

Religion And Life

By Very Rev. George C. Pidgeon, D.D., L.L.D.
First Moderator of the United Church of Canada
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Only the Creator can create anew. The helplessness and hopelessness of man apart from God is set forth in picturesque terms in the Bible. For example, Ezekiel sets forth the impotence of man and the miracle of grace in these terms: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh; and I will put my Spirit within you."

Years ago Dr. Thomas Guthrie, the poet-preacher of Edinburgh, illustrated man's desperate condition thus: "Near by a stone, a dition that which had fallen from an over-hanging crag, in whose fissures some flowers were blooming and on the top the foxglove with its spike of beautiful but deadly flowers, we once came upon an adder as it lay in ribbon coil, basking on the sunny ground. As we approached, the serpent uncoiled itself, raised its head with eyes like burning coals, shook its cloyen like hissing, gave signs of battle. Attacked, it retreated, and making for that gray stone, it wormed itself into a hole in its side. Its home and nest were there, and as we looked on that rock, fallen from the primeval elevation, with its flowery but fatal charms, the home and nest of the adder, where nothing grew but poisoned brood, it seemed to us a type of that human habit which the text calls a stone, which experience proves to be a habitation of devils, and which the prophet declares to be desperately wicked."

Now the stony heart can do nothing to change itself into a heart of flesh, any more than the guilty sinner can forgive himself; none but the one who created can create anew. But He can do it, and He is doing it continually among us. Dr. H. A. Tory once told of a man well known to his family in whom just such a miracle was wrought. In his youth he had gone into the army and had acquired all the vices of the army; then he had gone into the navy and had learned all the evil reputation that, when he returned to enter the place where the Sullivan-Kilrain fight was to take place, the authorities drove him out. They could give hospitality to the fighters and their followers, but not to a man like that. In time the great change came, and when the way yielded to Christ, he went all the way. He became one of the most attractive characters ever known. He loved children and they loved him. When his knock was heard at the door, the young folks would come tumbling down the stairs to greet him, each eager to be the first in his arms. When in England, he was invited to visit some well known Quaker families, and their feeling was that no more

charming personality had ever entered their circle. This is what Christ can do with a sinner who gives Him opportunity by a faith which involves surrender. He can take the heart that is all wrong and make it all right. He can take the life that has been a plague and make it a benediction. The heart of stone, struck with the rod of love divine, will send forth streams of living water.

Personal regeneration is the way to social regeneration; it is doubtful if there is any other way. Take another example. Raymond Robins was, in the days when we all knew him in Canada, one of the most eloquent orators ever produced in the United States. His own account of the way he was led into the Christian life and service, as he told it to us over thirty years ago, was fascinating, and we can give it here only in bare outline. He had grown up in the labor unions of the South and West, completely outside the church. He was not opposed to Christianity, but he never saw its bearing on his life-problems.

When the gold rush to the Yukon was on, he went north to seek his fortune. On the way the party was overtaken by a terrific blizzard and he held up for days. During that time they were entertained by a Roman Catholic priest who had spent twenty years of his life planting the cross on every height that he could scale, and in the hearts of as many people as he could reach. He was a man of strong social instincts, was delighted to have visitors from the outer world with him and enjoyed every moment of their company. While there the question forced itself upon young Raymond Robins: What is there in this Christianity that could drive a man so gifted socially into the wilderness simply to plant the cross on its heights and in the souls of men?

As they went on, the question intensified into a burning conviction that he had to decide his own relationship with this Jesus Christ. It gripped his soul with so fierce a hold that for days he was no fit company for man or beast. At last one night he decided that this issue must be settled there and then. So he got out his sleeping bag and went out into the night. The moon was shining with a clearness possible only in the frozen north as he knelt in the snow and felt the Spirit of God wrestling for his soul. In an agony of spirit he cried out to God, and, as he looked up to the mountain above him, he saw the Cross standing out in the moonlight on its topmost peak. It was Christ's answer to his cry, and from that moment the Crucified was his Lord and the Cross the law of his life.

The rest of his story is too long to tell, but let this suffice. After gaining his economic independence in the North, he returned to Chicago and gave himself to the service of the people in one of its worst slums. He fought their battles. He secured for them advantages which they could never have won for themselves. He attacked the harmful conditions around them; he financed their struggle for a living wage; he surrounded himself with a group of men and women of all shades of belief but all ready to put their lives into their cause, and he led them in a movement for social reform that influenced the lives of thousands.

It is an old story. It takes the drive of a personal experience of Christ, the Crucified for the salvation of lost men, to send men into life-long service of their kind. The only way in which the servants of Mammon, who would grind men into the dust for their own gain, can be over for them is by the leadership of men who will do more for God and humanity than they will do for gold. The rights of the masses will never be secured until someone gives up his rights for their sake, and invests his life in reclaiming them, and in changing the conditions around them. Lord Shaftesbury is a case in point.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of J. Richard Stewart, Mt. Albion, who passed away January 16th, 1942.

This day I do remember a loving thought I give To one no longer with me, But in my heart still lives.

Lovingly Remembered by Wife and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear father, Oliver E. Giddings who passed away January 16th, 1949.

In a cemetery softly sleeping, Close beside the country shore, Lies the one we loved so dearly, Gone from us forever more.

Sheltered by the Rock of Ages, Anchored on the Golden Shore In the loving arms of Jesus, Rests our father forever more.

Lovingly Remembered by Son Oliver and Daughter-in-Law Leona.

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DUKE-FINGARD inhal-it ONLY \$7.95 ON SALE AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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THE CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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

CRASWELL for Photographs. JIMMIE'S TAXI Phone 523.

4 LADIES evening dresses, selling at 1-3 off. S. A. McDonald's. HOWARD MacINNIS Fitted Footwear at 175 Queen Street.

6 LADIES flannel suits, sizes 12 to 16, selling at 1-3 off. S. A. McDonald's.

AT YOUR SERVICE—Armaf Coal Company Phone 2498. SNOW BOUND? Never! Fly there with PAUL'S. Phone 1800.

6 LADIES suits, sizes 16 1-2 to 22 1-2, up to \$62.50, clearing at 1-3 off. S. A. McDonald's.

MR. A. R. KENDALL, L.R.A.M., A.C.C.O., A.A.G.O., resumes teaching. Pupils prepared for examinations and festival music. Studio: Hearst Memorial Hall.

WINSLOE PASTORAL CHARGE Annual Meetings are as follows: Winsloe South, Jan. 16th; Princeton Road, Jan. 17; Winsloe North Jan. 18; Highfield, Jan. 20 at 7.30 p.m. Rev. J. R. Skinner, Minister.

CALENDARS RECEIVED—The Guardian acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following calendar from local firms.—The Hall Manufacturing and Cold Storage Co., "The Valley Homestead", West End Nurseries Ltd., "Pigtails N. Daisies", Crockett and Storey Ltd. "Relaxation".

FUNERAL FRIDAY—The funeral of the late Mrs. Preston Carr was held from Pleasant Valley Church on Friday afternoon Jan. 13. The services at the Church and grave were conducted by Rev. W. B. MacPhail. The pallbearers were: Miller Stevenson, Emerson Murray, Milton Weeks, Miller Weeks, Harold Sharpe and Harry Keating. Burial in the Church Cemetery.

Our 20th Anniversary

Do you look for REAL Value when shopping? Then visit Our Store, we are "MAIN ENTRANCE" headquarters for Honest Values in Men's wearing apparel. All Winter odds and ends, broken stock, everything we can't sell next Summer is included in this "Special Clearance Sale."

Don't bother as to what the discounts are. Come in and when you see the price and its something you want, well, you'll have it with you going home.

Remember a store our size must carry choice merchandise. All our stock is carefully selected, that is why we call ourselves "Better Men's Wear."

Our store is located at 143 Great George Street and we are observing our 20th anniversary this year.

SO COME AND CELEBRATE WITH US

HARRY A. MacDOUGALL "BETTER MEN'S WEAR"

York and Vicinity

Mr. Earl Toombs, York, spent the week-end at his home in the City.

Mr. Vernon Dennis, Royalty, was a visitor to York last week.

Miss June Dennis, Royalty, paid a visit to York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Verden Robinson, have taken up residence in York.

Mrs. Albert Proud, York, was a visitor to the City on Friday.

Mrs. Frank Watts, York, spent the week-end in the City.

Miss Roma Kodd, City, was a visitor to York over the week-end, the guest of Miss Mary Watts.

Miss Olga Proud, employee of The Royal Bank of Canada, spent the week-end at her home in York.

Friends of Mr. Lloyd Vessey are glad to hear that he has returned home from the P. E. I. Hospital much improved in health.

Friends of Mrs. Warren Vessey, are glad to hear that she has returned home from the P. E. I. Hospital.

Friends of little Allison Swan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dewar Swan, are glad to hear that he is improved in health after his recent illness.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of the late R. Hillus Kodd who passed away January 16, 1942.

Thou' lost to sight, To memory dear.

Lovingly remembered by his wife Violet, daughter Inez, sons Bud and Wendal.

STRIKE DELAYS TROOPSHIP

MARSEILLE, France, Jan. 10 (AP)—A Communist-led strike today delayed sailing of a ship carrying French troops to quell uprisings in Indo-China. Rail traffic also was disrupted by a 24-hour walkout of railroad workers called by the Communist-dominated Confederation Generale du Travail to protest sending of troops to Indo-China where the French are fighting Indo-Chinese Nationalists led by Moscow-trained Ho Chi Minh

COOK'S for Photographs.

12 LADIES wool dresses, clearing at 1-3 off. S. A. McDonald's.

SCANTLEBURY SIGNS. PHONE 920.

6 LADIES dresses, taffeta and nylon, \$22.50, clearing at \$15.00. S. A. McDonald's.

MRS. JOHNSTON'S LADIES WEAR.—Special January Sale — Coats, Dresses, etc.

15 LADIES crepe dresses, worth up to \$9.95, selling at \$4.95. S. A. McDonald's.

SCHEDULED FLIGHTS daily to Summerside and Moncton Phone Maritime Central Airways Limited, 2061 or 540.

GOTSHALKS BALLET, Prince Edward Theatre, January 25th. Tickets \$1.00, \$1.25. Telephone and mail order reservations now being accepted at the Art Centre. Telephone 2789-L.

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

FUNERAL WEDNESDAY—The funeral of the late Richard W. Locke was held from the home of his nephew Russell Diamond Colville on Wednesday afternoon Jan. 11. Rev. Donald Nicholson conducted the services at the house and grave. The pallbearers were: Raymond Cruwys, Murdoch MacSwen, Lyman Tremere, Austin Senter, Millar Henderson and Brent Dollar. Burial in Appin Road Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. GEORGE DIXON

It is with feelings of deep regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. George Dixon of Fortune Bridge.

Death under any circumstances is sad but when she called it young and a mother leaving a husband and young child, then the grief is indeed hard to bear.

Mary, as she was familiarly known was only twenty-six years of age, and up until a day before she died, was in apparent good health but suddenly, without warning, she was stricken with pneumonia and despite immediate hospitalization and the best of medical aid, she did not rally, and passed away in Souris Hospital, surrounded by her loved ones.

Deceased was a person of exemplary character and was a favorite with all. Before her marriage Mrs. Dixon was Mary Catherine MacKay, daughter of Angus and Annie MacKay of Forest Hill.

Her funeral was largely attended and service was conducted in Bay Fortune Church by Rev. Mr. Corkum.

The hymns sung were: Safe in the Arms of Jesus, Abide With Me, and Hallelujah. The solo Beyond the Sunset was very feelingly rendered by the Rev. Mr. Corkum.

She leaves to mourn her passing, her grief-stricken husband and small daughter, Marcia, Florence aged twenty-six months; also her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacKay, Forest Hill, one sister Mrs. George Jackson, Armadale and one brother Willie of Forest Hill.

The pall bearers were Howard Dixon, Harold Dixon, George Jackson, Kenneth Burke, Frank Coffin, James Conahan.

The floral tributes were beautiful beyond words and were as follows: Pillow—Husband and Daughter. Crescent—Mother, Father, Brother and Ruth. Sprays—Winnie, Arthur, Jean, and Boys. Rita, Howard and Harold. Margaret and George Jackson. Phyllis and Lester. Emily, Clarence, Dot and Jim. Laura and Lloyd. Evelyn and Ernest. Mrs. Milton Reeves. Forest Hill Women's Institute. Minnie and Edwin Reid. Lulla and Vernon. Margaret and Lloyd. Sara and Jack. Earl and Janet. Mildred and Ern. Daisy Harvey, Dot and Garth. James Coffin and Family. The Johnston Family. Sadie, Reg, Marguerite and Art. Mrs. Daniel Burke. Mrs. Harry Francis. Eldon, Olga and Emily. Clara Jocelyn, Rita and Lou. Jennie and Charlie Aitken. Fortune Bridge Women's Institute. Crescent—Mable, Ern, Sadie and Aubrey. Cut Flowers—Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Percry.

Wreath—Mrs. Margaret McDorland and Family. Wreath—Justin Larkin.

Letters and Cards of Sympathy

Archie and Esther McPhee. Blanche and Johnny Black. Thelma Dixon. Wm. MacKinnon.

SAVE MEAT MONEY WITH ORO

Now! Improved, foil wrapped cubes... quick dissolving. left-overs are transformed into a wonderful beefy stew

CONCENTRATED BEEF

Now! Improved, foil wrapped cubes... quick dissolving. left-overs are transformed into a wonderful beefy stew

CALLINGTON, Cornwall, England—(CP)—A goose, first prize in a whist-drive, was won by a Mrs. Gander.

BULLETINS FROM BIRDLAND

WINIFRED E. WILSON



BIRD'S TEETH

Nature is so wise that living things are not given superfluous parts. We come into the world toothless because small babies need no chewing apparatus. Birds of one or two hundred million years ago were supplied with teeth; modern birds have none.

What, then, is the use of teeth? Why have they been discarded? What takes their place? The earliest known prehistoric birds were actually links between very ancient reptiles and modern birds. The supposedly first, which has been named the Archaeopteryx, had wings, claws, feathers, a tail, and a long, narrow snout-like beak enclosing conical teeth. The ichthyornis, evidently a strong flier, had sharp teeth set in sockets like a crocodile's. A third, a man-sized aquatic bird, termed the Hesperornis, was flightless and its long, narrow beak held 94 sharp teeth, set in grooves. According to archaeologists, in all probability these lived on a coral island in a tropic sea or in surroundings similar to those of modern crocodiles and lizards, which they somewhat resemble. Teeth were given them to use on the food that was there, samples of which we can see in fossil form. As time advanced environment, habits, and food all changed, bringing in turn changes in the structure of birds.

Scientists have discovered that although modern birds are toothless the embryo shows the prehistoric origin. There is a preformation of a tooth ridge in both upper and lower jaws, and "teeth of lips."

"Teeth are at the beginning of the digestive system. Without teeth, either something that does not require teeth must be eaten, or there must be an internal organ to take their place. Our present day birds fit into one or other of these classes.

Most of our birds of prey have been given strong, powerful beaks and claws, with which they first tear apart the food; others simply swallow the food whole. Then they are supplied with special glands over the whole of their stomachs to help digestion. But the majority of birds have two stomachs, the second called a gizzard, this muscular sac, with a hard, horny lining, is really an internal set of teeth. It is particularly large in birds that feed on grain or on hard vegetable matter. Frequently small stones, gravel, or pebbles are swallowed, and pass through the digestive system as far as the gizzard, then stay there, and are used to crush the food.

Are red caps fashionable? Mrs. H. K. Webster. Ivan and Mirmie Jenkins. Mrs. Clinton McDonald. Douglas and Irene MacKenzie. Margaret and Ted Hay. Dot, Reg and Gloria Smith. Alvin and Thomas Burke. Elizabeth and Joyce Aitken. Allan Gillis. Kay and Jay Coffin. Lina and Ralph Keith. Gladys Coffin. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Jones and Family.

Fortune United Church Ladies' Aid. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dingwell and Family. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burke. Hollie and Stella McEwan. George and Mirmie Conlan. Bay Fortune Y. P. S. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald MacDonald. Beth Webster Family. Lester Dingwell. Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacKenzie and Family. Lorne and Pearl. Florence Queene. Muriel, Jimmie Beaton and Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Campbell. My and Arthur Francis. George and Hilda Dingwell. Mrs. Bruce Schurman and Family. Mrs. Frank Dixon. Smith Family. Lena and Walter Campbell. Mrs. P. W. Edwards. Amy and George Campbell. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McIsaac and Joe. Olive Johnston. Lila D. Warwick Kelsey.

PISQUID W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Pisquid West Women's Institute was held on January 4 at the home of Mrs. James Hughes with six members present and one new member and two visitors.

The meeting was opened by the recitation of the creed. The minutes were read and approved by the president. The roll call was answered by a sympathy card or a get well card. The various committees were heard from and new ones appointed—sick—Mrs. James Hughes and Mrs. Clarence Coffin; program—Mrs. John D. McDonald and Mrs. John H. Jay.

Roll call for February is to be answered by prizes for bingo. Three members volunteered to scrub the school before opening. A new wash basin and broom were purchased for the school. Mrs. John H. Jay invited the members to her home for the next meeting.

A delicious lunch was served by the hostesses assisted by Mrs. Clarence Mitchell and Charlotte Hughes.

For Quick Relief Beyond Belief... From the pain of ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, or SCIATICA... get a bottle of DOLCIN tablets today. DOLCIN has relieved the pains of thousands of sufferers. DOLCIN tablets are not harmful, easy-to-take, reasonable in cost—100 tablets for \$2.39; the large economy-size bottle of 500 tablets, \$10.

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EXTRA SPECIAL VALUE S.P. HAMS—Tender, Meaty, Delicious To boil and serve Cold—5 to 8 lbs. each — 37c

IF YOU WANT A MEAT CHANGE ASK US FOR SUGGESTIONS

BREAKFAST SPECIAL 1 doz. Grade A Large Eggs in Carton 98c 1 lb. No. 1 Bacon, machine sliced—for 50c

Delicious PICKLED PIGS FEET 1 Choice Cabbage Free—3 lbs. for 50c

Washed CARROTS, 5 lbs. 25c FRESH FLA-TÉ SPARE RIBS, lb. 35c Sweet PARSNIPS, 3 lbs. 25c A most delicious meat

Delicately (Always Tender) BONELESS STEAKS, lb. 63c The Perfect Family Steak—quick to fry—no waste

FANCY BULK MOLASSES—gallon—bring container 1.09

McCready's Sweet MUSTARD PICKLES, MIXED PICKLES, CHOW CHOW—3 large bottles, 1 of each 1.00

CASH & CARRY STORES PHONE 747 187 GT. GEORGE ST. The Big Modern Store With The Big Stock

Anybody can drive on a good road. This was nice—making a lesson into a picnic. A little way back of the house Mary said, "This was where all the fuss was once. Did you ever hear about how they wanted to put the railroad through here and your father wouldn't sell his place and somehow or other kept them from condemning it?"

Mr. Blake had been involved in this—some engineering job it entitled "That must have been how... That was before we were born." Mary was saying, "Mother told me about it. Your father put up a big fight and people wondered why because he would have had good money for the place."

Lydia suspected why. Mother wouldn't want to move. She always seemed to want to stay right there. It was very rarely she even went into town. "No, Father wouldn't want to move," she said. "He never would consider selling the place. And then he left it to me," she added.

"Which was a grand idea," said Mary. Ahead was the old schoolhouse, where their mothers had been friends. It wasn't used now; children around there were picked up in a bus and taken to school in town. The Walnut Hill school it was called, but to this side nearest the Chippmans the trees were birch.

"I can see them coming out the door," she said now to Mary. "Your mother small and dark, and mine a bigger girl, her hair light gold. I suppose it was in braids; it didn't curl. Did they remain friends after they grew up?" she asked Mary.

"I don't think they saw much of each other after Mother moved to town," Mary paused and went on a little hesitantly. "Mother spoke of going out to see her once, some years after they were in school together. It was soon after your father's parents died. You know they died in the same week."

"No, I didn't know." "Mr. Chippman had been sick a long time. I don't know what it was with his wife. Worn out, perhaps. But they were buried within a few days of each other."

"These were the people who had said: 'As much as John is our boy, you are our girl.' The good people. Died the same week. Perhaps she wanted to go with him—and had just let go."

"It made Mother think about Hertha—how it must have been such a shock to her, the two deaths at once, and she wondered what Hertha would do, whether she had and your father would stay on there. So she went to see her."

"It was good of her," Lydia murmured, and feeling really grateful. "But she felt—well, she felt your mother wasn't glad to see her. She wouldn't talk to her. Mother said, 'She was stunned, perhaps. Mother felt so sorry for her and for your father. It left them alone there.'"

Lydia did not speak. "Very soon after they were married," Mary said. "It must have seemed strange," said Lydia. "I suppose it did at first. People had been used to thinking of them as the same family. But certainly

The Morning Is Near Us

By Susan Glasgow

"Upon my word," laughed Ivy. "You did live a free and roving life. Didn't people think it odd?" "Why, no," said Lydia. "Should they? And then he went to Baden, and I've always wished I had gone with him. Because he was alone when he died. I don't think we should be alone when we die, do you?"

"I don't think we should die at all," said Ivy firmly. "I am opposed to the idea. Lydia laughed and her thoughts went unspoken for the moment. She wouldn't want Father to be alone when he died. Mr. Blake had known Mother, his face would change as he spoke of her. He didn't speak of her often and she never contrived to have him do so for she always feared she would let it be known her mother hadn't loved her, or that he would see how little she knew of her mother, and this might change either his feeling toward her or her mother."

"She used to wonder how he had ever come to know her at all. Mother's life was so quiet out there on the farm and his must have been social and gay. She wished now she had asked him about that. She was always holding back from things.

She became fond of the car because it brought pleasant contacts with people. People become very kindly when they are helping you with something they know which you don't know.