

Dr. W. R. Carson PALMER CHIROPRACTOR Third Year of Practice in Charlottetown 124 Prince St. Phone 1072

PRESCRIPTIONS

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Central Guardian

HAVE AFTERNOON tea in Christian Church Schoolroom this afternoon. 754

BEN HUR at Trinity Church tonight, 8 o'clock sharp. 754

ANOTHER LADY LECTURER AT CALEDONIAN CLUB TONIGHT.—At the Club tonight the lecturer will be Miss Mona Wilson whose subject is "Little Things That Count."

DELICIOUS CAKE, Bread, Candy etc., at Christian Church Schoolroom this afternoon. 754

DO NOT miss hearing Ben Hur tonight. Admission 35c. 754

RECEIVE DEGREE.—Friends of Miss Florence MacLean of North Wilshire and Miss Ruth Howard of Springfield, P. E. I., recent graduates of the Junior Victoria Hospital, Montreal, will be pleased to learn that they have successfully passed their R. N. examinations.

BUY YOUR Christmas gifts at sale in Christian Church Schoolroom this afternoon. Sale starts at 3 o'clock. 754

RETURNS FROM TORONTO.—Mr. W. G. Darke of Brookfield returned from the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, on Monday evening, after exhibiting his Guernsey Herd at the above place. Mr. Darke was pleased with the success attained this being the first time he has exhibited at Toronto. His winnings in males alone was first for junior yearling, second for aged bull and second for junior bull calf. He reports sales fairly good, having disposed of eleven head at good prices. The following Island Exhibitors are expected home on Wednesday: McRae & Sons (Ayrshires); Ings & Son, Mount Herbert; James Easton, East Royalty; Athol Roberts, Highfield; Louis Roper, Royalty.

MISS JANETT CAIRNS, Stanchel, left Wednesday morning for U.S.A. where she expects to visit four or five months.

PERIAL MATTERS with the government. There is no outstanding question save the follow up of subjects discussed at the imperial conference a year ago.

ST. ANDREW'S FESTIVAL CELEBRATED LAST NIGHT

The Caledonian Club Observed Their Patron Saint's Day By A Dinner At Hotel Victoria When Eloquent Orations Were Delivered.

St. Andrew's was celebrated as of a dinner under the auspices of the Caledonian Club in the Hotel Victoria last night. Both the large dining room and the Willington dining room were reserved for the accommodation of the large number of gentlemen attending. These spacious rooms were suitably and artistically decorated for the occasion, reflecting the greatest credit upon Mr. Brown, the genial host, who never fails to exert himself to make this annual festival memorable. A recherche repast was served, including the inevitable haggis which was played in with royal honors, carried on the shoulders of the stalwart clansman D. B. McDonald, of Bedouque, and preceded by the Club Pipes. The address to the evening was suitably delivered by Clansman A. B. Cosh, His Honor, the Governor, who had expressed his intention of being present, was unavoidably absent, and Premier Saunders being engaged at the Supreme Court at Summerside, was replaced by the Hon. G. S. Inman. The exchange of greetings between the Caledonian Club and similar organizations elsewhere, was greatly appreciated. The proceedings were continued until the "wee sma' oors ayoit the twa!" and everyone expressed himself as having thoroughly enjoyed the anniversary celebration.

The newly installed President, Mr. John Anderson, occupied the chair and was supported on right and left by Mr. A. E. McLean, M.P., Chief of J. McDonald, the Mayor (Mr. L. B. Miller), the Hon. J. E. Sinclair, M.P., the Hon. George S. Inman, Rev. W. Bruce Muir, R. H. Jenkins, M.P., ex-Premier Stewart, K.C., Rev. R. V. McKenzie, Hon. Dr. J. P. McMillan, Councillor S. Kennedy, Hon. Frank McPhee, Councillor Dr. Douglas, Mr. W. Chester S. McLure, M.L.A., Mr. C. G. Duffy, K.C., Hon. Judge Stewart and ex-Chiefs of the Club. The Vice-Chair was occupied by Mr. Alex. McLean, 2nd Vice-President, ex-Chief James Paton, S. A. McLeod, J. R. Burnett, Clansman D. B. McDonald and Mr. Sylvester DesRoches.

The Vice-Chairman explained in the course of the evening that Mr. DesRoches had a double right to occupy a prominent position on the toast list and at his table, because although an Acadian he was a Scotsman by choice and adoption, having served overseas in the 82nd Highland Regiment, and had become so enamoured of the Scots, and especially of the Highlanders, that he had learned Gaelic, and in proof of this he would deliver a few remarks in the language of the Garden of Eden before the proceedings terminated.

President's Remarks. The Local and Patriotic toasts having been duly honored.

President's Address. The President, after a few introductory remarks, proceeded to review the affairs of the Club for the past year. He said:

It is customary also for the President, who is just entering his duties as President of the Club, to briefly review on this occasion the various activities of the Club during the past year. Early in the month of November, 1926, a series of lectures was arranged, and on every Thursday evening up to the 7th of April, these lectures were continued. They were very educational and instructive, and will be continued during the present winter months, two have already been delivered in the Club Rooms. In the month of January last, the regular Burns Anniversary was duly celebrated by a grand entertainment which was continued for three nights, and was held this year in the Prince Edward Theatre, on

DELIGHTED WITH PICTURE.—Saint Dunstan's and League of the Cross received great applause on entering the Prince Edward last night where they were the guests of the theatre management to view the sport film, "The Fair Co-Ed." Many of the members expressed their delight with the picture. Although not mentioned through the press the invitation was extended to the Aberglives basketball team who made up the third team of the League through their secretary Mr. Smith, but it was understood that they had dropped out of the league nevertheless the invitation still stands for tonight.

MARRIAGES. McLEOD-WEBSTER.—On Nov. 30th at the residence of Rev. E. H. Ramsay, D. D., 71 Upper Prince St., Charlottetown, William N. McLeod and Maria Webster, both of Mt. Stewart.

DEATHS. McKAY.—At Albany on Nov. 30th, 1927, Mr. David McKay. Funeral Friday, Dec. 2nd at 2 p. m.

LOST.—FOX HOUND DOG BLACK and tan, marked on left ear.—Jack Vessey, West Royalty. Reward. 659-11-28-51.

LOST ON MURRAY HARBOR.—A string of pearls. Finder leave at Guardian Office. 725-11-30-41

Salesman Wanted. CALENDAR AND SPECIALTY Salesman. Start immediately with exclusive line. Good contract with old established firm. Apply Box 520, London, Ontario. 770-11-30-61

Here, far from the madding crowd, we celebrate enthusiastically among peace and plenty, honoring the imperishable memory of heroic forbears, known and unknown to historic fame.

Come, rouse ye from your dozing dreams, And view with me the golden beams Which Phoebeus like morning pours Upon our plains adorned with flowers, With me thro' howms and meadows stray Where wimpling waters make their way;

Here fra the aiks and elms around You'll hear the soft melodious sound Of a' the quisters thro' the sky, Better than concert in your town, Yet do not cost you half-a-crown, Here blackbirds, mavises, and linnets Excel your fiddles, flutes and spinnets.

Our warty rook e'en far excels Your strim-stram and your jingling bells, As do the cloven-footed tribes And rustics whistling o'er the ghybes, This is the life poets have sung, Wish'd for, my friend, by auld and young;

By all who would heaven's favor share, Where least ambition, least of care, Disturbs the mind.—Allan Ramsay. We are, Fraternally yours, John Anderson, Pres. T. M. MacMillan, Secy.

St. Andrew's Society, St. John, N.B. Greetings from and toasting at our foregatherin'—The heath waves wild, upon her hills And foaming through the fells, Her fountains sing o' freedom still, As they dash down the dells, And weel I lo'e the land, my lads, Then Scotland's vales and Scotland's dales, And Scotland's hills for me, Let's drink a cup tae Scotland yet, Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wae upon the fields Where Wallace's sword blade, That gave her foeman's dearest bluid To dye her auld grey plaid, And looking to the lift, my lads, He sang this doughty glee, Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might, Then drink a cup tae Scotland yet, Wi' a' the honours three.

Frederickson Society of St. Andrew. On our One Hundred and Second Anniversary we send Greetings: Guid health, my brethren, scattered We meet again wi' joy and pride And sit around the ingle-side, This joyfu' day, And let oor fancies hameward ride in Scottish lay.

And heap your table till it groans Wi' oatmeal cakes an' tattie scones, They're guid for makin' beef and bones For makin' man, And help tae hurt the curlin' stones an' gie ye brawn.

We'll think o' Scotia's bonnie braes, Kilts, sporrans, plaids an' tartan cales, An' what for no, this day o' days, I'll tell ye richt, Nae true born Scot will dim his praise On sic a nicht.

Antigonish Highland Society. "Nae man can tether time or tide," Another year has gane ower our heads, and once again the members of the Antigonish Highland Society foregather to do honor to our Patron Saint, and extend hearty greetings:

In festive mood we're gathered here Wi' thoughts o' hame an' mem'ries dear, An' the Pibroch sounding loud and clear, In honor o' Auld Scotland.

Wi' the Pibroch sounding loud and clear, Wi' a merry jing and sang tae cheer, We greet the lands, baith far an' near, In honor o' Auld Scotland.

An' fa' ye health we'd drink the night But that we're in a sorry plight, Nae mair we're privileged tae get licht, In honor o' Auld Scotland.

But by our troth, we'll pledge ye yet Sae long as aq's we'll be wet, The best o' chiefs we'll no forget, In honor o' Auld Scotland.

And we'll rouse dear Scotland's hills An' Heil'd glens, and lowland vales, Where mair worth o' a' prevails, To the glory o' Auld Scotland.

St. Andrew's Society, New Glasgow. The Scots of New Glasgow, New Scotland, greet their brethren, both Highland and Lowland, wherever they gather tonight.

North British Society, Halifax. The members of the North British Society, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, celebrating their one hundred and sixtieth anniversary, send you good wishes and trust that you and the strangers within your gates may mak' a guid nicht o' it.

St. Andrew's Society of Montreal. On our Ninety-second Anniversary we send Greeting: "O Land of misty mountain heights, Of lonely glens and lakes, The tie that binds my heart to thee nor time nor distance breaks; True to the soil that bore me, and the race from which I spring, Forever backward o'er the wave, to thee my thoughts take wing."

Quebec's Saint Andrew's Day. A greeting from our members to their fellow Scots: To Scotia's sons wherever met, In every clime and nation, We send the Toast of Scotland yet, And our felicitations, And may each honest Scottish heart, As Scots tonight foregather,

Rejoice that Scotland's played a part Which glorifies the heather. St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa. Cordial fraternal greetings to The Caledonian Club of P. E. I., from The St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa, Canada, in commemoration of the Patron Saint of Scotland.

Friendship makes us a' mair happy Friendship gives us a' delight; Friendship consecrates the drappie, Friendship brings us here tonight.

St. Andrew's Society of Toronto. St. Andrew's Society of Toronto, Canada, sends friendly greetings on this, its 91st Anniversary, Auld Scotland's Sons whaur e'er they be

Whaur e'er they may forgether We tenefer he's aye lilt a sang To thistle and to heather.

St. Andrew's Society, Hamilton, Ont. Greetings from St. Andrew's Benevolent Society, Hamilton, Ont., on St. Andrew's Day, 1927. The winter wind blows cauld and shrill,

The auld folk hup the fire, Behind the whins sheep coudle close The ke yie stir in the byre, The whaup cry in a windy sky, Abaze with setting sun, And lights are lit in but and ben The short day's nearly done.

Dunbar, Dunbar! Tak' up your pipes And play us owre the heather, And mody a mile we'll tramp th' nicht, Despite the lowering tramp, Marched you ha'e in continents four, And played them to their duty, Play up the pipes, remind our hearts Of Scotland, hame and beauty.

A guide tune helps along the road And mays the lang miles shorter, Better to cheer the heart o' man Than doat on stone and mortar, And come will we to some Inn-door And hearty greeting get, We'll mak the rafters dirnd and ring, This nicht we'll no forget.

St. Andrew's Society, Winnipeg. On our Fifty-Sixth Anniversary we send you greetings: As round the festive board we sit, Mid friendly chaff and ready wit, We pledge, with fervour and restraint, St. Andrew—Scotland's Patron Saint, We give a thought, extend our hand, To brother Scots in every land, From swelling hearts, and longing eyes

Dreams of the far Hameland arise, Time butcher cherished name endears, SCOTLAND—tonight and future years!

St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, Vancouver, B. C. Tae a' wha kindly Scots wae Scot, And hup "Earth's Sault" keep favourit sauvour,

Frae St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, Greeting: This Nicht Andrew's lies, licht-heartit or grave, Wha faur frae the Hame-Land, forgotten, In story and sang roose Auld Scotland The Brave, Her straths, braes and sweet-scentit heather;

Then toast we "Oor Patron," and you Land whose fame— Through Saint, Sage and Hero respald— Leal liege o' St. Andrew wad fa' keep aflame In heart o' his latest descendent.

Scots' Charitable Society, Boston. Greetings: "To all Scots, wherever they wae, and to the land they love, so well when near, or long far, away."

In festive mood we're gathered here Wi' thoughts o' hame an' mem'ries dear, An' the Pibroch sounding loud and clear, In honor o' Auld Scotland.

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St. Andrew's Society, Charleston, S.C. Besides all these characteristics so well expressed by Burns, you will find Edinburgh today the centre of the world's greatest printing and publishing firms, and let us not forget those great printing and publishing houses of Melrose, Chambers, and others, o' all they are today a poor printer of Edinburgh—William Ged—who was the inventor of the stereotyping machine.

Let us now cross Scotland to Glasgow, the great commercial city of the west. We are proud to own it as the second city of the Empire, owing all its greatness to its great shipbuilding yards and its trans-Atlantic commerce. If Henry Bell and his engineer John Robertson, had known what they were beginning when in 1812 they supplied the engines for the gallant little Comet, they would have known that the day was coming when they would be ranked among Glasgow's greatest benefactors. On the first voyage from Greenock to Glasgow, it took them three hours to reach Bowling, and then to their dismay, they discovered that the tide had ebbed and that there was nothing left for it but to walk to Glasgow. But Bell and his Comet were the pioneers of those mighty palatial steamships which sail the seven seas today. Here, we may pay a tribute to James Watt, who combined the best characteristics of his respective lands for the building up of every colony and dependency of the British Crown. In this great land of Canada there is another race we honor and respect, and ever recognize that the flag with the golden lilies leads the way in those aesthetic arts which they would so much charm to our Christian civilization. What a blessing to the world that with one combined voice we can sing as the years roll on with a deeper meaning and a truer path— "God save our gracious King, Long live our noble King, God save the King. Send him victorious, Long to reign over us, God save the King."

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Get a bottle of "Buckley's" that's the pleasant, sure way of immediately relieving any kind of cold, cough, croup, whooping cough, or any other respiratory ailment. It is a very first-class medicine. Its nature reveals its remarkable power.

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banks of Clyde, watching the steam pouring out of his mother's kettle, and we take off our caps to "the Fairies Queen," the first from steamship launched on the Clyde in 1836. Not far from Glasgow stands the town of Paisley. "Keep your eye on Paisley" has become proverbial. If I ask you people with Scottish blood in your veins to keep your eye on the thread which your wives and daughters and sisters use, I would ask you to tell them that the greatest thread works of the world are in Paisley, and owe their existence to a woman named Christian Shaw, of Balcarron.

But I hasten on and would only mention the Scottish Banking system. It may not be generally recognized that the finest system of free banking practised over the world today owes its existence to hard-headed Scotsmen. From Scotland it passed to England and everybody knows that William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, was a full-blooded Scot, and, although he made the great Darien scheme, it does not alter the fact that he was a great financier. It is perhaps useless to remind you that our Canadian banking system was modelled and developed from the system which held sway among the thrifty Scotch. It is no accident that by far the largest number of Canadian bankers at the present time, have Scottish blood in their veins.

Gentlemen: These are but a few illustrations of what Scotland has done and is continuing to do in the art of peace and in piecing the coast of "The Day" and "The Night," we do well to call to remembrance the rock out of which we have been hewn.

I have not touched at all upon the great agricultural interests of Scotland, nor upon the mighty fish industry of Aberdeen. Suffice it to say that these are the wonders of the world. The sheep and cattle markets at which buyers are present from every town of any importance in England and Ireland. The great grain markets of which the corn exchange in Edinburgh is the centre, all point to the energy and skill of our farmers and agricultural laborers. The great fish market of Aberdeen is rightly called one of the seven wonders of the world. Miles of concrete pavement upon which the fish is laid out and sold by auction, and in the shortest time transferred to the great refrigerator trains waiting to convey the harvest of the sea, which is a daily one to the great fish market of Billingsgate, London, is the finest example of quick transportation to be seen anywhere. I shall only mention the fox industry. Prince Edward Island will require a look after its laurels, because this industry is taking deep root in Scotland, and the Saitoun Fox Farms, of which our esteemed townsman, Mr. W. K. Rogers, is a director and shareholder, is showing the way in successful fox breeding.

Now, gentlemen, my pleasurable task is done. It was my intention, as I said, at the outset, only to touch the peaceful avocations of liberty-loving Scotland. I have tried to do so with as light a touch as possible, and in conclusion would remark that as a Scotchman once said, "that rules of taste in the arts, from gardening to the epic poem, came from Scotland." Although spoken in a strain of irony that illustrious Frenchman gave expression to a statement which contains a very large measure of truth. One thing, however, he did not say else he would not have given such a splendid advertisement to the products of Scotland. He did not tell us that there is a reticence about the Scottish race which prevents them from blowing their own trumpet except upon Burns' nights and St. Andrew's nights. All the rest of the year they are very reticent, but they are work-aholic until something attempted something done enables them again to blow their trumpet when these days come round once more. In view of that fact, we can afford to "tell it not in Gath, or publish it in the streets of Ashalon," because we know from the history of our glorious past that just at the psychological moment all honest endeavor, and all worthy sacrifice will come to the top.

In conjunction then with our fellow-countrymen all over the wide world, we toast "the day and the night" which we call "The Day and the Night," and we honor it, not in a blind, narrow-minded sense. We are not afraid to recognize the excellent qualities of the brave sons of England, the true-hearted sons of Ireland, and the sons of gallant little Wales. We mutually recognize that all may combine the best characteristics of their respective lands for the building up of every colony and dependency of the British Crown. In this great land of Canada there is another race we honor and respect, and ever recognize that the flag with the golden lilies leads the way in those aesthetic arts which they would so much charm to our Christian civilization. What a blessing to the world that with one combined voice we can sing as the years roll on with a deeper meaning and a truer path— "God save our gracious King, Long live our noble King, God save the King. Send him victorious, Long to reign over us, God save the King."