The tragic accident, which claimed the life of Mrs. William Cassidy, last Friday, was a shock to everyone in this community. Although a native of Western Canada, Mrs. Cassidy had gained the respect and affection of a wide circle of friends in her adopted community. As a registered nurse she continued to devote her talents to the care and welfare of her fellow human beings. Her husband and two small children are much in the minds of their fellow citizens during this distressing period. We can only hope that the prayers and understanding directed to them may help in some small measure to alleviate the tragedy that has befallen them.

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Congratulations are again in order for the Jarvis Midget Baseball team who drubbed the second round playoffs last Saturday by drubbing the Alliston team by a score of 19 to 1. It recalls to mind the self assurance of the boys on the Alliston team on their first visit here. They stated emphatically before the start of that game that it wouldn't be necessary to arrange a third contest — implying they would take the round easily in two straight games. It turned out to be settled in two straight games alright but the Jarvis team made the decision.

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The summer has just arrived but the season is over according to all the usual sign posts. The kids are back in school and organizations are beginning their meetings again after the holiday. The Jarvis Lions Club met for the first time under new management, last Monday night and President Jack Cooke presided with that finesse with which he is peculiarly talented. He takes over from Ray Montague who set a pretty stiff standard for his successors but we look forward to another successful year in Lionism in Jarvis with the persuasive personality of Jack Cooke calling the plays.

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Although we were unable to attend the Liberal Picnic at the County Park a few weeks ago, we did manage to enjoy the succulent chicken at Gay Connell's barbecue last Sunday afternoon. Although there were several Cabinet Ministers from the Provincial Government in attendance, it could hardly be termed a political picnic because there were no speeches. Perhaps some of the Ministers were extending their relationships with possible delegates to the forthcoming P.C. Convention to choose a new leader in the hopes of firming up their position. However, we imagine developments will yet take place that will make the delegates decision in this regard relatively easy.

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Look at Britain

— By Barbara Palmer —

VILLAGE FETE

It all began with the home-made notices pinned to the tree-trunks every few yards, as we approached the Village. They were made from old boards, with "FETE" and an arrow shaked on them in uneven letters. We were moving to Somerset, and this was the last stage of our journey, on a blazing summer day. We left the train at a tiny country station gay with flowers and white stones, and did the final seven miles by road. The taxi-man, who was also a local farmer, beamed all over his brick-red face at our question. "Where is the Fete ?" we asked.

"In our Village, in one of my fields". Pride made his Somersetshire drawl more noticeable.

"How often do you have one, and what is it like ?"

"Once a year. You must come your selves next time. There be motor cycle races, and things for the children and stalls and all. The money we get we shares in the Village - the Church gets some, and your school, ma'am, (to me), and various charity things." This sounded good, and we made a mental note that next summer, when we were not in the throes of moving house, we would be at the Fete.

Our enquiries seemed to have loosened the taxi-man's tongue, for the rest of the way, he chattered about the "Feet", as he insisted on calling it. We gathered it was the major event in the Village calendar. The traffic grew quite congested as we drew near, and we passed the field, gay with bunting and thronged with people, as we drove along.

Our friend was obviously in a hurry to leave us, so we paid him quickly and off he went, leaving us the only people at home in the Village. The place had a deserted air - cottage windows stared with empty eyes across the street.

The days slipped by full of interest in this new country life we were enjoying. Milking outside in the orchards, where the fruit turned from green to gold, and then to glowing red. So many lovely things we had never seen. Bonfire Night in the Vicarage grounds, when the whole Village turned out. But this year, we offered something new . Yorkshire parkin; we made tins and tins full, the night before. Christmas, with the school-children winding up the hill carrying lanterns, singing as they came, and at their head, a slow, reluctant Shire horse pulling a gigantic Christmas tree - a present from the Squire. Then Spring, the lanes heavy with the scent of primroses and violets, and everywhere a tremendous activity of birds and animals.

Almost too soon, it was summer; we had lived here a year, and we looked forward to our first Village "Feet". We began to realise what an important event it was when we heard the sewing-machines humming in every cottage. Children and mothers were to have new clothes, not for Whitsuntide, but for the "Feet"; We rehearsed the school-children for the fun running sack races in the orchard over the wall. The stalls went up two days before, but we kept the bunting fresh and clean in the Church hall until the last minute, in case of rain. Part of the "Feet" was a Show, with rabbits and hens, pets and flowers. The Village was keyed up the day before, and we were glad to escape from the last-minute preparations to snatch half an hour relaxing, while we listened to the all-important weather-forecast, on the B.B.C.

At last, the morning came. It gave promise of a perfect day. We saw the cows loom up through the early morning mist on their way to milking. Our neighbouring farmer preferred to milk in his sheds, not in the orchard, as was customary. We watched the sun light up the Village with golden mist, until it chased away the last shred, and all was summer brilliance. There was no school, of course. By nine o'clock, household jobs were finished, and we were on our way. We spread the stalls with the results of a year's work. Everything was home-made. There were jams and pickles, wines and bottled fruits. There were aprons and cushion-covers, pillow-slips with cobweb lace, and tablecloths. All paid tribute to the humming sewing machines and busy fingers. There were home-made toys, too, sponsored by the Ind. Village life. - the Women's Institute, and the dolls and rabbits and mice would have done credit to a West End store. Somehow, we noticed, there was always TIME for things in the Village. Although there was a ceaseless activity among the women, it was passed in pleasant places, for many of the toys and garments were made in the fragrant gardens, with the music of bees and birds and lowing cows as an accompaniment.

In the refreshment tent we found a dozen rosy-cheeked farmers' wives presiding over laden trestles. Again, the emphasis was on the home-made; - even the cheeses and cider. About eleven, the visitors began to arrive. Many had walked fro mneighbouring Villages. The sun was now very hot. The refreshments began to vanish. Everyone wore their Sunday best ish. Everyone wore their Sunday best ish. Everyone wore their Sunday best