

Protestant Orphanage Collections

Specials Brotherhood Maintenance of Way Employees \$10.00 Gaspereaux Women's Institute 5.00

North Tryon District Collected by Mrs. Heath Chisholm and Donald Lord

North Tryon W. I. \$3.00 \$1.00 each: Sheldon Dixon, Mildred Dawson, William Pooley, Mrs. Heath Chisholm, Mary MacKenzie, Frank Dawson, Arthur Dawson, Mrs. Reagh Wood, Mrs. Max LeTurkey, Ernest Inman, Eric Craig, Sterling Lord, Otto Johnson, Sydney Dawson.

50c each: Frank Kahout, Reg Thomas. 50c each: Mrs. Frank Dixon, Clayton Thomas, Mrs. Elizabeth Long, James Chisholm, Edward Sharkey, Mrs. Charles Roberts, Mrs. Ollie Samuel, Mrs. Bertie Thomson, Mrs. Rex Dawson, Blaine Dawson, Mrs. Archie Thomson, Mrs. Lloyd Howatt, Mrs. Russell Thomson, Fred Laird, Albert Calbeck, Reginald Dixon, Vance Dixon, Percy Delaney.

40c each: Wendell Howatt, Mrs. Arthur Thomson. 25c each: Mrs. Wellington Thomas, Marshall Thomas, George Mart, Norman Wood. Total—\$29.30.

Collected by Mrs. Frank Clark \$1.00 each: Mrs. Allera Howatt, Mrs. W. A. Jones, Mrs. Spurgeon Clark, George Pratt, Mrs. Albert Mabey, Mrs. Austin Toombs, Mrs. George Canfield, Mrs. Charlie Nelder, Mrs. F. A. Blanchard, Howard Calbeck, Mrs. Flora Clark, Walter H. Bell.

\$1.25: Florrie Mabey. 75c each: Mrs. Claude Vessey, Millie Gamble, Mrs. Ange Sorenson.

50c each: Mrs. Maud Bell, Mrs. Louise Carr, Mrs. Sheldon Howatt, Mrs. Heath Howatt, Keith Thomas, Mrs. Agnes Francis, Mrs. Ray Dawson, Mrs. Christie Davison, Dorothy Taylor, Mrs. Russell Carr, Mrs. Earl Mabey, Mrs. Arthur Halliwell, Mrs. Maurice Howatt, Mrs. Harrison Leard, Mrs. Russell Cairns. 30c: Mrs. Charlie Dawson. 25c each: Mrs. Robert Crawford, Mrs. Leaman Calbeck. Total—\$23.80.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of William C. Enman who died January 7th, 1942.

Just a tribute of love and affection, To a Father, one of the best. The joys that he missed on life's pathway, May he find in God's Garden of rest.

Lovingly Remembered by Wife and Daughters Ethel and Lillian.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear Mother, Mrs. Robert Roberts, Winsloe, who passed away Jan. 7, 1951.

Asleep in Jesus' blessed sleep From which one never wakes to weep. Lovingly remembered by her daughter, Sadie.

Augustine Cove Collected by Joan Cutcliffe and Doris Carruthers

\$1.00 each: Mrs. Kenneth Dawson, Mrs. Eldon Dawson, Mrs. Veronal Webster, Mrs. Harry MacFarlane, Mrs. Eric Robinson, Mrs. Brent Clark, Mrs. Lorne Carruthers, Mrs. Edward MacFadyen, Mrs. H. K. Howatt, Mrs. W. A. Wright, 75c: Mrs. Wendell MacFadyen, 50c: Mrs. Lester MacWilliams, 50c each: Mrs. Elmer Dawson, Mrs. Bruce Campbell, John MacWilliams, Mrs. Harry Webster, Mrs. Leaman MacWilliams, Mrs. Donald MacDonald, Mrs. Bryce Clark, Mrs. D. A. MacFadyen, Mrs. Roy Cutcliffe, Mrs. Fred Leard, Mrs. Ray Boulter, 35c each: Mrs. Lloyd Inman, Mrs. Life Clark, Mrs. Frank Des Roches. 75c: Mrs. John Greigg, 25c each: Mrs. Wilfred Peters, Reta Cameron, Mrs. Joe Wadman, Mrs. Myrtle Peters, Art Newson, Kent McNeill. Total—\$19.65.

Mount Tryon Collected by Mrs. Harry Quigley

\$1.00 each: Mrs. Theo Curtis, Wilber Waddell, Louis MacDonald, Mrs. Milton Martin, Mrs. Alfred Wood, Mrs. Walter Wood, Mrs. Alex Wood, William Hatley, Harry Quigley, Mrs. Newton Mayhew, 50c each: Mrs. Albert Martin, Mrs. Alfred Cairns, Hillis Cairns, 25c each: Mrs. Garnet Treanor, Mrs. Alfred Foy. Total—\$12.09.

Tryon West Collected by Mrs. Asher Howatt

Bowley Leard \$3.00 Minnie Leard 3.00 \$1.00 each: Mrs. Everett Howatt, Mrs. Asher Howatt. 50c each: Mrs. Will Silliker, Mrs. Morley Mullins, Mrs. Blanned Leard, Mrs. Clinton Leard, 25c each: Mrs. Fred Grossman, Mrs. Vernon Lord, Mrs. Gerald Best. Total—\$10.75.

Collected by Olga Carr and Helen Bacon

\$1.00 each: Walter Paynter, C. H. Wright, Maynard Foy, Clifford Foy, Austin Smith, Mrs. Rich Lord, Mice Nicholson, Rev. R. L. Bacon, Deindeast Calbeck. 50c each: Charlie Pooley, Lloyd Sturdy. Total—\$10.00.

Collected by Burdena Robblee

\$2.00 each: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robblee, Mr. and Mrs. George Robblee. \$1.00 each: Mrs. Kenneth Robblee, Mrs. Leith Sturdy, Mrs. Parker Francis, Mrs. Lewis Francis. 50c each: Mr. Chester Wilson, Mrs. Arthur Craig, 35c: Mrs. Percy Howatt. Total—\$32.35.

Grand Total Tryon District—\$114.85.

South Granville District Collected by Miss Mae Buchanan

\$1.00 each: Mrs. Hugh Corbett, Annabel Keir, John H. MacLeod, John Falconer. 50c each: Wellington MacInnis, Sterling Corbett, Lloyd MacLeod. Total—\$5.50.

COMPLETE VISUAL REFRACTION and ANALYSIS

G. F. HUTCHESON & SON Optometrists 53 Grafton St.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

JIMMY'S TAXI—Phone 525.

MRS. JOHNSTON'S Ladies' Wear Special values.

HOLDER of ticket number 10943 phone 1802, Maple Leaf Taxi.

HOWARD MacINNIS FOOTWEAR at 173 Queen Street.

CRASWELL for Better Photographs.

SUITS CLEARING 33 1/3 OFF at The Fashion Shoppe.

HOME CRAFT will reopen Thursday, Jan 10 at 1 o'clock.

RANGE AND OIL BURNERS serviced by Vickerson Engineering Co. Telephone 2480.

MADE TO MEASURE suits for men with extra pants free at Jack Cameron's.

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ANNUAL MEETING Ladies' Aid Prince Edward Island Hospital, Cundall Home, Monday afternoon, Jan. 7, 3 p.m.

SCHEDULED FLIGHTS daily to Summerside and Moncton Phone Maritime Central Airways Limited, 2061 or 540.

"FAMILY ALBUM", P. W. C. Auditorium, Tuesday, Jan. 15th, 8 p.m.

WEEK OF PRAYER SERVICE tonight at 8 o'clock in Central Christian Church with sermon by Captain Titcombe.

A CHANGE is as good as a rest. See and hear the Central Royalty Glee Club, Tuesday Jan. 15th, 8 p.m.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. will be held at 3.15 on Tuesday, January 8th, at the Y.

CAVENDISH UNITED CHURCH Annual Business Meeting, Tuesday, January 8th, at 2 P. M. If stormy the date following.

LUCKY WINNER—Mrs. W. A. Davey, 98 1-2 Upper Hillsboro St., was one of the lucky winners in the Maple Leaf Taxi drawing Jan 4th. The lucky number was 10784.

CITY POLICE COURT—A man was sentenced to 20 days, and a woman to five days in jail, when both appeared on drunk and incapable charges before the Stipendiary Magistrate on Saturday.

REMANDED—A resident of Charlottetown charged with possession of stolen goods was further remanded for one week, in the only case to appear before Magistrate Gilbert A. Gaudet in the Queen's County Magistrate's Court on Saturday.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT—Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Abbott, South Granville, wish to announce the engagement of their only daughter, Margaret Lois to Louis Emmerson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Parsons, Winsloe. Marriage to take place in the near future.

CLEANING SNOW—Saturday night's snowfall is not expected to impede motor traffic to any extent today as workmen of the City Street Department were systematically removing the snow from the main business sections by closing off areas one block at a time. As the snow was plowed into piles a loader was busy picking it up and putting it into trucks for dumping elsewhere.

FUNERAL YESTERDAY—The funeral of the late James Shaw was held yesterday afternoon with a short service at the Cutcliffe Funeral Home, followed by service in Winsloe North United Church. The services were conducted by the Rev. J. R. Skinner, assisted by the Rev. P. Wilson. Pallbearers were: Cleve Robinson, Leonard Cadmore, Wilbur Younker, Albert Cadmore, Charlie Gregory, Everett Shaw. Interment was in the church cemetery.

FUNERAL AT MT. STEWART—The funeral of the late Mrs. Thomas Smith, Mt. Stewart, was held Saturday afternoon with a short service at her late residence followed by service in Mt. Stewart United Church. The services were conducted by the Rev. H. E. D. Ashford, assisted by V. W. Thurbon. Pallbearers were: Harry MacKay, Ernest Affleck, Wendell Glover, D. J. MacDonald, Joseph MacKay, Earl Jay. Interment was in Mt. Stewart Cemetery.

Personals

Master Harvey and Miss Adelaide Inman spent their Christmas holidays in the city with their mother, Mrs. George Inman and sister, Mrs. Robert MacDonald.

Messrs. Eugene and James McGuigan and Gerald Murphy, of Iona, and James McMullan, Eldon, left recently for Nova Scotia by way of M.C.A.

Mr. Ian M. MacLeod, who has been spending his holidays with his parents at 332 Euston Street, left Saturday morning for Halifax, to continue his studies at Dalhousie University.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Buchanan left to return to their home in Alliston, Mass., after spending Christmas and New Year's holidays at Mrs. Buchanan's old home at Bredalbane, Dixon Road.

By What Are We Mastered?

Rev. T. H. B. Somers, M. A., S. T. M.

Preaching in St. James Church yesterday morning, Rev. Mr. Somers said: Long ago a wise man said, "The true beginning of wisdom is the desire of discipline." Is not that fairly startling in its contrast with much of our contemporary thinking?—the true beginning of wisdom is desire of discipline.

Note at once that this ancient seer does not say that the true beginning of wisdom is the imposition of discipline. The beginning of wisdom is desire for discipline, and the love of it, the conscious and voluntary choice of it, the discovery that discipline is the high road to everything that makes life worth living.

Tune in to the Saturday afternoon broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera from New York and listen to some voice that has captivated the music lovers of our day. How does such a voice happen? Well, the fact of the matter is that it does not just happen. Granted the physical endowment necessary to produce them, those final, magical results come from discipline consciously chosen, ardently desired, patiently persisted in.

About a hundred years ago John Augustus Roebing conceived the idea that bridges could be held up by cowbells of steel. It took him many a year to work out the technique and many more to persuade others that with that technique he could construct a bridge from Brooklyn to Manhattan Island. He died before he could build it and his son took up the task. He, in turn, injured his health working in the caissons beneath the East River, so that when the Brooklyn Bridge was finished Roebing sat, a helpless paralytic, at a window on Brooklyn Heights and with field glasses watched the triumph of his handiwork. Now his successors build bridges with a technique that has required three generations of disciplined endeavour to perfect.

We hear on every side today that we are an undisciplined generation. That is not true. In every realm we are garnering the fruits of disciplined research and toil the like of which the wildest dreams of old magicians never conceived. We are not an undisciplined generation in any realm save one: morals. In art, in science, in literature, in athletics, in practical endeavour, we know the word of discipline. But in morals! Let yourself go, have your fling, unleash your worst instincts, throw off restraint—this denial of discipline has characterized how much of our moral life. We really think that we can split life in two like that. It is not true also of the inner man that the beginning of wisdom is desire for discipline?

Everything To Be Paid For Let us get at this in the first place by noting the simple fact that something has always to be sacrificed for everything we get or enjoy. Everything we want in life is for sale; we have to pay for it. Day by day we go up to the counter of life and ring something on it, saying, I will give this for that. Sacrifice, therefore, is not simply making it out to be, an ideal to which people have to be exhorted. Sacrifice is an inescapable necessity. We are sacrificing constantly whether we wish to or not. Whenever we want anything, no matter what it is, we have to give up something else to get it.

From one of our Lord's sayings our modern mind instinctively shrinks back: "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." How we dislike that! Have done with narrowness, we say; we prefer breadth. We will not go through your small gate and down your narrow way; we claim freedom. Nevertheless, there are few things more certain than that to bear the test of time. No person ever yet found life in any realm by ways loose and to go through a narrow gate, and always down a straight way of discipline.

Listen to Iturbi play the piano and think this thing through. Or watch a skilled surgeon at his task, or consider a scientist with his formulae. Are not such experiences life at its best? Indeed they are, the liberated life of creative achievement, altogether the most satisfying sort of living that man knows. But narrow is the gate and straight is the way that leads to such life, and few there are that find it.

A Neglected Emphasis Now, when this law of sacrifice is carried over into the moral realm, it is commonly presented in an utterly one-sided form; namely, that if you want the good life you must give up pleasure. How familiar that is! On the one side is the good life we ought to live, and on the other the pleasurable life we would like to live; or, as the Freudians what we instinctively are, and on the other what the social customs and conventions would compel us to try to be. So goodness is made to bear the entire burden of sacrifice. It grows dull and cramped, demanding, uninviting. If you choose to live the good life, this philosophy says, you will have to pay dearly for it.

The upshot of this one-sided way of presenting the matter is that when we think of sacrifice we habitually think of those who give up pleasure for goodness! We say that Christ made the supreme sacrifice on Calvary. Very well, but think of the sacrifice that Jesus made. Think of what he had the chance to do. Think of the companionship in which he walked and of the place he might have occupied. Think of what he threw away. Think of what he got for it.

This is a neglected emphasis in all our thought of sacrifice. We commonly speak as though we could choose whether we would sacrifice or not, but, of course, we cannot. We perform must sacrifice, always paying one thing to get something else.

Here is a sentence from a letter written to me two weeks ago. It was written by a youth who, disclaiming discipline and casting restraint and self-control from him, had had his fling. "A thousand, thousand times," he writes, "I have paid in full for those few hours." That is costly, sacrificial living. Men and women, if some of us should take this earnestly to ourselves, it would come close to our daily manner of living. We cannot have love, homes and the loose lives. We cannot have the satisfactions of friendship and the indulgence of bad temper and selfishness. We cannot have the predictable character that our friends depend on and trust, along with crooked practices, and if we will not give up crookedness for trustworthiness, then we will give up trustworthiness for crookedness.

Let us be sure of this: however far we plunge before our rope goes taut, however wild and lax our lives may become, however much we think we are getting away with it, sooner or later, we will run headlong into this unalterable, inescapable fact: something always has to be paid for everything we get or enjoy. All fine art, the conscious and deliberate choice of spiritual beauty to be created, and then, going down that straight way to get it—the beginning of wisdom, the desire for discipline!

An Unmastered Life Impossible In the second place, turn to another side of this matter and see whether it seems as true from that angle: Let us face the fact that you and I cannot live an unmastered life. This morning we say not that it is wrong to live an unmastered life but people it is impossible. We see people driven like slaves through unsparring years of labour to achieve their dreams of mastery or power. We see people mastered by habit—drink, dope, temper, lust—in tyranny they cannot disobey, unable to call their souls their own. We see people mastered by their own moods, driven to and fro like rudderless boats amid shifting waters, now blown here by this temper, now blown there by that.

We see people mastered by fears, afraid of themselves, afraid of life, afraid of death, afraid of yesterday, afraid of tomorrow. We see people mastered by their finer loves, devoted to their homes and little ones, but their own any more, not wanting to be their own any more, swayed by a love that has become their life. We see people mastered by the joy and pride of fine workmanship, captured by the vision of some beauty to be created, their keenest conscience that their lack of skill should mar their craftsmanship. We see people mastered by Christ, the love of Christ constraining them, as St. Paul said, so that they walk through this world as though they were keeping step with music heard from far above it. All these we see and many more; but not one unmastered life, mark you, not one!

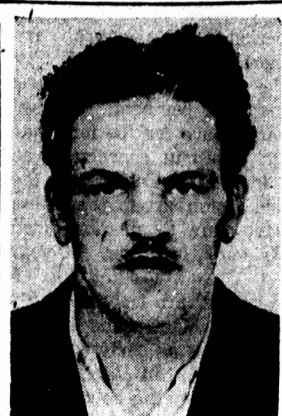
In a congregation like this, with all our varied temperaments and different situations, how difficult it is to say anything common to us all! But this thing is common: every year we live some mastery extends its sway over our life. It may be low, it may be high; it may be gross, it may be beautiful; it may be the tyranny of vile temper, it may break into song, but, one way or another, every year we live, some sovereignty extends its dominion over our lives. An unmastered life is an impossibility.

What Is Freedom? If now, someone says that this means that freedom is impossible, I answer. On the contrary, it means that multitudes of people have not found out what freedom is. Freedom is not living an unmastered life—that is not possible. Freedom is being mastered by something worth being mastered by.

Our most liberated and worthwhile hours are associated with the experience of being mastered. We saw some scene in nature that captured us with its grandeur or its charm until we sat before it quiet and absorbed; or we fell beneath the spell of music until like the apostle we hardly knew whether we were in the body or out of it; or some commanding book swayed us with its mighty truth, or we fell in love, carried out of ourselves by our identification of ourselves with some one else, until we could say, "What I do and what I dream include thee, as the wine must taste of its own grapes"; or we found our work to which we gave ourselves with might and main and thanked God for the tasks that dignified our days; or we grasped to our souls with hooks of steel some worthy cause to live for and the way of our friend God in Christ, the Unseen Friend, the invisible Companion of our days, faith in Whom unifies our world and loyalty to Whom unifies our life.

An unmastered life is not only impossible; it is undesirable. If only we might come under the highest mastery and find the desire for discipline the beginning of wisdom!

Whichever way we look at this, whether we come at it from the fact that everything always costs something, or the fact that the only way we escape from little tyrannies is by coming under great masterings, no man can evade this truth. In every other realm you hear the same lesson we have been preaching here. If you wish to be a skilled hockey player or an efficient teacher or



Before the new year was an hour and a half old, Toronto witnessed its first murder of 1952. Frederick McKenzie Morton, 27, has been charged with brutal murder of his attractive blonde common-law wife, Vonnie Simser. The 31-year-old lawyer's secretary was found kicked to death in a downtown rooming-house. Neighbors told police the pair who had been drinking, became involved in a heated argument.

lawyer or singer, the beginning of wisdom is desire for discipline. And if back behind these spectacles as living, you come to life itself and want it to be rich, radiant and worthwhile, the law is still the same. Quit this moral looseness and laziness. The undisciplined life is the insane life. Pull yourself together around high ideals of clean, serviceable, and effective living under the highest mastery. If some one says that this is easier to talk about on Sunday than it is to achieve on Monday amid all the antagonistic economic and social environments that attack so viciously our highest ideals, I commend to you at least this much good sense: make all the excuses you will for anybody else on the basis of hostile environments, but never excuse yourself. The economic and social environments always have been hostile to the finest living. They are now. They will be throughout this year and for many a year to come. Though we improve them, as God grant we may, a man cannot wait for integrity of character until he is lifted to it on flowery beds of ease. In the midst of these hostile environments where I think sometimes we are striking about the lowest levels of public morality that we have reached in many a decade, now when character is needed, commit yourself to the highest mastery. That means the end of casual meandering—the end of taking the line of least resistance. That means the choice of the highest—the love of Christ constraining us—a desire for discipline—determined, decisive and demanding. Amen.

LANDMARK GOES

FINCHER CREEK, Alta.—(CP)—A landmark in this Southern Alberta town since 1889, the Arlington Hotel has been torn down. The hotel, built of hand-made bricks made on a district farm, was known for many years simply as "the brick hotel."

AFRICAN SAMSON

HARRISMITH, South Africa.—(CP)—In trying to escape from police station cell here Scape Radobe, a big African, tore a sheet of iron roofing in two. When he could not get out through the opening he bent some iron window bars to an angle of 45 degrees.

PIONEER COLONISTS

The first Selkirk settlers in Canada landed on Prince Edward Island in 1803, eight years before the Selkirk settlement in Manitoba.

CUT COTTONSEED EXPORTS

RIO DE JANEIRO.—(CP)—Exports of cottonseed cake from Northeastern Brazil is discouraged by the Bank of Brazil for the time being because of shortage of animal fodders in the area. Exceptions, however, may be made from time to time.

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New Glasgow and Vicinity

Friends of Mr. Cecil Laird will be sorry to learn of his illness.

Mr. C. B. Orr in company, with Mr. Wm. Andrew, motored to the City recently on business.

Mr. Cecil Laird had the misfortune to lose one of his horses last week.

Many will be sorry to learn that Mrs. W. J. McLeod is again confined to her bed.

Mrs. Bruce Moffatt spent New Year's Day with Mr. and Mrs. Davis Moffatt and family.

Mrs. Doris Moffatt, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Shirley, were passengers to the Capital on Dec. 28th.

Miss Marguerite Houshis attended the Red Cross Refreshment Course last week. While in the City she was the guest of Miss Agnes Williams.

Mrs. Stirling Stewart was on professional duties at the home of Mr. Louis Toombs. Friends are happy to learn that Mr. Toombs is steadily improving.

Mrs. Blair Andrews was a recent visitor to the Capital. While there she was the guest of Mrs. O. C. LePage.

A number of young men have gone to the Eastern part of the Island where they are employed in cutting pulp wood, among them were Messrs. Frank Dolron and Merrill Dolron.

Mr. Hucland Hill has been confined to his home with the flu followed by neuritis. His many friends hope to see him restored to his usual health real soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dickleson celebrated their wedding anniversary on New Year's Eve by attending the hockey game at the Forum in company with their son Mr. Roy and Mrs. Dickleson.

Mrs. Blair Andrew visited her aunt, Mrs. Robert L. Stevenson and Mr. Stevenson recently. The latter is confined to his bed where he has been seriously ill. His friends hope for a continued improvement.

Mrs. Alice Sullivan, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John McGugan, spent an enjoyable Christmas holiday at Borden where they were the guests of Corporal and Mrs. King, (nee Rose McGugan).

Miss Mary Martin passed to her eternal reward on the morning of Jan. 1st at the home of Mr. Kenneth Duggan. For a number of years she made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Eddy Cole, where she greeted every one with a smile. Burial was from Hope River Church where mass was celebrated by her pastor Rev. Father E. Dalton, on the morning of Jan 3rd.

Mrs. Doris Moffatt entertained the Sunbeam Mission Band on Dec. 27. Nine members and four visitors were present. In keeping with the season a pretty and inspiring Christmas service was conducted.

The officers were re-elected, and with Mrs. Gough's suggestion Mrs. Andrews was appointed assistant leader. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

On the afternoon of New Year's Day a large number of horsemen

Death Saturday Of Mr. Albert Ryan

An outstanding sporting figure of another generation passed away here Saturday in the person of Mr. Albert Ryan, 71, who lived in the Charlottetown hospital. He had been ill for several months but it was only in recent weeks that he admitted to his family that he did not feel well. He was admitted to hospital Friday night and died within a few hours.

A native of Charlottetown he was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Ryan of this city. The late Mr. Ryan was one of the top hockey players before the turn of the century as he performed with the famous West End rangers and since then maintained his interests in sport as he followed all branches of it. His son, Charlie, has long been one of the leading basebal performers of the city.

Mr. Ryan took a great interest in the Laorets Protective Union and was on the executive board for many years. His work in his later years was that of a longshoreman and kept him in close touch with laboring conditions here. Formerly he had been a cooper with the Simms Company, and during the past war years served as a fireman at the airport. However, he was perhaps best known in the city for his interest in sport as he served on many committees in past years. He was a former president of the Industrial Basebal League and a member of the executive of the former