

**JULY 1 HOLIDAY FOOD SALE STORE CLOSED ALL DAY THURSDAY JULY 1**

Fresh Killed SPRING CHICKEN 4 to 5 lbs. each	47c	Golden Wax BEANS 4 tins	49c
Iceberg HEAD LETTUCE 25c	Choice CELERY Stock 25c	APPLE JUICE 5 tins	49c
Seedless GRAPEFRUIT Dozen	69c	Tender GREEN PEAS 7 tins	95c
Corned PORK HOCKS Lb.	25c	Aylmer & Clarke's SOUPS Assorted 12 tins	1.00
GRAPEFRUIT JUICES Large 48-oz. tin	25c	Lombard PLUMS 5 tins	95c
TOILET TISSUE 3 rolls 25c	FRESH PRUNES 2 lbs. 35c	Aylmer APRICOTS 2 tins	75c
First Grade CREAMERY BUTTER 2 lbs.	1.39	FRUIT COCKTAIL 2 tins	1.29
(If included in a \$5.00 Grocery Order)			
RINSO, OXYDOL, SUPER SUDS 3 large pkgs.	1.00	Swift's PREM 1 tin	39c
Dunstaffnage Brand, old or new CHEESE Lb.	49c	MOTOR OIL 1 gallon can	95c
THE ISLAND'S FINEST CHEESE			
<b>CASH &amp; CARRY STORES</b>			
Phone 747	187 GREAT GEORGE ST. The Big Store with the Big Stock	We Deliver C.O.D.	

**CENTRAL GUARDIAN**

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

**JIMMIE'S TAXI** Phone 526

**CRASWELL** for Photographs.

**CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.**

**AT YOUR SERVICE** — Arafat Coal Co. Phone 2498.

**PHONE SAUNDERS** 1806 for group and wedding pictures on location.

**CITY TAXES.** — Second installment City of Charlottetown Taxes must be paid by June 30th or interest will be charged.

**ALL BOYS RECITAL.** — Pupils of Miss Brenton, Monday, June 28th, 7.30. St. Peter's Hall.

**CALL 323-L** for all Electrical Repairs. House Wiring a specialty. Dover & Proude, 23 Upper Prince Street.

**CITY TAXES.** — June 30th is the final date of payment of Second Installment City of Charlottetown Taxes.

**ENGAGEMENT.** — Mr. and Mrs. Claude Howatt, Cape Traverse, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter Nadine Philippa to Sheldon Robert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Nicholson, Hartsville. Marriage to take place in July.

**HOSPITAL JUNIOR LEAGUE.** — The regular monthly meeting of the Junior League of the Charlottetown Hospital was held Tuesday, June 22nd at the Nurses' Home. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Mrs. Jack MacEachern gave a financial report. Mrs. Jules Gaudet reported for the work committee. Mrs. Walter Lawlor reported for the Ways and Means Committee on the success of the Tag Day. It was moved and seconded that the weekly meetings discontinue for the summer and begin again on September 7th. It was moved and seconded that the business meetings be held on the first Tuesday of each month. It was moved and seconded that a card be sent to any sick members. It was moved and seconded that club party be held. Mrs. John Connolly then gave a very interesting report on the Hospital Convention held at St. Andrew's, N. B. There being no further business it was moved and seconded that the meeting adjourn. Tea was then served by Mrs. Carl Green and Mrs. L. Gaudet.

**CANADA POST OFFICE**

**SPEEDS YOUR MAIL "UP"**

**BEGINNING DOMINION DAY — JULY 1**  
Across Canada... Coast to Coast

<b>LIGHTWEIGHT LETTERS</b> Where delivery will thereby be expedited, letters of one ounce or less, mailed in Canada for delivery in Canada, will move by air without extra charge.	<b>4 CENTS</b>	<b>SPECIAL DELIVERY</b> This service will continue to be available for both the above classes of mail on payment of the additional prescribed fee.	<b>10 CENTS additional</b>
<b>HEAVYWEIGHT LETTERS</b> Letters of more than one ounce will move as at present, by surface transportation, unless prepaid at AIR MAIL rates.	<b>7 CENTS first ounce</b> <b>5 CENTS each ounce after</b>	To get the most out of this new and faster service — the first of its kind in North America — WATCH THE WEIGHT OF YOUR MAIL... ADDRESS CAREFULLY	

RETAIN THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR READY REFERENCE

ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF HON. ERNEST BERTRAND, K.C., M.P., POSTMASTER GENERAL

**No, Mr. Brown**

By Gertrude Knevels

"Chasing a tramp?" Brown cried. His patience was not, after all, inexhaustible.

"It's that good for nothing Rafferty," Zora smirked down the folds of tissue on the smoking set. "April, she got a letter from him this morning. His letter said he was sick and 'lyn' low' in somebody's camp out to the lake, and would Miss April come and fetch him right away. The nerve!"

"Nerve indeed," Bill agreed. "And she went, I suppose?"

"Of course. She's going to bring that feller back here and nurse him till he gets well, so she says."

Bill rushed out of the house. The new roadster would eat up the trifling distance to the lake in half the time April could make it, no matter how she hurried.

In her rush to get off, and thinking only of Rafferty, April had forgotten the matter of gas, so it was that when Bill roared round a curve on the longest stretch between filling stations, he spied a parked car and a girl in a green hat frantically flourishing a can.

"Hey," he shouted, putting on brakes. "Hop in, my fair client, and get yourself investigated."

"Please, Bill, I'm in a hurry. I've got important business."

"So have I." The owner of the roadster swung out and stood beside her. "Ever been kidnaped?" he inquired grimly. "Say your prayers." A pounce, and April was lifted high and set inside Bill's car. He leaped in after her, banged

the door, and they were off. "I'm about tired of this nonsense" said Mr. Brown. "You can't dodge me any longer."

"Listen, Bill. I've got to get to the lake."

"You're going there. This bus can make ninety if you like, but I'd prefer not to hurry. I want time to explain things," Bill found himself suddenly red and embarrassed beneath his captive's cool stare.

"Yes?" April inquired. "Really, Bill, I can't see why you should have explained anything to anybody, if you didn't care — I'm glad you have a lot of money and that you are going to help the town with some of it. Otherwise what you do, or don't do can't matter to me."

"All I can say is I'm not sorry. It gave me a better chance to know you and, anyway, let's forget all that. What matters is—"

"That you let me out when I tell you to," April snapped. "It's a shame to take a car like this through the woods but now you've come so far you'll have to help me. Here's where we turn into the woods. Sure you don't mind?"

"Of course not."

Bill swung the roadster round the curve and into the narrow lane that led all the way to the lake. Today the lake looked cold and unattractive. Both April and Bill turned their eyes to the far end, and saw the jet of black smoke at the same time. "Cabin on fire!" April cried.

"My cabin," Bill echoed. "Looks as if the oil stove's exploded. Here — wait!"

For April had hopped out of the car and was tearing along the narrow path by the water's edge. As Bill caught up with her, she panted. "Raf's there. Hurry—we've got to get him out."

When they broke through the screen of bushes, flame was beginning to curl from the lean-to roof. "Keep back," Bill ordered. "Out of my way!" He peeled off his sweater, dipped it hastily in a bucket of water and with the wet garment protecting his head, rushed into the cabin.

As April forced herself over the threshold, she bumped into Bill who was backing out, staggering under a blanket-swathed bundle. The wet sweater now protected Mr. Rafferty's head and Bill was bereft of eyebrows and some hair. He was glad of April's help.

With tears of emotion and smoke irritation running down her cheeks, April did her best to apply makeshift dressings to the burns Bill made light of. Then they both tried to revive Rafferty, but without success. He must be carried to

the car and taken to a doctor at once, Bill insisted. April would have to drive.

At the hospital Doctor Edmonds, in the accident room, bandaged Bill's hands and later gave them a report on Rafferty. "The old man's reviving, but he's very weak and you'd better not try to talk to him. Bad heart and the effect of smoke. He'll come through though. You want him to stay here?"

"Of course. Give him the best care you can," Bill insisted. "Private room—good nurse—do all you can and we'll be along tomorrow."

All the way home to Fairmount April maintained an almost unbroken silence. When she stopped the car at Jerome's gate, Bill protested. "Let's go on up to your place. Let's make tea in the kitchen, April? I want to talk to you."

"You can make tea at Jay's. Good-bye now, and thanks again for everything. No, I don't want the car. I'm taking the short cut up the hill." April hopped out and was off across the garden before Bill could stop her. She walked fast, without a backward look.

As she stepped into the house the house, the big, half-empty rooms seemed cold and cheerless. She went upstairs to change her soiled, scorched clothes. Coming down a few moments later, she leaned against the newel post, and dropped her face on her arm. Things did seem rather impossible. Tough luck being twenty-one, with no family and nothing in life to look forward to but work—work that everyone said you weren't fitted for. She'd show them, though. She'd grind at those social work courses and get some good, hard job in a far-away place where she'd never hear Bill Brown's name again; where she could forget the way he looked, his eyes, his smile, everything about him.

At a sound from the library April raised her head. Bill's eyes met hers, and something brighter than flame leaped between them and drew them to each other's arms.

Darkness gathered in the long dim room. All the old arguments, quarrels and controversies were forgotten as these two—sitting in the one big chair—kissed, and kissed again.

Bill tried to hold April fast, but she slid out of his arms and landed in a forlorn little heap on the rug. There she sat, looking up at him, her soft hair tossed back in a bright cloud of mber intense young face, her blue eyes dark and serious. "You're a wonderful per-

remember his many acts of kindness, his willingness to serve those for whom he worked, and his thoughtfulness for others.

He leaves to mourn his passing three sons, Hedley, Bradabane; Willa, Saint John, N. B.; Harvey, Summerside; also five daughters, Hazel, Mrs. George Sharpe, Borden; Nina, Mrs. Wilfred Pickering, Clinton; Carrie, Mrs. Francis Murray, Graham's Road; Theresa, Mrs. Hyatt Haslam, Springfield; and Miss Vivian, who tenderly cared for her father in his declining years; also 18 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren.

His funeral took place from his late residence Saturday afternoon, June 19th and was attended by a host of relatives and friends. The many beautiful floral offerings bore silent testimony of the esteem in which the deceased was held. The service was conducted by Rev. S. J. Davies assisted by Rev. W. B. MacPhail, Bradabane; Rev. Gordon Stevens, Margate; and Rev. E. R. Woodside, Tryon. The hymns sung were Peace, Perfect Peace, Forever With the Lord and Abide With Me. After the Benediction was pronounced the remains were borne to their last resting place in Springbrook cemetery and tenderly laid to rest beside those of his wife who predeceased him ten years ago.

The pallbearers were Messrs. David O'Connor, John W. Whitehead, Wesley Heaney, Ernest Pickering, Justin Woodside and Elton Woodside.

Father dear, we would not call you from it. That happy land where you abide in peace. We know you wait within the sacred portal. To bid us welcome home when time shall cease.

**In Memoriam**

**MR. HARVEY T. WOODSIDE**

Clinton lost one of its oldest and most highly respected residents in the death of Mr. Harvey T. Woodside in the early hours of Thursday morning, June 17th, 1948. He was the last member of the large family of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Woodside of Clinton, being born eighty-five years ago.

When a very young man Mr. Woodside learned the trade of blacksmithing with Mr. William P. Woodside, afterwards taking over his workshop where he continued to serve the surrounding communities until a few years ago, when owing to age and ill-health he was forced to retire. He was a very efficient workman and was honest and upright in all his dealings with the public. A life of complete unselfishness merited for him a wide circle of friends who will long miss him.

"Bill," she said, "and you should have a wonderful wife. Somebody beautiful wise and experienced."

"Instead of somebody beautiful and foolish and adorable?" Bill questioned softly. "Honestly, though" — and Bill's voice was sudden grave — "I think I can understand your objection to marrying an idle chap in a world like ours today. I'm not in that class any longer, April. You and I will have our holiday. We'll step off into the blue as you said the other day at the air field. We'll roam as far as we like, and then we'll come home and work together? Oh, April, hasn't the time come I warned you about—the time for you to stop this 'no business and to say 'Yes, Bill?'"

"Yes, Bill—my Bill!"

THE END

trees it was an appealing thought to have ten days in such environs.

The camp will have sleeping quarters indoors or in tents and every hour of the day will be planned to give the girl varied fun in ventures she has dreamed of, such as hand-carriage, folk dancing, dramatics, swimming and campfires. There will be jolly sing-songs as Miss Tibbs is a highly trained musician and has taught piano and violin in girls' schools.

The experience of making new friends will be highlighted to the new camper, and the after years of friendships made in such an atmosphere as there will be at "Camp Kingston."

The following are the staff officers: Rev. Sidney J. Davies, Chaplain; Miss Mercia Tibbs, Commandant; Miss Ada Harris, Quartermaster; Mrs. Clapp, Nurse; Miss Florine Evans, Swimming & Physical; Miss Eleanor Clapp, Handicrafts.

The camp will open on Wednesday, July 21st and close Saturday, July 31st.

**OUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. Williams

MA, CALL HIM BACK-- IF I GO OUT I'LL CREATE A SCENE! I ASKED HIM TO BRING OVER THE ROAST PAN, BUT HE HAS SOMETHING SMOKING IN IT, TO LOOK LIKE YOU COOKED MY MEALS-- MORE OF HIS HUMOR!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

J.R. WILLIAMS 6-28

T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

**CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**

**IN THE PROBATE COURT**

The 11th day of June A. D. 1948.

In Re Estate of LLOYD JOSEPH NORRIE who adopted and was known by the name of THOMAS NORRIE late of Charlottetown in Queens County in the said Province, a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, killed in action, intestate.

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

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Mary Isabel MacLeod of Charlottetown aforesaid, stenographer, the Administratrix 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 interested 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 fourteenth day of July next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same

day to shew cause if any they can for the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of William E. Bentley, 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 in Queen's County, the day and year first above written.

By the Court.  
(SGD.) E. MARGARET PALMER, Registrar.  
(L. S.)

**CARD OF THANKS**

The family of the late Harvey T. Woodside wish to thank all kind friends and neighbours who in any way helped in their recent sad bereavement.

**Anglican Camp**

The country side of Victoria and Craupad never looked lovelier than the day when the camp supervisor, Miss Mercia Tibbs, A.T.C.M. made her survey of the Church Centre on the grounds of the Anglican Church. With a brimming tide on the red shores and the new green on fields and

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Sited between Fitzroy and Euston

PHONE 1926-L

L. G. SAVAGE, Prop.

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**Our Office Hours for the Summer months are 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. except Wednesday and Saturday when we close at 1 P. M. This enables our staff to take advantage of the summer weather.**

**W. K. Rogers Agencies Limited**

**We have asked our staff to vote. We have not suggested how they should vote. We ask you to exercise your Democratic privilege and vote.**

**T. B. ROGERS, Manager Legionaire**