

**First for Flavor!**  
**RED ROSE**  
**COFFEE "is good coffee"**  
 As good as RED ROSE TEA

**ELLEN'S DIARY**

By an Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from Page 8)

Jock was banking this house at the time, catching the idea, perhaps from the men, Mr. C. and his ex-inforce nephew, at the house on the hill who preparing for "Ole Man Winter" had been at the work all morning. The small but thrifty Honeysuckle vine, which I planted carefully and tenderly in a cozy house-corner, one lovely spring morning was tucked up in bed today. It has made good growth and next year should see it fastened to a wall and well established on its upward way. Cuddled under a stable container, then protected with clay, Jock sent it off, according to my directions, into the land of dream. It will be a big day at Alderlea, when I see a big fat bee nectar from the first of its pretty blossoms! I think Jock had a number of "irons in the fire". Little duties neglected lately in the insistence of seasonal work and awaiting his pleasure, stalls cleaned and bedding carried, stabled calves made more comfortable, grain carried to feed-bins; faulty tying chains repaired and when I caught sight of a variety of lads and lassies and their mothers and aunts from the piggery out a-walking in the park—of orchard in the sunlight. I knew that also were being put in order. Jock enjoys his chor-ing for sometimes snatches of a song come to me here in the kitchen. Always intensely interested in farming like his parents and Rob, he asks nothing better in his leisure—in three seasons—than to roam, with some kindred spirit to share his views (and plans) over the farms to the horses at pasture the grazing herd of cattle and to observe the growing crops.

The woodland and creeks and river once claimed a share of his attention. Here he found many beguiling boyish interests: places to set snares; to trap and perhaps best of all, to fish. A neat slim lad—that's Jock. And Rob? He is taller, broader-shouldered and fairly "hefty" with Jamie's and James' brown eyes—but there what am I wandering on about?

A beautiful fall day, this has been, when as in summer, clouds and trees and sky were reflected on the placid bosom of the pond below the front field. Only the bare encircling alders remind of the season at hand and the nude birches and maples. It was calm and lovely, when the wild ducks homed and a drift of alert and twittering sparrows settled on the Scotch rose bush. The supper smoke spiraled upwards from the house on the hill and the crescent of moon was easily visible above the mill.

James is asleep now, in his old armchair. We had been talking and then all at once the conversation was one-sided, "putting ones hand to the plough" for years on end, or even for a day is a string of pleasant talk, there's a step on the porch—a light quiet tread—but James wakens, it's Jeanie "for the paper".

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night.

**NEWSY NOTES**

Continued from Page 6

was attractive with the Painted Trillium every spring; then cattle were pastured on it and in the five or six years the Trillium were completely exterminated. This is, or will be, the fate of many of our rarer plants, for farming must go on. So, for these (and other) reasons, in a hundred or even fifty years hence the "New Flora" must be rewritten.

In the Grand Manan list there are many changes in nomenclature, most of them timely, others not. There does not seem any good reason for substituting *benzoesida* for the more familiar *Dicksonia*, long used by Asa Gray as the name of our Hay-scented Fern. I agree that the *Poly-podium* found on this island in 1898, is closely allied to *P. virginianum*, though not elevated to specific rank under that title. The orchid *Epipactis* has now reverted to its former name of *Goodenia*, a not unjustified change. However, not to burden these notes with matter interesting only to our local botanists, I will conclude by saying that a new edition of the "Orchids of the Manual" will undoubtedly bring them some surprises. For my own part, I believe it should be published as soon as possible, since the last was issued 37 years ago.

**The Packers' Strike**

The packing-house workers, I understand, wanted 42 hours' work for 48 hours' pay. They have split the difference (vide The Guardian, Nov. 3) and gone "back to work on the basis of a 48 hour week instead of a 48 hour week." This represents a gain of 1 per cent on the wages paid and seems little enough as the cost of living stands. In the aggregate the concession will amount to some thousands of dollars yearly—tribute money to a powerful organization with matter interest.

It is not likely that stockholders and others connected with the companies will care to have their earnings reduced by such concessions, when there is a large body of unorganized farmers to draw upon. It will be interesting to see the trend of cattle-prices under this strain.

**Scottish and Irish Settlers**

When, in August 1787, Prince Edward Island was divided into 67 "lots", these were granted (with certain reservations) to individuals who had a claim against the British Government. The grantees, on their part, agreed to pay a small quit-rent, which in the undeveloped state of the land was soon found to be too onerous and was in general never paid. A further condition was that

**60th Anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Gallant North Rustico P. E. I.**

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Gallant, North Rustico, celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary on November 8, 1945. Their family numbered 19 children, of whom 11 are still living. There are also living 33 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. On this occasion their children and grand children and great grand children assembled at the old home to do honor to such a remarkable couple—Mrs. Gallant is 78 years old and Mr. Gallant is 83 young.

It was needless to say, a great happy time. The venerable old couple were presented with an address and a well filled purse. The "fatted calf" was slain and everybody sat down and enjoyed a dinner which included all the trimmings and more enjoyed it more than did the guests of honor—Mr. and Mrs. Gallant.

In the morning High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father McCabe at Stella Maris Church, North Rustico where thanksgiving was offered up to Almighty God for the rare blessing bestowed on the aged couple who have lived to celebrate the 60th Wedding Anniversary among their large and happy family.

Dearly Beloved Parents: Sixty years ago, in the convent chapel at Rustico, a young and happy bride and groom knelt before the altar to pledge to each other the solemn truth of love and fidelity.

Many, indeed, have known the joys of such a union, but it is both rare and remarkable that the participants should be favored to see the attainment of the anniversary so joyfully celebrated today.

To us, your grateful children, the recollection of those happy years of wedded life brings up many warm pictures, some of them filled with sunshine, others shrouded in shadow, all of them made brighter by your loving, mutual support.

We, your grateful children, thank God from the depths of our hearts for our beloved father and mother, and particularly for His having kept you in our midst all these years.

The priceless influence of your devotedness and of your good example will be an inspiration to us all through our lives.

We cannot express the gratitude that fills our hearts as we look back over our younger days and appreciate the love and generous self-sacrifice with which you cared for us.

We know well that even now the welfare of each one of us is your greatest solicitude.

There have been many joys and likewise not a few sorrows in those six decades of yours, dear father and mother.

Of the fifteen children who were privileged to be confided to your care, four, we hope, are already safe with our heavenly Father. Those of us who remain want to thank you again and again for all you have done for us.

We hope that the love and prayers of your children, your thirty-eight grandchildren and fourteen great grandchildren will brighten the declining years of your precious lives and be a comfort and support to you.

May this diamond anniversary bring you many blessings, and as the ties of family affection have bound us so closely here, may all be inseparably united some day in the eternal happiness of Heaven. Please accept this little token of our love and appreciation.

Your Grateful Children, 11-14-45.

each grantee should settle one person on every 200 acres of his land within ten years from the date of the grant; and failing this the land was to revert to the King. Constantly broken, this condition was not strictly attended to, and of those settlers who were brought in, the loneliness and hardships of the life soon induced them to seek fortune elsewhere.

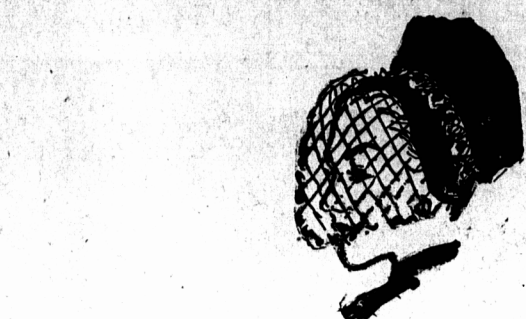
In a few years many of the Lots had changed hands and one of the new proprietors, the Earl of Selkirk, brought over to his property, nearly 800 settlers from the Scottish Highlands. This was in 1803, and was the first large scale immigration. In 1819 New Glasgow was settled by Scots from the neighborhood of Glasgow, Scotland. Constantly broken, this condition was not strictly attended to, and of those settlers who were brought in, the loneliness and hardships of the life soon induced them to seek fortune elsewhere.

At Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin on Oct. 19th, there passes away another of Prince Edward Island's "successful Islanders abroad" in the person of William Warren Dawson. Born in North Tryon in 1855, son of the late Richard and Mary Pooley Dawson, he was taken by his parents to Tignish at an early age, where he grew up into young manhood.

In his early twenties, he emigrated to Wisconsin where he engaged in lumbering business and won the respect and admiration of all with whom he came into contact during his fifty years of active business life in and around Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

On retiring from active business in 1932, he entered the Rutledge Home, Chippewa Falls, as his wife and son had predeceased him many years before, and here he spent the remaining years of his life, endeavoring himself to one and all. At the age of 84, he visited his native province and spent the summer with relatives in North Tryon, Kildare, and Tignish. During this vacation, his strong physique enabled him to shoot and fish over the same areas where he had played and roamed as a boy. In 1943, the sporting column of the Chippewa Falls Herald carried a cut of this grand old man in his skating costume as he exercised daily at this, his favorite sport during the winter.

During war years, he took an active part in war salvage work and his prayer was, that he would be spared until victory was won



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**BAD BREATH - ME?**

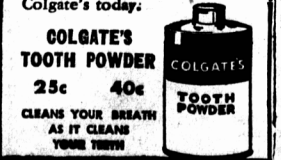


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**Dorothy Dix Says—**

(Continued from Page 8)

ANSWER: There is one infallible way of telling what to do when you find yourself at the crossroads of life and don't know which path to take. It is to apply the Golden Rule to the situation. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you and you will always be right.

**DO UNTO OTHERS—**

Look at the little boy baby you are cradling in your arms. Try to picture him 20 years from now. A grown man. Married to a wife he loves. She him in his uniform, a soldier, his face marked with the stress and strain of war, his eyes filled with the horrors he has seen. For a few days he is back home. You can feast your eyes upon him, talk to him, love him, and then he will be gone again.

If you were that mother—if some day that soldier should be your own son—would you want him to go off on a junket with his wife? Would you want your daughter-in-law to monopolize your son so completely that you would not even have a half-hour's private talk with him? Would you want a daughter-in-law who treated you as if you had no right to the son you brought into the world in agony, and whom you have spent years upon top of years in shaping into the man you gave her?

Try out the Golden Rule on yourselves, girls, and then you will know whether to take that vacation trip when your husbands come home on furlough.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: On account of hereditary conditions we don't want any children of our own, but we would like to adopt three youngsters who have good backgrounds. Do you think we would have any trouble finding nice kids for adoption? And what are our chances of happiness if we do?

ANSWER: Children who are given for adoption are nearly always illegitimate, and it would be practically impossible to find three youngsters with good backgrounds whom you can get. But that does not mean that do-good babies are necessarily the offspring of people of inferior mentality or criminal tendencies. Many men and women who have risen to high places in the world have been foundlings.

But don't think it is easy to adopt a baby. Every infant in an orphan asylum is simply swathed in red tape, and before you can get one out you have to prove that your own background is impeccable and your bank account satisfactory.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am engaged to a boy who has a poor up-bringing and who drinks, but I am sure that he loves me enough to quit his bad habits. Do you think he will?

ANSWER: Not a chance. A man's bad habits are dearer to him than any woman ever is.