

WELLNER'S
NOVEMBER GIFT Specials

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If you buy in November you will be thankful in December! Come in now and see our immense variety of gift ideas. A gift of jewelry is cherished forever.

Registered Perfect!
BLUEBIRD SOLITAIRE
An invitation to romance! Beautiful, sparkling solitaire interestingly terraced in delicate hand carved mounting. Exquisite design.

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LADY BULOVA
A dainty popular model!
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It's a brand new model! Smartly styled.
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Man's SIGNET RING
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Canada's Finest Silverware
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Beautifully styled and worthy indeed of a place at your table setting. Your choice of all 1847 famous patterns.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

W. C. T. U. NOTES
By D. Drumblie

Deep in the soul, a shining thing
Makes of the humblest man a king;
Greater than courage, still more great
Than discipline inviolate.
This inward fire, this glowing coal
Smothered within the German soul
By dictatorial hate.

The wind that sent that mighty fleet,
Armed, into swift defeat,
The ally in David's youthful hands,
The miracle of Dunkerque's sands,
In these we trust; we firmly cling
To faith—to God—this shining thing—
And this shall save our land.

As long as British hearts shall beat,
This thing no power can defeat.
This is the future, this shall be
Tradition of democracy.
This is our strength, our steadfast hope;
With this no armoured strength
can cope—
And this is Victory!

DUNKIRK - NOW - THE FUTURE
Unremitting hard work, audacity and planning, have built since Dunkirk a shield from Tobruk to the Persian Gulf and Singapore—Britain's fortifications are strengthened. Now at the supreme moment of the war Britain and the Empire are labouring to exploit fully the opportunities which their own past efforts and Russian heroism have presented.

TODAY CHURCHILL CAN SAY WITH CONFIDENCE BORN OF REALISM
We stood alone a year ago, and to many countries it seemed that our account was closed. . . Our country stood alone in the Gap. There was no flinching, and no thought of giving in, and by what seemed almost a miracle outside these islands—they never doubted it—we now find ourselves in the lion where I say that we can be sure that we have only to persevere to conquer." —(October 29th, 1941).

NATIONAL TRAVELLER'S AID DEPARTMENT
The importance of this Department, and its need, in our Woman's Christian Temperance Union, are not lessened in opportunity and scope for service, during these strenuous war-time days. The Red Cross appeals and marvellous responses in all our churches and organizations, fill our hearts and hands. But there is the travelling public today, not for pleasure nor for health, as in former years, but of necessity in these tragic times, when loved ones are parting—mothers and wives bidding goodbye to their dear men, going across to defend the Motherland on land. The many training camps, canteens and centres for military activities across Canada, give each province and every city, town and hamlet, an opportunity, indeed, the obligation to do all possible in the way of encouragement and assistance. If needed, to the brave lads going forth with fine courage to meet the enemy. Much can be done for the soldiers themselves, as they travel by train, bus, or "phone to and from their stations; but our special efforts may still be given to the dear mothers parting with their boys and to the young wives, and families, brides and others being left in Canada when the ships sail away to the front. Many elderly and sick people need help often from our Travellers' Aid representatives, and the number of young girls alone, and children too, who are needed help given so graciously. Our air men, sailors and soldiers are going for us—what can we do for them and their travelling days, stop-overs, or perhaps illness enroute? Will not each Provincial superintendent of Travellers' Aid do her utmost to secure, if possible, a volunteer worker in each of the province where a local W.C.T.U. exists and secure a Travellers' Aid card for the station, giving her address, as "on call" if needed? These cards can be secured without cost, of Mrs. M. Constance Payne, 16 Starrett Ave., Toronto, and it is hoped that the local union asking for the card will see that it is framed and placed in the station, if permission is given. Also the station box filled with good fresh reading matter, is of growing in certain districts of this province, the root of which is worth 11 cents per lb. It is alternative, and deparative, which, being interpreted, means "blood-purifying". Fairly common in moist places and by streambeds is the Mad-dog Skullcap (*Scutellaria lateriflora*). To be worth 10 cents per lb. It is bitter tonic. Whoever would have expected that pesky weed, the Shepherd's Purse (*Capsella bursa-pastoris*) to be worth 10 cents per lb. It has no trouble in filling its quota! It has some range of virtues: diuretic, emmenagogue, and vulnerary. We all know the "Southernwood Herb" (*Artemisia abrotanum*); better perhaps by its local name of "Lad's love," or "Old Man." This strongly-smelling shrub is worth 85 cents per lb. Given soil of good texture with some moisture content the Southernwood thrives amain. The list doesn't say what it is used for, but from the price it may be for the manufacture of perfume. The Speedwell herb (*Veronica officinalis*) is a frequent denizen of coniferous woods, if not too dry in the soil. It is a diaphoretic, diuretic and expectorant. Whole, 45 cents per lb. The Spikenard (*Aralia racemosa*) is a close relative of our Sarisaparilla, and is put to the same use. Its root is worth 10 cents per lb. No. 1 quality Spruce Gum, from *Picea mariana* and species, is worth \$1.25 per lb; it is an expectorant. There is no trouble in growing Stramonium here, and it is worth 10 cents per lb. It is sometimes called Jimson Weed, or Thornapple, (*Datura Stramonium*), and is well known as anti-asthmatic and anti-convulsant. (To Be Continued.)

real benefit and interest to many who must wait for trains or busses. Our three Travellers' Aid representatives in Toronto (two at Union Station, the third at West Toronto), are busy indeed, doing a splendid work. The Y.W.O.A. have a good representative also at the Union Station.

May each, and all of our nine provinces measure up to the finest and best possible service in the Travellers' Aid Department of our W. C. T. U.

Let us make new contacts, pray and plan to fill vacancies and do our bit in this helpful, patriotic, Christian way to make the road easier and brighter for "We shall not pass again this way."

Faithfully yours,
Lulu L. Reddick,
National Superintendent Travellers' Aid

CANADIAN WHITE RIBBON TIDINGS Encouragement
Dear Fellow-Workers:—Recently, in the daily press, a letter from the Social Service Council, gave six reasons why the drink traffic is doomed:
1st.—The Church is against it.
2nd.—Temperance organizations are doing excellent work.
3rd.—Business men are a force against it.
4th.—5th and 6th—Public Schools, the Press, and the Medical Profession oppose it.
To this list we might add a 7th reason—God is opposed to the traffic—and "If God be for us, who can be against us?" This letter may be encouraging yet we must keep in mind that as the enemy never ceases fighting, never slackens up in his ruthless march, we too, must ever be on the alert, because—
"Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today,
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way."
Nothing worth-while was ever gained without a struggle, and the joy of knowing that we are working with and for Him, will compensate for all.
Yours in His service,
(Mrs. C.) Ella B.C. MacNab.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY —
For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.
For looking before leaping.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For harboring clear thoughts.
For being generous to an enemy.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For standing by your principles.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being square in business dealings.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For promptness in keeping your promises.
—The Mission Herald

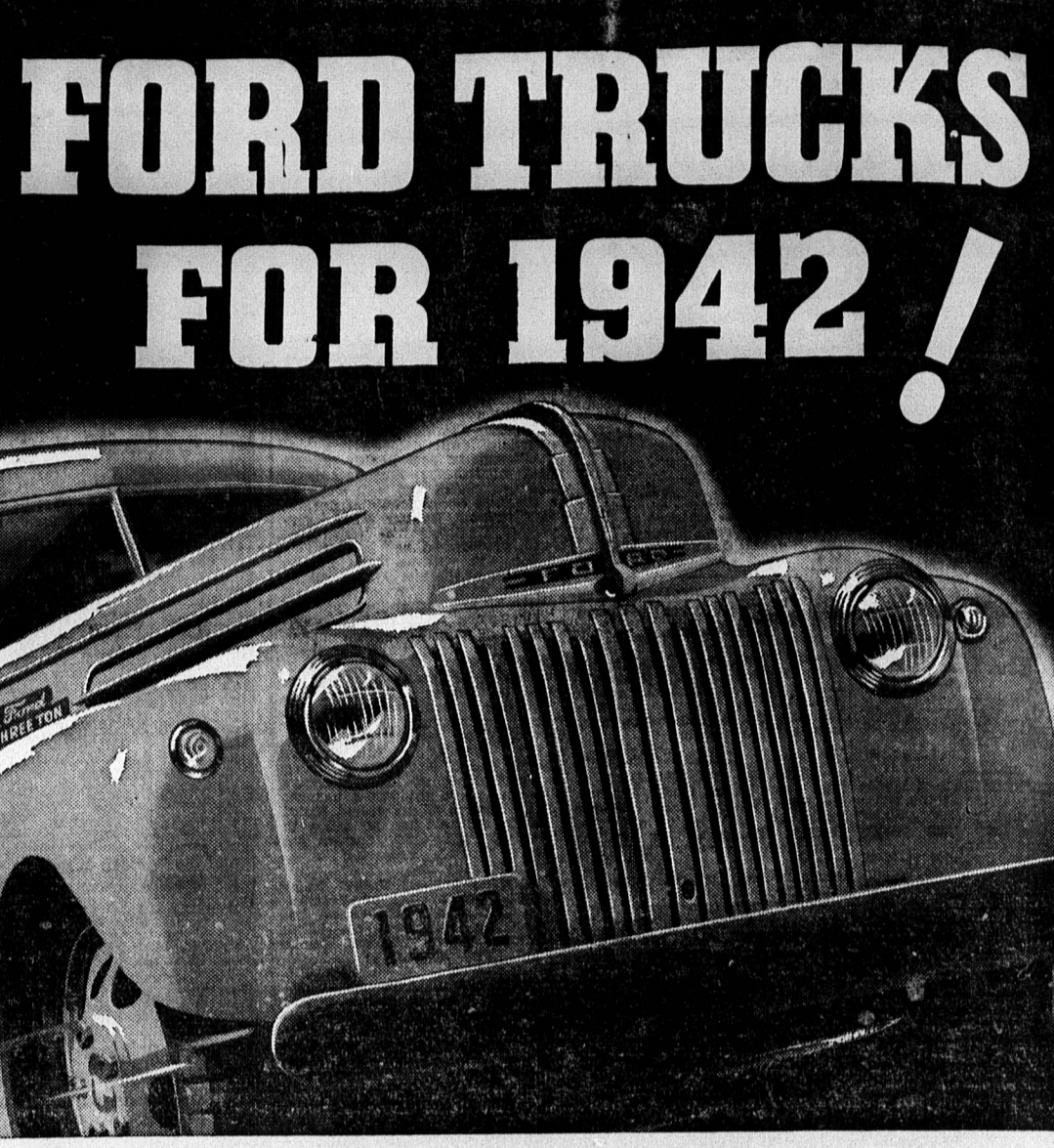
NEWSY NATURE NOTES
By Stuart J. Thompson

THE FOREST FORAGER
One morning I was out for a ramble in a woodland valley near my home. It was a typical November day, dull and gloomy, and what is of greatest value to an observer of nature, there was complete silence. Not a breath of wind stirred and not a bird's note was to be heard. In fact, had it not been for the soft and silent rustle in the dead leaves on the ground near at hand, and as I looked in that direction I saw several of the leaves move slightly. I went up and closed my hands over these and found I had captured a mole shrew. The mole shrew is a small animal about four inches in length from the end of his long sensitive whiskered snout to the tip of his short tail. At first glance one might call him a mouse, but even a casual look at his teeth betrays his true place in the animal world. At once we miss the large front incisors or grinding teeth which we find in the mouse family. Instead there are rows of tiny ivory points as sharp as flint—the typical dentals of the shrew family. The fur is soft and very common like that of the mole, hence the apt name of "mole" shrew. Although a well-known animal to scientists, and probably common in most of our woods, the mole shrew is seldom seen alive, so that I was glad to come upon this individual. And, with a view to learning more of his habits, I took my little mole shrew home.

But I must say that in this I was somewhat disappointed. He was not disposed to teach anyone any more than he could help, about his mode of living. I made him a home in a box half-full of forest soil and covered with dead leaves. In every way possible simulating his natural home. But I found he spent all his time out of sight. He did not delve into the soil as a mole would have done. He lacked the great spade-like fore-paws of that habitual digger. Nor did he seem about on the leaves in plain view. He was what might be termed semi-subterranean in his habits, spending most of his time pushing here and there through the mass of leaves. And here he did the advance work of his very tiny head-like eyes. There was little to see in such blind foraging. In fact I learned that the mole shrew could withdraw his head into his body, so that such a walk is greatly enhanced by having some other purpose.

One November day as I was enjoying a walk it occurred to me to note the flowers which were still in bloom at this late date. And by the time I had returned home I was truly surprised at the number of these late stragglers.

As I crossed some fields there were little patches of golden rods. Of course many of the plants had gone to seed. But here and there, amid the downy seedheads, I saw the touch of a yellow flower. And, also, among the asters I found brown tufts of down everywhere, yet the little patches were brightened in places—perhaps more sheltered than elsewhere—with the rich purple of the New England aster, the blue of the heart-leaved aster or the plain white of the



FORD TRUCKS FOR 1942!

The finest Ford Trucks ever built give you power and strength with war-time economy!

This year, more than ever, Canada knuckles down to business. So Ford has built more rugged stamina and dependability than ever into its 1942 trucks.

These massive, rugged 1942 Ford Trucks are built to deliver the goods, with extra strength where strength is needed, and with extra capacity for hard labour day after day and year after year.

Into them has been built all the practical results of 38 years of Ford engineering experience. Every year improvement has been added to improvement. It is not without reason that Ford Trucks have led in Canadian sales for 23 of the last 27 years, and every single one of the past seven years.

68 body and chassis combinations. See this new line of trucks now. Ask a Ford dealer to arrange an on-the-job test of a Ford Truck on your job with your driver.

More than 100,000 Ford-built military vehicles have been supplied to Empire armies

The same rugged power which serves Canadian business men is now helping fight Empire battles. Ford-built military vehicles of more than twenty types are powered by the same Ford V-8 engine which gives Ford Trucks their rugged, dependable, thrifty power.

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You will like these stylish Miner overshoes. We have your size in stock—Moderately priced.

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Newsy Notes
(Continued from page 9.)

and I dearest some of my readers have sung the refrain "Hold the fort for I am coming!" in days long gone by. Meanwhile a grim struggle was waged at a spot called Rooker's Drift. At this place, near a river stood two lonely buildings; one a small hospital for invalid soldiers. The other was staff quarters, partly used also as a storehouse for food and other necessities. The station was under the direction of two lieutenants who, when they heard that the Zulus were coming, fortified the place as well as they could and armed all the invalids who were capable of resistance. Bags of mealies were brought out and laid like sandbags into two parallel breastworks connecting the two buildings. Between these two walls the heroic defenders fought off all attacks of the Zulus, till a relieving force appeared. The news of the gallant defence of Rooker's Drift sent a thrill throughout England.

Somebody has said of John Bull that "the old boy loses every battle but the last," and on July 14th 1879, John had become sufficiently acquainted with the Zulu tactics to give the knockout blow. The British army on that date attacked Ulundi, Cetewayo's capital, defeated the Zulus, and took the King prisoner. Cetewayo (pron. Ketch-way-yo) was sent into exile, his subjects laid down their arms, and so ended another of England's many "little wars." The above sketch of the Zulu War is drawn principally from memory, since the only history in my possession that mentions it, but ten lines in doing so.

MARINE FISHES
It is said that every once in a while a fish turns up in the net that is a puzzle to the fisherman. He need not go far now for the answer, since the Public Library City, has added to its list that excellent little treatise "The Marine Fishes of Nova Scotia," mentioned in these Notes a few weeks ago. The particular distinctions of each species that frequents our coasts, are given in simple words, and are accompanied by line drawings of all species. "Why aren't the whales in it?" asked a young friend after looking over my own copy. "Because a whale is not a fish," was the reply.

OTHER BOTANICALS (6)
There is a plant known as the Wild Sarsaparilla (*Aralia nudicaulis*)

BACKRITE TABLETS For The Kidneys
A remedy for Backache, Lumbago, Urinary Troubles, etc. Price 50 cents a box.

GASSY STOMACHS RELIEVED
Every person who is troubled with gas in the stomach and bowels should get a bottle of "Dr. L. B. Evans Stomach Mixture," and see how quickly it will relieve all distressing symptoms. A recommended remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn and all stomach troubles.

THE TWO MACS
149 Great George Street
Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

Examining Board meets
SACKVILLE, N. B., Nov. 12—(P)—The Common Examining Board of the Maritime Provinces and New Brunswick, met this afternoon. A foundation conference here this afternoon. The sessions were presided over by Dr. G. J. Trueman, Sackville, president of the board. The board considered reports of the chief examination readers and members of the examination question and answers papers written in June. This afternoon the board appointed the personnel responsible for setting the papers for examinations next June.

In Memoriam
MRS. J. WILLIAM BOATES
Word has been received by relatives here of the death in Norwood, Mass., of Mrs. J. Boates. The late Mrs. Boates was born on P. E. Island being the daughter of the late Alexander and Flora Buchanan of Brantford. After her marriage she and her husband moved to Illinois and later to Wisconsin. Some years later they returned to Wolfville, N. S., and then settled in Norwood, Mass. The deceased had not enjoyed good health for some time but her mind remained keen and active up to the minute of her passing she being able to direct the affairs of her household. Those who knew her best loved her most and to the sorrowing husband and family our sympathy is extended. Besides her husband she leaves