

ISLAND MOTOR TRANSPORT

-ANNOUNCES-

Slight Changes Bus Schedules
Only For August 15th-16th-17th

These slight changes in bus schedules are for three days only and for the sole purpose of enabling our busses to handle as many citizens who wish to come in to The Provincial Exhibition as our capacity will allow us to do so.

7:30 A.M. Charlottetown - Summerside and 10:00 A.M. from Summerside to Tignish and the 3:45 P.M. trip from Tignish to Summerside, the 7:00 A.M. trip from Charlottetown via Victoria, Bonshaw and Borden will run as far as Borden only and the 6:30 P.M. trip leaving Summerside for Charlottetown will be cancelled for the above three days.

REGULAR SCHEDULES WILL BE RESUMED IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER

The Bonus 4:30 P.M. run will be held until 7:30 P.M., Bonshaw, Victoria 3:45 P.M. run will be held until 6:30 P.M.

The regular 9:45 P.M. bus from Charlottetown to Summerside will also go right through to Tignish.

M. V. PRINCE NOVA

The Connecting Link Between Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island
1945 NOVA SCOTIA - PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FERRY SERVICE
WOOD ISLANDS, P.E.I. CARIBOU, N. S.

LUNCHES SERVED (6 Miles from Pictou)
SAILING SCHEDULE (DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY)
ALL SAILINGS DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

Leave Wood Islands	7 a.m.	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
Leave Caribou	9 a.m.	1 p.m.	5 p.m.
Leave Wood Islands	October 1st to November 30th	8:00 a.m.	2:15 p.m.
Leave Caribou		12:00 noon	4:15 p.m.

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

NOTICE

Re Fountains and Lawn Sprinklers

Persons owning automatic lawn sprinklers and fountains are reminded that Water Department regulations permit such fixtures on metered services only. Any consumer found operating these fixtures, or found leaving hand hose unattended will be metered immediately.

COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS & WATER SUPPLY

Trowbridge 5080 Est. 1882 Modern Chapel

A. E. LONG & SON, INC.

1979 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

FUNERAL SERVICE

Our Athol D. MacLeod is familiar with your funeral problems for New England. Contact him for prompt and efficient service.

"SERVICE" is a "LONG" Word

CALL SERVICE

While closed for holidays OLD HOME WEEK, we will need every inch of space to facilitate repairs and overhauling of machinery and plant.

CALL CUSTOMERS are asked to pick up all LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANING PARCELS as early as possible.

For the convenience of OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS OUR office and call department will be open each morning August 13th to 18th

FROM 9.00 A.M. TO 12.00 NOON



Phone 2200

W. C. T. U. NOTES

IS IT A DREAM

Is it a dream, and nothing more—this faith that nerves our brains to thought, that our hands work, for that great day when wars shall cease, and we shall live as brothers in a unity of love—live in a world made splendid?

Is it a dream—this faith of ours that pleads for peace, and bids us look, through mists of tears and time, to that great day when wars shall cease upon the earth, and men, as brothers bound by love of man and God, in the shall build a world as gloriously fair as sunset skies, or mountains when they catch the farewell kiss of evening on their heights?

—J. Studdert Kennedy.
IT IS WRITTEN

The war with Germany has been essentially a conflict between Freedom and Tyranny. And Freedom has won. The majesty of the human spirit refused to yield before the might of aggression and today in the slime of serfdom, it is written in history's pages, Primitive man survived, and the sabbath of the world, because man would not yield dominion to the beast. Man, with reason in his mind and freedom in his soul, was fitted to survive. Today Tyranny is dying because it is unreasonable and because human evolution has passed beyond it. The free peoples of the world will in the end, as history proves, expel from the world those who would enslave them. Ultimately always, Freedom wins. Germany knows this today. In a little while Japan will know it, too.

I RENOUNCE LIQUOR

A Sermon preached June 3, 1945 by Rev. W. Burton Crowe

(Continued)
2. You can assist in the creation of a vigorous and vocal public opinion which is the only power strong enough to overcome the power of the trade.

3. You can be more concerned and active in regard to temperance education among the young, especially in your own home. Those who are not taught to control their resistance to evil will be overcome by evil, consumed by evil. The world today declares that men and women who amid all the men and women of the world, the glaring advertisements, and the lure of our gilded, discord, chronicle, plated houses of vice, will refuse to be consumed by this world but take their bearings by the eternal values of God instead.

4. You can support to the best of your ability the organizations and movements which are promoting temperance. One such organization is the Nova Scotia Temperance Association. You can become a member for \$1.00. A campaign to raise \$5,000 for this organization is now under way. You can express your mind in this matter by responding.

5. Last, but not least, you can end any share of this ruinous waste and sin. Liqueur, the biggest saboteur of Canada's mobility and strength. The facts, available for all intelligent minds to see, proclaim this: common decency and morality urge you to adopt a policy of unreserved opposition to liquor; if you are a Christian there is only one position for you: total abstinence; you do not have to drink! Total abstinence is not "soody-goody"; it is merely common sense. P.O. George (Buzz) Butler, the air ace of Malta, does not drink liquor and he declares that his clean habits have much to do with his skill as a pilot.

You can say to yourself, to your family, to the world, I renounce liquor for its consequences for its ruinous economic waste, for its supplanting of legitimate trade by the robbery of such commerce in a brew of infamy.

"I renounce liquor because of what it does to homes of Canada, damning liquor to total abstinence by drunken conception, attending them by drunken motherhood in childhood educating them to nameless vice in youth, dwarfing their minds by a narcotic poison, depriving their souls with a fire unquenchable in manhood, and finally consigning them to graves of shame.

"I renounce liquor for the lies it lives on and the falsehood under which it masquerades as the friend of youth, its corruption of society, its encouragement to lawlessness. I have seen the characters of boys and girls mutilated and raped by booze—to see those too young to visit liquor stores in shadowy corners, drinking the "essence" and "tonic" makes decent man feel sick and dirty; I have seen this leathome liquor replace cleanliness by filth; I have seen morality swept away by vice, and I remember the dwarfing of intellect, the crippling of personality, the wounds that in this life will never be healed, and the wreckage of souls which have followed in its wake down through the ages.

"I renounce liquor because of what it does to the moral life of the nation, for the pitiless of perdition it places in the pathways of our citizens, for its defiance of control, for the corruption with which it saturates politics, buying votes for a bottle of rum and hereby murdering democracy more thoroughly than any Hitler could do.

"I renounce liquor because the brewers and distillers are promoting the very things God hates. I recall the Brewer's Digest in May, 1941, saying of new beer facilities in army camps: 'Here is the chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer consuming section of our population.'

"I renounce liquor because no intelligent man or woman who really cares for a Christian Canada, is deceived by the avowed patriotism of the liquor trade, and its professed concern for freedom and democracy, and for your son or

PATTERN OF THREE

By Mary Hastings Bradley

In the apartment he went off, next to his room. He could hear Eve moving about in hers and presently she came to the dressing room really a glorified-closet he called it. She was looking at the new, not pleased with labels of former trips. It was marked only with the stickers of the steamer she was about to take; Not wanted on the voyage. A trunk for the he.

He said his thought aloud. "You're taking a lot of things." She was arranging the black dress over the bar. "Yes," she gave back, not looking up. Very carefully she folded the evening wrap. "There!" she exclaimed, thrusting back the hangers and drawing down a curtain. "Those are the last things. I've begun to buckle the gaudy belts and he said, "I'll close it for you."

He came forward and started to draw the side together. The small rug beneath got in the way and he had to tilt the thing to avoid snaring the rug. The latch clicked and he let down with a jar, breathing quickly. "That's a brute of a trunk," he said explosively. "I thought the trend was all for lighter luggage."

"For travelling, yes. My hand pieces are all light. But when you are making a lot of things, to stay a long time—"

He did not echo the words, but they echoed within him. He kept his hand on the trunk starting to think of staying somewhat indefinitely.

He was conscious, painfully, of the queer formality of it, but he could not for the life of him speak differently.

"Why, yes, I may decide to Her manner had the light imperiousness it had worn through these hurried days. "I told you—I want to see how interesting I find it—what sort of life I can make myself. It may amuse me to stay."

CHAPTER XVII

Unexpectedly Eve's light voice died away. It seemed to be sucked into some void that had spread suddenly about them, but it had left its admission with him, if he looked at her, if he saw what was in her face—he did not look; he kept himself busy with things, anything on the gunned label which his finger was slowly tracing. He did not look, but he was conscious of the things she was doing, of him as if he must not see her face, conscious that there was something tense and withheld in that thin figure of hers which he had once been so familiar to his hand. He thought, "I knew it."

She wasn't happy, poor girl. He had failed her, though God knows he had never wanted to fail her. Now she was trying to create another world for herself, he thought, sounded as if she were planning to stay in it.

It couldn't be done. Not unless it had ended for both of them. Perhaps not even then. So many things remained so much hurt and unthinkingly even affectionately, for he felt affection, but there in the privacy of the night, in public he had shared no effort of his will could make him take her into his arms. The honesty of his face held him back from her.

daughter in the services, as expressed in their cleverly written advertisements in Canadian magazines.

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For the best in baking results, for fine green tarts and light, well-leavened goodness, choose SILVER SEAL Baking Powder. Look for SILVER SEAL in the cheerful orange and white container stamped with a silver seal—the Hall-Mark of High Quality. Buy a pound of SILVER SEAL BAKING POWDER today.

His "Good night" was gruff, the forced embarrassed utterance of a man who can find no other word to say. Next morning brought a change of mood. The glow of the bath and the familiar stir of the house hold made him able to tell himself, like a sensible man, that he had exaggerated the meaning of all this and overstressed the feeling involved. Eve came out to breakfast. She was very busy with last things and left him innumerable lists she had prepared of where things were in the case she should stay away long. It was all entirely natural and reasonable, he thought, if he had needed or wanted reassurance. He

Our Way By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Our Boarding House With M...



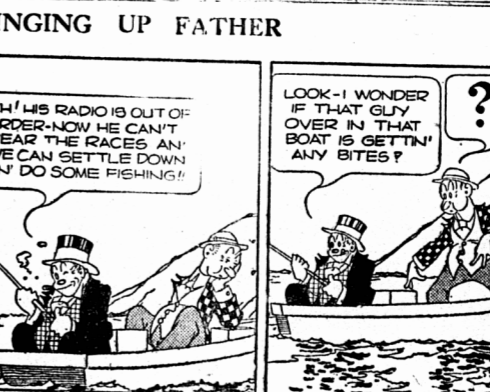
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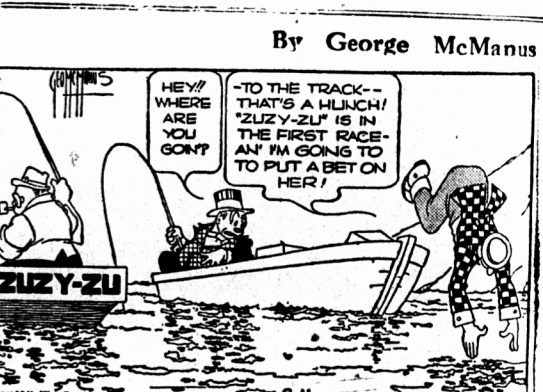
BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



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