

**We have our part to play  
in restoring the shattered  
fabric of civilization**

It is a proud and difficult part and if you carry on in the years to come as you have done so splendidly in the war, you and your children can look forward to the future, not with fear, but with high hopes of surer happiness for all. It is to this task that I call you now.

FROM HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECH  
TO THE BRITISH PEOPLES  
ON VJ-DAY, AUGUST 19, 1945.

**BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS**



**Young April**

by Dorothy Chadwick

**CHAPTER XVII**

In the roadster Ben and Phoebe sped out of Riverhead, past the green awning of the Henry Perkins Hotel, across the narrow bridge into the highway. "Oh Ben, isn't this fun? I love doing things on the spur of the moment. Isn't it wonderful that Mr. Rumpelberg wanted to see you right away? If I'd known we were going I'd have worn my beret. What time is your appointment?" Phoebe's hand in the short, white glove that made her slim arms look so brown snatched at the fluttering brim of her hat.

Then in the afternoon, matinee—that is, matinee for you while I go to see Mr. Rumpelberg. I may get through in time to join you though."

"Rumpelberg. Ben, imagine wanting to kiss anybody named that! But I do, because he made you go in to town and you brought me along."

It was as much fun as being let out of school, this unexpected spree together on the hot Saturday morning. The sweltering countryside reeled by—corn standing green and tall; stretches and stretches of potatoes and cabbage and brocoli; villages with red store fronts and people in light clothes walking under the trees. At last came the Parkway where speed was like a cushion under your thoughts. Under the blazing sun your head felt light; if you were happy, only happiness mattered.

"I'm happy, happy," Phoebe thought. She and Ben were dancing between salad and dessert in the gloomy, gaudy, cavern of Childs. They were in a magic cave where the red and green and purple lights had nothing to do with everyday life, where it was cool in spite of the blazing heat, where the air vibrated to the primitive

beat of the tom tom.

Later Phoebe sat in the theater alone, watching the comedy unfolding on the stage. But the seat beside her shrieked its emptiness, and she was so conscious of it that she could not concentrate on the play. The jokes seemed flat, the ensembles tawdry, the music a thin, pattering of sound. Then Ben came.

And suddenly the show was wonderful. Phoebe turned toward him, her face faintly gleaming in the light from the stage. "Ben, I'm so glad you got here."

They were going to have dinner at Aunt Bea's restaurant on Ninth Street, so they took a bus. Phoebe relaxed in the hard wobbling seat on the open top, feeling Ben's shoulder pressing against her own.

"Say, Phoebe, I was just thinking. We might easily run into Peter at your Aunt Bea's place. Shall you mind if we do?"

"No. Shall you?"

"Of course not."

"Then if Peter doesn't, it'll be all right," Phoebe said.

But she felt a little nervous as they went through the street door leading to the restaurant and up the short flight of stairs into the hall of the narrow building. "It's

quite early. Ben. Let's go back to the kitchen first and surprise Aunt Bea." Taking his hand she dragged him down the hall which led them to the kitchen door without having to enter the dining room at all.

"Why you darlings!" Aunt Bea in her white Hoover apron ran to greet them, holding her face up for a tall niece to kiss, beaming at Ben. "I'm all over onions, Ben, can't shake hands. How grand it is to see to you."

Matsu came through the green swinging doors from the dining room with a tray, his forehead wrinkled with trying to remember his orders, and then he saw Phoebe and Ben and grinned like a delighted schoolboy. Anna, was very busy with her chops, but she turned around and looked at the young couple and smiled at them.

"Aunt Bea," Phoebe said nervously, "is—Peter here?"

"No, but he's coming. And most likely Henrietta Austin will be with him. She usually is."

Peter and Henrietta Austin. Phoebe and Ben looked at each other.

"It's as plain as his nose on your face," Aunt Bea said, all the time busily stuffing deviled eggs for the salads. "That Henrietta's head over heels when Peter is concerned. Now you two run along on in and have dinner—and don't forget to order Hippy pudding or else butter scotch tart. They're grand."

Ben and Phoebe took the round table for four at the end of the alcove which opened off through a wide arch from the big dining room. Matsu hurried along behind them and lighted the tall white candle which sparkled and shone in Phoebe's eyes. "Peter and Henrietta," she said mutingly. "Ben, do you suppose—"

Matsu had whisked away the fruit cocktail glasses and had gone to the kitchen for creamed sweetbreads when Peter and Henrietta arrived. They pause just inside the door to say something to Jean French at the cashier's table, and Phoebe looked at them. Henrietta was—well, she was Henrietta, her tiny hat edged by bright blond curls, her lips so red, every inch of her so joyously alive. And Peter looked so well that each den tears came into her eyes. For weeks she had been remembering him as she had last seen him in pine grove, white and suffering; and now there he stood laughing with Henrietta, and all his radiant quality had come back.

**W. C. T. U. NOTES**

**AN EVENING PRAYER**

Give our spirits rest, O Father, in these days of stress and care. Speak Thy holy Peace within us. As we seek Thy Face in prayer. Life has sometimes bruised and hurt us; Often we have gone astray; Now in quietness before Thee, With Thy hear us as we pray.

In Thy Name, as Thou has, taught us. Bring we now our earnest plea— Spread Thy wings protecting o'er us.

Give our spirits rest in Thee. —G. M. C.

**ALCOHOL AND ATHLETICS**

From earliest times physical

sports and contests have been looked upon as manly and worthwhile undertakings. In the days of the Roman Empire, laurel wreaths were awarded to the winners of the running races, and young men were trained in the science of self defence.

In our own days, sport is lauded and honoured to a superlative degree, and popular baseball and hockey players receive extravagant salaries, much larger than those accorded to teachers, professors or even ministers. Those who wish to excel in athletics must undergo rigorous training, and must give up all alcoholic drinks. Conrle Mac, the popular coach, says: "Old man booze has put more players out of the game than all the umpires." The coach knows that players are not at their best when under the influence of alcohol. But why shouldn't young people be at their best all the time? Ben's is rather an insult to your home or your friends or your work to offer them your second or third best or perhaps even your worst.

The coach knows what he is talking about when he says that alcohol keeps a player from doing his best, and he doesn't mean may-be. Why then is not more emphasis placed on Scientific Temper-

ance in teaching the young? Surely it cannot be that parents are willing that their children should be second-raters. They should have "healthy minds in healthy bodies," and they can't have either if they drink alcohol. The text book used in several of the grades of our schools has only one chapter devoted to temperance instruction. Of course, it would be almost useless to attempt to teach temperance while the Government are selling liquor practically as a beverage; therefore, in order to prevent the deterioration of their children from the standpoint of sports as well as from every other standard, parents should demand that the recent amendment to the Prohibition Law be removed, and that the schools provide adequate temperance instruction for the children.

—EDITH STERNS

**FOR FISHERMEN AND LIGHTHOUSES**

One of the Divisions of Work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is that for Fishermen and Lighthouses. This work, while perhaps not very spectacular, is one that is of inestimable value to the solitary, and often lonely, his car.

"keepers of the light" and those who go down to the sea in ships." The Superintendent of this branch of the work of the W. C. T. U. for Prince Edward Island is Mrs. W. E. Burke. Last week, in discharge of the duties of her office, Mrs. Burke shipped by the "Saurer" eight large packages of reading matter to beguile the lonely hours of the seafaring men. The "Saurer" sailed on October 27 for Labrador, and will call at Newfoundland and many other points. Mrs. Burke was assisted in this work by Mrs. F. M. Garity, who gave yeoman service in collecting books and magazines.

Members of the different unions also assisted in the National Clothing Collection recently put on in the Province.

LONDON.—(CP)—Sir William Beveridge will not go to India to plan social service extensions at present because "it would mean two long visits and more time than I am able to devote to this purpose."

Col. T. W. Purdy, clerk to the Assam, Norfolk, magistrates, was fined £3 (\$18.50) in his own court for not setting the handrate of

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(To Be Continued)

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

With Major Hoople

By J. R. Williams

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