

THE SUMMERSIDE GUARDIAN

and PRINCE COUNTY CHRONICLE

Western Locals

PLAY REPEATED—The C. Y. M. L. play "The Lady of the Terrace" was repeated Wednesday night in St. Paul's Hall, Summerside, with a very large attendance. After the performance the Catholic Young Men's League entertained the cast at a dinner in the Capitol Grill Room. Among those who spoke at the dinner was Mrs. Frank Murray of Charlottetown, mother of Rev. Eugene Murray, Moderator of the C. Y. M. L., who also spoke.—S

W.M.S. Social At Kensington

A social under the auspices of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Church, was held in Margate, on Thursday evening, March 12th inst. Owing to the unexpected thaw and bad condition of the roads and weather, some of the outside talent scheduled to assist in the programme, did not arrive. Nevertheless a pleasant evening was spent, an excellent programme was carried out and a very satisfactory sum of money was made. During an intermission there was a successful sale of home made candy. The following is the programme: Opening chorus, the School Children. Instrumental music, Margate Orchestra. Reading, Lorne Glydon. Vocal solo, Marian Howard. Recitation, Mrs. Ira Pollard. Dialogue, "Taking the Census," Louise Johnson and Ralph Howard. Instrumental music, Ernest Dunning and Lea Crane. Recitation, Percy Pollard. Duets, Harry Brown and John Howard. Monologue, Mamie Connell. Instrumental music, Margate Orchestra. Vocal solo, Aubrey Found. God Save the King.—B

The Pale Faced Ghost

(By C. E. M.)

One time on coming home from my work I passed an old fashioned farmhouse which was vacant for nearly four years. The owner of this house went to California on a gold rush a number of years before, but lo and behold you when I had gone a considerable number of paces beyond the gate I noticed a brilliant illuminating light bursting from one of the windows. Rather amazed by seeing John White, the owner of this house eating his supper before a light in the window, I turned up the lane. I observed a blood red light from a little round window in the top of the house. Thrills went up and down my back when I began to think that just yesterday I heard of the illness of John. I rapped at the door of my boyhood home to be answered by a thin pale-faced giant. "Come in," he ejaculated. I obeyed and he looked at me for an instant. "Well, I'll be darned, it is my old friend Charlie," he muttered as he shook hands with me. "I noticed the John's hands were very thin and white. "Take a seat," he insisted. Well, well, and how did you get here I asked? He shook his head. Say John, what that, not blood on your neck is it, I enquired. He tremulously raised his hand pointing over the blood which I had pointed to before. "What's that brilliant red light bursting from the round window in the top of your house, I asked? Oh, that is to show I'm in danger, he answered. I changed the subject by asking him how he liked California. It's a wonderful place and has a wonderful climate, but there are lots of highway robbers, he explained. Somehow or other I could not understand why my friend was so changed from when I last saw him. I seemed to see and think very strange things. Just as I was about to go I heard chains come rattling down the stairs. I do not know exactly what kept me from swooning at this particular time but however I did not. My pale-faced companion got up and lit a lantern and beckoned me to go to the barn with him. I proceeded and I was nearly scared out of my wits by seeing another person who resembled a murderer. We left the barn and after I had had him good-night, I proceeded down the lane. Just as I reached the small box I saw a light bursting from it. I peeped in and saw a letter bearing his brother's name. The peculiar thing about this envelope was its black embroidery. Some one's dead, I thought. When I had gone a considerable distance up the road, I looked back and saw a hearse drawn by two black horses proceeding up the lane. When I walked on a little farther I considered I must have eaten something that caused me to see such dreadful sights. When I entered the door of my home my brother told me John White was murdered in California. I fainted and did not recover from my fright for over three months. Now I hope this weird whisper will excite at least one heart and my effort to tell this story correctly will not be in vain.

THE WORLD

And then how often would it all appear. A mad mistake, a vain experiment Of Cause nor riot in some strange despair To find a comfort in disquietude: A fragment of an effort, long forgotten, Wherein a speck of dust we call the Earth Were set afloat upon an awful void, Amid a host of suns and planets hurled: Cut into space beyond the mind of man; Till, so enlarging light brings up the scene Of mountains, valleys, in a grain of sand; A world of grandeur in a water's drop; While, down to earth the constellations ring The message of the countless host of heaven, Proclaiming order and significance Forever ruling in the scheme of things.

Below the ear the sounds inaudible, And so, above it symphonies unheard. Below the eyes the marvellous unseen, And yet above them, mid the singing spheres, The definite realities of space. Above, below, around invisible, The life itself of which is life a part. Beyond, the well whence each emotion flows, To come to be, to name and entitle: The whence they come who yet shall walk on earth, Whose multitudes are marching down through time To pass and breathe, to love and live as we do. Who now hold tenure of material, Through fleeting hours that haste us on, away In to the infinite; the whence we came With naught forgot, although may we forget, Or have the curtain drawn on memory. For, here we came, but yet without consent Of any conscious act of will our own, Into a world, prepared by who are gone, Of person, parentage, condition, Hurling into being often so to find Ourselves as strangers, set at variance With all that constitutes identity; While yet the more to nothing more awake Than, that, we came to fit into our grooves Of family miseries, beliefs or trees, Without a question, happy to accept The full conventions of society, From walled village to the lighted town That holds before us constant carnival Of all things pleasing to mentality: Where traffic flows, forever rushing on, Along the ordered avenues of life. But yet, those figures, prone along the way, That fill our minds with grave uncertainty, And turn our hearts again to question; Whose numbers grow while those who move grow few. Cast off, discarded, left so far behind The gay procession, till we turn to ask, Is body politic, whose head moves on, itself determined to decapitate: Whose parts remain, whose head rolls on, cut off, Adrift from all that gave it sustenance. And yet behold, observing carefully, The piles of masonry that bulk and loom Against the sky; their ragged edge outlined. As were they product of catastrophe. Not theirs the rounded ends and softened curves That mark the way of nature and her thought. Straight up and square their tier on tier of cells Where stilled humanity wears out its days. At tapping keys and formulating schemes, To glorify our modern fallacy Of trade and commerce as chief end of man. Out yonder on the bosom of the blue The hulks of metal at their anchors ride, Where youth and manhood housed in metal cold Are torn away, from women-kind and home, To live the prisoned life, unnatural, That all must live while mankind's life is sold; Is sold for pride of blind convenience. That on the earth Barabbas loosed at large, To wander so, till, all mankind in fear Hastens to the end of all amenity. Oh, pride of place, of group and privilege, Deep rooted as a vile and dread disease, From which is no relief till man and group From self shall turn to serve humanity, Away from all that worships might of man, From seditious screaming at the microphone To turn the world into an abattoir Of steaming blood, the reek of broken flesh: Away, away from all the slaving jaws Of self preferment's glazed insanity.

Carleton and Vicinity

Many friends will regret to learn of the illness of Mrs. Wm. Hefell of Cape Traverse.

Rev. W. E. Monaghan of Seven Mile Bay was the guest speaker at Emerald Tuesday night on the occasion of the annual St. Patrick's Day celebration.

Mr. Courtenay McKay of North Carleton returned from Charlottetown Monday evening, after spending a pleasant week-end with his sister, Mrs. Sutherland Henderson.

Mr. George Cahill of Bedouque is visiting his sister, Mrs. Michael McCarville of Carleton.

Mrs. John A. Deegan and daughter Marion of Carleton, Mrs. P. S. Howatt, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White and daughter Phyllis of Borden, were passengers to Summerside on Tuesday.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION

A most enjoyable St. Patrick's Day celebration was put on in Cape Traverse Hall on Tuesday night by the Women's Institute. After a sing-song of Irish airs directed by Mrs. Douglas Bell, a short time was spent reading appropriate jokes, after which the following program was delightfully rendered. Reading: The life of St. Patrick by Mrs. Gordon Harvey. Dialogue—Mad! Mad! by Mrs. Albert Sherren, Mrs. Frank Campbell, Mrs. Wesley McMicken, Misses Evelyn Bell and Marion McWilliams. Duets—Play to me Gypsy by Misses Inez McWilliams and Esther Guigon. Dialogue—in New York, by Misses Eva Stevenson and Eleanor Bell. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and contests, and a delicious lunch was served. The evening closed with the National Anthem, and a good sum was realized.

Mrs. Helen S. Bell, Mr. A. O. Howatt, Borden; Mrs. Harvey Mutart and Miss Jean Mutart of Carleton went to Sackville Tuesday morning to meet the remains of the late Mrs. Archibald Howatt of Tryon who died in Miami.—D.

PERFORMS MARRIAGES IN NORTH

REGINA—H. S. Couch, justice of the peace at Goldfield, new mining town of northwestern Saskatchewan, is the first "marriage commissioner" in the area. Previously no one within 100 miles could be found to perform the ceremony, and the government made the appointment in response to numerous appeals from miners.

WOMEN TO TAKE ACCIDENT BLAME

REGINA—Right of action for damages in accidents caused by women will in future be restricted to the woman herself and will not apply to the husband, the new legislation being introduced at the present session of the Saskatchewan legislature reveals.

Caught by the lure of transitory power

The phantom and the fiction of the mind Of dull decay, the haunting vanity That drives its victim in a frenzy on To so be served but not to serve mankind Through countless ages from the dawn of time Even that poor beggar on the street as you. Through ages down your lines companionate, Through blood and foam of jungle swamp and fen, Where tearing, torn, forever stumbling on, Through love and agony, parental care; Through tears and faith, through ache and yearn; Aspiring nobly; falling to arise—May blood of kings be in his veins—who knows—Of patriot, martyr and the kind of earth. Queens may have kissed the brow whose strain comes on Along the centuries to claim the hand That's yours to give; perhaps through him to them. But what is rank before that awful fact Of time's millenniums that gave him life; Through all Eternity to know the hour He shares with you in brotherhood of being: And what is wealth while yet a child may want What never was yours to make but yours to find Before you, to your stewardship prepared, That to Existence is accountable.

And what is lost forgotten or out-cast

From all Infinity, when e'en are worlds Of constellations in their orbits set Within the compass of a grain of sand. Man not forgotten, not though man forgets And falls into his own obscurity, Of thought, Estranged and alien to Thought, That gave existence to "The Least Of These" That to all earth proclaims eternally That one man's loss is not another's gain, That men again in fellowship must dwell, Each in his place, ere all again is well. —James M. MacLean, 2149 Nelson Ave., New Westminster.

"Nora, Wake Up" Scores Success In Kensington

St. Patrick's Day was fittingly celebrated on Tuesday evening in the King George Hall, Kensington, by a play, entitled "Nora, Wake Up," presented by the Indian River Dramatic Club, with great success. The hall was filled to overflowing, with a most attentive and appreciative audience. Between the acts two specialties were given, a trio "Whispering Hope," by Mrs. MacLean and Misses Hughes and Arsenault, and a vocal solo by Mr. Roscoe Walker, both of which were heartily enjoyed. The synopsis of the play is as follows: In the first act the strivings and struggles in the home life of an old-fashioned mother, widow of the lamented Irishman, Egan Calahan, who "up and died on her." She is left with her two children, Bridget Honora (Nora) and Johnny, whom she is trying to keep at college: They return for the holidays, accompanied by Johnny's friend, Danny Millens, who is in love with Nora, without much hope of his love being reciprocated, however, for she is dazzled by the apparently successful man of the world, Edmond Edmonton, who is in reality a flashy four-flusher, son of an ultra-modern mother, whom he calls "Mandies," an old dresser and acts like a young girl, believing that a mother has to keep as young as her children. Mrs. Edmonton and her son live precariously in the stock market, and at the time are almost at the end of their resources, and they try to unload on to Mrs. Calahan some worthless bonds. Nora, who longs for pretty clothes and is utterly dissatisfied with her station in life, and with her mother in particular, for being so old-fashioned, is infatuated with and persuaded by her mother to buy the bonds and give him a cheque for \$2,000.00 for them, all their available money. The second act represented a dream which Nora had the following night in which her mother decides to become modern following Mrs. Edmonton's example. She gets her hair bobbed and dresses in very short and fashionable clothes and starts on a round of dancing and pleasure, leaving the cooking and care of the home to Nora and Johnny, who have had to leave college because of the loss of their money; and consequently sees Edmonton as a fraud and a swindler.

In the third act, the following morning, when Nora wakes up she is overjoyed and relieved to find her mother unchanged and sees her true worth and beauty. She also realizes she has always been in love with Danny Millens. Johnny is making plans to leave college and go to work, with Edmond Edmonton, and his mother, arrive, and with a fine gesture of magnanimity are about to return the two thousand dollars and take back their worthless bonds. Just before the exchange is effected, however, a tramp, whom Mrs. Calahan has been kind to, rushes in with the morning paper in which they read that the bonds, instead of being worthless, are of great value. The grand finale is a denouncement of the Edmontons, who have again tried to trick them: the happy engagement of Nora and Danny and the delightful experience of finding themselves unexpectedly rich and free from financial worries.

Mrs. Leslie Ramsay as Mrs. Calahan made the typically self-sacrificing and devoted mother, with her bits of philosophy and fine Irish wit, a mingling of laughter, and tears, and throughout an optimism that never falls. Mrs. Edmonton or "Nora" as she prefers to be called was realistically played by Miss Geraldine Shea, showing how easily the young are charmed by the glamour and glitter of worthless baubles—until the soul is stirred by love and truth and the real value of homely things. Mr. Weston Campbell as Johnny Calahan was the straightforward son of his Irish father and loving mother, and Mr. Stephen Gillis as Danny Millens, made an ideal lover, steadfast and true, content to wait and serve and be near his beloved. Mr. Bernard McLellan as Gerlye Coleridge, the happy-go-lucky tramp "for his health" served his place in the readjustment of the family fortunes. Miss Mary Shea and Mr. Douglas Campbell as Mrs. Edmonton and her worthless son were both well pleased. Katie Schwartz, the obliging friend and neighbor of Mrs. Calahan, was well taken by Miss Lena McInyre. Home made candy was sold between the acts.—B

"Lost—One Monument of Early N.S. Gov'or"

"Lost—One monument of one of Nova Scotia's early governors, Major Charles Lawrence, missing since 1768. Reported carried away to Boston." The loss of this monument has always been more or less of a mystery. Governor Lawrence was the second of Nova Scotia's governors, following the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, the founder. According to the records, the legislature of Nova Scotia voted that a monument be placed in St. Paul's Church in Halifax, the capital of the province, but there is no mon-

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PROTEIN SUPPLEMENTS FOR BACON HOGS

Tests Conducted at Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S. SUMMARY

1. Skim milk, when available, is the most economical protein supplement for feeding bacon hogs.
2. A mineral supplement is necessary for best results when skim milk is fed.
3. Fish meal has proven to be an excellent substitute for skim milk, the resulting product being equal to, if not slightly superior, to that produced on skim milk.
4. Tankage is a fair substitute for skim milk, but is not recommended where fish meal can be secured.
5. Potatoes may be utilized as part, at least, of the ration for bacon hogs and it may be considered that 450 to 475 pounds of potatoes are equal to 100 to 100 pounds of barley for this purpose.

BUTCHER GETS SURPRISE

REGINA—Bill Whitell, after 50 years as a butcher, thought he had learned everything in his trade, but he had a real puzzle on his hands when he drew a freshly killed chicken and found it contained eight fully formed eggs.

HOLMAN'S SUMMERSIDE

BUY handled axes, warranted ability with ash Indian handles at L-3431-3-19-21.

CROSS CUT and circular saws, for less at Brace's, L-3431-3-19-21.

SIGNS OF EARLY SPRING—might observe on passing several signs in Summerside, the Croc-blooming, which is unusual so early in March.

HALIVER OIL CAPSULES \$1. for Drug Co., Kensington.

Personals

Mrs. W. C. MacLeod, Kensington, was a week-end visitor to Charlottetown.

Mrs. J. Edward Warren was a visitor to Summerside on Thursday.—B

Messrs. Leslie Simmonds and son of Preston, were in Kensington on Monday, on business.

Mrs. Watson MacNaught, son John of Summerside, and recent visitors to Kensington.

Miss Ruth Ramsay, Alberton, is patient in the Prince County Hospital.—S

Mr. Emanuel Arsenault, St. Johns, has entered the Prince County Hospital for treatment.—S

Mr. Albert Phillips, O'Leary, is operated on for appendicitis at the Prince County Hospital yesterday.—S

Mrs. Oscar Johnson, has returned to her home in Long River for a few days pleasantly spent in Summerside, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grace Pro-

Mr. Frank Pidgeon, manager of Bank of Nova Scotia at Victoria, is at present in Kensington, wishing to be with his father, William Pidgeon, whose condition is critical.—B

Mrs. James Jardine, Kensington, has returned from a visit to Charlottetown where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. A. Taylor.—B

Chapped skin Minard's is best

In Ottawa

P. by Guardian's Special Wire) OTTAWA, March 19—A special committee of 23 members to investigate radio broadcasting was established today by the House, Mr. Baughen (Lib. Provencher) expected to be chairman.

Justice Minister Lapointe assured T. L. Church (Cons. Toronto) in the House today that revenues of large cities would not be affected by proposed amendments to the British North America Act. The Toronto members asked if municipalities could make representations to the government and the Minister agreed.

Of the 21,996 immigrants who entered Canada from April 1, 1934, Jan. 31, 1936, 6,195 were of English origin, 2,270 Scotch and 1,818 Irish, according to a return tabled in the House of Commons. These added to the 1st, which included all races permitted entry into Canada. Only one Turk and one Mexican immigrated to Canada during that period, while there were three Arabians and four Al-

Big League Training Camp Notes

P. by Guardian's Special Wire) PENSACOLA, Fla., March 18—New York Giants were forced to leave the Adolph League from the training line before they managed to defeat Kansas City blues of the American Association 11-10 in exhibition game today.

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