

W. C. T. U. NOTES

REMEMBRANCE

They do not sleep— Our noble dead, Nor will they sleep Where poppies red Bend low on Flanders Field.

A FOE IN OUR MIDST

In these days of war, every one is apt to place any foe where he can do no harm to persons or property. There is a foe in our midst, a menace to our health and womanhood. There is no special cry of alarm, though many look with anxiety upon the ravages of this foe. He is accepted in our midst, unrecognized. This foe is found in the homes of rich and poor alike. Women give him a welcome in their drawing rooms. On the campus of Colleges and High Schools he may be found with young men and women, boys and girls. He is in most clubs, in a corner parlor of men of all ages. About the only place he does not frequent is the Church, but he is often at the Church door to accompany many as they walk down the street. You will have recognized the foe—the innocent-looking little cigarette.

Dr. George Villeneuve, Dean of Laval Medical Faculty, when questioned whether the use of cigarettes will cause high tension and nervous system, especially with the young, said: "Yes, I certainly believe that the use of cigarettes is harmful, and for people who are below 16 years, very harmful, and I certainly believe that the moral sense is blunted, and the mental faculties are affected. We have not the full knowledge of the question, because excessive cigarette smoking has only occurred within the last few decades. The full effects of it will be felt later." The aim of each manufacturer is to produce a cigarette that will so grip its user, that it will forever make him a victim of it.

If women and girls knew many of the harmful effects, that this new and modern pastime is having upon them, physically and upon the on-coming generation, they would taboo cigarette smoking forever. In these days every effort is made to ensure good health for all. Special care is given young mothers, and yet this seeming small evil is courted everywhere and is undermining the health of otherwise fine men and women. A man had nine sons and he was frequently heard to say "They were not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap. (Gal. 6, 7)." So had been after them, sometimes sowing in your own person daily, after the reaping time will surely come.

WHAT DO YOU THINK There are many who have not decided that the saloon "beer parlor" or "cocktail lounge," is a bad institution in a community. They are not interested in closing these places. They hold aloof from men who are working to this end. By their attitude these people seem to say, "These places are really respectable, we see no reason why we should be against them." They seem to class those who oppose such places as extremists and that it is better to let the booze-places alone than to stir up a tumult in the community. They do not want to meddle in the matter; they are indifferent as to whether saloons remain or close up. What do you think of the saloon, or the present term "cocktail lounge." Can you as a good citizen remain inactive? Why do you consider such places respectable? Put these questions to your consciences. Would you want to die in a saloon? Would you want to see your mother there? Would you want to meet your wife there? Would you admit the saloon into your home as a social equal? Would you want your daughter to frequent a saloon? Would you advise your son to spend his leisure time there? Would you want a saloon operated next door to your home? Would you make companions of those who hang out at the saloon? Would you place the saloon on the same level with the grocery, the meat market, the dry goods store? Would you consider it an honor to be classed as a saloon frequenter? Would it add to your standing in your neighborhood to be known as a saloon sympathizer? The National Voice

WHERE ALCOHOL IS VITAL The statement has been made that it takes from 60 to 140 gallons of ethyl alcohol to manufacture the 1,000 to 1,500 pounds of smokeless powder required to fire a single shell from a battleship's turret. It can, therefore, readily be seen how vital to victory is the production of acohol for war purposes. But what of alcohol converted into intoxicating beverages without restriction upon the quantity? "Rationing tires, washing-machines, automobiles, and scores of useful materials, yet permitting liquor to flow freely, is a national absurdity worthy of Gilbertian treatment. It is strange indeed, that while it is impossible to buy many things which have become necessities, it is still possible to buy without stint a luxury product vital to war industry and production. Gilbertian is, undoubtedly, the correct word to describe such a situation. The proposition is so illogical, so manifestly wasteful, that it is difficult to believe that ordinary people have to pinch their purses without

Nuns Escape With Japanese At Heels

By WILLIAM HUFFLE With U.S. Fleet, South Pacific, Nov. 6 (Delayed) (A.P.)—Two Roman Catholic nuns have reached the safety of a South Pacific port after what seemed to them an almost miraculous escape from the Japanese on Guadalcanal Island. The nuns, Sister Mary Evangelina of Prince Edward Island, and Sister Mary Teresa of Holyoke, Mass., escaped from Japanese domination with the enemy at their heels. With seven priests and five other nuns, they were evacuated from Guadalcanal Oct. 4. Among those in the party was Father M.J. MacMahon of Toronto. Despite their sufferings and hardships, the sisters are eager to return to the Solomons "as soon as the Japanese are all cleared out." Other members of the rescued party have gone to Australia and New Zealand. But Sister Mary Teresa and Sister Mary Evangelina will remain at their present location until they are permitted to return to Guadalcanal. They think that will not be long. Their story goes back to May 8, when the Japs began their invasion of the Solomons. From their mission at Vissale, on the northwest tip of Guadalcanal, the missionaries saw fires burning at Tulagi, then saw Japanese ships approach the next morning. But it was quiet for three weeks. Then, early in June, a Japanese officer and a group of soldiers appeared at the mission. They learned that the officer, Ishimoto, had been employed as a carpenter at Tulagi before the war. One of the Jap soldiers said Ishimoto was a Japanese prince. He was civil, but went through the mission thoroughly, taking notes, the reporter, above, the mission launch and many other things. The Japanese officer also took away one of the priests, Fr. Rev. John Maubin, Bishop of the South Solomons, objected, declaring the priest was then recovering from a serious illness. "I had orders to take you all," Ishimoto replied. Several days later the priest was brought back. He had not been injured or questioned. The nuns said the Japanese ordered that all natives between 14 and 60 had to work a month without pay on the Guadalcanal airfield—or be shot. Hundreds of natives were forced to work on the field, day and night.

BUILT OBSERVATION POST The Japs built an observation post near the mission and armed it with what the sisters believed was an anti-aircraft gun. When the United States planes started Aug. 7, United States planes were fired at from this hidden post. The pilots, apparently believing the shots came from the mission, returned and bombed the place, destroying one building. In the confusion, members of the mission fled into the jungle. Bishop Maubin, seriously ill, was carried by eight native boys. They slept at night in huts and were fed by friendly natives. Later they found that Japanese patrols had been after them, sometimes reaching villages only a half-hour after the missionaries had pushed some.

The natives were wonderful to us," Sister Mary Teresa said. "Many times the Japanese tried to get the natives to lead them to us but they never betrayed us. Those who misled the Japanese were killed. Several times we were so close to the Japanese that we could hear them in the jungle looking for us." The nuns saw a plane fall one day. They fought through the jungle to reach it. They found an injured Japanese pilot in the wreckage and gave him first aid. They found out later that this pilot promptly reported their presence to Japanese searchers. "But they still didn't catch us," Sister Mary Teresa said with a smile. On their trip they met a district officer who told them the Japanese had bayoneted and killed two priests and two nuns from another mission. Although there was no further confirmation they believed those killed were Father Arthur Dubamat of the Lawton, Mass.; Father Engelbrink, a Dutch priest; and Sisters Mary Sylvia and Mary Odille, both French nuns.

The party reached Bangarere, on the southwest coast Sept. 3, after nearly a month of jungle travel. They hid there until word reached they would be picked up by boat at Kokum. Then they were transferred to a United States ship. Sister Mary Evangelina, 62, was in the Solomons, went to New England from Canada when she was 20. Her father, Anthony Bernard, now lives in West Springfield, Mass. They reported another United States man, Sister Mary Sylvester of Haverhill, Mass., is missing. She was last stationed at a mission on Malaita Island, but it is believed the Japs have not landed there and that she is safe.

THEY WILL NOT GET DUSTY IN FREE CHINA The Bible and Christian literature societies in China cannot keep up with the demand for Bibles, Testaments, portions of Scripture and other Christian literature for free China. The Bible Society Report shows 4,045, 906 Bibles and portions of Scriptures sold during 1941 in China. Many of these are finding their way into Russia.

N. Z.'S BATS There are no snakes in New Zealand, though bats are numerous. A fondness for litigation, as well as for war, was characteristic of the Normans.



AUTUMNS IDEAL IN HATS

High in colour . . . high in spirit . . . that's your Autumn Hat. Exciting to see . . . exciting to wear . . . these catch all eyes. See the fascinating Fex Hats with tassel brims . . . see the swashbuckling pirate hats . . . the soft cloche charmers . . . plus fur trimmed beauties to match your coat. In short see your Autumn Ideal in hats . . . shown so generously in our Millinery Department today.

'2.50 '4.95 '5.95 '9.95

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

CHARLOTTETOWN

P. E. ISLAND



Colorful, Spirited Flattering

STRANGER IN (Continued from page 5) "Well, Ben, that message I just sent fixes things. You can't back out now." "I guess not, Tom," Ormond's voice came, as colorless as his appearance had been. "You're in the wagon seat, a-drivin'. All I want is to get as far from here as I can." "Now you're talking sense, Ben. When you sign that transfer deed over to me tomorrow and take your money, you can go to the ends of the earth, for all I care. With your hand on the east of Waller and your made plenty of deliveries by the law of eminent domain. That will bring 'em around to lickin' salt outta my hand—if they don't do it sooner." "You're a hard man, Tom," Ormond said respectfully. "That's how I got to where I am. All you got to remember is that, if you ever backtrack and cause me a little bit of trouble, I've still got business. When do I get my money?" "Mr. Bassett, a young lawyer working for the railroad, will have the three thousand in cash for you by noon tomorrow. Do you know Bassett?" "Never heard of him." "Well, he'll call on you about noon. He's coming in on the eleven o'clock train. I'd wait and settle the matter myself, but I've got to pull out of here at daybreak to tend to things in Shady Gulch. Just hand your land deed over to Bassett and sign the bill of sale."

friend before you were there, Ben." "A member of your old wild bunch, you mean," Ormond came back bitterly. "I was a fool ever to have settled down in here, with you holdin' a club over my head. But there's no sense in talkin' about that now. Let's get down to business. When do I get my money?" "Mr. Bassett, a young lawyer working for the railroad, will have the three thousand in cash for you by noon tomorrow. Do you know Bassett?" "Never heard of him." "Well, he'll call on you about noon. He's coming in on the eleven o'clock train. I'd wait and settle the matter myself, but I've got to pull out of here at daybreak to tend to things in Shady Gulch. Just hand your land deed over to Bassett and sign the bill of sale."

he'll have ready for the one thousand head of Bar M cows. Then you can take your money and mount the first train out of San Joaquin." Ormond heaved a lugubrious sigh. "A dollar per acre for my land and a dollar a head for cows worth—"



Planes, Guns, and Tanks Bring Victory in Egypt and Elsewhere Increase Your Purchase of 3rd. Victory Loan Bonds TO-DAY and Back up Our Boys