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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Major Hoople



Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

There is no greater delusion than that we can do "so and so" because others do it with impunity. Why can't we all take on a load of brandy, or smoke big black cigars, or go through the menu as Sir Winston Churchill does? Ay, there's the rub! Still we can't. And like a raging tiger, the best thing is to let it alone. But we won't — that's why most of us are out of health a good part of the time. I remember, in days of yore, trying again and again to go through my supper parties in good form. It always ended the same way. After trying to keep up with the Joneses I got only a distressed feeling under my belt and a headache the next day. There was my friend MacLeod, who could eat or drink anything placed in front of him and turn up smiling for work the next day.

Of course, he was a Scotchman, and they are all like that, so I have been told time and again. But most of us are different and yet we are always trying these silly experiments. Others are smoking, so we smoke and get dizzy. Some folk sit up most of the night, like Thomas Edison used to do, or travel by night, or bathe in all weather with impunity. If our constitution kicks over the traces we still carry on for years, perhaps tempting head, stomach and providence. Until, of course, at last we go down for the count.

I have a friend who can never resist plum pudding or mince pie though they always upset his stomach. You, too, no doubt know people who become quite ill after eating certain kinds of food and who still go on eating them regardless of nurse's warnings. And probably there is not one of us who cannot say, once or oftener a week, "I come by dishes and drinks that, by experience, I know to be bad for me, and which, by experience, I know I shall eat and drink whenever they are set before me."

Perhaps you have heard — as I have heard — men remark: "I would much rather rust out than wear out." I can only say this: "Then go ahead and rust out. But the time will come when such talk is only talk. Age, health, climatic conditions, all begin to gang up against you, and you go out once too often without your rubbers; that last bottle of whiskey does it; that last over-fatigue sets up the inflammation; that last cigarette, or cigar, or pipe finishes or makes it impossible for you to finish your digestion — at a time when you could afford to risk nothing.

Middle-aged persons are extremely proud of their powers. They will pretend they are just as good physically as they were 20 years earlier and to prove it will go out of their way to put on a young act, and play ball or hockey once too often. Just to show us how it was done when they were young fellows. So an old codger will drink against a young whippersnapper, and outsmoke him, and even attempt to outskate him. How we admire his spunk!

But wisdom is, after all, in knowing where to draw the line, and in having the courage to say, "that's it. Once I could do so and so but I am no longer young." Yet strange but true, this is about the last thing any of us cares to admit. The simple lessons are often the hardest to learn, and some of us never do learn them.

I know from experience that heavy meals destroy brain work, and heavy suppers keep one awake when one ought to be sleeping. And far too many men are dying in the prime of life because they indulge too freely in the pranks of youth. To sum it up, I believe the question of health generally is, not, "What can safely be done?" but "who can safely do it?"

"When I die, my dog will die too," M. T. Fay, 76, of Ashland, Nebraska, often told his friends. Both Fay and his inseparable companion were killed when hit by a car as they walked down the road.

Newspaper headlines: Novelist says that fiction is responsible for many marriages. No doubt, and particularly the fiction that says two can live as cheaply as one.

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Connelly-Greenan Wedding

On Saturday February 27 at 10 a. m. in St. Michaels Cathedral, Toronto, Ont., a pretty quiet wedding was solemnized. Father M. F. Morgan officiating and the St. Michael's Boy's Choir rendering the music, when Mildred Imelda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenan of Kinkora, P.E.I. was united in marriage to Francis Edmund Connelly, son of Mrs. Connelly and the late J. E. Connelly of Alma, Ont.

The bride, given in marriage by her brother, Maurice Greenan, chose a gown of white satin with lace inserts and a finger tip veil and carried a mother-of-pearl prayer book with white satin ribbon and Carnations.

The bride was attended by her two sisters, Miss Eunice Greenan as maid of honor and Mrs. Gus Connelly as bridesmaid, wearing gowns of mauve net and nile green net respectively with matching head dresses and elbow-length gloves, and carried bouquets of "mums."

Barbara Connelly acted as flower girl wearing a floor-length gown of white net over taffeta with a mauve head-dress and sash and carrying a nosegay of spring flowers.

John Connelly acted as groomsmen for his brother while another brother, Gus Connelly and Gerald Greenan, cousin of the bride, were ushers.

A reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Carr after which the happy couple left for a short trip to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

The bride traveled in a pink corduroy velvet dress with hat and accessories to match.

On their return they took up residence at Alma, Ont. Out-of-town guests included Mrs. S. Johnston, sister of the bride, and Mrs. P. Morris of Kinkora, P. E. E. also friends from Alma, Ont.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. FENWICK LEFURGEY

There passed peacefully away on the evening of March 17th, Mrs. Fenwick Lefurgey in her 91st year, formerly Miss Susan Hall, Summerside, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Cotton. She had been a resident of North Bedouque for almost 50 years, coming to Clinton on the death of her husband.

Funeral services were held from her home, being conducted by her pastor, Rev. Harvey Bishop of the Church of Scotland, assisted by her grandson Rev. David Barwise, Boiestown, N. B.

Left to mourn are: Jennie, Mrs. C. R. Barwise, Charlottetown; Mamie, Mrs. T. B. Gillespie, Carleton Place; Harold, North Bedouque; Elma, Mrs. Elmer Cotton, Clinton. A son, Dr. Alexander, predeceased her; 18 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren.

Pall-bearers were Messrs. George MacKay, Willard Riley, Glen Dunning, Fred Warren, Wilfred Pickering and Justin Woodside.

Interment was in Central Bedouque Baptist Cemetery.

TOP METEOROLOGIST DIES

LONDON, (AP)—Sir Nelson King Johnson, 62, former president of the World Meteorological Organization, died Tuesday. Sir Nelson was director of the British Meteorological Office from 1938 until last year.

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