RED ROSE COFFEE as good as Red Rose Tea!


### HAZELBROOK W. I.

The September meeting of the Hazelbrook Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. W. T. Coady on Tuesday evening the third. With the president presiding meeting opened by the singing of the Institute Ode followed by the creed in unison. Minutes of the last meeting were adopted as read. Roll call was responded to by 10 members and three visitors were present. One member expressed her thanks for fruit received while sick. A letter concerning the Salvation Army home front appeal was read and on motion $2.00 was voted toward this worthy cause. Bill of $1.70 for gift was paid buying committee. Two new members were welcomed: Mrs. Bruce Crane and Mrs. Alvin Myres. A letter of thanks from overseas was read by Mrs. J. C. Wood for her gift of clothing. It really showed the appreciation and need of such articles. It was decided to call on our new neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Crane and present them with a gift. Program consisted of a "Bird" contest by Mrs. Austin Coady. Mrs. J. C. Wood invited the next meeting, roll call to be answered with "a joke", anyone guilty, fined 10 cents. Collection amounted to 65c and grab bag $1.20. After a dainty lunch was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Austin Coady meeting closed with the King. —(Patriot please copy.)


# FARMERS ATTENTION

**Listen to the Gil-Mack Five-Spot program sponsored by the Livestock Marketing Board, station CFCY, each Thursday evening, 8:15 Standard Time, 9:15 D.S.T. Special announcements of interest and value to farmers. Don't miss them.**

**Farmers have little opportunity of keeping "up-to-the-minute" on information that, at times, materially affect their agricultural activities, such as Supply and Demand, Grain and other Livestock Feed importations, Market value of Livestock and associate Farm Products, etc., in these days of rapidly changing conditions.**

**During the Fall, Winter and Spring, now ahead of us, a weekly digest of such information will be given over the air, CFCY, Charlottetown by the Livestock Marketing Board each Thursday evening, during the Gil-Mack Five-Spot program at 8:15 o'clock Standard Time. Like the Rabbit, Get the Habit, Get together, listen in, and you will get reliable, profitable, and interesting information.**

**We take special pleasure in announcing that the first drawing in the "Litter Lovers Contest" for the 1946-1947 season will take place on Thursday evening, September 26th during the Gil-Mack Five-Spot Program, Radio Station CFCY, Charlottetown. There will be three drawings that night, one for each county, and all hogs shipped since June 1st will qualify. So ship your hogs next week and give us a chance to send you a coupon for each hog, and then return every coupon you have so they can be included in Sept. 26th drawing.**

**So now, watch the newspapers, listen to CFCY, ship your hogs through the Livestock Marketing Board regularly every week. Call our agents for trucking and other service and we're away to a good start for another Fall and Winter of fun and enjoyment and prospects of profit without investment with the Gil-Macs in their Five-Spot Program and Litter Lovers Contest, sponsored by the—**

**LIVESTOCK MARKETING BOARD**

**P.S.: Cut out this advertisement for reference.**



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**Now Open for Business. All newly decorated.**

**We solicit a fair share of your trade.**

**Phone 57-J.**



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**FOR PROMPT PICK-UP SERVICE**

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## CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

HOWARD McINNIS for Fitted Foot wear. 2-9-Str-tf

CHESTERFIELD just arrived, deep wine, Toombs Music Store.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

SAVE FUEL. — Have your furnace cleaned and put in shape for winter by City Handy Man Service. Phone 2098-L.

RECENT ARRIVALS, fur trimmed and untrimmed coats, fur-trimmed suits, woolen and crepe dresses in dark and pastel shades. Kennedy's Ladies Wear, 166 Queen St.

MR. J. MacDONNELL, K. C., M.P., President of the Progressive Conservative Association of Canada will broadcast on C. B. C. Series "The Nation's Business" on Wednesday, September 11th, 9.30 P. M. A. D. T.

TO P. E. I. — Mrs. R. D. Campbell, Peppett Street, left on Tuesday by the S. S. Uina for Bellevue, P. E. I., where she will spend some time visiting friends.—Sydnes Post-Record.

SEVEN CHRISTENSEN Student will preach in the United Church Charge as follows: On September 15th, Annandale at 2.30 P. M. and at Dundas at 8 P. M. On September 22nd at Dundas at 3 P. M. and Annandale at 7.30 P. M.

ENGAGEMENT. — Mr. and Mrs. Martin Brennan. Kinkora, announce the engagement of their daughter Frances Genevieve to James Patrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dorsey, Borden. Marriage to take place the latter part of September.

THE ENGAGEMENT is announced of Bertha Isabel Thompson, R. N., daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Thompson, Dunstaffnage, to Robert Daniel son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Brown Pownal. Marriage to take place in the near future.

ENJOYED VISIT TO PORTLAND, MAINE.—Mr. and Mrs. David Edward and two girls Joyce and Vivian, returned home from Portland, Maine., where they visited Mr. Edward's, cousins Mr. and Mrs. Earl Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Heskit, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur True, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gilles. Mr. Edward was spending his week's holiday as he works on the C. N. R. at Summerside.

CITY POLICE COURT—At the City Police Court yesterday a remanded drunk was dismissed. The accused in a case of abducting an unmarried girl under the age of 16 was remanded one week. A man charged with drunken driving was remanded until 17th. In a Prohibition case the accused was remanded until today. A drunk and disorderly was remanded until the 17th. The accused in a case of non-support was remanded until the 11th.

FUNERAL SERVICES—The funeral of Mrs. Mary McQuaid, widow of J. H. McQuaid was held yesterday morning from her late residence 21 Greenfield Ave., to the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Edward Baldwin, C. SS. R., occupying seats in the Sanctuary were Rev. K. McPherson, Rev. J. E. P. O'Hanley and Rev. K. McMillan. The pallbearers were: Judge Mark McGuigan, Judge C. Gavan Duffy, Dr. F.G. Smallwood, D.J. Riley, Vincent Blake and Leo Doucette. Service at the grave was conducted by Rev. David Edwards, C. SS. R.

VISITING N. S. — Mrs. George Mills and little son, George Jr., of Halifax, are spending some time in Trenton, N. S., the guest of her friend, Miss Ida Gillis, Grandview Ave. Mr. Mills who is employed in Halifax, will also spend a few days with relatives and friends here, after which he will leave, accompanied by Mrs. Mills and little son, for Summerside and O'Leary, P.E.I., where they will spend two weeks' vacation with relatives, before returning to their home in Halifax.—New Glasgow News.

W. M. S. MEETING — A joint meeting of Malpeque, Hamilton, Sea View and Darnley United W.M.S. was held at the Manse September 3rd. Mrs. Leslie Ramsay representing Hamilton Auxilary was in charge of the programme. The India programme was taken from the Missionary Monthly, and very carefully carried out by Mrs. L. Ramsay as India Mrs. Crowdis as Canada and Mrs. Keith Ramsay as the Church, The new Study Book, "India at the threshold" was introduced by Mrs. Crowdis; Mrs. K. Ramsay also read the story of Ananda as written in chapter 1 of the study book. A duet "The ninety and nine" was sung by Mrs. Joseph MacGregor and Mrs. Simpson. The singing of hymn "Prayer to a Heart of Lowly Love followed by Prayer brought the meeting to a close. A delicious lunch was served by Hamilton group. Each Auxilary then held their regular monthly meeting.


**ANNUAL TAG DAY**

**Of The**

**CANADIAN NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND**

**Will Be Held In**

**CHARLOTTETOWN**

**Thursday, Sept. 12**

**Under Sponsorship of the Charlottetown Women's Auxiliary**

**When one of our Volunteer Taggers approaches you, be generous.**

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**172 Almon St., Halifax, N. S.**



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**COLGATE**

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**CHILD-SIZE TOOTH BRUSH**

**19¢**

SAFE FOR TENDER GUMS

MONEY CAN'T BUY A BETTER TOOTH BRUSH


## Personals

Mr. Ian MacDonald, Mermaid, left Monday morning for Halifax, where he will begin his studies in Dentistry at Dalhousie University.

Miss Phyllis MacEachern of Long Creek, and Miss Norma Shaw left Monday for Moncton and Halifax, where they will spend an enjoyable holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Edwards and daughter Vivian, spent the week-end with their daughters Mrs. Elmer MacDonald and Mr. MacDonald, New Glasgow and Mrs. Russell Smith and Mr. Smith, Oyster Bed Bridge. Also their daughter Joyce where she is with her sister Mrs. Smith.

Mr. G. H. Taylor, retired Jeweler who is now 94 years of age Monday made a call at his store, now being conducted by his sons Reginald and Rowland, and after having a look around was driven back to his home. It is pleasing to note that Mr. Taylor despite his advanced years, is enjoying excellent health.

## In Memoriam

### MR. JOHN McMANUS

On the morning of September 2nd, John McManus, a dearly loved and highly respected resident of Bonshaw passed to his eternal reward. Though in failing health for the past four years, since February last, intensified suffering was the final purification of his soul before it received the reward of long and arduous labours.

For more than half a century Mr. McManus held a position of trust and responsibility in his community. The charm of his sincere upright personality won the esteem and affection of neighbours and friends, while a quiet dignity of manner together with characteristic firmness to duty inspired respect and veneration regardless of class or creed. During the thirty years that he acted as Rural Mail Courier many life-long friendships were formed. His friends were won by the charm of his sincerity and charity. They not only respected and admired him, they loved him.

His strong spirit of faith perhaps outshone all other qualities. This was testified daily in a Christian acceptance of suffering and a deep gratitude for the consolations of his religion. The frequent visits of the pastor, Father Leonard Ayres, during his last days upon earth brought to the departing Christian soul all the blessings of Holy Mother Church and filled with deep thankfulness one who had striven to serve God faithfully in the days when health and strength permitted.

Suffering is a gentle teacher and in Mr. McManus' case revealed unknown depths of courage and love. He did not cumber life with the things that are not worth while but developed in his own quiet way the lovely qualities of trustworthiness, fidelity to duty, friendship and above all Fatherly love and solicitude.

Mr. McManus was first and last a kind and loving father, a sympathetic neighbour and a loyal friend. His home was a real home, one in which a welcome was ever ready and hospitality reigned supreme.

Memory can never exaggerate when it paints in beautiful tints the picture of this true father and kindly friend, who has passed on. His peaceful lovely death, surrounded by so many of his dear ones was a fitting close to a noble life, while the funeral procession of countless loving friends paid its own silent tribute of veneration and remembrance to the dear departed.

There are left to mourn the passing of a dearly loved father, four sons and five daughters:—James Aeneas of Winnipeg, Manitoba; Mary, Mrs. MacDonald, Dorchester, Mass.; Emmet of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; Frances, Sister St. John Joseph, Congregation of Notre Dame; William, Rural Mail Courier; Bertha, Sister St. Claire of the Eucharist, Congregation of Notre Dame; Clara, Mrs. Richard A. Murphy, Newton Centre, Mass.; Ella at home and John on the homestead.

The departed soul was enriched by the reception of numerous Masses, Spiritual Bouquets and Messages of Sympathy and also a beautiful spray of flowers.

# Grey Roses

By PETER BENEDICT

### CHAPTER XI

### WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Horton," said Jane, as they met. "Hullo, Hughie, how are you?"

Mother and son stopped readily in response to the greeting, and the mother smiled very pleasantly. There were few people in Ashton Paul who did not smile at Jane, even though the smiles were tempered now by a sort of covert pity. It was plain from her glance that Mrs. Horton, in spite of her absorbing anxieties, could afford to be sorry for Jane.

"He's not been at all well, miss," she said, answering for her son. "This is his first time out for a week. I haven't been able to get him over the doorstep. Can't think why, I'm sure. Usually it's all I can do to get him to come home to his meals. But there, you never can tell what's going on in Hughie's head."

There was some sort of struggle going on in it at that moment. Uneasiness shadowed his blue eyes, and he shifted nervously from one foot to the other, drawing close to his mother. Yet a slow smile came and went grudgingly upon his lips, and he held out his hand timidly to Jane.

"It's of you he's afraid," said Jane gently. "This is a friend of mine, Hughie. His name's Jim Foley, and he's a nice man, so you mustn't be scared of him."

"No," said Hughie obediently, and his smile came again more confidently than before. He had, seen thus at close quarters, a face which was by no means unpleasing; too small to be normal, but symmetrically featured and of a bewildered expression, with none of the hideous happiness common to the faces of most mental deficients. His voice was small and docile and childish.

"You used to come down to the church and watch me working, Hughie," said Jane. "I've missed you. Why don't you come any more? Haven't you been well enough?"

He only shook his head, and smiled uneasily, and would not answer. His mother looked down at him with affectionate anxiety; she was not a big woman, yet she was half a head taller than he.

She said, as if confiding intimacies to the one person in the world qualified to receive them; "I can't make him out, miss, and that's the truth. It isn't as if folks round here aren't used to him. I can't think as any of them would be rough with him. They never seem to mind him being about, that I can see. And then to turn on a poor boy and frighten him half out of his wits—one as can't help being like he is—"

"Frighten him?" said Jane warmly.

"No, I can't think that anyone would do anything to frighten him. Why ever should they? Why, everyone likes to see him—don't they, Hughie?"

Hughie said nothing. His silence was wild and strange, and he cast even at Jane brief sidelong glances which spoke of nervousness, if not actually of fear. He drew his hand away from her, and edged closer to his mother.

"Oh, Hughie!" said Jane reproachfully. "You don't think I'd hurt you, surely. Why, we used to be such good friends."

"There you are, you see, miss," said Mrs. Horton with a sigh, "he's like that with everyone since this—whatever it was—happened to him. Took me a week to get him over the doorstep, it has, and now he won't talk to anybody, not even to those he used to like best. You know how it is," she said simply, "with folks like Hughie. People get quite a turn sometimes from poor creatures like Hughie, if they happen to be took unawares."

"I can't think it should be such a shock to anyone," said Jane, "when he's so obviously quite harmless and only means to be interested in everything."

Mrs. Horton was a woman old and practised in the contemplation of her son's abnormality. She was not so blind as to think him a reassuring object to anyone; but her candour was almost more tragic than illusion would have been.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "Some people get the shudders from creatures like my Hughie. Poor things, they can't help it. 'Tisn't that they want to be unpleasant. But there's none so cruel as frightened people. Why they might even hit him to drive him away if they were really scared."

"But, Mrs. Horton, however did it happen? What makes you think he had such a bad fright? Hasn't he told you all about it?"

"Not a word, miss. Coax him as I may, he won't tell. Like a poor dumb beast he is, just wishful to hide away when he's hurt and terrified, and as if he was frightened for his life to say a word about it."

"But how did it happen? Was he out by himself, then?"

"Yes, miss, out on the prowl as usual he was, and had been all the morning. Went off as happy as a king he did after his breakfast, and said he was going to see Mr. Grey cutting his hayfield. He was away all the morning, and I was beginning to think I should have to go and fetch him to his dinner, when in he comes running like a thing demented, gasping and sobbing to break his heart, and into his big chair by the fireside, and tries to bury himself, as you might say, in the cushions. Just like as if the devil was after him. And to this minute, miss, I'm none the wiser about what happened to him. Just crouched there, he did, and shivered. I thought he'd perhaps been hit by a car or something on the road home, but there wasn't a mark on him. But he wouldn't eat a bite, no, nor sleep till the doctor gave him something to calm his nerves. And as for coming out of the house—why, you'd have thought we were for killing him when we tried to get him to go for a walk. And that's the way he's been all the week—ever since a week yesterday!"

"Poor Hughie!" said Jane quite softly. "Whatever did they do to you, to frighten you so?"

He shook his head in a heavy gesture which was more a convulsion of unease than a refusal to confide in her, and plucked at his lips with a small hand.

"I don't know what it was," said Mrs. Horton, "but he's been a proper trial with it. Thanks be, he's just beginning to forget about it, but it's made him awful shy again, worse than he used to be."

"Oh, but he will," said Jane reassuringly. "Just give him a few more days to get over it, and he'll be as right as rain. Let him come down to church some afternoon if he will. I promise he'll be all right there." She looked up at Jim with a quick smile. "He's so useful. He holds my brushes for me—don't you, Hughie?"

Hughie said: "Yes," like a shy child prompted, but with rather more assurance than before.

"Will you come and hold them for me again? And I'll let you squeeze the paints out on the palette for me if you will come. You'll like that, won't you?"

He said with sudden animation: "Pretty colours — Hughie likes pretty colours?" And with appalling abruptness subsided again instantly into his uneasy isolation.

"I'm so sorry you've been worried," said Jane to his mother, with that sad and stern little smile which was new to her lips since the departure of Charles.

"There, miss, with all your troubles, I'm sure it's nice of you to feel for me. Never you worry, my dear, it'll all turn out all right, you see if it doesn't."

"I hope so," said Jane. "Thank you, Mrs. Horton. I hope Hughie will soon be well again."

She went long the edge of the green, her eyes fixed ahead, her chin rigid, her hand very tightly clenched upon Jim's arm.

"Too bad," said Jim, sensing the wisdom of keeping her mind upon other people. "He'll never be older than he is now. I've seen them before. Probably normal up to about four years old, and after that his mind just didn't grow."

She nodded. "That's it. He was a lovely baby, too. I've seen photographs she has of him. He's going to be a curse to that poor woman all her life. She'll just worry about him more and more as she grows older. But, Jim, whatever could have happened to frighten him like that?"

"I can't imagine. But odd things do go in minds like Hughie's. It may have been a brush with a car, as she thought. It may have been some rather queer tramp who gave him a fright. The simplest of things would do it."

"Poor Hughie!" Jane's soft voice trembled a little. "It must have been something frightfully bad, to keep him in—how long did she say?—all of eight days—ever since a week yesterday—" She stopped suddenly, stopped dead in the middle of the lane, her hand dragged from his arm, her voice broken off sharply in a great gasp.

"What is it?" asked Jim, not without alarm. He came back to her and drew her arm through his. She yielded to the coaxing pull and fell once again into her slow walk, her eyes fixed and wide in speculation, her lips parted. "My dear girl," he said, gently, "whatever's the matter?"

"I'm all right—really I am! But —oh, Jim, do you think it could really be that?"

"Be what? I see you've thought of something terrific, but I haven't the least idea what it is. Come along, tell me what's going on in your mind."

"It was what Mrs. Horton said. It's given me an idea. It was a week yesterday that this happened to Hughie. Oh, Jim, don't you see? It needn't have been a person who frightened Hughie. Maybe nobody was rough with him at all. Maybe it was just something he saw. Oh, Jim, you can't have forgotten that that was the day—"

"The day Hart died," said Jim, light breaking in upon him. He was silent, trying to visualize the possibility.

(To be continued.)


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Baker's Cocoa is a good source of food energy and an enticing form in which to give children milk. For afternoon pick-ups, hot or in cool milk shakes . . . with Sunday night supper snacks . . . with cookies or sandwiches for party refreshments . . . you can serve Baker's Cocoa often.

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## Big Increase In Ferry Traffic At Wood Islands

Large increase in passenger, auto and truck traffic between Caribou and Wood Islands this year is shown by the following figures released by the Northumberland Ferries Limited:

To the end of August, 1946, with comparable 1945 figures in brackets:

Passengers 36,547 (30,900).
Autos, 6,672 (4,269).
Trucks 1,889 (1,009).

These figures, which are subject to rechecking, show increases to the end of August of 5,647 passengers, 2,403 autos and 880 trucks.

Total figures for last year's traffic are: passengers 46,005; autos 6,485; trucks 1,877.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 2

Hands were folded—gifted hands whose touch could bring out the charm in a bunch of flowers, mix delectable cakes, help the sick and ailing and minister so well to those within her gates. She is at rest now. Tonight the moon sheds a mellow harvest light on the grave where she was laid. Night sounds are there—that come with the peace of even-tide, borne on the quiet air: a cricket's mournful tune; a dog's lonely bark; the small rustle of a leaf. And she will not hear, for "being dead" she sleepeth."

• • •

I caught a glint of the Autumn shades in the maples this afternoon. It could be seen in that grove of Pat's maples, which stand beyond our hill-top and in those which decorate other hills and dales across the face of The Island countryside. Harvest-tide has come to every farmstead. Stooks are in winsome rows; grain-wagons were being loaded with fragrant sheaves, and in some fields, that a bare week ago had held waves of ripples only the gold of the stubbles remained. The glory of these had been saved to barns. There had been, once upon a time in the bright new days of Spring, a seed-time now the promised harvest had come. Gulls hovered about winding limpid rivers, that came and ended in a September haze and a patient leggy heron as moveless as if held in death was reflected in the placid shallows of Mr. C's mill-pond.

• • •

There was stooking of grain for our men folk in at Rob's this evening. Indeed the moon was well above the mill before they returned home, the team with harness clanking in the quiet night. "Be sure Ellen" James had included in his parting, which of necessity was hurried "that you tie the Jersey cow in the stable this evening. This is going to be a coolish night and you never can tell just how soon ..." Accordingly, Mary, Jeanie's handsome and petite purebred, reclines indoors tonight on a soft bed of straw. And Jeanie's fortunes are likely to be increased presently and her store of "goods and chattels" added to. "But" James tells me, he having just returned from a last round which included a call to the stable "I don't thing that there'll be one tonight." And now Jock whose staff of office by night is a lighted lantern has come to chat a bit with his old folk at the close of day.

Until tomorrow — Diary —Good-night.


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**Kennedy's Ladies' Wear**