

W. C. T. U. NOTES

WHAT IS FREEDOM? (By James Russel Lowell)

Is true Freedom but to break Fetters for our own dear sake. And, with less than hearts forget That we owe mankind a debt? No! true Freedom is to share All the chains our brother wears, And, with heart and hand, to be Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak For the fallen and the weak; They are slaves who will not choose Hatred, scoffing, and abuse, Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think: They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.

DR. LITTLE

Dr. Little, editor of Sunday School Publications for the United Church of Canada, address the Annual Convention of the Ontario W. C. T. U. in Sarnia. His subject was "Will Six Thousand Ontario Churches Lose Eighteen Hundred Ontario Liquor Outlets?"

Do the church leaders and Christian people of Ontario know what the beverage rooms are doing? Do they ever visit these social plague spots to see at first hand? Here is what they would find: They would see raised drinking, far more men drinking with women than with men. They would see sale to the point of intoxication, reckless spending of money with the treating system operating as of old. They would hear fighting, profanity, incoherent and maudlin talk, brawling and sorry attempts at song. They would see open solicitation by prostitutes. In many places the women far outnumber the men drinkers. They would see staggering people enter motor cars and zig-zag down the streets. Frequently the police are present, but no one is arrested who can stagger home. They would see young people going in light-footed and happy-hearted and coming out with leaden feet and muddled minds. They would both hear and see suppers noisily in reverse. They would be pained at the presence of soldiers—in one large high-class society, on one Saturday evening four out of five male drinkers wore the uniform of the Air Force. They would see the morale of the drinkers noticeably sagging whereas the white coated servers of beer are more alert and self-controlled than many of their customers. The servers are forbidden to drink on duty. This is a realistic description of the beverage rooms of Ontario. Each assertion is the result of repeated inspection of several dozen beer rooms.

Twice in recent months I have been called to a jail to go bail for young men arrested for being drunk on Saturday evenings. Two o'clock Sunday afternoon was the hour appointed. What a sight to see! The bondsmen are allowed to enter through a massive door opened for each by an eight-inch key. There are not sufficient seats to accommodate the crowd. One by one the names of the drunk are called. A father goes ball and leads away his son—a boy who does not look to be over 17 years of age. A girl takes the hand of her sister, little over it actually over the legal age to purchase beer. A son goes and leads away his mother. A wife and her son take away a husband and father. A stylish woman goes ball for her husband, the name is that one of an honoured Scotch-Canadian family. A tipsy woman flaunts her ball bills before the crowd shouting, "We were all drunk, I was lucky, but Jack got caught." A handsome girl shamefacedly walks away with her father, a dignified, well dressed man. One man released on bail tells of a quarrelsome drunk being beaten up in the police station and that he himself had his pocket picked in a hunk. The women prisoners were all well dressed and respectable in appearance; they looked more as though they should be coming out of a church pew, than out of a prison cell. And all these dozens of people were bonded to appear in police court, there to receive sentence at the rate of two a minute in what is called "the drunk court." That is happening every Sunday afternoon in the cities of Ontario, but the Cabinet Ministers eat their Sunday dinners and take their Sunday afternoon naps with no qualms of conscience. Public opinion is indifferent—the Liquor Board is expected to have 12 million dollars revenue next year. What matter if hundreds of homes have through Saturday night arrests for drunkenness! The old-time bar in Ontario was decent enough to close at 6 or 7 o'clock, but Ontario's Premier is Provincial Treasurer, and wants the money from the beer—he would only wisecrack about young girls spending Saturday nights in police stations and jails, and being bailed out on Sunday and appearing in court on Monday instead of going to school or work. A woman, twenty-two years of age, married, but just a girl, was recently stabbed in a car and died soon after. The case came to trial. Did the judge and jury ever think of one who stooped and wrote upon the ground? Who was responsible for that woman stabbed to death? What if the young man of 21, convicted of stabbing her, after visiting a beverage room, the server, who for wages served the drink, the authority holder who for profit sold the drink, the Chairman of the Liquor Control Board, who for revenue made the sale legal, the Provincial Treasurer, the Premier, who for patronage, political

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War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press) DEC. 6, 1916—Serbians advanced southeast of Monastir, capturing heights north of Grumishia. Germans captured Bucharest, capital of Rumania, taking 6,000 prisoners.

DEC. 7, 1916—David Lloyd George became British Prime Minister. German forces stormed Hill 304 at Verdun. Heavy artillery bombardments in the Tielval area on the Western Front.

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MAPLE PLAINS AND VICINITY

Maple Plains school is progressing under the capable management of Miss Catherine Johnson.

Mr. William Smith of Maple Plains, left recently for Halifax.

Miss Inez Walsh, who is attending the Short Course in the city was a recent visitor to her home in Maple Plains.

The many friends of Master Preston Murphy, are sorry to hear of his continued illness and wish a speedy recovery.

Misses Myrtle Murphy and Louise Cairns spent Sunday very pleasantly in Kinkora.

Miss Doris Kelly of Kinkora, is visiting in Maple Plains the guest of her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith.

Mr. Aeneas McCarville of Emerald spent the week-end very pleasantly at his home in Maple Plains.

The monthly meeting of the Maple Plains W. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. Parnell McCarville on December 3rd with a good crowd in attendance.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCarville of Maple Plains on November twenty-ninth, when neighbours and friends gathered to tender a reception to their son, Private Ambrose, who is serving in His Majesty's Forces. Mr. Leonard Murphy was appointed chairman. He explained the object of the gathering and called on Miss Alta Walsh, who read a nicely worded address while Mrs. Albert Duffy presented a well filled purse. "Amby" in his usual genial manner, thanked all for their kindness, in a few well chosen words, a dainty lunch was served by the hostess and the remainder of the evening was passed with music and dancing. The guests left for home at a late hour, wishing Amby every success. Private McCarville left for Halifax on Monday morning.

Excessive Worry Saps the Nervous System

Worry over business or household duties, sudden shock, distressing news, the foolish attempt to put a nervous system into 24 hours all put a strain on the nervous system it cannot stand. If you are tired, listless, nervous and worried why not give Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills a chance to help put you on your feet again? They are a blood enriching and nerve tonic containing essential elements for the blood and the nervous system. Help yourself back to health—happiness by taking H. & N. Pills. Price 50c a box, 65 pills, at all drug counters. Look for our registered trade mark a "Red Heart" on the package. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

power and party campaign funds perpetuates the beverage rooms, the voters who ignorantly voted as a church man broadcasting advised them to vote? If Christ had been speaking at the funeral of that young woman, stabbed to death with a butcher knife in a car by a man she met in a beverage room, would he not have turned upon the men, from the beer-room waiter, in his white coat to the Premier, the Provincial Treasurer, taking revenue from the sale? And could they deny some measure of joint responsibility? Perhaps it is too much to ask for gallantry or chivalry, but can we not expect customary decency towards women? The beverage rooms are coarsening girlhood and womanhood in Ontario.

WHEN THE HOUR STRIKES FOR A PEOPLE The deeds of time are governed, as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting

existences bends to the immovable omnipotence which plants its foot on all the centuries. Sometimes it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of fury; an all-subduing influence prepares the mind of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings are wondrously attracted and compelled to bear forward the change. —George Bancroft

"ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE" Another hymn of the sea, written in 1860 by William Whiting, has taken its place as one of our favorite hymns of the church. It is a translation from the Latin, the first three stanzas being addressed

to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The theme throughout is a prayer for those in peril. Its writer was born at Kensington, London, in 1825. For a time he was Master of Winchester College, Choristers' school. He died in 1878.

"A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS"

It's just a little mound somewhere in Flanders Perhaps upon some hillside over there; Where sunshine smiles upon him in his slumbers, In answer to his boyhood wish—his prayer. Then he would lie and look up to the Heavens, At fleecy clouds like wool go drifting by; And wonder "Is my other home up yonder?" So far away above the azure sky? Then Mother if it is would be his answer I must look up so long that I will know

And not forget what you have always told me, About that home above when there I go. Perhaps he sleeps beneath some spreading anemone tree Where birds sing in its branches low, through the day, Where dancing light through leaves still weaves in fancy The fairies in their loveliness at play. A mother's prayers went with him through his danger Her thoughts across the miles went out each day; She who had watched her baby grow still weaves in fancy Through all his hopes and joys, his work and play. A Mother waited: watching — long — long — yearning, Through weary nights, through days as long as years; "Thy will be done," she whispered in her patience; "Thy will be done," that only calmed her fears.

God kept him somewhere over there in Flanders, Where poppies grow blooded above his head, To lay their petals softly on his pillow, As light as Mother's touch upon his bed. The many were the steps of those returning, Her boy came not again—the one so fair; Now in her garden grows a glorious poppy; Her, hero son lie sleeping over there. Whilst grows a Poppy on the field or hillside In Flanders, through the changing times, through years, They grow more red, more rich with added beauty; They're watered by a lonely Mother's tears. Written specially for a Mother's returning. —John, "The Lilacs, P. E. I."

BRINGING UP FATHER

