

WINNER

BROWN'S BISCUITS,
Moncton, N. B.,
are pleased to announce that
MRS. JAMES O'BRIEN,
28 King Square,
Charlottetown

was the winner of the 4 pound carton of fancy assorted biscuits in our weekly drawing, November 8th. Mrs. O'Brien will also be eligible in our Monthly drawing for the choice of Prizes.

ENFIELD, England—(CP)—Amateur movie-camera enthusiasts of this Middlesex town have a thoughtful plan for the winter. They will visit lonely shut-ins and provide them with free private showings.

CNR Remembrance Day Observance

MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 10—In line with other regions of the Canadian National system, a two minute period of silence will be observed by all officers and employees on the Atlantic region on Remembrance Day, commencing at 11.00 a. m. local time, with the proviso, however, that trains will not be stopped for the purpose according to instructions issued by W. E. Robinson regional vice president and general manager.

Employees who are members of veterans' organizations, and who desire to participate in organized Remembrance Day observances, will be allowed time off, if the railways services are not thereby inconvenienced.

MARSH BIRDS

Gallinules are certain marsh birds, approximately the size of a small duck.

Seasoned Timber

By Dorothy Canfield

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Continued

Bowen said, "This is no time to be mealy-mouthed, so Mr. Dewey'll have to let me say that he's at the end of his life, almost; you youngsters are at the beginning of yours. It's easy for him to suggest sacrifices for you to make that won't cost him anything. Why should you lose your chance for a decent living because somebody tells you that somebody on the other side of the globe isn't being treated right? You yourselves aren't being treated right here in Clifford, here in the Academy. Why not start with your own needs?" He described the poor equipment of the Academy necessary to make both ends meet. "You young people don't know at what a terribly unfair disadvantage your poor school puts you, when you go out and try to make your livings in competition with other boys and girls who have had a good schooling. What it means is that you don't have a fair chance. Now this piece of good luck will give you a fair chance. Don't let yourselves be stamped into throwing it away."

He sat down. Timothy set the example of applause. Timothy got to his feet and gave Peter Dryden his chance to speak, but from the back of the hall somebody said, "Hold on there a minute, Professor Hulme, how about letting an Academy grad have his say about this?"

Canby Hunter stood up and walked down the aisle to the front. "I got something to tell you," he said. "I got lots to tell you." He said that he, like Mr. Bowen, had had the idea that it would be a grand idea to slick up the old school into something streamlined and smooth, and he had figured out how to do it without any request. Little by little—by jacking up the tuition and writing some good publicity and getting hold of students whose folks had money.

"And Professor Hulme turned me down, cold. Do you know why? I'll tell you why—because he's had his eye on what actually happens on real reality. Mr. Bowen would call it, he's just seen that every time that's happened to one of the old New England seminaries or academies, it's changed it into a school that took more money to go to than most of us here in Clifford have got or ever will have. If you had a bunch of students at one thousand per—any wanted to keep them—you can bet their parents would be the pipers to call the Academy tune. Now let me tell you something else I bet you never thought of. Professor Hulme could have gone—forty times over, and you'd better believe it—to better jobs with bigger salaries. But he didn't. He stayed on here, working like a one-armed paperhanger—what for? So the old school could be kept open to us."

During the next two months, when it was apparent to Timothy that they were leading as forlorn a hope as even Canby had predicted and that he would fail

in this as he failed with Susan, he tried occasionally to give a practical thought to what would be beyond that failure for him and his old dependent. Without Aunt Lavinia he could possibly, probably—certainly in fact—find another teaching position. But it would not be without Aunt Lavinia. And it would be with an Aunt Lavinia constantly more difficult to explain to normal people.

Susan helped type and address envelopes for a while and went around to talk to members of her class now living in Clifford. But as soon as her school closed, she was sent for by some Cadoret cousins on the other side of the state whom she had promised to visit, and after that Canby's time was too much taken up with driving over the mountain and back to allow him to give more than casual help to Timothy's lost cause. Both sides adopted every campaign device the other side invented as soon as it was put into use, and invented new ones of their own. The Bowen-Randall-Gardner workers, like those under Timothy's direction, also went up and down the streets and back roads and highways—into offices and farms and factories and homes, paying campaign calls on voters. They too issued mimeographed bulletins and circulated them in Clifford and among the out-of-town alumni, the cost covered by a subscription taken up among the business men of town. Those bulletins were not so well written as the ones arranged by Timothy with Mr. Dewey to help him strike the accurate middle of the Clifford note. They did not need to be; the wine they offered needed no bush. Prizes for Clifford! Rich city families moving into town! Money in the banks! A market for anything the farms could produce! Better movies! Jobs, jobs! jobs! And as for the Academy, the picture of its future drawn by Bowen was like the Promised Land—now he wrote of fine buildings, now of the wealthy clientele, now of the future alumni who would be gold mines for gifts and bequests, now of what those gifts would bring—a fine auditorium, a theater, great playing fields, dormitories—and then a bulletin appeared devoted entirely to explaining that all these marvelous opportunities were to be free, absolutely free to our own people, even more so than now, because of the provision for scholarships for needy youth made in the will of the Academy's great benefactor.

Timothy laughed aloud that first day after Miss Peck's monument went up. He watched the passers-by stop to read the lines:

This is the town of Clifford
founded in 1787
by
brave men who, called to
fight against
York State invaders
risked their lives for
human rights threatened
by a legal quibble
(So far so good. The head of the reader nodded yes in devout agreement.)

Their descendants faithfully carried forward the tradition of freedom
human dignity and equal opportunity for all
handed down to them by those hardy forefathers through one hundred and sixty years of rigorous, honest living, and in 1938
when offered a million dollars to betray this tradition they voted on August 16
anniversary of the Battle of Bennington
by a majority of—
to—this bribe.
Et majores vestros et postereros cogitate.
Think of your forefathers!
Think of your posterity!
(John Quincy Adams, Speech at Plymouth, December 22, 1802).
To be continued

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 10

"Work," said Sammy Jay. "Thrill means work and you don't like work."

"I can work," said Peter. "I have cut a lot of paths through the dear Old Briar-patch, and let me tell you, Sammy Jay, that was work."

"But you didn't cut them all at one time. You cut them the lazy way, a little at a time," retorted Sammy. He spread his wings and flew away. He was still chuckling.

"I'll show him!" muttered Peter, and straightway began to think how he could be thrifty.

After awhile Peter hopped over to some clover that was growing quite tall. He cut a few pieces of the tallest. He carried them over to the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch and put them under a bush. Then he sat down to rest. He rested so long that he forgot what he had started to do. When he finally remembered, he hopped over and brought it back. Then he sat down and rested again. "I guess I've done enough for today," said Peter to himself.

It was two days later that Peter remembered that he was trying to be thrifty. He hurried over to the patch of clover and carried another mouthful to add to that which he had cut two days before. Then something else caught Peter's attention, and that was all the clover he cut that day. The next

Parkdale W.I. Annual Meeting

The members of Parkdale Women's Institute met in their hall for their annual meeting.

After the opening and the reading of the minutes, the president, Mrs. Frank Ross, gave her address. She reviewed briefly the activities of the past year, commending the members on their outstanding accomplishments during the year. She thanked one and all for their whole-hearted support and co-operation, and reminded them again of the high ideals, aims, and past achievements of Women's Institutes around the world.

She then called upon the treasurer, Mrs. Henry Douglas, who presented the financial report of the year. Almost unbelievably, the women learned that a total of \$3,710 had been earned during the year, of which \$2,657.81 had been expended in Institute and community work, the greatest amount being spent on the servicing and upkeep of their hall, which is used freely by all the community organizations in their work among both children and adults of the whole district.

The various committees reported, followed by capable presented reports by Mrs. Ernest MacKay, convener advertising committee; Mrs. Dollar, convener of candy committee, and Miss Auld, ticket sales, of the most successful concert recently staged, directed by Mr. Barry Bugden.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Parkdale Men's Association for having the hall painted. Following this, forthcoming dinners and catering projects were discussed, also the report that a new propane gas range had been bought, was accepted by the members.

The nominating committee, under Mrs. V. M. Hudson, brought in the following slate of officers, whom she installed into office: president, Mrs. Ernest MacKay; 1st vice-president, Mrs. John R. MacEachern; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Leo MacIsaac; 3rd vice-president, Mrs. Arthur Seaman, secretary, Mrs. Harry Hennessey; directors—Mrs. Burns, Miss Auld, Mrs. Prizzell, Mrs. Fred Gallant, Mrs. Elmore MacKay, Mrs. H. MacInnis, Mrs. MacEskill, auditors, Mrs. Horace MacEwen, Mrs. H. Clay; convener of hall committee, Mrs. Ovid Dollar.

After the new president had taken the chair, a rummage sale was discussed with Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. MacPadyen being appointed conveners. Mrs. Edwin Cook was asked to place the wreath at the cenotaph on Remembrance Day. Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Ross were appointed to plan the luncheon to be served at the Leadership Training Course.

After appointing sick, school,

day it rained. It was a week before Peter thought about that clover. When he went to look at it, he found it spoiled. It was all moldy. "What's the use of working for nothing?" thought Peter. "I don't see anything in this thrift."

How Sammy Jay would have chuckled if he had heard that.

I.O.D.E. Aids Women Of Greece

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire has shipped 18 cases of clothing and comforts valued at \$5,000.00 to Eptachori, Port of Piraeus, Greece, through the British Save the Children Fund.

These cases contained infants and children's new clothing, diapers, nursery bags, afghans, quilts, socks and new and used clothing for adults.

The women in this mountainous and isolated village of Eptachori, Northern Greece, are building a nursery and clinic, stone by stone, with their own hands, while the men are trying to start their corps again after the ravages of war. Some of these women have regained their children from amongst the thousands that were abducted by communists. Mrs. J. M. Millar, British Save the Children representative in Greece, writes, "The poverty is something we cannot imagine in our Western World".

The Earl of Hillsborough, Royal Edward and Lucy Maude Montgomery, I.O.D.E. Chapters of Charlottetown, forwarded in September a large consignment of infants and children's clothing to the new Eptachori nursery.

OLDER PEAKS

The Selkirk and Gold Mountain Ranges, west of the Rockies, are older but not as high as the Rocky Mountains.

cards and lunch committees for next month, the president adjourned the meeting.

Remembrance Day

November 11

1952



Waging war to crush the oppressors' power, our noble, and unselfish sons gave up their lives for us and Freedom's cause.

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REMEMBRANCE DAY

1914 - 1918 1939 - 1945

As the flags dip in tribute to those who died, and the bugle blows its mournful "Last Post", we pause to honor once again the brave sacrifice of those who fought so gallantly to preserve the freedom we hold dear. Let us honor them in the only way they would understand... by practising the democracy they fought to maintain.

HORNE MOTORS

Fitzroy Street

Charlottetown

Remembrance Day

November 11

1952



Inscribed On Honor Rolls Throughout the Nation

are the names of men and women who for their native Canada laid down their lives in the cause of Freedom—

Let Us Pause a Moment in Remembrance of Their Sacrifice

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

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Stimulating and delicious!