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THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

(A column of interest to all recording accepted facts and worthy opinions regarding the place of alcoholic beverages in modern life; as well as news of the progress of the campaign for a "dry" world.)

(Sponsored by the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance P. E. I.)

BANKING AND BOOZING

The brute facts about a brutal business like Booze are really staggering. When one suddenly comes face to face with some of these one wonders if we are not all drugged and groggy, something wrong with our very stores.

Bank Business vs. Booze Business

Look at this contrast. There are ten banks doing business in Canada, including the "Big Four," Montreal, Royal, Commerce, Nova Scotia. Their earnings for the year 1929,—the most prosperous year in their entire history, a real boom year,—were a little over \$28,000,000. For the same year the total earnings of the seven Canadian provinces under government control from their liquor business amounted to about the same figure. Nova Scotia had not yet gone into the liquor trade. Besides this it should be remembered that the Breweries, Distilleries and Wineries had their own juicy profits out of the business. Bankers nowadays are not receiving too many bouquets. They are more accustomed to dodging brickbats. But where will you find a citizen of this supposed-to-be-enlightened Dominion who will say that Booze should be regarded as highly as Banks. Can Canadians think straight? Or are we all sort of dull-witted because of the enormous quantity of Booze flooding the land?

Another Contrast

Banks frequently boast about the facilities provided for the public. Branches are opened wherever there seems to be any need. The Canada Year Book indicates that there were slightly over 4,000 such branches doing business across Canada, in the year 1929, a boom year. But the Booze Business was so eager to serve (?) the public that it had some 5,000 selling places throughout the Dominion. Stores, Shops, Parlors, Hotels, Clubs. Unless the citizens of Canada are completely soured in strong drink—which means, weak thinking—this sort of thing will stop.

The Banks do handle heaps and heaps of money. But Booze pays best; Well, well, this world is funny!

BONSHAW WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The monthly meeting of the Bonshaw Women's Institute was held in the school March 13th ten members present. Meeting opened with the Ode followed by the Creed. Roll call was answered with a current event. Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. School committee bought in their report.

Mrs. Edwin Boyce and Mrs. Hector MacNevin were appointed delegates to attend the annual convention to be held in Charlottetown. Other business was discussed but was left over until next meeting to be decided. Meeting closed with the Island Hymn.

MALPEQUE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular monthly meeting of the Malpeque Women's Institute was held on Thursday evening, March 9th at the home of Mrs. G. W. Ramsay. There were twenty four members present. The roll call was answered with "the last book that I read and enjoyed and the author." The sick committee reported three visits made during the month. The school committee reported everything in a satisfactory condition. A program was carried out as follows: Reading, the individual members responsibility, by Mrs. G. W. Ramsay, reading, a toast to the Irish, by Mrs. Ralph Ramsay, reading, Sis Hopkins's Fidelity, by Mrs. Ralph Bearisto. Geographical contest, prizes won by the Misses Rosa Bell and Marjorie MacRae. Lunch was served by the following committee: Mrs. Daniel Bearisto, Mrs. Charles Taylor, Mrs. D. P. MacNutt, Miss Flo MacGougan and Mrs. Ralph Bearisto. The next meeting will be held in the Institute Room, with the following committee in charge: Mrs. Ralph Ramsay, Mrs. G. W. Ramsay, Mrs. Burleigh Owen, Mrs. Robert MacKenzie. A vote of thanks was extended to the committee in charge and to Mrs. Ramsay for the use of her home. After the meeting an enjoyable social evening was spent by members and visitors.

SWEET VANITY

By RICHARD GOYNE

"I am doing this, Cynthia, because I love you." She shuddered, but he went on doggedly. "You have admitted your love for me, and then you refuse it because of the temporary and dangerous distractions of—well, need I go on? I am doing this, Cynthia, not as a price of my help, but because it is the only way I can see of holding the woman I love, and assuring her of happiness, of—"

She interrupted with bitter, ironic laughter.

"Stop, stop! You have said more than enough, I think. But I can't help realising, now, that you are in earnest. Don't you see, that is what staggered me? That you—? No, don't speak, please."

She moved away towards the windows, beyond which the dusk was deepening, and then, with impulsive scorn, turned on him.

"Do you think you can tame me, then, by a despicable trick like this?"

"I have offered to save your father's business in return for the right to protect you and to make you happy. That right was one you yourself first gave, and then denied."

"So that a woman has no right to change her mind?"

He could even smile, now, grimly. His moment, too, had passed.

"No one has a right to do that unless one is prepared to face the consequences."

She was speechless. In the past few moments her world had collapsed about her. She was face to face with the bitterest realities, and for a moment it seemed as if even her pride would have broken down under the strain. Very unsteadily, and with tears welling in her eyes, she made a little gesture of finality.

"You will give me time to—to think this out? It is only of Daddy I am thinking, of course. He has never failed me. I can't let him down, even over a thing like this, without—"

She looked so helpless, so bewildered, it was almost more than he could resist to stride towards her, there and then, to take her into his arms, to open once again all that was in his heart for her. But he refrained, held by an instinct that served him well in that moment.

He bowed to her request.

"I will come to-morrow evening, if I may."

"After dinner." It would have been folly even to have sought the pale hands clasped before her. Peter Cavendish turned, without a word, and went.

Cynthia remained rigid until the door closed, and then all her pent-up emotions rushed back in a storm. Her lips quivered as she stared at the oaken panels.

"You beast—beast!" She stumbled to a divan by the windows, sank into it and buried her face in her hands. "What a fool—a hopeless fool you are! And I wanted, when you came in, to greet you. To tell you that I was ashamed of how I had treated you! Even to ask your forgiveness, because I did love you an—"

"And now you—you've killed all that! I can't help it, I hate you—loathe you! And I wouldn't consent, now, if you were the last man on earth! I—"

She rose, pressing her hands to her hot cheeks. She would consent. There was no other way. There was her father, for whose troubles she was more than half responsible. She was helpless, and Peter Cavendish knew it.

Oh, but the humiliation of it all! The shame! Even Dicky Smythe would have been more preferable as a husband, now. Even—

Unsteadily, seeking the remnants of her pride to calm her, she went back to the piano. She sat down and tried to resume her playing. But her fingers faltered upon the keys.

At length she went to her room. Her father came out of his study as she passed. He called her. But she did not heed, and the door of her room was locked until next morning.

It was nine o'clock on the following night that Peter Cavendish swung easily through the gates of the drive leading up to the Marlborough home, and rang.

The butler let him in.

"Miss Marland is expecting you, sir," he remarked as Peter entered.

He passed to the door of the room in which she had received him the night before, opened it, and Peter, after a second's hesitation, went in.

As before, Cynthia was playing. He stopped, a moment, admiring, upon the threshold. She had not looked up. Her profile was set against the silvery glow of dusk, and it seemed to Peter that never in all his life had he seen one so beautiful, as she looked to-night.

Then he drew himself together and proceeded, and as the door closed upon them Cynthia turned, recognized him, and got slowly to her feet.

She was dead'y calm, and the hand she offered to him was as chill

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W. C. T. U. Notes

THE RECENT SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND ALCOHOL

(By Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D., Medical Director New York Life Extension Institute.)

Rum has never really risen to the dignity of being a demon. It is not fair to the demons to so class it. Rum is a problem in pharmacology and not in demonology. Now, as even a sober man may not know the difference between demonology and pharmacology, I will explain that pharmacology relates to the effects of drugs on the human body.

It is my firm belief that when the people fully appreciate this fact—that alcohol, a mere combination of atoms of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, is really a drug problem—the problem will be largely solved. It is true that drug addiction is regrettably common, but not nearly so prevalent as alcoholic indulgence, and drug addiction all sane people frankly condemn, however slight the indulgence.

No sane man will ask another to enter a corner drug store and join him in a dose of opium, yet many sane men have invited their friends into the corner saloon or up to the bar to "bend the merry

as her manner. She did not even gesture him to a chair, but remained standing to indicate that the interview had best be brief.

"You have come for your answer, I suppose?" She tried to be casual, yet was a little shaken by his quiet bow of assent. "Then I had better give it you at once. I have told father already. It is all quite hopeless, isn't it?"

She held out her left hand, the slender third finger slightly raised from the others. Peter started, taken aback by the lack of any emotion or hesitation.

Rather awkwardly, realising how quietly she had assumed the mastery of the situation, he fumbled in his pocket and produced the magnificent single-diamond ring he had purchased that morning in London.

She stiffened perceptibly as his hand touched hers in putting on the ring. Once that was done, she did not even look at the glittering stone, but let her hand fall to her side and faced him. It was then that pent-up emotion had its say, and her pale cheeks coloured almost to crimson.

"You are quite satisfied with your bargain?" she flashed, and before he could answer she let loose the biting words she had prepared.

"You are a successful business man, but when it comes to judging my sex, nothing better than a— a fool." Her hands clenched at that word, because it hurt her to say it, and she wanted nothing less than to be hurt by anything she said or did to him, now. "You have forced me to accept you, to wear your ring but, with a scornful smile, "if you think it will make any different you are wrong. Whether we are ever to be married is for you to say. Perhaps, when the time comes, you will not wish to. And that is the one way in which I can retaliate now. When that time comes, Peter, I—I do not think that you will."

(To be Continued.)

elbow" without in the least realising that they are inviting to drug addiction. This attitude of mind is partly due to ignorance of the physiological effects of alcohol and partly to the traditions that surround its use.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN!

(A paper by Mrs. Milton D. Shief, given at the Frances Willard Memorial meeting, February, 1932, at Bracebridge.)

About sixty years ago there lived in New England, Dio Lewis, a famous doctor, and brilliant writer on health topics. Near the close of his career, he made a lecture trip in the West, taking as his subject, "Our Girls," and treating of their possibilities as the coming women of culture and achievement, and their disadvantages by reason of the handicaps involved in the unequal laws relating to marriage and property rights, and the danger of intemperance in their homes.

Dr. Lewis often told a story of his own mother's hardships, which was briefly as follows:

"We were a large family, father was given over to strong drink. Every day after he had left the house, my mother went up to the garret. On her return, her face shone with such a heavenly light that we knew she had been talking with God. At last as things grew worse and worse with us at home, my mother, one day put on her faded bonnet and shawl and taking her Bible in her hand she went to the saloon where my father spent most of his time and money, and putting the Sacred Volume on the bar from whence liquor was wont to lift the glass of father that made him and us miserable, she read in a clear voice these words: 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.' Her face and tone bore such a sense of God's presence, that when she asked the man if she might pray, he not only consented, but himself knelt beside his casks and demijohns, while she poured out her heart in fervent petition that the Holy Spirit would work in him a change of heart. The result was that, that publican never again sold intoxicating liquor to anyone. Our home became a happy one, and no child of that saintly mother ever tasted intoxicating liquor or took God's name in vain."

LOWER FREETOWN INSTITUTE

The regular monthly meeting of the Lower Freetown Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Elton Cairns Wednesday afternoon, March 15, at the usual hour. The president presided. The meeting opened with Ode and all repeating creed in unison. Roll call was responded to by fourteen members and ten visitors. Minutes of last meeting were approved and signed. Sick committee reported being to see one sick lady in district. Collection amounted to 71 cents. The program took place as follows: Music by Mildred Jardine and Lois Cairns, reading by Mrs. Gordon Burns, duet by Mrs. Russell Mc-

OUR THREE SPECIALTIES WATCHES, RINGS EYE GLASSES Established 1870 E. W. TAYLOR 142 Richmond Street

This simple story coming warm from the speaker's heart was wont to touch every heart in the assembly, and when he suggested in 1873, that a great impetus might be added, to fight against booze, were the women to do a little personal work among the saloon keepers themselves, persuading them for the sake of humanity and their own welfare, to forsake the business, a number of the ladies gathered at the Hillsborough Presbyterian Church, and after a meeting of organization and prayer, about seventy of the group, under the leadership of Mrs. Eliza Thompson, set out to visit the German saloon keeper. The crusade soon spread to other parts of the state and subsequently to other parts of the country. A divine contagion was in the air, a spirit such as the people had never felt before. Bands of praying women passed between their homes, the churches and the saloons. Some times they numbered a dozen, but often a hundred or several times that number. Perpetual prayer meetings were kept up. They thronged the public houses, when not allowed to enter they knelt in groups around the door. In spite of ridicule, opposition, even threats, and without breaking one bottle of whiskey, or smashing one barrel of beer, those women closed one saloon after another. Oftentimes the saloon keeper, yielding to the mysterious influence which brooded like a dove of peace over the place, would invite the leader of the band to knock in the head of his barrels, and while the liquor flowed into the gutter, songs of praise were sung and church bells pealed forth the people's joy. In 250 towns and villages the liquor traffic was completely routed, while the attendance at church and Sunday school increased one hundred per cent.

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island on Friday the Seventh day of April, A. D. 1933 at the hour of twelve o'clock and described as follows: Commencing at a square post fixed in the Shore of Hillsboro Bay at the East boundary of land now or formerly in possession of Malcolm McKinnon, thence running on said boundary North for the distance of seventy-five chains, thence East for the distance of nine chains and seventy-five links, thence South to said Shore, hence following the various courses of the said Shore westwardly to the place of commencement, containing by estimation seventy acres of land a little more or less, agreeably to a plan on the margin of a deed from the Commissioner of Public Lands to William Ross dated 30th April 1878, being the land conveyed by Margaret Ross, Catherine Janet Ross and Harris Isabella Ross to George Gorvett by Indenture dated 17th March 1902. This sale is made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of September 1922 and made between George Gorvett of Cumberland in said County, farmer, and Hattie Eliza Gorvett his wife of the one part and the undersigned of the other part, default having been made in payment of principal and interest. For further particulars apply to McLean and McKinnon, Solicitors, Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I. and the 2nd day of March A. D. 1933.

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FARM FOR SALE

Farm property at North Grandville which includes fifty acre plot with fairly good buildings and 100 acres without buildings. For sale cheap. One hundred acre farm at Allison, King's County; country house but no barns. Will be sold cheap to immediate purchaser. In addition to the above properties we have listed with us for sale a number of farm properties near Tignish in Prince County; all in excellent state of cultivation. Large areas can be divided into small farms to suit purchasers. THE EASTERN TRUST CO. 154 Richmond Street. 3-24-25-27.

Carvell and Mrs. Laura McLellan, reading by Muriel Burns, duet by Mrs. Elton Cairns and Lois Cairns. Contest of musical selections, duet by Mrs. Jardine Stavert and reading by Muriel Taylor. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Scott Jardine, roll call to be answered by a Birthday verse. God Save the King brought the meeting to a close after which lunch was served by the hostess and much enjoyed. (Patrol Please Copy)

"Father," said little Frank as he turned the pages of his history book, "how did the cliff dwellers keep warm in winter time?"

"Why I guess they used the mountain ranges. Now don't ask any more foolish questions."

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