IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MARY ADAMS BIRCH

Tyne Valley, Port Hill and the surrounding districts have lost one of their most generous benefactors thro' the passing of a lady held in the highest esteem by those communities.

On Friday evening, 7th inst., Mrs. Mary A. Birch, wife of Reginald Birch, Tyne Valley, passed away. Tho' she had been in indifferent health since last April, the end was not anticipated, and on Saturday the sad news came as a great shock to her numerous friends.

The elder daughter of esteemed parents, Thomas Adams and Susan Yeo, his wife, she was born and lived prior to her marriage at the old home at Port Hill. An accomplished musician, besides her multifarious duties and social activities, she supplied a need, with much acceptance and success, of music teacher to a widely scattered area, continuing in this capacity after her marriage when she removed to Tyne Valley district. Her interests were many and varied. For several years she was President of the Tyne Valley W. I. and Red Cross to which Institutes she devoted a great deal of time, energy and thought. During her tenure of office valuable war work was accomplished. No appeal in a just cause was made to her in vain. She was ever ready to respond; she spared neither time nor talents. Principally thro' her exertions there was instituted in Tyne Valley a public library which has been a boon to many district residents and others. A member of St. James Anglican Church, Port Hill, for several years she acted as organist, but her interests went beyond her congregation, and her willing help and co-operation found appreciative acceptance in other denominations. In her home she was the ideal hostess, a delightful companion, a sincere friend. Her passing is an irreparable loss to those communities who knew her and loved her and who mourn her going. Being the lover of music she was, and of all things beautiful no more appropriate lines can apply to her than those from George Eliot's exquisite poem

"Gently translated to join that Choir invisible
Whose music makes the gladness of the world."

To her husband and her only sister Miss Dairy Adams, is extended the heartfelt and sincere sympathy of a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

On Sunday afternoon many came from near and far to pay their last tribute. A short service, conducted by the Rev. Hugh M. Creaser, Presbyterian Church, was held at the house, during which Mr. Roy Phillips sang with expression "Does Jesus Care." In St. James Anglican Church before a crowded congregation, speaking from the Ecc. 7-1 "The day of death is better than the day of one's birth," the Rev. Mr. Henderson, the Rector, feelingly referred to the passing of Mrs. Reginald Birch, of her many kind deeds, of her gracious qualities and above all of her priceless heritage, greater than wealth or riches, her talented musical accomplishments, which, for many years, she shared with others as a teacher of music. She would not soon be forgotten. The hymns sung were "Oh Day of Resurrection", "Till He Come" and "Unto the Hills." Mrs. Walter Newcombe presiding at the organ. The Rev. Mr. Henderson officiated at the brief service at the grave, Rev. Mr. Creaser offering prayer. The floral tributes from relatives and friends were beautiful and many, including a wreath form the Tyne Valley W. I. and Red Cross. The pall bearers were: Walter Newcombe, Ernest Grigg, Joseph Veale, Angus McLennan, Hardy Ramsay and Wesley Milligan.

MARIE SCHOOL CONCERT

A very enjoyable school concert was held in the school room at Marie with a large number of visitors and parents present. The school room was tastefully decorated by the teacher Miss Marie McDonald and the pupils of the school. Mr. Maynard Sanderson capably acted as chairman. The organist for the evening was Miss Beatrice Battersby.

Following is the programme:

Welcome, by Herman McEachern.
Recitation, Jest Before Christmas by Donald Webster.
Dialogue, The Train To Mauro.
Recitatoin, Dear Old Susie by Lola Johnston.
Drill, by five pupils.
Recitation— Santa Claus by Willard Webster.
Chorus, High In the Heavens by School.
Recitation— When I was a Little Boy by Garth Webster.
Recitation, Early One Morning, by Mildred Webster.
Duet, Silent Night by Irene Hooper and Donald Webster.
Dialogue, Reading The News.
Recitation, Bachelor Life, by Charles Johnston.
Drill— by Ray and Doreen Sanderson.
Recitation, Before I Grew Up by Willard Webster.
Recitation, Bright Little Star by Ross Webster.
Chorus—The Star Spangled Banner by School.
Recitation, A Letter To Santa Claus by Garth Webster.
Recitation —Ten Little Hymns by Charles Johnston.
Dialogue, Selling Books.
Recitation—Hanging The Christmas Stocking Up, by Ray Sanderson.
Recitation, A Charming Little Figure by Doreen Sanderson.
Closing Recitation by Irene Hooper.
Chorus Santa Claus Is Coming by School.
Debate by the pupils of the school
Interesting features on the programme was a duet by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Webster (encored) also a recitation by the chairman and an address by Mr. Thomas Culen

At the close of the programme Santa Claus arrived to distribute the presents from the well laden tree to the teacher and pupils. All present were treated to candy by the teacher

SEA VIEW AND VICINITY

January is slipping away and so far there has been ideal winter days with good sleighing and coasting which the younger people have been enjoying to their hearts content.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sutherland were visitors to Charlottetown during the past week.

The many friends of Mr. Heber Pickering are pleased to learn he has so far improved after his recent accident to be able to return to his home in Hamilton from Prince Co. Hospital.

The home of Mrs. Fannie Hiltz was the scene of a large gathering of friends on Friday evening, January 7th, to tender a reception to her son LAC. Arnold of the R.C.A.F., who in a short time will graduate as a pilot. When the guests had all arrived Mr. Arthur Stewart was appointed chairman and in his always capable manner explained the nature of the gathering and called upon Mr. Sterling Murphy who read a nicely worded address and John Adams made the presentation of a well filled purse of money on behalf of his friends. Arnold expressed his thanks in a gracious manner for their kindness and expression of good will. All joined in singing For He Is A Jolly Good Fellow. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and music and a delicious lunch was served by the ladies. At a late hour kind farewells were said to the guest of honor after wishing him the best of good luck.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Birt are spending a visit in Darnley, the guests of Mrs. Birt's mother, Mrs. Margaret Thompson.

The members of Darnley W.I., met at the home of Mrs. Frank McKay, Tuesday evening for their January meeting In the absence of the president the Vice President presided and the meeting opened by singing ode and repeating creed in unison. Roll call with a New Year's resolution. The members were also pleased to have several visitors present and extended them a hearty welcome. Minutes were read and business discussed. Correspondence was read and it was decided unaminously that they send $5.00 to Save The Children's Fund. Several letters of thanks were read from several people in the district who had been remembered at Christmas with fruit. Sick and school committees reported satisfactorily. A discussion followed regarding hooking a mat and a committee was appointed to have charge of same. Programme committee took charge and an interesting contest was put on by Mrs. Frank McKay which resulted in Mrs. Fulton Simmons being the prize winner. A questionnaire and paper on health For School Children which was most interesting was read and discussed. Meeting adjourned by singing the National Anthem. A bountiful lunch was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Arthur McKay. Mrs. Arthur McKay kindly invited the members to her home for the February meeting. Roll call to be answered with something on Valentine and a grab bag to be held at the close.

Mrs. James E Murphy spent the week-end in Charlottetown and attended the funeral of the late Mr. Fulton Adams. His many friends here were sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Fulton Adams, whose boyhood home was in this community and he had won high esteem and all deeply deplore his passing just in the prime of manhood. Kind sympathy is extended to Mrs. Adams and all other friends in their bereavement.

Mrs. Amos Adams entertained a number at her home on Monday evening to a Red Cross knitting. Owing to the stormy evening the gathering was not as large as it would have been but an amount of knitting was done and a pleasant time was spent in social intercourse. A bountiful lunch was served by the hostess assisted by Mr. Earle McKay and Mrs. Fannie Hiltz. The gentlemen were entertained with crokinole A collection was taken and a neat sum was realized for Red Cross purposes.

Friends regret the passing of Mr. William Cousins at his home in Burlington on Sunday afternoon at the age of 73 years. Mr. Cousins had been in failing health for quite a long time but was able to be about some till within a few days of his death when he gradually became worse till he was called to higher service. Kind sympathy is extended to Mrs. Cousins and family in their sad bereavement also to his two sisters Mrs. Mary Warren, Clinton and Mrs. Herbert Ramsay Malpeque.

Mr and Mrs William Adams were visitors to Charlottetown on Sunday attending the funeral of Mr. Adams, brother of the late Mr. Fulton Adams.

Quite a number are suffering from colds and flu but so far there have been no serious cases with complications.

The farmers are all busily engaged getting out their supply of wood and getting it sawed into firewood.

TIME MARCHES ON

The 120 feet covered by the Wright brothers on their first flight is about the wingspan of a Flying Fortress.

Much credit is due Miss McDonald for the splendid way in which she trained the pupils for the entertainment and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered her for her untiring efforts.

A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

The Danger of Coughs Among the Children

In young children a cold or cough is not a thing to be disregarded, as it is often of a grave matter, and unless attended to immediately may, eventually, cause serious trouble.

On the first sign of a cough or cold the mother will find in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a remedy to help get rid of the trouble.

Its promptness and effectiveness in loosening the phlegm, and stimulating the bronchial organs is such that the cough may be checked before anything of a serious nature sets in.

Price 35c a bottle; the large family size, about 3 times as much, 60c, at all drug counters.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

An Islander Heads R.C.A.F. Casualties Branch at Ottawa

By JACK BRAYLEY
Canadian Press Staff Writer

OTTAWA, Jan. 16 (CP)—Based on sympathetic treatment, thoroughness, accuracy and speed, the casualties branch of the R.C.A.F. is proud of its record in handling this delicate bridge between the service and next-of-kin of Canada's airmen casualties.

For the sake of accuracy and efficiency there has to be a certain amount of routine formality and information to families but great care is taken that a personal note of sympathy is retained in dealing with relatives and no effort is spared to see that each case is treated on its own special merit.

Errors occasionally are made but all information is sifted through a cross-checking system. Good news is relayed fast — often by long distance telephone. Bad news is painstakingly re-checked and confirmed and then relayed to the family phrased in appropriate terms.

Native of Summerside

The big job of directing this branch of the R. C. A. F. is in the capable hands of Sqdn. Ldr. W. R. Gunn, who has friendly crinkles around his eyes; greying hair and an unaffected bedside manner. A native of Summerside, P.E.I., Sqdn Ldr. Gunn finished an administrative course early in the war to find his record as an Ottawa Life Insurance manager and a prisoner-of-war in the First Great War was deemed to fit him for the important task in which he now is engaged.

The big staff that handles the casualties is surrounded by one of the most comprehensive record flying systems in Canada. This is the backstop for the exhaustive checks that casualty reports launch.

But the atmosphere of the acre of office is not in keeping with the rigid card indexes and business-like order that prevails. When the "reported missing" airman is given up after the statutary six month period — and this is the common case — a quiet sadness settles over the big office Dramatically; within the last few months two staff members —airwomen — have handled next-of-kin notices telling them their own brothers had been killed in action.

The process of checking and relaying information on missing airmen is continued until hope is abandoned and evidence or elapsed time indicates death. Then, after the final letter of condolence from the King is received, the equally delicate task of administering the man's estate is taken over by the Administrator of Estates.

Work Complicated

All this work is complicated by the fact that not only are there R.C.A.F. men serving in every war theatre — some of them in zones of flimsy communications — but there are Canadian personnel in 1,000 R.A.F. units in Britain and 300 R.A.F. units abroad.

While the same painstaking and thorough service is carried out by the navy and army, the problems of the two senior services is a little different. Neither has the tough job of locating men who literally disappear over enemy territory.

Sqdn. Ldr. Gunn says the German casualty notification service through the International Red Cross is fairly accurate. However, Canadian fliers on being made prisoners, often tell their captors their comrades were killed so that the airmen can make good their escape.

The casualty branch thinks of everything. They try hard to prevent bad news arriving on birthdays or family anniversaries and they also refrain from relating details which might be distressing or harrowing to bereaved families. They also make sure such things as bills for back income tax are not inadvertently mailed to missing airmen's homes.

Regular information is furnished next-of-kin on the progress of men wounded, injured or ill while regular correspondence is continued between branch members and relatives or missing airmen up to the time they are either located or presumed dead.

Casualty lists for the press are not released until confirmation is received that next-of-kin have been notified. Casualty telegrams are hand-delivered and messengers have orders to give them, where possible, to male members of the family.

POWNAL SCHOOL CONCERT

The pupils of Pownal school presented their annual Christmas entertainment with much credit due the teacher, Mrs. Willard Jenkins, for the remarkable way each pupil performed. She was assisted by Dorothy Ings. Mrs. A. G. Moore was accompanist for the evening. Rev. D. K. Ross presided and the following is the program.

Remarks by chairman.
Opening chorus, "Merry Christmas" by the school.
Recitation, "Welcome" Leo MacMillan
Exercise, "A Christmas Lesson" junior pupils.
Duet, Jolly Old St. Nicholas, Barry Ings and Kenneth MacLean.
Dialogue, Just Before Christmas junior pupils.
Recitation, A Puzzler, Dorothy Judson.
Dialogue, Trouble in Santa Claus Land.
Solo, Christmas Gifts. Freda Currie.
Dialogue, A Good Impression.
Lullaby Song, Marion Acorn, Marjorie and Freda Currie.
Intermission and sale of apples.
Exercise, The Christmas Season.
Recitation, Some Christmas Gifts Gavan Currie.
Dialogue, The Mail Order Hat.
Solo, Dear Little Stranger, Marjorie Currie.
Dialogue, Wanted Two Handymen.
Pageant, Britania's Daughters.
Recitation, Good Night, Kenneth McLean.
Closing chorus, Ring Merry Bells by the school.

As the strains of the closing chorus faded into the distance, the jingle of sleigh bells were heard and Santa Claus arrived amid much excitement and distributed many presents from a beautiful Christmas tree. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

(Patriot please copy)

Cloud Over Coraton

BY
T. B. BEDROSS

CHAPTER XV
REFUGE

"Where's Derek?" Peter exclaimed.

"Here, just behind you," came Derek's voice. "We'll have to make a bolt for it straight ahead."

"We can do better than that," said the girl. "There's the adit. We'll be perfectly safe there."

"What adit?" Derek asked sharply.

"The old tin mine Don't you know it? No probably you don't, but I can show you. Follow me."

Calm and cool as if there was no fire within miles, she led the way into the upper gorse patch. Peter, Derek and old Craik followed. Dodging in and out among the thick prickly bushes she pushed on uphill and suddenly they found themselves in an open space about fifty paces long by thirty wide. In the middle was the mouth of a tunnel which seemed to run straight into the hill side. The entrance was no more than five feet high, the floor was muddy, but they wasted no time in getting inside. Peter flicked on his cigarette lighter.

"Nasty looking place," he said, and he was right. The walls and roof were heavily timbered, but most of the props had rotted with age and were covered with fungus growth. No more than twenty paces up, the adit was blocked with a mass of fallen stones and rubbish. The girl glanced at it.

"That fall is new since I was last there," she remarked. "Lucky for us it didn't close the entrance." Derek turned to Craik.

"Did you know of this place, Craik?"

"I knowed as there was a mine in this yer Tor but I don't know as I ever seed un. Luckily for us as Miss Vernon knowed where 'twas."

"Extremely lucky", said Peter. "Look at the fire coming up both sides of us."

The breeze had freshened, flames were leaping twenty feet into the air and the crackle and roar were terrifying. A blast of heated air swept the open space. Yet here in the tunnel the four were safe enough. Old Craik chuckled.

"Gregory, her'll think we're burned up. And I owes un five bob," he added.

The flames were now all around the little glade and the noise so great that talking became difficult. Peter, leaning uncomfortably against the rough timbers, was wondering about the mysterious Miss Vernon and how she came to be so familiar with the surroundings. She was standing next him and spoke in his ear.

"Have you ever been in a tin mine before, Mr. Plews?" So she knew his name! This gave Peter a fresh but not unpleasant shock.

"I'm a mining engineer by profession," he told her, "but this is the first time I've been inside one of these old Devon tin mines. How came you to know it so well?"

"I've lived within a mile of it most of my life" she answered. Her voice had a bitter note which puzzled Peter. The worst of the fire was past and Derek heard the girl's words.

"Within a mile you say, Miss Vernon. But surely Narracoombe is the only house within that distance."

"Narracoombe happens to be my home," she answered, "and Mr. Vandell is my stepfather."

"That was what puzzled me," Derek said simply "Your name being different. As you know, I have only been at Coraton for a few weeks and have not even met my nearest neighbour."

"You haven't missed much," replied Miss Vernon and now there was no doubt at all about the bitterness in her voice. It shocked Peter into an uncomfortable silence. Derek spoke again.

"Can't you take up war work, Miss Vernon?" She laughed harshly.

"War work," she repeated. "What a hope for a woman who is cook, dairymaid, poultry-keeper and farm hand!" It was Craik who explained.

"Muster Vandell, her works at the quarry. Miss Vernon, her runs the farm," Peter boiled over.

"It's too much for any woman," he exclaimed angrily. The girl laughed, but this time more naturally.

"Thank you for those kind words, Mr. Plews. I don't get many of them".

Derek moved to the entrance of the adit.

"The fire has passed I think we can venture out."

"You'll have to wait a bit yet," said Miss Vernon. "The ground will be still nearly red hot." Derek took out his case and offered it to the girl.

"Do you smoke?" he asked.

"It isn't often I get a chance", she answered laughing again. Peter gave her a light and then filled his pipe and passed his pouch to Craik. Then lighting a match he turned to inspect the rock-fall.

"Be careful," said the girl quickly. "That roof is rotten".

"So I see," replied Peter. He stooped and picked up a small object from the fallen debris.

"Here's a relic," he said. His match burned out, Derek felt in his pocket and produced a small torch which he switched on. All four gazed at the thing Peter held.

"What be it?" asked old Craik, puzzled. Derek answered.

"It's one of those old-fashioned savings boxes children used to have thirty years ago. Made of pottery. You can put money in but you can't get it out without breaking the box." Peter shook it.

"No pennies in it now". He frowned. "It's a rum thing to find in a place like this," he said.

"It certainly is," Derek agreed. "Keep it, Peter, as a curiosity." Peter put it in his pocket and presently they were able to leave the adit. But Farrell and Gregory had not even been able to save the plantation. The whole hillside was a blackened waste

CHAPTER XVI
POUNDS FOR PENNIES

"That's a surprising young woman," Derek remarked as he and Peter walked back together.

"Surprising. She's a marvel," declared Peter. "She pulled us out of a nasty mess. Think of a girl like that being condemned to such alife. That step-father of her's must be all kinds of a swine."

"He works at the quarry. Did you realize that, Peter?" said Derek.

"Holy smoke! Do you think he is Farrell's pal Joe?"

"It's on the cards," Derek allowed.

"Then I'll lay he set the fire" said Peter. "And I'll bet it was just to get us both off the place together."

(To Be Continued)

UPPER FREETOWN CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The teachers and pupils of Upper Freetown School presented their annual Christmas concert in "Birch Grove Hall" to a large and appreciative audience of parents and friends. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion and a large Christmas tree occupied a conspicuous place on the stage.

Master Lorne Moase one of the junior pupils capably acted as chairman and the following programme was carried out:

Chorus "O Canada" Flag Salute.
"The Colours of our Flag" Henry Scales, Ross Matheson, Donnie Simmons.
Address of Welcome and Christmas Wish, Brewer Auld, Elton Paynter.
Exercise, Allan Scales, Ross Matheson.
Monologue, Mary Lewis.
Dialogue, Reading the News, Malcolm Matheson, Joan Scales, Claude Paynter, Earnestine Taylor, Mildred Andrews.
Chorus, Ring Merry Bells Ring, Gerard Gauthier, Brewer Auld, Patrick Curley, Wanda Curley, Wanda Francis, Mildred Andrews, Shirley Lewis, Marjorie Smith, Donnie Simmons.
Recitation, Teacher Doesn't Know Allan Scales.
Dialogue, "Lem Heck's Horse," Gerald McCarville, Vernon Paynter, Donnie Simmons, Robert Schurman Erma Smith, David Scales, Phyllis Reeves, Shirley Lewis.
Exercise, "Christmas Secrets", Allan Scales, Ross Matheson, Mary Lewis, Edgar Taylor, Phyllis Taylor Wendell Taylor
Dialogue "The Naughty Mouse", Edna Evans, Marion Taylor, Jean Francis Alberta Moase.
Reading, Vernon Paynter.
Pantomime, "Silent Night", Katherine Auld
Recitation, Christmas Gift, Kay Reeves.
Duet, Billy Boy, Shirley Lewis, Donnie Simmons.
Dialogue, Learning to Spell, Henry Scales, Wanda Francis, Mary Lewis, Allan Scales, Edgar Taylor, Ross Matheson, Wendell Taylor, Hillard Andrews.
Drill, Beautiful Roses of Christmas, Wanda Curley Mildred Andrews, Marjorie Smith, Wanda Francis, Phyllis Reeves Earnestine Taylor, Alberta Moase, Erma Smith
Dialogue, A Mouse to the Rescue, Katherine Auld, Malcolm Matheson, David Scales, Elwood Paynter, Joan Scales, Austin Curley.
School Days, Edwin Lewis, Joan Scales, Allan Scales, Mary Lewis.
Duet, Shirley and Mary Lewis.
Closing and Good Night, Brewer Auld, Gerard Gauthier, Patrick Curley, Cornelius Blanchard, Ronnie Lewis, Elton Paynter, Ensor Taylor, Wendell Taylor, Ross Matheson, Roger Burns.
Dialogue, Is There A Santa, Wanda Francis, Wanda Curley, Mary Lewis, Phyllis Taylor, Marjorie Smith.
Santa Claus then appeared amid great applause and distributed gifts and candy from the heavily laden tree to pupils and teachers. The National Anthem brought the entertainment to a close.

Grace

LONDON, Jan. 14—(CP—Reuters)—A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, asked to say Grace at a luncheon today, said:—"For this food we eat, thank God and the men of the fleet."

EAST WILTSHIRE SCHOOL

The East Wiltshire School held its Christmas concert in the North River. It was very well attended with many parents and visitors present. The hall was nicely decorated and the tree was heavily laden with presents which were distributed by Santa who arrived after the programme. Rev. Mr. Todd very capably acted as chairman, and Miss Ferne Moreside was organist for the evening. The pupils all did splendidly in the following programme.

Remarks by Chairman.
Chorus, Welcome by the School.
Recitation, Welcome by Gerard Shreenan.
Duet by Verna Younker and Freda Yeo.
Dialogue, The Three Applicants.
Recitation, When Bobby Played Postman, by Buddy MacKinley.
Quartett Long Ago.
Wreath Drill by 8 pupils.
Recitatoin by May Yeo.
Solo Santa Claus by Phyllis Yeo.
Recitation by Eileen Waite.
Dialogue Two Against One Less.
Solo —by Josie Campbell.
Recitation, A Charge to Santa by Maisie Jewell.
Sing Drill, by seven pupils.
Instrumental Music by Francis Doyle and Charles MacKinnon.
Intermission and Lottery of Box of candy which was won by Marion Murtch.
Chorus, The More We Get Together, by School.
Recitation, What's In My Pocket by Ebbie Waite.
Solo, by Hazel Waite.
Dialogue, in 3 Acts, The Long Ago Duet.
Duet by Josie Campbell and Irene Moreside.
Recitation, Twas the Night Before Christmas by Verna Younker.
Star Drill by seven pupils.
Solo, by Verna Younker.
Dialogue, Saving His Bacon.
Chorus by school Silent Night.
God Save the King,
(Patriot Please Copy)

Soccer Stamina Proves Amazing To U. S. Writer

LONDON, Jan. 16 —(CP)— Now I know why the British were able to take it at Dunkerque and Singapore.

I know why the people on this tough old island can stand the hardships of war and weather.

I have just seen my first professional soccer match—a combination of football, hockey and mass murder.

This, I am told, is the sport on which British youngsters grow up, just as American kids play baseball from the time they are big enough to hold a bat and throw a ball.

Such being the case, all the mystery surrounding the ruggedness of an Englishman's constitution is wiped away.

Here is a game which requires the strength and stamina of a young ox to be a player and the spirit and cunning of a commando to be a spectator.

The weather was the kind that would have kept an Eskimo indoors but these stout lads skipped around in scanty attire From any place in the spacious stand you could see their breath on the frosty air.

For 45 minutes they charged up and down a field larger than an American gridiron with no time out except for an injury and no substitution even in that emergency.

One player went down and didn't get up. He had to be carried off the field. His ten teammates went right on without him.

But that was only the half of it. After a 15-minute rest, all 22 players returned to the field, including the chap who had to be helped to the sidelines, and they went at it again for another 45 strenuous minutes.

Ever more amazing than the stamina exhibited by these top-flight professionals is the dexterity with which they use their feet and heads to propel the ball, which can be touched with the hands only by the goal keepers.

And if the players deserve any credit for contributing to the ruggedness of Britain's inhabitants down through the generations, an equal share should go to those hardy souls who find their way into the spectators' seats only by dint of iron will and brute force.

Twenty-five thousand fans made their way into this arena, which is more of a trick than it sounds. The park seems larger than New York's Polo Grounds but with about one-tenth the facilities for getting in and out.

Then there was a little matter of transportation. The field is located in the suburbs of London far from any railroad or underground station. Private automobiles have almost disappeared in London and taxicabs are hard to find. That leaves only the busses for transportation.

The game was between Arsenal and West Ham, two of the best pro teams in England. The final score was 1to 1- -they told me.

Hon Mr Ralston Meets P.E. Island Soldier

Mrs. C. C. Miller of Victoria has received the following letter from Hon. J L. Ralston, Ottawa, on his return from overseas

"Dear Mrs. Miller, When I was in Sicily I had the pleasure of meeting your brother, Arthur Fleigher, he was a member of a very smart guard which was turned out by the R.C.D.'s in my honour as I was leaving the aerodrome in Sicily for Algiers. As I went along the line I was asking some of the members of the guard where they were from and when I spoke to him he told me he was from Charlottetown. He was a well built chap and looked extremely fit and well He told me that there were a number of Prince Edward Island Light Horse in the first Armoured Car Regiment, which is the armoured name of the R.C.D.

I saw him on the morning of December 5th, possibly you may have heard from him since that time. In any case I know that friends at home are always glad to hear of their soldier folk from those who have seen them personally and I am very glad to bring you this word of him. It was a great pleasure to me that I happened to meet him." With My kind regards, Yours very truly,
J. L. Ralston.

...yes, the VITALITY ELEMENT stored in QUAKER OATS is now a must in everybody's diet!

With less meat available, I wondered how to make up meat's protein—great VITALITY ELEMENT that nutritionists say my family need for growth and energy and stamina.

I've learned that delicious Quaker Oats, the hot cereal my husband and children love, provides as much protein per ounce as pork chops or eggs. More than any other natural cereal, whole-grain or otherwise.

Quaker Oats contains minerals and vitamins, too! Phosphorus and iron needed for growth, strong teeth and bones, resistance to disease. B vitamins for healthy nerves and digestion. Ranks as an *excellent* source of vitamin B_1. High in energy value, too.

Now I serve Quaker Oats every day for breakfast. Use it to extend my meat, in meat loaves and stuffings and croquettes—in cookies and muffins. Let Quaker Oats help your wartime meals. Order a large thrifty package today.

Delicious! Whole Grain
QUAKER OATS
Truly Canada's Favourite Breakfast Food
The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited

HEAD OF HILLSBOROUGH SCHOOL CONCERT

The annual Christmas concert was held in Head of Hillsborough School. A large crowd of parents and visitors were present. The chairman for the evening was Mr. Melvin Jardine.

The following program was presented:—

Welcome—Lillian MacAssey.
Chorus—O Come All Ye Faithful.
Recitation — Up and Down — Elsie Coffin.
Solo—The White Cliffs of Dover —Mrs. Louis Cameron (encored.)
Recitation — Old Saint Nick — Robert Myers.
Harmonica Solo — Bert Gibbs, (encored.)
Dialogue — The Sick Baby — Joyce Jardine, Dorothy Douglas and Lane Douglas.
Recitation—The Christmas Stocking — June MacAssey.
Drill — Christmas — by 9 pupils.
Duet — Pearl Myers and Blanche Hughes, accompanied by a guitar played by Bernard Hughes (encored.)
Recitation — The Divided Kitten—Dorothy Douglas.
Two Act Play — "Wanted, A Housekeeper."
Recitation — The Crippled Dolly May Douglas.
Trio — His Message Home —The Birt Family, (encored.)
Recitation — A Visit From Saint Nicholas — Mary Myers.
Chorus — Silent Night.
Closing Recitation — Joyce Jardine.

Santa Claus then appeared in his usual jovial manner and distributed many gifts to the pupils and teacher.

A very pleasant evening was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

Export of Herring Permitted From N.B.

OTTAWA, Jan. 18 —(CP)— Fisheries Minister Bertrand announced tonight an order-in-council has been passed amending New Brunswick Fisheries regulations to permit exportation of herring from the province for canning purposes throughout the year.

Previously, as a conservation measure, export of herring for canning was prohibited during the first two months of each year. Officials said the amendment will enable fishermen to profit from substantial cannery demand in the United States.

FORMER MINER FINED

AMHERST, N.S., Jan. 14—(CP) John Burbine of Amherst pleaded guilty today to failing to comply with a selective service order to report for work at a coal mine, and he was fined $50.

The case was believed the first of its kind to develop in Nova Scotia since the issuance of a regulation empowering selective service officers to send former miners back to the pits.

Formerly employed at a mine in Joggins, N.S., Burbine was working with the Canadian Car and Foundry here when he was directed to report for underground work.

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