



In Prague, Czechoslovakia, John Fisher tries to make 18-month old Peter Kroger smile. Now in a Government nursery in Prague Peter was repatriated from Vienna. He never speaks although all languages have been tried on him. No one knows his parents. Milk from United Nations keeps him alive. John Fisher found thousands of like cases in Europe. The Canadian Appeal for Children Fund will help relieve such misery.

**MRS. EMILY BRENNAN**

(Pictou Advocate, Feb. 12)

The death of Mrs. Emily Brennan, widow of the late William Brennan, occurred at her home on Elliott Street about 11 o'clock Monday night Feb. 9. While she had been in failing health for several years, she was seriously ill for only a few days preceding her death. She was in her 88th year.

Mrs. Brennan who was before her marriage Emily Fraser, was born in Charlottetown, P. E. I., on May 28, 1860. Married in her teens she and Mr. Brennan came to Pictou in 1881 and she had resided here continuously since that time. Their home was always a centre of hospitality, and up until the last days of her life Mrs. Brennan delighted to welcome friends and neighbors.

Despite her advanced years, she retained her faculties to a remarkable degree and although confined to her home the past few years by failing health she maintained a keen interest in the hap-

penings of the community and the world at large, and her merry humor and unfailing sense of humor remained with her until the end. Her life was filled with kindly deeds and unostentatious acts of charity. Her friendships knew no barrier of age, class or creed, and young and old alike will cherish her memory.

Her husband, for many years deputy mayor of Pictou, she predeceased her in 1930. She is survived by five daughters: Mrs. Alice Dunn, Boston; Mrs. Emily Griffin, Halifax; Mrs. T. P. Penney (Ida) Mrs. Edith Walker and Miss Frances Brennan, Pictou. She also leaves one brother James Fraser of Pictou ten grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

The funeral, held this (Thursday) morning from Stella Maris Church, was largely attended. Requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. J. R. Ratchford, P. P. and interment was at the Roman Catholic cemetery. The pall bearers were: Judge J. Welshford Macdonald, C. J. W. Kedy, William Penney, Archie MacNeill, W. H. Deveber and George S. MacLean.

**QUICKIES**

By Ken Reynolds



"Sure, the rabbit's foot I got with a Guardian Want Ad is lucky—my wife reached in my pocket and thought it was a mouse!"

Four favorites you will enjoy

# Heinz

CONDENSED

Cream of Celery  
Beef Noodle  
Vegetable without Meat  
Cream of Green Vegetable

# SOUP

57

**In Memoriam**

**MRS. HERBERT PAYNTER**

It is with feelings of deep sorrow that the community of Long River and the surrounding districts learned of the death of Mrs. Elzira Paynter, widow of the late Herbert Paynter, which occurred at her home in Long River, on Thursday, January 29th, 1943, at the age of seventy-two.

The deceased had been a great sufferer for over a year but hope was held out for her recovery until a few days prior to her death, when her condition became so serious that her family was called to her bedside and were all present at her passing. All that medical skill and kind nursing could do was to no avail. She passed peacefully away on the above mentioned date.

Mrs. Paynter was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Bernard of Long River, and after her marriage went to live just across the road from her old home, where she has remained ever since administering to her large family of eleven children, two of whom died in infancy but she had the pleasure of seeing the other nine grow to manhood and womanhood and settling in nearby communities.

Her husband and a daughter (Esther) Mrs. Albert Hiscott predeceased her about ten years ago. Even with so large a family, Mrs. Paynter always found time for community interests and will be greatly missed in the district as her kind hospitality knew no bounds. She was a great lover of home. No sacrifice was too great for her to make for her loved ones. Truly the words in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs may be fittingly applied to her: "She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household. Her children arise up and call her blessed."

There are left to mourn their loss the following family:—Everett, Long River; (Emmaretta) Mrs. Howard Waite, Summerside; (Ada) Mrs. John Clark, Darnley; Oliver and George, Long River; (Gertrude) Mrs. Earle Riggs, Charlottetown; (Blanche) Mrs. Lloyd Adams Darnley and Francis at home, who with his wife tenderly cared for her during her illness; also forty grandchildren and two sisters and two brothers, namely: Mrs. Janelle Johnstone, Long River; Mrs. Maggie Campbell, Irishtown; Mr. George Bernard, Long River, and Mr. John Bernard in Western Canada.

The funeral was held on Saturday, January the thirty-first, from her late residence at 130 P. M. and was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Stevens of the Long River United Church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Campbell of the Presbyterian Church at Long River. In spite of the awful condition of the roads a large crowd attended thus paying their last tribute of respect to the deceased who was so well and favorably known throughout the surrounding districts. Hymns sung were: "The Lord is My Shepherd" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Mr. Stevens spoke words of comfort to the bereaved family after which the committal service was rendered at the home owing to the condition of the weather. The pallbearers were: Messrs. W. E. Johnstone, Murray Constable, Delmar Adams, her grandson and three of her sons-in-law, Messrs. John C. Clark, Lloyd Adams and Albert Hiscott. Mr. Joseph Davison had charge of the funeral arrangements. Interment was in Geddie Memorial Cemetery.

The sincere sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family in their great loss.

**CARD OF THANKS**

The family of the late Mrs. Herbert Paynter wish to thank their kind neighbors and friends who assisted them in their recent bereavement, especially the nurses, Mrs. John Fletcher and Mrs. William Johnstone; also those who sent cards and letters of sympathy.

**In Memoriam**

In loving memory of Jerry Adams who passed away February 17th, 1947.

Memories are treasures none can steal  
Death leaves a wound none can heal  
Silent thoughts bring many a tear  
For the one I miss and love so dear.

Ever Remembered by His Wife  
Lois.

**In Memoriam**

In loving memory of James Dennis who passed away February 16, 1947.

Into sweet rest he has entered  
No more to suffer or to weep  
But safe in the arms of Jesus  
My Father is fast asleep.

Lovingly Remembered by His Daughter, Mrs. Claude Somers, and Granddaughter Jennie.

**In Memoriam**

In loving memory of Jerry Adams, Sea View. Died February 17th, 1947.

One year has passed since that sad day  
When one I loved was called away.  
I loved him then I love him still.  
Forgot him no, I never will.

Often Remembered by His Little Nephew James.

**-BEAU-**

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith

Olive, however, was delighted with Carolyn's popularity. Carolyn managed to include Olive in a number of her invitations and thereby earned her passionate gratitude.

"I've never had such a nice summer," she said glowingly. "Yeah," grumbled Beau, "and Mother hasn't had an afternoon off in weeks."

On every subject except one, Olive and Carolyn were in perfect accord. They could not agree about Chester Donohue. He and Olive had been sweethearts all their lives. Like Beau, Carolyn approved of Chester wholeheartedly when they met. He was not brilliant, but he was steady and industrious and the soul of integrity. He had put himself through law school and was gradually building up a practice. Carolyn believed that Olive cared much more for Chester than she realized. She had got in the habit of taking him for granted. He never looked at another girl. When Olive neglected him, he waited patiently until she was ready to call him back. They had been planning to be married late that fall. Chester was saving up to buy a house, one of the pretty new bungalows out near the country club.

"I don't know if I want to marry Chet this fall," said Olive, tossing her auburn curls. "I'd like to have a little fun before I settle down. Chet's such an old stick-in-the-mud! I am not sure I want to marry him at all."

"That's what I meant about not encouraging Olive in her fool notions," Beau said to Carolyn. "She's got her head up in the clouds and the first thing you know she is going to stomp her toe."

"I haven't encouraged her!" cried Carolyn indignantly. Nevertheless, she felt guilty. She had given Olive a very glamorous account of life as Carolyn had lived it before she married Beau.

Olive was enchanted by such recitals. Carolyn wished she had not been quite so enthusiastic. She was sorry she had neglected to mention that there were dull moments even in a hectic whirl of social gaieties. It worried her how many questions Olive asked about Jay Clayton.

"He's no good, Ollie," said Carolyn.

"He liked me," protested Olive. "He liked me a lot until Beau spoiled everything darn him!"

"Beau is right about Jay," insisted Carolyn. Olive began to stay away from the lunch room more and more and she was not always with Carolyn as everybody believed. Several times when they were supposed to have gone to parties together Olive failed to put in an appearance. It bothered Carolyn but Olive merely laughed and said she had decided to go to a movie instead. "Only don't tell Beau," she pleaded. "He'd think it was terrible for Mother to work in my place while I take in a show."

Carolyn was no tattletale, yet she did not like to be maneuvered into the position of aiding Olive to engage in clandestine pursuits. "You mustn't use me to cover up," she said earnestly. "I don't like being underhanded about things."

"All right," muttered Olive sulkily. She did not actually say she was with Carolyn after that unless it was true, but Olive managed to leave such an impression and the situation began to alarm Carolyn.

"You weren't at the picture show this afternoon," she said one day. "I saw you getting out of a car as I came out of the bridge party."

"Chet drove me over to look at a house he's thinking of buying," Olive explained airily. It had not looked like Chester's modest roadster to Carolyn, but she had been too far away to be certain. Moreover, she did not want to believe Olive was lying. It opened too tempting a door to a fine fellow. Carolyn contented herself with saying, to which Olive responded with a disdainful sniff.

Carolyn's social campaign met with no cooperation from Beau. He said that dinner parties bored him to death. He flatly refused to go when the Elliots gave a large affair at the country club. "I don't care how many hen parties you go to in the daytime, honey," he said with an indulgent grin. "If you like 'em, it's all right by me. But for cat's sake, stop trying to ring me in on them."

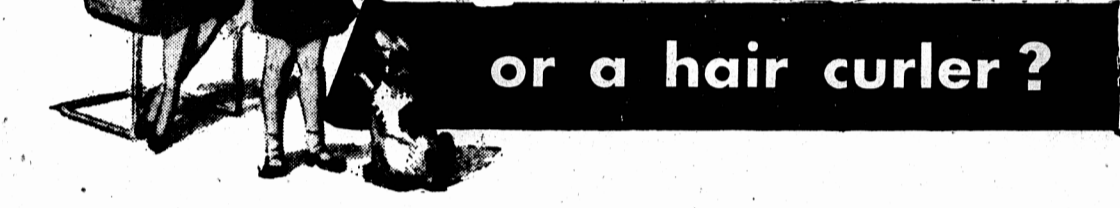
Carolyn had not been home since her marriage. It seemed to her she had been away years instead of four months. Beau was planning to take a week's vacation in August. He began making elaborate plans for a fishing trip. He planned to take Carolyn and Stew Ellis and Frank Pinny and drive fifty miles up to a lake in the mountains and camp out. He had everything settled before he mentioned the subject to Carolyn. It seemed he and Frank and Stew had been in the habit of taking such a jaunt every fall.

"But I've practically been camping out all summer," wailed Carolyn. "I thought we'd go home. I want to see my friends and my family. I'm sort of homesick. Beau, and we've been with your people ever since we married. It isn't fair!"

Beau's face was sober. "All right," he said. "We'll play it your way for a change, honey."

Carolyn was radiant. She had not realized how long she had been for her own environment. She counted the days and then the hours. The last of July that year was very hot and dry and Carolyn's tiny kitchen was like an oven. Thanks to the cook book and some hints from Jennie Sue, Carolyn had learned to prepare a decent meal, but it came awkwardly to her. She loathed washing dishes and she knew her mother would be shocked at the state of her hands.

**Need a hotel front...**



**or a hair curler?**

Aluminum makes good hair curlers and hotel fronts. It is light. It is strong. It cannot rust.

This is why more than six hundred Canadian companies are making useful and beautiful things of this versatile metal.

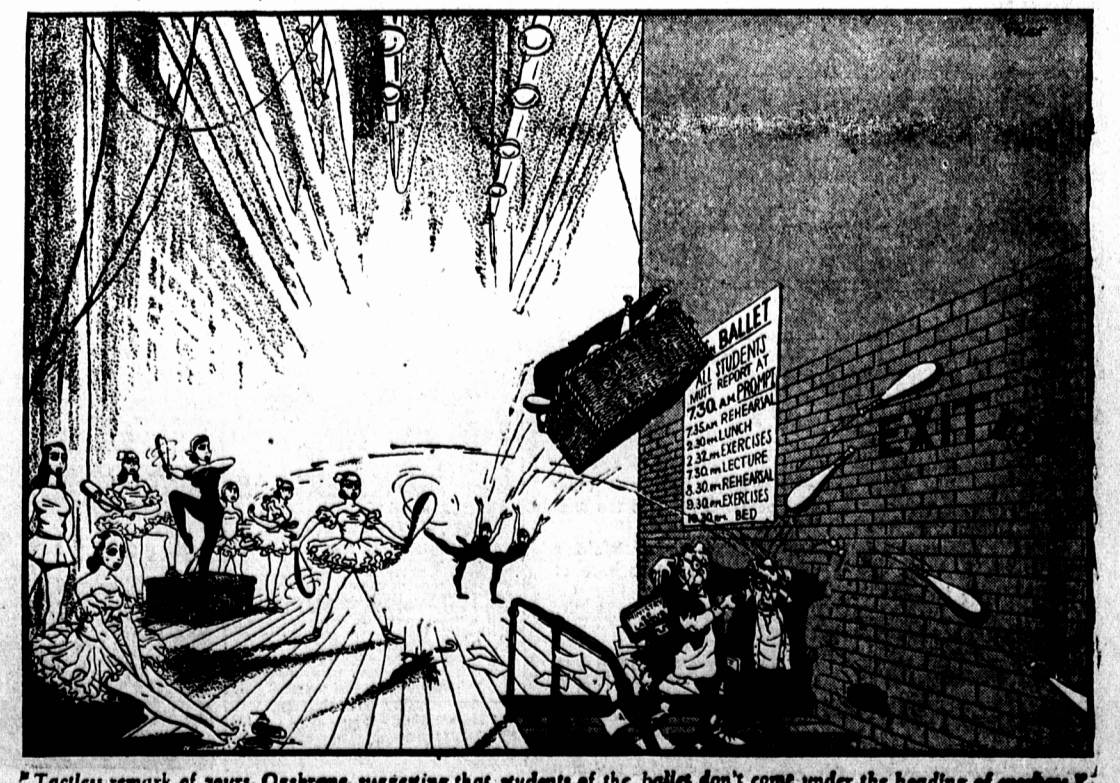
Aluminum products range all the way from artificial limbs to railway cars, from muzzles for lobster's claws to bridges, from toys to aircraft. Aluminum is versatile because it is so light, so durable and so economical.

**VERSATILE...and UNIVERSAL**  
Every country in the world is today buying Canadian Aluminum produced at Alcan, Canada, home of the largest Aluminum smelter in the world. The "Alcan" ingot has become a major factor in world trade — and a valuable source of the foreign exchange which Canada needs to cover her own buying abroad.

**ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.**  
Producers and Processors of Aluminum for Canadian Industry and World Markets.  
MONTREAL • QUEBEC • TORONTO • VANCOUVER • WINDSOR

"I'm going to get a manicure every day we're there," she said to Beau. "Give me time," muttered Beau. Carolyn was counting rather desperately on showing Beau the error of his ways while they were away. The nearer the time came the more she was revolted at the thought of returning to Marsville. There had been a certain novelty in the situation at first, but it had worn off. Everything had begun to get terribly on her nerves especially Beau's family. She was positive that he would not be nearly so unmanageable away from his people. They were to leave the first day of August. Irene was expecting a baby about the twelfth and she had made Beau promise to be back before then. Carolyn was packed for their departure bright and early on the appointed day. Beau was provokingly slow about taking his bath, or so it seemed to Carolyn, tapping the floor with her foot. He put on and then discarded three ties before he found one to suit him. "You can be so infuriating when you want to be!" she cried. Beau was whistling. "You don't exactly sweeten my disposition at times, Mrs. Bell." It was at that precise moment that Irene screamed, one piercing cry which made Carolyn catch her breath, followed by an appalling silence. "What the devil!" muttered Beau and started on the run for the house. Carolyn followed more slowly. When she arrived the entire family was gathered about Irene in the back room. She was lying prone on the floor, bleeding from a wound in her temple where she had struck her head. "She stumbled over the light cord," whispered Jennie Sue. "Oh, Beau! What are we going to do?"

(To Be Continued)



Tactless remark of yours, Osgborne, suggesting that students of the ballet don't come under the heading of workers.