

# OPPORTUNITY SALE

As house cleaning time is just around the corner, we have secured for you by Special Purchase some Real Outstanding Values in Curtaining, these values are away below present day prices and will cost us considerable more to replace, but as we bought a large quantity at Special Prices, we are able to offer you such Outstanding Values.

Special buy in 46-inch-wide curtaining, assorted colors. On sale for only 47c a yd.

Special buy in Marquissette and Lace. Reg. value 75c to \$1.00. On sale for only 59c a yd.

These are brand new merchandise just arrived from new Spring stock.

Another Special Value in Tiny Towels, 50 dozens in the lot, size 18 x 36. Regular \$1.25 for 89c a pair

**THESE VALUES ARE ON SALE**  
**Tuesday Morning at 9.30 a. m.**  
**MARCH 15th**

## PROWSE BROS. LTD.

THE STORE OF GOOD VALUE

### Mall Carrier Remembered

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr and Mrs. Nelson Williams, North River, on February 17th, 1949, when the North River, York Point and Cornwall box holders, assembled to show their appreciation to their faithful Mail Carrier, Nelson Williams. At 10 o'clock they all proceeded to the living room. Mr. Ollie Shreenan acted as Chairman, while Mrs. Ollie Shreenan read the address and Mr. Harold Godfrey presented Nel with a well filled purse. Although taken by surprise, Nelson in his own fitting way thanked one and all very kindly. With the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Mail Driver" they returned their steps to the parlour, to supple out their joints.

The rest of the evening was spent in games and dancing. Music being furnished by Mr. Mack MacLean, Cornwall, in his usual good style. Lunch was then served by the hostess, assisted by the ladies present. In the wee sma' hours of the

morning they departed to their respective homes, wishing Nel many more years of mail driving.

Following is the address: Mr. Nelson Williams:

We, your friends and neighbours are gathered here this evening to honor one, to whom we owe more than we are perhaps grateful for. The job of the Rural Mail Driver is at no time an enviable one, and we yet have to learn of one getting "rich on the job."

You have been a faithful mailman, one the North River, York Point and Cornwall route for more years, than many of us like to remember, always a willing and obliging fellow, and ready with a pleasant smile and cheery "Good Morning". May you be long spared to drive the mail, is our sincere wish. The many nice things we have said here are from our hearts, the mean ones, we will refrain from putting down on paper. We don't really believe there are many now, we wish to say, "Thank You," Nel, in a more tangible form, and ask you to accept this small purse in

the spirit in which it is given, with our best wishes for Health and Happiness to you and yours.

The Box Holders of North River, York Point and Cornwall.

### POWNAL Y. P. U.

On March 4th Pownal Y. P. U. met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lodge Lane for their weekly meeting. There were sixteen members and three visitors present. The meeting was under the leadership of Hilda Wood, convener of Christian Missions. The devotional period opened with hymn 249, "Jesus Shall Reign." The topic was "The Dilemma of Chinese youth." After some discussion Rev. E. R. MacVicar led in prayer. Hymn 252, "In Christ There Is No East Or West," was sung, which brought this period to a close.

The president, Gordon Moore took charge of the business period, and the minutes were read by secretary, Arthur Jones. Roll call was responded to by a vision John saw in heaven. The collection amounted to \$131.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Dorothy Buell where the convener of citizenship will be in charge. Arthur Jones will be in charge of recreation. The roll call will be responded to by a Bible verse including the word "land."

Interesting contests were prepared by Mrs. Parker Ings and enjoyed by all.

The hostesses, Mrs. Lodge Lane and Eliza served a delicious lunch and the meeting was brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

### WEBSTER'S CORNER SCHOOL

Report for February:

Grade X: 1, Eddy Baird; 2, Mary Baird.

Grade IX: 1, Gladys Heron.

Grade VII: 1, Bernadette Baird; 2, Vincent Baird.

Grade VI: 1, Pauline McEachern; 2, Ivan Heron.

Grade V: 1, Gerard Duffy; 2, Walter Murphy.

Grade V (b): 1, Bertha Smith; 2, Marie McEachern; 3, Bernice McGuirk.

Grade IV: 1, Theresa McGuirk; 2, Gerard McEachern.

Grade III: 1, Stephen Baird.

Grade II: 1, Anna McEachern; 2, Florence McEachern.

Grade I: 1, Gerard Smith; 2, Lawrence McGuirk.

M. P. MacDonald, Teacher.

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### TYNE VALLEY C. G. I. T.

The Willing Workers group of the C. G. I. T. of Tyne Valley, during C. G. I. T. week assisted on Sunday at both church services—United in the morning and Presbyterian in the evening. The scripture was read by Lucy Nisbet, with prayer by Millicent Stewart. As a choir the group sang the C. G. I. T. hymn, "Blanche MacDougall and Constance Sharp took up the collection."

On Thursday evening the "Willing Workers" under the capable and efficient leadership of Mrs. G. I. MacKay entertained their families and friends at a social evening in Britannia hall.

The following program was carried out:

Presenting C. G. I. T. Skit—The Sewing Circle. Duet—Galway Bay—Priscilla MacArthur and Julia MacLeod. Song with guitar accompaniment—Minnie Biggar. Campfire Sing-song.

### The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

#### CHAPTER XXVIII

Cricket spent a wretched night. To think that Clay could go from her arms to the hands of a defenseless man—no; she would never believe that. Yet when she remembered his dark moods, his somber hatred of Purvis, the fact that he himself had been shot without warning at Purvis's procurement as he believed; all these considerations unsettled her. She needed reassurance. Without consulting anyone, she wrote her lover a note, mailing it on the early train.

Dearest: Tell me you did not do it. That is all I need. I will believe you. But I want it on your own word. Your anxious, loving, C.

No answer came. Perhaps, she surmised with a stab of fear, the prison officials had intercepted it. This suspicion was half confirmed when a clever young man from the Federal District Attorney's office called on her. "You have a personal and special interest in the prisoner, we understand, Miss Seelye."

"Yes, I'm going to marry him," she said boldly.

"Exactly. Has he ever made any threats against Judge Purvis, to your knowledge?"

"He has promised me that he wouldn't..."

The words tumbled on her lips as she interpreted the satisfied smile on the lawyer's lips. "Then he had made threats," Cricket pressed her jaws together until her teeth hurt. He handed her a paper. "Subpoena for your appearance at the preliminary hearing," he said.

A bearded fossil of medical practice, one Dr. Alston McVay, was brought in by authorities to pronounce upon the injured man's condition. This was three days after the shooting. When he found both wounds still open, he was scandalized. He beckoned Dr. Gibson out of the sick room. "Your patient won't live through the week."

"Why not?"

"You're letting his life drain away. The openings must be closed. At once. Before it is too late. I insist."

"Who in thunder are you to insist, you hairy troglodyte!" retorted the younger man.

"I'll have you cited for malpractice," gulped Dr. McVay.

"It's been done before," grinned the other. "But my patients recover. How many perforated bullet wounds of the intestines have you ever saved?"

Having no satisfactory answer to that one, the visiting physician withdrew to make his report. Judge Purvis was as good as dead, he

Song—Follow The Trail—The Group.

After the programme a general sing-song was enjoyed; games were played and lunch was served. The very pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

told the authorities, unless that upstart young quack was fired immediately. Even so, it was probably too late. On the strength of this, bail was denied the prisoner and official wheels set in motion to supplant Dr. Leonard Gibson in charge of the case.

They failed. The patient himself took a hand. Deep in his mind was the conviction that Dr. Leonard Gibson was his best bet.

At the preliminary hearing, the case against Clay Thurston took shape so convincingly that his friends were sunk in depression. Judge Purvis's ante-mortem affidavit (though the ante-mortem feature had lost its validity) was definite. After falling from his saddle he had seen a figure on the ridge which he positively identified as that of Clay Thurston. At this, Doc Gibson leaned over to mutter in Cricket's ear. "Why would he be fool enough to show himself after the shot?" which comforted her a little.

Belnap of the territorial geology bureau contributed his bit about the dog's clamor. It was readily established that the accused had Parkford's Princeling III with him. Two of the Harvey girls reluctantly swore to having seen Mr. Thurston ride out of town on the trail of Purvis and Belnap. Cricket was called next.

Firmly she refused to answer any of the examining attorney's questions. Lie she could and would not. Nor would she give evidence against her lover. "Do you realize that you can be sent to jail?" threatened the District Attorney.

"I can't help it," she said, white but resolute.

She was committed. A deputy sheriff took her away. Within an hour Miss Bliss was demanding entrance to the jail and being referred to the barred window where the prisoner's wan face appeared. The visitor sniffed the hot and fetid air eddying from within and turned livid. "I am, I hope, a supporter of law and order and an upholder of the Constitution of the United States," she said, "but..."

She stalked away, her Roman profile more Augustan than ever.

By good chance there was a branch meeting of railroad employees at Sandrock that evening. Naturally they dined at Harvey's. Afterward they were briefly addressed by a revolutionary and anarchistic Miss Bliss, breathing red ruin and the breaking down of laws. A committee was formed to wait upon Sheriff Whately. Terry Kelsey, acting as spokesman, delivered the ultimatum. "Open that door and let out Miss Seelye or we'll kick your goldrill jaw down and use the pieces for toothpicks. So what d'you think of that?"

The sheriff, a man of discretion, thought it likely. "It ain't no place for a lady," he conceded and released his prisoner in the custody of the delegation.

(To be continued)

1792 NORTH AMERICA 1949

**MAKE SURE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF LIABILITY INSURANCE**

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Your Liability Insurance policy should insure you against every possibility of liability which the Dominion and Provincial laws permit insurance companies to include in one all-embracing Liability Policy. A "North America" Companies' Liability Insurance Policy may be had to cover all risks.

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### NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY

By Clifford McBride

HERE, NAPOLEON, BREAKFAST, WHERE CAN THAT CONFOUNDED DOG BE?

HE DIDN'T SHOW UP LAST NIGHT FOR DINNER — FIRST TIME HE EVER MISSED A MEAL. NAPOLEON!

WILLIE, I'M WORRIED, NAPOLEON'S DISAPPEARED — HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE YESTERDAY. YOU'D BETTER RUN DOWN AND REPORT THIS TO TH' CONSTABLE!