

# They're Off!

"DOWN THE STRETCH," Handsome prancing-sleek thoroughbreds lined up at the tape waiting the flash of the starter's gun. Then a race such as you've never seen before on stage, screen, or track! The code of the jockeys and the call of jockey blood in the veins of the man who was barred from the track.

## PRINCE EDWARD

TODAY AT 3.15, 7 AND 8.45  
MATINEE—16c, 11c.  
NIGHT—26c, 21c, 11c.



# Down the Stretch

With MARIAN NIXON A King Baggott Production

SECOND EPISODE OF THE BIG SPORT SERIES  
"COLLEGIANS"  
BRIMMING WITH SMASHING ACTION

## Golf Third Most Dangerous Sport

HARTFORD, Ct., June 11.—Golf is the third most dangerous sport as far as accident frequency is concerned, according to figures compiled today by the Travelers Insurance Co.  
Sums paid by the company for accident claims represented the largest amount paid in years for sport or recreational casualties. Only baseball and accidents under the classification "in country of woods" exceeded golf mishaps.  
The most prevalent accidents on golf links appeared to be slipping or falling on uneven ground.

## British Like Hound Races

LONDON, June 11.—The sport of the Greyhound racing with electrically controlled hares, which was introduced into this country from Canada and the United States has caught the popular fancy and become firmly established in England in a remarkably short time. Many scoffed at the idea becoming popular, but the majority of these sceptics now are keen enthusiasts and attend the numerous meetings in various parts of the country.  
Considerable space is given to the racing in all the daily papers, with betting odds and distance between the first, second and third greyhounds, just as horse races are recorded. Experts are engaged to write up the form of the various dogs for the information of followers and the training of the animals has become a real business.  
Society people not only attend the racing together with middle class and working people, but also own and race greyhounds. The Duchess of Sutherland has won several minor events with her dogs.

## Field Challenge

NEW YORK, June 11.—Germany has filed a challenge for the Scandinavian gold cup races to be held in Long Island Sound, off Oyster Bay, starting September 24. This brings the list of challengers to seven, as entries previously had been received from England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Italy.  
The United States six meter yacht "Lana" captured the Scandinavian gold cup last year at Oslo.

## Briton and Scot Show Best Form

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 11.—Audrey Boomer, British star, and Tommy Armour, former Scottish champion, have shown the best form so far in practice for the United States open golf championship, which will get under way here next week. Boomer yesterday turned in a score of 63, best yet made on the remodelled Oakmont course. Armour made the previous record Wednesday, with a score of 70, two below par.

## How They Stand

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	34	16	.680
Chicago	32	20	.615
Philadelphia	28	22	.560
Washington	23	24	.489
Detroit	23	25	.489
Cleveland	23	28	.451
St. Louis	22	27	.449
Boston	12	35	.255

  

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Pittsburgh	31	15	.674
Chicago	23	19	.546
St. Louis	26	20	.565
New York	26	21	.553
Brooklyn	23	30	.434
Boston	18	24	.429
Philadelphia	19	26	.422
Cincinnati	17	33	.340

  

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE			
	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Syracuse	37	20	.649
Baltimore	31	20	.608
Buffalo	31	21	.596
Toronto	31	23	.574
Rochester	25	26	.490
Newark	27	30	.474
Jersey City	23	27	.460
Reading	8	46	.148

## Wright And His Dad On Way To Henley

MONTREAL, June 11.—Joe Wright, Jr., and his father, Joe Wright, Sr., arrived in Montreal today from Toronto on their way to England where the younger Wright will row in the diamond sculls at Henley on July 2.  
In view of the new world's record set by Wright at Philadelphia last month, he was considered to be a strong contender for the famous trophy.  
The Wrights will leave for the Old Country tomorrow on the S. S. Regina.

## Bisley Team Sails

MONTREAL, June 11.—The Canadian Bisley team sailed from here for England this morning on the Cunard steamer Ausonia.

## C. N. R. Bond Issue Awarded To American Syndicate

MONTREAL, June 9.—The Canadian National Railways today awarded their \$65,000,000 thirty year 4-1/2 percent bond issue unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Dominion of Canada to a syndicate headed by Blair and Company Incorporated. The Chase Securities Corporation of New York, the Equitable Trust Company and the First National Corporation of Boston. The price was not revealed tonight. The winning syndicate competed with two other groups, one headed by the Bank of Montreal.

If colored clothes remain wet too long, no precautions can prevent the colors from running in to streaks. This will certainly happen if they are allowed to lie in water. They must always be laundered as quickly as possible.

## Central Guardian

REV ARCHIBALD SUTHERLAND at French River Wednesday June 15th at 8 o'clock under the auspices of the Temperance Alliance. 7048

RADIO STATION Charlottetown CFCY Tuesday night 8.30. Mrs. Newcombe and Higgs and Duffy. 7047

AT UIGG Station Hall Rev. A. A. MacLeod will speak Wednesday June 15th at 8 o'clock. 7048

LOADING LIVE HOGS at North Wiltshire on Wednesday June 15th. Harry Jenkins. 7045-13-21

HIGGS AND DUFFY and Mrs. Newcombe will speak from Charlottetown Radio Station at 8.30 Tuesday evening. Listen in. 7047

REV. H. R. GRANT, D. D., will speak Wednesday, June 15th at 8 o'clock. 7048

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.—Mr and Mrs George Ramsay, Spring Valley announce the engagement of their daughter Ella, to Louis Allan Stewart, marriage to take place June 20th. 7050

THE ATTENTION of our readers is called to the Temperance meetings advertised elsewhere in this issue. 7048

CHARGED WITH SMUGGLING.—At the Police Court Saturday morning the case of a man charged with smuggling rum was heard. Mr. J. J. Johnston, K.C., appeared for the accused, while Mr. R. McNeill represented the Customs Department. The case was adjourned for a week.

TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE MEETINGS, Tuesday June 14th.—Sherbrooke Hall, Rev John Coburn, Spring Valley Hall, Rev Archibald Sutherland; Rose Valley Hall, Rev A. A. MacLeod; Dundas Hall, Mr W. E. Bentley, K. C.; North Rustico United Church, Rev R. C. Eaton. 7048

CENTRAL PARISH (Church of Scotland)—The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed in the Peoples Church on Sabbath, June 19th. Preparatory services on Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 p. m. Sabbath morning at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Monday, June 20th at 7.30 p. m.

NICE CATCH.—A Guardian representative was shown on Saturday morning by Mr. E. J. Grafton Street a nice catch of speckled beauties which he made at Mr. George Leard's Mills on a branch of the Morell River on Friday evening, about three quarters of the catch were salt water trout and all were good size. Mr. Jay recommends the above fishing stream to any angler that wants to be sure of a successful days fishing.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!—It will be ten years before we will again have the opportunity of having the Maritime Branch of the Women's Missionary Society with us, so come to Trinity Church on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and hear some of the brightest and most intelligent women of the Maritimes speak on home and foreign missions. We are to have seven real live missionaries among us who will tell us about their work in home and foreign lands. Did you know we had a mission in Sydney, N. S.? No—well come and hear about it on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. Come and learn where your money goes when you are asked to contribute to missions.

RECEPTION TO LINDBERGH.—Quite a number of Charlottetown radio fans listened in Saturday night and heard very clearly the reception given to Lindbergh the aviator at the Capitol in Washington. The reception was evidently a tremendous one, judging by the applause which greeted the aviator when he entered the hall. Hand-clapping and cheers continued for probably five minutes. Lindbergh was accompanied by his mother who in response to many calls for her appearance stood on the platform and bowed gracefully to the audience. A number of speeches eulogistic of Lindbergh's great feat were given to which he modestly replied, saying practically nothing of his own achievement but referring to the reception accorded him in Paris and London. A feature of the reception was the bringing in of an aeroplane, a replica of that in which he had crossed the Atlantic. The aeroplane was constructed entirely of flowers.

PROMINENT WOMAN TEMPERANCE SPEAKER COMING.—Arrangements have been made with Mrs. H. P. Newcombe of Halifax, worthy associate of the Sons of Temperance of North America to address a number of meetings in Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Newcombe has been for many years a prominent Temperance worker, having been a member of the Flying Squadron in the United States which consisted of such workers as Ex-Governor Handley, Daniel Poling and others who were working in the interests of state prohibition. She will open her literary in Charlottetown on Tuesday evening, June 14th when she will broadcast from Station CFCY. On Wednesday the 15th she will address a public meeting in Victoria West Hall and on Thursday, 16th at Coleman Hall, both meetings at 8 o'clock. No one should miss the opportunity of hearing this gifted woman speaker. Mrs. Newcombe has been and is now an active Temperance Worker of recognized standing and Mr. Saunders has been able to procure her services because of the fact that the Prohibition platform which he is supporting is the platform of every Temperance Organization on the Continent. 7048

# THE LID OFF OR EXPLOSION SAYS REV. NEIL HERMAN

## Before Crowded Congregation Preacher Pleads For Uncovered Cauldron For Sale Of Axe Grinders: People Who Don't Know, And Don't Want To Know: And The Modern Pharisee, Concerned, Alone, With Cleaning Outside of Platter.

Text: Proverbs 28:13, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but he who confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."  
The following is a brief summary of the sermon: "We talk today of the 'lid.' Everybody knows the vernacular of the 'lid.' The man in the street understands what you are talking about when you speak about taking off the 'lid' or keeping on the 'lid' or when you say—the 'lid' is on.  
The 'lid' is a powerful metaphor. The 'lid' carries with it a pictorial force that causes even the bonehead to sit up, rub his eyes, and wonder what it is all about.  
When the Bible says: 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper,' the Bible speaks in the language of the day in which we live.  
When we are told that there is a certain brand of life and conduct in the heart of this fair island, somehow, we are thrown back into the imagery of the 'lid,' and we are compelled to think in terms of the 'lid,' and we are impelled to act along the line of lifting the 'lid' or keeping it on.  
Detectives Lift the 'Lid.'  
A couple of weeks ago there were two Montreal detectives in our midst. They were brought here by our City Council. They were paid by the Council for detective services, along lines that baffled our own police force, and therefore, called for special treatment.  
These experts, in running down one species of crime, ran into another. These detectives opened doors and entered rooms that for quite a while had been bolted and locked against the gaze and knowledge of the average citizen of Charlottetown.  
These police officers from the big city tell a story of this Capital, that is grim and black and even tragic in its outlines—a story whose background might well be taken from the soiled and shattered timber of Chicago's underworld.  
It is a story of home-brewing in the midst of conditions that might rival the old days of the open bar-room, even at its worst. It is a story of filth, foul air and foul rum. These men have drawn a picture of innocent children, dirty, plimped and half clad. Looking at this picture, even in a casual manner, what do we discover? We find in certain streets that every second in time resembles a bar. We find in certain back streets cartons of Frontenac beer—beer that is consumed by men—young and old—who, in order to satisfy their thirst, have pooled their money to procure the legal quantity of beer, and there, in the very business heart of the city, shut away from the gaze of friends and foes, they drink to their hearts' content, and sing:—  
"We won't go home till morning."  
The men from Montreal have painted for us parks and back lanes, garages, stores and other places, the scenes of bottles—empty and being emptied—by certain members of the rising generation. A picture of wharf loafers and crime-breeders. A picture of booze joints

and blind pigs, where large numbers of men go, in and out, and from whose exits may be seen many of our fellow citizens, wending their way, under the influence of dirty, infectious rum-gut, sold in the name of good rum and good whiskey. A picture of blind pigs, so numerous that they cannot be controlled with anything like success by the present machinery of law and order.  
Well, there, ladies and gentlemen, is the picture which these detectives from Montreal have drawn and hung up for us on the walls of our imagination and reflection.  
The question before us is not one which should be concerned with yards upon yards of red tape. The supreme question is not: Who painted the picture? Who told the story?  
"What does it matter who rings the fire bell, or who puts in the alarm?" The question is: Is there a fire? Where is the fire? How are we going to put out the flames?  
A man is drowning in yonder harbor! The question is not: Who shouts out the news that a man is drowning just off our shore. That is the question at all. The question above all questions is:—Where and how can we save a poor fellow from going down in the waves of death?  
And so the main question before the intelligent and Christian public of this city and this island is: Did these detectives from Montreal tell the truth? Is the picture true to facts? Has the story a real and substantial foundation?  
Is this picture of crime and degradation, very largely the effort of amateur painters, of the hot-air artist type, and should we dismiss the whole business as a matter of an overdose of red paint? Shall we laugh the whole thing out of court, and dismiss the whole affair with a gesture?  
The Detectives Are Not the Only Witnesses.  
We might possibly treat this latest story of local crime as a passing brain-storm, if these Montreal detectives were the only witnesses in the box.  
Oh yes! men and women of Charlottetown! It is too late in the day to snicker at crime pictures, crime reports and crime stories—not in Shanghai, but in Charlottetown and in our splendid island heritage.  
Bring up your witnesses one by one, and add their statements to those given by the men from Montreal, and then make up your minds as to whether or not there is a fair, subtle and active serpent in the Garden of the Gulf.  
We are not dealing with the ancient history of Greece and Rome. So far back as a half-dozen years—even the ladies here can remember that far back. Here stand your witnesses: Reputable Ministers of the Gospel! Members of Parliament! Officials of the Government! Police Officers! Temperance Alliance Workers! Doctors! Lawyers! Judges and Magistrates! There! the stand up! And the world will fall me to toil of mothers and fathers, and broken-hearted wives and sisters and brothers, who, with this outstanding aggregation of unimpeachable witnesses, can set to their seal that the officers, from Montreal, have told a story that directly and indirectly has been told by the above-mentioned men and women, who have borne witness to the same sad and tragic truth.  
Pilate said to the carping crowd around the cross of Jesus: "What I have written, I have written."  
And let me say tonight, what these detectives have written they have written. And what Ministers and Officers of the Crown and doctors and lawyers and scores of others have written, they, too, have written. And if there is a man or woman of any standing in this city that will question the handwriting on the wall, let us hear from such a citizen.  
Speak Up or Shut Up.  
I want to be polite. We want to avoid what slang calls "the rough stuff." But we want a little more rough truth, and as I say, with as much etiquette as I am capable of, just now, if there is a citizen who can silence the crime witnesses of these last six years, let him—let her—speak up; if not, then, in common fairness and decency, quit criticizing and get to work.  
But Why Take Off the Lid  
But someone says: Why take the "lid" off this seething pot of crime and increasing degradation? Why not shut up and seal up this whole mess of criminal fomentation? Some refined woman says: I wish the papers, the pulpits and every other channel of information would choke off this dirty stream of nauseating intelligence. This business and the life of our city. We have kept the lid on the boiler so long that now, that it is off, we either deride, scorn and condemn the man who dared to make the exposure, or we stand helpless and baffled, in the presence of the shame and sin and violence, that the inside "lid" be taken off. But why taken

off? For the following reasons: Those Inside Need to Look Out.  
What is in the pot? I am talking mainly. This is the time for the good old rugged Anglo-Saxon. My answer is: Crime is in the pot! And those who have looked at this kettle of sin and shame, say that the crime vessel is fairly boiling inside, and if the "lid" is not soon removed there certainly will be an explosion. Yes! It is: The "lid" off, or a blow-up! He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, and so for the very salvation of those who are simmering and boiling with the crime cauldron of this city, let us take the "lid," and give these home-brewers, bootleggers, drinkers of moonshine, loafers and "bums" a chance to look out and look up and, by the Grace of God clean up and become citizens that are of use and honor in the community in which, at present, they merely exist.  
Those Outside Should Look In.  
There are those who live entirely outside the booze areas of the city. They know nothing of the inside of the boiling pot of drink and vice and crime of different sorts. They don't know—and what is more—they don't want to know. In blissful ignorance they lift their hands in holy supplication and cry: "Keep On The Lid."  
These people will never awake from their night of slumber until the "lid" is taken off. They need a look on the inside. For their sakes, let us uncap the sealed sin of our fair Capital.  
Good People Who Need a Look In.  
There are good people—the very best in Charlottetown. There are a few who, I think, are so good that they are good for nothing.  
There are good people, church people, Christian people; but they know nothing about the inside of the cup. And they will never know anything about the story of the men from Montreal, until the "lid" is removed, and they get a real, living look at the inside of crime's seething boiler. A man is a better Christian if he knows the hell through which the weaker brother walks. Ignorance of Hell street is no virtue; and to shrug their shoulders at the mention of booze joints, blind pigs, filth and sin may satisfy your vanity and your pride, but, in the sight of God, such a gesture is a sign of the Pharisee who lived the life of the hypocrite, and for a pretence made long prayers. Off with the "lid" for all such tonight.

The Lid Off For the Axe Grinders.  
There is another crowd we ought to mention tonight. They are the axe-grinders of Charlottetown. They always have an axe to grind. When the axe-grinding calls for exposure, they all cry: "Take Off The Lid."  
When the grinding demands concealment and pussy-footing, they lift their eyes to high heaven and pray: "Keep On The Lid."  
"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. When the devil was well the devil a monk was he."  
The axe-grinders of this island are a greater liability to this province than all the bootleggers, all the moonshiners, all the blind-piggers and whiskey guzzlers, from Tignish to Souris—and believe me, that is "going some."  
Take off the "lid" for the man who, for the sake of sharpening his axe would be willing to seal up, and keep sealed, those high explosives, which, but need a match to wreck a city, a province, a nation.  
The Inside of the Cup.  
Listen to the voice of the Master: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees! Hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within, they are full of extortion and excess."  
Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also."  
"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but he who confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."  
We have played, too long, with sin. We have capped and sealed the moral poison of our own lives, and the life of our city. We have kept the "lid" on the boiler so long that now, that it is off, we either deride, scorn and condemn the man who dared to make the exposure, or we stand helpless and baffled, in the presence of the shame and sin and violence, that the inside "lid" be taken off. But why taken

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There are good people—the very best in Charlottetown. There are a few who, I think, are so good that they are good for nothing.  
There are good people, church people, Christian people; but they know nothing about the inside of the cup. And they will never know anything about the story of the men from Montreal, until the "lid" is removed, and they get a real, living look at the inside of crime's seething boiler. A man is a better Christian if he knows the hell through which the weaker brother walks. Ignorance of Hell street is no virtue; and to shrug their shoulders at the mention of booze joints, blind pigs, filth and sin may satisfy your vanity and your pride, but, in the sight of God, such a gesture is a sign of the Pharisee who lived the life of the hypocrite, and for a pretence made long prayers. Off with the "lid" for all such tonight.

The Lid Off For the Axe Grinders.  
There is another crowd we ought to mention tonight. They are the axe-grinders of Charlottetown. They always have an axe to grind. When the axe-grinding calls for exposure, they all cry: "Take Off The Lid."  
When the grinding demands concealment and pussy-footing, they lift their eyes to high heaven and pray: "Keep On The Lid."  
"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. When the devil was well the devil a monk was he."  
The axe-grinders of this island are a greater liability to this province than all the bootleggers, all the moonshiners, all the blind-piggers and whiskey guzzlers, from Tignish to Souris—and believe me, that is "going some."  
Take off the "lid" for the man who, for the sake of sharpening his axe would be willing to seal up, and keep sealed, those high explosives, which, but need a match to wreck a city, a province, a nation.  
The Inside of the Cup.  
Listen to the voice of the Master: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees! Hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within, they are full of extortion and excess."  
Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also."  
"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but he who confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."  
We have played, too long, with sin. We have capped and sealed the moral poison of our own lives, and the life of our city. We have kept the "lid" on the boiler so long that now, that it is off, we either deride, scorn and condemn the man who dared to make the exposure, or we stand helpless and baffled, in the presence of the shame and sin and violence, that the inside "lid" be taken off. But why taken

off? For the following reasons: Those Outside Should Look In.  
There are those who live entirely outside the booze areas of the city. They know nothing of the inside of the boiling pot of drink and vice and crime of different sorts. They don't know—and what is more—they don't want to know. In blissful ignorance they lift their hands in holy supplication and cry: "Keep On The Lid."  
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There are those who live entirely outside the booze areas of the city. They know nothing of the inside of the boiling pot of drink and vice and crime of different sorts. They don't know—and what is more—they don't want to know. In blissful ignorance they lift their hands in holy supplication and cry: "Keep On The Lid."  
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