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TRUE BY THE SUN

By LIDA LARRIMORE

(Continued)

I suppose that is difficult to avoid Jim said.

It's fierce! I'm different from most fellows, I guess. I'm sort of sympathetic. Now Dolly — Gosh. Jim, if Dad should find out—Maybe you could talk to her, he suggested hopefully. You've been to college Maybe you could.

I don't know about that, Jim replied doubtfully. You know how it is. She probably wouldn't like me to interfere.

You could try, anyway, couldn't you? I mean I'm pretty desperate. Jim. If Dad should find out, I'll run away. I'll join the navy and go to China, or somewhere.

The boy was in earnest. There was bravado in the threat but there was determination, too. Jim became a little alarmed.

Don't go yet, he advised, I'd wait if I were you.

Tommy looked up eagerly. You mean you'll talk to her? he asked

I'll try. Give me the letter.

The envelope changed hands.

That's swell of you, Jim. Tommy said, the weight of anxiety lifting. Gee I don't know how to thank you.

Better wait. I may not succeed.

Tommy's lifting spirits drooped again. That's so, he said. He sighed sentimentally. She was fond of me, I guess. Poor little girl I certainly feel like a cad. Well, cheerio, Jim! He attempted a jaunty salute. It did not quite come off. Jim perceived that the boy was really frightened.

Cheerio! He returned the salute. The car moved, slowly forward. Tommy wandered into the shadows at the side of the drive his shoulders hunched, his attitude dispirited and forlorn. Keep your chin up! Jim called encouragingly. We aren't licked yet, old man!

Tommy made no reply. The car picked up speed. As Jim drove through the gateway and along the road to the village he took with him a mental picture of Tommy moving dejectedly into the shadows his shoulders hunched. Ridiculous young donkey! Of all the preposterous ideas! Tommy fancied himself as a dashing Don Juan, a debonaire man about town. He needed the discipline of a military school. He needed to be made to work on the farm. He needed.

He might have relieved the boy's mind at once. There was a practical reason, though, for keeping him on the rack. Tommy had delivered a weapon into his hands. He'd use it to extract a little industry from the youngster. Tommy would work off his school conditions or he'd know the reason why. He had found a way to bring Tommy to time.

Jim accelerated the speed of the car. The prospect of an evening with Dolly was stimulating. They'd go to Dutch's, the beer-garden he had discovered over near Cherry Hollow. It would be fun to dance with Dolly tonight.

Tonight he would be himself again, not the playboy Jim whom Lenore glorified and cherished, not Jim the extra man at the Vaughns, but the Jim he both regretted and approved, the Jim who followed vagrant impulses, the Jim who could become agreeably sentimental over moonlight and The Blue Danube and dancing out-of-doors in the soft summer night.

He'd give Dolly the time of her life. Dee dum deedee deedum.

Funny kid. He liked her Good Lord—

A car rushed past him speeding like a rocket under the arching trees. He recognized the sound of the motor, the fawn-colored enamel, the long smooth lines of the open roadster. It was Cecily's car with Cecily at the wheel, driving somewhere alone. A feeling of irritation routed the melody of the song. Little fool! Jim thought grimly. She'd break her neck or be arrested! Where was she going? Whom was he going to meet? Was she—?

Nice evening, Mister, Dolly said, settling herself into the MacPhersons coupe. A moon and everything.

Made to order. Jim slipped in behind the wheel. I wired the weather man

Nonsense. A broad white road. A summer night lavishly sprinkled with stars Jim recaptured the feeling of gaiety hed had earlier in the evening, had and lost in the moment that Cecily's roadster had shot past him through the village Dolly looked almost demure tonight in a white flannel coat and a white beret pulled over her glinting curls. The red sandals added a piquant touch.

Where are we going? Dolly asked.

Have you been to Dutch's? Jim asked.

Dutch Whew! The exclamation was a whistling sound of pleasure and surprise.

Is it that sort of place? Jim asked. I've never been there in the evening.

But I'm not wearing my emeralds, Dolly objected.

Don't you want to go?

Oh, yes! He know that she was pleased. Excitement bubbled in her voice. But, after a moment, she said, You needn't, you know I mean it's expensive at Dutch's. I'd just as soon go somewhere else. Maple Grove or Greenie's or just ride.

Hush up! Jim said, pretending to be offended. I told you this was an occasion. I have a week's wages in my pocket. Fifteen dollars! Let's shoot the roll!

Okay, Mister! Excitement bubbled again in her odd husky voice. Jim liked having her there beside him, warm and friendly, as undemanding as a kitten. He was touched by her consideration. If fifteen dollars would buy her a handsome evening, certainly she should have it.

They left the highway presently, and turned into the road, that led through Cherry Hollow. The borough, set in a wooded depression between gently rolling hills, lay before them after a time. In the moonlight it was charming, a village from Hans Christian Andersen, a stage-set for the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The artfully quaint houses, located apparently at random among dogwoods and pines and wild cherry trees, were inhabited by artists more or less successful writers, musicians, a sprinkling of less-gifted individuals who enjoyed living in an unconventional community. A stream ran through the hollow, crossed by bridges, dammed, here and there, into pools rimmed with iris and splattered with lily pads.

This is a cute place, isn't it? Dolly remarked as the MacPherson's coupe followed a winding lane.

Crazy, Jim replied. The houses couldn't have been built according to an architect's blueprints. I think they sprang up like mush-rooms some morning after a heavy rain. This road seems to end in a garden wall. Where do we go from here?

They had some difficulty in finding their way out. Eventually, however, after an interval of bumping along picturesque but rutty lanes they found the road they had lost.

This is right, Dolly said encouragingly. There's the theater over there.

The Cherry Hollow theater was located beside the stream in a depression at the end of the borough. Jim had known of it before he came to Meadowbrook, he passed it once or twice riding about the country on his free afternoons. Now as they approached the low stone playhouse, he diminished the speed of the car. The theater had a significance for him aside from its history, its location its distinctive reputation. Cecily's friend, Jeremy Clyde, was connected in some way with the company here. Perhaps Cecily was here tonight. Perhaps that was where she'd been going when she sped past him through the village.

A performance was obviously in progress. The windows were rectangles of light. A number of cars were parked at the side of the playhouse. But the fawn-colored roadster was not there.

Going in? Dolly asked, amiably.

Jim realized, then, that the MacPhersons' coupe had been advancing at a snail's pace, that in the moment Dolly spoke he had stalled the engine.

(To Be Continued)

S. S. SURF

From Montague and Georgetown Wednesday morning for the Sydneys via Strait of Canso, Lennox Passage, Bras d'Or Lakes arriving at Sydney Thursday afternoon.

Returning the Surf leaves Sydney every Monday arrives at Montague early Tuesday morning.

Passengers wishing a more rapid trip to Sydney may take their automobile and leave the ship at Mulgrave and motor to Sydney arriving Wednesday afternoon or arrival C. N. R. Express from Mulgrave Wednesday evening.

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CARRY YOUR ALKALIZER WITH YOU

The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets—in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready.

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MADE IN CANADA

National Temperance Study Course For Sunday Schools

October 31, 1937
Intermediate Senior
THE SLEEPY SENTRIES
(By REV. JOHN COBURN, D.D.)

When an army or regiment of soldiers is encamped, sentries are placed on guard. Especially is this done at night and when the troops are engaged in actual warfare. It is the sentry's duty to pace steadily up and down, keeping his eyes upon for any movement that will indicate the presence of an enemy or the approach of danger to the sleeping soldiers. He is usually armed with a loaded rifle, with a bayonet attached to it. In order that the sentries may be wide awake and alert, they are changed every few hours. If the sentry should see some one approaching, or hear a noise indicating movement anywhere, his duty is to bring his rifle to the shoulder ready for action, and cry out loud, "Halt, who goes there?" If the stranger cannot show a pass, or give a satisfactory reason for his presence he is arrested and taken to the guardhouse.

The most dangerous thing that can happen to an army is for the sentry to go to sleep. In fact, a sentry who does so on the battlefield is courtmartialed and shot.

The life (or soul) of a man is like an army encamped. It is beset by enemies on every side. The world is full of evil influences which are seeking to destroy the lives of men and women. God, the good and wise Creator, has placed two sentries on guard over every human life. They are called self-criticism and self-control. Self-criticism is the power by which we constanly keep ourselves in check. We criticize our own acts. We say: "To do or say such and such a thing would be foolish or wrong, I must not do it." Or perhaps we have done or said something which, when we have thought it over, we find is silly or worse. So we say to ourselves: "That was foolish. I must be more careful in future and never do the like of that again." That is self-criticism.

Self-control is that power by which we manage and direct all the forces of our life. For instance, if some one were to come up to us and make a nasty remark, or perhaps do something that displeases us very much, we may have a strong impulse to say something nasty back, or perhaps strike the individual. We call that "losing our temper." What we mean is, losing control of our temper. How many terrible things have happened simply because people have done that! Many a cruel word has been spoken hastily; many a murder has been committed because somebody, in a moment of anger, has lacked self-control. So we see that any weakening of the powers of self-criticism or self-control is very dangerous. They are the two sentries at the gate of men's souls. If they are asleep, then there is danger.

Now, in that hard bony box we call the skull, is perhaps the most wonderful organ in our body, the brain. It is a very delicate organ, most easily injured, and is composed of many millions of cells. These cells control all the organs of the body. The brain is not the mind or the soul, but is the organ through which the mind and soul operate. Because the cells through which these sentries, self-criticism and self-control, act, are among the latest to form in the brain, they are the most delicate and the most easily injured. Alcohol, when taken into the body, makes straight for the brain. It does not have to go through the long process of digestion needed by other things we eat and drink, but passes almost immediately through the walls of the stomach into the blood. By the blood it is carried to the brain. Fifteen minutes after a person has taken a drink of intoxicating liquor, a portion of that deadly poisonous alcohol is bathing the delicate brain cells. In a former article we saw that alcohol is not a stimulant, but a narcotic, that is, it tends to make the nerves sleepy and less active. Thus one of the first effects of taking even a small quantity of liquor is to render these two sentries less efficient. The guards are drugged. Evil has now a fine chance to enter the town of man-soul, and destroy.

This is one of the reasons why a great host of good people have for a long time been fighting against the liquor business. It endangers the highest and greatest things of life. It is the cause of a great many crimes. Many a man or woman who had taken only one or two drinks, while under the influence of alcohol has said or done something which they have regretted all the rest of their lives. God has made us in his own image. It is his purpose and plan that we should be the very best men and women possible. That also, is the ambition of every intelligent boy and girl. There are many things we need to do if we are to achieve that end. One thing is absolutely necessary — leave alcoholic beverages completely alone.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,

These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

QUESTIONS

1. How does the drinking of alcoholic liquors endanger the finest and most important things in life? (Value 10.)

2. How is beverage alcohol a danger in a motor-car age? (Value 10.)

HEROES ALL!
Study V. October 31st
Junior
(By MISS MARGARET BAKER)

First we must get out of the blood stream, said the Phagocyte; no rest or quiet while we're being hurried along in that. When we get into the capillaries again follow me.

They were soon in the narrow bloodvessels once more, and Dick wriggled his way through the loosely-built wall after his companion.

Well! said the Phagocyte, settling himself comfortably, we Phagocytes are members of the White Corpuscle family. We are the body's police force, and our work is to protect you from harmful things like germs. You know what germs are like, don't you?

Not exactly, said Dick.

I'm hardly surprised, said the Phagocyte patronizingly; germs are so tiny that humans cannot see them without a strong microscope. And they're not much to look at, either —more like bits of stick and specks of dust and odds and ends of that sort than anything else.

Are they alive? asked Dick.

Very much alive! And when they get inside your body—

How?

How what? asked the Phagocyte.

How do they get inside. I meant, said Dick.

Why, in the air you breathe and the food and water you take, of course; and through cuts and scratches if they are allowed to get dirty. Germs are everywhere!

Then I cant help getting them inside I suppose, said Dick.

You can help getting germs into you to a certain extent; your drinking water should be clean, your food fresh, and you should keep away from people who have colds or 'flu or measles, or other infectious illnesses; but no matter how careful you are, some germs will find their way inside; people will go about with colds, sneezing all over the place—they ought to be put in prison for spreading germs in the thoughtless way they do. But dont be alarmed, my dear boy, he added largely, we Phagocyte are here to protect you!

It's awful kind of you!

Dont mention it! said the Phagocyte, airily, it's our business; and just to show you that we attend to our business —do you remember that tender spot on your thumb last week?

Don't I just! exclaimed Dick feelingly.

You got a nasty, dirty splinter in that place, a splinter with germs on it. They were just settling down in your thumb and making themselves at home when they were discovered. Nerve telegraphs were sent out straight away, and all the blood-vessels round the spot were allowed to enlarge, so that quantities of blood could wash past and bring everything possible to help get rid of the enemy. That's what made the place feel all hot and swollen. Then we Phagocytes came hurrying up from everywhere, and thousands of new Phagocytes from the corpuscle nurseries in the bone-marrow were sent out to help us. We piled ourselves up all round the infected spot; that's the first thing to do, you know so that the germs cant get past us and spread to other parts. We were an awful crush, and we couldn't help squeezing on the nerve ends a bit—I expect you felt that, didnt you?

I felt something that hurt like anything! said Dick, pulling a wry face. It hurt me so much I couldn't get to sleep for ages one night—about half an hour, I should think!

Sorry to have inconvenienced you, said the Phagocyte, but it was better for you to have a bit of aching and pain than to let those germs get all over the place. And while some of us were busy making a barrier, the rest of us were falling on the germs and getting rid of them as fast as we could.

What did you do to them? asked Dick. Swallowed them, said the Phagocyte briefly. What else do you expect us to do with them? Isn't that what our name means? Phag—eat, and cyte —a cell: Greek, you know; Phagocyte— a cell that eats. It's as plan as a pike-staff.

But don't the germs taste horribly nasty? asked Dick.

Ah, said the Phagocyte, the blood sees to that! It brings along all sorts of things to help us. One of them is a chemical stuff called AGGLUTININ, that makes the germs stick together, and so helps to stop them spreading everywhere—

It sounds something like glue, suggested Dick.

That's the idea, my boy! cried the Phagocyte. Glue sticks, and agglutinin is another kind of sticking stuff; you're beginning to understand that these long words have really sensible meaning. Then the blood brings along other things called OPSONINS; they have the effect of making us feel particularly lively and active, and of giving us a perfectly enormous appetite for germs. I tell you, germs taste all right if the blood does it duty and brings along plenty of appetizer. You should have seen the way we tackled the ones in your thumb; they got no quarter from us! But some of our poor fellows suffered for it.

Killed dead! Had such a fine sense of duty they ate too many germs and died of indgestion! You remember the drop or two of whitey matter that came from the gathering? That was their dead bodies. They gave up their lives to keep you from falling ill — heroes, every one of them!

I'm sure I'm much obliged to them —and to you, said Dick gratefully.

(Continued on page 6,

W. C. T. U. Notes

A SHORT SERMON

(From Long Ago)

The moderate drinker seems to think
Because he does not often drink
That folks of sense of course will not
Regard him as a drunken sot.

A drunkard! Why, the very thought
Shocks and disgusts him; surely not;
A drunkard he will never be
As all his friends who live will see.

Indeed nobody needs to think
He cannot let alone the drink;
He'll let them know his mind's his own,
Rum he can drink, or let alone.

And thus the moderate drinker drinks,
While every day he lower sinks,
Nor sees the danger all are in
Who thus the drunkard's course begin.

Thus gradually the habit grows,
And that more quickly than he knows;
The love for liquor, weak at first,
At length becomes a craving thirst.

At first a single glass would do,
But later on it changed to two;
And as his appetite grows stronger
He was a little pig no longer.

The change, alas! though no surprise
To those who saw with open eyes,
Surprised himself, who had not seen
The danger he was really in.

But now he finds, alas, too late,
He shares the wretched drunkard's fate;
A moderate drinker he is not—
First pig, then hog —a drunken sot.

But who would dare attempt to say
Just at what hour or on what day
The little pig a hog became,
And moderation turned to shame?

FOUR MAIN POINTS

1. Alcohol is now admitted by physiologists to be not a stimulant but a narcotic poison.

2. As a result of temperance teaching, drunkeneness has greatly decreased, but moderate drinking is still widespread. Instruction about alcohol being still necessary, and should be given in modern ways, i. e., the cinema, etc.

3. Road accidents are largely due to alcohol. Sweden, using the blood test, found that 62 per cent of road accidents were due to alcohol. The blood test is the only scientific test.

4. The number of persons killed in road accidents during the last 20 years in Britain is approaching the number of men killed in the war.—W. McAdam Eccles, F R.C.S.

DOES IT, OR DOESN'T IT?

DR. GEORGE A. LITTLE

Who is free to drink in your community? Does the use of liquor increase the good reputation of a preacher? Do school boards advertise for drinking teachers? Do Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. boards demand that their secretaries be drinkers? It is a recommendation for nurses, matrons of shelters, relief and social welfare workers? Does the town or city council urge policeman and firemen to be habitual drinkers? Do the aeroplane companies make it a qualification that their air pilots drink? Are judges, magistrates and lawyers more competent if they have a few drink before going into court? Do patients prefer to have oculists and dentists breathing liquor fumes into their faces? Can drinking chauffeurs and truck drivers command higher wages than sober drivers? Do you wait to ride on a train that has a tipsy man in charge of the controls? And would you care to undergo a surgical operation except under a surgeon who had taken several bracers?

A DANGEROUS CLAIM

One of Personified Evil's most dangerous movements in our day is the proposal, from varied and unexpected sources, to padlock and straight-jacket the scope of the pronouncements of the pulpit, especially on social and economic questions.

The temptations of Christ must be classed as economic. Satan offered Him the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them for His allegiance, one of the everywhere-to-be - found temptations from Christ's day to this.

Was not the calling of His disciples a decidedly economic call? Would they not count the cost in dollars and cents? It was Peter who asked: "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?"

The very act of taking up a collection in a church is an economic system, and in the Sermon on the Mount Christ reminded them of the gift that was to be brought to the altar.

In the Lord's Prayer is the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." Just such a sacredly economic problem is prominently involved in the liquor traffic of today. What sense is there in praying for our daily bread when Canada, during the time that Government Sale of liquor has been the law of the provinces, has spent not millions, but over a billion in the liquor business?

What is its meaning to the deadening of spiritual life that Canada is the most prolific provider of liquor to the American Republic? Should not the pulpit open its lips to remind the electorate that it was by the vote of this supposedly Christianized country that liquor floodgates were opened, and that Canadian distillers were ready with their 40,000,000 gallons of aged liquor for the job of destroying soul, mind, and body of our southern neighbors.

Mrs. H. P. Newcombe, retiring President of the Nova Scotia Provincial W. C. T. U., dealing with this issue in her address, said:

"The liquor traffic watches with contentment the spectacle of a church being side-tracked from the main issue. It sits in a pew today as respectable as you or I. It is willing to discuss in the session or in the board very earnestly and very reasonable the question of control versus the open saloon, or moderation versus prohibition . . . But just let the Church once show an inclination to get back to first principles; let it call this business that destroys bodies and blights mind and robs babies, by its old-fashioned name —Sin, then listen to the barrage that break out!" — L.McA.

MOVIES CIGARETTES BLAMED FOR BRITISH TUBERCULOSIS INCREASE

Tuberculosis has taken a heavy toll among the younger womanhood of the country during the last 30 years which have seen their "emancipation." This is the conclusion of the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

This malady, according to Dr. Noel Bardswell, assistant medical officer of the London Country Council, occurs principally among single women between 15 and 25. Late hours, the spending of money on cinemas and cigarettes, perhaps instead of food, and the generally greater restlessness of young people in search of excitement, are cited by Dr. Bardswell as amongst the chief contributory factors.

Young women in better circumstances suffer no less than those in poor districts. There seems to be a protective factor in marriage, adds the doctor.

"I am a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors. I always felt I had a better use for my head."—Edison.

"Every drunkard was once a moderate drinker."

For Sale At Auburn

The estate of the late Walter McEntee, consisting of (20) twenty acres of land in excellent condition. A new Blacksmith Shop, a comfortable dwelling house, barn, stables and coach house.

For particulars apply to
MRS. WALTER McENTEE,
Johnston's River, R. R.

L-106-10-18-23-30.

NOTICE

All amounts due me most be paid before the tenth of November. I am leaving the Province and all amounts not paid on that date will be handed to my attorney for collection.

THOMAS R. BEER.
Malpeque Road

L-1080-10-27-30-11-3.

AUCTION SALE

One of the most desirable farm properties in Alexandra, approximately six miles from Charlottetown, containing 100 acres choice land, 80 under cultivation and 20 woodland, watered by spring and brook, fine residence, electric lights, etc., will be offered for sale at PUBLIC AUCTION on premises, Thursday, the 4th of November, at 2.00 P. M. All farm machinery and household effects will be sold separately on same day.

For further particulars apply to owner, Alphonsus MacKinnon on premises, or at the office of Bell & Mathieson, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Terms at sale.

J. A. MacDONALD,
Auctioneer,

Will be sold privately up to date of sale.

L-1205-10-29-30-11-1-3.

AUCTION SALE

I am authorized by Vincent J. Leonard to sell by auction on his premises at 1 o'clock, Wednesday, November 3rd, the following stock:

Four choice milk cows, one steer, 2½ years old, one steer 1½ years old, six choice 2 year old shorthorn grade heifers, one draft mare 14 years old, one horse 12 years old.

J. A. MacDONALD,
Auctioneer.

L-1269-10-30-11-1.

Dominion Provincial Youth Training Program
Day Short Courses in Health & Handicraft

Under the provisions of a grant to assist employment for unemployed young people between the ages of 18 and 30 years, the following Short Courses have been arranged by the Department of Agriculture:

Tryon, October 25th—29th—Health & Handicraft.
Mt. Stewart, October 25th—29th—Handicrafts, Rug making.
Cardigan, November 2nd—6th—Handicrafts & Rug making.
Morel, November 8th—12th — Handicrafts, Rug making.
Kensington, December 6th—10th—Health & Handicrafts.
Souris, November 15th — 19th—Health & Handicrafts.
Tignish, November 22nd—26th — Health & Handicrafts.

Courses on Health will involve care in sick room, feeding sick, signs of disease, medicines and treatment, nursing, personal hygiene, prenatal care, infant feeding, first aid, etc. Handicrafts include glove making, rug making—color and designs, wool in the home, etc.

Transportation charges will be paid; also board to the extent of $3.50 per week for those attending from outside centres. These amounts should cover full cost of students attendance. The Courses offer a rare opportunity for unemployed young people to train themselves for better living conditions and gainful employment.

Applicants for attendance at each course should apply promptly to the Women's Institute Branch, Charlottetown.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

NOTICE!
Change of Management

My General Store business at Mount Stewart is being transferred to my sons on Nov. 1st, 1937, and will operate under the name of CLARK BROS.

This does not affect produce and other lines of business which I will carry on myself as usual.

I thank you for the business you have given me in the past and solicit the same large share of patronage for the new firm.

RUSSELL C. CLARK