FLAVOR did it!

More people are drinking FlavorFULL Chase & Sanborn Coffee than ever before. Sales are going up, up, up!

GREENWICK SCHOOL

Honor Roll for January:
Grade IX—1. Mildred MacEwen.
Grade VIII—1: Irma MacLaren.
Grade V a —1. Vera Squires; 2. Hubert Sanderson; 3. Linnie Squires.
Grade V —B 1. Victor MacLaren, 2. Vernon Sanderson.
Grade IV a —1. Edith MacEwen.
Grade IV b —1. Reggie MacLaren.
Grade II —1. Alfred MacLaren; 2. Lorne MacLaren.
Grade I a —1. Martin Sanderson; 2. Denna Sanderson; 3. Ekner Squires.
Grade I B—1. Willard Squires.
Grade I c —1. Elaine MacEwen; 2. Barbara Rattray; 3. Gertie Sanderson
Highest average in Senior Grades, Vera Squires 83 per cent.
Highest average in Junior grades, Alfred MacLaren 97 per cent.
Perfect attendance — Martin Sanderson. Elaine MacEwen, Barbara Rattray.
Mrs Mertie L. Sanderson, teacher.

FUTURE OF FRANCE PAINS ROTHSCHILD

VANCOUVER, Feb. 3 — (CP) — Von Ribbentrop has stolen his race horses, Goering has taken the best of his art treasures, and now Baron Maurice de Rothschild, scion of Europe's richest family of bankers, is a lonely refugee living in a Vancouver hotel.

One of the baron's most important post-war tasks will be the recovery of the great works of art which the Germans have stolen and which it took his family more than 200 years to collect. "I know I will have the support of the British and American governments to trace and reclaim them," he said, "even if Goering has sent them to his home in Sweden as I have been told."

Baron Rothschild grew solemn at the thought of his country's future and the fate of his own relatives.

"Unfortunately after this war the French people themselves will not be the same," he said, "two million Frenchmen, after four years' imprisonment in Germay will or will not return from Germany- -and in what state? They represented at the time all the youth of France. They will now if they come back, be aged and ill, more even perhaps morally and intellectually than physically.

URGES EARLY START ON POST-WAR HOMES

LONDON —(CP)— For the sake of political peace and the rehabilitation of Britain's industrial life practical planning of the post-war program of 4,000,000 houses in 10 years must be started immediately and not left to the end of the war.

This was stated in a recent report of a joint conference of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the National House Builders Registration Council and the Building Societies Association.

AN ARABIC WORD

Sahara is the Arabic word for "wilderness."

Splendid Cough Relief, Mixed in Your Kitchen

No Trouble. No Cooking. Saves Big Dollars.

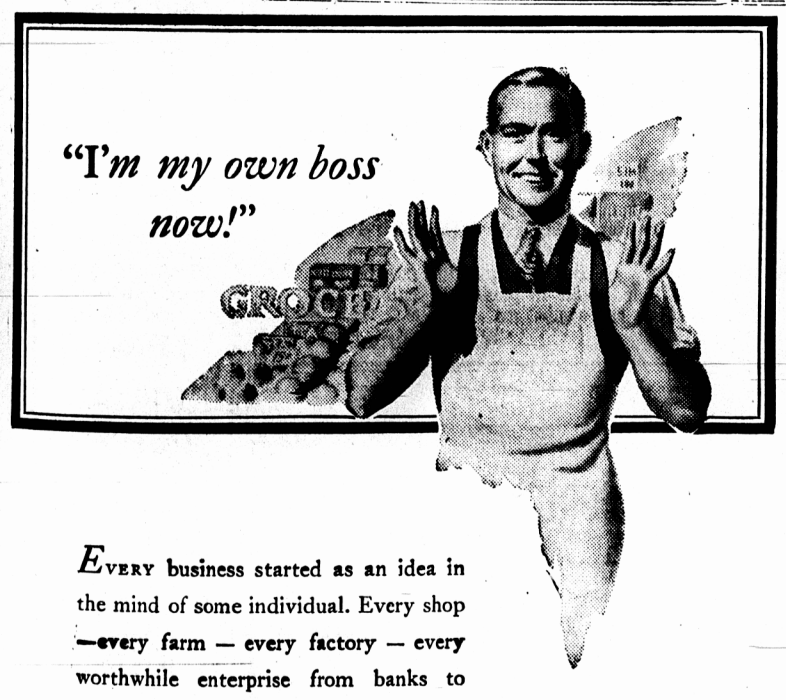
Yes ma'am, right in your own kitchen, you can easily mix a cough syrup that can be depended upon for quick results, and gives you about 4 times as much for your money. And no trouble—it's so easily prepared.

You'll need a syrup. Make it by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. No cooking needed. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.

Now get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, and pour it into a 16 oz. bottle. Then add your syrup. There you have 16 ounces of really splendid medicine for coughs due to colds. It lasts a family a long time, and tastes fine—children love it.

And does it do the work! You'll say it's your favorite cough treatment. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Eases the soreness, and lets you rest at night.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for prompt action on throat and bronchial membranes. Just try it, and if not pleased, your money will be refunded.



Every business started as an idea in the mind of some individual. Every shop —every farm — every factory — every worthwhile enterprise from banks to movie theatres, came into being because some individual had faith in an idea and the courage to back it.

Every Canadian has this right . . . the right to build his future in his own way—to go into business for himself if he chooses —and to reap the reward of his enterprise. So it has always been. That is the very essence of our free way of life, the solid foundation of our greatness as a nation.

What is PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?
It is the natural desire to make your own way, as far as your ability will take you; an instinct that has brought to this continent the highest standard of life enjoyed by any people on earth. It is the spirit of democracy on the march.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Comfort--Human and Divine

By Rev. T. H. Bussell Somers, M.A., S.T.M.

"Then Job answered and said, 'I have heard many such things; miserable comforters are ye all."—Job 16:1-2.

On a heap of slag outside an Oriental city sat a miserable creature who had lost everything and who had everything to lose. He had moved amongst men with all the assurance of physical vigour and the force of worldly prosperity. He had enjoyed the reputation of righteousness and generosity. He had been the head of a large and harmonious family. And now he has nothing left save his soul and sometimes he is not so sure of that. The reader of this magnificent poem is, however, permitted to peep behind the scenes and to find the reason for this catastrophe, which is never, even after it is over, divulged to its victim. Satan has challenged God's boast that Job's integrity is invincible. Heaven has, so to speak, staked its reputation on the fidelity of this poor bedraggled fellow to whose sores and humiliations have been added the ceaseless stream of messengers announcing woe. Even to the end Job is not aware that his life has been the battlefield between Light and Darkness, but at last he emerges into peace. It is not a peace of explanation — that is never accorded him — but it is a peace of vision, whereby explanations are rendered unnecessary. "The peace which passeth understanding" reaches and inhabits a higher level than intellectual comprehension, comes to his tortured soul as he exclaims "I had heard of Thee...but now mine eye seeth Thee."

It is a later pen that introduces the figures of the "comforters." They are just people who murmur in his ears the stock arguments and current consolations popular in their day. That prosperity is the result of God's favour and that the loss of health, children and worldly fortune are the punishment of sin, and that the only hope is somehow to secure once more the ear of God —these are the burden of their insistence. Nothing, however, will convince Job that he has deserved his fate, and, in his refusal to associate his plight with infidelity to his ideals he is on very firm ground for our Lord Himself declared, when they brought Him the man born blind, and urged the old motion that there had been sin in him or his parents "Neither this man nor his parents, but that the work of God might be made manifest in him." It is a supreme affirmation, of which, of course, the centre and source is the Cross itself. At any rate, Job draws out of his own agony the flat denial of the theology of his day. He will have none of it. Whatever underlies his misery it is not what these men say, and what these men say does not help him to fear it — therefore at last he turns on them —"I have heard many such things; miserable comforters are ye all!"

Would-Be Consolers

The sufferer and the moralising would-be-consolers belong to every generation. The necessity of finding and providing help and hope to the broken hearts of men is perhaps the supreme challenge to religion, and if religion cannot meet it, it cannot be met elsewhere.

For, while much has changed, the situation remains the same. Death strikes our nearest and best beloved, and we do not close the gap by covering it with flowers. The literature of bereavement is amongst the noblest in our language. Many people distrusted, and some derided Ramsay MacDonald, but no one who has read the biography "Margaret Ethel MacDonald" imagines that one who so loved a magnificent woman and remained faithful to their marriage could be a man without principle. Ever since Abraham "stood up before his dead and craved a place of burial" there has been this sense of irreparable loss when death had struck at Love. What we call "the healing hand of time"—it is a poor name for it — is just that subtle and gradual process by which the physical presence of the beloved is replaced by the spiritual comradeship. Because of our physical situation, it is often a long and difficult transference but those of you who are aware of the very near presence of your dearest who have died know that it does take place and that it is one of the surest promises of that life beyond into which one day we shall be "by hands familiar beckoned into our fitting place." Meanwhile our beloved "dead" become part of our living world—

"Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee where the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair."

I suppose that, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt awoke one day to find himself a sufferer from infantile paralysis, he would have been justified in believing that his career of public service—already brilliantly begun—was over, and in feeling that a situation in which he became one of the chief pillars of the world's hope was utterly fantastic. No one who has not lain—as Job lay—so smitten as to wonder whether life was over, work prohibited, and nothing remaining save to become a helpless dependent on the kindness, if not the alms, of other folk, can ever know what it means to make friends with such a situation. Yet friends we must become, if life is not simply to be hideous. I speak from the experience of Christendom when I say "It can be done" and all the future if the shadow goes back on the dial and the worst does not happen, is coloured by that reconciliation.

Financial Worries

People often speak as if poverty were a blessing, but, beyond a point, it is an unmitigated curse. What many good people need most of all is a little ease and plenty. Talent has been liberated and life itself saved just by the possession of means. One sufferer must die in his slum, while the other may seek and enjoy the climate that will restore him. I read Lord Tweedsmuir's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" last summer, and nowhere is he nobler than amid the crash of his financial affairs. Let no man under-value the impact of such a crash. Only those know it, who like Job, have experienced it. Financial worry ranks very high in the list of the soul's enemies. It is as potent now as when Job lost those flocks and herds and the affluence which had become part of him and without which he no longer remained himself.

Now our modern world is even fuller than his of voices which pronounce on these situations. The pessimist is with us as with him. Job's wife bade him "curse God and die" and we are urged to the same policy of despair by many novelists and others. Tschekov in "The Cherry Orchard" goes round turning out the lights one by one, and sneering at the credulities of pious folk. Thomas Hardy ends his "Tess of the Durbervilles" with the words, "The President of the Immortals had finished His sport with Tess." J. B. Priestley in "Angel Pavement" gives a picture of drab and toilworn people, living in a world which apparently contain neither Church nor Christian, to whom there comes a flicker of worldly hope, and when it is gone, they toil on, a little drabber and more toilworn, with no goal but despair. Our men are not reading Omar Khayam in this war. He was a best seller, I am told, in the last one—largely because he wrote such lines as

O come with old Khayam, and leave the wise
To talk; one thing is certain, this life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is lies—
The flower that once has bloomed for ever dies!

A more erroneous or less scientific statement it would be difficult to discover. It just is not true, for the dead flower has poured itself into other forms of life. Indeed, like ourselves, the body of it seems to perish only that its soul may find better resurrection.

Another Monitor

The psychologist is another of our monitors, and God forbid that I should seem to sneer at psychology. It is a real and valuable study. But there is a modern variety of it which is mischievous, which suggests that men are machines with interchangeable parts, and which suggests facile remedies for deep distresses. All that is needed is to oil a complex, uncouple an overheated phobia, or put a new piston rod into an inhibition. Of course ideas do govern conduct. What you believe settles what you do. When Agnes Smedley, in her book on China, is grateful for never having had any religion, we are not surprised that she next announces her desertion of her young brothers and a divorce following a shallow marriage. The psychologist, however, is a miserable comforter, until he realizes that each soul is an unique thing, until he treats us as one who knows that the planet contains nobody else like us, until he recognizes psychology's basic truth which is that the individual is the heart of his experiences.

The third modern comforter is the traditionalist who is also eloquent, and let us never make the mistake of undervaluing our traditions. There is a traditionalist, however, who is forever trying to force on us forms and formulae which are quite useless for our generation, however well they served our predecessors. We live in a world which knows itself round and not on an earth which imagines itself square. What is commonly known as liberalism in religion is simply the plain application of knowledge and common sense to the facts. It is of no use whatsoever to take to the agonised man on the slag-heap things which he knows to be no longer true or helpful, however much they may have assisted those of an age which dwelt in a different atmosphere and talked another language. I sometimes think that we need to shed a very great deal of our religious jargon and vocabulary. They no longer clothe reality for a vast number of suffering folk.

Job's Comfort

On the other hand, if, in a different way, we find our answer and our comfort just where Job found his. There is the amazing wonder of the world, stars which cannot be counted, leviathan which cannot be hooked, and wisdom which cannot be plumbed. As well believe that Hamlet was the result of two handsful of printer's pie thrown haphazard into a vat as that such a world did not spring from the mind of a Creator. It may be true that Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper" has some scratches and blots on it, but there is genius beneath them none the less, and the observer who fixes his attention on them is a fool. It is perfectly true that man has done dreadful and devastating things with the world, that his hot and avaricious hands are more responsible than anything else for its failure to be beautiful, peaceful and good, and for his failure to realise the image in which he was made. But as soon as one really sees the world, one is swamped in the beauty, the majesty and the purpose of God. One believes in God as never before. Before a sunset, a tree, a child, we are stopped, for there is a fact which has to be explained, and nobody has ever yet gotten to the bottom of it. It is so marvellous that the pessimist, the psychologist and the traditionalist become puny and negligible alongside it.

The sufferer is further comforted and strengthened as Job was, by the scrutiny of himself. The self "perishes" goes to pieces, disintegrates, without God. With God, it becomes aware of its own vitality, integrity and peace. Whatever storms may roar, there is heard "a deeper voice across the storm." It is also aware of immense significance of itself as a unique creation of God, separate, different and distinct from all others ever born or yet to be born. We derive comfort from the realization that our souls are not insignificant. They are the battle ground of the mightiest forces of the universe.

Then, above all, there is the Cross. At the heart of our religion is the Crucifixion of the innocent and beloved of Him in whom God was well-pleased. Whatever the meaning of your agony, your loss, your disappointment, it is not that God is against you. Rather it is that God is suffering in and through you and your suffering is the welding of your life with His. You are singing the Lord's song in many queer places these days—places, perhaps, you never expected to encounter—and your lips tremble very frequently. Voices clamour around you dissuading you from good, urging you to despair, demanding your surrender. Lord Aberdeen took Helen Keller to the window of the House of Commons and described to her blind eyes "the steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar" with the snow on their summit and told her that he looked at that night and morning and thereby kept his mind on the heights. Look at the "lonely hill" and the Cross on it night and morning and you will despise the shallow comforts of the superficial, your soul will reach to the depth, the richness, the fulness of the comfort that is ours in God our Saviour.

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FANNING BROOK W. I.

The regular meeting of Fanning Brook W. I. met at the home of Mrs Leo Rogerson with 11 members and four visitors present. Roll call was answered by naming your first School Teacher. Sick reported two treated.

A letter of thanks was read from a soldier overseas for a Christmas box.

It was decided to pack another box for Easter. Four members kindly offered to clean school. A humorous reading by Mrs. Allan Jay and a jumble word contest by Miss Thelma Jay was won by Miss Thelma Jay and Mrs Watson Jay.

A very interesting demonstration on knitting was put on by Mrs. Watson Jay. Meeting closed with the National Anthem. A vote of thanks was tendered the hostess for a nice evening and delicious lunch

ORWELL COVE SCHOOL

Report for the month of January

Grade X—Sr. 1. Beverley MacLeod
Grade X Jr.—1. Laurena Rooney, 2. Beatrice McKenna; 3. Mary Rooney
Grade VIII—1 Clifford MacLeod, 2. Marie Rooney; 3. Pauline Grant.
Grade VI—1. Patrick McKenna, 2. Michael McKenna.
Grade V—1. Annie Grant; 2. Kenneth MacLeod; 3. Joseph Rooney
Grade III—1. Eileen Rooney.
Grade II —1. Charles Grant and Mildred MacLeod. (equal).
Grade I Sr. —1. Georgina MacKenna.
Grade I Jr. 1—1. Ivan Kelly.
Perfect attendance Beverley MacLeod, Clifford MacLeod, Eileen Rooney, Mildred MacLeod.
C. Rooney, Teacher.

IN STOCK

1 car Fencing Wires
1 car Nails and Horse Shoes.
1 car Nails and Bar Iron
1 car Roofing and Shingles.

ARRIVING

1 car Window Glass
1 car Galvn. and Black Sheets
1 car Assorted Shingles.

Fennell & Chandler

POULTRY WANTED

No quantity too large or too small. Send in your fowl and chicken to the Royal Packing Company. Paying top prices on all grades.

J. D. Jenkins (Prop.)
THE ROYAL PACKING COMPANY
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

ALSO FURS

Send in your muskrats, mink, red fox and other furs Taking shipments at all times. Cheque sent back by return mail.

J. D. Jenkins