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MOORE & McLEOD Limited

Ellen's Diary
(Continued from Page 2)

thoroughly. I had been scanning the pages of the newspaper at the previous opening when I heard James exclaim: "Well, I'll be blowed. Ellen! Neither of those pigs was a select!" Oh, dear, I dropped the paper, in sympathy. And then after an adjusting of spectacles: "No, I'm astray, Ellen—they both were—here it is here." There could be no loitering over it then for were not the cattle just come from watering, milling about the barnyard impatient to be let to the shelter of their stable out of the whirling drifts and cold.

Now it was that there could be an inquiring into the current

prices, the approximate losses and gains and a totalling of feed consumed. There was as always after such a sale, small as it might appear to some, an averaging of weights, a comparison of the live and dressed weight so as to know with more certainty what "those others of that litter should kill," and any monetary gains noted. Of course as James said, there was "no allowance made for the farmers' time"—nor that of their wives. James lowered his glasses and looked at me in a bewildered way when I mentioned the latter! And sometimes this afternoon I had to drop my knitting to take up pencil and paper instead, there to reckon totals more surely though this gesture for James is always only so much wasted time and energy.

Before I can nearly arrive at the answer James has it down to a fraction mentally and though his method is rather perplexing to follow, it could hold its own with any since it arrives so quickly at a solution. Jock came in while we were thus engaged. "We never got so much money before for two hogs", James offered. And Jock rejoined drily: "No, and I guess we never paid out so much for feed as we did for that last ton of it!" "That's right," James agreed, "that takes the cream off it!" - James opens his eyes with a start: "I guess I must have been asleep, Ellen! Is it still storming?" And the wind still howls rather drearily, and at times, I hear snow against a window.

Until tomorrow - Diary - Goodnight.

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—BEAU—

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith

"Speak of your indoor circuses," she said to Scotty, "I wouldn't have missed this for the world. Look at your mother's face."

For once Julia Webster was beyond speech. She glanced helplessly at her husband, George Webster, grinning at Doty. "Come on into the dining room, dear," he said pleasantly, "and after a while I'll tell you about Little—er Goldilocks and the three bears."

Carolyn smiled gratefully at her father. She had not known he knew any fairy tales to tell children. Doty was unimpressed. "Don't want to hear about silly old Goldilocks," she protested scornfully. "Want to hear about Injuna and two-gun cowboys and Dead-Eye Dick."

"Extraordinary!" murmured Uncle Berk again.

Gramp chuckled. "Reminds me of when I run off from the Confederate army and lined up with the guerrillas and—"

"You deserted the southern army!" cried Julia Webster in a voice of pure horror, she being the president of the local United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Yep," admitted Gramp with a chuckle. "Spring of '65 it were, and—"

Beau, his face grim, caught Gramp by one arm and Dot by the other. "Save it," he snapped and headed them without further ado toward their places at the table.

"I want pink lemonade," quavered Dot uncertainly.

"Keep still," said Beau.

Looking up into his black eyes Doty sighed and closed into the seat beside her mother with an angelic smile.

Madam Scott inspected Beau through her lorgnette and nodded at Carolyn. "You're a lucky girl," she said curtly.

Beau grinned. "You wouldn't kid me, would you, Vicky?"

Carolyn again held her breath, but her grandmother laughed. "I doubt if any one ever has successfully," she said.

Gramp smiled at Madam Scott. "You put me in mind of my second wife," he announced. "Purty as a picture she was, run all the men ragged till I come along. Tried to run me. Was kind of hard not to give in, she was that cute about it. But I never did. Hurt me right smart when she died on account of a cow kicked her when she was milking. Ain't never met a woman till now as could hold a candle to her."

"Thank you," murmured Madam Scott with a faint blush.

"Don't mention it," said Gramp politely, sipping in his soup with a sibilant noise.

Julia Webster flung a distracted glance at Carolyn whose face was very red. Beau was watching them both. His lips curled slightly as he turned to Vingie Wright on his other side. "You were saying?" he murmured.

Carolyn had a kink in her heart. She could not bear Beau to turn from her to any one else, least of all to Vingie, who had only the week before been granted her second divorce and who looked slinky and dangerous and fascinating in black chiffon elaborately embroidered in metallic thread.

"You're grateful for a peach," murmured Vingie.

Beau laughed. "He doesn't shock you?"

"I'm not easily shocked," said Vingie with a provocative grin. "You're a darned good sport," remarked Beau.

Carolyn could not bear it. "Beau," she said hurriedly, "tell Father about your new cooperative buying plan."

Beau turned obediently to George Webster and Vingie gave Carolyn a mocking smile. "I don't blame you for riding herd on him," she said. "I would myself if I owned him."

Gramp chuckled. "Women was always jealous of me, I remember once—"

Julia Webster, compressing her lips, gave the signal to rise from the table. Carolyn clutched Beau's arm. "Can't we get away at once?" she asked feverishly.

He looked down at her, a little flame back of his black eyes. "I've been marking time and it seems a couple of centuries, Mrs. Bell."

Beau could not be away more than a week for a honeymoon. He needed to be on the job twenty-four hours a day, or so he said. Like most girls, Carolyn had entertained extravagant dreams about the wedding trip she would take some day, but she ended by leaving all the arrangements to Beau.

"After all," she told him when they started off, "I'd rather camp out in a tent with you than go round the world with anyone else."

"It won't be quite that bad," Beau promised her, ruffling up her bright hair with one hand, steering his battered touring car with the other. "Believe it or not, we can afford a room in a hotel part of the time."

The week she and Beau spent rambling from one gulf resort to another around New Orleans, was the happiest Carolyn had ever known. In Beau's rakish old car they went wherever their fancy took them. They stayed just as long as they pleased and not a minute longer. It was Carolyn's first experience traveling in spy style.

As a traveling companion Beau was loads of fun. In addition to the fact that he was a splendid lover. And so he and Carolyn dawdled around for a week in the gulf country, swimming and fishing and even camping out for a couple of nights in a cabin which Beau rented right at the edge of the water.

"Happy, honey?" whispered Beau. "So happy," breathed Carolyn. "Oh, Beau, I love you so much!"

"Sure," said Beau, kissing her fiercely.

(To Be Continued)

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.

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KINSMEN PRE-LENTEN DANCE at Sporting Club, Monday, Feb. 9. Dancing 9 till 3. Downtowners orchestra in attendance. Admission 50 cents.

CENTRAL PARISH. — Sunday, February 8th. Canoe Cove 11 A.M. S. S. 10.15. Nine Mile Creek 3 P.M. Clyde River 7 P.M. Rev. T. W. Goodwill, Minister.

NORTH RIVER PASTORATE. — Service for Sunday, February 8th. Fairview 11 A.M. North River 3 P.M. Long Creek 7.30 P.M. Stephen Ackland, Speaker.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA. — Services for Sunday, February 8th as follows: Mt. Stewart 11 A.M. Highfield 3 P.M. Marshfield 7.30 P.M. Rev. Norman Young, Minister.

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TRYON PASTORAL CHARGE of the United Church of Canada. Services on Sunday, February 8th, as follows:— Tryon 11 A.M. S. S. 10 A.M. Cape Traverse 3 P.M. Crapaud 7.30 P.M. S. S. 11 A.M. Rev. E. R. Woodside, B. A., Minister.

HAMPTON UNITED CHURCH PASTORAL CHARGE. — Services Sunday, February 9th. Bonshaw 11 A.M. De Sable 3 P.M. Hampton 7.30. Y. P. U's Bonshaw. Tuesday, February 10th and Victoria Friday 13th; both at 8 o'clock. Minister, T. G. Head, B. A.

CORNWALL PASTORAL CHARGE, United Church of Canada. Services February 8th. Kings-ton 11 A.M. New Dominion 3 P.M. Cornwall Church School 11 A.M. Public Worship 7.30 P.M. World Day of Prayer service February 13th. Cornwall United Church 8 P.M. Rev. M. K. Charman, Minister.

OMISSION—In the report of the Refresher Course in Festival Music which appeared in Tuesday's Guardian the name of Mrs. Fred MacRae, East Royalty, was inadvertently omitted from the committee in charge of arrangements. Associated with this committee in an advisory capacity were Mrs. Preston Beck, Mt. Edward Road, and Mrs. Fred Osborne, Central Royalty.

PLAN CONVENTION HERE— Wednesday evening Rotarians met at the Charlottetown Hotel with District Governor James Ford to make arrangements for the District Convention which will be held in Charlottetown in June. Past District Governor P. W. Turner, who has been appointed general chairman of the convention committee, presided. Members have already been appointed to the various committees necessary for the holding of such a convention, and the work of each was fully explained. Advance information as to the number expecting to attend is very encouraging, over 500 Rotarians having indicated their intention of being present. Mrs. Ford accompanied her husband to Charlottetown.

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