

Big Feast... Council of this Essex community plans to celebrate the Coronation next year...

Smallpox Vaccinating Clinics

QUEEN'S COUNTY

Children are required to show a vaccination mark for attendance at school in accordance with the Public Health Act...

Monday, Oct. 27

Table with 2 columns: Time and Location. Monday, Oct. 27 - Mt. Hubert 9:30 A.M.

Tuesday, Oct. 28

Table with 2 columns: Time and Location. Tuesday, Oct. 28 - New Glasgow 9:45 A.M.

Wednesday, Oct. 29

Table with 2 columns: Time and Location. Wednesday, Oct. 29 - Springvale 9:30 A.M.

Thursday, Oct. 30

Table with 2 columns: Time and Location. Thursday, Oct. 30 - West Royalty 9:30 A.M.

KEEP THIS FOR REFERENCE... FIRESTONE TIRE SERVICE... Flats Fixed... Vulcanizing - Retreading... Phone 747... We Trade Tires... FIRESTONE BRYNTON & McKAY COMPANY

THE 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.

COOK'S for Perfect Pictures.

CRASWELL for Better Photographs.

HOWARD MacINNIS FOOT-WEAR at 175 Queen Street.

TABLE LAMP Special \$7.95. Tombs Music Store.

HAND SLEIGHS, all sizes at Brynton MacKay.

KEBOSENE Refrigerators in stock. Firestone Brynton and MacKay.

STEWART BAKERIES Saturday special. Molasses Cake, the most favoured of the weekly special.

OUR EGG QUALITY IS HIGH. It will pay you to buy "Raynor's" Happy Valley eggs. Co-op Supermarket, Pierce's Cash and Carry or at the Farm.

BREADALBANE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. There will be service on Sunday, October 26th, at 4:00 P. M. Rev. D. A. Campbell, Interim Moderator.

150TH ANNIVERSARY Vernon River United Church, Sunday, Oct. 26th, at 7:30 P. M. Octette, Quartet and Duets.

K. OF C. CARD PARTY WINNERS - The following were the winners at the K. of C. Card Party held Wednesday night: ladies' first, Mrs. E. Farley, ladies' second, Mrs. James McAleer, gent's first, J. E. Smith, gent's second, W. D. Berrigan. The freeze-out was won by Mr. Simms and Mrs. James McAleer.

HOCKEY PLAYER IN BR. LEAGUE - Mr. and Mrs. J. M. MacDonald, Eckville, Alberta, who have been renewing old acquaintances on Prince Edward Island for the past two months have had to shorten their visit in order to meet their son, Donald Alexander, who is sailing from Quebec City to Falkirk, Scotland on October 29th to play hockey in a British league. This clever young athlete won the MacKenzie trophy for the season of 1951-52 for being the top scorer in the Central Alberta League. The many friends of the MacDonalds wish Donald good hockey and a safe return to the West from old Scotland, the birthplace of his paternal grandparents.

RHEUMATIC PAIN

Don't let pain make you miserable, do as this East St. John woman whose rheumatic pains were so bad she could hardly straighten her back. Then she discovered TA-ROU, took two bottles and today she can do her own washing. It contains Anipyrine, one of the oldest pain killing drugs known. At your druggist or direct from Morrissey's Remedies Ltd., Saint John, N.B. Large bottle \$2.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Gallant, Easton Street, left yesterday morning for Moncton, N. B., on a visit to their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gallant.

Death At P. E. I. Hosp. Of Mrs. A. A. MacLean

The death occurred early yesterday morning at the Prince Edward Island Hospital of Mrs. Angus A. MacLean, widow of the late Mr. A. A. MacLean, a former M. P. and one-time controller of the North West Mounted Police. Mrs. MacLean was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Longworth of "Glenwood," Charlottetown, Royalty, the last remaining member of the family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear husband, Bod Bryson, who passed away October 25th, 1950. Today is a day of remembrance. With many sad regrets. A day I shall always remember. When the rest of the world forgets. I think of you in silence. And oft repeat your name. What would I give to hear your voice. And see your face again. Sadly Missed and Lovingly Remembered by Wife Florence A. Bryson

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mrs. Alex MacDonald, Murray River, who passed away October 26th, 1948. There is still a heartache in our hearts today. That countless years won't take away. A place in our hearts that nothing can fill. We miss you dear Mother and always will. People often think we are happy. When they sometimes see us smile. But they do not know the heartache. That lies with us all the while. Always Remembered by Husband and Family.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA LAXATIVE

SO GENTLE FOR CHILDREN SO THOROUGH FOR GROWN-UPS

Seasoned Timber

By Dorothy Canfield

CHAPTER FIVE

The afternoon before this trip to the city, Timothy came into his house late. Without taking off his overcoat, without turning on a light, he dropped down on the chair in the hall corner, closed his eyes and tried to relax.

But the house was not quiet. From Aunt Lavinia's room overhead came a disorder of sounds—a young alto voice starting a scale over and over, only to be cut short at a by a querulous cry from an soprano.

The door of the room upstairs opened and closed. Timothy got to his feet, intending to meet Susan on the stairs. But the quick rush of light young feet meant two people, not one. Oh, yes, the sharp little Delia was spending the Christmas vacation with Susan and had probably come along to the music lesson.

Timothy was proud of his girl. "She's got more understanding in one finger than little Delia has in all her brains."

But driving to the Peck house for dinner that evening he said, "See here, Lavinny, couldn't you jump down Susan's throat a little less about her music?"

She flung her head up angrily. "Dinna talk about what ye know nothing about! I'm mild as violets and new milk with that gir-r-r!"

Miss Peck's table was vacation small again, with only Mrs. Washburn, Mr. Dewey, the two from the Principal's house, and the two Barney sisters. Susan, in her blue-grey apron, was just filling the water glasses. When she saw Timothy she set down the pitcher and fluttered toward him, crying, "Oh, Mr. Hulme! Mr. Hulme!"

"That's my name," he admitted, looking down at her glowing face.

"Delia and I've just had a letter from Cousin Ann in the Bronx and she says we can stay overnight with her and have a whole day in New York and we can afford to fly you'd let us ride down and back on the back seat of your car."

He hardly heard what she said for gazing at her. For an instant he did not answer.

"Now, Tim," said Aunt Lavinia, severely, "don't be so like your father. Take the gir-r-rs along. Why not?"

Making a rendezvous with the Barney girls for dinner the next evening, Timothy Hulme left them far uptown at the door of Cousin Ann's ring-and-walk-up apartment house, and drove on to his own small old hotel near Washington Square.

It was late. He went to bed, but every time he turned restlessly over he saw only two young provincials with hats that came in south because they showed an amount of forehead that was right last year, not this year. But he was tired and finally fell asleep.

He had meant to take at least two days, perhaps three, for his various errands, but had hastily revised his trip to suit the Barney girls, planning to do by letter or telephone many of the things he had thought to do in person. Even so, the day ahead of him was formidably full. After a shuddering glance at the headlined news of Fascist bombing of civilians in Spain and yet more Nazi savagery in Germany, he laid down the paper to plan his comings and goings. In the barber's chair he sat somberly dreading his call on Mr. Wheaton, rebuking by his inattention the barber's urban grin over the length and odd cut of his hair. And when, close trimmed and clipped and shaven, he stood up to go, he tipped the man firmly, unapologetically, a dime and nickel, no more. Shrugging his overcoat on absent-mindedly, he looked at his memorandum to verify the address of the chic hotel where he was to meet a mother who had written to propose her son as a student.

Of course the fact that Mrs. Bernstein wanted her boy to leave the expensive New Jersey prep school and enter another, even before the end of the first semester, meant that something was the matter with young Jules. But it might turn out to be something which a needy rural academy could afford to overlook.

The door opened, Mrs. Bernstein came in. She assumed at once the manner of friendship. He wanted just one thing from her, to know what was the matter with Jules; and he expected, that was the thing she had no intention of telling him. Had Jules passed all his examinations? "Oh, yes, indeed, Professor Hulme, you'll find him a very bright student. Why, I've had teachers tell me that they never had such a—"

Professor Hulme interrupted her flatly with his request to see the boy's report card.

"Oh, I have it right here, Professor Hulme. I knew that with a careful person like you that would be the first thing you'd ask for." The card came out from a peep-hole bag on her satin lap.

He gave one look at it. "But, there are no marks on it for the before-vacation examinations."

"Ah, trust your experienced eye, Professor Hulme, to see that at a glance. Ha! Ha! Ha! Anyone can see that you know all about it."

At last he broke through by raising his voice to say, "Well, then I'd like to see his report card for the last year."

"Oh, really? Let me see. I don't believe I have kept it. Living in a hotel... you country people with your great roomy houses and attics, you can't imagine how hard it is for us poor city people with no place..."

Making no pretense that he was not interrupting her, he said, "Mrs. Bernstein, I'm afraid I'll have to telephone to Brentwood to

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There are many friends who mourn his loss, but especially his widow, the former Eva Watts; his daughters, Ella, Mrs. Wendell Wood of Central Royalty, and Mary, Mrs. Verner Coles of North Milton; his son John and his wife Gertrude at home; also seven grandchildren.

The funeral was conducted from his late residence by his Minister, Rev. Howard Christie, assisted by Rev. G. Carlyle Webster, on September 14th. It was one of the largest held in the community. The pallbearers were George Kitchin, Cecil Stewart, Hibbert Tremere, Lyman Tremere, Hampson Bowman and John Watts. Interment in the family plot of Hampshire Cemetery.

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to the man who makes the home possible. His role may not always be as spectacular as Mom's, but it is certainly necessary.

A FINE EXAMPLE

Rene sets a fine example for all teen-age girls to follow. It is perfectly true that most youngsters assume for granted everything their mothers do to make life cheerful, pleasant and comfortable. The one reward she wants more than anything else is to have her children love her and love. It is the laws down laws that seem unnecessarily stringent to you, talk them over and you'll find out that your safety and welfare are the sole purpose behind the rulings.

All teen-agers should assume some part of the family's household routine. This gives Mom more time to herself, for her own activities, or to devote to the extra touches that Rene appreciates so much. Spread this cult among your friends, Rene, and have them all join your "Three Cheers for Mom" club.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a mother of three fine children, with a husband who is wonderful. He works hard, we get along fine, and love each other very much. The trouble is, we never have our home to ourselves. For the thirteen years of our marriage some of my people have always been here. My father drinks a lot and often comes to my house to start trouble. He also comes for money to buy cigarettes and other things. My brothers work when they feel like it, and come to me the rest of the time. My husband says if they don't stay away he'll leave.

ANSWER: Don't let a lot of sponging relatives spoil your happy marriage and break up your pleasant home. Your family should be told, by you or your husband, whoever is more forceful, that they must stop their indeterminate visits. I know it's hard to take that attitude towards your own blood relations, but they're making too much of a good thing with their use of your home. Don't let them get the upper hand.

DEAR MISS DIX: Though I have been happily married for two years, and have an adorable baby girl, I cannot seem to forget one of my old flances. I know he is staying single because of me. I think if I could see him once more and talk to him, I would then be able to forget him.

ANSWER: Your premise is all wrong. See him once, and you'll be on the road to a most unpleasant batch of complications. It's not unusual for a married woman as young as you to yearn after the lost loves of her mid-teens. You must school yourself to forget and get over these romantic notions. No good will come of them.

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