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REGENT THEATRE BUILDING SUMMERSIDE

**FORMER B. C. MINISTER DIES**  
VANCOUVER, Dec. 6 (CP)—  
Dr. George M. Weir, 64, former  
Minister of Education and Health

for British Columbia, died in hos-  
pital here last night. He entered  
politics in 1933, serving as Minister  
of Education in the Liberal admin-  
istration of former Premier T. D.

Pattullo, and later as Minister of  
Education under Premier John  
Hart. He retired because of ill  
health in 1948. He represented Van-  
couver-Burrard in the Legislature.

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fashionable plastic cabinet, with  
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phonograph (shown below) a worthy addition to  
the line. Three-speed, fully automatic record  
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aerial. Exceptional tone, sensi-  
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WESTERN GUARDIAN

**—NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS—**  
Advertisers are reminded that their  
copy must be in the Guardian not  
later than noon, the previous day  
to guarantee insertions. Out of  
city advertisers who telephone  
classifieds, etc., should particularly  
bear this in mind.

**—CANOE COVE Y.P.S.—** The  
Canoe Cove Y. P. S. held their  
regular weekly meeting on Tues-  
day evening, Nov. 29, at the home  
of Mr. and Mrs. Milton MacNevin.  
Devotional period opened by  
singing Hymnology. Scripture was  
read by Caroline MacKenzie from  
Jeremiah, Chap. 1. The Lord's  
Prayer was repeated in unison.  
The lesson was read by Joe Mac-  
Kenzie. Hymn "Unto The Hills  
Around" was then sung. The  
utes of the last regular meeting  
were read and adopted. Roll call  
was answered by 18 members and  
two visitors. It was decided to  
use the new year book "Jesus  
Christ Is Our Lord" for the Bible  
Study. Mrs. Dan MacPhee invit-  
ed the members to her home for  
the next meeting. Hymn "Shall  
We Gather at the River" was  
sung and meeting closed by re-  
peating the Benediction. Lunch  
was served by the hostess after  
which a pleasant social hour was  
spent.

**—W. M. S. MEETS—**The Women's  
Missionary Society of the  
O'Leary United Church held their  
regular meeting and election of of-  
ficers on Friday afternoon at  
the home of Mrs. George Mat-  
thews who conducted Devotions  
assisted by Mrs. Claude Jelly. Mrs.  
Jack Matthews, Mrs. W. G. Dickson  
and Mrs. Bruce MacDougall. Mrs.  
John Moreshead offered prayer for  
a missionary. Mrs. A. J. Matheson  
gave the Dedicatorial prayer for the  
offering. A fine paper on Temperance  
was given by Mrs. W. G. Dick-  
son. Mrs. Bruce MacDougall was  
appointed delegate to the Presby-  
terial which meets in Charlottetown  
Jan. 25 and 26. Lunch was served  
by the hostess assisted by several  
members of the W. M. S. The elec-  
tion of officers resulted as follows:  
president, Mrs. Alice Turner; vice-  
president, Mrs. Robert Woodside;  
secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. J.  
Matheson; convenors were appoint-  
ed as follows—christian steward-  
ship, Mrs. Claude Jelly; temper-  
ance, Mrs. John Moreshead; friend-  
ship and associate helpers, Mrs.  
George Matthews; press, Mrs. Rob-  
ert Woodside; C. G. I. T., Mrs. W.  
G. Dickson; Mission Band, Mrs.  
Lewis Bernard; Oboe Band Mrs.  
John Matthews. —

IN MEMORIAM

JONATHAN SARGENT PHILLIPS

The death of Jonathan Phillips of  
Mt. Royal, P.E.I. occurred in the  
Prince County Hospital Thursday  
morning November 24, 1940 follow-  
ing an operation. The late Mr. Phil-  
lips was born at Ellerslie, P. E. I.  
May 1, 1884, and was the son of the  
late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Phil-  
lips.

Although not in robust health  
for the past six years he was about  
his farm work as usual and  
was stricken ill on Nov. 5th  
which necessitated him entering  
the hospital for treatment. Mr.  
Phillips was a successful farmer,  
good neighbor, and friend to all  
who will miss his pleasant smile  
and jovial manner. His home was  
open to all, rich or poor, and es-  
pecially to the younger folk who  
spent many a pleasant evening  
there. He will be sadly missed by  
his wife and family. The esteem in  
which he was held was shown by  
the large gathering of friends and  
relatives from far and near who  
filled to overflowing the O'Leary  
United Church on Sunday after-  
noon at one thirty o'clock to at-  
tend the funeral service following  
a private service at the home for  
the family and immediate relations.  
Rev. C. H. Dickson conducted the  
service at the house and at the  
church.

Assisted at the church by Rev.  
Mr. Cunningham of Alberton and  
Rev. Mr. Howlett of O'Leary. Rev.  
Mr. Dickson took his text from  
Hebrews, 9th chapter 27th verse  
"and it is appointed unto men once  
to die" the following hymns were  
sung at the house and the church,  
"The Lord's my Shepherd", "For-  
ever with the Lord", "There is no  
night in Heaven", "Abide with Me"  
A trio was sung by James, Clar-  
ence and William Phillips. Clari-  
way through." Burial took place  
in Mt. Royal Cemetery. He leaves  
to mourn his widow, the former  
Maude MacArthur, Northam, and  
the following sons and daughters:  
Wyman, Mt. Royal; Ernest,  
O'Leary; Sanford, Summerside;  
Orville, Halifax, N. S.; Bron-  
son and Mrs. E. S. Brown, Brack-  
ley; Lillian, Mrs. Peter Cavar,  
of Quincy Mass; Flora, Mrs. Er-  
land Miller, Cape Wolfe, P. E. I. Al-  
so the following brothers and sis-  
ters, Sanford, O'Leary; Forrest,  
Mt. Royal; Pansy, Mrs. J. S. Mil-  
lar, Ellerslie; Ella, Mrs. Leslie Mac-  
Lean, Arlington; Etha, Mrs. Russell  
MacArthur, Mt. Pleasant; Marg-  
aret, Mrs. E. S. Burleigh, Ellers-  
lie.

The floral tributes were many  
and beautiful, silent expressions of  
sympathy.—S

The Morning  
Is Near Us

By  
Susan Gaspell

Three years now, and three  
months more than that, the Chip-  
pman place had stood there and  
no smoke had come from the  
chimney, no light had said night  
gather within for supper, to read  
or talk a little, then sleep.

Once all of that had been true.  
In this bleakness had been fire and  
light and voices, ever since the  
days Ezra Chippman took the land  
because a person could be by him-  
self here. There was land in every  
then, you could about have your  
pick, others had taken more open  
country. Perhaps Ezra did not want  
to be too near Silas Burroughs,  
with whom he had come from New  
York State. Silas was in know-  
ing the time for rest and the hours  
for the road, and a man might  
rather be alone than be second  
rather. However that may have been,  
liked this place because a man  
could be by himself here, and since  
then the Chippmans had been a  
good deal by themselves.

So thought Warren, the last, or  
the last around there, as he drove  
out that afternoon to get papers  
he would need in turning over the  
place. They had even taken the  
papers. Well, if the house had bur-  
ned he could have given a quit-claim  
deed and Lydia would have signed,  
and who else was there to raise a  
voice?

You left the town and after you'd  
crossed the creek went into what  
was about a gulley, as low hills  
came down the sides, banking  
the road. Warren put up the car  
window, having lost the sun. After  
a half mile or so of this there was  
a dip to the left, and here was  
the approach to the Chippman  
place.

He drove between the cedars his  
grandfather had planted because  
Grandmother Betsy Chippman,  
home alone one day, bought them  
from a traveling tree man. A person  
had to do something, she'd said. It  
was almost as if the Chippmans  
had known from the first they were  
getting their place ready for the  
cemetery.

Now he was in front of the house,  
but just sat there. As if getting  
ready for the house, he looked  
up at the cemetery; for really, the  
most cheerful thing about the place  
was the cemetery, there in the sun,  
though now the house was shadow-  
ed. Graveyard Hill had once been  
Great-grandfather's land, as well as  
open country beyond—the crops  
had had sun, whether the family  
did or not. But this land that lay  
longest in the sun had gradually  
passed to others, either the living  
or the dead. Twice in his own  
memory those bars that fenced the  
dead had moved nearer the house.  
Father had lost heart and didn't  
care about land as most farmers  
did. The dead needed it, was all  
he'd said.

A good thing they had not heard  
from Lydia, for she couldn't live  
here now, and who would want to,  
after all that had gone on. Perhaps  
Father had been right in the way  
he left the place—a sentiment, pos-  
sibly a gesture to the world, leav-  
ing it to Lydia if she wanted to  
live there; as if, at that late day,  
trying to make up to her for some-  
thing. And if in three years she  
did not take the place the land  
would go to the cemetery and the  
house be torn down. The cemetery  
needed it too, for the dead were  
moving down this slope; right  
against the Chippman fence they  
were now, and the fence breaking  
down, as if to let them in. Yes, the  
dead increased, and the Chippman  
land was here waiting for them.  
Day after tomorrow the three  
years would be up, and no word  
from Lydia; so he would turn the  
place over to Judge Kircher, as  
trustee for the cemetery.

Nor would the world lose a  
beautiful house when this one was

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Get a package today. Effective in making  
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Pills, 25¢ at any drugstore.

torn down. Stark it looked this late  
afternoon. Trouble was, it was in  
three parts, work of three genera-  
tions, and the two later builders  
had not worked in harmony with  
the man who built first. That wing  
to the left, nearest the cemetery,  
was part of the house that Ezra  
built. It was low-story and half,  
and if you could think of it by it-  
self it seemed as if it should be, and  
so was good, as those early houses  
were good. But Ezra's son, War-  
ren's grandfather, thought a low  
house was a poor house; a second  
story would catch more sun from  
the south, and in an attic above  
the second story you could dry  
things for winter.

In building up to catch the sun  
Grandfather should have reinforced  
the old foundations. They were  
giving now, grumbling at the extra  
load they'd carried all those years.  
You saw their sagged, though tall  
grass did not let you see the  
foundations themselves.

Then Father had added his wing.  
This was for Mother to get the  
last sun. "She likes the sun from  
the west when she's getting sup-  
per," he remember Father saying.  
A dip in the hills gave the rest  
sun at just this place after the  
house had lost it. Slowly  
the Chippmans had learned how  
to get the sun - and in striving  
for their place in it had destroyed  
the house. A cockeyed house it  
was, Warren thought, the middle  
too high and too narrow for the  
wings, making it look like an ill-  
formed bird.

Father's wing had a right-angled  
turn, so at the back there was  
a little court and that side of the  
house was more inviting than the  
front. The new wing Father had  
painted white - to be more cheer-  
ful, he'd said. The rest of it had  
once been gray and then brown,  
and now it didn't know whether  
it was gray or brown. "We'll paint  
it all white in the spring," Father  
said. But just as the buttercups  
were coming up in the grass Mo-  
ther died - and what did he care  
then whether his house was white  
or gray or brown?

To be continued

Ballerina



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**CAPITOL—Summerside**  
TODAY (Wed.) - THURSDAY  
Today 7:15 - 9:15  
Thursday 3:30-7:15-9:15

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ALSO NEWS REEL and CARTOON

REGENT TODAY and THURSDAY

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