

DIONNE QUINTUPLETS' BIRTH IS RECALLED BY MIDWIVES

Mrs. Alex Legros and Mrs. Ben Labelle to Receive \$50 Each at Birthday Celebrations

CORBEIL, Ontario, May 28—Mrs. Mrs. Labelle says she has been too busy. Alex Legros and Mrs. Ben Labelle, the busy midwives who helped bring the Dionne quintuplets into the world, warmed by the news that they will be honored year ago. It is not because the quintuplets are so famous or their year of birthday celebration today, waxed reminiscence of the famous night of the five births.

"I never get too tired to tell," said Mrs. Legros, a shy, delicate little woman. "I put the kettle on the fire. I made the bed in the room in front of the milkhouse, because Elzire (Mrs. Dionne) was feeling so very bad. I got the warm blanket ready for the baby. When they kept coming I got more things to wrap them up. I put them in a row. They got blue and started to die—and I breathed and breathed into them, and patted them, to try to make them live. The good Lord helped us, I think."

Knew Which Was Which

What Mrs. Legros is proudest of is this: She, of all the world, was first to know which quintuplet was which, and had she not known this fundamental information it might never have been known. She put them in a row, and she knew which came first, Yvonne, the biggest, then Annette, next biggest, second; Cecile, third; Emilie, fourth, and finally Marie, the smallest of them all.

"I am the one who knows," said little Mrs. Legros, with amazement in her eyes.

Today, Mrs. Legros excitedly opened her new refreshment stand on the hill above Dafeo Hospital and across the street from her own home. She told her story between selling soft drinks to the newly-rich gold miner from the north and his family, the clerk and his sweetheart, the carload of school teachers, and the fashionable couple in the Rolls-Royce with the liveried chauffeur.

"I was never in trouble before," she said, breathlessly. Hot dogs and coffee, her own fresh eggs, and maybe the home-made berry and custard and lemon pies for which she is famous to the neighborhood soon will follow for the tourists' choice.

If tourists came along so exuberantly when the road is still unfinished, nothing of the quints but five carriages on the hospital verandah to be seen, and it is not yet their birthday, it looks like a good summer for her.

Is Proud Mother

Down the hill and along the winding road Mrs. Labelle was stirring soup in the spotless kitchen of her whitewashed log house. Grey-haired, middle-aged, seasoned to women's suffering, Mrs. Labelle is a proud mother and a proud mid-wife. When she sat down to talk in the great, cheerful kitchen, a dog came to sit at her feet, and the cat moved over by the stove, the black kittens following. She said she had had 18 children, 13 of whom are living. Had she grandchildren? Yes, a few; some 33 and one great-grandchild that died.

She has been present at the birth of at least 200 babies, but after that she lost count. She maintained staunchly that she could have delivered all the quintuplets without the doctor. She admits, however, that she was rather flabbergasted when the babies kept coming. "When the first came I knew there would be two," said. "When I had delivered two I knew there must be three. When the third came, I said to the doctor (Dr. Allan R. Dafeo): 'Mon Dieu, il y en a encore' (there are still more there). Then the doctor finished the job."

In Mrs. Labelle's record of 200-and-some babies, seven have been born since the quintuplets. The most she has ever been paid for her ministrations has been \$3; \$1 is the depression average, or nothing at all. Beside this, her only income is the occasional day's work cleaning the church at Corbeil at \$2.00 a day. Her husband has been dead eight years, and now she is on relief. The \$50 birthday gift is good news to her.

Will Attend Broadcast

Both midwives will probably go to the broadcast ceremony. It will be the first time they have seen the babies for several months. Alex Legros says "My old missus," as he fondly calls her, has been too shy to go.

A PLEA FOR DEEP COVE

(Special to The Daily Mail)

DEEP COVE, Charlotte Co., May 29—Spring has come again, bedecking with carpets of green the hills and fields surrounding the beautiful village of Deep Cove. The hand of nature is evident everywhere, beautifying the landscape and spiritually helping the patient citizens of this hamlet as they toil on with unceasing efforts to fulfil their part of the bargain, to accomplish that which needs to be done in this life.

Fishermen are toiling in their boats day after day, repeatedly hauling in their lobster traps containing the dark green crustaceans which are their source of livelihood. The work goes on, the baiting and rebaiting of pockets of seine net as an inducement for Mr. Lobster of the right dimension to enter in. All too often he passes by but this monotonous task must continue, nevertheless.

If some of our government leaders and law makers knew how discouraging the prospects of the fishing industry have become, if they could be placed in a dory to become dependent on the fruits of a certain number of traps, then, perchance, they would be able to understand the needs of a fisherman. Perhaps then they could make laws for his benefit.

"What do the fishermen amount to?" What have they ever accomplished? ask the parliamentarians. Then let this question be raised: "What is being done to lift up the fishermen and help them to gain the top rung in the ladder of success? to help them 'amount to something' and 'accomplish something,' to quote the parliamentarians?"

Nothing! I answer. Those same individuals would do their utmost to crush and keep under foot the poor toiler of the sea, and add 20 per cent, if possible, to his cost of living. Engines, point, rope, gasoline, laths, twine, nails, timber for buoys, etc., all are becoming increasingly expensive, and our burdens increasingly heavy. What has been done by our government, which so lavishly spends on less needy projects, to aid us in our distress? Again I say, Nothing!

The fisherman may have his boat, his lobster pots set, and all the rest of his equipment ready for the beginning of the season. Yet, besides all this, he needs a safe mooring for his tiny craft. The fishermen of Deep Cove can construct a mooring by fastening their dories onto a large rock placed on the sea floor near the shore and drilled so as to permit a chain to be fastened to it. But will this be a safe mooring? No, not unless it is sheltered from the open sea by a natural harbor or by an artificial breakwater. And Deep Cove has neither, the near-by harbor being three or four miles away.

If my memory does not fail me, somewhere or other I have heard of "governmental protection of New Brunswick's fishing industry." Can this be that, vaunted "governmental protection," which leaves fishing craft, valued from \$700 to \$1,000 apiece to swing on their moorings at the mercy of the mountainous waves that pile in towards the rocky shore, with no means of saving them should they break away, without mention of the damage being done to the traps which are imbedded in the bottom of the sea?

Deep Cove needs a breakwater, a place of safety in which to moor her fishing craft, so that at a moment's notice, as sometimes happens, the very life's blood of the fisherman, as it were, could be put in a place of safety and protection.

Surely we deserve this much. So many places, with not half the rugged shore line that is present here, have strong breakwater protection. The coming generation has very little excitement to favor its remaining in its natural land. Circumstances similar to these have, and are leading to, disloyalty and lack of patriotism.

Once again the parliamentarians: "Too small, so insignificant, too unimportant, not enough votes."

Let me ask what has ever been done to make our district otherwise? Deep Cove, as a district, is fully adequate to appreciate and value to the fullest extent all that could be done to enable her inhabitants to reach out on a broader basis, pertaining to any help (respectable and honest) towards making it a larger and more important centre of population.

Our nearest post office is over three miles away. In the winter months our mail sometimes reaches us a week late. If questionnaires could be sent throughout the country in regards to this situation, I wonder what the replies would be? Not even the most isolated homesteads back in the interior of Canada are without their rural delivery mail boxes. Back in pioneer days situations similar to this were frequent, but this is the Twentieth Century, the century of airplanes, motor cars and radios—the age of scientific advancement.

In a province renowned for the Loyalist descent of its citizens, Deep Cove can boast of her Loyalist blood and patriotism. But does she have much to encourage this? Surely she won't be erased from the map when tourists from all over the continent find in her innumerable places of beauty and magnificence.

Loyal to the Flag, true to our government, upholding its laws and statutes, endorsing true civilization, composed of human beings with high ideals and ambitions to better this our land of the Maple Leaf—Deep Cove is all this and more. Does she not deserve to have something done for her welfare? Respectfully and faithfully we again appeal to those having the authority who are able to help us in these our two great needs, the fulfilment of which would mean so much to the entire district, namely, a breakwater and rural mail delivery.

I close with a great and eager anticipation of a better and more prospective future, not to be baffled by government representatives trying to satisfy our needs with false promises.

Things are coming to a climax in Welcome Valley on Tuesday, June 4. In the radio program which features Edgar A. Guest over an NBC-WJZ network at 8:30 P. M., A. S. T., Luke Ferguson's battle for the sheriff's office will reach its dramatic conclusion in the half-hour broadcast from Chicago. Guest will play the leading role as editor of the Welcome Valley Chronicle while incidental music will be presented by Joseph and his orchestra.

The Daily Mail Advertisements Bring Results.

NOTICE OF SALE

To William E. Kirk, of the Parish of New Maryland, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Nellie G. Kirk, his wife, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern:

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of the provisions of The Property Act, and of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the eighth day of January, A.D. 1929, made between William E. Kirk, of the Parish of New Maryland, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Nellie G. Kirk, his wife, of the first part, and the undersigned, Lillian M. Merrithew, of the City of Fredericton, in the County and Province aforesaid, Widow, of the second part, and duly recorded in York County Records in Book 207, pages 18-20, under official number 81314, the ninth day of January, A.D. 1929, there will, for the purpose of securing payment of the moneys secured by the said Indenture, default having been made in the payment thereof be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the CITY OF FREDERICTON, in the County of York, on SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE Next, at the Hour of TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

"ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the said City of Fredericton, and abutted and bounded as follows: Commencing on Victoria Lane (now Saunders Street) in the said City of Fredericton at the most easterly corner of a lot of land now in the possession of one Odbur Sewell, thence running in a southwesterly direction along the southeasterly side line of the said Odbur Sewell's lot a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet more or less, to the northeasterly line of lands owned by the estate of the late William Robinson, thence at right angles in a southeasterly direction along the said line of the Robinson's property a distance of sixty-six feet, thence at right angles in a northeasterly direction one hundred and sixty-five feet more or less to the said Victoria Lane (now Saunders Street) and thence along the said Victoria Lane (now Saunders Street) in a northwesterly direction sixty-six feet to the place of beginning."

Together with the buildings and improvements thereon.

For terms of sale apply to the undersigned Solicitors.

Dated this Thirtieth day of April, 1935. (Sgd.) LILLIAN M. MERRITHEW (L.S.) Mortgagee, Hanson, Dougherty & West, Solicitors.

Of Interest to Women

ANXIOUS MOTHER INSTILLS

FEAR INTO HER CHILDREN

Home Talk Should Never Revolve Round Illness, Horrors or Disagreeable Experiences

The most widespread malady of modern life, fear, interests every one of us. Sensitive children may never tell of their sufferings, because in some measure we ex-ferings and fears of kidnapping and perience this universal suffering, physical hurt in a world, which writes Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser seems so menacing and full of danger in the Glasgow Herald. Babies are ger. Confidence in parents and home said to be afraid of noise. Infants, gives security to young children. We according to the behaviourist school, should not expect them to shoulder have only one other fear—failing. Any anxiety before they are fit by age. These facts have been elicited by experiments, and training to face the world by reality.

The natural inherited fear of noise and falling is associated with self-preservation. Without fear, very few of us would live many hours in our streets and traffic, in spite of forests of traffic lights. We all fear something—debts, love, closed spaces, disease, loneliness—and most of us live of fears which might have been prevented. Suggestion in our own childhood days may have been to blame.

SUGGESTED FEARS

The anxious mother instills fears and nervousness into her children. We all know families where home talk revolves round illness until small hypochondriacs are frightened to death by such every-day occurrences as wet feet and infection. Everybody is infectious in the sense that we have billions of germs in our mouths and noses, living and dying on our own clothes, hair, and fingernails. We are all in danger from accidents unless we sit by the fire with our knitting, and maybe even then.

Such fears are caught by suggestion; fear for thunderstorms, darkness, accidents. They are preventable by the education of mothers in elementary psychology. Parents should not talk of debts and financial troubles in front of children if they desire their families to develop a robust attitude to money and enterprising living.

DISCOURAGE FRIGHTENING STORIES

Sensitive children are often threatened by adults who should have a dose of their own medicine. "The police will take you away," a phrase uttered in childhood, will give poor frightened souls nightmares half a century later. It would help to prevent fear if bogey man stories were prohibited in the nursery. The sensible mother discourages frightening stories at all times.

Talk of horrors like murder and

DANGERS OF RIDICULE A fearful attitude to life may have originated as a result of sneers and our ridicule, with their attendant humiliations, in childhood. Self-consciousness develops at about four years of age, and a little child is easily disheartened by the rebuffs and mistaken sense of humor which some grown-ups display before the young.

Most children are easily discouraged, and we should rather praise for what is accomplished than ridicule what seems to be failure or exhibitionism. The "look-at-me" attitude is normal; between four and six and should not be made fun of. Fear of mental pain makes children unnaturally reserved in their attitude to adults.

Fear of physical pain is felt by most of us sometimes. Children should be encouraged to face pain that is necessary with courage. Suggestion, either too little or too much sympathy, may arouse a life-long fear of illness, doctors, dentists—all "good" when rightly regarded.

CONQUEST OF PREVENTABLE FEAR

Prevention of fear is more than a family or mother's problem. It has to do with sex hygiene, economics, social reform, the solving of internal problems. The widespread neurosis of the twentieth century must be studied and dealt with as our grandparents studied the physical ill health of the community, the diseases due to dirt, darkness and ignorance of the causes of epidemics.

Mankind has conquered such preventable diseases as typhus, cholera, smallpox, and reduced the death-rate from diphtheria, scarlet fever, and tuberculosis. The next fifty years may see the conquest of preventable fear with far-reaching effects on the happiness and health of the nations of the world.

HAS INVALUABLE WORLD WAR SOUVENIR

C. L. Cousins, of Truro, Sent Out Order That Ended the War on His Section.

TRURO, N. S., May 28—C. L. Cousins, 71 Dominion Street has a souvenir of the Great War that is well worth having and one that is of particular interest just at the time when the big anti-war picture, "Lest We Forget" is to be screened.

Mr. Cousins who resigned a well-paid position with a cable company to enlist and served with the colors for four years was a dispatcher and sent but the message on the memorable November 11, 1918, that stopped the Great War on the part of the line on which he was serving.

The message timed, "09.5" and sent to "3rd and 4th bdes, C. F. A., 4th CDAC, 4th Tm's, Signals, was as follows, (the AAA means stop).

Hostilities will cease at 11:00 hours 11th inst. aas troops will stand fast on the line reached at that hour which will be reported to corps HQ aas defensive precautions will be maintained and there will be no intercourse of any description with the enemy aas further instructions later.

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