

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

(Continued)

The winter of 1919-20, the season when the 'flu swept across the world like a prairie fire, carrying its millions of victims to the grave. In my little corner of the earth every country doctor was doing duty about sixteen hours out of every twenty-four, travelling from sick home to sick home, anyway they could get there. They went in woodslags, with smelly horse blankets wrapped around their feet, legs to keep them from freezing; they were often driven by farmers of their districts in pung steds, or cutters, or what have you — and with luxury of a buffalo rug thrown in — over roads that were almost impassible.

The sick needed doctors, the dead needed burial, and in order to attend to such grave matters the farmers had to turn out and break the roads come hell or high-water.

Our cellar shelves groaned under the weight of fruits. Every time we counted the bottles we'd plucked of the hornets' nests we plunged into in the thick, dead under-bush of the raspberry world; thick too, of the many times they chased us and gave us a dig of their stingers just to remind us that they and not we, had the right of way. When we got stung we always put damp earth on the spot to alleviate our sufferings and to reduce the swellings. That was grandma's favorite remedy for stings of the insect variety.

"Did ye see any varished pine trees?" she would ask us every evening when we got home from picking berries. To this query we would always say we did see a few, just to hear grandma retell her favorite story. This one:

Not far from where ye children were picking berries today, stood an old pine tree and just on the outer edge of the woods lived a farmer, with his wife and daughter, Margaret. The girl was ten-years-old. When the first autumn frosts nipped the beechnuts and sent them tumbling to the ground, Margaret and two neighboring girls went to gather the nuts for Christmas use.

"It was a beautiful day, a good day, a handsome day, a child-like day to be alive. Merrily the little girls chatted as they dropped the tiny kernels into neat little sacks which their mothers had made just for that purpose. Their nimble fingers worked fast. It was always a race to see which would fill her sack first.

Finally every sack was filled, and placing them carefully under their arms, the girls started for their homes, following a narrow trail that led past the old pine tree.

Margaret was taking the lead. Suddenly she halted, put her fingers to her lips and said, "shush, somebody must be in the woods. I thought I heard a woman's voice."

"They all stopped to listen. The voice came to them quite distinct this time: "Stay right where you are, little girls," it said. Then looking in the direction of the pine tree they were amazed to see a little old woman with her arms about it. Then came a crackling noise followed by a thunderous crash as the old pine fell directly across the path and not more than twenty feet from where the girls were standing."

"We never tired of hearing this yarn. And even though we knew when the finish came, we would pretend to grandma that she'd skipped almost half of it. Came fall, we gathered hazelnuts and put them under the hay to ripen. That's the way everybody cured their hazel nuts in those days and of course, us boys followed the old custom.

At Christmas time we'd bring them into the house, tear off their outer jackets, put the sound nuts on the floor and then jump on them to crack 'em open. (We knew what a nut-cracker looked like then). One day there would be plenty of nuts on the bushes and the next day they would all be gone. "It's the work of the squirrels," grandpa volunteered when we put the question of their mysterious disappearance to the old couple.

"Nonsense," grandma would pipe up. "The squirrels just couldn't happen to get every single last one of the nuts in one night, could they? Of course they couldn't."

"What takes them?" she would repeat after us. "Why bless my soul, it's the fairy people. The fairy folk store them away for winter use just like the squirrels store them away for the same purpose."

"Hand me my pipe and baccy," Grandad said that, and we knew it was time for grandma to bring

RCAF Begins Second 'Operation Leapfrog'

OTTAWA, (CP)—The RCAF late next week will start another "Operation Leapfrog" to re-equip its air division overseas with 300 new Sabre jet fighters.

The new Sabre V planes have Canadian-built Orenda engines and will replace the present 300 Sabres equipped with J-47 American engines. They have more power and, with a new, slightly altered wing formation, more manoeuvrability at high altitude than their predecessors.

The new Sabres will be flown across the Atlantic almost as fast as they roll from the assembly lines at Canadair Ltd., Montreal. The first mass flight will comprise 15 planes in "Operation Leapfrog V." Subsequent ferry trips will be known as "Leapfrog VI," "Leapfrog VII" and so on.

The first four Leapfrogs were carried out between June, 1952, and last September without loss of a pilot or a plane. The new operation may take almost a year.

Has High Reputation Even with its present Sabres, the air division has been classed by officials of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization as the most formidable fighting force in western Europe's defence system.

The British are known to be reluctant to see the wing—three squadrons—leave North Luffenham, England, for France, as they are scheduled to later this year. The other three wings now are based at Grosvenor in France and Zweibrucken and Baden-Sodligen in Germany.

The new operation will be carried out by No. 1 overseas ferry unit, formed at Montreal last fall with about 25 pilots. Its commander is Sqdn. Ldr. R. G. Bob Middlemass of Montreal, a veteran fighter pilot of the Second World War.

The first flight, scheduled to take off Feb. 12 or soon after, will follow the routes of the previous Leapfrogs: Labrador, Greenland, Iceland and Scotland.

In loving memory of Hector MacKenzie, who passed away on February 8th, 1949.

"Gone to be with Christ which is far better."

Inserted by Wife Rhoda and Son Gordon.

In loving memory of our dear Mother, Mrs. Drucilla MacPhee, New Haven, who passed away February 8th, 1953.

With breaking hearts we watched you And saw you pass away. Although we loved you dearly We could not make you stay.

We miss you Mother at every turn Along life's weary way. And home has never been the same, Since you were called away.

God gave us strength to fight it, And courage to bear the blow, But what it means to lose you, No one will ever know.

Lovingly Remembered by her Family.

Seven Days A Week

(By Anne Shannon)

1. Monday: It is interesting to learn how new words come into being. For example, if someone should ask you if you were to a Bopera lately it might make you wonder just what they meant. Well, Bopera is a night club or any other place of entertainment featuring bebop music and dancing.

Funk and Wagnall's has issued a supplement to their regular dictionary called "New Words and Words in the News." Most of the words in this supplement have been invented in the past year. In the current supplement honors went to Robert Frost, the poet. He coined the words "fastidiating," defined as "making much of trivial things, unimportant with the pleasantly dulling or superficial." "Flap and flattery" produced the word "flappery" meaning "an extravagantly laudatory blurb printed on the flap of a book."

The word "Kewter" is a jock name for the Kewer in a pack of cards and use now to mean any smart play in a difficult or troublesome situation. For many years kewter has been a colloquial stand-by in Texas and now at last it has been recognized across the country. These are just a few of the new words and a peep at the current list makes one wonder just where they all come from.

2. Tuesday: Says the Fashion Editor of an American magazine—"I attended the opening of a French millinery house in Paris recently. This house christened its most startling hats after the novels of Marcel Proust. There was one called "Remembrance of Things Past"; another bore the title of "The Guermantes Way" and a crownless bandeau with an unwept line was ticketed "Within A Budding Grove." This could lead to a new game. How about scrutinizing every hat in the range of our vision and naming it after a direction? A hat that juts in every direction might be called "The House of Seven Gables." How about one called "Gone With The Wind" or "Out of the Night?"

This game would never compete with Canasta, thinks the Fashion Editor, but the tedium of a long bus or train ride will be lessened if you brood on how surprised the lady in the next seat would be if she only knew she was wearing "The Grapes of Wrath." I think I shall call mine "The Lost and Found." It's usually, well, not lost — just misplaced!

3. Wednesday: In the children's world, many hundreds of items are being invented for their amusement and instruction. Hopalong Cassidy is the idol of thousands of youngsters and young would-be cowhands wear Hoppy hats, boots, shirts, even denim furniture for Hopalong's followers. Bunk beds have ranch house signs and pegs for parking "shooting irons".

Bureaus have wrought-iron stirrups for drawer pulls; a treasure chest stores ten gaffon hats, cowboy boots, chaps and so on. Train trips too many soon as relaxing for parents as they will be enjoyable for youngsters.

The Pennsylvania Railroad now includes a children's playroom—a de luxe one at that—in several of its recreation cars. Gaily decorated, this club car for Junior is sound proofed, has miniature leather sofa, tot sized chairs and tables and it's enclosed in glass, so parents can watch their children playing. Toys, books, games, puzzles and blackboards are provided, and if the experiment works, soon perhaps the idea will be adopted across the country and in Canada too.

4. Thursday: After a long, dry sermon the pastor announced that there would be a brief meeting of The Board immediately after the benediction.

Following services, a stranger was first to meet the pastor up front. "You must have misunderstood the announcement," said the pastor. "I announced a meeting of The Board." "So I heard," replied the stranger, "and if there was anyone here more bored than I was, I'd sure like to meet him."

THE CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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FOR PROGRESS with Economy Vote Stewart for Mayor.

Island Odds And Ends

The duck sanctuary on the Montague-Murray River road is still well populated. On Saturday several hundred birds cavorted in a wide stretch of open water, which opened up during the mild weather. The owner of the sanctuary, Mr. Moore must have quite a feed bill.

It is good to know that work on the T. Eaton building on Kent Street is expected to start within a few days. Commencement of the job will put a number of Charlottetown's more than eight hundred idle men on the payroll once more. The demolition of the old building which still stands on the western end of the site will probably take a few days. It takes money to pay the rent and buy the groceries.

The steel work on Montague's new federal building is about completed, and a number of carpenters who have been standing by until needed again, will now be engaged in closing the building in. It will add much to the appearance of the town.

Carpenters, plumbers, and other tradesmen may be at a premium this year in Charlottetown, and when a commodity is scarce it is likely to go up in price. At any rate it is likely that local carpenters will be looking for a hike in wages.

First and foremost the new building in the Charlottetown Exhibition grounds is for show purposes, but its dimensions lend themselves admirably to use as a rink. The proposed seating capacity and all around roominess would handle quite a crowd at hockey playoff time, and that is the time of the year when teams have a chance of making up deficits.

Summersdale's new rink, likewise located at the race track, is already slated to fill a dual purpose. It will serve as a show building, it is understood, when needed.

Religion and Life

By Very Rev. George C. Pidgeon, D.D., LL.D. First Moderator of the United Church of Canada (Copyright)

"Man is the only creature who refuses to be what he is." This arresting assertion appears in a recent book by an author who said he was searching for honesty in a world of rebellion. The statement starts us because it assumes that many of us misunderstand what we ourselves really are and are basing our lives on the supposition that we are something which we are not. If that be so, our course of conduct is a perversion of what our Creator intended. In the language quoted above—we refuse to be what we are.

One Sunday morning, John Pringle, missionary to the Yukon after '98, arrived with his dog-teams at a point where the gold-seekers were gathering on their way to the Klondike.

He found a number of men there, and roughly-clad though he was, he called them together for a service of worship. When they began to sing a familiar hymn, he noticed one man in the centre with a splendid voice singing with all his might.

At the close of the service, the singer was the first to greet the missionary. He told him that he had been brought up in a strictly religious home. As a youth he had felt that he had too much of religion and would get right away from it all when he left home. He tried to renounce his past, but couldn't. The faith of his fathers held him in spite of himself.

He said that when he heard that hymn, the memories of home came over him with a rush and he entered into the spirit of the service with all his soul. Now that man had been refusing to be what he really was. When "he came to himself," he came back to the God of his fathers.

It is fascinating to read the stories of Jesus' treatment of sinners on this basis. Once a Pharisee invited Him to dinner. There was not the privacy then that we

Jesus defied current opinion when He called Zacchaeus, the tax-collector, "A Son of Abraham." Jewish patriots in that day considered a man who would take taxes from his own people for the hated alien ruler, a traitor to his race and religion. Yet Zacchaeus did it. Nevertheless he believed in his heart of hearts that his ancestor, Abraham, embodied the highest good that he knew, and yet he was false to all that Abraham stood for.

Jesus took the position that the inner conviction and faith was the real man after all and appealed to him on that ground. The result was a response as fine as Abraham ever gave to a divine call. So he became "A Son of Abraham," in fact as he had always been in theory. All life was made new when Zacchaeus decided to become the man that he really was.

"Who are you? What are you anyway? I do not ask your name; I care not what others think of you. I want only your own deep conviction of your own essential nature. Your destiny depends on your character; what you are to be in whatever future is before you. In that new world where nothing but reality counts, your environment will correspond with your character.

God has an ideal for you. He had a design in His mind when He made you, and He will perfect it in you when you consent and co-operate. If your past life condemns you, He will settle with the past for everyone who believes in His Son; it was for this that Jesus died. And self-commitment to Him will enable Him to make you a "new creation" in Christ.

GOD'S DESIGN

ALASKA BILL APPROVED WASHINGTON—(AP) — A bill to grant statehood to Alaska cleared the Senate interior committee by a vote of 14 to 3 in favor of statehood for Hawaii last week.

HAPPY LANDING Bermuda was first settled in 1609 by Sir George Somers, whose crew was shipwrecked there en route to America.

Card of Thanks I wish to thank Doctors MacMillan and Farmer, Sisters and Nurses of the Charlottetown Hospital; also all who sent cards, came to visit me and brought treats during my illness.

Mrs. Victor MacPhee. In loving memory of my dear mother Mrs. James Boyce, who passed away Feb. 7th, 1953.

Dear God forgive that silent tear. A constant wish that she was here. You've taken others, yes we know But she was my mother and I miss her so.

Always remembered by her daughter Alice, and grandsons Havie and Wayne.

In loving memory of my dear father, Mr. John R. Thompson, Darnley, who passed away Feb. 7, 1940.

A precious one from us is gone, A voice we loved is still; And in our sad and aching hearts We love you, father, still.

Lovingly remembered by daughter son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Buzle, and son Claude.

ALWAYS KEEP A CAN OF CROSBY'S MOLASSES HANDY! Crosby Molasses advertisement with illustration of children.

"Let's wait for Mrs. Jones, Alice... they have Shirriff's Marmalade for breakfast" advertisement with illustration of a bird.

Your stake in the search for Better Health advertisement featuring a microscope and text about life insurance.