Every Young Husband

...should answer these questions:

Were the EXPENSES of starting your home greater than you expected? In most cases the answer is "yes." Probably there is a mortgage and other debts. Given time, *you* can pay them! But they could be a burden to your wife, if something should happen to you. That is one reason why you should have *adequate* life insurance protection.

Does it matter which COMPANY you insure with? Yes! Life insurance companies are much alike as to policies and rates, but actual long-term results vary widely. Evidence of the satisfaction of Mutual Life policyholders is furnished by the fact that whole families and succeeding generations have entrusted their life insurance programs exclusively to The Mutual Life, and each year approximately 35% of its new business comes from policyholders. Ask your Mutual Life representative to explain the special features of this Company.

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CANADIAN PIANIST TOURS AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY, Australia, June 21 — (CP)— Ross Pratt, young Canadian concert pianist born in Winnipeg, will go on tour in Australia next month under the sponsorship of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Pratt, who came to the Pacific with a Canadian concert party which entertained servicemen at Hong Kong and in Burma, Malaya and Java, will appear in the state capitals here. His tour will conclude at the end of August.

Other members of the concert party which played to troops in the tropical areas included Eric Tredwell, Kathleen Kidd and Frank Wade, all of Toronto. They returned to Canada recently.

NOTICE

Owing to shortage of help I am giving up the Agency for the Renfrew Machinery Co. I hereby wish to thank my many customers for past support, and wish to solicit same for my successor, Mr. Herbert Buchanan, Fredericton, P. E. I., who will be able to supply you with all sizes of separator, both hand and power. Also ranges.

GORDON ROBERTS,
Winsloe, P. E. I.

6-22-25-2i.

Public Notice

Notice is hereby given that, in accordance with "The Premarital Health Examination Act," after the 30th day of June, 1946, applications for the issuance of a marriage license or publication of the banns of marriage, shall not be received without the presentation of a certificate issued by a qualified medical practitioner, as required by said Act.

P. S. FIELDING,

Deputy Minister of Health and Welfare.

6-20-9i.

American Can Company

Effective June 29th and until advised the office and factory will be closed all day Saturday.

6-20-22-25-3i

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W. C. T. U. NOTES

THE BREWER'S SLOGAN
G. M. Cook

"A million boys are needed."
Have you heard the brewers' cry?
Can you see the fearful vision
Of this army passing by?
"A million young men give us,
Who have never tasted beer:
For new customers are needed
For our business year by year."

"A million boys are needed."
Friend, have you a lad to spare
To fill dying drunkards' places?
Is it your son's "needed" there?
"A million boys are needed"—
(So the brewers plead their cause)—
"Our Trade's urgent and demands them,
And we need, too, freer laws."

"A million boys are needed."
'Tis your son, and mine they claim
But—our daughters now they're asking,
Not our sons alone! Oh, shame!
Shame on Christian men and women,
Who can fail to rise in might,
And forever banish from us
Every foe of Truth and Right.

"A million boys are needed."
Say, oh brewer, have you one?
Haven't you a lad to offer?
Why not give your own dear son?
Haven't you a baby daughter
You can spare to help your trade?
Never mind if she is ruined—
Think of all the wealth you've made.

Send her to your cursed beerrooms.
Let her drink your brew of hell—
If you haven't son or daughter,
Why seek mine your ranks to swell?

"A million boys (and girls) are needed!"
Yes, we need them, every one.
For a glorious clean tomorrow,
Where the cause of Truith is won.

THE NEXT STEP

Sir,—The word "temperance" has lost its meaning and when words mean different things to different people the sooner they are discarded the better.

Temperance at one time with regard to liquor meant total abstinence. When our Prohibition Act was put on the statute books temperance meant just that; today it means nothing. Every brewer, distiller and bootlegger, every advocate of the sale and consumption of alcohol for revenue purposes believes in temperance—"true temperence" they call it. But by temperance these people mean the consumption of alcoholic beverages in "moderation," apparently unaware that to many who once form the habit moderation is impossible.

What this Province needs more than anything else at the present moment is a society for the Propogation of Prohibition with branch officers in every constituency. It was a Prohibition organization called the Sons of Temperance that put the Prohibition Act on the statute books of this province. Nothing less than a similar organization backed by the churches and the schools and the homes will put it back again. The traffic in alcohol will destroy civilization. —Vernon Crockett, Charlottetown.

P. E. I. PRIZES
National Temperance Study Course:

Juniors, 9 years and under: 2nd, Amy Cairns, Freetown.

Juniors, 10 and 11 years: 2nd, Ruth Pike, Alberton; 3rd, Pauline Moase, Kensington; Isobel Woolner, North Rustico; 4th, Janet Bradshaw, Searletown; Billy Callbeck, Central Bedeque; Leigh Jewell, Bedeque; Marjorie Smith, Freetown.

Intermediate, 12, 13 and 14 years: 1st, Shirley Cooke, York; Adele MacAustland, Bloomfield; Edward Pearson, Bedeque; 2nd, Junior Carruthers, Howlan; 3rd, Wanda Francis, Freetown.

Honourable Mention: Helen Huestis, Summerside; June Bowman, North Wiltshire; Leah Pickering, Margate; Margaret Coffin Charlottetown.

Senior, 15, 16, 17 years: 3rd Aletha McFadyen, Augustine Cove; 4th, Ruth Wright, Searletown.

THE SALOON DEDICATED AND OPENED WITH PRAYER

It was formerly claimed that the atmosphere and surroundings of the saloon caused most of its ill effects, so an attempt was made to provide drink under the best of auspices. A place known as the Sub Way Tavern was opened near one of the subways in the city of New York about forty years ago. Its avowed object was to eliminate the bad features of the liquor traffic. It was to serve only "pure liquors." Beer would be sold to women, but they were not to be admitted to the section where hard liquor were sold. There was to be a refined atmosphere with piano, papers and magazines, a place where workmen could eat their lunch with whatever drink they bought. There were to be no drunks.

Bishop Henry C. Potter dedicated the place with a religious service, which closed with the doxology. A sign was hung in front of the building: "Yes, this is the place by Bishop Potter. You are welcome."

The opening of such a soloon, under religious auspices, attracted nation-wide attention. Editorial opinions were expressed pro and con throughout the United States. Many claimed that a "reformed saloon" would be a solution of the drink problem; that this represented a new advance in temperance. Readers thronged the model saloon to report results. In a short time they found it was true, as one of the papers editorially said; "There is just as much drunkenness in a drink taken at a canonized bar as at a regular whiskey shelf."

People becme just as drunk on liquor purchased at this religiously sponsored drinking place as any liquor purchased elsewhere. The acts of persons made drunken at such a place were news items and the results were closely followed. The conditions finally became so bad that in disgust the company sold out to a man who announced: "This saloon is going to be run as a saloon should be run—as a gin mill. It is no use trying to play with the Lord and run with the Devil."—Forward.

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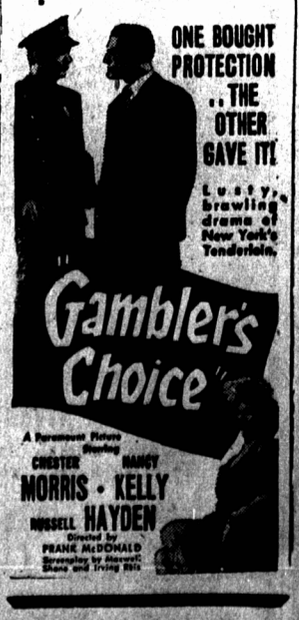

Progressive Conservative Convention
CARDIGAN 3rd District of King's County

A convention of the Progressive Conservative Party will be held in Cardigan Hall Friday, June 28th at 8 p. m. *Standard Time*, for the purpose of nominating two candidates for the next Provincial election. Poll chairmen will please call meetings for the selection of delegates.

ANDREW MacDONALD - ALBERT ACORN
Conveners

6-18-20-22-24-26-27-6i

NEWSPAPERS AND LIQUOR

The American W.C.T.U. and the Bishops of the American Methodist Churches have named June 2 as a nationwide Day of Prayer "for the consideration before God of the menace of intoxicating liquor in the life of this nation and our churches; for earnest, definite and persevering prayer for the protection of our homes, our communities and our nation against this enemy which is a threat to Christian civilization."

"The Lost Week-End" has made such an impression on the public mind the House of Seagram has an advertisement, in which these statements are made:

"Some men should not drink."
"We do not want bread money."
"Pay your bills first."

The trouble is that while every moderate drinker does not become an alcoholic, there is no way of foretelling who can withstand the ever increasing craving that liquor creates, and Dr. Mayo from widespread experience has stated that of every ten moderate drinkers three become addicts.

The liquor manufacturers may not want bread money, but they get it while thousands of families of drinking parents suffer want. Also they certainly did clamour for beverage alcohol when industrial alcohol was needed for war purposes. Grain withheld from starving Europe now is certainly "bread money."

YOUNG CANADIANS ON BRITISH VISIT

LONDON, June 21 — (C P) — Eight young people, representing the youth of Canada, now are in Britian on the first of a series of trans-Atlantic visits between the youth of boh countries.

Sponsored by he Empire Youth Movement and the National Council of Education of Canada the visits are planned to instil in young people a sense of their moral responsibilities in the future.

Canadian youth representatives now in England are Kathleen Deacon, Branksome Hall, Toronto; Marion Charters, University of Toronto; Elizabeth Holmes, National Council of Education of Canada nominee; John Allen, representing Canadian church organizations; David Stubley of the Boy's Parliament and other local Orillia, Ont., organizations; Jack Spalding Central Collegiate Institute, London Ont.; Joyce Chown representing Winnipeg's public schools and Philip Ashton for the Air Cadets, Boy Scouts and Junior Red Cross members.

The group reached Southampton May 19 and since have met Princess Elizabeth and been entertained by Lord Beaverbrook. The Canadians were among the millions of people who watched the Victory Parade in London, June 8.

RACING DRIVER
By
Alexander Campbell

The light of scientific enthusiasm died out of the professor's eyes, to be replaced by a light of quite a different sort. He thrust the box almost brusquely back into Rupert's hands.

Rupert found himself shaking hands with the small twinkling person. Like almost everyone else who met Christine for the first time, he dismissed her as a rather pretty child.

"Pleasure!" he murmered. Then to the professor: "If we can go to your cabin, sir, there are some notes I d like to show you——"

"You're Dorothy's fiance, aren't you?' asked Christime. Rupert was brought up with a start. He stared—and had the experience of being gripped by the iron hand in the velvet glove which had befallen others who had dismissed Christine too lightly.

"She's over there," said Christine brightly. I m sure you'll have lots to say to each other after such a long separation. We won't detain you."

"Er—thanks very much," Rupert stammered. He went, feeling rather bewildered.

But further shocks were in store for him.

"Ah, Dorothy!" he said pleasantly! she was at the rail, watching the crane at work. "Had a pleasant trip out?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Good!" said Rupert, with carefully modified heartiness. "Good" He stopped finding himself strangely at a loss for words. Dorothy didn't seem to have changed a great deal. There should have been lots for them to talk about. He had written long, fluent letters about his work during their separation, and yet now, face to face, he found himself rather tongue-tied.

His work! That was it. Dorothy had always shown an absorbing interest in his work—a quite proper in the prospective wife of a scientist, of course.

Rupert cleared his throat. He fumbled with the box.

"Dorothy, this is the skull I found in the Drak——"

"I'm terribly sorry, Rupert!" The words suddenly tumbled out. "I—I've a bad headache. I think if I rested for an hour or so I'd feel much better. Will you excuse me?"

She was gone, without waiting for a reply.

Rupert stared after her. Then he took off his spectacles and proceeded to polish them—with him, a sure sign of perplexity.

"Mr. Featherstone?"

Rupert replaced his spectacles. He found himself confronted by a tanned, rather handsome young man of about his own age. He blinked. "Yes?"

"My name's Carter," said Frank.

He was thinking in some surprise that Rupert did not look the part of the bookworm and the student which he had imagined. He had pictured something tall and thin, with a pinched look and a stoop and large quantities of unruly hair.

"Not Frank Carter? This is a great pleasure! A friend of mine, named Reginald Wells, has come all the way from Kenya to see you race, and he has told me a lot about you. May I wish you luck, Mr. Carter?"

"Thank you," said Frank. The wind had been taken rather completely out of his sails. "Er—thank you."

He had not been quite sure what he intended to say to Rupert; but the ending of the voyage, and Dorothy's very marked coldness in the last day and a half, had made him desperate. He had toyed with the thought of punching Mr. Featherstone on the nose....

"You wanted to speak to me?" said Rupert.

"Why yes," said Frank. "That is, not really. I mean—well, you see, this voyage has thrown us all together, you know, and Professor Ellington and Dorothy have told me a great deal about you——"

He broke off.

"The fact is," he admitted candidly, "seeing you gave me rather a shock! I'm afraid I had imagined that a—a skull hunter looked quite different!"

RUPERT FORGETS HIS SKULL

Rupert nodded briskly.

"Ah, yes. The old delusion. I am quite familiar with it. You have been the victim of reams and reams of rubbishy fiction, which invariably depicts the scientist as a weakling, always in body and usually in brain. Of course the facts are quite otherwise. I do not claim to be what that same fiction calls a "tough guy,' but it stands to reason that work such as mine, involving extensive digging and frequent hardships in the wider parts of the world, must develop the physique to a certain extent!"

"Put that way, it sounds reasonable," admitted Frank. "Hullo sir!"

"Ah, I see you've met!" said Ellington. He rubbed his hands. "You must get your stuff aboard, Rupert. I believe we sail early. Have you told him Carter?"

"What?" asked Rupert.

"This Grand Prix in which Mr. Carter is taking part," said Ellington—this is, Miss Carter, Carter's aunt—have very kindly invited us to attend it. So we shall continue in the ship to East London, see the race there, and then go on to Natal. By the way, Christine and Carter are coming on the expedition with us."

Rupert stared. "But surely we must lose, no time in having the bones removed——"

"Tush!" said the professor. "Nonsense! They have lain there undisturbed for a good many years. I don't think a few more days will harm them.

"Besides, the break will do you good, my boy." He eyed his assistant critically. "You have been working too hard. You look thinner. Well, that's all arranged then. Now I have promised to take Christine to the top of Table Mountain. I must hurry, See you later!"

"Excuse me, too, won't you?" said Frank pleasantly. "I have to see to the clearing papers for the car, so that no time is wasted at East London."

He, too, was gone. Rupert found himself alone again.

Feeling rather dizzy, and with the wooden box containing his precious specimen still tucked under his arm, he turned to the rail.

Capetown's vast docks presented a busy specimen. Natives hurried to and fro smoking long stemmed pipes, gold rings dangling from their ears, carrying sacks or pushing trucks. Beyond the green slopes of Table Mountain dwarfed the town. The green ended at the base of a sheer precipice, whose sharp edge cut the blue sky. The famous "table cloth" had not yet been unrolled.

"Marvellous, isn't it?" said yet another voice in Rupert's ear. He turned.

An extremely pretty girl with soft golden hair and large blue eyes stood at his elbow.

"I'm Florence Shaw," she continued. "You're Rupert Featherstone, aren't you? Dorothy Ellington's fiance?"

"Correct," acknowledged Rupert. His dizzy feeling had not departed. Indeed, it had increased. He was not used to being made dizzy. Characteristically, he decided to take a firm grip on the situation.

"You," he continued, "are a passenger? A friend of Dorothy's? Yes, I had imagined so. I have just been talking to two of your fellow passengers—Miss Carter and Mr. Frank Carter, the racing driver. This is your first visit to South Africa?"

Florence nodded. She was thinking, as Frank had thought before her, that this Rupert Featherstone was a much more solid person than they had all imagined.

"Perhaps you would like to take the trip to the top of the mountain?" continued Rupert cordially—and was rather amazed to find himself saying it, "If you would care to let me escort you——?"

"That would be splendid," said Florence, staring. "But won't Dorothy——?"

"She has a headache," said Rupert. "She is lying down. She asked me to excuse her. So, you see, I am quite free." He smiled. "Professor Ellington has just been telling me that I—ah—could do with a break. So I think I shall begin now!"

He paused, and looked just a shade distastefully at the wooden box under his arm.

"Excuse me one moment. I'll deposit this in the purser's office."

(To be continued)

RECALLS HORRORS OF BASUTO WAR

JOHANNESBURG, June 21 — (CP)— Mrs. Hester Sophia van Wyk, of Ficksburg, Orange Free State, who remembers the terrorism of Moshesh in the Basuto Wars has just celebrated her 100th birthday.

Mrs van Wyk's father, Ludevick van Rensburg, trekked from the Cape before the Great Trek of 1833 started, and settled at Magaliesburg in the Northern Transvaal where she was born. The family then moved to Bloemfontein, from there to Ladybrand, also in the Orange Free State and at the time of the Basuto Wars to Ficksburg, where there were than only three houses.

When she was a child of 10 living at Ladybrand, the Basuto chief, Moshesh, came to the house and demanded entry and food for his followers. Fearing for their lives the family admitted him, and Mrs. van Wyk and her mother waited on the ohief's. When Moshesh left her he carried off all her father's cattle.

On another occasion Mrs van Wyk fled from the Basutos taking a child with her to the banks of the Modder River, where she hid in a cave, filling the opening with rocks and stone. She remembers President Paul Kruger, Pendent Steyn, General de Wet and President Brand.

Seven of her children are still alive. At present five penerations of the family are living.

All her family records were lost in a fire during the South African war, but she still preserves a very tattered Bible, estimated to be 300 years old. Which she can still read and which she says is to be buried with her.

She is still remarkable active, and her grandchildren say that she climbed Stafford Hill (a kopjie adjoining the town) when they refused to accompany her.

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What Can You Spare That They Can Wear?

NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION
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QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

"Any rewards offered in today's Guardian Want Ads for a t'ousand dollar bill?"