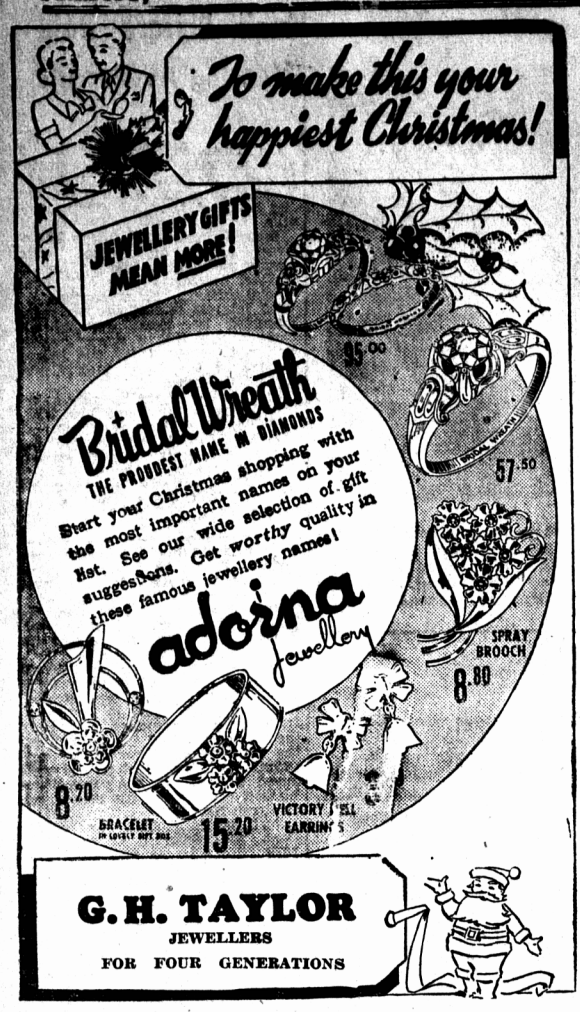


CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT

The 21st day of November A.D., 1945

In Re Estate of JOHN COPP late of Chelsea in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the United States of America, Retired Gentleman, deceased in testate.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Albert James Hasiam of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province. Barrister-at-law, the Admnistrator of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before the Judge present at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queens County, in the said Province, on Friday the twenty-eighth day of December next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of A. James Hasiam, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner.

And it is hereby ordered that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia in Charlottetown aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

WITNESS His Honour Harold Leonard Palmer, Judge of the said Probate Court at Charlottetown aforesaid, the day and year first above written.

By the Court.
(SGD.) E. MARGARET PALMER, Registrar.

(L. S.)
11-23-4i.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT

The 21st day of November A.D. 1945.

In Re Estate of GEORGE PARKER ROBB late of Milton in Queens County in the said Province, Clerk deceased, testate.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of John A. Robb of Milton on Queens County aforesaid, Farmer, the sole executor of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before the Judge present at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queens County, in the said Province, on Friday, the twenty-eighth day of December next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of A. James Hasiam, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner.

And it is hereby ordered that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the store of George McLean in Winsloe in Queens County aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

WITNESS His Honour Harold Leonard Palmer, Jurge of the said Probate Court at Charlottetown aforesaid, the day and year first above written.

By the Court.
(SGD.) E. MARGARET PALMER, Registrar.

(L. S.)
11-23-4i.

LOANS

If you have a desirable residential town or city property on which you want to raise money, we can make you a first mortgage loan on very attractive terms. Send full particulars with your application.

Maritime Life
Maximum Protection *Minimum Cost*
HEAD OFFICE HALIFAX, N.S.

T. W. Bentley, C.L.U., Manager, P.E.I. Branch.
Charlottetown

FOX FURS WANTED

We will be buying daily throughout the season silver, white marked and platinum fox pelts at top market prices.

EXCEPTIONAL HIGH PRICES FOR MINK AND MUSKRAT.

Do not dispose of your furs without getting our offer.

P. E. I. FUR TRADERS
(W. E. JENKINS)
212 Great George Street, Charlottetown

11-30-tf.

If The Bough Breaks

By
LOIS MONTROSE

CHAPTER VI

The elderly housekeeper opened the door for Tam and she went upstairs to the study where Professor Roger Dudley worked. She had said he was old, but that had been her first youthful impression; she realized now that he was yet in his early forties. He was a large boned man with sandy hair, thin and crinkly. He was childishly conceited and believed that his huge volume about medieval legends would be immensely important. And perhaps it would be if he ever finished. He had an inordinate liking for revision and footnotes. Tam gathered that it had gone on and on for many years. He was not teaching now but living on the royalties from rhetoric handbook which sold steadily all over the country.

Roger Dudley was roasting chestnuts in the open fire and their mealy fragrance mingled with the smell of fresh coffee which he drank copiously. He gave Tam a plate of chestnuts with butter and salt. "I like 'em with butter," he said. "Spread it thick while they're hot. October rain outside, a book-lined room, hot chestnuts coffee and a little fire wood. Jolly, isn't it?"

"Yes, but now I really must work," she said. "You know I haven't half finished A in the index. I just wanted to ask you about a quotation. Something about 'A man doesn't yell about a good deed, but goes on to another as a vine to bear grapes in season."

He wrinkled his pinkish brow. "'A vine to bear grapes'—now let me see—Let me see. That's familiar. A vine to bear—?" Tam thought he was like a youngster in a guessing contest. The silence grew as overpowering as the dark clouds - before a thunder storm (Her mind strayed to thunder storms—how strange that people thought them ominous or stern! They were really as gay and frivolous as Chinese fireworks. She loved lightenin'ng too.) And now the loud clap of his memory reverberated triumphantly in the small room. Marcus Aurelius! Marcus Aurelius!" He pawed at the bookcase and quickly flipped the pages of a fat little book. "See, now see, there you are. Only it isn't 'vells' Dear, dear dear, these finishing schools 'A man does not make a noise about a good deed but passes it on to another!' I hope you will try to improve your retentive mind as a vine to bear grapes."

She defended herself. "But I only heard it this evening—once. A waiter at a restaurant threw out a young man who was intruding on me. And when he came back the waiter suddenly muttered that abracadabra—from Marcus Aurelius? How strange!"

"Abracadabra? Come, come!" snorted Doctor Dudley. "It's sound philosophy. Aurelius was a sound(, practical fellow, say what the critics may."

"But what do you think the waiter meant, then?"

"Dull child," said Dudley, breaking the charred husk of another chestnut. "He meant that he would eliminate any other man who molested you and he looked forward to the opportunity —'as a vine to bear grapes.' And And furthermore he knew that his over act would bear fruit in your future regard. But I say, come to think of it, the remark was a bit extraordinary in a waiter."

"Wasn't it? They tell me he is taking his doctors degree in science this year at Penn."

"Humph! All the more unusual. Show me a scientist and I'll show you a man unacquainted with Marcus Aurelius, or medieval legends for the matter of that. I'll wager that fellow won't buy my book when it's out."

She rose anxiously. "Please, I must work on the index now." He would much rather sit there and talk than let her work. But since he was paying her by the hour, she felt that in all honor she must curb his extravagant loquacity. At last, grumbling over the necessity, he rose and lost himself in the revisions of chapter twenty-five. She relaxed then, enough to think of the piano she was going to buy tomorrow.

In the great department store where Tam had shopped so often without heed—in the company of Constance or Annabelle, one did shop heedlessly—she was aware of a new and frightening consciousness of money. She had commissioned old Luke O'Shanter to sell the donkey, the Siamese cat and two of the dogs. It had taken some time and yesterday he had appeared with an air of great secrecy to give her the money. He had glanced around the room, hands in pockets, stuped, shoved her to the side and slid his long hands up and down the keys in a bit of Rimski Korsakov—just a little bit to try the virginal one. "It is a nice piano," he said. "Accurate."

He kept looking into her eyes hypnotically, adoringly, and his fingers crept into the motif from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which is the saddest but the least profound.

And when he had gone away that night she was very happy, and she could see the moonlight through the French windows shining on the little piano, and she knew it would not be lonely any more.

(To Be Continued)

KISS YOUR TIRED FEELING GOODBYE!

Papleas Many Suffer Low Blood Count—And Don't Know It.

The baffling thing about low blood count is that you can watch about as much as you ever did—even look healthy and strong, yet you can feel as if you had lead in your legs, dopey, tired and peptless.

Low blood count means you haven't got enough red blood corpuscles. It is their vital job to carry life-giving oxygen from your lungs throughout your body. And just as it takes oxygen to explode gasoline in your car and make the power to turn the wheels, so you must have plenty of oxygen to explode the energy in your body and give you going power.

Get Dr. Williams Pink Pills today. They are world-noted for the help they give in increasing the number and strength of red corpuscles. Then with your blood count up, you'll feel like bounding up the stairs as if you were floating on air. Ask your druggist for Dr. Williams Pink Pills today.

lost, saying laconically "Well it's comfortable."

Then he sat on the edge of an armchair, took out the money, counted it carefully and threw it in her lap. "Ah I hated to part with Eli and Fugue and Doch and Dorris. They were nice beasts."

"Yes," she said shoving back the tears. "M'hm. Don't be sentimental."

"The family's all wondering about you, Tam. Yesterday in the drawing-room your sister asked Constance why you were selling animals and Constance said that maybe you wanted the money. So then Annabelle said, 'What is she up to, Mother?' And at this Constance made no reply in the way she has and Annabelle started to rave—yes rave. If you'll pour me some kind of a drink I'll tell you every word she said.'

But his mind always skipping about as agile as his body, reverted to the present happiness of seeing Tam. "Ah," he said, "the place isn't the same without you! Chestnut Hill? I ain't accustomed to it yet myself. Don't blame you for coming away. Play your stakes h'gh, my girl. Don't rest easy with a low straight. Draw for a flush. But call me on for another stack of chips when you need 'em." Apparently he had the notion that he was lending her the money for the animals which she had went over selling.

But it was for Nathen Nothing on earth was as important as Nathan's symphony. He was through with the Toc-Toc Restaurant now—Tam had encouraged him to that decision. But he quarreled every evening with his mother, the tiresome little Anna Pierrille who had no soul beyond her dress shop and the renting of rooms. Once, late at night when Tam heard him playing she slipped upstairs to the big living room overhead. She curled up in a chair and her rapt attention caused him to play so loudly that Mrs Pierrille entered. She wore an old-fashioned dressing gown and her gray hair was in curlers imprisoned by a net.

"Nathan!" she said. "It's too late Please." She raised her small plum hands with a gesture demanding quietude. Nathan's own hands fell powerless, miserable, on the keys. He stared up at a vase of execrable wax flowers on the mantlepiece. The room was like that.

Then Mrs Pierrille nodded toward the young girl and said coldly: "For you, too. I think it is too late. I am sure your mother would agree with me." As she turned and pattered out, Nathan and Tam exchanged a glance of self-commiseration and woe. Therefore Tam was here in the big department store, buying him a piano.

It was on the budget plan. One hundred and thirty-five dollars down and forty-five to pay each month until she had settled for two hunded and fifty dollars. Gosh she thought, puzzling over this high finance, I am going to have to keep my figures straight. But that momentary worry was dissolved by the joy of the piano's arrival.

Five stalwart young men came to install it—three of them grinned at her and the other two were grimly respectful. She gave the more grimly respectful fellow a five dollar bill to divide among the group. Then all of them grinned, called her lady, and ducked out.

She was alone with the little piano, referred to in the bill as a "lowboy and bench." It looked alien and lost in the equivocal, tarnished setting—like a modern child scrubbed by new standards and rubbed down with psychological oil.

She touched it. "Don't worry," she said kindly, and low in her throat as she talked to strange, shivering animals. Then she touched the keys and beneath her fingers the frightened little piano came alive to one of Chopin's Preludes. She played the only other thing she remembered—one of Shumann's gentle gifts to youth.

Then she heard the outside door open and close. And hearing music Nathan came straight to her room. "Come in," she said.

"But why?" he asked staring at her.

"It is for you," she said. "I bought it for you." All the time she went on playing badly, but watching his face.

"You can't—" he began, then

SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS Relieve redness, roughness, keep skin soft with fragrant, mildly medicated CUTICURA Soap and Ointment. Buy at your druggist's.

NEWS
From The
MARIE ELENA
BEAUTY SALON

The Christmas rush will be a pleasure to you if you are not annoyed by unwieldy hair. So would you like to take advantage of our reduced prices? We will be very happy to advise you about just what your hair should have. All the new creams and oils are here for your individual permanent.

PRICES: $2.50 - $3.50 - $5.00 - $7.00 - $10.00

Phone 2191 76 Gt. George St., Ch'town.

Buying Furniture Is Hard Work

By DENISE DALTROFF
Canadian Press Staff Writer

LONDON, Nov. 29 —(CP) —Pity the poor newlyweds of Britain. Furnishing their first home—if they can find one—provides little fun and excitement. It is all hard work, getting permits to buy and then tramping from shop to s hop in search of bare necessities.

To decorate their flat they may spend £10 ($45) without a licence. If the job will cost more than that, they must apply to the Borough Council which sends around an inspector to see whether the additional amount is justified. That settled, there is the problem of finding a decorator; and even the choice of colors is limited.

New furniture, except for the utility type, is not being made or imported into Britain. Used furniture unless it is antique, is price-controlled but the price is high. A dining-room suite may cost £200 ($900), a bedroom suite from £150 up and two armchairs and a settee about £150.

Utility furniture conforms with wartime necessity for economy in materials and labor and no one recommends it for long or hard wear. The style is simple and the range of designs small. The idea is to produce necessary articles at a reasonable price and there is no purchase tax. But the wood used is poorly seasoned and likely to warp.

Utility furniture can only be purchased with Board of Trade permission and a couple starting their first home are allowed 56 "units." Thirty can be used immediately, but the other 26 must be kept until some unspecified future date when the Board says they may be used.

It takes 12 units to buy a wardrobe, eight for a dressing table, eight for a tallboy, and one each for two chairs. The cost is approximately £42 (189) and delivery takes three months.

Apart from permission to buy utility furniture, each couple gets 'priority' tickets for one mattress, two blankets and three sheets. The permits only give priority on available stocks. If the shops have the goods the blankets will be the grey or brown army type, and linen sheets—if obtainable—cost seven guineas ($33) a pair.

They may also buy 15 square yards of curtain material, usually enough for one room. Coupon-free hessian must provide curtains for other rooms unless personal clothing coupons can be spared for some other material.

For the floor they receive priority for 20 square yards of linoleum or felt. Towels and tea cloths have to be bought with personal clothing coupons.

VALLEYFIELD WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Nov. meeting of the Valleyfield Aux. W. M. S. was held in the schoolroom of the church on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 14. The Pres. Mrs. Sterling presided during the business period, which opened by singing Hymn 249. The Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Bruce, read the minutes and called the roll to which members responded by a verse from II Cor. 5. The Treas. Mrs. Jack MacPherson gave her report, and received the offering. Mrs. M. D. Martin checked on calls made by members. Correspondence was read and arrangements made for the annual meeting which is to be held at the home of Mrs. Munro Bruce. Mrs. W. A. Bruce was in charge of the worship and program period. The opening worship consisted of hymn, scripture and prayers by members for ourselves as we study Africa, and for our missionaries in Angola. Using the two aux. study books, Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. M. D. Martin, Mrs. Munro Bruce, Mrs. Jack MacPherson and Mrs. W. A. MacLeod, assisted the leader in the intensely interesting study on Angloa, Africa, where Currie of Chisamba was the pioneer Canadian Missionary. For the closing worship names of missionaries on p. 461 Oct. Monthly were read, and silent prayers offered. Meeting closed by repeating Mina Soga's benediction.

Let the Gospel go on,
Let all the nations hear it
Till all have learned of it
In every part of the world.

At the C.G.I.T. meeting on Friday evening Nov 16, twelve girls were present. The Nov. 23rd meeting was held at the home of Mrs Robert MacPhee, where thirteen girls were present. The girls are invited next week to the home of Mrs. Bruce MacLeod.

The W.M.S. Thankoffering service was held on Sunday morning, Nov. 18th. The service was conducted by the guest speaker, Rev. Roy Webster. Appropriate music was rendered by the choir. A duet, "May I Come In" was sung by Irene, Bruce and Angus Martin. Members of the C.G.I.T. group sang "We Would be Building". The Mission Band gave an exercise "Thanksgiving." Rev. Mr. Webster spoke from the text "Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make you Free." In an inspiring address he put before his hearers the educational, medical, and spiritual needs of the Chinese people. He thanked the people here for their part in upholding their missionaries in active service, and stressed the need of continued gifts, prayers, and understanding interest. He also appealed for more trained workers for the building of the Kingdom in China.

MILK IN DISGUISE

Ghi or butter clarified by boiling, is an article of commerce in India and neighbouring countries. Koumiss, the fermented milk of mares is a favourite drink among certain nomadic tribes in central Asia and is regarded as a remedy for tuberculosis. For the same reason, an imitation koumiss is made in other countries from asses' or cows' milk.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from Page 2)

ing made the selection, I am about to open my purse to pay for it, along comes James! Silence is not always golden, it often holds a dark rebuke too deep for words. However, I have an idea, James and I will go to the city one of these days, for like the prelude to the touching and beautiful Christmas story, that eventually had its setting in a lowly manger, tax-time is here and James is one who never fails to pay this indebtedness on time.

* * *

His cold is still an annoyance to him and was aggravated by the dampness of today. Rather dreary, the out of doors has been and yet so pleasant in the house, especially now that the lamplight closes out the weather. Many small rivulets, which last night's rain had fashioned, hurried down a wheel track, beside a roadway or in a dozen other places today to find their certain course to the pond and stream. I saw the miller hasten down from the house on the hill, to remove boards from the sluices and then the sound of escaping waters was tumultuous—"the noise of many waters" as it came up to us at Alderlea. At noon, the gray ceiling of morning, came lower to isolate us from the surrounding countryside. The rain came then and the wind played a wild accompaniment that quickly put an end to all field work. Then lulled to a forgetfullness by nature's not unlovely symphony, Alderlea rested. The very fowls left their excursions about the yards and meadows to return to the poultry house; the sheep deserted their feeding grounds to take refuge in the fold; Pard too, a muddy fellow of a dog, when James begged the privilege for him, took up quarters behind the stove and slept comfortably nose on paws; Tabby pillowed herself on the cushion of a rocking chair beside me and purred a charming refrain of warm, cuddling kit-cats, an abundance of small fat mice and saucers of froth-blown milk. There was no sound of doors opening or closing in the house across the lane. James' paper with its news of an unsettled world, crime waves and farm markets, slipped unnoticed from his hand and lay in disorder on the floor beside his armchair. "Pur-r, pur-r' sang Tabby; tick, tock, went the old clock in measured beats; patter, patter the rain played against the panes. It all wove together into a beguiling soporific tune. A household slept.

* * *

There was good news of a brand new niece's safe arrival (sister to Bill, still overseas) and also of one stricken suddenly ill but now showing definite improvement, which is I would say one of the best words that has ever been heard by anxious relatives and friends. And always there are those ill in hospital or miserable to whom the thoughts of friends and loved ones many times turn. Others have been taken from us beyond mortal sight nevermore to walk with their "ain folk" again. Only in dreams in the beautiful influence that has been left, that never dies but becomes a part of those who lonely must continue the pilgrimage day by day. "I shouldn't like to be too sick tonight" James says reading my thoughts and watching the rain still course down the window. "Nor to be abroad" I say. But Jock is away to the mill to help with a grist of crushing. The lantern went "bob-bob-bobbin'" down the muddy short-cut awhile ago. We divided out time—James and I—between reading aloud and listening to the radio programs, which "av a Friday" are usually entertaining and good. We listen unashamed to "Santa" programs, James "to recount them to Jamie" and I because they never lose their appeal for me. Others than the local ones I find. Tonight I was disturbed when James cleaning his pipe made a clatter with the stove covers, interrupting my "listening pleasure." "What is so important?" he inquired. "Why it's a Santa Claus program" I answered. He fidgets now. "This cold, Ellen, I think it is worse—I feel chilly too I wonder what I should take?" Away goes my pen—What shall he take? A foot bath and an old fashioned panacea—a steaming drink of "grandmaw's" ginger tea.

Until tomorrow—Diary — Goodnight

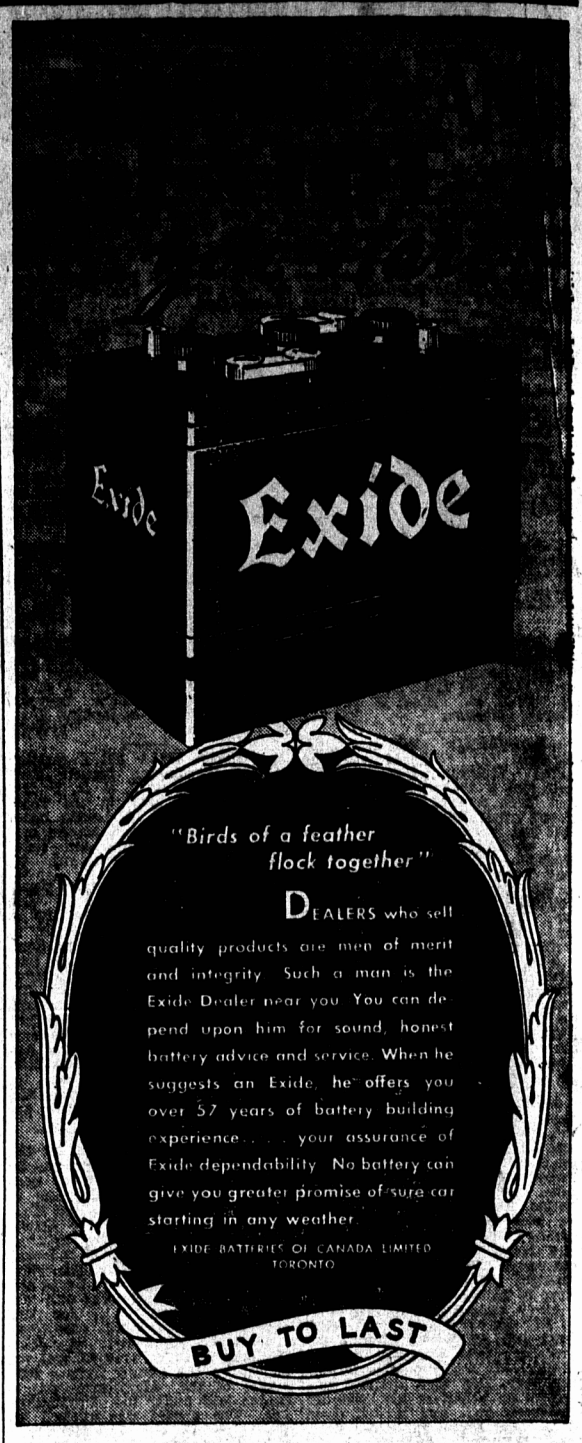
LONDON—(CP)— Two Indian pythons, mascots of a British warship crew, have been presented to the London Zoo by Commander M. C. Causland of HMS Wayland. Their names are "Percy" and "Cynthia."

NASTY COLDS *smashed* In Short Order

It is really amazing how quickly you can soothe certain types of Cold with **Polson's Cough Syrup**; in short order it helps to dissipate that acute soreness in the throat—nasty clots of phlegm dissolve, sneezing and running nose quiet down. Even if your cold is an old one, even though you have been coughing for weeks, it is not 'too late to look for real help from this soothing remedy.

Be wise, don't let your Cold linger on—turn to **Polson's Cough Syrup** for the quick relief it can bring to Coughs, Colds and Throat Irritation. Start afresh on the road to better health—have fewer colds — less coughing — more comfort. Thousands have proved **Polson's Cough Syrup** can accomplish very helpful results. Sold by all good dealers in 35c bottles.

POLSON'S COUGH SYRUP



LUMBER WANTED
For Kings County Hospital

SEALED TENDERS to be marked "TENDERS FOR LUMBER" and addressed to the King's County Hospital, Montague, P. E. I., will be received up to December 20th, 1945, for the following quantities of Spruce Lumber:

Section A. 400 pcs. 2" x 10" x 15.5' D2E
200 pcs. 2" x 10" x 8.5' D2E

Section B. 36 pcs. 2" x 8" x 9' D2S
180 pcs. 2" x 8" x 15.5' D2E
90 pcs. 2" x 8" x 9' D2E

Section C. 6000 L.F. 2" x 6" D2S2E
1250 pcs. 2" x 6" x 9' D2E

Section D. 4800 L.F. 2" x 4"D2S2E
180 pcs. 2" x 4" x 15.5' D2E
800 pcs. 2" x 4" x 9' D2E

Section E. 7-8" Spruce T&G 16,000 F.B.M.

Section F. 7-8" Spruce Sq. Edge 11,500 F.B.M.

to be delivered in Montague, at a place to be designated, on or before the 15th of March, 1946.

Tenders may be made for one or more sections or for the entire lot but the price for each item shall be separately stated.

The Lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted

JESSIE McKENDRICK, Secretary.
The King's County Hospital.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

"I always go incognito when I order my Guardian Want Ads — it throws my competitors off the track!"