

AT POPULAR PRICES

STEELE EXPRESS

333

THERE IS NO FINER CIGARETTE

W. C. T. U. (Continued from Page 10)

Country could then demand that relief-seeking nations do likewise and prohibit use of grain for liquor



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making. The world total of grain thus saved for food would undoubtedly exceed all relief requirements.

"But the shutdown will only scratch the surface because a thirty-day suspension of ten times sixty days would save 100,000,000 bushels which is President Truman's conservation goal by mid-1948.

"While all countries offend it is time for this country to break the vicious cycle in which the equivalent of American grain sent abroad for relief comes back as whiskey or other liquor.

ALCOHOL DESTROYS FREEDOM

A letter came to me recently from one of our readers which caught my attention by its publicity. Here is a line or two from

it. "No one will ever know, who has not experienced it, the chains of alcoholism. I forgot my wife's loyal love, my children's needs, and my duty to work and earn a living for my loved ones. In my despair at being unable to control myself, I fell down upon my knees, and asked God to take over. He did, and I have not hankered for alcohol since. It may sound like a pipe dream to people who have never worn the chains of alcohol, but it is the truth. I am a free man, freed by Christ."

The New Testament is filled with promises of freedom. We have been talking about four freedoms. They are necessary, if we are ever to have a better world, but we shall never have those four freedoms, until mankind is "made free from the law of sin and death." — Dr. Holland in Prairie Farmer.

No, Mr. Brown

By Gertrude Knevels CHAPTER XXVI

When Ada returned, both girls were busy over the ink-stotted gown. April was making abject apologies that Alixe ignored—suggestions she stubbornly rejected. Immediately the maid put in her car. Mrs. Van Eiden had been informed of the catastrophe and had at once decided what must be done. James had been told to bring round the car. Ada was to drive in town with Miss Alixe, to select another gown. Something ready made but Ada knew about the adjustments, Miss Alixe was to wrap up warm, and stop in her mother's room on her way to the car. Mrs. Van Eiden wanted to speak to Miss April right away. Mrs. Van Eiden thought it a terrible piece of carelessness, if not—

But at this point Alixe trailed downstairs, still in the wedding gown, carrying on the performance in her mother's room, making a stormy entrance and a triumphant exit. Alixe wasn't going to have poor little April blamed for something she'd never have done if she hadn't been all tired out. Why the child's hand was trembling with nervousness—that's why she spilled the ink. Tired. Everybody was tired. All this fuss and confusion in the house. This dress was an example. She'd asked for something inexpensive, and Mother'd got the Vionnet! Well, Alixe knew one thing—she was going to wear it now she had it, and not by anything else. And she wasn't going to New York, either. She was going to Newark after lunch to buy satin for a panel, and nobody was going to stop her.

Not till lunch was over and the two girls stepped into Alixe's car did April draw a easy breath. Now at last, they had the roadster and freedom. April's foot was on the self-starter when she looked over her shoulder and saw Ada—Ada in neat black coat and smart little hat with wisp of veil—running down the steps.

"I'm to go with you, Mrs. Van Eiden doesn't think Miss Alixe is experienced enough to match up that—"

"Sorry!" April sped away down the drive. Alixe collapsed against the cushions limp with hysterical laughter.

"Another moment," April groaned, "and she would have been in the rumble." She kept up her nonsense, chatting of this and that, but drawing little response from Alixe who looked increasingly nervous as they reached the crowded Newark streets and turned off towards the airport.

Once there, April parked the car and found an official who informed them the Chicago plane was due in about an hour. They walked slowly towards the waiting room. At last April made her friend as comfortable as possible in a retired corner of the room and, guessing she might prefer to be alone, wandered off across the field.

"Hullo! What's up? Off to Hollywood to put the stars' eyes out?" Bill Brown—Bill with hands in pockets of his old coat, his light hair ruffled by the wind, strolled across the field towards April.

"What are you doing here?" she gasped. "Oh, you've come to meet Jay?"

"Yes. He wired me to come down and get Jerry, because he had a date. Now what are you doing here?"

"I'm just driving Alixe. Alixe is—meeting Jay! Listen, Bill, I've simply got to tell you. I'm sure Alixe wouldn't mind." April hastily related her story. "I've got her here to meet him anyway," she finished. "And the rest is up to Jay. Of course, I know if it's wrong it'll be all my fault, and if it goes right they'll think it did it. I shan't care."

"Look here, you don't mean you expect those two old-timers to elope?"

"William." April's blue eyes flickered wickedly. "I'm surprised at you. If Alixe's overnight bag is secreted in the rumble seat at this moment, I'm sure I didn't put it there."

"And I'm sure you did." Bill looked at his watch. "Come on, we'd better find Alixe. That plane is nearly due."

"There—there she is." April nodded towards the quiet, gray-clad figure in the waiting room corner. "Oh, Bill, Alixe is so tired and Jay has had so much to endure. Wouldn't it be grand now if they could just hop into another plane, go off to California—Colorado—any lovely far-away place where they could be together?"

"You'd like that sort of trip, if you—"

"Why, of course. Don't you think Bill, that for two people in love the most marvellous way to begin a new life would be to—well, just step off into the blue?"

"Marvellous, I'll remember that." Bill was looking at April, not thinking of Alixe, but April caught the girl's worried glance and hurried towards her.

"Here I am. I met Bill. He's come to get Jerry. Rather fun, all of us here together. Jay ought to be flattered, don't you think so, Bill?"

"I'll say he ought." (To Be Continued)

Dads are Angel..



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In Memoriam

In loving memory of my dear father,

MR. LEONARD J. PICKERING Died June 19th, 1948.

We are thinking of you Papa, Thinking of the past, Picturing you in memory, Just as we saw you last.

You left behind some broken hearts That loved you so sincere, Who never did, or never will Forget you, "Papa Dear."

Inserted by Daughter Sarah Caroline, Son-in-Law Ralph Thompson and Family, Donald, Roland and Lawrence.

CARD OF THANKS

The family of the late Mrs. John T. Murphy, Clermont, wish to thank their neighbours and friends for their many acts of kindness extended to them during their recent bereavement. Also those who sent Mass Cards, letters and cards of sympathy and floral tributes.

CARD OF THANKS

We the undersigned wish to thank our kind neighbours and friends of Heatherdale and vicinity for their kindness to us before taking our departure from the Province, especially to the Heatherdale Women's Institute for the Pin presented by Mrs. MacPhee.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Russell MacPhee and Family, Heatherdale.

Girls' Camp At Augustine Cove

The Canadian Girls in Training Camp under the auspices of the Prince Edward Island Girl's Work Board of the M. R. E. C. opens on July 1st, with Miss Marjorie McBride, Girls' Work Secretary of the M. R. E. C. as Director. Registrations are far above average and the camp will have its capacity of over eighty girls, and it is expected that some who did not get their registrations mailed by the fifteenth of June may be disappointed, though the committee in charge hopes that all can be accommodated. Camp interests include, Bible



MISS ADELE MCAUSLAND MISS LAURA HIGGINBOTHAM Above are pictures of 1947-48 Provincial Officers, 1948-49. Officers will be appointed at Camp July 1-10.

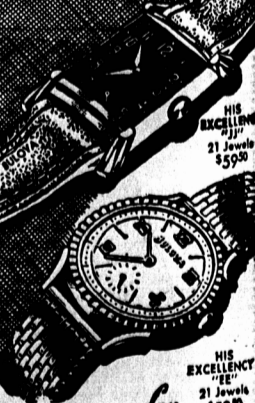
study, swimming, sports, handicraft, music, sketching and others. A registered Swimming Instructor and a Registered nurse are among the members of Staff these include: Jean MacCallum, Bedeque; Zelda MacLeod and Lella MacLeod, Murray River; Owen Wilcox, Windsor, N.S.; Lella Graves Aylesford, N.S.; Windsor Smith, Carleton; Mrs. R. L. Cairns, Preetown; Nellie Clements, Montague with Mrs. Willard Widman as housekeeper. Visitors day will be observed on Sunday afternoon July 4th from 2 to 5 p.m. From rising bell to evening campfires the days will be very full, with many surprise events and features during the ten days. Camp closes on the 10th of July.

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