

SALE MANY SPECIAL PRICES & PREMIUMS FOR OUR ANNIVERSARY SALE NOV. 14-NOV. 19 ALL WEEK

BABY FOOD, 3 tins . . . 25c
 CORN FLAKES, 8 oz. . . . 15c
 CARNATION MILK 15c
 GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, 20 oz. 17c
 JELL-O, 3 for 25c
 Devon Wax BEANS, 2 for 25c
 McCready's
 PICKLES, 24 oz. 27c
 Crispy Crust and
 Maple Leaf LARD 22c
 Fluffo and Domestic
 SHORTENING 29c



98's in print 6.00
 24's in Tea Towel 1.75

Tomato JUICE, 3 tins . . . 28c
 Sunlight SOAP, each . . . 12c

ELLIS BROS.

CENTRAL ROYALTY PHONE 1786-5
 OPEN — EVERY DAY—8 A. M. — 9 P. M.

RINSO, OXYDOL, TIDE,
 DUZ, SURF, etc. 35c
 POTATOES, pk. 27c
 SAUSAGES (Devon) . . . 38c
 Pickled MACKEREL . . . 29c
 Pickled HERRING, 3 for . 25c
 White BEANS, 10 lbs. . . 95c
 Yellow-Eye BEANS, 5 lbs. 73c
 Bulk Seedless
 RAISINS, 2 lbs. 33c
 Swans Down and
 Velvet CAKE FLOUR . . . 39c
 Nfid. SALMON 43c
 MARMALADE, 24 oz. . . 29c
 MacIntosh APPLES,
 180 count \$3.25
 200 count \$2.75

EXTRA SPECIAL

STEAK (round) lb. 49c
 CORNED BEEF, lb. 34c
 Super Scotch Knitting
 WOOL, 2 oz. ball 35c
 Robin Hood OATS 39c
 Purity OATS 37c
 TEA—Rakwana, lb. 75c
 Special and Veribest
 with Premium lb. . . 85c

Three Islanders Among Graduates Of Nursing School

Three Prince Edward Island women, Miss Edith C. Compton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Compton, Bell River; Miss Marjorie O. Bell daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell, Souris West; and Miss Edith L. Ravenshill daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Albert Ravenshill, Queens Co., are among the 66 graduates who will receive diplomas from the Household Nursing Association School of Attendant Nursing, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A. at the annual graduating exercises on Thursday, November 17, at the Copley Methodist Church.

Dr. Chester S. Keffer, Professor of Medicine Boston University School of Medicine and Physician-in-Chief, Massachusetts Memorial Hospital, will address the class. A member of the school's Advisory Board of Physicians, Dr. Keffer will outline the place of the attendant nurse in the nursing field. Mrs. Charles A. Newhall, president of the Board of Directors of the Household Nursing Association will preside at the exercises.

Since the school was established in 1918 over 2,000 women have been guided to successful completion of the course, recently lengthened to 15 months as required by the Massachusetts Board of Registration in Nursing. They are all either married and running their own homes or steadily employed in Veterans or General Hospitals, Visiting Nurse Associations and doing private duty in homes not only in Massachusetts, but all over the country.

Evening Auxiliary Of Trinity W. M. S. Holds Meeting

The Evening Auxiliary of the W. M. S. of Trinity United Church held its November meeting on Tuesday of this week, with Miss Erma Tait presiding. The singing of the Hymn "God of Our Fathers Known of Old" opened the meeting. The Scripture reading was taken by Mrs. H. E. D. Ashford, who also spoke briefly on the coming celebration of Armistice Day, and how our recollection of the sacrifices made by those who gave their lives in the two wars could be linked up with missionary endeavour. Mrs. Ashford led in prayer, and the Hymn "These Things Shall Be" was sung.

The Auxiliary was privileged in having Miss Elma Inman, on furlough from the United Church of Canada Mission in the Island of Trinidad, as guest speaker. Miss Inman gave a very interesting and instructive account of her work on this Mission field, illustrated by slides. Her work took her among descendants of natives of India, Hindus and Mohammedans, who had come to Trinidad over 100 years ago to work on the sugar plantations.

Following Miss Inman's address, the Hymn "In Christ there is No East or West" was sung, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. H. E. D. Ashford.

The business meeting of the Auxiliary was held later, when reports were received from the different committees and of visits made to the Provincial Sanatorium and Sunset Lodge. A nominating committee to select officers for the ensuing year was appointed, consisting of Mrs. Hiram Howatt, Mrs. D. W. Matheson and Miss Edith Morson. The Auxiliary was glad to welcome a number of new members.

Mrs. Willard Coffin as Secretary of the Citizenship and Temperance Committee, brought in the following resolution which was unanimously adopted.

The Evening Auxiliary of the Women's Missionary Society of Trinity United Church in Charlottetown, in regular meeting assembled this 8th November 1949, wishes to place itself on record as deeply regretting the conditions of inebriety in this City and Province.

The number of cases daily coming before our Courts and Magistrates as the result of the use of intoxicating liquor is deplorable. Motor car accidents due to the use of liquor have become of common occurrence. Morals are deteriorating and the injurious effect of the use of liquor upon the coming generation will be incalculable.

We greatly appreciate the outspoken condemnation of the use of liquor expressed by our Pastor, the Reverend H.E.D. Ashford from his pulpit last Sunday evening, and we recommend all citizens to make a special study of the grave and disastrous effects of the use of liquor. It is our opinion that total abstinence is the only proper attitude for the individual, and that the total suppression of the use and the sale of liquor is the only remedy which should be provided by the State.

The meeting closed with the Mizpah Benediction.

Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst Chapter XXIII CHAPTER XXV
 But the summer wore away and Home House, filled to capacity, drew the long summer into its brick and mortar and Sierra, deep in plans for an annex to the Annex, not only lived her days, but slept as well, in the torridness of Home House, what with Twenty-one East profitably sublet for three months at Kitty's insistence to a South American coffee merchant and his family.

Several times in the miasma of heated nights Sierra, with the sheets thrown back from her toasting body, had repetitiously dreamed that she was sleeping in a motionless city, with the living dead moving through its hushed streets — or was it the dead living?

Waking unrefreshed out of rows of such stagner nights had printed circles beneath her eyes and lost her weight. But come summers, go summers, they brought no cessation of the problems of Home House. Deprivation, despair, tragedy, comic relief, fear, expectation, poverty, romance, death, birth, came knocking, winter and summer alike, at her crowded little office in the Old Building. Regardless of season, these lives, tossed, blown or capsized as the case might be, drifted or crashed against her doors, and come heat, come cold, she remained.

Into one of these typical days, when the city seemed to have coagulated and died in its tracks, there burst upon Sierra the unexpected figure of her father's wife. She was wearing the quick-tow, the summer characteristic of her when there were men about. At home, alone, she could relax from it to placidity, which she wore like a charming negligee for members of her immediate family. Sierra knew this to be the stimulated version of her father's wife which entered her office. Closing her large hands over Leonore's, she could feel them beating. "What brings you to town, Leonore?"

"I know you would ask that," replied Leonore, her voice full of breath as she peeled off transparent net gloves. "It makes it easier to begin. I see no reason why the hordes of women who live here can stream in upon you day after day, and a person like myself feel so inhibited about coming to the office. After all, I am your 'watchamacallit'."

"What's on your mind?"

"I can't pull the load any more, Sierra."

"I see."

"I know you do. That's why I'm here."

"It was your bargain."

"I thought what I needed was security. But I'm sick of it. I'm fattered but with security, dead with it. I'm a candidate for the padded cell with security. It's degrading to feel so transparent where you are concerned. Your father is too dull for me, Sierra. He's killing me with dullness. Anything seems more endurable than being shut up there in the north woods or down here in Murray Hill with his dullness. In fact, it's a little worse down here, with alternatives so close. Listen to me, Sierra as if I were any one of the women here who come to you. I'm not better off than the worst of them. Help me."

"You're overitied."

"Nonsense, that's alibi and we both know it. I'm overitied of your father. I never dreamed I could be so tired of anyone."

"In other words, you figure that in these few years with him you have earned the life settlement Father has fixed on you."

"Sierra, believe this, because it's true. Much as I needed your father's marriage settlement on me in my name, I wouldn't have gone in for this if I had realized—that it was going to mean the end of life for me—and that's what it's being. The end of life."

"Why not try some other arrangement first, Leonore? Father takes all he can get, but he'll take less. Your conscientiousness makes a slave of you. He wouldn't want it that way if he realized. Remember, Leonore, he starved so long for the bright things you mean to him."

"I know. I know. He's good. I've failed, that's all. I made a bargain I can't keep, for a thousand maddening, maddening little reasons and one major one."

"Oliver?"

"Oliver." The name dropped like a quick plummet into a silence between them, into which Leonore finally burst, challengingly. "Take that away from me and you snip the last thread that holds me to life. I'm that near the end of my endurance."

"Don't say that, Leonore."

"Is that what you say to these women with faces like vacant lots who move through these hopeless corridors that lead to their lonely rooms? What would you say to one of them who came to you as I am coming to you, carrying the ruins of a hopeless life with my husband on one side and an Oliver on the other? What would you say?"

"I would say to them, Leonore, and oh, I say it to you, that your help must come from within."

"Any corner-church preacher can do that well for me. I'm at the end of my rope and you give me a picture-card motto. I'm at the end of my rope, and you—and you—" suddenly Leonore began to cry.

"Leonore, Leonore, please!"

(To be continued)

Potato Winners At Amherst

Here is the detailed statement on Island winners in the potato classes at Amherst, Irish Cobblers: (20) 1. Alton Raynor, Casumpec Howland R.R. 1; 3. Gordon MacMillan, Cornwall; 4. Mary Ellen McLean, Elmira; 5. John R. Edwards, New Wiltshire; 6. Hector Jenkins, Marshfield; 7. H.L. Yeo and Son, Union Road; 8. Alton A. Rodd, North Milton; 9. Gerard MacDonald, Little Pond; 10. Mrs. V. MacMillan, R.R. 6, Charlotte-town; Stanley J. Scott, Charlotte-town; 13. Charles W. Townshend, Fortune Bridge R.R. 4; 14. J.S. Cairns, Dunstaffnage; 16. Harold G. Coffin, Mt. Stewart R.R. 1; 17. Leigh Lesley, York; 20. Lester Buell, Little York, P.E.I.
 Green Mountains: (20) 1. Regi-

nald Melish, New Perth, P.E.I.; 2. Frank Murphy, Carleton Siding; 4. Joseph Murphy, Carleton Siding; 5. John W. Platts, Howland; 7. William E. Johnstone, New London; 8. Elliott Wright, Kinkora; 9. Joseph Trainor, Kinkora; 10. Leo Stewart, Summerville, R.R. 1; 11. Alton Rayner, Casumpec; 12. Robert Gallant, Bedford; 13. Harry Dawson, Carleton Siding; 14. Clark Casely, Kensington; 16. Merriel Melish, Carleton Siding; 17. Guy Rallings, North Rustico; 19. Wm. Shields, Howland.
 Kataladins: (20) 1. R.L. Burgo; St. Peter's; 4. Sylvanna A. MacAulay, East Baltic; 5. Harold H. Lewis, St. Peter's Bay; 8. Charles McEachern, East Baltic; 9. R.S. McGregor, East Baltic; 10. Charles S. Rix, O'Leary; 15. Andrew MacLaren, St. Peter's Bay; 19. Arnold Wood, Howland; 20. Lloyd E. Ramsay, Kensington R.R. 4.
 Chippawa, Sebago: (11) 1. Charles S. Rix, O'Leary; 2. William Duncan, Howland; 3. Jack MacMil-

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Lord's Day Alliance Secretary Completes Visit

Rev. L. G. Marshall, Maritime Field Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada has just completed his fourth visit of the year to Prince Edward Island.

During his visit Mr. Marshall has been giving attention to matters that tend to undermine the Christian Sunday as a day of rest and worship and has addressed several congregations at their Sunday services. Attending the Island Ministerial Association that met in Summerside a brief address was delivered and plans were intimated for the organizing of a provincial branch of the Lord's Day Alliance on Prince Edward Island next spring. Mr. Marshall has interviewed top-ranking government officials, given attention to matters of finance and while in Charlottetown gave a course to the Young People's Coaching Conference of the United Church on the theme, "Christian Citizenship."

Speaking generally concerning the state of the work of the Alliance, the Field Secretary believes that right-thinking Christian people were never more concerned about the preservation of our Christian Sunday than today when the materialistic-minded folk seek to reduce the Lord's Day to just another commercial day of the week.

OUR BROTHERS KEEPER (Genesis 4:9.)

When mothers plead in anguish, That we from evil ward, Their boys who leave home's shelter— That plea do we regard? Those mothers know the story That bar-room records tell Of boys like theirs unweaving, Who by temptation fell.

And when those meet disfavour, Who victims are to drink; And industry doth spurn them, Should this not make us think? Of homes where life is blighted And love a victim lies, And want comes o'er the threshold, Should we not hear their cries?

Think not that this concerns us But little—nor that they have withal to keep them From stumbling in the way; We are our brother's keeper, Must help what'er betide; Must not like Priest and Levite Look on, then turn aside.

From graves that wrap much promise Within their folds of clay; From shrines where hope is waiting— The dawn of a new day— To heaven that bends above us A cry goes up—How long Shall lethargy subdue us? Rise up and right the wrong!

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

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