Holt, Renfrew Furs

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We invite all ladies of Prince Edward Island to visit our store during this display. The assortment of Fur coats in complete and wonderful . . . Hudson Seal — dyed Muskrat, Persian Lamb, Electric Seal — dyed Lapin, Muskrat, and every other desirable Fur is represented . . . and the Holt Renfrew man is here to help you in your selection should you wish to purchase a Fur coat.

The display will last through
Monday, Oct. 18th.
Tuesday, Oct. 19th.

MOORE & McLEOD Limited
Charlottetown · Prince Edward Island

Briefs From Britain

By The Canadian Press

Two bottles of whisky, both more than 100 years old, brought $460 at a Nottingham auction.

When Lord Wavell, India's new Viceroy, received the freedom of Winchester he was greeted by calls on the city's centuries-old moot horn.

Queen Mary has collected 3,300 garments this year for her London Needlework Guild, an organization which sends clothes to the poor.

Canterbury's member of parliament, Sir William Wayland, was fined £1 for allowing a bonfire to burn on his land at night.

Hon. Francis Wigram, 23, younger son of Lord Wigram, permanent lord-in-waiting to the King, was killed in action in Italy.

Capt. Harry William Rignold of Elstree, Herts, was awarded the military cross for gallantry as an army photographer in North Africa.

Three troopers in a County Yeomanry regiment were killed when a tank on which they were riding overturned near Gloucester.

Wing Cmdr. John Randall Daniel Braham, who has destroyed 16 enemy planes at night, has been awarded a bar to his D. S. O. He also holds the D. F. C. and two bars.

The Ministry of Home Security ruled that flashlights no longer need be dimmed providing the aperture is not more than one inch across.

Prime Minister Churchill announced proficiency badges are to be instituted for members of the Womein's Land Army.

Cmdr. Ben Bryant, ace of the Mediterranean submarine fleet, was at a British port to greet his old command, Safari, on her return from 18 months of war on Axis shipping. Safari sank more than 50,000 tons of shipping, most of it while under Bryant's command.

Alan Andrews, assistant schoolmaster at Kingston, Surrey, was told by a conscientious objectors' tribunal that he could not keep his job as it was "not in the national interest for conscientious objectors to be teachers of the young."

Millions of sandbags provided for Air Raid Precautions purposes may soon disappear following an announcement by Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, that they are "unsuitable for dealing with the new types of incendiary bombs except in special circumstances."

Reached Britain In Stolen Nazi Plane

ALGIERS, Oct. 17 — (A P) — Six French officers, flying a "stolen" Messerschmitt, landed near Algiers and related today how they had filched hidden fuel "litre by litre" to make an escape flight from a German field to Britain.

The group arrived from Croydon field, London, by the way of Morocco, escorted by British planes after their story was verified by a French colonel in England.

A lieutenant piloted the plane which they spent several weeks repairing for the Nazis to use. He was accompanied by a captain and other lieutenants.

The pilot said he was shot down in June, 1940, north of Duesseldorf and was taken prisoner after parachuting to earth. Afterward he was placed with other officers in a plane repair shop where the Germans forced them to work on military craft.

Last July 5 the Germans gave them a Messerschmitt to repair. They worked the plane and reworked it. While they were stalling for time they pilfered as much gasoline as possible.

"We saved it litre by litre," they said. "In two months we had enough gasoline and oil."

At 8 p. m. Sept. 29 they took off. Two hours and 15 minutes later they were welcomed by a "terrible" flak barrage near Croydon.

"Don't shoot! We are six French officers," the captain shouted to the defenders over the plane's radio. The anti - aircraft fire ceased but Spitfires arose and encircled the Messerschmitt until it landed.

Lacking papers and subject to extensive examination, the group finally met a French colonel who was a native of the same town as one of the fugitives. He verified their story and the group was sent to Algiers.

SHOT OF A SHIRT FINDS LOST SON

Perth, Australia, Oct. 18 -(CP)- Notification had been made that a few of the internees in a camp in Manila would be repatriated and for one of them, Miss Frances Long of New York, several of those who were to remain wrote there signatures on a shirt by way of a souvenir.

In due time Miss Long reached home, was interviewed and photographed and a picture of the shirt incorporated in a newsreel.

A long time afterwards, Mrs. Lily Barnard of Claremont, Western Australia, decided that she would go to the pictures. She had not been for six years and she thought it was time she had a night out.

The newsreels were interesting. One showed a shirt which had been autographed in Manila and taken to New York.

In the second or two of that flash she had recognized the signature of one of her sons and a check up with Miss Long proved that he was in the camp she had left.

Previously Mrs. Barnard had heard a man singing over the radio. She recognized the voice and in this way she traced another missing son.

Predestination And Free Will Like a Rainbow—They Meet

In St. James Church Sunday morning, the minister, Rev. T. M. Russell Somers, M. A., S. T. M., preached on a subject appropriate to the changing scenes in life brought about by the war, viz., "The Guidance of God." Choosing as his text the words of the second verse of the XXIII Psalm:—"He leadeth me," the preacher said:

I am not so sure that this is a sermon. I am more inclined to call it a series of reflections, growing one out of the other, on this theme that lies so very close to the heart of all our religious experience, namely, the Guidance of God. I am sure the theme came to me because of the time of year. I never come to the autumn of the year which is so much greater, so much more majestic than the half thoughtless way in which we commonly regard it without having my mind brought back, whether I wish it or not, to this great theme. God's powerful guidance of matters here in this present world.

Let me remind you that I am perfectly aware of the baffling character of this doctrine. Like all the great truths of the Christian Faith it is surrounded by thorns. One does not penetrate to it without sometimes getting torn. One does not hold it through a life-long series of experiences, good and bad, without many questionings. We do not penetrate to it from the early days of our childhood consciousness to the day when life's light is growing low and life's shadows from our human figures are growing longer, without hesitating and wondering whether we still dare to say, "for by His hand He leadeth me." But there it is. In spite of all the difficulties of it, it is as firmly fixed in the mind of man as anything can be that has to do with whole series of insistent questions and partial answers in the field of our common philosophizing, and more still in the field of our daily religious thought and practice.

The Testing Place

I think we might go so far as to say that here is the testing place. If we once accept the thought that God has nothing to do with us, that God has nothing to do with the course of events, then, so far as effective religion is concerned, we are through. We may keep a certain blank and cold notion of what some people would call God, a poor, pathetic image of God: but there is nothing living left, there is nothing stirring, there is nothing strong, there is nothing that takes hold of you, there is nothing that you, in plain terms, can seize and hold as your own forever.

It is not an accident then that the Twenty-third Psalm is the most familiar piece of Scripture next to the Lord's Prayer. I sometimes doubt whether there are as many people who know the Lord's Prayer properly by heart as know the Twenty-third Psalm. It is given to our children to learn not so much because we make a deliberate choice of it, but because it has such a start that we do not think of anything else. If you were to go into a Church School, for example, and enquire which passage of Scripture the greatest number know you would likely find that even before they are fairly started as reading persons, they do know the Twenty-third Psalm.

The reason for it is perfectly plain. It is because in these beautiful memorable words there is man's sublime insistence upon the fact that he is a child of God, and that God cares for him. Have you thought how wonderful it is that we like to have children speak words that are full of a tremendous imaginative reflection far beyond the range of their present experience. It is for the good reason given by Thomas A. Kempis when he wrote in "The Imitation of Christ", "What thou understandest not when thou readest thou shalt know in the day of thy visitation." And we are, as it were, consciously or half consciously preparing children against the day when the hard times come. Meantime we are content and rightly content that they shall learn these lovely words which tell us that the great God, the Creator of worlds, has made us his children and watches over us continuously.

The essential horror of atheism is its acceptance of the deadly notion that man is an accident, that man is the waif of a soulless universe. The truth is that a man does not arrive at this horrid negation looking at the wide stellar spaces. I had a strong purpose in mind when I selected for the hymn before this sermon the majestic rendering of the Nineteenth Psalm by Addison.

There has been more silly talk built up around the notion of the new science and the new universe than about anything else in the so-called intellectual world. To me it is all a wretched kind of futile non-reasoning. You find me one man who has lost his faith because he has been thinking of inter-stellar spaces, and I will find you twenty men who are in serious trouble of soul, afraid to think of God and about to lose him, because they have had some desperate personal experience that has meant the loss of a loved one, or the seeing of a loved one undeservedly suffer for months and years. And no modern scientist invented that experience.

What hurts us is not the thought that the universe is huge; it is the frightful thought that the right answer to the primary catechism question, "who made you?" is not as it used to be, "God made me" but, "nobody made me; I merely happened." That is the poison and the answer to that poison is a clear, positive Christian affirmative that declares man's self always in contact with the Almighty hand that made the spheres and made these bodies and souls of ours also.

There is a sense in which we must believe the mysterious doctrine of predestination. Every person knows the greatness of these thoughts. Dr. Samuel Johnson used to say, "All argument is in favour of predestination; all experience is in favour of freedom of the will." Both are true. As our senior Minister at home in Toronto used to say, "This great mystery is like a rainbow: Divine Predestination and human freewill seem to our sight as far apart as the ends of the rainbow but they meet in God's sight behind the clouds." Outside over the doorway of the Church is written the engcription "whosoever will may come." Entering we see looking back over the inner side "Chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world." Both are true: to our finite minds they seem contradictory and irreconcilable; to God's infinite they are neither contradictory nor irreconcilable.

It is a curious thing that many persons who thought that they got rid of calvinism years ago, have accepted what they call scientific determenism without blinking. It is a far more gruesome thing to look at the calvinistic predestination. G. K. Chesterton once said of calvinism that it taught one to believe that "after a man is born it is too late to try to save him, and that suggestion is the last lie in hell." Of course, it never means that religiously. It can mean that scientifically.

But when we speak of the place destined for a man by the Heavenly Father, we mean that there is a predestining by God in all the things that happen to us, yes, everything. I do not care to exclude the hand of God from anything that ever happened to me. Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that God brings sin to pass. But look back upon your own life and you will find that somewhere in the process before the event fulfilled its whole length from beginning to ending, the hand of God was perceptible, and you are deeply thankful to Him that it was so.

The idea of God's guidance contains the plain teaching that God has a plan for every one of our lives. Now that is either a piece of amazing and altogether irrational egotism or else it is the substance out of which all our choices and all our endeavours are given soundness and dignity. There is not one thing we can choose, not one thing we can work at, but it is given an inner light to illumine it. A steadfast joy to pervade it, if we can see it as something God has appointed for us. It means the enrichment, the clarification and the complete ennoblement of our life.

And let us remember this also, that there is no height of power or prosperity, however apparently secure be the tenure of it, that without the divine appointment does not become a piece of ugly and ridiculous usurpation. And when you find men in all walks of life occupying by their own choice and self-seeking, places they are not entitled to or fitted for, remember that the command of God is against it, and that there can be no happiness in it.

It follows also that the divine foresight provides for occasions and experiences which can be seen as nothing else than a rejection of the divine plan. Here is the mystery again. God can do everything. God's power is sufficient for everything. And yet forces and persons fighting against God for a time have their own way. But remember it is just for a time. There is a last word and it happens to belong to God.

Think also of this, that the trials of life, from petty irritation to really heavy burdens and pains and sorrows, are amazingly bearable if we see them as proper parts of God's provision for our soul's good. That is why the rebellious attitude is so hurtful in periods of pain and distress: it simply increases the irritation, it simply makes the pain worse. We should say, "there is something in this that God wants to use for the strengthening of my life: let me see if under His guidance I can find it." Richard Baxter was constantly being arrested for this or that alleged offence, and his goods were often seized. In order to keep his books from being taken he used to hide them, first in one place, then in another. Finally he sold them. This is what he wrote: "God saw that they were my snare. We brought nothing into this world and we can carry nothing out. The loss is very tolerable." He found he could do without them perfectly well once he had identified the loss of them with the purpose of God in his life.

So last of all there comes the necessity of seeing and yielding to the guidance of events. How they do teach these rebellious hearts of ours that have been refusing all plain words, all blessed intimations. For we find ourselves face to face with something that has happened that makes it perfectly clear that we must either do the newly imposed duty or refuse God's will. In Lincoln's writings the other day I came across an illustration of this truth. In a letter to A. G. Hodges of Frankfort, Lincoln tells about his assumption of his duty to save the state even by apparently being false for the moment to Constitutional provisions. He writes:

"In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man, devised or expected. God alone can claim it. What it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and the goodness of God."

To him who accepts the divine guidance, there can be none but a happy ending. All things do work together for good to them that love God. For they are indeed those who are called according to His purpose. Hook that to your soul in bands of steel. Amen.

All That Glitters

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

For more than two hours, pacing restlessly and anxiously up and down her living room, he had planned what he would do and say when she came in. But at the sight of her his heart turned over within him. He picked her up and carried her down the hallway, murmuring words of reassurance and good cheer.

Don't try to talk, darling. You can tell me what happened by any by when you're better. Everthing's all right. I'll send in Pearl Gray to help you get undressed. Then when you're all comfortable and cosy I'll come back and we'll have a talk if you feel like it. But not if you don't. There! Bed feels pretty good, doesn't it?"

He laid her down gently and waited for her to take her arms from his neck. To his bewilderment she continued to cling to him. Bob, did you really mean what you told me? About marrying me? Right away?

Once more his heart turned over. He could hardly answer her. Of course I want to marry you right away. Only you're not ready.

"Yes, I am. I want to marry you. Before anyone takes me away from you."

She went to William Ruthven the next morning and asked for the weekend off. She would like to get away on Friday, she said, and not report again for work until Monday. He nodded his head, looking at her with the nearest approach to benignancy that it was pretty plucky of you to get out of bed and chase up that scoop for me, I appreciate it."

"Thanks very much. By the way, I think it's fairer to tell you — I'm planning to get married while I'm off. But it won't make any difference in my work."

Mr. Ruthven nodded again. "I hope I can depend on that, and maybe I can in your case."

When Zoe walked into William Ruthven's office early Tuesday morning, he greeted her with a grunt. So you're back on time, he said almost grudgingly I didn't expect you before tomorrow at the earliest. From under his green shade he studied her covertly but appraisingly. There was something about the tone of her voice that had a ring to it, like music. He had always thought Zoe Wing was a very striking girl, but lately she had looked so ill and harried that he had been worried about her. Now she was positively blooming. And she had walked into his office as if she owned the world. Sit down, he said, and tell me what you've got on your mind. That series on lobbying is going over fine. But we've got to follow it up with another knockout. What would you suggest?"

I sort of hoped that by the time we got through with the lobbyists, the gentlemen who are their principal prey would have adjourned and I could have something that's called a vacation."

Congress doesn't show the slightest sign of adjourning. We've got to have something with more meat on it. And a vacation on top of a wedding trip is to much."

I'd know what to do with a combination of the two." Zeo said Don't argue with me. And don't sit there all morning doing nothing either. Go out and get to work."

Zoe did a good day's work, but she managed to be on Capitol Hill at lunch time, and also to be back on Eye Street before Bob's return from the Senate Office Building. The plan of having Bob come to her apartment had worked out very well. Zoe did not want to move again, when she had just installed herself in such a pleasant way. Senator Morton had been seeking an excuse for some time to move into less pretentious quarters, and Bob's marriage gave him the pretext that he needed.

"I'm going to take the seventy-five dollars I save every month and put it right into paying back bills," he told Bob confidentially. Debts always worry me. You know that, son. And mine are piling up higher and higher all the time. I try to talk to your mother about it, but she doesn't seem to understand. I find our credit isn't what it once was. Besides, I didn't like the looks of that crash on the fifth. You were pretty busy about other things just then, Bob, so maybe you didn't pay much attention to the stock market reports. There was a long drop and then a sharp rise—

"But there was a rise—"

Yes. But not a normal drop or a normal rally. Nearly two and a half million shares were dealt in and the ticker was forty minutes behind.

Bob gave a low whistle. That is going some. But then you don't own an awful lot of securities anyway.

No. So I worry all the more about the few I have."

CHAPTER XV

Zoe had always loved going back to whatever little cubbyhole she could call home after her day's work was over, even when this was mean and small and shabby. Now the lighted windows of her living room gave the final impetus to her speed. She took the stairs two at a time. Instead of using her latchkey, she rang twice, impatiently She wanted to summon Pearl Gray at once. "Isn't Mr. Morton home?" she asked breathlessly.

No, ma'm He ain't come in yet. Hasn't he telephoned to say what's delayed him?

No, ma'm. I've writ down all de messages. Dey'd ladyin' on yo' desk, aloneside ob yo' mail. Pearl Gray retreated, with an unmistakable air of injury.

Zoe went over to her desk. At the bottom of the letter pile was a thick envelope with a Berryville postmark. Zoe seated herself in the big lounge chair before opening the envelope to see what Veronique had to say.

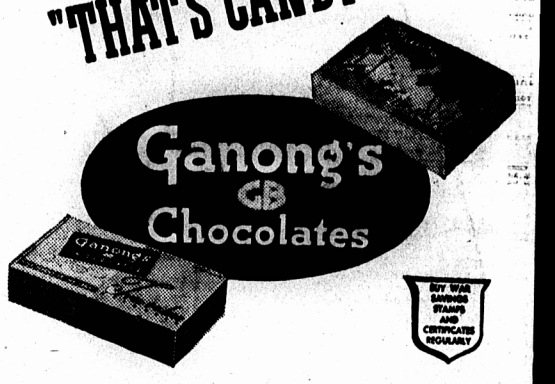
Dear Zoe—she read—

Of course we are thrilled to learn that you and Bob can come down on the 26th. I think that before you come I ought to tell you we have a paying guest and who it is. I was surprised to get a letter from Isabel Windsor a few weeks ago, asking if she could come here for a little while. She got back from Europe earlier than she'd expected. She meant to go straight back to Washington, but the heat was most unseasonable.

Canace is here too, which makes us even more crowded. I think she's decided Vittorio Fopiano is her best bet after all and that matters are coming to a climax between her and the noble Roman. Well, with this

A worker in a munitions plant.

It's mid-afternoon. He's tiring. The day is starting to drag. He stops. Reaches into his pocket and takes out some GANONG'S (G.B.) CHOCOLATES. Takes a bite, relishes the delicious wholesome flavor, takes another bite and grins. Is cheered, is braced with every bite. Goes back to his work. Is happier and more efficient in his task.



GANONG BROS., LIMITED ~ ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

tid-bit I'll cruise along and feed Bennie who's been howling for the last half-hour. Welby sends his best to you and Bob and so do I. I'll be seeing you.

As ever,
Ronnie

ROCK-A-BYE BABY BY ARMED SENTRY

CAMP CLAIBORNE, La. -(CP)- A woman drove up to the camp gate and demanded entrance. When she couldn't produce proper credentials, Pte. Jack Elliott, a military policeman, told her she couldn't enter. In turning her car around the woman managed to get it stuck in a nearby ditch. She got out and handed Elliott a baby and explained that she didn't want to risk having the car turn over and injure her child.

For better than a quarter of an hour while fellow soldiers labored to get the car back on the road, Elliott paced up and down with the babe in his arms and his ordered military pace rocked the child to sleep.

"I wonder," Elliott said, "what the provost marshall would suggest in a case like that."

SAYS WOMEN TO HOLD PLACE IN INDUSTRY

LONDON, Oct. 18 -(CP)- A. Deakin, acting general secretary of the transport and general workers, union, believes the war has ended the idea that a woman's place is in the home.

"I am certain women will remain in industry after the war," he said at a conference of women war workers, "We shall never go back to that old-time idea that a woman's place is in the home."

MAMMOTH AUCTION SALE
AT ALBION CROSS
On Wednesday Oct. 27th At 12.30 p. m.

I am instructed by Mr. Philip S. Cobb, to sell by Public Auction his farm, stock, crop and implements, also household furniture and utensils.

FARM: 50 acres of choice land and buildings.

STOCK: 1 horse, 1600 lbs., 9 years old (Percheron), 1 horse 1450 lbs., 6 years old (Clydesdale), 1 horse, 4 years old (Sammy Hal), 8 milk cows, 2 steers 2 1-2 years old, 2 heifers 2 1-2 years old, 4 heifers 1 1-2 years old, 6 calves, 1 brood sow with litter of nine, 1 brood sow due to farrow Oct. 28th, 70 hens 1 year old, 110 chickens.

CROP: 25 tons hay, 1 stack oats (175 stooks).

IMPLEMENTS: I deering binder, 1 hay mower (Frost and Wood), 1 spring tooth lever harrow (almost new), 1 gang plow, 1 single plow, 1 hay rake, 1 dump cart, 1 truck wagon (Tudhope Aderson), 1 hay rack, 1 driving sleigh, 1 box sleigh, 1 wood sleigh (new), 1 set bob sleighs, 1 sawing outfit, 1 cream separator (Massey-Harris) practically new, 4 cream cans, 1 jogging sulky, 1 scuffler, 1 power potato sprayer (Watson), 1 seeder, 1 set driving harness, 2 sets working harness, 275 ft. 6 ft. chicken netting, 1 express wagon, 1 chicken house, forks, shovels, hoes, etc. Also stove, tables, chairs, 1 sewing machine and household utensils.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums up to $10.00 cash, over that amount, six months credit on approved joints notes, 5 per cent discount for cash.

W. H. BEATON, Auctioneer

10-18-20-22-25-27