## War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press)

NOV. 18, 1917 —Maj-Gen Sir Stanley Maude, British commander in Mesopotamia, died from an attack of Cholera Allied reinforcements reported arriving daily on the Italian front; Italians put up stubborn resistance on the Lower Piave River.

## United Baptist Appointments

Rev. Thomas B. MacDormand, Edmonto, Alberta, has been appointed editor of the Baptist Publications Committee of Canada, with headquarters in Toronto, it was announced at a meeting of the executive of the Board of Christian Education of the Maritime United Baptist Convention, held recently in Wolfville, N. S. Mr. MacDormand, a native of Bear River, N.S., and a graduate of Acadia University was minister of the Baptist Church in Amherst, N.S. prior to accepting the position of Field Secretary of the Board of Christian Education of the Baptist Western Union, which position he has filled during the past 4 years. Mr MacDormand has succeeded Rev. Harold Lang as editor, and will be responsible for the editing of the Church School Lesson Helps for the Baptist Churches of Canada.

Appointments were made by the executive at its meeting to the Boards of the Maritime Religious Education Council and the Religious Education Council of Canada. To the General Board of the M. R.E.C. were named Rev. I J. Levy, Charlottetown; Rev. A. P. Langley, Saint John, N.B.; Mr. Harry King, Chipman, N.B.; Mr. Myles Kierstead, Wolfville, N. S.; Rev. J. E. DeLong, New Glasgow; Mr. Winston Myles, Sydney; Rev. H. C. Olsen, Amherst; Rev. F. S Crossman, Sussex; Rev. H. L. Denton, Halifax.

To the Executive of the General Board of the M.R.E.C.—Rev. I. J. Levy, Rev. A. J. Langley, Rev. J. E. Delong.

To the Maritime Children's Work Board: Miss Alma Price, Saint John; Mrs. T. G. Ives, Charlottetown; Mrs. B. H Crawford, Sydney.

To the Maritime Boys' Work Board: Rev. I. J. Levy, Charlottetown; Rev. W. C. Machum, Kentville; Rev. E. W. Eldridge, Lower Millstream, N.B.

To the New Brunswick Girls' Work Board: Miss Kathleen Amos, Moincton; Mrs R. G. Merrill, Saint John; Mrs. A. J. Langley Saint John.

To the Nova Scotia Girls' Work Board; Miss Ella Des'Brisay, Halifax; Miss Maxine Morse, Halifax; Miss Margaret Hutchins, Wolfville, N.S.

To the P.E.I. Girls' Work Board: Mrs. Jack McLeod, Summerside; Mrs C. W. Cook, Summerside; Mrs. A A. MacLeod, O'Leary.

Representatives named on Boards of the R.E.C.C. — Boys' Work, Rev. W. C. Machum; Girls' Work, Miss Ella Des'Brisay; Childrens' Work, Miss Alma Price.

Chairman and Secretary of the Board: Rev. W. C. Machum

The meeting of the executive was presided over by the chairman of the Board, and Rev. J. A. R. Tingley, Dartmouth was secretary. Others present included Dr. G. C. Warren, Rev. A. Gibson and Professor E. M. Whidden, Wolfville, N.S

## In Memoriam

WILLIAM B. CLEMENTS

Entered into rest at White Sands on October 10th, 1942, William B Clements in his 74th year.

Suffering with a heart ailment he retired from his farm duties twelve years ago, but was able to be about and met his friends from day to day. His many friends entertained hopes that his strong constitution combined with the best medical skill, loving care and constant attention of the family might eventually combat the disease. These hopes were shattered when he contracted La Grippe and failed to rally, but he knew in Whom he had believed and calmly and peacefully fell asleep.

He will be much missed in the different spheres and activities of life. But it is in the home that his loss will be felt most keenly.

As a citizen he had the respect and love of all who knew him; his home was open to everyone, his hospitality was known and real.

He leaves to mourn a sorrowing widow (nee Sarah Stewart,) two daughters and two sons. The daughters are Miss Agnes, Charlottetown; (Florence), Mrs. Simon Stuart, Belle River. The sons are Stewart, on the homstead, and Harry, White Sands; one sister, Mrs. Mary Glover, White Sands; also two brothers, James H. and Rupert, New York.

How highly the deceased was esteemed by friends and acquaintances was eloquently evidenced by the very large gathering who came from far and near to attend the funeral service, which was held from his late residence, Monday, Oct. 12th. Service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. Picketts, B. A. The hymns sung, favorites of the deceased were "Jesus Lover of My Soul", "Asleep in Jesus" "Shall We Gather at the River" and "The Beautiful Land" was effectively rendered as a quartette by Mrs. A. MacNeill, Messrs. Luther Jordan, Louis Harris and Karl Jordan.

The pall-bearers were: Messrs. William Derby, Robert McFarlane, Lemuel Giddings, William Buell, William Glover and James Derby.

There as the twilight gathered, all that was mortal of a beloved father, brother and friend was laid to rest beneath a profusion of beautiful flowers in the Murray Harbour cemetery, thence to await the resurrection morn.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved family.

## Sea View and Vicinity

The weather of the past week was much colder but all have greatly enjoyed the beautiful autumn days. The farmers have finished up their plowing and making necessary preparations for winter.

Mr. Heath Campbell, Long River, was a recent visitor to Sea View.

The Darnley and Sea View Auxiliary of the W.M.S. met at the home of Mrs Wallace McNutt on Tuesday evening for their November meeting with President in charge of the meeting and gave the call to worship. All then joined in singing "O God Our Help In Ages Past." The program from the Missionary Monthly the theme being Seeking Economic Security For All was carried out by the president with Mrs. Harry Crozier reading the Scripture. Other readers were Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. A. McKay and Miss Evelyn Donald. Mrs. Hickey led in prayer followed by all joining in the Lord's Prayer. Those present repeated hymn 382, and the president led in prayer. Secretary Mrs. Edwin Donald called the roll and seven members answered with the word Peace. All joined in singing Peace Perfect Peace. Mrs Harry Crozier, Mrs. Hickey and the President gave helpful readings on peace. Minutes were read and business was discussed. Plans were made to finish quilt on the following Friday at the home of Mrs. MacGregor and members were asked to send donations to get parcel ready to ship to the Maritime Mission the following week. Treasurer gave the financial report. One member paid her birthday fund. A letter of thanks was read from a member who had been bereaved thanking members for their many kind letters and cards of sympathy. The Missionary Monthly, secretary reminded the members that it was time to renew their subscriptions for another year. A new finance committee was appointed. The closing hymn, Saviour Breathe An Evening Blessing, and benediction brought the meeting to a close after which refreshments were served by the hostess and a social hour followed.

Mr. Edwin Murphy was a recent business visitor to Charlottetown.

A most enjoyable and social evening was spent in Malpeque Hall on Friday when the members of the Malpeque W. I. sponsored a delicious chicken supper The tables were most attractive looking gleaming in linen and silver and laden with good eats. The tables were well patronized with guests who all greatly enjoyed the good supper provided by the ladies. A splendid sum was realized from the proceeds

Mr. John C. Campbell left on Monday morning for Mount Pleasant where he is employed on construction work.

Mr. Leslie Coulson, Summerside, spent the week end at his home here with his wife and family.

Mr. Morton Adams, Kelvin, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Adams.

Mrs. F. W. Donald and little son Clifford spent the past week-end at Graham's Road, the guests of Mrs J. A. Brown.

Pte. Charles MacDonald of the P. E. I. Highlanders is spending a pleasant furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald MacDonald, Baltic.

Mr. Alexander Champion is spending some time in Summerside where he has obtained employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Stacey Roach have taken up their residence in Summerside for the winter months.

A pleasant evening was spent in Sea View Hall on Tuesday evening but owing to inclement weather the number was smaller than otherwise The occasion was a reception for Pte. Bruce Coulson of the P.E.I. Highlanders and his bride, (nee Miss Lillia MacLeod) of Victoria West who are spending their honeymoon with Mr. Coulson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coulson They were the recipients of many beautiful gifts from friends here. Mr. Coulson on behalf of himself and bride, thanked all for their kind remembrance on this occasion. All joined in singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows.' A bountiful lunch was served by the ladies and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, music was furnished by Mr. Alonzo Holmes accompanied by Mrs. Lorne Campbell. Many friends join in wishing Mr and Mrs. Coulson much happiness.

Miss Eva L Beer, Superintendent of Prince Edward Island Orphanage, accompanied by Miss MacRae and Mrs. Wood of Mount Herbert were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Delaney and enjoyed a pleasant visit at their home in Malpeque.

The Junior W. A. of this place held their autumn Thank-Offering in the hall here on Monday evening. There was a good attendance. Rev. Mr. Newman presided and the meeting opened by all singing "All People That On Earth Do Dwell after which the following program was given by the members of the Junior W. A. Recitation, Shirley Stewart; Chorus by Juniors; Reading, Vera Stewart; Exercise, Thelma Campbell, Joyce McKay and Marion Duggan; Reading, Marie Adams; Duet, Velma Duggan and Joyce McKay; Reading, Mrs. Blakaney; Hymn, "Tell Me The Old, Old Story'; Reading, Max Murphy; Offering chorus by choir; Reading, Audrey Adams; Exercise by juniors, Shining for Jesus, interspersed with appropriate hymns. Address, Rev. Mr Newman which was practical and helpful why it was so necessary for each member to be faithful in order to make the Band a success. He also paid a tribute to the work of the Superintendent, Mrs. Atwood Blakaney and the members for their splendid program and the work they are doing in this part of the Masters Vineyard. Closing hymn was God Be With You Till We Meet Again, followed by benedition brought this splendid meeting to a close. Mrs. Lorne Campbell was accompanist for the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Adams, Summerside, were recent visitors to Sea View and spent a pleasant visit with friends.—V.






## 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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STUBBS-BERNARD NUPTIALS —A very pretty military wedding of interest to many Islanders as well as those of Halifax, N. S., and of Narvish, Ontario, took place on September 19, at seven o'clock in the Parish of Christ Church, Dartmouth, N.S., with Rev. H. W. Walsh officiating, when Corporal John A. Stubbs, Halifax, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Stubbs of Narvish, Ont., chose for his bride Miss Martha Lorain Bernard, Halifax, daughter of Mr. and Mrs William Bernard of Hunter River, P.E.I. The bride looked charming in a street length dress of blue suedine rayon with navy accessories and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The bride was attended by Miss Pearle MacRae, Halifax, formerly of Tignish, P.E.I., who was dressed in wine with wine accessories and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The groom was attended by Gunner A. E Ramsay of Narvish, Ont. now stationed at Halifax. After the ceremony the happy young couple motored to Halifax and left on the following morning for P.E.I were they spent a week with the bride's parents. In the future they plan to make their home in Narvish. Their many friends wish Corporal and Mrs. Stubbs many years of happy wedded bliss.

McQUILLAN - EGAN — A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Ann's Church, Lot 65, on Wednesday morning Oct. 7, when Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen McQuillan of Elmwood, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Syril Egan, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Owen Egan of the same place. Rev. Wilfred Keefe, P.P. performed the marriage ceremony, and also celebrated the Nuptial Mass The wedding march was beautifully rendered by Miss Mary McElroy, while appropriate hymns were sung by Mrs. Amos Callaghan, and Mr Amos Monaghan. The bride looked very winsome in a street length dress of gallant olue crepe with navy blue accessories. She was attended by Miss Mary Berrigan who was becomingly attired in a street length navy blue crepe dress with accessories to match. The groom was attended by Mr. Gavin McQuillan, brother of the bride. After the ceremony a delicious wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents to the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. An enjoyable day was spent motoring to points of interest after which the happy couple left for a short honeymoon to points in the Maritimes. The Guardian joins with numerous friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Egan many years of happy wedded bliss.

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## Stranger In Shady Gulch

By Denver Bardwell

CHAPTER XXVII

It seemed to Bill Radkin that Mark Waller's manner of leaving Arlene in his care was the final and perfect touch of apology to him.

Both he and the girl sat silently in their saddles until the hoofs of the rancher's horse had pounded across the bridge over Thumb Creek.

"Well," Arlene said finally, "we're out under the stars like you wanted once tonight. Shall we race for a ways?"

"No." He shook his head. "That would cut down the time I can be with you. I'd rather get down and walk—make it longer."

"I thought you had to get on somewhere fast," she chided him. "Was that just a trick to get my father away?" He could see her smiling at him in the starlight. He said, with fervor, "I'd do a lot worse'n that to be alone with you!"

They started slowly along the road together.

"Bill," Arlene said suddenly, "when I first saw you tonight, I scarcely knew you in your new clothes. Every girl in the hall was gaping at you."

"I guess I did look sorta funny in this get-up. Is it too dudish?"

"You know perfectly well I mean you looked handsome. I bet you have a lot of fun going into strange towns looking like a tramp cowboy, then dressing up to show every one what you really are."

"Do you want the real truth?" he said earnestly.

"Yes—what's the real truth?"

"I had nothing but worknig clothes to wear when I came here. Never wanted anything else till a certain mighty pretty girl shook hands with my Caesar the other day. Something popped inside my head then, and I been sorta half-looced ever since—so looced that I horned into a whole stampede of trouble, bought me a ranch and herd, got spruced up like a dude, and came to throw myself right in the lions' den tonight so I could see you again."

"Where is Caesar tonight?" she asked.

"I was just getting started to talking about you," he complained.

"Where is Caesar?" she persisted.

"At home with Wahoo, the cook. Because Wahoo is too bashful to —ce, the boys elected him to stay home and look after things."

They rode on for miles, with only light banter between them, or in silent contentment with the starlit night and each other's company. Just before they reached the MW, a whitened trail up a slanting break in the north mesa beckoned them to adventure

"I bet the half moon will sure look pretty coming up tonight," Radkin said. "It'd look a lot prettier from the lip of the mesa back of your house."

"I've sat up there," slad Arlene, "watching it rise, slow and scared like, over the eastern rim."

"Like it was sorta playing peek-a-boo with you at first. Then, it comes out full, a-laughing and not scared a-tall."

"You talk like a poet, Bill," she said, following his lead up the mesa trail "Do you ever read poetry?"

"Don't get to pick up much bookish stuff on the coyote trail," he said. "I sorta staggered through country school down in south Texas, then had to light out on my own."

They did not talk during the steep climb up the mesa. The two ponies strained up over the top, and Arleen led the way eastward to a rock-strewn, cedar-studded promatory overlooking her home.

They ground-hitched the horses and sat down on a soft carpet of cedar straw with a granite boulder at their backs and the edge of the high cliff a few feet in front of them. There they awaited the lazy coming of the midnight moon.

They vied with each other in naming the constellations. His nomenclature was of the common man who lives by the guidance of the stars on lonely nights in the wilderness. Hers was more bookish. He learned for the first time that the North Star's name was Polaris, but she learned from him just how to find it quickly by an imaginary line across the northern sky from the two outer stars of the Big Dipper.

With their heads leaned back, close together on the slanting rock, he pointed to the stellar twins, Castor and Pollux.

"See those two bright little fellers up there close together?" he said. "I've watched 'em many a time, and I've never yet seen 'em straying off from each other. They're sorta like a man and his wife that are a heap in love, so they never want to get very far apart in their travelings. Let's you and me make a promise, Arlene."

"What promise?"

"Let's promise that, when we get old—say along about eighty or niety—we'll come up here to this selfsame place,and look up at those two stars and think about tonight."

She turned her face toward his, and gazed at him.

"You're a strange man, Bill," she said. "You may be killed by those murderous men, but you sit here and talk about what we will be doing sixty or seventy years from now. Even if we're still alive then, we'll probably be thousands of miles apart."

He leaned toward her, and said softly, "How about making that rendezvous a little closer? Say on the night of our first wedding anniversary?"

Then, she said, "Are you proposing to me, Bill?"

"Sort of. Maybe it's different from most proposals — different from the parlor variety — but it's a proposal just the same."

"It is different, Bill — but I like it that way."

"Well . . . how about it, Arlene?"

She moved very close to him, and whispered. "Does an engagement under the stars take a kiss to make it hold?"

He was trembling a she put his arms around her and kissed her. He held her close for a long time, dimly oblivious of the risen moon over the eastern rim of the world.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Back home after recovering from the blow on his head, Thomas Lally was like a tiger in a cage. He tramped nervously back and forth across his spacious living room while he waited for the coming of Duke Hasser.

Time and again, he stopped beside the liquor cabinet to throw a glassful of whiskey down his throat.

Meanwhile, Tom, Jr., lay outstretched on a couch, holding a piece of raw beef against his swollen and discolored left eye.

"Why the devil don't Duke get here?" the older man raged. "Why don't those two men I sent for him come back and tell me what's holding 'em up? Tom, we've got to do something quick!" He glared at his son. "How are you fixed with Waller and his girl? Can you still bring 'em in on a rope if I have to fall back on him to lock the deal?"

"I got 'em licking out of my hand, Dad," Tom assured him. "They'll trot into your corral any time I set the wedding day.

Lally snapped, "I don't aim for it to go that far—you're not marrying a girl like that! I'll get those homestead claims straightened out if I have to dig wells a hundred feet deep and plow up every sprig of grass on the land. Then we'll close the deal with the railroad and you'll marry a girl of family that'll help you go up in the world."

"What are you gonna do about that Radkin feller, Dad?" Tom asked.

Lally's features twisted. He snatched up the whiskey decanter, poured himself another drink and gulped it down.

"I'll teach that yeller-haired young upstart to tangle in my business!" he roared, slamming his glass down. "I've got the railroad lawyers digging into the Bar M sale to him. When they prove that he tricked that numbskull Ben Ormond, into selling to him, it'll be easy enough to straighten out.

"Then, I'll see to it myself that he's got rid of, for good and all! If Duke Hasser had carried out my orders and got rid of him in the first place, all this wouldn't have happened. Duke, the fool, somehow let him get away, but I'll put the feller where he'll never make trouble again! He can't buck me!"

Meanwhile, in Shady Gulch, the dance was coming to a close. Duke Hasser had wandered over to the Boston Bar.

At one end of the bar, he stood talking with two of his men in low tones.

"Dootsy, you and Twister have got to disappear for a spell. The Boss can't help findin' out about them hides when we take the whole crew to move 'em quick in the morning, with him awantin' us to do plenty other things right off. I'll hafta tell him that you two pulled a whizzer and cached them hides to sell later on your own hook, instead of burning 'em like he ordered. I'll tell 'im that, when I found out about it, you up and high-tailed it. But don't worry — when we git rid of the stuff, I'll send your cut to you."

"Yeah, but what if the old man blows up and makes you burn 'em now?" Dootsyk suggested.

"How can three thousand tough cowhides be burnt quick?" Hasser asked. "I'll show him that the quickest way is to snatch 'em off the place and hide 'em somewhere else. Then I'll find a buyer."

It was shortly after this that Thomas Lally, his impatience becoming too much for him, came storming into town after Duke. He found his men just going to the jail to claim their guns.

He also learned for the first time about the six men in jail In a half minute, he had a man dashing off to bring the justice of the peace.

Sheriff Olds wanted to hold the men in jail for the grand jury at San Jacinto to dispose of, but he could do nothing but turn them out on the five-hundred-dollar individual bonds which the justice accepted from Lally.

"Just six more hyenas turned loose for the devilment that'll come soon around here," Olds murmured to Shorty Meehan and Rooster. "You boys all run along and get outa town before I give up their artillery."

When the six men were freed and all the Half Diamond men had their guns again, Lally threw a parting, wrathful remark at the sheriff.

"I found out, Olds, that we can't legally hold that district election for another ten days, but right after it comes off, we'll be rid of your fool doing. In the meantime, you better stay out of my way!"

"Just make that warning double, Tom Lally!" Olds replied. "Now that you've took them six prisoners off my hands, I ain't tied up here with guarding em. If you only knew what that meant, you'd have been glad to leave 'em here a right long spell!"

Maybe, if hot-headed Matt Olds had suspected that Duke Hasser was at that very moment wondering just how much information Bill Radkin had imparted to the sheriff about the cache of cowhides, he would have controlled his temper better. He did see a change come over the face of the Half Diamond foreman, but it was too late to recall the words he had so recklessly flung at Lally.

A moment later, Hasser hurried away, motioning for Dootsy and Twister to follow.

As soon as Lally and the rest of his men departed, Olds left the jail and hurried to his little private stable behind his bachelor quarters.

On his way, he met Mark Waller and his three men just riding away from the public livery stable.

"I'm headin' for the Bar M tonight," Olds told Waller. "Walk your ponies and I'll catch up with you by Thumb Crick—got some talk to hold with you."

Before Waller and his men had covered half the distance to Thumb Creek bridge, they heard the roar of a forty-five gun back in town.

They jerked to a halt, listening. Another shot followed almost immediately. Then, ther was silence.

Scooter Hopkins spoke.

"That last shot was from Matt Olds' Army .38. There ain't another gun around town with its sharp bark. He musta got whoever was throwin' forty-five lead at 'im."

"We'll drop back see," Waller said.

(To be Continued)


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## CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

FOURTH DISTRICT OF QUEEN'S

A convention to nominate two Conservative Candidates to contest this District at the next Provincial Election will be held at Eldon Hall on Thursday November 19th, 1942 at 2 p.m. Each poll is entitled to send five delegates to this convention. The poll chairmen are asked to arrange for the selection of delegates at once.

QUEEN'S COUNTY CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION
Walter S. Grant
President
M. A. Farmer
Secretary
10-31-4-7-11-14-18

## National Film Board

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

(Hilda Gillis)

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Montague—Thursday, 2 and 8 P. M.
York—Friday, 8 P. M.
Souris—Saturday 3 and 8 P. M.
11-11-41.

## AUBURN PERSONALS

Mr. John J. MacKenzie has secured a position in the city.

Mr. Irving MacKenzie has gone to spend the winter in Montreal.

The wedding of Miss Rheta MacCarron, daughter of Mrs. Mary MacCarron, Auburn, took place in Montreal recently.

Many friends of Mrs. Mary MacCarron will learn with deep regret of her passing. Mrs. MacCarron has resided for a number of years with her daughter Mrs. (Dr.) George MacKenna in West Roxbury.

Mrs. Frank Callaghan, formerly of Watervale, now of Montreal, is convalescing after her recent indisposition.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. Angus MacNeill on the death of his mother, Mrs. Mary MacCarron.

Mrs. Angus MacNeill has returned home from the P. E. I. Hospital suffering from a broken arm.

## NOT SO RED AS PAINTED

Though often called "red," the American Indian is really brown. Warpaint was sometimes crimson,


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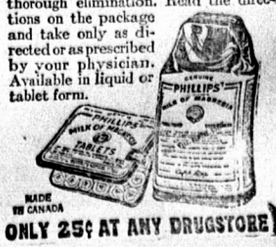


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