to industrial plants. These workers will operate machines which are important to our way of life.

We should appreciate, then, the co-operative efforts of government, industry and labour in the field of employee training. In schools and in factories our workers, young and old, are given the opportunity to develop new and specific skills in every field of business and industrial activity. For instance, every effort on the part of workers to become proficient in the art of shaping and moulding copper and brass; will mean greater industrial progress—will help to make Ontario a finer place in which to live and work.

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Ham-Cheese Shortcake

Short on Cost — made with Magic

Mix and sift into bowl, 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 1 1/2 c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder, 1/2 tsp. salt. Cut in finely 4 lbs. shortening. Make a well in centre, pour in 3/4 c. milk; mix lightly with a fork. Roll dough out to 1/4" thickness; cut into 10 shortcakes. Bake on greased pan in hot oven, 425°, 12-15 min. Split and butter biscuits. Fill and top each with spoonfuls of:

HAM-CHEESE MIXTURE: Melt 2 lbs. butter; blend in 2 lbs. flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper, 1/2 tsp. dry mustard, few grains cayenne. Gradually stir in 1 c. milk; cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 1 c. shredded cheese, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce; stir until cheese is melted. Add 1 c. diced cooked ham, 1/2 c. cooked green peas, 1/2 c. kernel corn; heat thoroughly.

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