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MADE IN CANADA

In Memoriam

MR. ALBERT MACLEWEN

There passed peacefully away at his home in St. Peter's Harbour on October 6, 1948, Albert W. MacLewen in his 77th year.

Being confined to his bed for eleven months he bore his sickness with great bravery, always appearing cheerful and able to greet his many friends with a smile and a cheery word, appreciating every thing done for him by friends and loved ones. He leaves to mourn a sorrowing widow and four daughters, Hazel, Mrs. Bruce Webster, Midgell, Helen, Mrs. Wenzel Baker, St. Peter's Harbour; Marion, Mrs. Sidney Anderson, West St. Peter's; Doris, Mrs. Robert Squires, St. Peter's Harbour.

The funeral under the direction of N. D. MacLean, was held on Monday afternoon, October 8th from his late residence where a short service was conducted by Rev. W. T. Mercer. Then his remains were tenderly borne to Bristol United Church where Rev. Mr. Mercer preached the funeral sermon and spoke words of comfort to those who mourned, basing his message on the words, "That there is a prince and a great man fallen this day, in Israel." The hymns sung were: The Lord is Raising up a King in the Arms of Jesus, Forever With the Lord. Burial took place in West St. Peter's cemetery. The pall bearers were: Herbert Hawbolt, Roy Cairns, Gerard Barry, Eldon Drake, James MacDonald, Harry MacLewen.

Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

Ben came straight through the gap in the hedge and took Phoebe's hands. "Marry Christmas, Phoebe," he said. And that was so exactly like part of what Phoebe had imagined and everything else so horribly different that her eyes suddenly brimmed with tears. "Merry Christmas, she whispered.

Ben kept her hand as he turned to his father. "What's the matter, Dad?" "Can't you see for yourself?" he snapped. "Ben," Aunt Bea stood before him. "Listen to me. Last night Phoebe's mother nearly died. She was stricken with acute appendicitis. The ambulance from the hospital couldn't get through the old road. Do you understand?"

Ben looked anxiously into Phoebe's face. "How is she now, dear?" "They think she'll live." "Do you blame me for what I am doing?" asked Aunt Bea. "Look here, Ben," said Mr. Prentice. You may as well know that I'm not starting for this. I'm sorry for Caroline of course. But if you touch another twig of that hedge with an axe I'll have you in the hospital in a few days. We'll see about that." Suddenly Aunt Bea's right nerves gave way. While with anger she snatched an axe which was snuggled up against the hedge and lifted it, ready to swing at the hedge.

Ben sprang forward. "Don't, Miss Palmer he cried. 'Don't do it' he seized the handle of the axe and tried to take it away. And somehow suddenly, there was a bloody rash across Aunt Bea's wrist. Phoebe saw it. Horrified, she ran to her aunt, pushing Benjamin aside with all her strength. "Look what you've done." She began to sob. "Go away. Go away. I don't ever want to see you again."

CHAPTER XXIX

For two weeks Caroline hovered between life and death. The nurse's conversation with hush suspense; the telephone was snuffed, the startled skirts of the nurses whirled through the halls day and night, and Phoebe acquired the habit of tiptoeing about the rooms. Early in the afternoon of the 15th, a telegram came. It was a telegram from Christmas Eve when Dr. Constable's summons in the middle of the night had put her away from Phoebe's mother began to February allowed away in a succession of days that were all alike while winter held the world in his cold white fist. Relatives have in their lives seen the windows through which Phoebe looked out at the white lawn, the white-crowned heron, the loved white car in the hedge. The sun was all that remained of Aunt Bea's desperate attempt to establish a right of way.

John shoveled tons of snow out of the old road, more snow fell and he went on shovelling. In spite of his struggles the road was a mess. Phoebe's mother was a serious problem. And this problem was solved to Phoebe's satisfaction by Benjamin Prentice.

Each morning before he started for Riverhead Ben brought over the milk which had been left for the crows at the Prentice door. Each morning he received a list of things needed at the grocery and brought them over when he returned from the office at night.

By the end of January Phoebe insisted that they were able to disengage with Miss Winters and she herself carried out faithfully the exacting routine when February her mother was an affliction in bed for a little while each day the love atmosphere of the hospital lightened and Phoebe relaxed. She read to Caroline till her eyes were burned; she read sometimes arched from running up and down the stairs; but at night she could sleep soundly knowing that her mother was safe at last.

One day toward the end of the month she was driving back from the village over slushy melting roads. Phoebe was startled to see a large "For Sale" sign posted at the Prentice gate. The minute she was in the house she asked her father about it. "Well, I guess the truth is Ed's finding it unworkable here," he said. "Public opinion's turned against him. I've noticed he gets cold shoulders everywhere. That's had for business of course. Where has he gone out?" "Where do you suppose he'll go?" Phoebe did not mention the "For Sale" sign to Benjamin and he made no reference to it himself.

FLYING FLAVORS

Just unveiled in San Diego, Calif., is the "roadplane," above, which combines the advantages of the airplane and automobile, according to its creator, Norman V. Davidson, Convair engineer. Simply drive it to the airport, attach 30-foot wings, start the 18-horsepower air-cooled piston-type engine and head for the clouds, says the inventor. It may be placed on the market within a year.

Prevent Needless COLDS!

Colds that result from lowered resistance due to insufficient supplies of Vitamin A in the diet may often be avoided. In the past 90 years millions have proved the value of Father John's Medicine as a nutritive tonic and builder which helps throw off cold infections by increasing inner resistance. Get a bottle from your Druggist today—prevent needless colds.

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Father John's Medicine

self. But when Aunt Bea came out to the island for her weekly visit a day or two later she wanted to know all about it. And after talking with her brother-in-law she stood at the living room window and stared thoughtfully at the red brick mansion for a long time.

March bright and windy, blew about the house. Caroline was downstairs for a few hours each day. Phoebe, fussed about, fixing a chair with pillows and a shawl in the sunniest window. Seeing the new pink in her mother's cheeks she felt that life was almost right again. "Morns, look. The crocuses are up!"

On the first really warm day Phoebe decided to wash the downstairs windows. When she had finished the living room ones she sat down on the porch steps to rest. She was sitting there with her chin on her knees absent-mindedly poking a stick into the moist earth, when Ben appeared. They looked at each other for a moment. Then Phoebe moved over on the steps and Ben sat down.

"Phoebe," he said, "will you go to the movies with me to-night? That new Dietrich picture is at the State."

OUT OUR WAY



THE WORRY WART



Fred Sulte, Jr., who has been in an iron lung since he was stricken with infantile paralysis nine years ago, is shown with his daughters, Catherine, 2, and Theresa, 5, right, before family boarded train for Florida where they will spend the winter. Sulte is able to leave the respirator for brief periods by using a portable "lung."

THE PROTECTOR

A lady was in the habit of letting her canary out of its cage every day, and had taught a favorite cat not to touch it. One morning as it was picking up crumbs from the carpet the cat seized it suddenly, and jumped with it in her mouth to the top of the table. The lady was much wry.

CORNS

No pads or plasters to fuss with—just a few drops of a painless remedy PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR—only a few applications and relief comes quickly. Tackle every day, and had taught a favorite cat not to touch it. One morning as it was picking up crumbs from the carpet the cat seized it suddenly, and jumped with it in her mouth to the top of the table. The lady was much wry.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



WELL, BAIT THE HOOK FOR MARTHA

Card of Thanks

Mrs. Albert MacLewen and family, wish to thank their many friends who sent floral tributes, letters of sympathy, or helped in any way in their recent sad bereavement. 11-20-48.

MARSHFIELD SCHOOL

Report for the month of October. Grade X—1, Jackie Carr; 2, William Garnham. Grade IX—1, Wilma Scott. Grade VIII—1, Arthur Jenkins; 2, Doris Boyce. Grade VII—1, Shirley Dennis; 2, Leila Muttari; 3, Charlie Strickland. Grade VI—1, Marjorie Scott; 2, Beth Boswall; 3, Wallace Wood. Grade V—1, Betty Foster; 2, Barbara Jenkins; 3, George Strickland. Grade IV—1, Millicent Munn; 2, Iris Frizzell; 3, Margaret Scott. Grade III—1, Marguerite Munn; 2, Jane Wood; 3, Lilla Strickland. Grade II—1, Lona Scott; 2, Florence Murray; 3, Lillian Ewold. Grade I—1, Vivien MacLennan; 2, Elizabeth Wood.

Perfect attendance: Marjorie and Lona Scott, George and Lilla Strickland, Iris Frizzell, Betty Foster, Margaret and Ralph Scott, Jane Wood. Doris Underhay, teacher.

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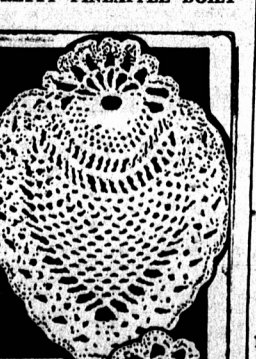
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Stir Up Your Liver

To help refresh your system, to assist in clearing away headaches and bilious fits, why not use a modern medicine like DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS? You should get results the first night. Bowels loosen up. Bile flows more rapidly. This helps system to get a real cleansing. You get action from DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS—results come quickly from these little pills, which act gently and do not upset your system. If you need a reliable liver-tonic, one that will help to give you more energy and help to put some vim and pep into your actions, by all means use DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS—many people say they are a "sure starter" that gives healthful results. Sold in 25c boxes by all dealers.

DR HAMILTON'S PILLS

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DESIGN NO. E-457

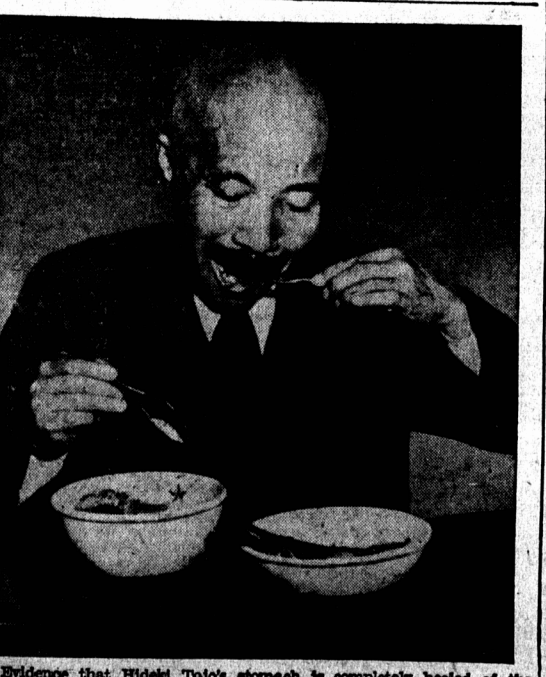
Inexpensive place mats are crocheted in a jiffy. The small one measures 10 by 13 and the larger one 13 by 18 inches. Pattern No. E-457 contains complete instructions.

To order pattern: Write or send above address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Note to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown, Guardian.

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A Jap bayonet made that ugly scar 11-year-old Rosalinda Andoy displays while testifying in the war crime trial of Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita in Manila. And the wound was only one of 38 found upon her tiny body. She also told of witnessing the bayoneting to death of her father and mother. The prosecutor standing at her side is Maj. Glenorio Opinion. Photo by Dave Davis, NEA Service-Acme Newspictures was correspondent.



Evidence that Hideki Tojo's stomach is completely healed of the self-inflicted bullet wound is seen in the photo above, where the former Jap war premier does a two-fisted job of putting away a meal at the Omori Prison Camp.

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TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



By Ham Fisher



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By Edwin



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