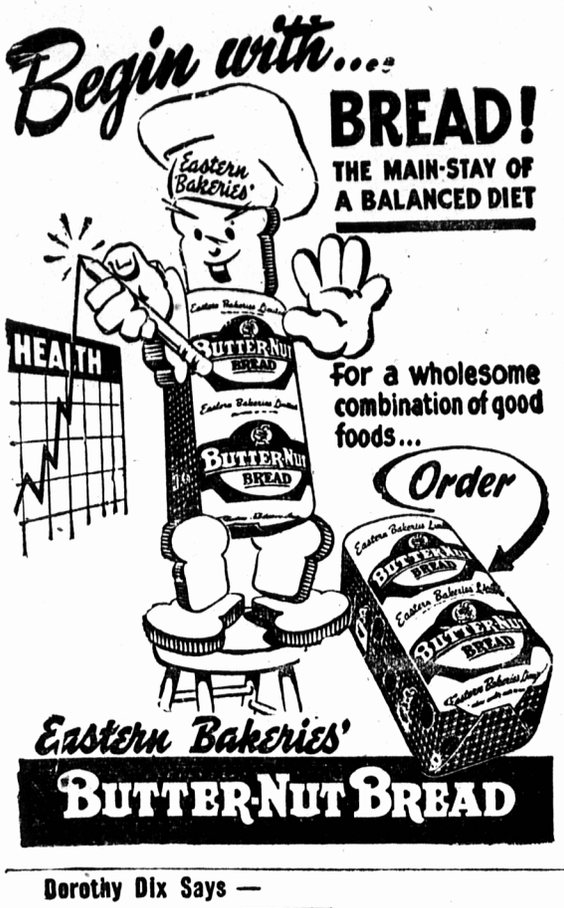


Dorothy Dix Says —

Continued from page 2

who did not keep up with him in his growth, and whom he found in his mature years an utterly uncongenial mate. He has found the one woman as she has found him. They both know. That is all. There has been no philandering. They both feel that there is nothing to do but carry on and take what little joy there is in a love like that. But it is something to keep one's honor unsullied if the heart does go on a rampage.

ONE OF THEM

ANSWER: Indeed, it is, and it takes the bravest of the brave to be able to say: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

I often think that no martyrs ever lived who are so worthy of our profoundest reverence as are those men and women who endure patiently and silently the long, drawn-out agony of unhappy marriages. There is no tragedy greater than that of the husband and wife who outgrow their mates and who must not only go companionless upon their ways but endure the daily close contact of those who rub their nerves raw and who weary them to tears.

And the very bitterest drop in this tragedy is that so cruelly often the husband and wife do find the woman and man whose heart and soul would have answered unto theirs and with whom they could have been supremely happy. It takes heroes then to remember that the poor, dull wife and husband are not to blame and that an honest man and woman must pay their score to life and put honor before inclination.

DEAR MISS DIX: Here is a bachelor's dilemma: I have had an affair with a married woman, but I never contemplated its ending in marriage. She went to Reno for a divorce and has now come back expecting me to marry her. In the meantime I have done some thinking. Honestly, when I think of taking a mistress for a wife I almost die of palsy. Everything rotten comes into my mind. What I want to do is to take the first boat out and forget her. Would you?

DAVE

ANSWER: I think I should, after having given her as liberal a check as I could afford. Because there would be no happiness in such a marriage for either her or you.

A man who marries a woman from a sense of duty invariably comes to treat her cruelly. Moreover, a married woman who enters into an illicit relationship with a man has less claim on him than a young girl has because she knows just what she is doing. But those who dance have to pay the piper, and the price comes high even for a bachelor, doesn't it, brother?

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

"Vitamins or no vitamins", James will observe, pushing back his plate with an air of sufferance "I'm not crazy about the like of that. Let's have a right good slice of ham, or a steak for supper!"

* * *

He regards some of our theories about balanced diets and essential food elements with some amusement, no matter what argument we may advance in their favor. He insists that he knew of a woman, a crank on food values, who persuaded her husband to live on a diet which consisted mainly of water in which peanuts had been steeped for a number of hours until as James will tell you "the liquid was chock—full of calories—and what happened to him?" We may say that though he asks the question with emphasis, he leaves the answer to the imagination, and wit of the listener.

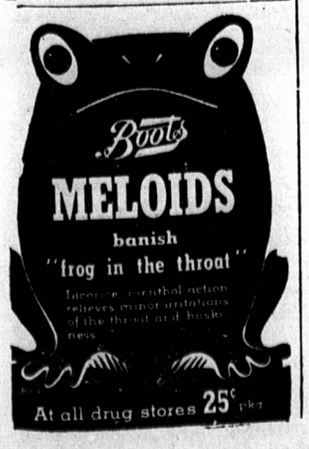
* * *

There was as well the well meaning but delicate creature whose sterner half, to her mind, had a digestion that "just couldn't stand a heavy meal." And according to James, to whom the details are now a bit vague "she'd make him up a meat pie or a bit of stew — or soup, since it was 'very wholesome'" and ditto: "What happened to him?" James gives the solution to this one, on a suggestive note. Indeed we could verify it ourself, though we confess we were not much interested at that time. We have to go back through the years for this, back to a time when our world was very gay and young. We were attending what is now known as "the old Exhibition", an amazing affair to lads and lassies from the country, especially to those that by a streak of good fortune, could gain the comfort of the Grand Stand overlooking the interesting and amusing vaudeville and the Sport of Kings. James was enjoying it much, applauding "Devilish Dorothy" and other favorites of that era when suddenly his attention was drawn to a couple a few seats below. The man had a possessive arm that had been mildly amusing to us, because it tightened in any excitement. "Do you know who that is?" James nodded. "That's . . . — married again, and looking well! It's a good thing", he confided, not too gallantly, though our rosy state of mind let it pass "his first one died — she fairly straved him to death!"

* * *

Our dinner-dish of beef-scraps and vegetables oven-cooked, and tasteful, was born of necessity out of a dim morning that, otherwise was bound to bring the meals so close, that the housewife would have time in the interval for little else than the preparation of the one to follow and so many lovely things are out about to enjoy these balmy January days, we try to find excuse to loiter there. In the stables the Nell-mare dreaming we believe—and hope, of the foal which granddaughter is going to find in a Summer pasture; the cattle munching the morning turnips or chewing contented cuds; the pigs in their sties, each with a history of achievement, or a record to keep "before she's as good as her mother!" . . . But now rain on a January window. And what was it that James wished most of all from the New Year

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight . . .



"Can you lend me a Paradol tablet?"

WHEN A GIRL doesn't want to leave class—and have to make *embarrassing* explanations—it's Paradol she asks for. For Paradol means *quick relief* from suffering caused by periodic pains—headache, too—without disagreeable after-effects. Ask your druggist for Paradol, scientifically compounded from 4 ingredients. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance. 22

DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

Quick Relief from Pain

THE CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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

COOK'S for Photographs.

HOWARD MacINNIS Fitted Footwear at 175 Queen Street.

CHANDLER BROS. for Aborite and Tuft Bond Cement.

AT YOUR SERVICE — Arnfast Coal Company Phone 2498.

LEFT FOR OTTAWA — Miss Anna MacDonald Glenfinnan and Miss Mary Ross Melville, left Saturday morning to attend a Department of Health and Welfare conference in Ottawa.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. — Advertisers are reminded that their copy must be in the Guardian not later than noon the previous day to advertisers who telephone classifieds, etc., should particularly bear this in mind.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING — The regular monthly meeting of the City School Board was held yesterday afternoon with Dr. R. G. Lea presiding. A considerable amount of routine business was transacted. Commencing with the school term beginning next September the tuition fee for non-resident pupils will be $40 a year, less any amount paid by parents as taxes to the City.

AT ROTARY — Mr. Harry B. MacLean, Vancouver, B. C., who is visiting his brother Rotarian Neil MacLean, was guest entertainer at Rotary luncheon yesterday. Mr. MacLean who has taken up magic as a hobby is pastmaster at the art and was enthusiastically applauded as he demonstrated his legerdemain for the benefit of the club. As past president of the Magic Circle in Vancouver, Mr. MacLean explained that he could not divulge the top secrets of the profession, but he did give clear instructions as to the technique used in some of the simpler tricks. Rotarians Rev. J. T. Ibbott and Frank Jelks were chairmen. Guests included Rotarian A. Leslie Ham, Montreal, and Messrs. W. B. Brown, J. M. MacFadyen, H. E. Miller, Charlottetown.

PARK CORNER AND VICINITY

Mr. George Kenward is visiting at his home in French River.

Mr. Harry Locke left Sunday morning on a visit to Truro, N.S.

Mr. George Jollymore spent the week-end at his home in Spring Brook.

Mr. Paul McKay, employee at Schurman's, Summerside, spent the week-end at his home in Park Corner.

Mr. Preston McAskill, teacher of Park Corner School, is spending the holidays at his home in Mt. Stewart.

Misses Eliza Campbell and Nellie Montgomery, students at Prince of Wales College, are spending the holidays at their home in Park Corner.

Miss Isabelle MacRae who is employed in Charlottetown spent the New Year's holiday at her home in Park Corner.

Miss Flora Calhoome of Moncton, is spending the Christmas holidays in French River, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis McKay.

Friends are sorry to hear that Mrs. James Graham is ill at her home, and all wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Stanley McLean and little son, of Borden, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lamont.

Miss Frances Jollymore who has been employed at Simpson's, Halifax, spent the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jollymore, Spring Brook.

Miss Jean Parsons who is an employee of Malpeque Trading Co., Kensington, spent the New Year holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Parsons, Park Corner.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on December 21 by both young and old, when the pupils of Park Corner School presented a very well acted Christmas concert in French River Hall, under the direction of their teacher, Mr. Preston McAskill.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mr. John T. Found, who passed away on January 10th, 1949.

One year has passed since that sad day
When one we loved was called away
God took him home. It was his will
But in our hearts he liveth still..

Inserted by Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In fond and loving memory of Mrs. Blois Toombs, Fredericton, January 8th, 1947. Age 21.

Many a lonely heartache
Many a silent tear
Always a beautiful memory
Of one we loved so dear.

Ever Remembered by Mother, Father, Sisters, Brothers and Brothers-in-Law.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of my dear sister, Mrs. Warren Simmons, who passed away January 10th, 1945.

Mrs. Percy Dawson, Crapaud.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

JIMMIE'S TAXI, Phone 525.

CALL STOREY ELECTRIC 2679-1 for Refrigerator, Motor and Washing Machine Repairs.

MISSES WOOL and Alpine Winter Dresses to clear at 25 per cent discount. S. A. McDonald.

SNOW SUITS, selling less 25 per cent discount at S. A. Mcguarantee insertions. Out of city Donald.

FLIGHTS DAILY except Sunday to New Glasgow and Halifax. Phone Maritime Central Airway Limited 2061 or 540.

WINSLOE PASTORAL Charge, official board meeting Wednesday, Jan. 11, 2.30 p.m. at Highfield.

REGULAR MEETING TONIGHT of Alpha Rebekah Lodge No. 10, social evening and variety auction sale for all Oddfellows and Rebekahs.

BIRTHPLACE OF AUTHORESS SOLD — The L. M. Montgomery birthplace situated at New London, was sold before the court house yesterday and was purchased by Mr. Harlan P. Found who resides in Charlottetown during the winter season.

FIRE ON ALLAN STREET — Yesterday afternoon at 3.15 firemen were called to a slight fire at the home of Miss Agnes MacKinnon, Allan St. Fire started in a couch in the kitchen but was immediately put out on arrival of the City Fire Department. The blaze caused only slight damage.

CITY POLICE COURT — At the Stipendiary Magistrate's Court yesterday, a man charged with being drunk and incapable was sentenced to 20 days in jail. A man charged with possession of stolen goods was remanded until Wednesday. These were the only two cases to appear before Magistrate K. M. Martin yesterday.

Personals

Mr. Harold Carver, Hazelbrook spent the weekend in the City, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Binns.

Mrs. Elmer F. Beck, Summerside, is a patient in the Prince Edward Island Hospital, Charlottetown.

Miss Grace Taylor, Charlottetown, accompanied by Miss Violet MacKinnon, Summerside, left Friday morning for Preston, Ontario.

Miss Inez Marie McDonald, R. N., left for Montreal the latter part of last week where she will enter St. Mary's Hospital on the regular nursing staff.

The many friends of Mrs. John Dupasquier, St. Peters Bay, will be pleased to learn that she is doing nicely following a recent operation in the P. E. Island Hospital.

Miss Grace Joan McDonald, technician, at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, returned to resume her duties after spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Col. W. J. and Mrs. McDonald, 283 Richmond St.

Mr. Douglas A. C. McDonald, medical student at Dalhousie University, Halifax, returned to resume his studies after spending the Christmas holidays with his parents, Col. W. J and Mrs. McDonald.

F/O Bernard Dale, formerly of Summerside, has returned to Denver, Colorado, after spending the Christmas holidays with his family on P. E. I. F/O Dale is on course at Lowry Air Force Base there. Mrs. Dale returned from Denver a short time ago having spent several weeks there visiting her husband.

OTTAWA PLUMBERS ON STRIKE

OTTAWA, Jan. 9 —(CP) — A conciliation officer from the Ontario Department of Labor began today to try to settle the week-old work stoppage of some 400 Ottawa plumbers. The officer, William Dunn, was asked to intervene in the dispute by the Ottawa Master Plumbers Association. The men walked off their jobs last Monday to bolster their demands for an increase from $1.60 to $1.80 an hour with double time for overtime work and two weeks holiday with pay.

WOULD TRUST WOMEN TO KEEP A SECRET

GLASGOW, — (CP) — Women often keep secrets better than men, Col. J. R. H. Hutchison told women Conservatives here.

"Women are supposed to gossip," said Hutchison, Conservative member of parliament for Glasgow Central. "I never found one who violated a secret.

"They are closer in many ways than men."

MacPherson-Rogers Wedding

At Saint James Church yesterday morning Rev. T. H. Bussell Somers united in marriage Miss Barbara Anne Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rogers, North River Road, with Mr. Harold Laughlin MacPherson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. MacPherson, Charlottetown.

Miss Lillian MacKenzie played the wedding music and Miss Nancy MacNevin sang, "O Perfect Love." Yellow and white mums formed the decorations in the church.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and attended by her sisters, Miss Janet and Miss Daryl Rogers as junior bridesmaids. Mrs. John R. Rogers was matron of honour. Mr. Vernon Hennessey was groomsman and the ushers Messrs. Ralph MacPherson and Russell Jenkins.

Ivory brocaded taffeta was chosen by the bride for her wedding gown. It was designed on princess lines, with net yolk edged with seed pearls and the long sleeves came in points over her hands. The matching headband of pleated taffeta held in place her shoulder-length veil of tulle illusion. She carried a bouquet of yellow roses.

The two junior bridesmaids were dressed alike, Miss Janet wearing peacock blue moire and Miss Daryl in cherry red. Their moire poke bonnets matched their gowns. Mrs. John Rogers as matron of honour wore an orchid taffeta frock with matching poke bonnet. The three bridal attendants carried nosegays of multi-coloured flowers.

The reception was held at the bride's home, 122 North River Road where Mrs. Rogers received with the bridal party in a wine crepe gown wearing with it a turquoise hat and gloves. The groom's mother, Mrs. H. L. MacPherson chose a burgundy crepe and velvet ensemble with matching hat and black accessories.

Later Mr. and Mrs. MacPherson left for Halifax, the bride travelling in a green coat and hat with black accessories. Her corsage was of deep pink carnations

They will reside in Charlottetown.

Eastern Nova Scotia's Leading Steel Rigger Charles E. Keaugh, Dies

NEW GLASGOW — Charles E. Keough, leading steel rigger in eastern Nova Scotia, died suddenly New Year's eve. He suffered a heart attack.

Mr. Keough was a native of Cardigan, P. E. I., where he was born in 1877.

He and his sons for some years have been engaged in a rigging and moving business, being leaders in this trade which he learned in United States.

Deep Shock

His passing was unexpected and a deep shock to his friends and relatives. He had been active in his work right up to his death, his last job being installation of liners in the big stack at Standard Clay.

Mr. Keough was a faithful member of St. John the Baptist Church here where the funeral was held, Requiem Mass being celebrated by Rev. D. R. Chisholm, P.P.

He is survived by his widow, the former Ada Sheehan, Kensington, P. E. I., and four sons and four daughters: John A., Chester Basin; Joseph D., George Michael and Jerome A., all of New Glasgow; Mrs. Willard (Mollie) Brown, Kensington, P. E. I.; Mrs. Donald A. (Patricia) Grant, New Glasgow; Mrs. Gerald (Ann) Higgins, and Mrs. Bernard (Theresa) Hayman of Westville.

There are nine grandchildren and a brother, George Keough, of Saugus, Mass.

First National Conference Is Successful

Mr. G. E. Wood, Prince Edward Island's Field Secretary for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind returned this past week end from Halifax, N. S., where he attended the first Conference of Maritime Field Secretaries of the Institute. Because of the improvements in administration and the betterment of services of the Institute to the Blind of the Maritimes, the Maritime divisional superintendant Mr. F. H. Flinn proclaimed the conference to be a real success. It is anticipated that at the end of the year there will be 8 district officers working in conjunction with the divisional office at Halifax. Five of these offices are already established. The Prince Edward Island Office being situated at 166 Great George Street, Charlottetown.

The campaign for funds, to be used to serve the 160 blind of Prince Edward Island, begun in December now stands at approximately $4500.00, and it is hoped that further contributions from the general public will bring the total to the $6000.00, objective, which is to be the amount to be spent in Prince Edward Island for the first year of operation.

TEACHER EXCHANGES

LONDON, Jan. 9 —(CP) — Teacher exchanges between the United Kingdom and Canada will continue with increased grants to counteract the adverse effect of devaluation, the Government announced today. "The grant for exchange teachers taking posts in Canada will be increased from £75 ($232.50) to £175," the announcement said. It was also announced that teachers taking up posts in the United States will be allowed £225 instead of the present £100.

BRAVERY AWARD

BUCKIE, Banffshire, Scotland — (CP) — A plaque has been presented by the Swedish lifeboat Society to the Buckie lifeboat crew who rescued 19 from the Swedish ship Frej early this year. It was hung in the Town Council chambers.

The Morning Is Near Us

By Susan Glaspell

"That's why I like John. He knows some of the things about me and he likes me anyway.

"I'm fifteen now. This letter wasn't all written in one day or even in one year. I write only a little—and then I begin to know I can't send it. But I'm fifteen now, and maybe I'd better stop writing to you, Joe. Maybe even you would think it was silly, writing letters you don't know where to send. But I wish I could tell you something about myself, so you'd know me if you ever saw me. But you would know me if you saw me, wouldn't you? Even if I was very old—if I was thirty years old—you'd know me, wouldnt you? I'd know you if you were thirty years old-your cowlick and your freckles and your whistle.

"I'm not very good at school. So often I am thinking about something else. I just kind of dream—I guess it is, more than I study. John helps me with my lessons. He's smart—John is. I think I look like Mama—though it's hard to tell, yourself, how you look. A man said I was more beautiful than any flower that ever grew. He was staying at the Nicholses. Men look at me. But I suppose you think that's silly. I'm quite big for fifteen. My eyes are blue. But you know that.

"I think I'd like boys and like them to like me, but I don't think I should, do you? Because it makes me different—what happens!—doesn't it?

"When I began this it was Christmas and now I'm going berrying with John.

"Joe, I will say good-by. In the letters I will say good-by, because I think maybe I shouldn't go on writing the letters. But in my heart I'll never say good-by. Never will I say good-by to you, or to Mama and Papa. Joe I have a good home. I hope you have.

"Your loving sister,
"Hertha."

* * * *

Lydia was wondering about looking for flowers she would take up to her mother's grave—the little flowers that came unasked, more often than not unseen. Today they seemed more a gift than the flowers we tend: not man's gift, but from the earth itself. Today it had all the freshness of a thing not known before—that they should be here this day—after centuries of flowers had bloomed and gone. The sun of this moment was falling on daisies and wild roses that would in their turn enrich the earth for bright blooming no one now living would see. As she stooped to gather fragrant clover she felt one with years long gone and with years far ahead.

She had never taken flowers to her mother's grave. It would have seemed something like intrusion. Indeed she had not thought of it. And it was not to her mother she took them now. It was to a young girl who wrote her lost brother, "Even a Christmas card from you I would rather have than a muff from anybody else." She had the right to offer this girl flowers —because she knew her.

"I am glad you wrote letters to your brother," she thought, "because if you hadn't I might never have known you." The letters had not found their hoped for destination. Theirs was another destiny.

She wondered whether Joe had grieved for his sister as she for him. They must have been a nice family, she thought. They lived on a boat—somewhere, and were happy together. And then it struck. And that family was no more. And yet it was, for the girl Hertha said, "In my heart I will never say good-by."

What became of Joe? He had a cowlick and freckles. He whistled. Why, he is my uncle, she thought. And then thought, with even sharper surprise, he is an old man now. And thought. Perhaps he is dead —the cowlick, the freckles; the whistle stilled, like Papa's song.

She placed the offering of today's flowers on Hertha's grave.

She felt in life, and walked on over to Henry's.

He was with men down in the field, but he saw her and came up, said he was just coming in anyway. They sat on a bench by the kitchen door. She said she'd like a glass milk and he got it for her. He laughed and said milk was what they had most of. Now if she had asked for champagne—he supposed she'd drunk lots of champagne —over there.

"I feel as if I'd been drinking it to day," she said.

"Well, you—kind of look it," he laughed.

To be continued

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"FARMING PAYS OFF"

TO-DAY — CAPITOL — WED.

NEW "BOMBSHELL" DRAMA!

PLUS NEWS - PIGSKIN PASSES

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That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

the individual was well-adjusted socially, and was able to feel at home among those of a similar grade of society.

In a booklet, "Forgotten Children," issued by the National Mental Health Foundation, we learn that a feeble-minded (mentally deficient) person is one who does not have the natural intelligence and ability to carry his own load in life. This so handicaps him that he cannot compete on equal terms with normal people and requires guidance to manage his social and financial affairs.

However, all feeble-minded persons are not on the same level of intelligence. There are three types, or "levels" of feeble mindedness—the idiot, the imbecile, and the moron. The adult idiot's intelligence is less than that of the average three-year-old child. He does not know enough to move away from an oncoming object. The imbecile knows enough to avoid danger and has the mentality of a child three to eight years ago. The moron's mental age is from eight to near normal, but never better than that of a 12-year-old in ability.

What can be done for the feebleminded?

Generally speaking, once an idiot, imbecile or moron, always one, but home guidance and special schools supported by the community can often make useful citizens of morons and teach imbeciles and idiots to be less care to family and institutions.

In the meantime it is welcome news to know that some cases of feeble-mindedness are being helped by glutamic acid. We will await with interest further reports on this drug.

Country Garden

Continued from page 2

who love gardens. It has been said that "next to the Creator Miss Jekyll has done more to beautify the face of England than any other person."

Her long life was spent in gardening and writing about her experiences. She was an artist in oils, textiles and brass, and her knowledge and taste made her garden books beautiful and practical.

* * *

Colour in the garden is my favorite and can be borrowed from the Carnegie Library. The illustrations are wonderful and when we remember Miss Jekyll photographed her garden beginning with the Spring garden and going through the months of the year, and these photographs are as beautiful and helpful to all gardeners today as when taken several years ago. The form of plants and shrubs was as important to her as the color.

Miss Jekyll was a pioneer in the art of gardening in a more natural manner. When she lived, the bedding out or carpeting method was followed closely. She made each border and bed of flowers a picture instead of a collection of flowers. Six geraniums in one row and four daisies in another row she did not like, but form, texture, color, and background was always taken thought of in all her gardening. Her home in Surrey was called Munstead House and garden visitors came from every country of the world. She had a small wood planted with choice woodland plants and beautiful trees and she perfected several strains of flowers, primroses, lavender and nepeta.

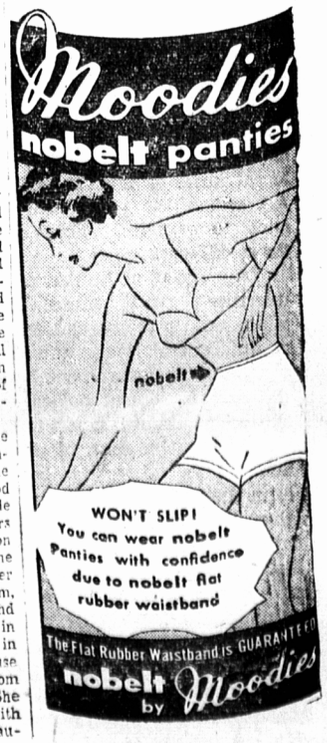
Many famous gardens were designed by her and her portrait painted by William Nicholson hangs in the Grafton Gallery. He also painted her garden boots large and comfortable and sturdy for a gardener.

She was a lover of music and said Handel's Largo was her prayer and she always listened to it in an attitude of devotion.

Her nephew edited "A Gardener's Testament" and a "Memoir of Her Life" published by Country Life and Jonathan Cape.

In her Memoir we read: The love of gardening is a seed that once sown never dies, but always grows and grows to an enduring and ever increasing source of happiness. For I hold that the best purpose of a garden is to give delight and to give refreshment of mind, to soothe, to refine, and to lift up the heart in a spirit of praise and thankfulness. It is certain that those who practise gardening in the best way find it to be so; while to its diligent worker its happiness is like the offering of a constant hymn of praise.

* * *

A garden is a grand teacher. It teaches patience and careful watchfulness; it teaches industry and thrift; above all, it teaches entire trust. (Paul planteth and Appollus watereth, but God giveth the increase.) The good gardener knows with absolute certainty that if he does his part, if he gives the labour, the love, and every aid that his knowledge of his craft, experience of the conditions of his place, and exercise of his personal wit can work together to suggest, that so surely as he does this diligently and faithfully, so surely will God give the increase.

Then with the honestly earned success comes the consciousness of encouragement to renewed effort, and, as it were, an echo of the gracious words, "well done, thou good and faithful servant."