

B-H PAINTS

cover more area!

MELVILLE W. I.

The April meeting of the Melville W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. J. J. Gillis with 10 members present. Roll call was answered by passing in something for a pantry sale and minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. A collection was taken up to pay for the lining of the quilt Mrs. MacPhee made and passed in to sell tickets on for the Institute. Mrs. Preston Gillis made a fruit cake and passed it in and Mrs. Preston Gillis brought penny articles to sell tickets on and this latter was won by Mrs. Gilmore. Mrs. S. MacLeod brought a

pair of mitts, knitted by Mrs. B. Balderston to sell tickets on, and these were won by Mrs. Gilmore. Total for the evening was \$365.

Next meeting is to be held at the School House with the roll call an auction sale. Everyone was asked to bring lunch. Government Grant of \$2.50 was received and the meeting closed with "The Queen" after which lunch was served.

BIGGEST LOAD

Largest category of freight on Canadian railroads in 1951 was that of mining products, amounting to \$5,748,000 tons out of 144,218,000.

Two Can Sing

by James M. Cala
CHAPTER TEN
Part Two

It wasn't supposed to be a dirty crack. It was just meant for a little gag, something that Doris had to get out of her system; then she could really forget about Hugo and really be friendly.

Cecil winced as if he had been hit with a whip. Then she looked me straight in the eye, the first time she had all day. "Leonard, why did you lie to me?"

"You did. You let me go to her, you swore you hadn't said a word, you—" She tried to bite it back. It wasn't what I said, it was the look on Doris' face that stopped her. She knew, then, what Doris had really meant, but it was too late.

Doris looked first at Cecil, then at me. Then she gave a rasping laugh. "Oh—so that was what you were doing in Rochester, and Syracuse, and Columbus, and Chicago, and—"

"Don't give me that foolish story again, about looking things over. I've followed her! I've followed her in the newspapers, I know every place that she's sung, since—She was in all those places!"

Cecil kept cutting in, trying to smooth things over. "Mrs. Borland, will you believe me when I say I've never meant a thing to your husband?"

People were looking now, and trying not to look. Doris leveled it right at Cecil: "Miss Carver, I don't believe you."

Cecil closed her eyes, opened them again, grabbed for the one last thing she could say: "We saw quite a lot of each other, that's true. We could hardly help that. We were singing together. We were singing in the same opera company, and—"

Doris gave a shrieking laugh, and half the room stopped talking and turned around. Gwendy came up. Doris put her head on her shoulder and kept on with that laugh. Then she turned to them all. "Oh, my—isn't that funny? If they took a trip together—I don't mind. It means nothing to me. Let them enjoy life while they're young. But, darlings! Singing together! In the same—I can't stand it! Imagine Leonard—singing—ha-ha-ha!"

Gwendy decided to play it funny. She laughed, too. A few others laughed. Then she decided to get witty. "Perhaps he'll sing us some—"

The Four-Legged Chicken

By Rev. K. Robertson MacFadyen, B.D.

A party, driving along a road near the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, where a swift flowing river runs into the sea, called at a farm house. While there, they were shown a four-legged chicken that was of course, hatched from a double yolked egg. The remarks made by one of the party on the evolution theory — he being an over-zealous evolutionist — and his advice as to care for the chicken, and to see that it picked up nothing that would injure it, (as he intended to take it to an exhibition), evoked the following lines:

The chicken, the chicken,
The four-legged chicken!
Strange bird with four legs at its birth;
We see chicks have but two,
It brought more for our view,
On coming to life on this earth.

The chicken, the chicken,
"Guard well its food pickin'!"
While fate will allow it to live;
For there's no one so bold
To lay this poor thing cold,
Since light upon nature 'twill give.

Alas for the chicken;
Ill use it did sicken,
And caused the poor creature to die;
It too soon passed away
To its dark ended day,
And dust unto dust it will lie.

'Twas buried on a shore,
Where a river doth roar
In swift flowing tide to the sea;
The chicken, it is gone,
The river it runs on,
But when man dies where shall he be.

If from cold, senseless earth
Man at first got his birth,
To it he'll return just the same;
For we all may believe,
However we may grieve,
We go to the place whence we came.

If through time's long ranges
We had chick-like changes,
Made by the evolution plan,
'Till from anthropoid ape
We went from shape to shape,
Becoming at length a real man;
Then little 'twill matter,
However much we clatter,
Like an ape we'll go to the sod;
Thus Darwins have taught us,
And through aeons have brought us
From a monkey-like race without God.

Gone now is the chicken,
Go theories that sicken,
The river returns to the sea;
Man, born life from above,
With soul shaped after love,
Goes back to the God who made me.

To there he goes alone,
To the great judgment throne,
And final the judgment will be;
There he can not evade,
His own choice he had made
For his life in eternity.

Canada ... and Howe

In the past 12 years Canada has seen the biggest industrial development of any nation in the world. Spark plug? American-born, 66-year-old Hon. C. D. Howe.

May Reader's Digest brings you the amazing story of Canada's "Minister for everything," so busy grasshopping the continent his wife once said, "Children, meet your father. I'm sure you've often heard me speak of him."

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Don't miss this frank U.S. appraisal of Clarence Decatur Howe in May Reader's Digest. It's just one of 41 articles of lasting interest, condensed from leading magazines, current books. Get your new Digest today.

thing! —From Pagliacci!"

If that was what she said, I could have stood it. But that wasn't it. What she really said was "From Polly-achy," and at the dumb ignorant way she pronounced the word something in me cracked. All the rotten, phony mean, cruel stuff I had taken from Doris, and all the stuff I had taken from Gwendy and her kind, came swelling up in my throat. I turned to Gwendy: "Since you ask me, I think I will."

I went into the dining-room and found Wilkins. He hadn't heard any of it. "Feel like playing for me?"

"Sure. What'll it be?"

"How about the 'Prologue' and 'Pagliacci'?"

"The 'Prologue' it is."

We went in and there was a laugh, and they all started to whisper. He started the introduction, and they looked at me, and they looked at Doris. They were her friends, remember, not mine.

Cecil came over: "I wouldn't, baby. It was awful, but—I wouldn't. You'll regret it."

"Maybe."

She went away, and I started to sing. At the first "Si puo", Doris sank into a chair. She didn't turn white; she turned gray. I went on. Maybe some of the big shots in opera can do it better than I did it that day, but I doubt it. They couldn't take the interest in it, they might say, that I took. I rolled it out, and my head felt light and dizzy, because I could see every note of it going like a knife into her heart. When I got to the andante I gave it the gun, and when I reached the high A flat I stepped into it with a smile on my face, and held it, and swelled it, until the room began to shake; then I pulled it in, and cut. I closed it out solemn as I knew.

To be continued

SALVAGE ON TRAMS

SASKATOON.—(CP)—The city transit system has approved 12 tenders for 17 dismantled streetcars here. The sale will net the transit system a total of \$3,425.

W.C.T.U. NOTES

NUGGETS FOR YOUR TEMPERANCE TEACHING

By Helen G. Estelle
President, Women's Christian Temperance Union of the State of New York

A good disciple submits to disciplines, and Dr. Roy L. Smith, outstanding Methodist, calls on the Church to submit itself to rigid rules for real temperance. "There is only one solution of the alcohol problem which the church of God can accept, and that is abstinence. For the sake of the nation's health; for the sake of its morals; its efficiency, and its integrity; for the sake of our children and their future; for the sake of the honor of the church, and its sacred commission to establish the Kingdom of God on earth, there must be a new insistence upon total abstinence on the part of all Christian fathers and mothers. Here is a cause to which the Church of God must give major attention during the next decade especially. The influences that are attempting to persuade the American boy and girl to drink alcohol are powerful, popular and well financed. They are able to stifle protests, conceal facts, and punish the opposition. There is no other source from which the nation can hope for help, except the church. If the Christian pulpit surrenders, the nation is doomed. There is a desperate need that our people— young and old—shall be impressed with this simple fact. The only guarantee against alcohol is "don't drink alcohol."

Cause and Cure

"The best illustration of how a community or a country must attack the problem of delinquency is found in the field of public health. Yellow fever, for example, was brought under control by first segregating and treating those who had it. Then when the discovery was made that it was transmitted by mosquitoes, houses were screened and mosquitoes killed whenever they got in. Finally the swamp and stagnant pools, where mosquitoes bred, were drained. This is the way we must attack delinquency. Programs of control and prevention must go on together; attempts must be made by careful scientific study to discover causes, the conditions that tend to breed and foster disease, the ways in which it spreads, the methods by which it can be cured and controlled." —Austin H. MacCormack, penologist executive director, Osborne Assn., N. Y. C., in an article in "Survey Midmonthly."

Disciples' Advice

Moses, in 1490 B. C.: "And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee." (Lev. 10: 8, 9).

Isaiah, 790 B. C.: "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and—men of strength—to

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Continued from page 3

she doesn't stop, but I know I'm too much in love to carry out my threat. What can I do with her? K. K.

ANSWER: Read "The Taming of the Shrew." Will Shakespeare had methods of handling headstrong women that are wise to this day. If you marry the girl and let her continue to rule your life with her tantrums, you're in for a sorry fate. No matter how deep your love, it won't last long under such adverse conditions. Either reform her now, or give her up!

DEAR MISS DIX: I'm 25, about to be married, and have just one major worry. When I was quite young, my gums became infected and it was necessary for me to have all my teeth extracted. I'm terribly self-conscious about this handicap, and have never let anyone know of it. My fiancé, of course, doesn't know, and I'm afraid if I tell him he'll call off the wedding. Do you think I could conceal my affliction when we're married? WILMA

ANSWER: I don't advise trying to keep so serious a matter secret. A man who truly loves you is not going to let you down over a matter of dentures. Eventually he is bound to find out, and will be terribly hurt at your secrecy. I know it will be hard to tell him; perhaps your mother could handle this detail better. Don't put it off any longer, and you'll have a much easier conscience.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

Play Ball, Not Play Boy

Johnny Lujack, the recent Notre Dame University football star, made the following statement for the Allied Youth:

"The student who drinks cannot have the physical and mental reactions necessary to do satisfactory work either in the classroom or on the athletic field. It isn't smart to drink" as many think. That is just a weak alibi used by many who haven't the courage to face facts.

"Abstinence from drink will not automatically make a boy a great athlete, but it can guarantee absolutely that indulgence in drink will certainly keep him from achieving anything worth while in athletics. It follows in all other fields of life, for girls as well as boys. A clear, clean mind and body are the first guarantees for success I know." —The Allied Youth, October, 1948.

Are We Guilty?

How much of that \$9,600,000,000 spent for intoxicating drinks last year came out of the pockets of church members? No statistics have yet been issued on that point, but an estimate of a billion dollars would probably be too low — maybe much too low. How can the church of Jesus Christ do God's will while it supports the Devil's trade? That is the \$64 question for every church denomination that admits drinkers to its membership rolls. — National Voice.

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