

TROUT HALL Oranges AND GRAPEFRUIT



Best for Juice

THESE sweet, juicy TROUT HALL Oranges are here again.

Keep healthy this Winter with these delicious Jamaica oranges and grapefruit.

Look for the name TROUT HALL on the skin and on the wrapper.

Every Trout Hall orange and grapefruit is "Wax-Texed" to preserve its tree-fresh, delicious flavor.

EMPIRE GROWN FRUIT FROM SUNNY JAMAICA



ALPHA W. I. YORK

The annual meeting of Alpha Institute met at the home of Mrs. Herb Vessey, Nov. 25 inst., Pres. Mrs. B. A. Mallett in the chair.

president, Mrs. Elmer Brown; sec. treas., Mrs. Milton Vessey; directors, Mrs. Heath Vessey, Mrs. Herb Vessey, Mrs. Warren Vessey; auditors, Mrs. P. Brodie, Mrs. B. A. Mallett; school committee, Mrs. Lester Keizer, Mrs. Frank Watts; sick committee, Mrs. Will Cooke and Mrs. E. J. Vessey.

It was moved and seconded that we join the T. B. League. Two new collectors were appointed to collect for P. E. I. Hospital.

Program: An interesting paper on "Our Heritage" by Colonel Drew; short speech by retiring president; piano solo, "In rank and

THE QUAKER METHOD OF EASY BREAD BAKING



Delicious home-made Bread or Rolls without drudgery or failure!

BECAUSE of its superior quality, Quaker Flour will give you positive satisfaction with your regular baking methods.

If interested in an easier, quicker baking method, write The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough, for free illustrated book giving full instructions regarding The Quaker Method of Easy Bread Baking.



Quaker Flour Always the Same Always the Best for Bread, Cakes and Pastry

ANYTHING but LOVE by JANET DORAN

CHAPTER XXXIV

The room spun crazily before Alma's eyes. The waitress handed her a glass of water, and Johnny reached across the table and took her hand.

"Steady, old girl," he said softly. "When did it happen?" Alma asked the waitress.

"Late this afternoon. About six, I believe. They say it was the bank closing that made him do it."

"Johnny," Alma whispered, when they were alone, "this makes me feel terrible! At the very time that he did it, I was working to get evidence against him and Roy Carrall—chiefly against Carrall, but Sig was involved, too. I feel so guilty—almost as though I had caused him to do it, even though he had no idea what we were doing."

"Steady, Alma," Johnny said quietly. "You mustn't feel that way. Why, not even Carrall knows exactly what's up—and won't until Chris Gordon has assembled his evidence and drawn up charges."

"I can't bear it, Johnny. Even though Sig helped to break and ruin my father's home, though I hated him for that—I can't bear to think of his being driven to this!"

"You're being unreasonable, Alma," Johnny argued. "His suicide may have had nothing to do with financial matters. It may have been because that girl jilted him. And Sig couldn't take it."

"Sig... dead!" Alma whispered. "I'd known him all my life."

"Drink this coffee," Johnny ordered firmly. "Obediently she drank the hot liquid. Suddenly her eyes swam with tears, and she lowered her lids hastily, but not before Johnny had seen."

"Dear," he whispered tenderly, "don't feel so badly over this. Come," he decided swiftly, "let's drive out to the Gray Goose Inn and have dinner there! The ride will quiet your nerves and, maybe, make you hungry. Shall we?"

Alma rose, and she slipped her coat on, gently pulled the collar up under her chin, and knotted the gay silk scarf. His fingers found her cold little hand, and he held tightly to it as they walked out of the luncheon room and climbed into the car.

Alma slipped down in the seat, close to Johnny, and as they sped toward the country, his comforting nearness and the monotonous drone of the motor soothed her jangled nerves.

And, as the miles unrolled, she marvelled that she could always forget everything, the minute she was alone with Johnny. Yesterday, she had been filled with glorious dreams of all that her formula

was going to do for her and her father. She had been thrilled with the prospect of their regaining all that they had lost. And now, it didn't count. Though she might be on the brink of wealth and glory, it didn't really count. All that mattered was Johnny.

"Feeling better, sweet?" Johnny asked suddenly and, startled, Alma came out of her absorption and smiled tremulously.

"Thinking that you always manage to be on hand when I need you most, Johnny! Wondering why you've done so much for me!"

"Does there have to be a reason for a fuss made over the new baby. After all, she wasn't in direct line for the throne. Her uncle, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was head of her father in the succession. But Britishers knew history, remembered that King George V, the well-loved and aging king, had not expected to be ruler either, yet he had reigned long and honorably."

"They knew the importance of even indirect succession, knew even then that Wales had little relish for assuming the weight of responsibility that overhangs the throne."

The Bruton Street house was the London home of the duchess. It was not a large house, but a simple nursery was arranged. The baby, given named for her mother, her great-grandmother, and her grandmother, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary. The London soothsayers and astrologer were soon busy casting her horoscope and coming up with the prediction that she would one day reign as Queen Elizabeth II.

Cut first teeth on Queen's Pearls Simple clothing was provided, except for one priceless garment, a robe of gold lace donated by her adoring grandmother, Queen Mary. The lace had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and had come down through Queen Victoria to Queen Mary.

The Queen took deep interest in the baby, and cared for her at Sandringham and Buckingham Palace for several months while the Duke and Duchess were called away on a tour of Australia. "Grandma" took excellent care of her charge, and bought her a special necklace to cut her teeth on when the queen's own pearls began to suffer. By the time the first birthday came around, Elizabeth was ready to celebrate by walking eight steps while dragging a woolly dog and holding a silver rattle to her five teeth.

When her mother returned, the baby princess was able to greet her with "Mummy! Mummy!" a term British children apply to their mothers.

By this time, a new residence in Piccadilly had been provided for the Duke of York and his family, and Princess Elizabeth knew a new nursery. Occasionally the family journeyed to Glamis Castle in Scotland, ancient seat of the duchess family, to enjoy country life, but usually the little princess' outdoor life was restricted to pram trips through Hyde Park which adjoined the Duke's house.

"Lilibet" Take: Matters in Hand At two, the little princess again went for a long visit to her "Granma," Queen Mary, who would sit on the south terrace of Windsor Castle crocheting and talking to her favorite grandchild. Already it was noted with what gravity the little girl bowed in acknowledgement of the cheers that greeted her

when the family drove in the streets. Elizabeth was not quite three when an incident occurred that proves that children are always a problem, royal or otherwise. Her mother, the duchess, was entertaining a friend. The little princess was in the drawing room, listening to the conversation. Suddenly she was seen to push a bell, and when a servant responded, she said peremptorily, "Ring for a taxi!" Turning to the guest, then, "Lilibet" said with childish bluntness, "Lady, go!" But needless to say it was Lilibet who went to bed.

TAKE TWO REIGN AS QUEEN. Independence was early inculcated into the child, and it was a bookseller at Portar, Scotland, near Glamis Castle, who was astonished one day to see the four-year-old Elizabeth shooing in his store for books, and carrying her own little purse.

Rejecting several with a grave "Thank you, I've seen that," the little princess finally chose one with an equally grave "I will take that," and counted out the coppers to pay for it.

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Reign as Queen Elizabeth II Forecast for Little Princess

Training Since Earliest Childhood Has Been that of Potential Ruler

BY MILTON BRONNER (Nca Service Staff Correspondent)

LONDON, Dec. 17.—Crowds gathered on the pavement in front of 17 Brunton Street on April 21, 1926. Newspapers clamored with bold headlines the fact that a daughter had been born to the Duke and Duchess of York. A thrill ran around the world in all those lands where the Union Jack waved.

Americans wondered why so great a fuss was made over the new baby. After all, she wasn't in direct line for the throne. Her uncle, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was head of her father in the succession. But Britishers knew history, remembered that King George V, the well-loved and aging king, had not expected to be ruler either, yet he had reigned long and honorably.

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It was his request that his remains be taken to the home of his nephew, Newton, and his funeral which was largely attended was on Friday, 4th, held at St. Malachi's Church, where a mass requiem was sung for the repose of his soul by the pastor, Rev. M. J. Smith, who also officiated at the grave.

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His remains were laid beside those of his wife in the adjoining cemetery, some day to await a glorious resurrection. Many mass cards and spiritual offerings were presented.

The pallbearers were Messrs. John Greenan, Frank Greenan, Walter Murtagh, Albert McKenna, Ernest Duffy and James R. Greenan. May his soul rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM JAMES H. REEVES Entered into rest at his home in Freetown, Prince Edward Island, on the afternoon of November 10th, 1936, James H. Reeves, after a very brief illness.

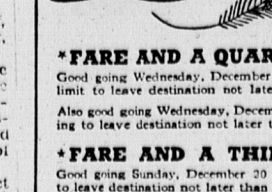
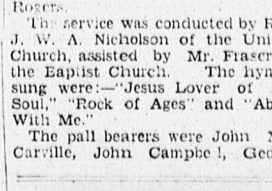
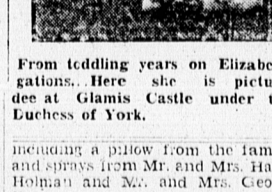
He was the son of the late Charles Reeves and Caroline Beales, his wife, and was born at Freetown in the year 1858.

In 1882, he married Eliza Arbing, daughter of the late Jabez Arbing, who still survives.

Besides his sorrowing widow, he leaves to mourn, four sons and one daughter, namely: Hanford of Summerside; Eldon of Kensington; Russell and Reginald, Freetown; and (Vinny) Mrs. Charles Crockett of Windsor, Ont.

The sympathy, esteem and respect of all was manifested by the large number of people who gathered at the house of mourning, and by the large funeral cortege, which followed her remains to the cemetery at Freetown on Friday, November 13th, where a 1 that was mortal of a kind friend was reverently laid to rest there to await the dawn of a glorious resurrection.

The floral tributes were beautiful



childish "Lilibet" vanished, and to herself as well as to her mother and the royal family she became Elizabeth. It was at this time, too, that she began going regularly to Church of England service. Training in that still during service in those early days, the little princess today can sit through a long concert or ceremonial with less fidgeting than a grown-up.

Very few little girls have a bibliography written about them when they are four, but this happened to Elizabeth, and the year was also marked by the birth of her little sister, Margaret Rose.

The princess' mother, the duchess, always wanted to send the child to public schools, but it is believed due to the influence of Queen Mary that her education began under private tutors, much as if her future accession to the throne were a certainty. Almost her only early playmates were George and Gerald Lascelles, the sons of her aunt, the Princess Royal.

People of Wales Present Play House When she was six, her most elaborate present was sent her from the people of Wales. It was a playhouse so large and so complete that one could ascend the stairs to a second story, a dream house for a little girl to play at housekeeping. The thatched roof of the house caught fire when it was being delivered, but it was repaired, and was the scene of many of the little children's teas and entertainments which the princess early learned to plan and conduct herself.

For one of these she prepared a program, which read as follows: English recitation... Princess Elizabeth French recitation... Princess Elizabeth

With ready facility in languages, writing and geography, and a liking for all subjects, but mathematics, the little princess was making rapid progress in her education. Her health excellent at all times, the little Princess Elizabeth was growing into something very close to the English ideal of happy, normal girlhood.



From toddling years on Elizabeth was initiated into her social obligations. Here she is pictured greeting Professor Stegall of Dundee at Glamis Castle under the approving eyes of the Duke and Duchess of York.

including a pillow from the family, and sprays from Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holman and Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers.

The service was conducted by Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson of the United Church, assisted by Mr. Fraser of the Baptist Church. The hymns sung were: "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages" and "Abide With Me."

The pall bearers were John McCarville, John Campbell, L-1401-12-17-11.

What we fondly call our own Belongs to Heaven's Great Lord, The Essences lent us for a day, Are soon to be restored.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S NEW Low RAIL FARES

*FARE AND A QUARTER FOR THE ROUND TRIP Good going Wednesday, December 23 until 2 p.m. Sunday, December 27, 1936. Limit to leave destination not later than midnight, Monday, December 28, 1936. Also good going Wednesday, December 30 until 2 p.m. Sunday, January 3, 1937. Returning to leave destination not later than midnight, Monday, January 4, 1937. *FARE AND A THIRD FOR THE ROUND TRIP Good going Sunday, December 20 until Friday, January 1 inclusive. Return limit to leave destination not later than midnight, Friday, January 8, 1937. Tickets and complete information from any agent CANADIAN NATIONAL