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W. G. HOGG, C.L.U., Divisional Manager

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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

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CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK—November 14th to the 20th. A special display of children's books may be seen at the Public Library.

THE FIRST COMBINED FOX AND MINK SHOW with a large entry list opens Tuesday, November 16th. Attend this outstanding exhibition. Secure your tickets for the Fur Breeders Banquet on Tuesday night.

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VISITED RELATIVES—Mr. and Mrs. O. I. Collins of Belmont, Mass., have arrived home after an enjoyable vacation spent with Mr. Collins' brother and sister in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. They also visited in the city where they were guests of Mrs. Collins' sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. N. J. MacNeil, Columbia Street, as well as his friends. While in Cape Breton they were guests at the home of Mrs. Collins' brother, John A. MacNeil, at Millville, besides many friends in Sydney Mines, Boisdale and Bouladerie. — Sydney Post Record.

CORNWALL—Cornwall W. M. S. held their November meeting at the home of Mrs. Reggie MacEwen with the President, Mrs. Charles Hyde presiding. The Worship Service, Thy Kingdom come, was also conducted by the President. Scripture readings were given by Mrs. Sterling Clow. Subscriptions for the Missionary Monthly were received. A good report was given from the Mission Band. All joined in singing "The Buddhist Chant." The Study book chapter was entitled, "Doctors Old and New," and was presented by Mrs. Ezzie Howard. She told the story of three Chinese doctors who are doing exceptionally fine work in their own country. Also explained the purpose and extent of the medical missions being carried on in China. Prayer for the great work now being done was offered. The members were invited to the Manse for the December meeting in the Mite-Boxes will be opened. The singing of "Father, whose will is life and good," followed by the benediction closed the meeting. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Colin A. MacPhail, Mrs. Gordon MacEwen and Mrs. Stanley Murchison.

ENJOYABLE PARTY—A very enjoyable Halloween party was held by Miss Freda Myers, at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Heber Myers, Carleton, on Saturday evening, October 30th, with twenty (20) guests present. Two little ghosts escorted the guests to the door, where they were met by another ghost who gave them a real good handshake. In the next pictures were handed them by one dressed for the occasion. The games consisted of "Spin the Cover", a "Halloween Contest" which was won by Charles Waugh and Harold Campbell, an "Apple dive game" won by Arthur MacMicken and Joe Dawson, a "pumpkin seed guess" when by Adele Hays and a "Chin apple game" which added to the merriment of the evening. A prize was given to each of the winners. A good old fashioned sing song was then sung with some classical numbers with Miss Freda Myers at the piano. A delicious lunch of ice cream and cake was then served by Mrs. Heber Myers and Mrs. Arthur MacMicken. The evening closed with the singing of "God Save the King."

SURPRISE PARTY—A most complete surprise party was tendered Mrs. George MacKay, Albany, Tuesday evening, when the ladies of the North Tryon Institute arrived at her home carrying an assortment of packages, etc. Mrs. MacKay was completely mystified concerning the import of the gathering, but was soon enlightened, when, after all had gathered, a lovely gift was presented to her in recognition of her work in helping train the pupils of that school for participation in the South Shore Musical Festival, which was held recently at Summerside, where they acquitted themselves very creditably carrying off a first and third place in the two groups in which they were entered. Mrs. MacKay in a few words thanked the ladies of the Institute very kindly for their most thoughtful and grateful appreciation and their hearty co-operation in her work with the pupils. A pleasant evening was spent in social conversation concluding with the ladies serving a delightful lunch. At the conclusion, they departed each thanking Mrs. MacKay for her interest and assistance in their community enterprise.

Longevity

(By Uncle Joe)

Why do people live so long in this Province? Is it the site of the Fountain of Youth? These are questions that have long interested visitors to our shores as well as those who know something of our history and our people.

Here, it is quite common for people to reach the four score mark, while quite a few have lived more than five score years. Looking back over the years we find that Mrs. Donald Gordon, at the time of her death lacked but a few days of being 111 years old. Proof of her age can be found in the church records which give the date and year of her baptism.

This remarkable old lady was the daughter of John Brown, who lived in Charlottetown. After marrying Donald Gordon she went to live in Prince County, near the village Alma.

Right up till the time of her death Mrs. Gordon could read and sew without the aid of glasses.

The late Mr. Bernard of Hunter River was in his 106th year when death ended his career. Then there was "Aunt Mary" MacSwin of Lorne Valley who passed away about eleven years ago at the advanced age of 105 years and eight months. In the adjoining district of St. Theresa, Mr. James Smith passed away in her 103rd year. "Aunt Mary," as everybody called her, came from the Isle of Skye to Lorne Valley when she was only 8 years old.

In Green Bay, this scribe had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. William Barrett when he was 101. He has since passed on peacefully.

A most notable case of longevity was that of the Mackinnon twins of Forest Hills, who, three years ago, celebrated their 100th birthday. One of the brothers has died since.

And it is interesting to note that last year no fewer than 48 persons died here who were eighty years of age or over; while in the past five years 201 between 80 and 100 dropped out of circulation—the most amazing number considering the small population of our island Province.

It would be interesting to know just how many persons between the ages of 90 and 100 are today living in the Garden of the Gulf. Perhaps readers of this paper will be kind enough to list all the names and ages of such elderly people to The Charlottetown Guardian.

And now getting back to the question, namely: Why do people live so long in this Province? We believe the answer should be, because there are no congested centres to spread diseases and its attendant miseries. Everywhere there is abundance of fresh air, and our drinking water is second to none. While we do have a severe winter our summer climate is one of the best in North America. Here, too, the tenor of life is easy and free compared with Provinces like Quebec and Ontario. Even in our towns there is not the bustle and man scramble that one finds in the larger cities.

Taking us by and large, we are a God-fearing people, who live the quiet and simple life that our forefathers led before us. Obviously that's the reason of our longevity.

Bright New Comet Reported Sighted

ADELAIDE, Nov. 14—(Reuters)—A bright new comet, reported by the pilot and passengers of an Australian air liner yesterday morning, has been seen again from three widely-separated points in South Australia. George F. Dodwell, South Australian Government astronomer, suggested today the comet be named Thompson, after the plane's pilot, if it is established he was the first to see it.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 12—(AP)—The Harvard Observatory in South Africa reported today sighting a new comet that can be seen by the naked eye. Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, said the comet is as bright as the stars in the Big Dipper. There is a good chance that it may be visible in this hemisphere tomorrow morning just before sunrise, he said.

DUNMOW, Essex, England—(CP)—It's back to school for councillors of this town. After council meetings police give them the same lectures and films on road safety as those given school-children.

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By Rosamond Dejarina

CHAPTER XI

It was a very satisfactory job. You reported at the Palm Grove quite early, six o'clock, for the dinner show. And you yourself off and on until when the place closed. It was fairly easy to fall asleep at that hour, even for Lisbeth, who didn't sleep too well. And, if she tried hard, she usually managed to be abed until ten. Bathing, dressing, doing one's nails could be drawn out to unbelievable lengths. One grew adept at prolonging small duties, trivial occupations. Then there was a combined breakfast and lunch to linger over. Sometimes Lisbeth ate alone, more often with Carol Bemis, who did a solo tap routine and some chorus work at the Palm Grove.

Carol and Lisbeth had rooms in the same ancient brownstone front on Jackson Boulevard. It was Carol who had recommended the place to Lisbeth, or to Lissa Crane, as the copper-haired young singer had introduced herself to Lisbeth, who had been a trawling back and forth to her new work from an obscure downtown hotel, had welcomed the other girl's suggestion gratefully.

Carol was kind and friendly. And Lisbeth had need of kindness and friendship. The other girl's pert, rather scornful little face between the sleek wings of dark hair, her breezy, casual manner were blessed realities in a world fantastically strange. Carol knew her way around in that fantastic world. She had been hooping since she was fifteen, and she was twenty now, Lisbeth's age in actual years, infinitely older in experience.

It was Carol who insisted when Lisbeth had been singing at the Grove less than a month. "You're too good for this place, kid, and that's not idle flattery. You've got something to show 'em. Cash in a little, trying to define it—something the big-timers have. You're foolish to be marking time at the Grove!"

Lisbeth stared at her. She had grown accustomed to the too-bright evening gowns Herman wanted her to wear. No longer did the rim of vague, white faces beyond the circle of her spotlight have the power to make her frightened and unsure. The unflattering applause that climaxed her numbers continued to please, and no longer so utterly astonished her. And she had come to depend upon the settled pattern of her days, the anonymity of being Lissa Crane, of being nobody. She had even dared to hope that a sell against pain and loneliness and yearning was slowly forming.

Now Carol wanted to change all that. Dazedly, her hand held the hard together, Lisbeth listened to her friend's earnest voice: "Hank thinks you're swell, too. And reporters aren't pushovers, you know. Hank gets around. He could introduce you to some orchestra leaders, maybe get you a radio audition."

Carol was crazy about Hank Merriam. Just speaking of him had her rather hard young eyes softened a little.

Lisbeth said "No! Oh, no, Carol! It's—nice of Mr. Merriam to be willing to bother—but I'd rather not."

Lisbeth Ran Into An Acquaintance On The Street

Lisbeth had met Hank once. One night at the Grove she had been persuaded to have a ginger ale at Carol's and Hank's. And Hank had studied her oddly, between his brows, and had asked, "Haven't we met before? At least I've seen you somewhere." Then as Lisbeth continued to shake her head, he dismissed the matter grudgingly. "Maybe I caught your act at some other night spot."

She hadn't bothered to deny the fact. Now Carol was demanding, "Why on earth not? Haven't you any ambition? There's no future for you at Herman's. Do you think I'd be there if I could get anything better? Hoofers are a dime a dozen these days—but you're different."

Lisbeth tried to explain: "It isn't that I'm not ambitious. But I need experience, and the Grove is as good as any to acquire it. Later, perhaps, when I'm more sure of myself, I wouldn't be so likely to fail..." It was as near the truth as she dared to come.

And Carol exclaimed, her black eyes snapping "Of all the inferiority complexes! You're just nuts, kid!" She relaxed a little then, smiling her gamin smile. "But it's your own life, so I suppose you can bury yourself if you want to."

(To Be Continued)

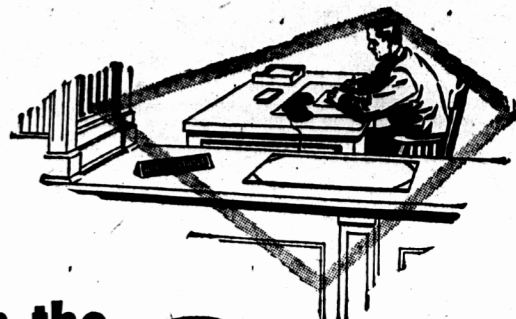
SPRINGVALE INSTITUTE

The Springvale Institute met at the home of Mrs. Reagh Coles on Tuesday evening, Oct. 12, with the president presiding.

Meeting opened with Ode followed by Creed in unison. The members then stood for one minute silence in memory of the late Mrs. Kent.

Roll call was then answered by 12 members, each telling their grandmother's maiden name. The minutes of last meeting were read, approved and signed.

Collection amounted to \$5 cents. The reports of the various committees were heard. Sick committee reported one call, and baby card and gift sent to Baby Johnson. A letter of thanks was read from Jessie MacNeve for sympathy card received, also letter of thanks from Mae MacNeve for fruit sent her while sick. Mrs. Dale Proude reported visit-



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ing the school and the school had been cleaned during the holidays. Articles had been bought and replaced in the first aid kit and a water bucket and soap had been purchased by Mrs. A. Semter. Mrs. Harry Younker offered to get stalin to do the seats in the school, in the near future.

Miriam Dollar was appointed to get work from the Red Cross before next meeting. Bills amounted to \$2.45.

Miss Alice Dollar invited the members to meet at our home for our November meeting which will be the annual meeting; roll call would replace the Holy Land's convalescent card. Lunch committee, Mrs. Reagh Coles, Mrs. Fred Coles, Mrs. Harold Proude and Alice Dollar.

The business period closed by singing "The King." Lunch was served by committee in charge, assisted by Mrs. Coles.

present shaky truce. The closed session was called at the request of Dr. Ralph Bunche, the acting Palestine mediator. The informant said Bunche will present to the Council his concept of what the next step should be in the effort to settle the Palestine problem.

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