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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 five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

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HOOVERS now available for rent at Henry McFarlane's. Also, Green blinds.

PARKDALE ANNUAL TEA and Bazaar. Experimental Station, Thursday, July 18th.

LEPAGE'S SHOE STORE will be closed all day Wednesday during July and August.

SEND YOUR order for tickets on the new Serenader Combination Radio to Mr. Leonard MacDonald, chairman of the Committee in charge of the Recreation Centre Carnival to P. O. Box 147. Tickets 10 cents each 12 for $1.00.

PETERS — FITZGERALD.— The marriage of Miss Bertha Irene FitzGerald daughter of the late P. J. FitzGerald and Mrs. FitzGerald to Mr. Thomas Edward Peters son of the late Thomas Peters and Mrs. Peters of Charlottetown and Rustico, took place on June 27th at nine o'clock in St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, with Rev. E. J. Connolly, O. M. I. officiating at the ceremony. The church was decorated with Peony Roses and palms. Given in marriage by her cousin David FitzGerald, the bride was attended by Miss Mary Teas, of Truro, N. S. Mr. Brian O'Regan, was best man. The bride chose a floor length gown of sheer white crepe made of princess lines. Her finger tip veil was held in place with orange blossoms. She carried a cascade of Briarcliffe roses and white sweet peas. Her only ornament was three strands of pearls the gift of the bridegroom The bridesmaid wore a floor length dress of pale blue crepe with a finger tip veil and a cluster bouquet of yellow roses. Following a reception held at Standish Hall, the couple left for the Laurentians. For going away Mrs. Peters donned a lime green suit of crepe, white hat and accessories, a corsage of Talisman roses. They will take up residence at 233 Laurier Ave East. The out of town guests were Capt. R. Flint of Kingston, Ont., Mrs. Sophia Peters of Rustico, the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. James Newbigging, of Calgary, sister of the groom.

Always Another Spring

By Adelaide Humphries

I

Anne surveyed the last stretch of the wistful, tulle-draped bride with a critical eye. Was she wistful and virginal enough? Even brides were going a bit smuck this spring, with fashions reverting to a delirium of beguiling femininity, flowers and plumes and jewels. Pale blue and shell pink were ousting the traditional white satin. One bride Anne had painted had worn grey to dramatize her red hair and had carried yellow roses. She had pinned her veil with bluebirds instead of orange blossoms!

Maybe she would need them, Anne thought a bit grimly. The world was such a harried place these days, so completely haywire. Kings abdicating, little boys being taught how to shoot one another, sit-down strikes and apex taxes, bombs dropped from serene blue skies to shatter whole cities into crazy splinters.

Yet, for all that, it was a pretty good world, Anne decided. A swell world, really. For she discovered, having put away her paints, covered her easel, descended in the elevator, joined the hurrying, homeward-bent throng, that spring had come, suddenly and intangibly.

Another spring, she thought, her heart swelling ridiculously. Surely this spring she and David could manage to be married. Surely tonight—for this was Tuesday—David, feeling spring, too, in his bones, would suggest that they decide upon a definite date.

She had that sort of exulant feeling, deep inside. Absurb, maybe, yet a premonition that something out of the usual run was going to happen. She had had it all day, due to the brides, no doubt. And because spring made Anne a bit heady. Spring was her season. She had been born in April. That was why she always had told David that spring was the time they would marry.

She had told him that when he first had asked her. Seven-almost eight years ago—no, it could not be! Yes, she had been eighteen and David nineteen at that first tearful good-by when he left for college. She had been David's "girl" for four years before that, all through high school. Half of her lifetime! Yet, all of a lifetime would not be enough to belong to David. They had waited too long as it was. They ought not wait any longer.

"Home, darling?" her mother called, coming into the hall upon hearing Anne's key in the lock. "Have a good day?" she asked, linking an arm through Anne's and urging her into the living room where the rest of the family was gathered.

"Good, and hectic, as usual," Anne answered, thinking as she never failed to do, how young and sweet her mother was. Her brown hair might be grey at the temples, tired lines etched around the corners of her blue eyes, but she was an young in understanding and perception as her daughters.

Janice and Jen, the twins, were sprawled before the fireplace in which logs crackled cheerfully, taking off the edge of late March winds. Janice lay full length on the floor. Chairs were too confining to her spirit, as well as her long lean limbs. She daydreamed—heaven alone knew what!—into the leaping flames while she ruffled Cricket's tortoise-colored fur and feline disposition.

Jen, who was the quiet twin and Janice's faithful shadow, was stretched in a more ladylike manner on the worn slip-covered love seat, her spirit lost in the more practical and pressing perusal of homework. Now the two girls came to life, Janice springing up, Jen putting aside her book, to make Anne welcome. The Ashtons were an affectionate family. With a little pang Anne thought of David, who protested, a little too much she suspected, that he had not been raised to decorate his sleeve with his emotions.

"Angel!" Janice cried. "How perfectly ducky you look. I didn't get to say good-by to you this morning—such a mad rush. How I loathe school, and am I glad this last year finishes me! Isn't that a new hat, darling! I don't remember it, though all your things always have such chic they carry over. Let me take it, sweet, and do curl up before the fire. Doesn't it feel heavenly? May I try it on? If it's new, I'll be frightfully careful."

She rushed to the mirror to place Anne's hat, a trifle of green felt and grosgrain ribbon, on her own curly head, to tilt it a bit more dangerously, to preen and twist, admiring herself immensely and frankly.

"Sit down here," Jen patted the seat beside her, stacking the books on the already heavily laden table. The Ashtons lived in their home. Tables were crowded with books and magazines, chairs were meant to put one's feet under one for comfort. If the coverings were worn and faded, rugs a bit thin, it was because they had served their purpose so long and happily.

"I'll bring in the tea." Laura Ashton smiled on her three girls, thinking, with that little thrill of warmth how lovely they were, how lucky she was to have them. "Vicky's still at work in the laundry. I wonder sometimes if any other family ever has such washings, though I suppose if you had been young men with stacks and stacks of shirts. . . Thank goodness, you're not!" she finished.

"The fire does feel good," Anne said.

This was the best time of the day, coming home, this simple old-fashioned rite of tea that her mother insisted upon preserving. Anne would preserve it too when she had her home. She would be waiting for David at the end of each day, making him welcome. He would look forward to this hour as she did, as a time to shed all worry and weariness, to relax and dream, confide and exchange confidences. Her home and David's . . . .how long she had planned for it!

"Do you know, my loves," she said over the teacups, "that spring has come again? It jumped out at me tonight when I left the store. And what do you suppose I've been sketching today? June brides—imagine!"

She told them about the amusing things brides would be wearing and some of the other delightful and nonsensical innovations that the couturieres and milliners promised. Anne had been the fashion artist at Ryan's Oakdale's "biggest and best" department store, ever since she had been graduated from art school.

"Where's father?" she asked, after they had finished their woman's talk and had nearly finished their tea.

"He phoned he'd be late," her mother answered, her face lighting up as it always did when she spoke of her husband. "Said not to wait dinner. But I told Vicky to hold it off half an hour, anyway."

Laura Ashton had managed to preserve other things besides old traditions. Her illusions, if not intact, were at least untarnished. She still believed Ed Ashton to be the best man on earth although he had not set the world on fire with his brains or talents, but had remained as bookkeeper to the same firm with which he had started as office boy. She still considered him the handsomest man, too, although his hair thinning on top, his vest bulging with a perceptible pounchiness, his shoulders not so straight and square as once they had been. What did those things matter when, after thirty years of living together, they were the same sweethearts they always had been?

Anne said that she was just as well pleased that dinner was to be late. That would give her time to shower and rest. She thought: I shall make myself especially pretty tonight for David—though they had not planned on going anywhere special.

"This is one of David's nights, isn't it?" Janice asked. David came to see Anne every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings. He had been coming on those nights for longer than the twins could remember. "Aren't you two going to get married this spring?" Janice added with her amazing and often embarrassing frankness.

"I shouldn't be surprised." Anne returned, smiling. She felt so confident, that her sister's question did not hold the usual sting.

"Seems to me you should," Janice persisted. She eyed her older sister appraisingly. "You and David should hade done it and got it over with ages ago, Anne. I don't see why you didn't. If I were in love with anyone the way you are with David. I'd marry him right off. I wouldn't wait for anything."

"There are some things you have to wait for," Mrs. Ashton put in quickly. "You sound as if you were anxious to get rid of our Anne." She caught her eldest daughter's hand as Anne got up from the table, smiled up at her. "I want Anne to marry, of course. But I'm certainly not in any hurry to lose her."

"Heavens!" Janice expostulated, making a face—she always dramatized everything—"I can't see the rush. But just the same I'd fix it if things were in my way. If I wanted to marry a man I'd take in washings if I had to!"

"You don't even pick up your soiled clothing," Anne laughed. But she knew what Janice meant. She had felt that way about David, too. When first they had fallen in love. As if she simply could not live without him. But time, and perhaps David himself, had subdued such burning intensity. Being engaged so many years was almost like being married. Not nearly so satisfactory, of course. Only, emotion became more balanced, the flame more sober, if none the less steadfast.

(To be continued)

CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT

The 21st day of June A.D., 1946

In Re Estate of Martha Lund, late of Arlington in the State of Massachusetts in the United States of America, Single Woman.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County in the said Province or any Constable or literate person within said County

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Anthony Lund, of Charlottetown in Queens County in the said Province, Police Officer, the Administrator of the above named Estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interestd in the said Estate to be and appear before the Judge present at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queens County, in the said Province, on Wednesday the twenty-fourth day of July next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock fore noon Atlantic Daylight Time of the same day to shew cause, if any, why the Accounts of the said Estate, should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of H. Francis MacPhee, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner.

And it is hereby ordered that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia in Charlottetown aforesaid and at or near the Royal Bank of Canada in Charlottetown aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

WITNESS His Honour Harold Leonard Palmer, Judge of the said Probate Court at Charlottetown aforesaid, the day and year first above written.

By the Court.

(Sgd) E. Margaret Palmer, L.S. Registrar.

BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall
TO-NIGHT
8.30
The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.
Freemont
For Charitable Purposes

Morrison's "Sea Breeze" Pavilion
AT VICTORIA
REGULAR DANCE WEDNESDAY, JULY 17th
Dancing 9 - 1
GOOD MUSIC — CANTEEN

SOCIETY QUEENS or SCRUB WOMEN
Rich or poor alike—this fine medicine is very effective to relieve pain and nervousness, those irritable feelings, of "certain days"—when due to female functional disturbances.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

MECHANIC: Who are you? I never remember seeing YOU around here before.

STRANGER: Oh! I'm the Ghost—the fellow who brings your pay envelope. Here, take it!

MECHANIC: YOU bring me my pay envelope? How did you get into this?

STRANGER: I've been around here quite a while, but some folks don't look very hard. Remember those screws you turned out . . . the funny kind with the left-hand thread?

MECHANIC: Sure, I remember. They did seem wacky—who wants a left-hand thread? Say, you must be from that Bombay engineering company . . .

STRANGER: That's right. We bought your screws. And the money we paid for them is in your envelope now. My friends buy many more things you make.

MECHANIC: Your friends? How many more friends have you around this plant, Mr. Ghost?

STRANGER: Far more than you think. There's a gentleman from China that uses your parts in his rice mills . . . two from the Netherlands East Indies . . . another from Peru, and . . .

MECHANIC: Mm-mm. So that's where my wages come from. Look, Mr. Ghost, you and your buddies will stick around here, won't you? Perhaps there is something I can do to make it worth your while . . .?

STRANGER: There *is* something you can do. You can put your best work into each part you make. That will please us, and we will keep on buying more from you.

MECHANIC: Is there anything else I can do?

STRANGER: Yes, there is . . . but I don't like to mention it, because you people in Canada have gone without many things you like for a long time. But if you can share with us the things you make . . . right now . . . we will keep on buying in the future. That means your job will last.

MECHANIC: You mean . . . we can count on the Ghost walking every Friday? Plenty of employment?

STRANGER: That's right. Lots of work. See you next Friday my friend.

At least 35 Cents of every Dollar you earn comes from Canada's foreign trade . . . the trade that creates one-third of all the jobs in this country. No matter who you are . . . export business affects you. So the better Canada's export business is, the better off you'll be. Everyone who buys or sells merchandise abroad makes jobs in Canada. That is why we have a Foreign Trade Service in the Department of Trade and Commerce. It maintains able trade commissioners in 29 countries, and an experienced export and import staff at head office, to collect the most up-to-date information on foreign markets and give practical help to every business that wishes to buy or sell in other countries.

Department of Trade and Commerce
OTTAWA, CANADA

Hon. James A. MacKinnon, Minister
M. W. Mackenzie, Deputy Minister

CARR — FERGUSON WEDDING

A pretty wedding took place at the Salvation Army Citadel on Wednesday evening, June 26th, 6.30, when Hazel Ruth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carr of New London was united in marriage to Cecil Kitchener son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ferguson of Hampton. The marriage was performed by Major V. E. MacLean. The bride wore a long gown of blue sheer, shirred neckline and bodice, trimmed with silver nail heads, her matching finger tip veil was topped by a coronet of pale blue flowers. She carried a bouquet of pink roses and maiden hair fern. She was attended by her sister Mrs. Nelson Roberts who wore a floor length gown of rose taffeta with matching accessories and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations and maidan hair fern.

The groom was supported by Mr. Nelson Roberts, the bride was given away by her father. The wedding march was played by Miss Helen Stewart. During the signing of the register Miss Minnie Downe sang I'll Walk Beside You.

The Citadel was beautifully decorated with summer flowers and ferns which made a beautiful back ground.

After the ceremony the wedding party motored to New London where a reception was held at the bride's home. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The table was prettily set with a three tier wedding cake, with miniature bride and groom on top.

Those who assisted in serving were Mrs. James Adams, Mrs. Earl Carr, Marion Carr, Mrs. Lorne Dunning and Mrs. Heath Frizzel.

Out of town guests were, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Matheson, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Found, Charlottetown; Miss Minnie Downe, Charlottetown; Major and Mrs. V E. MacLean, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Lamont, Churchill; Mr. and Mrs J. A. MacKinnon Churchill; Mr. and Mrs. Waldron MacKinnon and little son Wayne. Churchill; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ferguson and daughter Charlotte of Schnectedy, N. Y.; Mr. Robert Ferguson of Hampton; Miss Charlotte Higgins of South Melville, P. E. I.; Miss Gladys MacNeill, St. Catherines, P. E. I.

During the evening a jolly crowd of seranaders arrived to wish the bride and groom much happiness. The bride is on the nursing staff of the Provincial Infirmary having just recently Graduated, while the groom is also a employee.

On the following evening a shower for the bride was held at the home of her parents where she received many lovely gifts and a nice sum of money. The bride thanked her many friends for the nice gift. Lunch brought the social evening to a close.

DUNSTAFFNAGE SCHOOL

Report for June.

Grade X.—1, Harry Norton; 2, Guy Stewart.

Grade IX.—1, Lillian Thompson; 2, Verna Boswell; 3, Ethel Robertson.

Grade VIII.—1, Opal Clow.

Grade VII.—1, Erwin Court; 2, Bobby Vessey.

Grade VI. Sr.—1, Phyllis Dover; 2, Keith Foster; 3, Jean Robertson.

Grade VI. Jr.—1, Albert Foster; 2, Irving Vessey.

Grade V. Sr.—1, Lawrence Cudmore; 2 Maynard Cudmore.

Grade V. Jr.—1, Irene Dennis.

Grade IV.—1, Almon Foster.

Grade III.—1, Barry Cudmore; 2, Glen Court; 3, Deborah Connelly.

Grade II.—1, Elaine Foster.

Grade I. Sr.—1, Leith Dover.

Grade I. Jr.—1, Kenneth Thompson.

Perfect Attendance for June — Harry Norton, Guy Stewart, Lillian Thompson, Wilfred Stewart, Opal Clow, Elaine Foster.

Pupils attending most days during year—Glen Court.

Mrs. Wilfrid Thompson—Teacher.

BRADALBANE SCHOOL

Honor Roll for June.

Grade X.—1, Mary Morrison; 2, Audrey Stevenson; 3, Nadine Deighan.

Grade VIII.—1, Eleanor Murray; 2, Juretta Murray.

Grade VII.—1, Audry Todd; 2, Homer Chappell.

Grade VI.—1, Wellington Murray; 2, Freda Hickox; 3, Dorothy Matheson.

Grade IV.—1, Abie Toombs.

Grade III. A.—1, Lulu Toombs.

Grade III. B.—1, Billy Chappell; 2, Bedford Kennedy.

Grade II.—1, Wayne Bernard; 2 Margaret Kennedy.

Grade I. A.—1, Leone MacLure.

Grade I. B.—1, Keith Bernard; 2 Billy Kennedy.

SIDE VISION

The eyes of a whale are set far back and look in opposite directions. They cannot be moved to look straight ahead or behind.

IN MEMORIAM

In Loving Memory of our Brother

GORDON H. SMITH, Age 19

who was accidently killed on Inkerman Shore one year ago today, July 17, 1945.

Sadly missed by his brothers, Earl and Cecil