The Big Knife

Bitter-sweet is the secret love story of Marie Antoinette, the lovely Queen of France, and inromantic the story of the package of mysterious leters, found long after her death. Poets wrote odes to Marie intoinette's beauty. A painter's fancy led him to place her portrait in the heart of a full-blown rose. But these mysterious letters, with their burning messages, were vastly different from the vapid compliments of the elegant, superficial court. Every word seemed charged with passion and devotion.

Each letter was written with so perfect a discretion that a stranger might have read them and been none the wiser. Why should Marie Antoinette lock them away with her jewels and her most secret papers, regarding each letter as a jewel in itself? Perhaps even a queen finds solace in the knowledge that one person loves her in the world. and Marie Antoinette may have tenderly repeated a name over and over to herself in the dark

Count Axel Fersen! Count Axel Fersen! The signature of the letter came back to her as she sat in the gardens of the Louvre, in the moonlight while musician made sweet music and all Paris

clustered outside the gates. It must have seemed a mad world to Marie Antoinette on the day when she looked from her windows at Versailles to see red ares flowing in the courtyard, sinister shadows surrounding them and, outlined by the flames, tionaries. Then a pageboy came running to her, with a strangely Imperative note from Count Axe

I beseech you to see me. You are in grave danger!"
"Bid your master know the Queen of France is never in danger." Marie Antoinette cried

Hardly had she spoken than a roar came from the courtvard. the sudden clash of steel against steel. In that instant, too, the apestry against the wall was stood there.

"Madame - Majesty - at your service! I regret the necessity for this intrusion. You are "And you are Count Axel

There was no need of answer. He was tall, fine and manly, and "I beg you to place a cloak around you ma'am. There are passages and byways.

Your sentries cannot withstand "Yet there are many men guard the Queen of France."



TASTE AND GET PAID FOR IT-For a job in good taste, try this Phyllis Tamore is required to eat on the job by her employer. A professional steak taster, she lastes and grades broiled samples of beef to be quick-frozen for market.

28. Fly high 29. Low section of a city 30. Fun 32. Gastropod

PUZZLE

"there is only one man to guar His arms were about her as his cloak encircled her shoul-

ders. His eyes, glowing and strange, looked deep into hers. "I cannot leave my husband my children," she whispered. He paid no heed. "This door, Ma'am. We shall cheat them." She was still reluctant, and he half-carried, half-pulled her. He closed his eyes, stooped, kissed her hand. "I am at your

royal carriage returned to Paris that fatal dawn, the mob about it, as she looked in fear from her window and saw the heads of her tormer guards borne aloft on pikes, did she see Count Axel following not far behind? When she heard from her ladies that the rioters had stabbed her mattress and set fire to the hangings in attempts to find her hiding place, she knew that the Count had saved her life. The first wave of revolution

rolled away. Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were again i Paris, in the palace, in comfort, comparatively unperturbed ters from Count Axel Fersen, and still Marie Antoinette, readtrace the aspirations of an un dying love.

The storm was again rising fast when he once again offered her escape, this time for her husband and children as well as

And at midnight two hooded children, with a thick-set figure and a lady in a gipsy hat, entered the waiting coach and were driven away. Rattle, rattle over the cobbles of Paris-but was this the right way? Flurried by the occasion, the courier had turned left and not right. Valuable minutes were lost before he could retrace the way. Outside the gates the Count was waiting. They were late.

Had they been discovered?

Long past the appointed time the refugees arrived. The Queen, safe after perils, gave him a smile before she entered the second carriage. The children followed, and lastly the king. But the sleeping Paris was awakening and enemies were coming fast behind them. Marie Antoinette, jogging and swaying

in the carriage, did not know that overnight, during this adventure, her hair was whitening. At a distant village another coach was waiting and horses ready ordered. It was the work of an instant for the royal party to change coaches and for Fer sen to bow in a lowly, silent

In the dewy dawn the nos tilions vaulted into the saddles and were off - and with them went the Queen. But it already too late to do more to serve them when the next news reached the Count. The flight of the royal party was discovered due to that wrong turning in Paris. The coaches were turned

It was another dewy dawn, and this time a different coach arried Marie Antoinette and the King over the cobbles of Paris while the streets were hushed and still. There were only beating drums and a double row of troops all along the road, men and women hushed behind them A braggart cried, "Down with tyranny!" and Marie Antoinette

ooked up at a tricolour streamer blowing from a housetop. She faced the guillotine with courage enough; her head fell;

the executioner showed it to the And to Count Axel Fersen that evening was brought a packet conta g a lock of hair and the words, "In remembrance from one who has not forgotten -Marie Antoinette."

28 | 29 | 1

31 32 33 3

36 37

42 43

44 45 46 47

49 6-28

each sandwich with sliced pineapple or cranherry san BAKED CHEESE SANDWICH 8 slices buttered bread

CROSSWORD 1 teaspoon mustard 1 egg 21/4 cups milk 1 teaspoon paprika 1 teaspoon salt teaspoon pepper Remove crusts from bread, if desired. Make 4 cheese sandwiches with bread, cheese and mustard. Place in bottom of buttered baking dish, Beat egg, add milk, paprika, salt and pepper. Pour mixture sandwiches. Bake at 350° F. for 40 minutes. Remove from oven and place under broiler until sandwiches are golden brown. Serve hot.

Another sandwich to serve hot is this tuna souffle baked TUNA SOUFFLE SANDWICH 8 slices white bread 1 cup flaked tuna (7-ounces ¼ cup finely chopped celery ¼ cup finely chopped green

pepper 1/2 cup shredded Canadian cheese
1½ cups milk
3 eggs, beaten
1 teaspoon salt
16 teaspoon paprika

Trim crusts from bread. Place

Garden Party At Buckingham

Garden parties at Buckingham Palace have been much democratized since World War II. But they still retain an atmosphere quite out of the or-

Savile Row cut." It was fun because the coat happened to come from the United States in wartime "Bundles for tain" parcel. It belonged to a This applies right from the time the invitation arrives in a large white envelope with the kindly lecturer with commendable foresight. At the time it didn't appear to have much connection with the war. But in royal crest on it and a postmark which reads "Lord Chamthe end it has given tremendberlain, St. James's Palace." ous satisfaction to a grateful Londoner. The card inside is very grand and has the rather surprising inscription: "The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by Her Majesty to invite you to attend

The practice at Palace garden parties is for the guests to form into several long avenues on the lawns. Down these avenues saunter the various members Palace (weather permitting)." of the royal family accompa-Use of this word "command" conjures up a picture of the nied by gentlemen ushers who Queen in stern mood, like the Queen of Hearts in Alice in introduce a celebrity here a debutante there. From time Wonderland. One imagines her sitting at her desk biting the time the Queen or the Duke of Edinburgh, or the Queen Mother or Princess Margaret, or Princess Alexandra take the end of her pencil and saying to timid and worried Lord initiative themselves to chat Chamberlain, "See that you get with someone they recognize. those Lynes along to the party this year," writes Peter Lyne in Bands play; the lawns are "The Christian Science Monigreen and velvety soft; the

visitors from the Common-wealth among the 8,500 guests than there were Britons.

It was fun when we met a

friend who said, "That's a smart

tail coat of yours - looks like

flower beds are a picture; there

is a pane of glass wants fixing

in one of the greenhouses just

to make one feel more at home;

the royal wheelbarrows are painted in pastel tints but have

no royal crest on them. The re-

reshments are most wtlcome.

While waiting in the avenue down which the Queen Mother

was walking we were told an

was about curtsying.

The Queen Mother, it seems,

was inspecting a girls' gymna-sium class. The instructress was remarking apologetically that

curtsying in gym briefs must

look rather silly to Her Majesty.
"Don't worry about that,"
said the Queen Mother. "You

should have seen what happen-

ed when I was fishing for salm-

on in the River Dee one day.

I came across a lady in waders

fishing near the opposite bank. She felt it necessary to curtsy

to me - with disastrous r

suits."
When the Queen Mother came

our way and all the ladies curt-

sied, I had a job to stop burst

ing out with laughter at the

thought of that story.

When the Lynes received their invitation they put it is the center of the mantelshelf for all to admire. Mrs. Hall, the daily help, admired it most of all. In this same week she had been marrying off her daughter and was inclined to go sentimental over invitation cards. Unfortunately while she was ondling our card she somehow let it slip down a crack between the mantelshelf and the fire-

PUT ANOTHER TWOPENCE IN - It's the world's oldest jukebox

with a built-in brass section. Ann Dunn holds a kingsized re-

cord for the "polyphon," made in Leipzig, Germany, over 120

years ago. The polyphon still produces music for patrons in a

London, England, restaurant. When a coin is deposited in the

side of the machine, the brass disc rotates, striking keys in

TABLE TALKS

Easy to carry and satisfying 4 slices in a greased 8-inch

square baking dish. Combine

tuna, celery, and green pepper

and spread over slices of bread

with remaining 4 slices of bread. Combine milk, eggs, and

salt, mixing well. Pour over

sandwiches. Sprinkle with pap-

rika. Bake at 325° F. 40 minutes

Combine honey with peanu

butter for sandwiches that the

HONEY PEANUT BUTTER

SANDWICHES

1/4 cup honey
2 teaspoons shredded orange

½ cup chopped ripe banana

Blend peanut butter, honey,

and orange rind until smooth.

Add banana and mix lightly un-

til blended. Spread bread with

butter and then spread 6 slices

with peanut butter mixture.

Place lettuce on each sandwich

and top with remaining slices of

Here is another filling that

may find takers among the

RAISIN-EGG-CARROT

FILLING

1/2 cup seedles raisins, chopped

2/3 cup hard-cooked eggs,

cup chopped sweet pickle

Combine all ingredients.

Do you know the difference

between resin and rosin The

resin is the crude turpentine

exuded by various pine, fir and

larch trees, which is distilled to

separate the oil of turpentine

matter that remains is called

rosin. It comes in hard, brittle

lumps and has many industrial

and other uses.

from the solid matter. The solid

teaspoon prepared mustare

younger set in your family.

2 cup grated raw carrot

cup salad dressing

Makes 7 sandwiches.

cup peanut butter

12 slices bread

6 lettuce leaves

Butter

children on the picnic will like

Serve hot.

Sprinkle cheese over all. Top

Hamil & dane Andrews.

music-box fashion.

to eat - that's sandwiches!

Fillings, of course, are what

give variety, interest, and an element of adventure to the

two slices of bread that enclose

them. Whatever fillings you use,

remember these simple pointers for making your sandwiches better. Use softened butter for

easier spreading; spread to the

very edges of both slices of

bread to keep fillings from soak-

Be generous with fillings - a

skimpy sandwich hasn't a friend in the world! Have your fillings

moist and well flavored, but do

not have them oozy, ever. I

you are using lettuce, wrap i

very last minute. Wrap gar-

nishes also - crisp carrot and

celery strips, ripe and stuffed

EGG-SALAD-OLIVE

SANDWICH FILLING

6 hard-cooked eggs, chopped 2 tablespoons sliced, stuffed

1/3 cup mayonnaise or salad

dressing
½ teaspoon onion salt
¼ teaspoon salt

Dash pepper
14 teaspoon dry mustard

1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire

spread on bread Makes 10.

sauce Combine all ingredients and

. . .

for this filling for 10 sand-

CHICKEN-HAM SAND-

WICH FILLING

cup diced, cooked chicken

1 cup finely chopped, cooked

1/4 cup chopped celery

1 teaspoon lemon juice

ressing

4 cup mayonnaise or salad

3 tablespoons p_spared horse

Combine all ingredients and

Try these baked cheese sand-

wiches. If you desire, sprinkle finely diced ham over bottom

slice of bread, or you may top

Combine chicken with ham

separately and add it at the

ing into the bread.

olives, pickles, etc.

The Lynes, having just moved into a new house, have been so busy fixing their new garden that they haven't yet got around to doing all the jobs inside the house which should be

So here was a nice kettle of fish, as the London cockney would put it. It just wasn't possible to regain the invitation card short of a major building operation to remove the whole fireplace. It is well-known that the Palace authorities are most unwilling to provide duplicate invitations. But it then dawned on us that

there had been something else inside the Lord Chamberlain's envelope beside the invitation. Yes, sure enough, tucked away inside a large vellow car-park sticker there were two separate admission cards to be given up at the Palace Gates. It was all the pleasanter af-

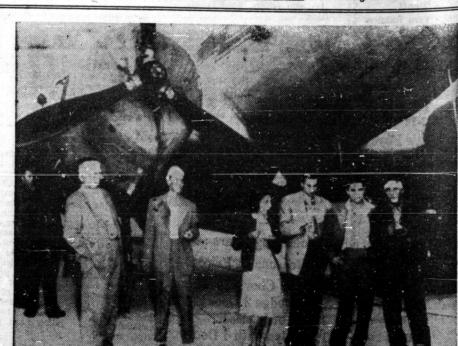
ter this adventure to be walking through the Palace Gates with crowds of watching Londoners pressed against the railings. We joined a long queue in the courtyard which was threading its way through the hall and through a magnificent reception room out onto the great lawns.

ladies' creations. The men were mostly in tail coats and gray top hats. But there were lounge suits too. And some wonderful attires from the colonial empire. A trade union leader from Africa, for instance, was arrayed in what looked like a green bathrobe and a straw hat with a huge peacock feather in it. We were told that there were more





DYNAMITE DAME - Explosive the word for Italy's bang-u beauty, screen star Sophia Lore She's sitting pretty on a movi prop near Madrid, Spain, when "The Pride and the Passion" i being filmed.



FLIGHT INTO FREEDOM - Hungarian refugees are shown in Ingolstadt, Germany, plane in which they fled from Hungary. Anti-Communist passengers seized control of the plane and landed it at an American controlled airfield some 50 miles north of Munich. They fought fiercely in the air with the crew and other passengers in order to gain their freedom.

THE FARM FROM Ly John Russell

A remarkable improvement has taken place in the over-all uality of the cattle slaughtered for beef in Canada during the past five years, states the Marketing Service, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

grades were established in 1946 all the inspected slaughter has been carcass graded. In 1950, of total kill of 1,300,000 cattle, 6.7 per cent reached the two 10.7 per cent good; the balance were graded as commercial or other grades. In 1955, of a total kill of 1,700,000 cattle, 35.4 per cent were in the two top grades -18 per cent choice, 17.4 per

The percentage reaching the top grades is still increasing. For e first five months of 1956, with a total kill of 777,000, there were 42.2 per cent in the two top rades-21.9 choice, 20.3 good, as compared with 712,000 killed, grading 18.8 choice and 18.9 good, in the first five months of 1955.

The Marketing Services notes that when exports go down the quality of the home slaughter goes up but for the first five months of this year, exports were down only 6,300 head loved royal figure. The story while the number of "choice" and "good" cattle slaughtered increased by over 58,000 head. The grading figures indicate that Canadian farmers are producing more top quality beef and that Canadian consumers are increasing their demands so that most of it is needed at home.

Silo filling operations are dependent on methods and equip-ment used in harvesting and hauling, says D. J. Cooper, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Chopped silage can be handled by wagon, truck or by blower. Uncut silage is generally hauled and stored with a buck rake.

When filling a horizontal silo with cropped silage from a flat bottom wagon the material may be hand forked out of the wagon or else drawn off by a variety of unloaders. These unloaders may be of the false end gate type, canvas bottom, self-unload ing wagon or rope and board drag design. Of these the rope and board drag is considered to be one of the most satisfactory. It consists of three two-by-sixes or two-by-eights placed on edge o divide the load into three equal sections. Loose rope through the boards allows the load to be pulled off in separate sections. Unloading by this means can readily be done in two or three minutes. Chopped silage may be spread by hand r with less labor by means of

with the use of a buck rake the an the load dropped in the lesired location. Hand spreading the long grass is necessary order to reduce the number

Storing baled silage means nore har! labor than when andling either chopped or long naterial. Since it is not possible draw loaded wagons through he s the bales must be caried in by hand or part way by neans of an elevator. Bales must e placed tightly together and h layer must be packed by



MALAYA'S MARILYN — Singa-sore singer Salmah (Saloma) Is-mail is called the "Marilyn Monof Malaya films. Listening fiance, Scottish orn Kenneth Buchanin-Davies, plans to adopt the Islamic



WALKIE-TEEVEE - Resembling a one-man electronics laboratory this French reporter uses the latest in television reporting equipment. The extra-light equipment enables operators to provide on-the-spot coverage of important news events for TV audiences.

Miser Founded Royal Millions

All through the latter years | a total stranger had left her a of his life rich old Captain Charles Ablett boasted of the fine antique furniture he was going to leave to the Queen. Dutifully his secretaries corresponded with Buckingham

was published the other day, he left to Queen Elizabeth II the Tudor writing desk and settee that had traditionally belonged

MATCHMAKER - Take 50,000

matches, several tubes of glue,

700 hours and a young ambi-

tious man with unlimited gobs

ret in Chelsea. Though he own-

executors, no doubt as a pre-

caution to ensure that his last

wishes reached royal attention.

And 33-year-old Queen Victor-

on top.

money? Would she be depriving legatees who might stand i greater need? The Queen's husband, the Prince Consort, quietly organized an army of special investigators. Their first report, now safely stowed in the royal ar-

years.

chives at Windsor, is an astonishing document. John Neild was so mean, for nstance, that he refused to allow his housekeeper to brush his clothes for fear any brushing would wear out the fabric. He always wore the same patched blue suit and preferred to have holes in his socks rather than spend money on darning

cool half a million pounds.

It was a staggering sum for

those days. Representing nearly

twenty times the proposed pur-

chase price of Balmoral, it

meant more hard cash than the

Queen could expect to save

from her privy purse in fifty

His father had left huge estates around London. When Neild went travelling to collect the rents, he either hitch-hiked or fought for the cheapest outside seat on a coach.

One terribly wet day travellers took such pity on the poor, drenched old man that they whipped round for money to buy him brandy and hot water. They little knew the object of their compassion could have bought up the coachload. Neild carried his overnight necessities in a brown paper parcel tied with string. Rather

of patience. The result is an eye-full Eiffel. Jules Pardon, a 24-year-old radio technician from Louvain, Belguim, made sought shelter among the poororate model of Paris, France's, famed landmark. The baby Eiffel Tower has an electric motor running up the shaft the housewife could wash his and a tiny radio set mounted clothes. On one occasion he wished to

to Queen Elizabeth I. Yet the bequest had to be declined. For nearly a century members of the royal family have inflexibly observed the rule that they must not accept major gifts from people personally unknown to them. Behind this ruling lies one of the strangest

stories of the royal annals. Poor Queen Victoria blushed for years at the rumour that she inghamshire. Neild was under was indebted for the bulk of agreement to keep the church her personal fortune to an ec-centric miser. But this was nothing less than the truth. In the late summer of 1852 an old lawyer named John Camden Neild was found dead on a squalid straw bed in a gar-

ed the whole house, he had used one of the smallest rooms to save heating, and starvation had hastened his end. He had no friends or relatives. His affection has been lavished only on a mangy black cat whose milk he had watered to help save him farthings. But in the drawer of his desk was His father, James Neild, had

found a will, scrawled on half a sheet of grubby paper, begging the Queen's acceptance of his worldly goods for her sole use Scarcely a week passes but eccentric cranks will money to gances. royalty and, usually, these bequests have to be held null and void. With legal astuteness, however, old Neild had named When James died, he left £250,000 - and his son deterthe Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse as one of his three

mined to double it for the Queen's sake. bare boards rather than buy a new mattress and deprived himia gasped when she heard that

hroat - and was saved only by medical skill of a farmer's wife with whom he was stay-

ated his life; yet he surely had no conscience. His housekeeper, for instance, served him faithfully for twenty-six years. When he died he cut her off without a penny.

Queen Victoria decided that she could accept the vast fortune, with certain provisos. A sum of £100 each to the three executors was increased to £1,000. The faithful housekeeper was given a life annuity - and there was an annuity, too, for the farmer's wife who had saved Neild's life.

Then the Queen paid for repairs to North Marston church and provided a stained-glass window and altar screen in John Neild's memory.

Fifty years of pleasure-seeking on the part of her spendthrift uncles had left the Queen a poor woman. She inherited only debts in her own family but the Neild Bequest brought her great riches.

Her son, Edward VII, later doubled and redoubled the fortune in stock exchange dealings. Assuming that the hard kernel of investment still exists, it can be estimated to-day at £12,000,000. John Neild lived on borrowed gruel but his amazing legacy can be traced as a lifeline of wealth through Queen Mary, to the Duke of Windsor, Princess Margaret and Princess Alexandra.

Singing Bamboos

But could she accept the On our right there was a succession of neat cottages amongst cocoanut trees, forming the village of Kandang. On earing one of these, our ears were saluted by the most melodious sounds, some soft and liquid, like the notes of a flute, and others full like the tones of an organ. These sounds were sometimes interrupted or even single, but presently they would swell into a grand burst of mingled melody. I can hardly express the feelings of astonishment with which I paused to listen to and look for the source of music so wild and ravishing in such a spot. It seemed to proceed from a grove of trees at a little distance, but I could see neither musician nor instrument, and the sounds varied so much in their strength, and their origin seemed now at one place, and now at another, as if they sometimes swelled from amidst the dark foliage, or hovered faint and fitful around it. On drawing nearer to the grove of trees, my companions (Malays) pointed out a slender bamboo which rose above the branches of the trees, and from which they said the music proceeded, and when the notes had died away

in the distance, our ears were suddenly penetrated by a crash of grand and thrilling tones which seemed to grow out of the air that surrounded us, inthan stay at an inn, or risk having to return hospitality, he stead of pursuing us. A brisk breeze which soon followed, est of his tenants, taking the agitating the dark and rent and then cadging a bowl of gruel for his supper. Then he leaves of the fronds of the gomuti palms, explained the would go to bed in order that mystery, while it prolonged the powerful swell. As we went on our way, the sounds decreased in strength, and gradually be call at a cottage that lay across came faint, but it was not until a field turned into a quagmire we left 'the bamboo of the by heavy rain. A local woodswinds' far behind us, and long man offered to carry him across hidden by intervening trees and on his back for sixpence. cottages, that we ceased to hear it. The instrument which pro duced these fine effects was a

bamboo cane, rough from the

perforated with holes and stuck

ly a very simple contrivance

but one which would not have

occurred to any people who had

not a natural taste for music.-

From "Bamboo, Lotus and Palm; An Anthology of the Far

East, South East Asia and the

Pacific." Compiled by E. D.

the ground. This is certain-

jungle, thirty or forty feet long

"I'll pay you threepence and no more," Neild stormed. The wily local accepted, carried him half-way across the field and then deposited him, spluttering, in the mud. Among his tenants was the rector of North Marston, Buck-

repair but when the roof needed new lead to keep out the rain, he could not bring himself to spend the money. Instead, he used strips of calico painted black - and sat on the roof of the church all day to make sure the workmen

did not slack. What was behind his pinchpenny mania? When the inrestigators delved deeper, they discovered that Neild never regarded his money as his own. He firmly believed that it belonged by right to Queen Vic-

been court silversmith to the Queen's uncle, George IV, and had built up a fortune by grossly overcharging that playboy monarch for all his extrava-At one time the silversmith's bill had soared to £130,000.

That was why he slept on self of every comfort. During 2 stock exchange deHow Can I?

O. How can I make a line. leum varnish? A. By melting a small amount of glue in a pint of water, See that the linoleum is clean and dry before applying. Apply with a paint brush at night and the

Q. What is a good tonic for A. The water in which beef has been washed is an excellen especially for roses and geran

Q. How can I clean a suede A. Try cleaning suede articles by going over the entire surface lightly with very fine sandpaper.

Q. How can I keep the automobile windshield clear while it is raining?

A. If a cup of clear vinegar is poured over the outside of the windshield, allowing it to tric-kle down the glass from top to bottom, it will prove very ef-

fective in a heavy rain. Q. How can I secure more space when the laundry must be dried in the basement? A. By hanging the dresses, night clothes, and underclothing on coat hangers. They will also dry more quickly.

Q. How can I keep apples A. To keep apples solid, and to prevent them from rotting,

Q. How can I prevent coins from breaking through the en-velope and becoming lost in the A. Place them flat on a piece of paper and place adhesive tape

them and on the paper. Then fold the paper as usual and Q. How can I freshen stale A. Wrap the loaf in a wet cloth for a minute, then remove and bake '1 a slow oven for one-

quarter to one-half hour.

Q. How can I clean willow A. Scour with a strong solu-

tion of salt water, using a brush. TIT FOR TAT

Jack Osterman, the comedian, was asked to appear at a firemen's benefit performance. Being a kind hearted guy, Jack agreed. On the night of the show the Fire Chief called Jack aside, "I'll have to audition yo

"Oh, yeah," replied Osterman, "wait until I come back."
"Where you goin?" asked the Chief.
"Over here in the corner to start a fire. I wanna see how

good YOU are."

R. Barelas Warren, B.A. B.D.

A Call to Christian Living 1 Peter 4:1-11

Memory Selection: Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ. 1 Peter 1:3

Has someone wronged you by word or deed? Do you feel hurt? Many are nursing such hurts. By telling others the hurt grows. The infection spreads. Many are defiled.

I talked with one who had thus been hurt. There is no point of prolonged discussion of those responsible for inflicting the injury. They are accountable to God. I said to my friend, "Did they hurt you as much as the Scribes and Pharisees hurt Jesus? Were you stoned as Ste-phen?" The answer was, "No." Yet Jesus prayed on the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know what not what they do." Stephen prayed midst the barrage of stones that was killing him, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Can we rise above the injuries done to us? By the grace of God we can. It will be better for us both in spirit and in body. It will be better for those who live with us and meet with us from day

to day. Peter reminds his readers of their former way of life when they engaged in excess of wine, revellings and banquetings. He exhorts them; "But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

The daily news reminds us of the curse of strong drink. The accounts of quarrels, divorces murders and death on the highway nearly always mention that some one had been drinking. Yet if one raises his voice against the opening of new outlets for the sale of intoxicants he is accused of being intolerant and unrealistic; out of step with the age. Well, some of us want to continue out of step with those who want to increase the sale of liquor.

Many drink to forget their sober they find that they have increased their problems. Jesus invites the burdened to come to him and find rest. Matthew 11:-



LUCKY TUCKIE-A family pet missing since 1950 returned home as mysteriously as he had disappeared. The dog, Tuckie, belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Tony Anslinger. They were sitting on the porch recently when the dog came trotting up the street. He ran to them when called. They tried to convince themselves it isn't the same dog that ran away six years ago, but all evidence points to it as being the very same Tuckie.



SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME-W. B. Warren, 85. decided to straighten his car out while backing out of the garage. In the process, he reined one lawn, two garages and three cars. After sliding his car onto the lawn, he lost control while trying to regain the driveway and hit his own garage, after which the car careened into his neighbor's garage, and pinned a sports model against a larger sedan.