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#### LOWER FREETOWN SCHOOL

Report of Lower Freetown School for the month of November. Grade X-1. Frances Cairns. Grade IX-1. Robert Cairns; 2. Laura Hill and Glen Lidstone, equal; 3. Arnold Hill. Grade VIII-1. Preston Hammill; 2. Audrey Reeves; 3. Gordon Hammill. Grade VI-1. Edith Stavert; 2. Joyce Reeves; 3. Pearl Stavert. Grade V-1. William Cairns; 2. Betty Proffitt; 3. Freda Hammill. Grade IV-1. Helen Cairns; 2. Fred Cairns; 3. Walter Stavert. Grade III-1. Ella Jean Stavert; 2. Orville Reeves; 3. Ruth Stavert. Grade II-1. Winnifred Cairns; 2. Bruce Proffitt; 3. Albert Matthews. Grade -1. Donald Proffitt; 2. Ralph Burns; 3. Elaine Hammill. Perfect attendance: Frances Cairns, Robert Cairns, Glen Lidstone, Laura Hill, Arnold Hill, Audrey Reeves, Joyce Reeves, Edith Stavert, William Cairns, Betty Proffitt, George Hill, Fred Cairns, Helen Cairns, Winnifred Cairns, Bruce Proffitt, Donald Proffitt, Olive Stavert, teacher.

#### CAPE TRAVERSE W. I.

The annual meeting of Cape Traverse Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. John Campbell Nov. 18th with the President in the chair. Meeting opened with Ode followed by creed. Roll Call was answered by members paying fee and was responded to by nine members. Minutes of the last annual and monthly meetings were read and adopted. The President gave a short address in which she thanked the members for their co-operation during the year. Reports of committees were then heard including the report of the Secretary. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President Mrs. Vernon Muttart; Vice-Pres. Miss Nona Wright; Secretary, Miss Evelyne Harvey; Directors: Mrs. Melbourne Howatt, Mrs. Wesley MacMicken and Mrs. Gordon Harvey. Auditors: Mrs. Frank Campbell and Mrs. Harold Outcliffe. New committees were appointed.

Sick: Mrs. James Campbell and Mrs. John Campbell; School: Mrs. Melbourne Howatt and Mrs. Raymond Harvey; Program: Mary Hunt and Evelyne Bell; Lunch: Mrs. Joseph Outcliffe, Mrs. Vernon Muttart. The sum of \$3.00 was donated to the T. B. League; \$5.00 for shut-ins at Christmas; \$5.00 for school treat. The holiday bags were adopted for the coming year. An interesting contest was then put on by Evelyne Harvey and the prizes were won by Mrs. Douglas Bell and Mrs. Frank Campbell. Lunch was then served. Meeting closed with the National Anthem. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Gordon Harvey.

#### DROMORE SCHOOL

Honor Roll for November: Grade X-1. Emmett Hughes. Grade IX-1. Gertrude Callaghan. Grade VIII-1. Tena McGuirk; 2. Mary McGuirk; 3. Olive Callaghan. Grade VII-1. Robert Hughes. Grade VI-1. Ivan Dalton; 2. Augustine Callaghan. Grade V-1. John Hughes. Grade IV-1. William Callaghan. Grade III-1. Pearl McGuirk. Grade I (a)-1. Plus Hughes. Grade I (b)-1. Elmer Callaghan. Grade I (c)-1. Eileen McGuirk; 2. Mary McSkill, teacher.

#### FANNING SCHOOL

Honor Roll for Fanning School for November: Grade X-1. Jean Stewart; 2. Laurence Ramsay; 3. George Wood side. Grade IX-1. Shirley Woodside; 2. Ralph Owen; 3. Garnet Turner. Grade VIII-1. Eliza Beattie; 2. Montgomery Owen; 3. Erna Bryanton. Grade VII-1. Verna Bearsto; 2. Betty MacKinnon; 3. Gerald Stewart. Grade VI-1. Edward MacGougan; 2. Irene Taylor; 3. Jack Champlion. Principal, Margaret Townsend.

### The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 4 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

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THE CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION for the first district of Queen's is postponed until further notice due to travelling conditions. L-636-12-3-21

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE - Miss Helen DeBlais, daughter of Lieut. Governor DeBlais and Mrs. DeBlais entertained a number of friends Friday evening, the occasion being the observance of her birthday.

POLICE COURT - At police court Saturday a drunk was fined \$10 and costs or 20 days. A man charged with neglecting and ill-treating his children was remanded until this morning.

REMOVED TO TRURO - Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Parker who have been residents of Wellington for the past year, left recently for Truro, N. S., where they will in future reside. Island friends wish them success in their new home. -S.

WINS SCHOLARSHIP - Rev. E. S. Weeks, Millstream, recently announced last week of the success of his daughter, Jean H. Weeks, who has won a scholarship in social science from Toronto University where she is a student. Miss Weeks has been a brilliant student throughout her school days, having graduated with honors from Mount Allison University in the 1933 class, and specialized in economics. The scholarship is worth \$125. Miss Weeks is a sister of Ernest P. Weeks, London, Eng., who was an honor graduate of Mount Allison in 1933 and also won the Rhodes scholarship. He and Mrs. Weeks, the former Gerda Wunch of Germany, visited here during the summer, returning this autumn to London, where Mr. Weeks holds a position with the International Sugar Council in London. Rev. E. S. Weeks is a native of Fredericton, P. E. I. and was stationed here in four different circuits from 1907 to 1921.

### The Holy Terror

(Continued from Page 2)

being done or was ever likely to be done with Rudie. Children are right, and parents and pedagogues never understand them. That is the privilege and compensation of the for servant spinsters. Very likely she had had a little precipitate with Rudie, but she felt she should try again. She had a nice long talk one evening with Mrs. Whitlow. "You ought to have him psycho-analyzed," she said. "It lies too deep for his untrained observers. Very likely that Oedipus complex. But what we have to remember always is that like every child, he is intrinsically good." "At times," said Mrs. Whitlow, "that is very hard to believe. I copied some bits of wisdom out of a book by Mr. Neill," said Aunt Julia. "Listen dear, I cannot say the truth is, but I can declare my strong conviction that a boy is never in the wrong." "What do you think of that?" And the self that God made isn't that beautifully put?—the self that God made in conflict with all our silly teaching and interference. And this!—what a comfort it is!—these times of war and trouble!—Human beings are good, they want to do good; they want to love and be loved. When one thinks of all these poor love-starved aviators bombing—what was the name of that place in India yesterday? Just unashamed love-hunger. And then this again;—criminally, he says, "my dear, springs from lack of love." "On the part of the criminal—" "Oh, no dear! No! No! Not on the part of the people who make the laws. And so you see what we have to do, is just to find out the complex that is tying poor little Rudie down to all his naughtiness. When he broke the leg of his rabbit when he was playing with it the other day, that was really a protest—a symbol." "It wasn't a nice symbol for the rabbit." "We have to discover his complex."

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That is the next thing. "He keeps so quiet about that." "Naturally. We have to discover it. Now tell me—do you and George, do you ever quarrel in front of Rudie?" "My dear!" "Does he ever see you caressing or making love?" "Julia darling!" "Does he— is he disposed to avoid his father?" "He keeps out of his way—especially when he is up to mischief." "A pure Oedipus," said Julia, nodding her head several times. "Probably a chemically pure Oedipus. Now tell me: When you and he are together and his father comes in, does he seem to want to get close to you—edge between you, so to speak? As if to protect you?" "It's generally the other way about. He wants to be protected. Not that his father ever ill-treats him. But the boy has that sort of conscience. He always feels his father may have found out something." "The Oedipus complex. Well, don't trust my untrained judgment, dear. Go to a proper psycho-analyst and have all this cleared up. Then you will know . . ."

big and deliberate that you felt you could put the utmost confidence in him. And by making an excuse of Rudie's illious attacks old Doctor Carstall looked him over. "He's the most ordinary boy I ever met," said old Doctor Carstall. "Except that he has a certain excess of—so in him, and a lack of self-restraint. He's fairly intelligent of course—in his way." "He's no an ordinary boy," said Mrs. Whitlow, defending every mother's dearest illusion, "not by any means." "As you will," said old Doctor Carstall. "But keep him out of the hands of these faddists and send him to the most conventional school you can find. He'll probably do as well as most ordinary little boys—"

get scholarships, play games and all that. He has—well,—tenacity. He doesn't feel scruples if he wants anything. Don't imagine he's anything out of the way for naughtiness. It's just that that curious god of his, brings it out." "Nasty little kid," soliloquized old Doctor Carstall, when Mrs Whitlow had departed. "There's millions like him—more or less." "Millions," he repeated. . . . Most people forget what nasty children they were themselves. They forgot it."

"Just because children are small and pink—or small and sticky like this little beast—they imagine them angelic. If you magnified them, everyone would see plainer what they are."

He reflected, "Tenacity? That's no virtue. . . . Though of course it may be an advantage. . . . of Wordsworth floated protestingly through his memory and were ill received. "But trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our Home," he said and then added religiously, vulgarly and outrageously: "I don't think His clouds of glory would smell of sulphur all the time."

Aunt Julia was never able to put her finger exactly on Rudie's complex—if so be he had one. Whatever it was, presumably, it remained unresolved and festering in his soul, and this story can tell no more about it. (To be Continued)

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