Perfection ICE CREAM

Is So-o-o Delicious

"Every Bite's a Delight"

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CENTRAL CREAMERIES LIMITED

CHARLOTTETOWN

Summerside Souris

PUBLICOVER — DESBOROUGH NUPTIALS

The marriage of Mary Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Desborough, of Toronto, to Lloyd William, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Publicover, of Prince Edward Island, took place in Rogers Memorial Presbyterian Church. The Rev. James Millroy officiated.

The bride given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of powder blue crepe with a lace overskirt and white accessories. She carried a cascade of mixed roses and baby's breath, with white heather from Edinburgh, Scotland. Her only attendant was her youngest sister, Doris Desborough, wearing a gown of pastel pink with white accessories. She carried a cascade of Talisman roses. The groomsman was Peret Spooks, of Halifax, N. S. The ushers were F. Desborough and W. G. McAfee, brother and brother-in-law of the bride.

A reception was held at the Wakunda Art Centre.

TIME-TESTED AND PROVEN

Who are better judges than the many housewives who are now using our product.

When ordering don't say Bread—

SAY:—

LANE'S Bread, Please

LANE'S BAKERIES LIMITED

Charlottetown and District Representative

ROY (Buck) WHITLOCK—PHONE 1781-L

ALBERRY PLAINS W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Alberry Plains Women's Institute was held on July 7th at the home of Mrs. Andrew Doyle with an attendance of eight members and five visitors.

Meeting opened by singing O Canada, followed by the Club Women's Creed. Roll call was answered by an exchange of flowers.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Correspondence was then read.

Secretary was to contact the Orwell Institute secretary regarding the convention. It was also decided to bring a play to Vernon River Hall as a means of adding to the funds.

It was voted that $16.30 spent on charity this year be replaced by the fruit cake lottery. Seven lottery books were passed in, all others to be in by the next meeting.

One new member paid subscription. Lottery for the meeting amounted to $1.30.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Norman MacMillan, roll call to be answered by an exchange of fudge. Lunch was then served and the meeting closed with The King.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

THE 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

JIMMIE'S TAXI Phone 825

COOK'S for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

FRESH SWEET PEAS at the Market this morning.

18 LADIES' SKIRTS clearing at $1.00. S. A. McDonald's.

LADIES LOUNGING PYJAMAS —Special clearance $3.00 at S. A. McDonald's.

S. S. MAYHEAVEN will load livestock and general cargo for St. Pierre and St. John's, Nfld., Friday, 30th July. For space reservations and freight rates apply Buntain Bell & Co., Agents.

NAMES OMITTED — Among the list of students who were successful in the matriculation examinations the name of Therese Gorman, Tignish Convent, which should have appeared in Class II. was omitted.

DESTROYER DUE TODAY — H.M.C.S. Haidi, tribal class destroyer, one of Canada's most famous wartime naval fighters will arrive in Charlottetown this morning for a two day visit. The destroyer which is on a training cruise from Halifax has a crew of 15 officers and 175 men. Included in the ship's company reserve personnel are a number of Island boys. The Command Officer is Lt.-Commander A. F. Pickard, O.B.E., R.C.N. While his ship is in port he will make the customary official calls on the Lieutenant Governor, His Worship the Mayor and Premier J. Walter Jones. Citizens will have an opportunity to inspect the boat on Tuesday afternoon from 2 p. m. until 5 p. m.

DR. J. P. MILLAR'S Office will be closed until Aug. 9th.

LADIES' BEACH COATS, regular $6.95, clearing at $3.00. S. A. McDonald's.

DR. F. A. McMILLAN will be absent from his office from July 26th to August 9th.

ROSE MARIE Beauty Shoppe will be closed for holidays from Aug. 16th to Aug. 28th inclusive.

FOSTER'S FUMIGATING. — Reasonable rates. Inquire Foster's Drug Store.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Irons, Toasters, Kettles, at Brown Electric.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS for kitchens and offices, at Brown Electric.

MARITIME CENTRAL AIRWAYS three times daily to Moncton. Air and rail connections to Montreal and Boston. Phone 2061

BEST MEALS IN TOWN AT QUEEN — Moderate rates, good service.

Personals

A Stanhope MacLeod, Assistant Manager Grosse Point Yacht Club, Detroit, is visiting friends in Charlottetown and his mother Mrs. A. J. MacLeod, Montague.

Mr. Lewis MacKenzie, former principal of O'Leary School, is a patient in the Prince Edward Island Hospital, Charlottetown. He is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pidgeon, Boston, Mass., are visiting friends and relatives in Charlottetown and are staying at the Charlottetown Hotel.—(Patriot please copy.)

Lieutenant Governor J. A. Bernard and Mrs. Bernard with their daughter Edith left Charlottetown yesterday for a week's holiday at their Tignish home. They were accompanied by Mr. C. T. Montgomery, C.N.R. divisional superintendent who is on annual vacation. The Lieutenant-Governor will attend the Mill River Field Day on Wednesday.

Coles-Furness Wedding

The marriage took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Milton Furness, Vernon Bridge, on Wednesday, June 30, at 8 p.m., of their daughter, Anne Elizabeth, to Mr. Vernon Peter Coles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Coles, Charlottetown. Rev. A. S. Weir officiated. The wedding music was played by Mrs. A. S. Weir who also sang, "O Perfect Love." Baskets of peonies and bouquets of cut flowers were arranged in the drawing room for the ceremony.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and attended by her sister, Mrs. Royal Peters, as matron of honor. The groomsman was Mr. Sterling Frizzell.

The bride wore a white, two-piece gabardine suit with white accessories. Her shoulder-length veil was held in place by a cornet of white flowers. Her corsage was of red roses. Her only ornament was a string of pearls, the gift of the groom. The bride's gift to the bridesmaid was earrings, while the groomsman was suitably remembered.

The matron of honor wore a pale blue silk jersey dress with pink accessories. She wore a corsage of ping carnations.

The bride's mother, Mrs. Milton Furness, chose a mauve and black silk jersey dress and wore a corsage of white carnations.

Mrs. Peter Coles, the groom's mother, wore a yellow and black silk crepe dress. Her corsage was white carnations.

At the wedding reception following the ceremony, the bride's sister, Mrs. Murdock MacLeod, received the guests. Mrs. John Huntley and Mrs. Wilfred Furness presided over the tea table and were assisted in serving by girlfriends of the bride, Misses Mary McKenna, Olive Sullivan, Freda Carver, Kay Currie, Marion Furness. The table was centered with two large wedding cakes and softly lighted candles. Following the buffet luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Coles left on a motor trip. For travelling the bride wore a pink and black silk dress, pink accessories and a black shortie coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Coles will live in Charlottetown.

Prior to the marriage the bride was the guest of honor at a miscellaneous shower given by Charlottetown friends and a shower from the neighbors of Vernon Bridge and vicinity.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from Page 2)

evening from the comfortable depths of his old armchair, when he had come indoors from making a trip along the fields after his return from our holiday. "We had a good trip, Ellen —what I'd call a splendid trip, in fact we couldn't have had better, but Ellen, I had no idea how wonderful a spot is this Island of ours until we drove through her farm-lands returning this afternoon. It's a-yes, no other word will adequately describe it. it's truly a wonderful spot!"

* * *

And so we are home again, back to dear familiar scenes, less magnificent in the grandeur of setting than those of recent days out withal exceedingly picturesque. Possessing a rare beauty that is quiet and restful. Daisies still white meadows; woodlands are fresh and green, satiny shadows dapple the grain fields; the pond is a mirrored surface reflecting alders and birches and fleecy clouds —and the anchored white boat, and the road of home winds redly out along the hill. We forgathered at the morning milking, one for each heifer and grand-daughter bright and happy with the cats about her seated on a low sill. We must be told of any happenings during our absence and James must tell how he had missed our small one, who smiled happily over his words.

* * *

But we could not linger long in the stable, for this was the morning that Rob's fat cattle were to go early by truck to market. This was a signal for a meeting of our farmers at the pasturage up at the other farm to help at the "cutting out" and the loading. And very naturally in spite of our recent freedom from them, James and I resumed our choring, and other duties, came to them. I thought all the better for our brief respite. I left mine when presently Jamie arrived and we must go to visit any new flower that had unfolded in the border. Jamie had discovered new roses budding—yellow ones beneath a window, creamy-pink ones on the trellis. Delphinium, a babe not many years back, but developed into tall mature clumps now is disclosing flowerets pale blue and dark. We must hush while a sparrow that had been busy high up in the ivy on the house flew down to drink daintily at the bird-bath on the lawn, and both of us must touch the baby swallows now quite filling the adobe home which is set on the plate of the back verandah roof. Gently we touched them. Jamie and I, to be certain there were four of them, then left them to their busy parents . . . But, "Ellen, what's for my lunch?" James asks, his eye on the clock, and the moonlight flooding the lawn.

Until tomorrow — Diary —Good-night.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of Mrs. Andrew Dunn who died two years ago today, July 26th, 1946.

Gone from us her loving face
And her pleasant cheerful ways
A heart that won so many friends
In happy by gone days.

Though her smile is gone forever
And her hand we cannot touch
We shall never lose sweet memories
Of the one we loved so much.

Lovingly Remembered by Her Husband and Son Daniel and by Mrs. Frank McDonald.

In Memoriam

In memory of Albert Newman, Kingston, who passed away July 26th, 1941.

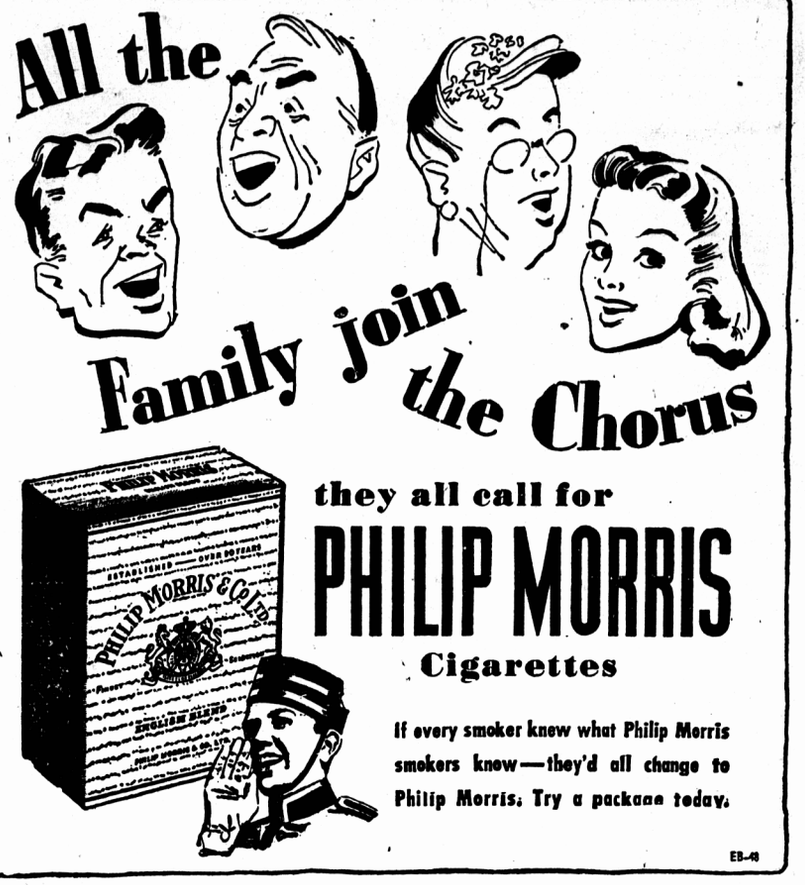
The hearts that always loved you,
Are the ones that can't forget.

Loving Wife and Family.

Athlete's Foot

Do your feet itch, peel, crack, blister, burn and even bleed at times because of Athlete's Foot? Then try Nilodorm. Three way action works fast to combat your trouble: 1. Soothes itching and burning in 7 minutes. 2. Kills many germs and parasites often responsible for skin disorders such as Athlete's Foot. 3. Helps heal your skin, softer, smoother. Try Nilodorm tonight. Watch for big improvement the first day. Results satisfactory or you or money back. Ask your druggist for Nilodorm today.

All the Family join the Chorus



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If every smoker knew what Philip Morris smokers know—they'd all change to Philip Morris. Try a package today.

EB-48

Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

XV

"Is Mr. Lancaster home?" A woman's voice, low-pitched and nervous.

"No," Vesta said stolidly.

"Then," sighed the voice, on a faint, relieved accent, "may I see Mrs. Lancaster?"

By this time curiosity had the better of Cicily. By bending over the banisters she could see the front door. But — why, it was Miss Sadie! Why should Albert's secretary appear at her door?

"Miss Sadie?" she called, and wondered what had happened.

Vesta turned, crestfallen, to stare reproachfully at her.

Miss Sadie ran to the foot of the stairs. "Oh, Mrs. Lancaster," she gasped at the sight of Cicily.

"Has anything happened to Mr. Lancaster?" Cicily's voice was steady, but perhaps a trifle high.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, mercy no!" said Miss Sadie redundantly. But she added urgently, "Shall I come up, or will you come down?"

"Come up, please," said Cicily. Her breathless thought was — something must have happened and she's going to break it to me. But why hadn't they telephoned?

Miss Sadie asked in a hushed whisper, "Mr. Lancaster isn't home?"

"No."

Miss Sadie looked, if anything, a trifle relieved.

"Come into my bedroom," said Cicily. Miss Sadie dropped limply on the chair nearest the door.

"I am disturbed. I am—" with an effort she controlled her hysterical reiteration and looked up at Cicily with piteous eyes. "Mr. Lancaster's quite well. He left the office early to get some toys for the party. That's why I could get out here. I took the four o'clock train."

"But why?"

"Because I knew he was in trouble. It's hard to tell you. It's just that Mr. Doty's going to sue him for alienation of affection," she said brokenly. Her poor old face was a mask of despair.

Cicily stood dumfounded. "For — alienation — of — affection? Who is Mr. Doty?"

Miss Sadie looked surprised. "Why, you must know Mr. Doty, Mrs. Lancaster. He works in the office. A little sandy man. You must know Mrs. Doty — maybe you know her as Ivy."

"You mean — you mean Miss Wisconsin?"

Miss Sadie nodded. "Yes." She wiped her reddened eyes and said, "I'm just an old fool. But he seems so young to me. And so courageous."

"Has he discussed it with you?" She had to ask that. If he had, she must send her away.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Lancaster!" There was no mistaking that accent of candor. "He's never mentioned it."

"How did you hear of it?" asked Cicily sharply.

"From Mr. Doty. You see he has been after me to testify. And he said that he'd taken it up already with Mr. Lancaster and that Mr. Lancaster just told him to — to go to hell. I said, 'Mr. Doty, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, raising a stench like this in a respectable office.' And he said he'd lost his wife and he'd be darned if he wouldn't get fifty thousand dollars for her. Of course I think he'd take less, but that's what he said, Mrs. Lancaster."

"But what do you know?"

"I don't know anything. I'd take my Bible oath on that, Mrs. Lancaster, and so I told Mr. Doty. Except, of course, that she used to keep hanging around him. Making any excuse to get up those stairs. She'd come up from the studios and knock on his door and pretend that she had some message. I couldn't help seeing that was perfectly ridiculous. We have inside office phones. And sometimes, I think — of course I'm not sure about it — that they used to have lunch together. Mr. Doty said they did. Lunch and dinner, he said. And I said, 'Mr. Doty, that's nothing these days, Mr. Lancaster took me to lunch once and I'd tell any jury.' He just laughed at me." Mrs. Doty, you know, is one of those platinum blondes — myself, I don't care for them — but she's got a lovely figure."

With a visible shudder, Cicily rose from her chair. She walked over to the fire, which had fallen to grey ashes, and stretched out her hands to the ghost of the flame. Presently she asked, "Why did you tell me this?" her voice dull and listless.

Miss Sadie said simply, "I hoped you would help him. I couldn't."

Those last two words touched her. But Albert was past help if he had done this thing.

Miss Sadie's eyes questioned her. "I wouldn't like to think I made it worse by coming—"

"You did the right thing."

"And you'll do —?" the anxious eyes pleaded with her. Dark brown, humble, slightly bloodshot and too prominent, they made Cicily think of the eyes of a faithful setter.

"I'll do what I can."

Miss Sadie stood up, responding obediently to that note of finality. "I thank you, Mrs. Lancaster, for listening to me so patiently. I can assure you that I hesitated to come. And I hope you'll remember that, so far as I am concerned, Mr. Lancaster has always been—" her voice trembled slightly. "Well, he's always been considerate and — and friendly and kind. If I thought I had injured him—"

"You haven't, Miss Sadie," said Cicily wearily.

Then the whir of a motor on the driveway was audible. Both women started. Brakes ground. A door slammed.

Miss Sadie sprang to the window. "Oh, dear! It's Mr. Lancaster! He mustn't find me here. What can I do?" Miss Sadie's triumph, short-lived, had been killed by dismay.

"You can slip down the back stairs and out through the pantry. There's a door to the dining porch. I'll show you the way."

At the end of the hall, "Good-bye, Miss Sadie."

"Mrs. Lancaster, you've been lovely." That was all there was time for.

Cicily walked slowly back to her room. Downstairs she could still hear the clatter of the children. Albert's gay laugh. A dry sob surprised her. Why was he so dear? And then — Miss Wisconsin. And public scandal threatened. And fifty thousand dollars. She was ashamed of that last thought almost before it came.

Feet sounded on the stairs, Albert's and Bertie's. In a moment they were standing on the threshold of her room. "Why, sweet, said Albert, "aren't you dressed yet?" If she hadn't dived into her closet, he would have kissed her.

She stood there trembling, afraid that he would follow her tremendously shaken by the sound of his voice, intimate and familiar raised as it had been in causual inquiry.

Albert spoke again, as he moved toward his bureau. "The house looks as if you'd all been working like nailers."

The sense of his deception was a pit at her feet. She stared at him over it from her closet door. Suddenly she remembered that she'd thought she'd learned to "manage" him — her triumph over Gertrude.

He turned and met her eyes. "Why, Cicily," he said, "what's the matter? You look ill." The concern in his tone had the ring of sincerity.

He really cares, thought Cicily. That's the queer thing about it. He's double-hearted. I'm not. I can't be. She said briefly, "I've had a hard day."

"That's too bad, sweet, for the kids will take it out of you." His eyes were lit by a glow of affection. "Here they come, now. Take your time dressing. I'll go down and meet them."

Cicily too had heard the ring of the bell. It brought her faint comfort in a sense of postponement. She pulled herself together. The party must be dealt with. She couldn't talk to Albert for hours and hours.

(To Be Continued)

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