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Karin Ellis

(By Michael Jackson)
Author of Popular Stories in National Magazines

(Continued from page 2.)

mas at Lake Placid, and two February weeks at Miami.

"Billy", Emily would say, "we do have ourselves a time, don't we?"

The activity never palled on them as they noted it sometimes did on others. They were making too many discoveries ever to be bored. Billy had yet to take for granted his new freedom, his escape from routine.

Emily went about in a flurry of excitement. She had become a minor celebrity. For the first time in her life, she was fully enjoying her success. With Jeff, there had been the conflict of personalities and the suspicion that Jeff was a better person than she. And then there had been the flavorless days alone. Now, with Billy, Emily had found the complement to her job.

Billy understood and respected the place that work held in her life. He accepted as only natural that she should go on being known as Karin Ellis. And the time the woman from a newspaper, at the apartment on an interview, called him Mr. Ellis, he laughed easily. After the girl had gone and Emily came to him with apologies, Billy could still laugh. "But, Karin", he had said, "it was a natural mistake. I'm proud to have such a successful wife."

It was wonderful, Emily often reflected, to be married to a man who could play and yet keep play in its place. She liked his eager willingness to do all that he could to further her career, his American good looks, his thorough niceness. Billy knew how to balance their joint accounts. Billy knew what stocks to buy. Billy knew how to let her parade her success and honestly delighted in it. Billy was a bit in awe of her and greatly in love with her.

Emily had a small worry the first summer of their marriage. She said, "See here, Bill, I don't want you to feel you have to give up golf. I know how much it means to you."

"I'm not giving it up," he said.

"Well, here we've had three lovely week ends in a row. I know you've been dying to get out on the course."

"Matter of fact, I haven't even thought about it."

"I know you have. Why don't you go out tomorrow? I wouldn't mind a day alone."

"I really don't feel like it!"

"Billy". Emily came across the room and sat on his lap. "Please go for me. I'll be out of the way if you should see Margie."

Billy did not to talk about his first wife. "Oh, there are other clubs besides Fairview."

"I know. But I thought it had a special course or something. I thought all golf courses were different."

"They are. But Fairview isn't anything to write home about."

"Then wouldn't you like to go to some other club? You could find partners, couldn't you?"

"Sure. But, Karin, I'd rather spend the time with you."

She smiled at him. "Would you really, darling?"

"Sure. I'm in love with you. You're my wife."

"I wouldn't be anyone else's wife."

And after they kissed, Billy said, "It would be a lot more fun just driving in the country when it gets hot. I don't care about golf any more."

(To Be Continued)

TIP OFF DRY CLEANERS

It's a good idea when having dry cleaning done to pin a note to stains identifying them — whether a food, beverage, medicine, etc. A quality dry cleaner will know immediately what spotting agent to use, without wasting time in testing, and everyone's time is precious these days.

GARDEN LORE

After the fruits are harvested, begin to cut out old and useless canes of rasberry, blackberry and other [illegible]

IN MEMORIAM

FRANK BEER AULD

In the sudden death of Mr. Frank B. Auld of Covehead on Aug. 23, 1943, at the age of forty years, this community has suffered a very great loss; for Mr. Auld was a great soul and a well loved christian gentleman.

He will long be remembered here where he grew to manhood, and endeared hiself to all around him, and to a wide circle of friends in Charlottetown and wherever he was known.

There was an unusually large attendance at his funeral service which was conducted in his late home in Covehead by his minister, Rev. Thos. A. Wilson, on Wednesday, August 25th.

The committal service at the grave in West Covehead cemetery was concluded with the traditional three volleys by a firing party of the Reserve Army Home Guards under Sgt. Major McIntyre, and an escort party under command of Capt. Wellington Dixon from the York detachment of the Prince Edward Island Light Horse, of which Mr. Auld was a member, attended the funeral. The last post and reveille were sounded by a bugler from the Beach Grove Camp.

The sympathy of the entire community and a wide circle of acquaintences and friends goes out to his bereaved widow, formerly Miss Henrietta Longard of Halifax and widow of the late Dr J. Stanley Chisholm, his widowed mother, Mrs. Frank B. Auld o. Covehead and his two sisters Helen Mrs. Wilfred J. MacDonald of Covehead, and Nan, Mrs. Albert S. Reed of Regina.

The pallbearers were: Messrs Ramon Carr, Ernest Smith, Raoul Reymond, R. G. Taylor, W. H. Tidmarsh, Eric Wilson, Charles Willis, and Clayton Matthew.

The funeral address following delivered by his minister Rev. Thomas A. Wilson, B. S.c., is published at the request of a number of the late Mr. Auld's friends, so that those who had to stand a distance from the house, particularly the men the Home Guard and the Light Horse may be privileged to read it.

"Worthy For Himself"

Wisdom 3. 1. "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them."

2. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to die, and their departure was accounted for their hurt.

3. And their going from us was taken to be their ruin; but they are in peace.

4. For though in the sight of men they be punished, yet is their hope full of immortality.

5. And having borne a little chastening, they shall receive great good, because God made trial of them, and found them worthy for Himself."

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and they are in peace."

"For God tried them, and found them worthy for Himself."

The comfort of these beautiful words first came to me at my father's funeral, 40 years ago, where it was the basis of our minister's address. They are not found, either in the Old Testament or in the New, but in the religious writings of the Apocrypha, in the times between Matthew and Malachi. But they have been long recognized as from the Holy Spirit, because they are in complete harmony with the teachings of Jesus our Lord.

This is why they are included in our United Church Hymnary for use in Public Worship.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. But they are in peace, for God made trial of them, and found them worthy for himself."

Because they so manifestly express the christian hope, and because they always recall my own father's funeral, they have always been sacred words to me, though I never used them before in a funeral address.

For, as I say, they always recall to mee the funeral services of my good and noble father, and too my dear sister, long departed, as we stood together beside the casket of the father we loved so well and sang his favorite hymn, "Shall we gather at the River, Where Bright Angel's feet have Trod."

I use them today to mark the passing of another good and noble soul, whom God has called out of the earthly lives of his near and dear ones, and many others of us who loved him so well.

We say, 'everyone has his faults', and perhaps everyone has, certainly most everyone we have even known. But though I have known Frankie Auld well, and lived near him since he was a boy of 15, I cannot recall today any faults whatever, either of his boyhood, or manhood years.

His was an unusual soul. He was one of those who grew up christian, in spirit, and in life. He was always cheerful and happy, kindly and just, faithful and true; and I don't think religious doubts ever troubled his trustful heart.

His life has been a blessing to his own home and loved ones, to his community, neighbors, and friends, indeed to everyone with whom he ever came in touch. His goodness was the kind of goodness commended by our Lord, the goodness of the happy-hearted, trustful child, which takes it for granted that everyone is upright and just, and kind; and today he is mourned as few are ever mourned; mourned by his own dear ones who knew him best and loved him most, mourned by many of us who felt in him their best and most loyal friend, and mourned by a wider circle of friends and neighbors and acquaintences, who have followed with anxiety the months that have passed since his threatening illness first appeared.

As a christian minister, I would call to the attention of all, the genuine goodness that marked the life of Frankie Auld. Entirely sincere, it was the christian spirit in heart and life, and marked by a happy nature and good - will.

"Rejoice, and again I say, rejoice," wrote the Apostle; and Frankie Auld rejoiced his way through life, as a true christian ought. He had his measure of sorrow, and illness, and anxiety, and pain; but he never complained, nor lost his simple faith in the goodness and care of God.

Young man though he was, he thought much of the Far Future; and his favorite everyday song about his work was:—

"Some day the silver cord will break.
And I no more as now shall sing.;
But O, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!."

"Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know-my All in All
Has now a place in Heav'n for me.

But because of his simple faith in that "Palace of the King", The Heavenly Home, he was ever cheerful as he sang, knowing, as good souls know, that when God should call him Home, it would be better so, and that in God's good time his loved ones would be with him there where sorrow, and partings, and tears would be no more.

He never felt called to criticize the actions of any one; God did not send him here for that, but to show us the Better Way of simple trust and kindly spirit and happy disposition.

His righteousness was not of the "goody-goody" type, nor of the sanctimonious sort, which we instinctively shun.

He would have laughed, long and loud, had anyone suggested he was a saint; but I doubt not he had travelled farther on the road to true sainthood than most any of us. His ready election to the Eldership in this old and serious Presbyterian congregation, evidenced what the people judged his heart and life to be.

I suppose he had his faults; but I never knew, nor even heard of them.

And so he will be sadly missed and long mourned here; but his influence for good will long continue to bless us all.

He was a good, and kind, and loving husband, and brother, and friend; he was a loving and obedient son, he was a loyal and worthy Elder of our church, and a church manager and trustee on whom we could always depend.

He was ever faithful in Worship, and to his minister he has always been a most loyal friend.

He has been cut off in comparative youth, just why is quite beyond our knowing here and now. But, "God doeth all things well for them that love him."; and now he is "in peace"; "for God tried him and found him worthy for Himself."

He had much to live for, we all know; but don't forget he had much to die for too!

For however happy our earthly lot may be, it cannot compare with that of our Heavenly Home.

"There grief is turned to pleasure.

Such pleasure as below,
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know."

We shall all miss him indeed. His near and dear ones will sorrow for him long, and life will be very different and lonely with him gone. But it will not be so with him, in the Home where "time shall be no more."

We don't know, we can't imagine what it will be like where time is not; but at least it means that there will be no years of waiting for him till he sees his loved ones again; for it will be just as "good night" and "good morning" to us here, only "a little while"!

He knew this; and the lovely hymn that Mr. Raymond sang for us Sunday morning, was dear to his heart, because it expressed so simply the simple faith of his own soul.

It seems one of the strange mysteries of God, that this was being sung in the home church he loved so well, at the very hour his consciousness of this world was fading away as God was calling him home!

"I'm goin' home,-jes' goin' home
It's not far,-through an open door.

"Work all done, care laid by,
Father's there and friends I knew
It's Home! I'm goin' Home!

"No more fret, nor pain,
Restless dreams all done,
Real life just begun!

There's no break, there's no end,
Just a-livin'on, and on,
It's not far,-just close by,
Through an open door.

"I'm just goin' Home-goin' Home."

Yes, just Home, our Eternal Home. And there, by God's grace, we shall hear again his happy, carefree laughter, and see his cheery smile, when he greets us Home!

He wouldn't want us to continue to grieve for him and to lose joy out of our days.

I know he would like us to remember his happy ways, and, as soon as our hearts are able, to be happy even as was he, till God calls us Home .

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and they are in peace."

"For God tried them, and found them worthy for Himself."

Yes, "God tried him, and found him worthy for Himself."

Amen

KISS YOUR TIRED FEELING GOODBYE!

Pepless Many Suffer Low Blood Count—And Don't Know It.

The baffling thing about low blood count is that you can weigh about as much as you ever did—even look healthy and strong, yet—you can feel as if you had lead in your legs, dopey, tired and pepless.

Low blood count means you haven't got enough red blood corpuscles. It is their vital job to carry life-giving oxygen from your lungs throughout your body. And just as it takes oxygen to explode gasoline in your car and make the power to turn the wheels, so you must have plenty of oxygen to explode the energy in your body and give you going power.

Get Dr. Williams Pink Pills today. They are world-noted for the help they give in increasing the number and strength of red corpuscles. Then with your blood count up, you'll feel like bounding up the stairs as if you were floating on air. Ask your druggist for Dr. Williams Pink Pills today.

DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

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More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels. So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to give needed help to that "forgotten 28 feet" of bowels.

Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

Then most folks get the kind of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist—25¢.

Brendan Bracken Apologizes to Scouts

London, Aug. 29 —(CP)—A jocose description of Rudolph Hess as "an overgrown Boy Scout" by Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information, has deeply cut Wolf Cub and Scout masters and Guide mistresses, who began phoning Boy Scouts' asociations and London newspapers today to lodge indignant complaints.

Bracken so described Hess, former Nazi leader who parachuted in Scotland after an airplane flight from Germany two years ago, at a press conference in New York Friday.

Sydney Dormer, 34 year old Rover Scout, put it this way:

"It is an insult to Lord Baden Powell (founder of the Boy Scouts) and to every Boy Scout in the United Kingdom."

"I was an assistant Scoutmaster and have been a Scout ever since I was 10 years old. I am now a Rover Scout. I cannot understand this reference at all."

The press secretary of the Boy Scouts Association was staggered by the volume of telegrams and telephone protests.

Questions are expected to be asked concerning the propriety of the remark in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, in both of which there are old Scouts.

No Slur Intended

NEW YORK, August 29 —(AP) When he referred to Rudolph Hess in a press interview here Friday, as "an overgrown Boy Scout", British Information Minister Brendan Bracken used the term only "in the loose sense in which it is sometimes used to indicate a man who has never grown up," he said Saturday.

Bracken sent the following telegram today to Lord Somers, Chief Scout in England:

In case there is any misunderstanding about my reference to Hess at Friday's press conference, I wish to make it clear that I used the phrase 'an overgrown Boy Scout .' in the loose sense in which it is sometimes uned to indicate a man who has never grown up.

"Nothing was further from my intention than to throw any slur on the splendid organization which you head, and the work of which especially during the blitz, has always had my deep admiration."

IN MEMORIAM

MISS TILLEY HAYDEN

A fine Christian woman passed away recently in the person of Miss Tilley Hayden, of Cherry Valley, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Hayden. Miss Hayden was well and favourably known by everyone in the community where she had spent a life of great usefulness. About six months ago her health began to fail and some time later she found it necessay to enter the Prince Edward Island Hospital for treatment. Despite the most skillful care she gradually grew weaker until on August 24th, she passed peacefully away.

The funeral took place on August 26th, from the residence of her brother, Mr. Lewis Hayden, where she had always made her home. The service was held in the Cherry Valley United Church where she had long been an esteemed and faithful member, having been a Sunday School teacher as well as a member of the Choir and of the Missionary Society.

A very large number of people were in attendance, Rev. A.S. Weir conducted the service and was assisted by the Rev. T.E. MacLennan, of Charlottetown. The choir sang favourite hymns of the deceased.

Miss Hayden will be greatly missed from the community and church as she was always interested and active in good causes, and was a splendid friend and neighbour. She leaves to mourn their loss, besides a wide circle of friends, the brother already mentioned, Mr. Lewis Hayden and Mrs. Hayden, two nephews, William and George Hayden. The former is at home on the farm and the latter is with the R.C.A.F. and posted at Northern Vancouver Island. He happened to reach home on furlough just a few days before his aunt's death. The sincere sympathy of the neighbourhood is extended to those bereaved.

Interment took place in the cemetery beside the United Church. The pall bearers were: Messrs. Luke Praught, Trueman Jenkins, Irving Tweedy, Dennis Rooney, Gavin Irving and Roy Mutch.

New ambassador of Soviet Russia to the United States is Andrew Gromykov, above, who has been appointed to succeed Maxim Litvinov. The latter was recalled last May for consulations. His removal follows a similar displacement of Ivan Maisky, Russia's ambassador to Great Britain.

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ATTENTION—all who love coffee! Now you can use *two* of your ration coupons *every three weeks* instead of every four weeks as formerly.

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For wartime reasons Maxwell House is now packed in bags—in an All Purpose Grind and at a lower cost to you. This new grind is suitable for *all* ways of making coffee—coffee-pot, percolator or glass coffee-maker. If using a glass coffee-maker you may want to brew the coffee a little longer.

MAXWELL HOUSE Coffee

MH333 A Product of General Foods

Steinbeck Tells of Soldier Who Went Over Hill at Algiers

Bet $20 That He Could Get Home, Then Joined Column of Italian Prisoners and Was Shoved on Prison Ship Bound for New York

By John Steinbeck

Special to the Herald Tribune and the Charlottetown Guardian, Copyright, 1943, New York Tribune, Inc.

A NORTH AFRICAN PORT (via London).—Sligo and the kid took their forty-eight-hour pass listlessly. The bars close in Algeria at 8 o'clock, but they got pretty drunk on wine before that happened and they took a bottle with them and lay down on the beach. The night was warm and after the two had finished the second bottle of wine they took off their clothes and waded out into the quiet water and then squatted down and sat there with only their heads out. "Pretty nice, eh kid," said Sligo. "There's guys used to pay heavy dough for stuff just like this and we get it for nothing."

"I'd rather be home on Tenth Avnoo," said the kid. "I'd rather be there than any place. I'd like to see my old lady. I'd like to see the World Series this year."

"You'd like maybe a clip in the kisser," said Sligo.

"I'd like to go into the Greek's and get me a double chocolate malted with six eggs in it," said the kid. He bobbed up to keep a little wavelet out of his month. "This place is lonely, I like Coney."

"Two full of people," said Sligo.

"This place is lonely," said the kid.

"Talking about the Series, I'd like to do that myself," said Sligo. "It's just times like this a fella gets kind of tempted to go over the hill."

"S'posen you went over the hill—where the hell would you go? There ain't no place to go."

"I'd go home," said Sligo. "I'd go to the Series. I'd be first in the bleachers, like I was in '40".

"You couldn't get home," the kid said, "there ain't no way to get home."

Sligo Offers a Bet

The wine was warming Sligo and the water was good. "I got dough says I can get home," he said carelessly.

"How much dough?"

"Twenty bucks."

"You can't do it," said the kid.

"You want to take the bet?"

"Sure, I'll take it. When you going to pay?"

"I ain't going to pay, you're going to pay. Let's go up on the beach and knock off a little sleep. . . ."

At the piers the ships lay. They had brought landing craft and tanks and troops and now they lay, taking in the scrap, the broken equipment from the North African battlefields which would go to the blast furnaces to make more tanks and landing craft. Sligo and the kid sat on a pile of C-ration boxes and watched the ships. Down the hill came a detail with a hundred Italian prisoners to be shipped to New York. Some of the prisoners were ragged and some were dressed in American khaki because they had been too ragged in the wrong places. None of the prisoners seemed to be unhappy about going to America. They marched down to a gangplank and then stood in a crowd awaiting orders to get aboard.

"Look at them," said the kid, "they get to go home and we got to stay. What you doing, Sligo? What you rubbing oil all over your pants for?"

"Twenty bucks," said Sligo, "and I'll find you and collect, too."

He stood off and took off his overseas cap and tossed it to the kid. "Here's a present, kid."

"What you going to do, Sligo?"

"Don't you come follow me, you're too dumb. Twenty bucks, and don't you forget it So long, see you on Tent Avnoo."

The kid watched him go uncomprehending. Sligo, with dirty pants and a ripped shirt, moved gradually over, near to the prisoners, and then imperceptibly he edged in among them and stood bareheaded, looking back at the kid.

A Protest for the Record

An order was called down to the guards, and they herded the prisoners toward the gangplank. Sligo's voice came plaintively "I'm not supposed to be here. Hey, don't put me on dis ship."

"Shut up, wop," a guard growled at him. "I don't care if you did live sixteen years in Brooklyn. Git up that plank." He pulled the reluctant Sligo up the gangplank.

Back on the pile of boxes the kid watched with admiration. He saw Sligo get to the rail. He saw Sligo still protesting and fighting to get back to the pier. He heard him shrieking "Hey, I'm Americano, Americano soldier. You canna poot me here."

The kid saw Sligo struggling and then he saw the final triumph. He saw Sligo take a sock at a guard and he saw the guard's club rise and come down on Sligo's head. His friend collapsed and was carried out of sight on board the ship. "The son of a gun," the kid murmured to himself. "The smart son of a gun. They can't do nothing at all to him and he got witnesses. Well, the smart son of a gun. My God, it's worth twenty bucks.

The kid sat on the boxes for a long time. He didn't leave his place till the ship cast off and the tugs pulled her clear of the submarine nets. Then the kid saw the ship join the group and he saw the destroyers move up and take the convoy under protection. The kid walked dejectedly up to the town. He bought a bottle of Algerian wine and headed back toward the beach to sleep his forty-eight.

When Trooper Harold Vaughan, Executive editor of The Windsor Daily Star, was called upon by Lt.-Col. W. Steward, officer commanding the 30th (Reserve) Reconnaissance Regiment, Essex Regiment, to give his ideas about recruiting, he really started something. Right away a recruiting committee was formed from the ranks and the blitz was on. They covered Windsor's industrial area like a blanket and broke a record in recruiting four units to full strength. TOP, Col. W. G. Hagarty, 31st Reserve Brigade group in centre, discusses reserve army recruiting in a "break" period during summer training. His listeners are (left) Tpr. W. H. Vaughan, who started the novel recruiting scheme, and (right) Tpr. Paul Martin, K.C., M.P., for Essex East. LOWER, are members of the recruiting committee interviewing an applicant for enlistment. Left to right are the recruit, V. W. Gingerich, of Windsor; Cpl. Ford, U.A.W.-C.I.O steward in the Ford Motor Company plant; Tpr Keith Laird, Windsor barrister and Tpr. G. B. Ellis, members of Windsor's Board of Control. Ford won the prize for bringing in the greatest number of recruits.