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by Eden Phillpotts

CHAPTER VIII

Continued

Clara brought him milk and spoke to Tom while he drank it. "Don't you tire him, Master," she said. "He's fine and clear today and put on his best clothes and all."

"It's going to be well worth his while," promised Tom. "He's a wonderful man and you are wonderful. You'll be a grand story-teller."

"Money, Master," she begged. "That's the only thing that's any good to us."

"Next morn there lay the boat, but no sign of the man. We went ashore to the forest and got water and found some trees of wild banana. They were the biggest ever I saw—2 feet long and weighing over 2 pound apiece. The birds fed on 'em."

"For a week we hung off the island, but never a sign he gave and never a flag he lifted, so it was borne in upon me that the man had died there and lay beyond human help. Once more I was pulled ashore and ventured a bit up the gorge, but not very far. Evil hung thickly in the air up there and something told me that eyes were watching. Not a sound or sight mind you, but just unseen things waiting for me to make a false step."

"Far up the gorge I did hear a noise presently—a deep hissing like a spouting whale. It came and went, and I remembered Ben had told of a hot spring that shot up every five minutes. And then, with my weather eye lifting, I thought I saw movement on the cliffs over my head and some nameless creatures looked to be coming down ropes. That was enough for me and I turned tail so fast as I might and got back in the boat. Then we took 'other in tow and pulled for the Condor."

her, Benny got his big bag and his mattock and a bit of bunting to hoist upon the high ground. And then he pulled himself ashore—wouldn't suffer anyone to go along with him. We saw him land and make the boat fast, and then he took his traps and disappeared up the gorge. Of course I knew he was gone for his treasure, but my men had not heard tell about that. He'd took a little six-chambered revolver along with him, so 'twas clear he felt a chance might come when he'd need it."

"The old man's words began to come slower and his eye-lids drooped. "Stick to it, Mr. Floris," urged Tom. "You're a grand story-teller."

"I'm very well renowned for stories," admitted Pedro, "but this one is told. There's little more to say. Ben hung fire and we saw no sign of him as the hours passed. Then night came and yet no sign. All was very quiet and still, with no danger to the boat, so we held on for as manning our pinnace and going ashore in her to search for him; but my crew were all against Benny had done his work too well and put fear in 'em, and I couldn't go alone. Nor could I venture to order them because, against the panic fear that was in 'em, orders would have been all in vain."

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"That's the end of the tale, and the end of Benny no doubt. All fifty years old and more now. Very disappointing for me because he had promised me a handsome gift when we were back again at La Floreana."

Aylmer dived in his pocket and brought out a stout wad of paper money. "Here's something anyway," he said. "You've told us a lot worth knowing, my friend, and when we come back again, perhaps we shall tell you a little more yet."

"Very disappointing," echoed the old man, and they saw that the shutters were down and he was falling asleep. He murmured a little longer and they put their gift into his hand and prepared to leave him. But just as Jane and Tom departed, Pedro opened his eyes. It seemed that the touch of the notes had awakened him. Then he tucked the money into his bosom and went to sleep again. To be continued

WESTERHAM, England, (CP)—The parish church in this Kent community, baptismal spot of Gen. James Wolfe who captured Quebec for Britain, is infested with the destructive death watch beetle. Officials said treatment and repairs may be long and costly.

W.C.T.U. NOTES

YOUR CHILD AND THE ALCOHOL PROBLEM

By Bishop Wilbur E. Hammaker

Be not deceived! Recognize them for what they are! Get out from under their glamour. Explain their appeal and their pretense to your child. Do not let him, or her, take those stories at their face value. It is folly to believe that they will have no influence on your child. Are you sure that they have none on you? Do you pierce through the glittering exterior to the festering heart of corruption? Do you steel yourself against the insidious allure of those "ads"? They are the most wonderful advertisements of our time or of any time. Their very artistry makes them doubly dangerous. Be sure to guard and guide your child, whose eyes and aesthetic senses are being so skillfully sought out by the disguised demons who parade across the advertising pages.

Is that word "demons" too strong? Ought one to be more tolerant more temperate? That is a fair query. Let me give an inkling of why I write thus vehemently, thus emphatically, yes thus violently. My heart has been wrung, my soul has been stricken by my contacts with the victims of Old King Alcohol. Sorrows, suffering, shame, sin walk with him and his shadow. Yet he seeks through "ads" of unparalleled appeal, the innocents whom he will destroy.

Think of the jeopardies to mind and speech and self-control, that folks risk when they take that which may loosen their tongues, unloose their brains, and unleash their inner controls! How often have I listened to these words: "I was not myself, I did not realize what I was doing." Shaken to the depths, young men, young women, being staked by shame and impending disgrace, have poured such sentences into my ears. Who has not heard this: "You must not take what he did too seriously. His 'passes' should be overlooked. He is always a perfect gentleman when he is himself." Why was he not himself? Cocktails, champagne. Why did he imbibe? Wanted to be the life of the party. Wanted to get rid of the inhibitions of self-consciousness. Oh you know all the reasons.

Ten per cent of all the people of this country, according to the law of present averages, if there be no change, become heavy, habitual drinkers. Twenty per cent of the people who drink are headed for that hell. Half of these will become alcoholics who retain no control whatsoever. Might your child travel such an awful road? Could he or she say at the end that you set an example in social drinking? Could he or she say, at the end of that terrible road, that you failed to make him or her understand the dangers?

There is only one absolutely safe way with reference to beverage alcohol. That is the way of total abstinence. It is not always the easy way. No more is chastity an easy, untested way. Nor consistency, nor spirituality. These all lie along the path that is not called by the name "primrose." But my! how they pay in the long run! There is no inner treasure, no experience, no satisfaction comparable! The question of alcohol is a big one, as I have intimated. Can you afford to ignore it? Do not let yourself be lulled into complacency. Above all, do not smile indulgently upon your

child, and his or her companions, when they lift their "first glass" to their innocent lips. Instead of chuckling at their alcoholic gaiety, seek in some way to sense their peril. There is nothing funny about alcoholic reactions when they become so violent that your lovely daughter's limp form is carried from the automobile by her friends and laid on a bed of drunken stupor to sleep of the effects. All the fun of social drinking is shattered by such an experience in the life of any family. And yet, and yet, fathers, mothers dream fatuous dreams about the harmlessness of the social glass. Only God knows what the potential dangers may be to your child or to the child of your friend.

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ONE GLASS TOO MUCH "O, ho! he has drunk one glass too much!" So I heard the jeering rattle say, As a young man from the bar-room door Goes reeling forth the drunkard's way!

And I wonder, as he staggers on, How many thousand such The same dark road to ruin have gone. By drinking just "one glass too much." A maiden sits at the banquet board, Her eyes aflame and her cheeks aflood; Her lips have quaffed of the fiery draught That drives her pulse in a feverish lurch.

Now she can laugh at ribald jest, She shrinks not from the wicked touch; The sentinel steeps in that maiden's breast; Alas! she has sipped "one glass too much!" A pilot stands at the quivering helm, While the waves, with fierce and angry roar, Are drifting his barque through storm and dark, To rocks that frown on a dangerous shore.

In vain do his nerveless, tremulous hands, With "wilted" clasp, the tiller-ropes clutch; A wreck on the rocks, a corpse on the sands; That sailor had drunk "one glass too much." A thousand patriots carry their flag In the fight for freedom, bold and high; With a lofty courage they're forcing back The legions that strike at liberty; And the shout of triumph almost peals— The coveted prize they almost touch— When, all from his horse the captain reels, And the day is lost by "one glass too much!"

"One glass to much!" Aye tell me who can, How long may the reckless tipples et pass, The poisonous, dram to his thirty lips, And still escape from the fateful glass? Young man, so strong in thy generous pride; Fair maiden, so blessed with beauty's touch, Oh, tamper not with the tempting lid! The very first glass is "one glass too much."

LONDON, (CP)—Dr. H. Franks, health ministry official, told a health conference that London's only hope of eradicating its fog problem lies in shutting all its factories, dousing its open fires and diverting fuel from nearby heavy factories. The black fogs of last winter were blamed for 1,000 deaths.

Bristol and Vicinity

"Mrs. James A. O'Brien has received word from her sister's home in Boston, that her sister Eliza, Mrs. John Hughes, is poorly at present. Mrs. Hughes fell in the dining room of her home while getting ready for a trip to the Island and her old home. She fractured her hip in the fall and hopes for her recovery are slim. She is 90 years old.

Plans are shaping up here for a large chicken supper to be held in the memorial hall later this fall for the purpose of the building fund at the Church of St. Laurence. Repairs to the church and foundation that have gone on all summer will reach the ten thousand dollar mark.

Mr. George MacDonald spent the last week of September in the city with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Mel Burns. Several houses and properties in this vicinity are being shaped up to enter the rural beauty contest. Some of the homes that were shabby a few years ago are in wonderful condition now and the work of repairing and painting is still going on at top speed.

Miss Agatha MacDonald and Miss Thillie Gauthier leave Aug. 27, for their duties in Montreal after two months vacation at home. Miss Mary Gauthier who had been home for two months left Aug. 25, on return to her duties in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Perry have returned from a week's vacation in Halifax, N.S., where they spent a most enjoyable time with relatives some of them who vacationed here early in the summer.

Miss Teresa O'Brien has spent the summer in this vicinity with her parents at their summer residence will return to her studies at Notre Dame Convent on Sept. 8, for another term. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. O'Brien and family who have been here since April will pull up their stakes shortly and return to the city after spending the spring and summer months here as usual.

A farewell party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Len Ryan, last week for their daughters who leave again to resume their duties in Montreal. The Scully brothers, Indian Band, report they added some new instruments to their band.

East Baltic and Vicinity

"Miss Molly Campbell of the Civil Service Office, Ottawa, is spending her annual vacation with her mother and brother at Red Point. Mrs. George Bruce, Red Point, and Misses Betty Robertson and Arlene Robertson, Kingsboro, spent a few days in Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson of Kingsboro motored to Charlottetown on business on Aug. 29. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Stewart, Red Point, were visitors to Charlottetown on Aug. 28. Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Ching, Kingsboro, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McGregor, East Baltic, attended the wedding and reception of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hayden at St. Peter's on Aug. 28. Congratulations are extended to Mr. and

Completed Round Of S. A. Activities

Commissioner William R. Dalziel of the Salvation Army left for the mainland Monday morning after completing a round of activities over the week-end in keeping with the high and important position he occupies as Territorial head of the Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda.

The Commissioner on arriving by plane on Saturday was taken immediately to Government House to pay his respects to Lieut. Governor T. W. L. Prowse where he was cordially received by the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Prowse. The Commissioner was then introduced by Senior Capt. Titcombe, the Corps Officer, to the Hon. A. W. Matheson, Premier, Hon. B. Earle MacDonald, Hon. Worshipful Mayor J. D. Stewart, Dr. L. E. Prowse, Private Secretary to the Governor and City Clerk, Mr. J. A. Fullerton.

Following the signing of the visitors register and a period of informal discussion, tea was served, Mrs. Prowse pouring. The Citadel was crowded on Saturday night to hear the Commissioner at a Public Welcome and Youth Rally. Words of welcome were given by Col. K. S. Rogers, acting chairman of the Advisory Board, and Rev. E. C. Evans, President of the Ministerial Association, Charlottetown. The Commissioner, who had previously inspected the work at Sunset Lodge new extension, thanked the Advisory Board for their assistance in raising funds and for the understanding of citizens regarding the true nature of the work and the support they had given.

The Commissioner gave a masterful address on "Who is my neighbour" which was listened to with deep attention. Veterans of both wars and other patients in the P. E. Island Hospital, heard the band at a special appearance under the direction of Hal James of Saint John N.B., augmented by Captains Parr and Rawlins of Toronto and a number of Maritime bandsmen. A full church and crowded gallery joined Rev. E. C. Evans and the presbyterian church session at Kensington in extending a welcome to Commissioner Dalziel and his associates on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Brigadier Knapp offered prayer and Captains Parr and Rawlins gave musical numbers which were listened to with rapt attention. The Commissioner said in his address "The strength of our whole moral and spiritual life was the outcome of Love, inward dwelling".

The Citadel band was in attendance and rendered fine service. Rev. C. Haslam pronounced the benediction. The Citadel was filled to capacity on Sunday night, Captain Rawling leading in prayer. The commissioner thanked the visiting band members and Lieut. Earle Birt formerly of Charlottetown and now stationed at Saint John, N.B., for his leadership to the songsters throughout the series of meetings. Commissioner Dalziel in his address used the scientific discoveries of this age to illustrate spiritual truths.

THE HEALTH-FILLED ORANGE JUICE MIRACLE. Fresh Frozen MINUTE MAID. HOW IS IT MADE? The juice is squeezed the same day the oranges are picked. Then it's quickly concentrated (only water is removed, nothing is added) and quick-frozen to preserve all the original vitamins and goodness. WHAT ABOUT PRICE? You'll like its economy—just compare the cost with fresh oranges. Its compact, easy-to-carry 6-ounce can makes 1 1/2 pints of Vitamin-C-rich orange juice. It's pure orange juice, squeezed from tree-ripened fresh oranges. Mrs. John McKie returned to her home in Howe Bay, having spent a few days a patient in the Souris Hospital. Mr. Bobby Massey, accompanied by Mrs. J. F. Massey and Miss Julia McInnis, Bothwell, motored to Charlottetown on August 28. Mr. and Mrs. Nell A. McMillan, Red Point, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Young, Basin Head, motored to Canavoy Aug. 28 on business. Mr. Peter McDonald of the "Abegweit", Borden, spent a recent weekend at his home in East Lake. Mr. Francis Campbell of the Fishermen's Loan Board, Charlottetown, spent the weekend at his home in Red Point.

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