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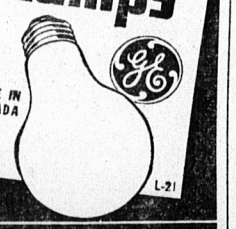

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CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-97h

AFTERNOON TEA and sale Baptist Church Hall, Tuesday, December 9th. L-191-12-8-2i.

FOXES SOLD AT AUCTION on December 13th, 1 P. M. at Summerside. 25 choice pale and extra pale marked silvers and platinum silvers will be sold under ideal lighting facilities and inside comfortable quarters, at the Labor Union Hall. L-277-12-8-11.

ATTEND the Auction Sale of marked silvers and Platinum Silver Foxes at Summerside, Saturday, December 13th, starting promptly at 1 P. M., Labor Union Hall. L-277-12-6-10.

Personals

Mr. W. J. Brown left Saturday morning on a business trip to Montreal. He was accompanied by Mrs. Brown and after spending several days in Montreal will proceed to New York where they will visit friends.

ST. JAMES CHURCH

Preaching on the text "The transgressions of the wicked hath said within my heart that there is no fear of God before his eyes" (Psalm 36:1) the Reverend T. H. Bussell Somers, M.A., S.T.M., concluded the evening sermon by saying: "Many things are obscure and confused but one thing is clear. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, amid the red lights of destruction and surrounded by the crash of everyting by which it would seem that the world had so far lived—"We see not yet all things—but we see Jesus crowned with glory and honour." It is the same power of perception which enables St. John in an age of bloody persecution, murdered saints and an apparently triumphant Beast, to see a throne above the life of the world, to discover that it is neither empty nor usurped but filled by the rightful occupant —"A lamb at it had been slain." Our present situation is not unique by any means. Christian people have been in it many times before, and the trampling of the grapes of wrath has been a periodical occurrence.

It may be that we are more sensitive than our predecessors were to the horror of it but the calamity will be if we are less aware than they of our refuge, help and guide with Christ in God. I would beg of you to get very close to Jesus Christ these days, to see His Cross against the blackness of earth again. See what it means. Let your instructed Christian heart listen to what the transgression of the wicked says. Behold the dire consequences of irreverence and sin and then place your own breast in the blood of the covenant and, resting in your saviour, wait patiently for Him."

The morning sermon was an Advent one based again on Philippians 4:5 "The Lord is at hand."

Miss Lillian Mackenzie, Mus. Bac. Organist and Director of the Choristers had charge of the music for the day which was in keeping with the theme of the sermons.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Old Reliable Since 1810

FOR COLDS • SORE THROAT

Also CATARRH. Taken Internally gives Quick relief.

Former P. E. I. Boy Gets Wings

John T. Murchison, son of Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Murchison, St. John, N. B., received his Wings and has been given a commission as Pilot Officer at the first ceremony of the kind held at No. 13 S. F. T. S. St. Hubert, Que. His brother Corporal Charlie S. Murchison, is now serving with a unit in England. Pilot Officer Murchison received his degree of Bachelor of Civil Lw from the University of New Brunswick before joining the R. C. A. F. last April.

The Eastern Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

..*THE BAPTIST CHURCH in Montague are holding Cottage prayer meetings each week at the various homes of the members. These are a source of strength and help.—L

*INSTITUTE MEETING —The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Institute was held in the Legion hall on Tuesday, Dec. 2nd The new president Mrs. Howard Vickerson presided in her capable manner. Reports of the various Committees were given each showing action and enthusiasm. The report on Red Cross work, perhaps was outstanding and the members decided to continue on the quilts and knitting given out until finished, then take a brief respite for two weeks before Christmas to do some of their own holiday work. Many letters were read from boys in England and elsewhere to whom the Institute had sent boxes and socks. The boys are most appreciative of anything done for them. The report from the principal of the school Mr. Herring showed that the janitor's work was quite satisfactory for the month of November A daily report of same will be given each month of the school year and this co-operation will be appreciated by the rate payers. The Institute expressed their appreciation for the courtesy of the Legion in giving their hall for the work of the Institute and especially for Red Cross activities, also to Mr. William McLean for his kindly assistance in everywhere they undertake. Questiannaires were given out to these appointed and we feel will be dealt with in a thorough manner.

..* Mrs. Calum Bruce, Montague, was at home to a few of her friends on Wednesday afternoon, when a pleasant hour was enjoyed over the tea cup. —L

..*Katherine MacLean, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. MacLean, Montague spent a pleasant Week-end in Summerside, when she was the guest of Mr and Mrs. Allison MacLean. —L

FORTY YEARS AND TWO BROTHERS FINALLY MEET

Figuratively speaking, you could have knocked Leonard Ellis over with a feather yesterday.

Ellis, who resides at Ellis Park, opened the door to his home in response to a knock. He hardly recognized the man he saw standing there. It was his brother C. C. Ellis and the two hadn't seen each other for 40 years.

C. C. Ellis lived at Dunstaffnage, Prince Edward Island, Canada. He will leave today for a few days visit in Nevada, then will return here to spend almost a month at his brother's home.

His present visit is his first in Twin Falls or this section of Idaho. He commented that he was "very impressed" with the entire area.

((The above appears in the "Evening Times" of Twin Falls, Idaho, on November 22nd. The story was written by Mr. O'Halloran, a member of the Times staff and formerly of Charlottetown.)

Three Traveled East

By RUTH AYERS

Author of "Meet Me At Midnight", "Blackout", "Drafted For Love"

CHAPTER II

The east-bound bus lumbered on. The bumptious redhead was quiet.

Connie Dawson, pancake of a hat pushed far back on her head and eyes closed, roused suddenly at a grating, wailing sound.

A baby! And right behind her.

Mister Redhead stood up quickly. "Don't mind," he said. "I'll fix everything."

With that, he had risen to some six feet of lankiness and stumbled across her shoes. Connie heard him say, "Want me to hold nim again for a while?"

There was a murmured answer. "Thanks so much."

"Feeling better?" the cocky one inquired.

"I'm sure I'm going to be fine after I rest a bit."

"You leave Skippy to me." With that, Connie's fellow passenger stumbled back again, this time a youngster in his arms.'

"Don't know how much of a hand you are with children," he said, "but I'll give you a try."

Connie Dawson, newspaper reporter on The Sentinel and now making this made race to the New York office of a press service so she might be sent as special correspondent to the post in St. John's, Newfoundland, had covered several stories about children. Children saved after heroic rescues; children making brave fights against diseases; lost children and child prodigies, but her intimate experience with them was nil. She was an only child herself. So she answered curtly, "I'm no hand at all and I don't want a try at it."

"S-sh. In just a minute I'll explain everything, won't I, Skippy?"

Skippy was about three. Very yellow of hair and blue of eyes. Round face. One dimple tucked, cute, in his chin. Connie did some brief figuring! This Great Thinker beside her was the father of the baby. The mother, no doubt worn out from an arduous bus trip, was the one seated behind.

"I'll change seats," she offered, "so you and your family can sit together.'

The man made hushing motions again. "It's not my family," he whispered.

"No?"

"But if you knew the story you'd want to lend a hand, too."

"Nice of you to be so—helpful. Just dandy."

He grinned, pleased, although that was the last thing she wanted him to be. Then he settled himself. Skippy reached out a sticky paw and grabbed for Miss Dawsons pocketbook. She retrieved it quickly.

"Where you getting off?" the man asked, still trying to be companionable.

"Pittsburgh."

"Oh, that's a long way. Hours before we get there. I figure when you're on a bus it's like a boat. You're all thrown in together so it's nice to get acquainted."

With that, Skippy gave a yank to his hair and said, "Nice—tell me a story."

"Just a minute, young 'un, I've other things to do." With this, he turned to Connie. "Just so's we won't be strangers," he said, "my name's J. J. Patterson but I never get anything but Pat."

"I see, just like that, Pat."

"And you—?"

"Connie."

"Connie?" he repeated. "I like it. It's fine." He smiled a smile which Miss Dawson supposed most people would call infectious. Not she.

He went on, "Now, Skippy, take my watch, take my billfold, take anything, but let me talk to this girl, Connie."

Connie frowned. "I'm really not in the mood."

"You will be when you hear about this," and he pointed to the top of Skippy's hair where there was a cowlick. "This little fellow's mother has been in a hospital for months. Just one look at her and you'd know she's terribly frail. She and her family back east have been estranged since her marriage. But she's determined to get home so if anything should happen to her, her folks will have the little boy."

Connie listened and something did stir in her for a moment. But then she looked out and saw that darkness was blotting the gray lights of the December day. No twilight sketched across the sky. No promise of stars or a moon. Whenever night drew close, she thought of Jerry Marsh; Jerry, the man she loved. The skies could be very black across the borders and the sea where Jerry flew.

Pat was continuing, "Yes, Skippy's mother is going home for Christmas. I've been giving her a hand. Never saw her before. Likely never will again. But that's a bus for you."

"Yes, that's a bus."

Pat said, "If we but knew it, everyone on this run has some special reason, some goal—for Christmas. Take that couple three seats ahead holding hands. Looks like the start of a romance to me."

Connie lifted her eyes briefly. Certainly there was nothing dashing or romantic about the two.

But Pat speaking enthusiastically, in whispers. "You wouldn't know it was the same girl," he said. "Quiet little thing when she came aboard somewhere in Missouri. Put on glasses and kept her nose buried in a book. Then at Forty Wayne this man got on and sat beside her. He said something—asked her what she was reading, maybe. She smiled, showed him."

"So that's the way it goes." Connie said. "On a bus."

Pat's voice lowered even more "There's a man on the right, six seats back, who hasn't been home for a long while—a very long time."

Connie tried to show she took no interest whatsoever in the man on the right but Pat continued. "I'd bet money he's been in a penitentiary somewhere and got a parole for Christmas. It's written all over him, poor guy."

At this, Connie took firmer hold of her pocketbook. Was this Pat crazy? As if in answer to her unspoken question, Pat said, "I'm a great student of human nature. Have to be in my work."

"And what is your work?" But all the time her eyes were casting around for the possibility of another seat.

"I'm a reporter," Pat said proudly. "A reporter!" Now she stared at him, puzzled. She'd seen lots of reporters but this one didn't look the type. He was from some small-town paper, some weekly gazette, no doubt.

Again he divined her question. "Yep, from a little paper way out west. You're a westerner yourself, aren't you, Connie? I could tell the minute you stepped aboard."

She didn't comment. Instead she asked, "And why are you coming this way? It's quite a trip from home."

At this point Skippy intruded. His eyes dropped, his head wobbled, but he rose up once more and demanded, "Story."

Pat spoke a few quieting words and made the little boy's head comfortable against his shoulder. "Just a minute." He signaled to Connie. "He's almost asleep." Sure enough, as Connie looked, Skippy nodded a last time and slept.

Then Pat turned triumphantly to the girl. "So you want to know what brings me this way?" he began.

"Well—briefly."

The bus had begun to sway. It caught a rhythm. The wheels were grinding out singsong words to Connie Dawson. "Jerry Marsh—Jerry Marsh." Every mile would bring him closer. It had to. She'd promised she would be with him for Christmas.

Pat touched her shoulder. Turning she saw his whole face had lightened up; noticed that his eyes were very keen and very blue. "Yes, there's a story," he said. "All these others on the bus with a special reason and a goal—but mine!"

"What's yours?"

"Why, Connie—I've had the first break of my life. The first real break. I'm going to New York. Think of it! I'd never been more than fifty miles from Tanbark City out in the Rocky Mountain country before. Almost had to ride the rails to get here, too, but finally managed the bus fare."

"Tanbark City," she repeated. It was just what she'd thought.

Pat was still grinning but there was a look of such awe and wonder in his face that Connie stirred uneasily.

"Yes," he was saying, "the chance of a lifetime. First, New York, and then I'll be on my way. A thousand miles north—up to St. John's in Newfoundland where I'm going to be the special correspondent for the Press Bureau. Wonderful, isn't it?"

Outside, it was completely dark. A wind had been waiting somewhere along the road and now it whined and snapped like a hound at the wheels of the bus. Inside, Connie Dawson sat stunned and unmoving.

Pat repeated "Wonderful." And then something about—"Just from a smalltown paper, but the Press Bureau knew I had the stuff and sent for me."

Press Bureau. The telegram Mr. Williams had handed Connie that morning in his office at The Sentinel. "Sorry—last minute decision to send a man on the Newfoundland assignment. No place for a girl."

And this was the man—J. J. Patterson!

(To be Continued)

Minard's relieves aches.

Bristol And Vicinity

Thousand of eels were speared here this week as the spearing season got underway on the ice at the Lake. Some of the old timers were spearing several hundred in one day for shipment to the United States market where good prices are promised. The old timers of the spearing class claim that the eels have not gone into the springs yet for the winter but are found in the mud.

Mr. Cephas Davey, who claims to be the oldest and best eel spearer in this vicinity, has not missed a winter in more than fifty years except in the time of the last war when he served his country.

Mr. Summerlid Kelly left on Wednesday for Toronto, where he expects to be employed for the winter months. Mr. Kelly, has been with one of the road paving companies for several years.

Mrs. Arthur Blaxland, left on Monday morning for an eastern coast Canadian port to see her husband who has arrived there from England for treatment. Mrs. Blaxland's mother Mrs. Lottie Mosher, is making the trip with her daughter and they will be absent for sometime.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hooper have moved into their new home in Bristol. Mrs. Hooper came here as a bride of two weeks.

A car from the west end of this district crashed into the ditch at the end of the pavement on the Mount Stewart Road Tuesday. The car failed to make the turn and hit the bank head on. The driver was cut slightly over the eye and the car damaged about the front.

Most of the by-roads here are closed to cars with snow at time of writing. The Morell river and St. Peter's bay are frozen over, the ice being thick enough to carry several men walking together.

Despite the fact that there is practically no eggs to be had now the merchants report the price of hen fruit has dropped five cents per dozen.

Mr. Alex Pauquet, Souris, was a business visitor to Morell this week.

Miss Josie Lapierre, is confined to her room through illness.

Quite a number of cases of heavy colds and flue are reported here at present as many as four being confined to bed at one house. —B

ENJOYABLE CONCERT AT AUBURN SCHOOL

On Wednesday, November 26th, despite the unfavorable weather and soft roads, a fairly large crowd assembled at Auburn School.

The program for the evening was as follows:

Mr. A. S. Woolner, School Inspector, showed lantern slides of Russia and its people, Canada, Australia and several other films of interest.

Amusement was provided by several songs by the pupils, music and step-dancing.

The program was continued by more pictures and a lecture on Education by Mr. Woolner, which brought to light many important points in the education of the youth of today.

The proceeds are to be used to purchase articles for the school.

An excellent dinner dress is the peplum dress with beaded pocket and border.

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In Memoriam

MR. SAMUEL BURROWS MOASE

The town of Kensington and vicinity was both saddened and shocked on the afternoon of Novmeber 10th when it became known that Burrows Moase had suddenly passed away at the age of fifty-six. The late Mr. Moase, had suffered a heart attack thirteen years previous and although he did not regain his usual robust health yet he recovered sufficiently to be able to do less strenuous work. He will be greatly missed in the community where he was always willing and ready to help every cause but especially in the home where he was a kind and affectionate husband. He was honest and upright in all his dealings and being so pleasant and entertaining his home was the scene of many happy gatherings.

He was a great friend in sickness and even though his own health was so impaired for years, yet he enjoyed life to the fullest and was never heard to complain and his many friends never tired of coming to visit him.

He was a member of St. Mark's Anglican Church and a valued member of the choir. He was also Church warden and sexton for a great many years.

He was married to Miss Lauretta Paynter of Burlington, who survives him.

Besides his sorrowing widow, there are left to mourn two brothers—Alden, of Kensington and Henry of New Annan.

The funeral service in St. Mark's Anglican Church on Wednesday afternoon November 12th was conducted by the Rev. B. Freame. The esteem in which he was held in the community was shown by the large number of friends who attended the funeral. The Church being filled to its utmost capacity. Interment was in the People's Cemetery.

The Rev. B. Freame took for his test 2nd Timothy Chapter 4 Verse 7. The hymns sung were: Rock of Ages, Breathe on me Breath of God and Peace Perfect Peace.

The pall bearers were: Messrs. James Sheen, Donald McKenzie, Alexander Hiltz, Bruce Paynter, John Howard and Hartle Sims.

Following are the floral tributes:
Pillow—Wife.
Wreath—Brothers.
Wreath—St. Mark's Congregation.
Spray—Nelson and Ruby.
Spray—The Reagh Family.
Bouquet—Mrs. J. A. Doughart.

THE LATE MRS. NELLIE CARROLL

The death occurred in West Roxbury, Mass., recently as the result of an accident, of Mrs. Nellie Carroll who was struck by an automobile when getting off a street car and who died shortly afterwards.

She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Howlett of Gowan Brae, P.E.I. and formerly of Georgetown. Her husband died some years ago.

Mrs. Carroll was a lady of many admirable qualities of mind and heart and had made many friends who will deeply deplore her passing.

She leaves to mourn three brothers, Augustus of Dorchester, Mass., William on the homstead, Fabian and one sister, Mrs. James Mullally all of Gowan Brae.

Minard's relieves aches.

Infantry Rides To Fight — Ambushes Carrier

This combination of photographs shows infantry training in Canada and England. In the large picture Canadians in England ambush a Bren-gun carrier, using smoke bombs to screen their actions from following vehicles. Other pictures, reading from the top, show young infantrymen training in Canada for rapid movement by specially equipped transports. They practise rapid embussing and debussing so that almost before the big vehicles roll to a stop they can be on their way to take up positions. Mechanical transport for infantry speeds movement by more than 10 times, saves energy for fighting.

HOSIERY

Count on Kayser to make beautiful stockings. Silk stockings are scarce. We still have a few. New "non-silk" hosiery is sheer, shapely and durable. $1.00 and up.

GLOVES

The kind that look expensive, cost little. Kayser gloves are famous for their excellent fit, smart designs and long-wearing qualities. $1.00 and up.

SLIPS

Figure-moulding, tailored slips. Cut differently to fit perfectly. Made of the finest fabrics procurable. Rayon taffeta, satin and Frost Crepe. $2.00 and up.

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War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press)

DEC. 8, 1916—French battleship Suffern presumed sunk in the Mediterranean Sea; 700 officers and men lost. Rumanians continued to retreat before German armies of von Falkenhayn and von Mackensen. Fifty casualties in Italian munitions factory explosion.

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If you are having symptoms of strain — headaches, sore eyes or dizziness — consult a specialist.

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