

Beware of "Finicky" Appetites in growing children

Let Fellows' Double Tonic Action* stimulate hearty eating—provide essential minerals for health and strength.

CHILDREN can't grow strong and healthy unless they get plenty of body-building essentials. For instance, the teeth and bones of a growing child require as much calcium as two adults. That's why wise mothers help build up their children with Fellows' Double Tonic Action.

- 1. Fellows' Syrup stimulates the appetite, aids digestion, and helps ensure greater benefit from food. 2. Fellows' contains calcium and five other essential minerals which build strong bones, and healthier bodies.



Help your children on the road to health and strength today. Get a bottle of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites from your druggist. Accept no substitute—insist on the genuine Fellows'.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

The ORIGINAL Syrup of Hypophosphites A Family Tonic Since 1864

Sea View And Vicinity

The month of March according to tradition came in like a lamb to all sincerely trust that March, 1940, will continue to be mild and lamb like.

The March meeting of the Sea View W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Alwood Blakaney on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance of members besides several visitors. President, presided and opened with the Ode and repeating Club Creed in unison. Roll call was answered with the name of your favorite fruit or vegetable. School and sick committees reported and the reading of the minutes created the usual business discussion. Mrs. John Pickering, convener of the Red Cross Committee for patriotic purposes, reported that a number of pairs of socks, rifle mitts, scarves and sweaters had been forwarded to the Office in Charlottetown, also more yarn had been purchased and also knittings had been held weekly at the different homes and a creditable amount of work had been accomplished. A discussion followed in regard to the drawing of the lucky ticket for the grocery box. It was finally decided to hold a social evening in Sea View Hall on Thursday evening, March 14th. A committee of Mrs. F. W. Donald, Mrs. B. Sutherland, Mrs. J. E. Murphy, Mrs. E. Donald, Mrs. Lorne Campbell and Mrs. J. W. Murphy to make the necessary preparations. The questionnaire on Agriculture was discussed and filled in by the convener. Instead of the usual program the evening was spent in knitting. The singing of the National Anthem brought this part of the meeting to a close, after which a delicious lunch was served by the hostesses assisted by Miss Gertrude Adams and Mrs. Duncan Sutherland. Mrs. John Pickering kindly offered her home for to quilt a quilt that was made recently.

Mrs. Earle McKay and little daughter Joyce, are spending a pleasant visit in Charlottetown, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baird.

Mrs. Hugh Campbell is spending a few days pleasantly, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Campbell.

Mr. Roy Adams spent a few days in Charlottetown recently on business.

Mrs. Fred Campbell has returned to her home in Graham's Road after a pleasant visit in Park Corner the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cousins.

Mrs. Donald McKay has returned.

THROAT SORE? For common ordinary sore throat JUST RUB ON MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

Thimble Theatre - Starring POPEYE



The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at 2 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-9789-1-21-31.

COMMUNITY CONCERT—Owing to the illness of Lansing Hatfield, the concert scheduled for Wednesday, March 13th has been postponed until May 8th. L-268-3-9-21.

A LOVELY AFTERNOON IN KELVIN—A bevy of busy ladies descended on the home of Mrs. Edward MacMurdo, on the afternoon of the 6th with one aim in view—thoughtfulness, and co-operating in a way they know so well—"A real quilting party."—The room was cleared, the frame set up, and from then on a lovely padded quilt, started to come into existence. The afternoon wore on and the diamond pattern in stitchwork continued to cover the surface under flying fingers as shining needles darted through the material, still they sewed on, till a delicious supper was served to act as a stimulant and give a brief respite after hours of steady work. From the supper table back to the quilting frame, all through the evening, till the sun went down, they sewed, talked and laughed, until the ultimate success was then in view. A finished mauve quilt, of flowered design, and a party of happy satisfied, ladies went home at the end of a perfect day.

In Memoriam

STEPHEN MORRISON

At Savage Harbor, Tuesday, February 20th, the soul of Stephen Morrison passed peacefully away.

For many years the deceased had not enjoyed good health and one year ago underwent an operation in the City Hospital, but this it was predicted would prolong life but for a short time. On this diagnosis proved to be correct.

He leaves to mourn his loss five brothers, Rt. Rev. James Morrison of Antigonish, N. S.; Rev. James Morrison of Lunenburg, N. S.; Allan of Savage Harbor, John of Johnstown, N. Y., and Peter of Orono, Me.

On Friday morning, 22nd, his remains were borne to St. Andrews Church, whence after a High Mass of Requiem, to the adjoining cemetery.

The pallbearers were: Wilfred Coffin, Fulton Douglas, Milton Doyle, Wm. Pigott, John MacKay, Joseph MacKay.

In Memoriam

MR. ANDREW C. MACDONALD

At Superior, Wis., March 5th, after several months illness of heart trouble, Andrew C. MacDonald, aged 69 years and son of the late Thomas MacDonald, died at the home of Greenvale, Souders, P.E.I. He leaves to mourn his wife, one son, James and one daughter, Jeanette, also three grandchildren, two brothers, Jerome of Newport, R.I., Angus, of Boston, Mass., and H. J. of Souris West, one sister, Mrs. J. George MacDonald, Vernon, P.E.I., also numerous relatives and friends. Rest in peace.

NEW ANNAN SCHOOL

- Honor Roll for February: Grade X: 1. Charles Waugh; 2. June Dalzell; 3. Ruth Enman. Grade IX: 1. Ruth Dalzell. Grade VIII: 1. Eleanor Dalzell; 2. Reginald Dalzell. Grade VI: 1. Lloyd Enman; 2. Gardner Dalzell. Grade V: 1. Clifford Moase; 2. William Moase; 3. Ella Tuplin. Grade IV: 1. Doris Dalzell; 2. Stutley Moase; 3. Elinor McInnis. Grade III: 1. Betty Tuplin; 2. Mildred MacNeill. Grade II (Sr.): 1. Jane Dalzell; 2. Alison McInnis; 3. Helen MacKay. Grade II (Jr.): 1. Gerald Carr. Grade I (a): 1. Helen Moase. Grade I (b): 1. Joan MacNeill. Grade I (c): 1. David Dalzell; 2. Clifford Durant. Grade I (d): 1. Ella MacNeill. Highest average in senior grades: Charles Waugh, 95 per cent. Highest average in junior grades: Clifford Moase and Doris Dalzell, 99 per cent. Helena Keough, Teacher.

EMERALD SCHOOL

- Honor roll for February: Grade X: 1. Kathleen White and Hilary Mounagh (equal); 2. Marion McEneaney and Phis Croken (equal); 3. Maurice Croken. Grade IX: 1. Betty Jones; 2. Gerard Allen; 3. Herbert Matheson. Grade VIII: 1. Mary Mounagh; 2. Clark Sinnott; 3. Helen Croken. Grade VII: 1. Billy Murphy; 2. Harold Murphy; 3. Earle Clow. Primary Room: Grade VI: 1. Marie Mohan; 2. Arnold Allen. Grade V: 1. Vivian Murphy; 2. Helen Murphy and Claron Matheson (equal); 3. Pauline Matheson. Grade II (Sr.): 1. Joseph Mounagh; 2. Walter Gallant; 3. Emmett Mohan. Grade II (Jr.): 1. Joan Murphy; 2. Ivan Clow; 3. George Duffy. Grade I: 1. Robert Croken; 2. Donna White and Dorothy White (equal); 3. Ruth Matheson and Paul Kelly (equal). Maurice Tierney, Principal. Eileen Greenan, Assistant.

Navy Beau

By Joseph Lewis Chadwick

He wanted to see her just once again—but she was making things very difficult for him. He realized suddenly how young she was. Her action was that of an impulsive school-girl, carried away by an infatuation, refusing to be rebuffed. He dreaded the thought of hurting her feelings, but he must. He was determined not to come between her and Dave. If his note had failed to achieve its end, he must resort to blunter tactics—must make her hate him, so that she would never want to see him again.

When he reached the bus terminal, he found her sitting rather forlornly on a bench, with an overcoat bag beside her. As he approached, she rose quickly and gave him a wavering smile. "Are—are you angry, Phil?" "That's what I am, isn't it—angry?" "I'm flattered, but you shouldn't have come, Joyce."

She answered tensely, "I had to." He picked up her suitcase. "Well, let's go some place where we can talk. Have you had dinner?" "No." He took her to a near-by restaurant. There, after he had ordered, they had it out.

"Joyce, you think I'm a silly fool," Joyce faltered, her eyes lowered, her hands tightly interlocked. "But I had to find out whether you really cared what I thought or not." "Goodby? Of course it isn't goodby," he said lightly. "We'll be away home at the end of a perfect day."

"Oh, you know what I mean!" she said fiercely, raising her eyes to his. "You told me you loved me! You said it so earnestly. And then—and then, you went away as though it had meant nothing to you. You've ever made love to you in the moonlight before? Don't tell me you took out the moonlight so seriously!" "I suppose she, too, was just a momentary infatuation."

"She's an old friend." "And she, I suppose, knows how to take you by the throat, doesn't she? You're just a momentary infatuation, aren't you? You've never been so trapped before. Next time you'll choose an older, more sophisticated girl. Am I reading your thoughts, Phil?"

"Joyce, please don't be like this. You're the sweetest girl I've ever met. You can't blame me for making love to you—for kissing you. You gave me a lovely memory. Please—let's not spoil it by quarrelling."

"A memory! Yes, and you have given me a memory—one I'll never forget!" She rose abruptly. "We might as well go. Now that I've finished making a fool of myself, I suppose you'll be glad to get out of here. Outside, they climbed into a taxi, and Joyce gave the driver the name of a hotel. On the way there, Phil tried to tell her that he loved her, but he had meant every word he said when he kissed her—but he had to stop himself.

Reaching the hotel, they were about to enter it, when a voice spoke Joyce's name. Turning, they saw Dave. He was standing in the shadows beside the doorway. "Dave!" gasped Joyce. "The midshipman's face was white. He stared from her to Phil, then spoke coldly—and a bit melodramatically. "Well, Beau Randall! So you stole my girl behind my back, did you? And I thought you were my friend!"

CHAPTER IX Joyce reached out quickly and put a hand on Dave's arm. "Dave! Don't talk like that! I came here of my own accord. Phil had nothing to do with it." "No? Do you think you can make me believe that?" Dave was trembling with rage. "Phil, disarmed, also tried to right things. 'Look here, kid, you're all wrong. I haven't stolen Joyce from you. She—'"

Joyce broke in with a short laugh. "Not far from it! In fact, Dave, we have just been bidding each other farewell forever." "Dave's eyes narrowed. 'I see. Well, that's typical too! I suppose you're sorry to see me go. How do you like me, go to every girl he meets, go to you to come down here and then told you it was all over! He makes a game of that sort of thing!'"

Joyce, seeing that her little involuntary burst of bitterness had only increased the damage, was instantly sorry to see her. However, she herself might feel toward Phil, she didn't want to be the cause of breaking up the friendship between him and Dave. "Oh, Dave!" she protested. "Don't be an idiot! Phil hasn't been disloyal to you. Do you want to lose the best friend you have?"

"I already have," he answered curtly. "Phil started to speak again. "Dave! But the midshipman turned away toward a car parked at the curb. Joyce called after him. "Where are you going?"

"Back to Annapolis!" "Wait! I'll go with you!" Joyce threw a wretched glance at Phil, whispered, "I'm sorry . . . then hurried after Dave. A few minutes later, as they drove away, she looked back to see Phil still standing in front of the hotel—standing three motionless. Dave drove grimly, his eyes straight ahead. Neither he nor Joyce spoke for some time. Then, she asked, "How did you happen to come to Norfolk, anyway?"

"I went to Carvel Hall to see you and found you had suddenly checked out. They told me you said you were going to Norfolk. It didn't take me long to put two and two together, so I borrowed a car and came down to find out whether I was right. I went to the hotel where I figured you'd be most likely to stay, and had just got there when you showed up."

"And I suppose you're proud of what you've done—running after me and spying on me!" "I don't care whether it was spying or not—I wasn't going to let any man double-cross me like that!" "Phil didn't double-cross you! He didn't even know I was coming. It was entirely my idea—a crazy impulse which could have been just as easily yours. You know how mistaken you are."

"He must have given you some reason for wanting to see me again before he called. Oh, I'm not blind! I know Phil Randall well—and I know exactly what happened. He made you think he was madly in love with you—used his well-known technique on you. He was just amusing himself—as usual—but you took it seriously. I can't forgive him for doing that to you, Joyce. I can't forgive him for doing it to my girl!"

Joyce was silent an instant, thinking how well Dave had sized up the situation. However, she hated him to be turned against his friend because she had acted like a love-sick schoolgirl. "Perhaps," she said, "it was I, not Phil, who forgot I was your girl."

"Stop standing up for him!" "I—I just think you're being so unjust—"

"I'll decide that for myself," he said angrily. "Anyway, I don't want to talk about it any more. I'm through with him—and that's that!" Joyce subsided into her corner of the seat.

Graduation day at Annapolis, Joyce sat in the balcony of the enormous Army, looking down at the stirring scene below. Dave was down there with his class, and one by one they were receiving their diplomas. Dave's name was called. She saw him rise and stride down the aisle to the platform. The Secretary of the Army handed him a diploma and shook his hand. Another officer of the Navy.

Finally, the band was playing, and the singing. Cheers resounded through the Army. The men of the graduating class newly commissioned ensigns, flung their midshipman caps into the air. Joyce and Dave met in front of Bancroft Hall.

"Congratulations, Dave. I'm feeling very proud of you!" "Thanks, Joyce." He offered her his arm. "Let's get away from the multitude."

They found a secluded spot and sat down on a bench. "Joyce," Dave's voice was husky. "Remember what I asked you at the Ring Dance?" "She looked away from him. She didn't want to look at him again, but knew there was no way to stop him.

"Yes, Dave." He reached into his pocket and brought forth the ring, held it out to her. "Will you wear it, Joyce?" "She gazed at it in amazement, at the glittering diamond. "Dave . . . how can you still want me to wear your ring after—after—"

"I love you, Joyce. Nothing that has happened can change that." "But you know that I was infatuated with Phil Randall—so infatuated that I shamelessly ran after him. Doesn't—doesn't that make any difference to you?" "No—because I know it was merely infatuation."

Before Joyce could say more, he took her left hand and slipped the ring onto the third finger. "Leave it there, Joyce," he whispered. "Please. . . ."

She looked at his nice clean-cut face. He was so handsome. He was smiling at her so disarmingly. She simply hadn't the heart to hurt him. "It—it's beautiful, Dave," she faltered. He leaned toward her, kissed her tenderly. She felt cold all over, but she tried to hold her kiss—tried to hide her dismay. (To Be Continued)



ONCE again the bugles call and the Salvation Army goes to the front on active service with the troops—not to kill and destroy but to comfort and save . . . to help men to keep a grip on themselves and their own souls. Will you help to make the soldiers say what they said in the last war, "God Bless the Salvation Army."

THE RED SHIELD PROGRAMME The complete Red Shield Programme of the Salvation Army is already operating in the principal training camps of Canada and with the First Division overseas. It will accompany our soldiers to France and follow as close up to the front line as the military authorities permit.

IN THE NAME OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE For the sake of Canada's soldiers fighting our battles overseas . . . for the sake of their loved ones at home . . . for the sake of the Salvation Army's work for the poor and oppressed we ask you to help in word and deed.

Volunteer workers will call upon you. Receive them kindly and give as your heart dictates.

THE SALVATION ARMY NEEDS... \$1,000,000 be generous

Honorary President, National Advisory Board His Excellency, the Late Right Honourable Lord Tweedsmuir of Elsfeld, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.H., LL.D., Governor General of Canada (We deeply regret the passing of our Honorary President on Feb. 11th)

National Campaign Executive Board The Hon. Senator W. H. Dennis, Provincial Chairman, Nova Scotia; The Hon. Chief Justice J. B. Baxter, P.C., Provincial Chairman, New Brunswick; The Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Mulock, K.C., M.G., Provincial Chairman, Ontario; Gordon F. Perry, Esq., Provincial Vice-Chairman, Ontario; N. D. MacLean, Chairman, P. E. I.; Hon. Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan, Vice-Chairman, P.E.I.

LONG RIVER SCHOOL The following is the report for the month of February: Grade X—1. Elva Paynter. Grade IX—1. Marguerite Paynter. Grade VIII—1. Jeanette Brown; 2. Jean Campbell; 3. Eunice Campbell. Grade VII—1. Irene Paynter; 2. Margaret Paynter; 3. Willard Constable. Grade VI—1. Verna Paynter; 2. Billie Campbell; 3. Jean Fitzsimmons. Grade V—1. Jean MacLeod; 2. Gerald Johnstone and Joseph Dunning equal; 3. James Fitzsimmons. Grade IV—1. Ralph Fitzsimmons; 2. Byron Fitzsimmons; 3. Lloyd Brown and Brenton Paynter (equal). Grade III—1. Margaret Campbell; 2. Alvin Bernard; 3. Cyril DesRoches. Grade II—1. Gladys Fitzsimmons; 2. Elsworth Campbell; 3. Fred Doughtart and Earle Dunning (equal). Grade I Sr.—1. Jennie Brown; 2. Muriel Paynter. Grade I Sr.—1. Ralph Cole; 2. Ralph Thompson; 3. Gladys Paynter. Grade I Jr. (A)—1. Myrtle Bernard; 2. Emmett Fitzsimmons.

UNION ROAD SCHOOL Monthly report for February: Grade IX: 1. Thelma Lamont; 2. Guydon Maund; 3. Sterling Yeo and Marie Henderson (equal). Grade VIII: 1. Joyce Henderson; 2. Marjorie Lamont; 3. Norma Yeo. Grade VII: 1. Frances MacKinnon. Grade IV: 1. Yvonne Livingstone; 2. Corday Armstrong. Grade III (Sr.): 1. Wilson Ravenhill. Grade III (Jr.): 1. Doreen Duffell. Grade II: 1. Birdena Henderson. Grade I: No exams. Perfect attendance: Thelma Lamont, Guydon Maund, Marie Henderson, Norma Yeo, Francis MacKinnon, Corday Armstrong, Roland Livingstone. Teacher, H. R. Miller.

ALEXANDRA SCHOOL Honour Roll for the month of February: Grade X—1. Agnes Wood, 2. William Wood. Grade VIII—1. Richard Brehaut, 2. Glendon Brehaut. Grade VII—1. Louise MacLennan, Grade III—1. Joan Judson, 2. Ruth Wood. Grade II—1. Kay Wood. Grade I (a)—1. Baird Judson, 2. Earl Beaton. Highest average—Joan Judson 96.7. Freda Caver, Teacher.

Minard's relieves aches. EYESIGHT EXAMINATION Fitting and Supplying Glasses Etc. H. J. MABON OPTOMETRIST Montague, P. E. I. Office Hours: 10 to 12 A. M. 2 to 5 P. M. Holidays etc. by appointment Office Connected with DRUGSTORE