

Cornwall School Annual Picnic

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent at Stanhope on Thursday, June 29th, when the pupils and other interested parties of Cornwall school gathered for their annual picnic.

The following races were run— 5 Years and Under: 1. Barbara Scott; 2. Christine Young; 3. Sandra Wilson.

7 Years and Under: 1. Carl Scott; 2. Barry Wilson; 3. Terry Carrier.

8 Years and Under: 1. Merrill Scott; 2. Graham MacPhail; 3. Anna Young.

10 Years and Over: 1. Audrey Frizzell; 2. Laura Hyde; 3. Christine MacPhail.

Boys 10 years and over: 1. Carl Willis; 2. Willard MacDonald; 3. Gordon MacMillan.

Teen-age Girls: 1. Wanda Willis; 2. Ina Lowther; 3. Eva MacPhail; Inez Gass.

Teen-age Boys: 1. Amby Hyde; 2. Jimmie Hyde; 3. George Lowther.

Married Women: 1. Mrs. Waldon Lowther; 2. Mrs. Keith Young; 3. Mrs. Elmer Frizzell.

Married Men: 1. Herbert Scott; 2. Ford Wilson.

Free For All (boys): 1. Carl Willis; 2. Amby Hyde-Willard MacDonald; 3. Gordon MacMillan.

Free For All: 1. Herbert Scott; 2. Allison Gill; Ford Wilson.

A most delicious supper was served by the ladies, after which the teacher presented all her pupils with prizes and certificates.

On behalf of the trustees, the Secretary extended to the teacher a hearty vote of appreciation for the splendid work which she did throughout the year.

An address was read to the teacher by Ina Lowther and a beautiful compact and earrings were presented by Eugene Donahue.

The following is the address. Miss Margaret MacQuarrie, Cornwall.

Dear Teacher: As this is the close of another school year, we your pupils of Cornwall School have gathered here at our annual closing to bid you farewell.

We have learned with regret that you are not remaining with us for another year and we wish you every success in your future undertakings.

During the past year we know that we have often tried your patience but you, in your patient and friendly manner were always successful in helping us through our difficulties.

In closing we ask you to accept this gift, not for its value but as a token of our esteem and friendship.

Signed on behalf of the pupils of Cornwall School.

The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

continued

Gloria looked back over the road by which they had come. They had traveled a wrong way, but always, as she imagined, bearing to the right to get back to the road they had left.

"We may as well make the detour, Edson."

They turned into a side road and went on traveling more slowly because the road was rough. It was hilly too, and lonely, with patches of ragged woods on both sides. Gloria looked around uneasily. The woods reminded her so of that dreadful dream.

A smoother stretch showed before them and they shot ahead. Then a curve in the road a swift lurch to avoid colliding with a grey bulk by the roadside, and a jarring stop which made her throw out both hands to keep from pitching forward.

An overturned car lay almost in their path, battered and splashed and skewed across the road as if it had skidded violently, possibly in trying to follow another car which had turned abruptly into the woods. The second car had not gone far, but, scratched and mud-splashed like the other, it lay half hidden against a clump of young sumacs.

In an instant Edson was out with a wary eye for surprises, and Gloria followed him. "Better, look this over, miss. It don't look right to me."

They had stopped in a sheltered hollow where former rains had left shallow pools, and slippery clayey soil was only half dried. On one side of the road the ground dropped to a rocky pasture, and on the other—the side where the automobile lay—it rose abruptly through a belt of shaggy woods to a low ridge.

Edson was looking over the two cars and following a trail. "This one turned off first," he was saying as he looked over the car in the sumacs, and the other one either tried to follow or else came around the bend and stopped in such a hurry that she skidded in the mud."

By this time he was not looking at either car. He was bending forward gazing at some broken bushes and trampled weeds leading away from the road.

"Edson!"

Edson turned. Miss Staunton had not moved from the side of the road. She was staring with horrified eyes at the car there, a grey roadster, battered, wrecked with a bent licence tag in plain view. Sharp terror rang in her voice.

"Edson, I know this car! He is hurt! We must find him!"

"Yes, miss. Sure we'll find him! If you'll stick to the car now, in case of trouble, I'll follow this bit of a trail for a way."

"I am coming with you."

She hurried after him with a queer constriction about her heart and leaden weights dragging at her feet. It was the same sense of futile struggle that she had felt in that terrifying dream. Trampled weeds before her leading up that ragged slope! Where had he gone and why, and who had been in that other car?

Then she saw Jack, her husband. He came slowly down the uneven slope. He held one arm stiffly, with the other hand pressed against his chest. He walked like a man in a dream.

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"Jack! Oh, Jack, you are hurt!"

Gloria was beseeching the injured man, trying to make him rest his free hand on her shoulder, but he only looked at her in a queer, half dazed way. Then he seemed to pull himself together.

"I had an upset. I shall be all right presently." He looked from Gloria to Edson and beyond them to the battered hulk of his car. "I'm afraid I shall have to beg a lift to the nearest town."

"We will take you to Beechwood, of course, or back to New York if you prefer that. But you are hurt, Jack. What is it? Please tell me."

Gloria found herself pleading with him breathlessly, stroking his arm in a sudden agony of pity. There was something mysterious and horrifying about this. Why wouldn't he tell her? And why did his lips set now and then as if in pain?

"It's nothing. I am only stiffened up from the fall. It was a fairly nasty one. I'll speak to your man, if you don't mind. About the car."

Edson had withdrawn and was discreetly busy with the car. Jack went over to him, still moving slowly, and the chauffeur looked up with quick alertness.

Jack did most of the talking. It seemed to be about the wrecked roadster, for they both stood looking at it with their backs to Gloria.

What Jack said to Edson was brief and their voices were too low to be overheard. The chauffeur listened attentively and nodded once or twice, stiffening to the stark responsibility that was being laid on him.

"Yes, sir, I understand."

"Thanks. The main point is that Miss Staunton must not be involved in this. Her presence here is accidental."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Good."

The brief interview was ended. Gloria came over, quiet but with pleading eyes.

"How did it happen, Jack?" she begged anxiously. "Please tell me."

"I came along at night, driving fast," he explained patiently. "My lights picked up that car just as I came around the bend. I tried to get out of the way and skidded, but the other car swung free and turned into the bushes."

"It is dreadful! And the other man—in that car?"

"Gone," he answered briefly. With that she had to be content. He took his seat beside her in

Life Insurance Institute

At the Annual Meeting of the Life Insurance Institute of Canada, W. J. Adams, F.S.A., Secretary of the Canada Life, was elected President for 1950-51. Other Officers elected were P. McDonald, Assistant General Manager and Secretary Crown Life, as First Vice-President; H. L. Guy, C. B. E., Assistant General Manager, Mutual Life of Canada. Second Vice-President; and T. M. Sargent, Agency Auditor, North American Life, Secretary Treasurer.

J. L. McLachlin, Secretary of the Confederations Life, the retiring President, reported that membership in the Institute last year totalled 2,653, an all-time high since it was organized in 1936. As part of its service to the life insurance industry in Canada instructional courses and examinations were sponsored for those employees of the more than 35 companies who were interested in gaining a better knowledge of their business. More than 1,000 candidates wrote over 3,300 examination papers, a considerably greater number taking part in this endeavour than in any previous year.

Jack said little. He seemed quiet and tired. Once, in weakness or drowsiness, he sagged against her shoulder, and she let him lie there, with an odd little singing excitement in her veins.

To be continued

Graduates Of Stella Maris High School



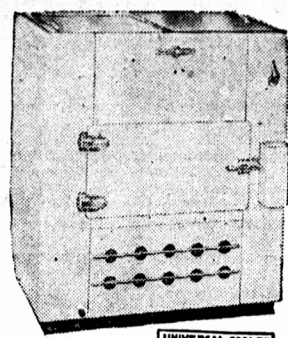
The following seniors of Stella Maris High School, Rustico, received diplomas at their recent graduation. They are left to right — John Pineau, Elizabeth Doyle, Oswald Gallant, Hazel Gallant, Hazel Gallant, Alyre Gallant, Yvonne Dolron, Jenette Gauthier, Pauline Arsenault, Alpire LeClair. — Burke's Portrait Studio

MADRID, Spain, July 2—(AP)—Widespread rumors that Generalissimo Franco is ailing at Prado Palace outside Madrid were answered yesterday by a government source with the statement that Franco "is quite well now."

C. N. R. Appointment

MONCTON, N. B., June 30 — Announcement is made of the appointment of James Pullar as

building engineer, Atlantic region Canadian National Railways, with headquarters at Moncton, succeeding H. J. Crudge, retired, announcement being made by T. L. Landers, regional chief engineer, appointment is effective July 1st.



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TAMPA, Fla., July 2—(AP)—Four crew members are missing from a Boeing B-50 bomber which crashed and exploded after catching fire during takeoff Friday night. Eight members of the 12-man crew are known to have parachuted to safety. None of the survivors was seriously injured.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



EGAD, BOYS! MY FIRST SINGING PUPIL IS DUE! MIGHT I ASK YOU TO COVER UP YOUR BUSH TRIBE MANNERS? IF YOU CAN'T PUT ON THE VENEER OF CIVILIZATION, PLEASE GO TO YOUR ROOMS!

IF IT'S THE GUY WHO IMITATES CANARIES, WE'LL PAY A DIME TO STAY! SHALL WE FIX HIM A SAUCER OF BIRD-SEED?

WHY NOT ASK ALVIN TO HELP YOU WITH HIS MAGIC VIOLIN THAT REPRODUCES TAXICAB BRAKE SQUEALS?

CIVILIZATION—WHAT'S THAT?

1-3

MAJOR HOOPLE



MY NAME'S HUGO JOSKIN—I CAME TO TAKE MY FIRST SINGING LESSON! ARE YOU REALLY PROFESSOR HOOPLE? YOU'RE OPERA-STAR SIZE, ALL RIGHT! DID I TELL YOU I COULD IMITATE ELEPHANTS?

GREETINGS, MR. JOSKIN! UM! HOW'S THAT? IMITATE ELEPHANTS? SUPPOSE WE STRIVE TO PERFECT THE SOUND OF THE HUMAN VOICE FIRST—FAP!

HUGO SANK THE SPEAR IN HIS HIDE WITH THAT ONE—THE OLD BOY'S AS SORE AS A BOWLER'S THUMB!

LET'S NOT BE QUITE SO FRANK, HUGO = 7-4

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- Kitchen counter tops, snack bars — Tempered Preswood, Black or Green Tempered Preswood.
- Recreation room, walls and ceiling — Preswood, Tempered Preswood, Quarterboard.
- Storage closets, cabinets, drawers — Preswood, Tempered Preswood.
- Exterior Panelling or Siding — Tempered Preswood.

ON THE FARM

- Interiors of milk houses, barns, stock houses — Preswood, Quarterboard.
- Exteriors of stock buildings, troughs, bins and sheds — Tempered Preswood.
- Hog houses, turkey and chicken runs — Tempered Preswood.
- Farm homes, on walls and ceiling — Preswood, Tempered Preswood, Quarterboard.
- Kitchens, bathrooms — Tempered Preswood and Temprtile.
- Milk separator houses — Tempered Preswood.
- Modernizing and partitioning — Preswood, Quarterboard.

IN THE FACTORY

- Aisle runners and floor mats — Tempered Preswood.
- Sorting benches and table tops — Tempered Preswood.
- Partitions, walls and ceilings — Preswood, Tempered Preswood, Quarterboard.
- Wash and rest rooms — Temprtile, Tempered Preswood.
- Bins, chutes, trays — Tempered Preswood.
- Furniture, office equipment, cabinets — Preswood, Tempered Preswood.
- Displays, signs — Preswood, Tempered Preswood.

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