

IN MEMORIAM

DORIS VIOLET MacKINNON

A great gloom of sorrow spread over the home of John A. MacKinnon, 345 Passmore st., when the family received the shocking news of a tragic accident which claimed the life of his daughter, Doris, on the morning of September 29th at Halifax, N. S.

Doris with a loveable and unassuming manner endeared herself to all who knew her. She was always anxious for the welfare of her home and family.

Educated at Prince Street School and Corcoran Business College, she accepted several positions in Charlottetown and later moved to Montreal where the past four years was employed with Honey Dew Restaurants.

Born in Charlottetown in the year 1930, she was in her 24th year. Her mother predeceased her five years ago.

She leaves to mourn her sorrowing father, John A. MacKinnon, one sister, Shirley, Mrs. William Rhynes, West Royalty, two brothers, Basil and Wayne, who reside with their father.

The funeral was largely attended and was held from the Cutcliffe Funeral Home. Interment was in the People's Cemetery.

The pallbearers were: Messrs. Walter Josey, John MacKinnon, Newton MacKay, Donald Holden, Ralph McInnis and Roy Creed.

Floral Tributes

The Family:

Gale's Ajar:
 Sister Shirley and Bill.
Wives:
 Shaw Jackson, Halifax.
 Aunt Violet and Alice.
 Uncle Gordon and Aunt Sally.
 Ray Kidney and Doris McQuirk, Halifax.
 Rumbona and Johnny MacDonald, Halifax.
 Tom MacLean.
 Mr. and Mrs. Allan Fryne, Dartmouth.

Crescents:

Uncle William.
 Uncle Lee, Aunt Evelyn and Howard.
 Mrs. Eva Fitzgerald.

Sprays:

Aunt Eleanor and Family.
 Aunt Florence and Family.
 Aunt Esther and Uncle Russell and Family.
 Freda, Wilfred and Family.
 John A. Lill.
 Freda and Eric.
 Mr. and Mrs. Dan Garnhum and Family.
 Johnnie, Lorne, Peter, Bordie, Frank and Borden.
 Doris and Newton MacKay.
 Ralph McInnis.
 Doris Connolly.
 Mrs. McColm and Staff Honey Dew, Montreal.
 Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Later and Family.
 Mr. and Mrs. Alex Rhynes and Family.
 Pearl Anderson, Montreal.
 Mr. and Mrs. Hughie Dennis, Montreal.
 Neil, Lorraine and Family.
 Mrs. Carrie Wilson, Souris.
 Florence Blaisdell.
 Pupils Grade IV and VI Prince Street School.
 Eunice, Beverley, Dick and Bob.
Cut Flowers

The Thom Family.

Letters of Sympathy

Mr. Vesta McColm, Montreal.
 Pearl Anderson, Montreal.
 Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dennis, Montreal.
 Phyllis Smith, St. Bruno, Que.
 Ross Harvey, Montreal.
 Jannie MacCannell, Dromore.
Cards of Sympathy
 Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McQuirk, Montreal.
 Walter Kneebone.
 Aunt Violet and Alice.
 Phyllis and Don MacLean, Milton.
 Stewart, Winnifred.
 Alice and Harvey Dennis, Dartmouth.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ed Jackson, St. Catharines, Ont.
 Saddle Chouen.
 Jinnie MacConnell, Dromore.
 Edna and Helen Logan, Halifax Is. and Effie.
 Annie and Bruce Dymont and Albert.
 Mrs. Eva Fitzgerald.
 Viceta McColm, Montreal.
 Marg and Gerald and Family.
 Gerald McQuirk, St. Catharines, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rogers

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peterson.
 Doris Vissey.
 Mrs. Hilda Taggart, Halifax.
 Miss Gladie Rogers.
 Alice and Lou Gamble.
 Mrs. Arbing and Shirley.
 Mrs. Urville MacKinnon and Family.
 Leona Arsenault.
 Kay Anderson, Hamilton, Ont.
 Annie and Sam Donovan and family.
 Mr. and Mrs. Russell Logan and family, Halifax.
 Johnny and Gladys McGregor, Kensington Road.
 Olive Carr.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Larter.
 Dorothy and Bill Rhynes, Marshfield.
 Martha and Mary McGuigan.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sudsbury.
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry McQuirk, Dromore.
 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Humphrey, Halifax.
 Howard Molyneux.
 Carl, Dot and Jimmie Moore, Jackson Family.
 Mr. and Mrs. Allan Logan and Carl, Halifax.
 Junior, LeRoy, Wilson Logan, Halifax.
 Doris and Stewart Jenkins.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Graves.
 Mr. and Mrs. Norman Campbell and Florence.
 Mrs. Minnie May, Brookline, Mass.

Piusville

Mrs. Alfred Wilkie, Elmsdale, was in Piusville recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Green, Emerald, were recent guests of Mrs. Green's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Corcoran.

Miss Arlene Corcoran, employed in O'Leary, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Corcoran, Piusville.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Corcoran, Mrs. Ambrose Corcoran and Miss Aletha Corcoran, spent Sunday afternoon visiting relatives in Burton, Lot 7.

A large crowd from surrounding districts attended the last dance of the season in Bloomfield Hall on Friday, November 26. Excellent music was supplied by Messrs. Leonard Barnett and Leo Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin McGregor, daughter, Mary Clement, sons Robert and Frankie, Burton, Lot 7, were visiting relatives in Piusville on Sunday.

Miss Anita Gallant, who spent sometime with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Gallant after taking nurses aid training in Montreal, left for Toronto on Friday morning where she expects to be employed in a hospital.

The annual Credit Union banquet was held at the Canadian Legion Home, Bloomfield Corner, on Tuesday night with a large attendance. The speakers during the evening were: Mr. Leo Corcoran of the Credit Union Department, Charlottetown, Rev. Father Rooney, Messrs. Gilbert Gaudet and Dorice Gallant.

A banquet was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Corcoran recently for the members of the Piusville Women's Institute and their partners. Later in the evening a couple of hours of what was enjoyed by all present. Ladies first prize was won by Mrs. George Gallant and Gents by Mr. George Gallant.

ENGINEER DEAD

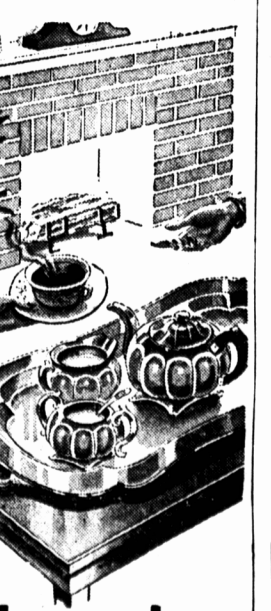
OTTAWA (CP) — Funeral services will be held here Monday for Thomas Stanley Mills, chief engineer of the engineering and construction service of the mines and resources department from 1936 until his retirement in 1949. He died Friday at the age of 65.

Julie MacKay

Lola Burrows, Halifax.
 Mr. and Mrs. George Belanger, Montreal.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Squarebriggs, Gladys McQuirk, Montreal.
 Gertrude Collier.
 Bertha Dennis.
 Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hughes.
 Neil and Mary MacDonald.
 Essie Diamond.
 Catherine Collins.
 Tony and Bill Smith, Toronto.
 Mae MacKinnon, Highfield.
 Mrs. Lottie Logan, Halifax.
 Mr. and Mrs. James Allen.
 Pearl and Ernie Trainor.
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marsh, Halifax.
 Elaine and Keith Myers.
 The Girls, Honey Dew, Montreal.
 Elmer and Alma Jenkins.
 Lloyd and Roy MacDonald.
 Gladie and Richard Ryan.
 Winnie and Arthur Peterson.
 Kay Anderson, Hamilton.
 The Lutz Family.

Card Of Thanks

The family of John A. MacKinnon wish to thank all the people who helped in any way during our sad bereavement; also those who sent Flowers, Letters and Messages of Sympathy.



Hospitality
 ... in a better cup of tea!



MORSE'S
 Selected ORANGE PEKOE TEA in BAGS

W. C. T. U. Notes

LESSON IV

"Do you like driving—I mean going for a drive yourself, Sir Al?" asked Joyce politely, feeling rather sorry for the little man who had told them of the trouble he could cause to drivers of automobiles.

"Who was the most interesting person you ever rode with, Al?" asked Jerry. "Some famous statesman, I suppose."

"M-mmm, well, I can't exactly say. I've ridden with a great many. Usually they do not remember that I am hidden away in the glass of the windshield or the varnish on the wood or the finish of the metal work or in the lubricating oil, but there I am all the time, and I learn many interesting and useful things from their conversation."

"Something like the invisible man in a fairy story," laughed Joyce. "I'd love to be invisible sometimes. It would be fun to hear what people were saying about me."

"Not so funny sometimes." Something like a blush actually tinged Sir Alcohol's little cheek. "I've heard some things that didn't make me at all proud or happy. And I've watched results of my work—in improper use, I might say—that made me hang my head in shame."

"If statesmen weren't the finest people you rode with who were they," asked Jerry. "Great scientists, maybe or inventors or something?"

"No. Great scientists and famous inventors seem to have little time for riding about the country in automobiles, I find. And I know a great deal about them and their ways, for most of them have to be me to give a hand in their experiments and their inventions and tests."

"When whom do you like best to ride with?" insisted Joyce.

"Well, somehow I seem to like young people best." He smiled.

"Young as us?" asked Jerry eagerly, if not grammatically.

"Well now, those I think of at the moment were a little older. There was Syl Apps of the Maple Leafs, the—"

"The hockey player," interrupted Jerry.

"I see him on the television broadcast! Do you really know him?" "Sure! Sure!" said the little man, trying not to look too important at having such an important friend.

"Last time he rode in one of my—of our—cars I could scarcely attend to my business of keeping things shiny and oiled and heated and cooled for watching and listening to him."

"Can't say that he did. Of course he's a clever chap and knows, when he has time to think about it, that I am to be found in all these places, but there's one place I've never been able to make my way, that is, between his lips. Strange to say, I'm rather glad about that."

"So am I," declared Jerry. "You've ruined Tom Burns as a player—at least someone of your family did—and everybody would hate to see

Syl Apps go the same way.

As we know as one of the world's best athletes and I find that he is too much concerned about his example to other people to let me get near him. I help some snows and keep the keys of his typewriter clean—for he does use a typewriter at times—and I even help him to rub the pain out of his players who get hurt on the ice, or a good bit of me goes into the making of iodine and arnica and liniments that all athletes use. Oh, yes, I help him outwardly a good bit, but I'm glad to say I haven't harmed him unwardly yet."

"How did you harm Tom What-ever-his-name-is?" asked Joyce.

"He harmed himself, I tell you. The little man was indignant. "What good did it do him to be the strongest runner on the field if he wasn't strong enough to say 'no' when he was asked to drink and couldn't run away when friends—"

"He thought they were friends—tried to coax him into places where beer and wine and whiskey were sold. Do you think I liked to hear everyone blaming me because the first few drinks that he took poisoned his nerves and slowed up his muscles so that the messages that his brain wanted to send through them to his hands and feet did not get there soon enough to be of much use in helping him to judge the right play to make and the proper distance to run?"

"And do you think it made me very happy," he went on, "to know that I was being blamed because he lost his temper once too often and hurt one of the players badly? I didn't want to confuse his brain so that he didn't know what he was saying or doing. And I did not want to weaken his heart muscles so that he will never be able to play again."

"Why how could you hurt his heart when it's away, inside his body?" Joyce was curious.

"Just because it is inside his body

and the most important part of it, the heart which is hollow and divided into two halves, which in turn divide into upper and lower rooms, as we might call them, is made of particularly strong muscle. This, like the other muscles, becomes deadened by alcohol and is unable to do its duty as the pump for the body, pumping blood through the blood vessels. When this happens again and again, the heart is weakened for good and can't be depended on for the athlete to help him run long distances and do the things for which strength is needed. Do you think all this makes me happy?"

"I should think not," declared Jerry.

"I should think not, too," the little man went on. "And while we are speaking of such things—and I don't like to speak about my failures like this—I may tell you that it wasn't my fault entirely that Randallson, the famous yachtsman, was drowned. I knew as well as anyone that he shouldn't have taken two drinks before he took his boat out that day. Racing boats are tricky things and one has to be sure not to put on too much sail or turn the rudder even a little too much. It takes a clear head to race a yacht. Even when he upset he might have saved himself, for he was a good swimmer, but he forgot, when he took those drinks, that muscles are like elastic, ready to stretch and come back quite easily when the brain orders them to do so. One of the things I do when I get into a person's nerves and muscles, it seems, is to take the stretch out of them. They get to be like an old rubber band that just won't stretch and come back, so are no use in helping one to swim or to reach out and grasp something when in danger of drowning." And Joyce was sure that a tear crept down Sir Alcohol's sad little face.

"I'm glad you were brave enough

to tell us," she whispered, patting his hand. "It will help Jerry and me to remember that we are outside friends, not inside friends, of yours. And we'll try not to blame you too much when people who ought to know better can't be strong enough to say 'no' or swift enough to run away from you."

(To be continued)

QUESTIONS

1. How can alcohol be used as a help to athletes, particularly when they are injured or over-tired? Value 10 marks.

2. Why do athletes avoid drinking alcohol? Value 10 marks.

GEORGETOWN, British Guiana (CP) — Two mild earth tremors were felt in Georgetown about 3 p. m. Saturday. No damage was believed caused. The first shock lasted about four seconds and the second, almost immediately afterward, about eight seconds and with greater vibration.

Bedeque Notes

—O.S.T.R., Arnold Ballum, Station Naval Base, Saint John, N. B., spent the week-end of November 20th, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ballum, Bedeque.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Ellis and daughter Muriel, Tyne Valley, were guests of Mr. Ellis' mother, Mrs. E. S. Weeks and Mr. Weeks on November 21st.

Mrs. Colin Craig arrived from Vancouver, B.C., on Sunday, November 20th, to spend the winter at Middleton with her sons, Mr. Wilfred Craig and Mr. Walter Craig. Her many friends were pleased to see her after having spent the summer in Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mosher, Halifax, N.S., have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Mosher's par-

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nts, Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, this village. They also were guests of Mr. Mosher's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mosher, Montague, before coming to Bedeque, on November 21st.

F/O J. M. Craig arrived by plane on Tuesday, November 23rd, from R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ontario, to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Louise Craig, R.N., which took place in the Bedeque United Church at noon, November 23rd. F/O. Craig is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Craig of Middleton. —BQ.

OSLO (CP) —

In a busy shipping season 345,000 tons of coal were taken by a fleet of colliers from the Norwegian mines in Spitzbergen. A solid mass of winter ice will soon shut off Norway's Arctic possession from the rest of the world.

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Within two seconds, each giant drive wheel of a locomotive running at high speed makes more than 11 complete revolutions!

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What's news at Inco*?

The hoist is almost human

Imagine a hole down into the solid rock like a well a third of a mile deep. Over it stands the headframe, a building 150 feet high. From the hoist with its 6,000 h.p. drive, cables reach up from the drums over pulleys in the top of the headframe. Attached to the cables, two huge steel bottom-dump buckets whizz up and down the shaft, one up, the other down.

Down in the mine, 15 tons of ore are tumbled into the empty bucket. At the top of the headframe, the full bucket is automatically tripped and its 15-ton load falls into a giant bin. In 8 seconds everything is ready to go. A finger touches a button and in about one minute the automatic hoist raises the load the third of a mile to the surface, and the empty bucket comes into position to receive the next load.

This is Canada's highest powered mine hoist. It is an example of the kind of equipment that has to be provided in order to raise over 13 million tons of ore to the surface each year.



*The Romance of Nickel, a 72-page book, fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

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