

BORDEN

Lieutenant Maurice Lodge and Mrs. Lodge and children Graham and Malcolm of Montreal were weekend visitors to Borden. They are spending their holidays with Lt. Lodge's mother, Mrs. B. Lodge, Cavendish.

Miss Olga Toombs of Charlottetown spent a few days recently with her brother Ralph and Mrs. Toombs at Borden.

Mr. and Mrs. Redfern Hamanill of Lower Freetown were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell on Monday.

Mrs. A. P. Correll of Borden is visiting relatives at Montreal and Ottawa.

Mrs. C. H. Cameron and little son Johnnie of Ottawa are visiting her parents Capt. and Mrs. J. L. Read of Borden.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan MacAleer of Borden left on Wednesday afternoon for Alberton where they will reside.

Miss Hilda Mustart of Albany spent a few days recently with her mother, Mrs. Walter Farmer of Borden.

Miss Genevieve MacDonald of Montreal is spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James MacDonald at the Borden Hotel.

Miss Betty Lynde of Borden left on Friday for Montreal where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James MacAleer of Borden are visiting their son Lorne and Mrs. MacAleer at Montreal.

Miss Edith Sharpe of Borden is spending her holidays with relatives at Norboro.

Miss Loretta Campbell of Borden spent a few days in Freetown guest of Mr. and Mrs. Redfern Hamanill.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Roy MacCallister of Cape Traverse formerly of Grand River in the loss of their infant son, Joseph. He was born on July 11th and died a short time later. He was buried at Seven Mile Bay cemetery. The pall bearers were: Everett Campbell and Francis Westhaver of Borden.

Much sympathy is also extended to the wife and family of the late Mr. Austin MacDonald of Tignish who met death at Borden on Thursday while working as brakeman in the C. N. R. yard here. Mr. MacDonald has been a part of this community for some years and by his quiet friendly manner made many friends who greatly regret his passing.

Social Club met on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Neil Darrach. Meeting opened with the Lord's Prayer, followed by minutes of the last meeting and roll call. Sick committee reported visiting four sick and a letter of appreciation was read from one sick member for fruit sent. New sick committee appointed was: Mrs. Ed Lynde and Mrs. J. R. MacLaughlin. Mrs. Neil Darrach was appointed president for the remainder of the year. Delightful lunch was served by the hostess and Mrs. Ed Lynde. Next place of meeting is at the home of Mrs. Ralph Toombs.

The regular auction party of the Borden Women's Institute was held on Thursday evening in the town hall with seven tables playing. Ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Cecil Stewart, gent's by Mr. P. J. MacInnis with consolation prizes going to Mrs. Aloysius Croken. The freizeous prize was won by Mr. Aloysius Croken.

COSTUME JEWELLERY

Cotton jewellery made out of fabric like red and whiteingham buttons and tiny leaves of green felt is a current fad.

SAD LAD



Sgt. R. D. "Muscles" Hadwyn, 31 Albert St. Lindsay, Ont., enlisted in the RCAF when he was just 15 years old. That was two years ago. Today he is back in Canada, a fuzzi-faced veteran with one Messerschmitt confirmed and one Focke-Wulf probable to his credit. Starred RCAF officials caught up with him just after D-Day and hustled him back to Canada, where he must remain until he reaches 18 years of age. With 12 operational trips against German targets and others in Occupied Europe as a back-log of experience, Sgt. Hadwyn will serve as a gunnery instructor. He said he was given the nickname "Muscles" for the same reason that big men are called "fuzzy"—he hasn't got any. Sgt. Hadwyn doesn't feel very happy about having to wait six months before he can go back on operations, but is determined to work hard so that there won't be any delay when he is once more eligible for aircrew duties.—GREAT PHOTOS

Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

CHAPTER VII

It wasn't temper, said Joan. I wouldn't have seen your white flag had it been as big as a sheet. I had put scoops in the oven to bake for tea. In the excitement of my mother and I sneezed something burning. I rushed to the kitchen. I could hardly see for the smoke. I pulled a pan from the oven, saw that the scoops were on fire, jerked open the porch door and flung them out pan and all. You are so tall I can't understand how I could have hit you in the eye.

His laugh was broad. It was the kid in me. I was leaning down arranging the eggs to form the word 'welcome.' I looked up just in time to receive a face full of hot pan. Shock sent the rest of the eggs and cream crashing to the steps. I'm on my knees in apology. Joan's voice was a bit unsteady. Forget it. Let my black eye cancel my doubts that you were showing your own work yesterday, will you?

Agreed. I hate quarrelling. Later in the playroom while the butler and black-robed maid set out tables and opened curiously carved mahogany cases to show decorative tiles within, Philip Bard blockaded the corner where Joan was examining the checkered cabinet which concealed the radio. From it drifted the music of the Beethoven sextet.

Great effect, isn't it? You didn't expect to meet me here tonight, did you? There was a hint of exultation in Bard's question. You'd be surprised but I haven't given you, personally, a moment's thought since I left your office. Joan's smile robbed the words of a possible sting.

Is that so? I'll have to do something about that, he declared with an assurance that lived Joan with a desire to stick a pin into him, preferably one of that dimension.

Here comes Carl's daughter. He nodded toward a girl of perhaps ten years in an exquisite rose-pink frock with a Peter Pan collar and delicate lace who was curtsying and shaking hands with the guests to whom Mrs. Shaw was presenting her. Her wavy black hair was beautiful. She would have been pretty had her blue eyes and mouth not been pouting.

I hear that kid's mother is starting a fight to get her, Philip Bard continued. Apparently Nadia's had a change of heart since she agreed to her husband's will that left the child her property to the guardianship of Mrs. Shaw and Craig Lamont. She had a contract with a picture concern then. Believe it or not, it will be some fight with Senator Dean on the side of the guardians the father appointed.

His tone was bitter. Had he contracted the Senator's resistance? Joan wondered. She had thought Craig Lamont married to the woman who, from the threshold of his office, had threatened to petition the court. Evidently she was his brother's widow. The child flung herself on her uncle.

Hello Uncle Craig! Do you think my dress is pretty? Granny let me choose the color. I love it. I'm glad you've come. I'm crazy to run a roadside stand at our front gate—hundreds of autos go by to see the view—but Granny said I'd have to ask you. How'd you get the black eye? she demanded.

He grinned at her and rumbled her dark curls. Miss Lamont, your lack of manners surprises me. Aren't you going to ask personal questions?

Okay Toots! I guess I can ask you anything. Can't I? I love you more than anybody in the world, don't I? Have you seen the girl who's moved into The Mansion? Druclilla Dodd was here for lunch. She says she lets that girl who'll be another female on your trail and—she tumbled the rest of the sentence beneath the fingers he had clasped over her mouth. She kicked at his shin as with arm about her he forcibly propelled her from the room.

Mrs. Shaw followed them with her eyes as she said: You've heard of Penfant terrible. We have one in the family. For years the child's mother allowed her to develop—as she called—in her own way. As for Druclilla the least said about her the better.

Would she get through this terrible evening without burning up with fury? Joan demanded of herself. Of course that horrid child had referred to her. Wasn't she the girl who had moved into the Mansion? So Druclilla Dodd, the town loud-speaker, thought that Joan Crofton would be on Craig Lamont's trail. Pity she couldn't let her know how thoroughly she disliked him.

If I know my onions—and I do—that kid's in for the licking of her young life. Philip Bard observed beside her. The common knowledge that the manager of her parents was a flop, though there was no divorce. Her father died—cracked up in a plane and his unhappiness, turned Craig into a woman-hater. Carl was his twin and his idol and he blamed the wife for what happened to him. How are the folders for the Bus Line account coming?

They will be ready in the morning. First if I land Janvers with them, I will have achieved two of my ambitions within twenty-four hours: the Straight As A Crow Flies Bus Line account. Janvers came to me. I didn't go after him, and—to be a guest in this home. Sometime I'll tell you why.

He pointed the last sentence by a smile straight into his eyes. I'm to be at the Inn this summer. Being a resident of Cavendish, I've decided to be a model citizen and try for the State Legislature. Having you

Getting Up Nights Makes Many Feel Old Before Their Time

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... ask yourself this question



One look in your mirror will give you the answer... Am I man or mouse... am I one of those who lets the other fellow face all the danger, take all the risks? Look yourself straight in the eye and ask yourself this one question... Have I the guts? The guts to wear the G.S. badge on my sleeve—to fight that my home, my people may be free. You'll need months of thorough training to make you fighting-fit. Your place is beside every man who has the courage to see it through. Canada's Army needs you NOW, and needs you for overseas service.

VOLUNTEER TO-DAY JOIN THE CANADIAN ARMY FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE

to play around with will add pep to small town life. Philip Bard was taking a lot for granted. Joan thought indignantly. She opened her lips to protest. Gossip them. After all, the benign providence might have protected him into the foreground of her life. First, he would be useful in holding off Jerry Blader; second it wouldn't take long with his assistance to prove the girl who had moved into The Mansion was not trying to smother Craig Lamont. If we are to play around together, I hope you're good at tennis!

In Memoriam

MRS ARTHUR R. DICKIESON

It is with deep regret we record the passing of Mrs. Arthur R. Dickieson which occurred at her home in New Glasgow on Wednesday morning, July 12th at the age of eighty-seven years. Although she did not enjoy good health for a number of years her death came as a great shock to her wide circle of relatives and friends. Mrs. Dickieson was a lady who was very highly respected, her happiest moments were when she was surrounded by her family in the home she was the central figure. She was twice married. Her first husband, Mr. Robert Bradshaw of New Glasgow. To this union four children were born, namely: Mr. Melville L. Bradshaw, Summerside;

Mrs. Henry Ross, Wheatley River; Mrs. Leslie Weeks, Elliot Mills and Mrs. (Dr.) A. B. Stevenson, New Glasgow. Later she married Mr. Arthur R. Dickieson also of New Glasgow and the other surviving members of her family are: Miss Ruth, who tenderly cared for her mother during the last years of her life; Alder, Richard and George, all of New Glasgow. Four grandchildren who resided with her, Arthur of the R. C. A. F., Charles, now attending the summer session at Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S., and Creelman and Arnold at home. Also a number of other grand children and great grandchildren, several of whom are in the Armed Forces. Mrs. Dickieson was a member of the New Glasgow Christian Church and when her health permitted she took an active part in the church work only a few years ago she realized enough money to install the Electric Lights in the Church. Her good work will not soon be forgotten.

The funeral which was very largely attended took place from her late residence the following Friday at 2 o'clock. Friends and relatives coming from all points to pay their final respects. The service was conducted by Rev. R. E. Shaw who delivered a beautiful message of comfort to the bereaved. The assisting clergymen were Rev. W. J. McLeod, Rev. Eric Coffin, Rev. Wm. Ellison. The hymns used during the service were: The Lord's My Shepherd and Jesus, Saviour Pilot. Mr. Preston Beck very effectively rendered the beautiful hymn, Some Time We'll Understand. Mrs. Wm. B. Buman presided at the piano. Beautiful floral tributes were received from the following: Wreath—The Family Pillow—M. L. and Mrs. Bradshaw and Family. Wreath—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Williams and Family, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stirling McKay and Elsie, The

McKie Family, Mr. and Mrs. Everett McLeod and Family, Chief Justice Thane A. and Mrs. Campbell. Sprays—Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, Miss Astris Williams, Mrs. E. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Stevenson and Family, The Ladies Aid and Missionary Society of the New Glasgow Christian Church. Out Flowers—Miss Ella Semple. Potted Plants—Alder and Mrs. Dickieson. The pall bearers were: Messrs. Herbert Stevenson, Richard Smith, Chester Bulman, Rev. L. Dickieson, Howard Ling, William Semple, Flower Bearers—John Ross, Melville Stevenson, Ft. Sergt. Daniel Rackham and Eldred Weeks. Interment was held at the New Glasgow cemetery beside her late husband who predeceased her eight years ago. The funeral was under the direction of Mr. James Andrew, Bon-

ter River. To the bereaved relatives deep sympathy is extended. 7-24-44. NETI SARGE WINNER'S FOUR HOURS REWARD! SOLDIERS RUB OUT TIRED ACHES! MINARD INJURY