

It Is False

to believe that tomorrow will never come. It will come inevitably, and with it all the uncertainties and problems of a new world. You prepare for tomorrow when you become a policyholder of the

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Back Stretch

(Continued from page 6)

In the early days of racing on tracks the pacer was not popular and it was not until 1879 that he really sprang into prominence. That was the year that the famous Ed Geers had Mattie Hunter, whose terrific speed bursts were electrifying. People who saw her move liked it and demanded more sights of the whirlwind. That caused track promoters to arrange more and still more races for pacers. Some of the most famous battles of that era were Mattie Hunter, Sleepy Tom, Rowdy Boy and Luck, but it was not until 1891 that the National Trotting Association decreed that the records of pacers might be officially printed in the American Trotting Registry, which was the harness horse bible.

The Sleepy Tom referred to above was a blind pacer with great speed. Steve Phillips, the noted trainer, wanted him. He offered a good horse with perfect sight in exchange but the owner refused. Then he added \$7.50 in cash, an old watch and a bottle of 100 proof whiskey. The whiskey clinched the deal and Sleepy Tom and Steve Phillips were on the move. He was a sensation and his mile in 2:12 1/4 to high-wheeled sulky is still remembered. Little Brown Jug was the first Tennessee bred pacer to gain championship laurels. At Hartford, Conn. in 1891 he defeated Lucy, Mattie Hunter and others and set up a new three heat record of 2:11 3/4, 2:11 3/4, 2:12 1/2. The famous pacing stake which was raced last year at Delaware, Ohio, The Little Brown Jug, is named after him.

Record Number of Entries in Futurity Events This Year

Lt.-Col. J. P. Hooper, M.C., president and secretary W. G. Gillespie of the P.E.I. Harness Racing Club — sponsors of Futurity stakes can feel justly proud of the entry list which appears below. Never in its history have so many owners of juvenile trotters and pacers made entries. A good part of this success is due to the splendid way the futurities were raced off last September and the larger purses available again for competition. All lovers of the harness horse will be sure, by looking forward to the 1950 Futurity races. Below will be found a list of owners who have made entries:

- TWO YEAR OLD TROT AND PACE**
 1—Dr. W. T. Hooper (H. and S. Stables), Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 2—Geo. A. Irving, P.O. Box 210, Rexton, N.B.
 3—Wilfred Walker, Armdale P.O., Halifax, N.S.
 4—C. L. Dauphinee, 17 Bilby St., Halifax, N.S.
 5—W. Tindell Semple, Kensington, P.E.I.
 6—Cecil B. Drake, Cardigan, P. E. Island.
 7—C. B. Drake, Cardigan, P. E. Island.
 8—Murdoch Nicholson, Springtown, P.E.I.
 9—A. B. Cutcliffe, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 10—Annear and Lowery, Montague, P.E.I.
 11—Dr. Preston MacIntyre, P.O. Box 397, Montague, P.E.I.
 12—W. D. Profit, Kensington, P. E. Island.
 13—James McMahon, Kensington, P.E.I.
 14—Jackie MacGuigan, Montague, P.E.I.
 15—Dave and Fred Pound, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 16—Randall MacDonald, Milltown Cross, P.E.I.
 17—Randall MacDonald, Milltown Cross, P.E.I.
 18—Keith Borwell, Victoria, P.E.I.
 19—Hymie Hunter, 157 Park St., New Glasgow, N.S.
 20—Geo. Turner, Dartmouth, R. R. No. 1, N.S.
 21—Geo. Turner, Dartmouth, R. R. No. 1, N.S.
 22—Frank Kennedy, 120 Main St., Truro, N.S.
 23—Jessie Bradshaw, Freetown, P.E.I.

Hunters Corner

(Continued from page 6)

The holes were only a yard apart and I was prompted to kick the snow away to see what kind of cover the mice were making their home. I got a surprise. Someone had cut the bands on several sheaves of grain and scattered them over a small area. Pheasants frequent, or did frequent, this swacey sector and I came to the conclusion someone had used the grain to lure the birds out of the surrounding protecting cover.

A half mile from the Ings Camp, that is used as a shelter when sitting wood in winter, I branched off to the right and followed a dirt trail to where Fraser's Dam used to lie in all its outdoor glory. The water had escaped through a gaping hole in the embankment and with the water went the trout, muskrats and ducks. I followed the creek bed that wound amid the growth of flags and swamp fronds past the Juniper Point and on to the 'bottle-neck'.

For a moment, as I stood lost in retrospect, the dazzling winter whiteness, the snow capped spruce faded out and in its place there was a September dawn breaking, the distant tattoo of gunfire — Piquid Pond... wave after wave of ducks breaking from the pre-dawn shadows... the barrels of a Winchester double hot to the touch and the Southport Farmer's voice (he who totes an Ithica) offering excuses for missing a duck that nose-dived his cap off: "Holy Moses, I pulled turnips all day yesterday, you know..."

The afternoon wore on. Ings's shanty dripped water from the eaves and I emerged in a clearing north of Stern's property and stopped to chat with two Irish bachelors. They were fixing the shaft of a jaunty sleigh in the barn floor. The sun shone brightly and a flock of sheep nibbled clover hay in the yard.

I remarked: "Boys you have lots to eat, plenty of firewood to burn and a warm house... what you want to complete the picture is a woman each." Their Irish wit was equal to the occasion. The chatter of the two replied: "Then we could get in on the baby bonus" I chuckled inwardly. Either of them would run a mile from a skirt.

An interruption occurred. A mutt, half bull and the other half a mixture of everything, vaulted over the half door and growled his displeasure of the stranger in their midst. That morning before I left home I said good bye to a pair of German shorthaired pointers and while I was saying it two of their frisks dropped in to wish me good luck... a Springer spaniel named Sport and a little black Terrier named Lovie. It was amusing to watch the mutt's growls turn to sniffs. To him I was a walking news bag. We were pals before I left.

I took a few minutes off to pass the time of day with the Miller at Wisners and the western sun was throwing shadows as I entered the two mile wood road that led westward through the deep woodland of Lake Verde and Donagh to the Mount Alton Fur Company land and its beaver dam. The road led past the "Yankee" Jim Kelly farm. Its dyked fields now covered with a heavy growth of mixed hardwoods.

Here and there during the day I had spotted the odd Ruffed grouse track. Rabbit tracks were spotty. A fair concentration in one place and then only the odd one for a half mile. A pair of foxes, vixen and dog, had travelled together down the length of the Old Dam and I was nearing journey's end. I had travelled over 9 miles of wood roads and my legs were beginning

Lenten Guideposts

Personal Messages of Inspiration and Faith

Edited by Norman Vincenzi Feale

17.

BETTER PEOPLE AND BETTER COWS

By Howard W. Selby

"And better people make better farms, because somehow God and a prosperous farm just seem to go together," Howard Selby relates. Mr. Selby, a life-long leader in the farm co-operative movement, is president of the Walker-Gordon Laboratories of New England, Inc. and since 1934 general manager of the United Farmers Co-operative Creamery Association, Inc. in Boston, Mass.

A man may engage in business for one of three reasons. One is to make money—never mind how, so long as he does not tangle with the law. Another is to make money decently and scrupulously within popular respect. The third is to produce something better in the world—and at the same time make money.

I hold to the latter purpose; that the object of business is not only to make a fair and honest living but to help make people better and happier. Many a man who once thought that business and religion did not mix has discovered otherwise. Many a man has found that the practice of religion pays. One can not take it up with the sole motive of becoming more successful. He can not adopt religion as he would a new accounting system. I wish all business men would realize that it is not only good religion but also the best kind of business to serve humanity and make God their partner. I believe that God may require one man to engage in business for the same object that He calls another to serve in the pulpit.

Better Men

I happen to be in the milk producing business. Our co-operative dairy association seeks to raise milk production among its members to the highest possible standard and volume—which means raising the standard of our producing herds. We want better cows, but I doubt that we'll have better cows without better men.

If this sounds like an eccentric statement, let me risk another: In place after place I have seen the standard and quality of milk advance after the standards and quality of a community have improved. Religion makes better men; and better men in a dairying community are interested in developing better cows.

It is all of a pattern, with God as a center. An earnest Christian is never content with the average or mediocrity; he strives always to excel.

In a Vermont meadow, one of our co-operative farmers pointed out to me a weather-beaten dilapidated farmhouse several fields away. "That was a prosperous farm," he said, "upstanding people lived there, and the place had no mortgage upon it, and its family had money in the bank. Anyone in the neighborhood in need of a thousand dollars could borrow from those people at any time. Now it is a marginal farm under the burden of a heavy mortgage. Its owner is poor, struggling, and constantly in debt."

The Picture

"Yes, I broke in, I think I can complete the picture, although I don't know the people. The family which lived there a generation ago got up early on Sunday morning to do the chores. Then the team was harnessed to the buckboard and driven to the crossroads church.

"But the family now living there is bound down by the burden of the place. Those people never seem to get to go to church. Much of their trouble is worry. They left God out of their lives, and the mental burden crushed the spirit, out of them. The older family had God for a partner, and the driving power which led it to the success."

"That's right!" said my farmer friend. "You've described the situation exactly. Somehow, God and a prosperous farm seem to go together."

We hope soon to install a personnel man whose job will be what the preachers might call evangelistic. He will work with the practical side of our manpower situation, but his chief purpose will be something higher. He will have social ideals, and will seek to bring labor and management to an understanding of each other. He will try to show the laborer that he must give a full, honest day's work for his pay, and he will show management that they must be fair in all their dealings with labor.

But perhaps his greatest function will be to put romance into this business and emphasize the dignity and importance of each worker's individual task.

Needs A Vision

For example, here is a man whose job is to bottle milk day after day. Perhaps his job has become quite humdrum—just bottling milk and covering it with a cap. He needs a vision of where that bottle goes, that it will help to nourish the life of a beautiful baby, that it will be a factor in creating the wonderful, clean, healthy youth of America, that it will help to grow a great citizenship and to develop the greatest country in the world. Thus a bottle of milk is an important factor in the

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MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

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development of American civilization. Our co-operative, which includes several hundred farmers, holds regular group and sectional meetings for discussion of common problems and better operating methods. I always prepare for these meetings by having a period of prayer and meditation. I ask God to guide us in the meetings and am sure He does so.

MONDAY - J. C. Penny has long been known as a business man who believes Christianity is an important part of every day's activities in his story, he tells why.

(From the magazine "Guideposts" and the book of the same name Copyright 1950 by Guideposts Associates Inc., Pawling, New York)

NOTICE TO MOTOR VEHICLE OWNERS

The practice of using the Public Highway for overnight parking must be discontinued. Such parked vehicles are endangering the lives and property of the travelling public and are interfering with proper snow-ploughing operations. Notice is hereby given that the R. C. M. P. have been instructed to deal with those who persist in this dangerous practice.

J. W. MacKINNON, Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, March 7, 1950.

QUICKIES by Ken Reynolds



Three weeks later the boy reported for work leading the colt who was in a very weak and emaciated condition. "Cute little fellow," said the boy to Ketcham. "Just couldn't shoot him. Hid him away, doctored him, and now he's all right. Distemper is cured." Ketcham took an interest in the youngster then, had him fed and looked after very carefully and he soon developed into a rugged horse. In 1900 he became the leading money earning trotter with \$13,250 to his credit. In 1901 he was again on top with \$22,804 and that same year — 1901 — at the age of seven, he trotted a mile in a new world's record of 2:02 1/4. His name was Cresceus and he was sold to the Russian government for a reputed price of \$20,000. A son of his, George

SNAP SHOT FINISHING

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... apparently the Guardian Want Ads are more interesting than my soup!"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



MAJOR HOOPLE

"The guy is still in a loop, we'll take him to the owls club till he gets back on the right channel!"

"Must be morning — I think I hear the bugler blowing reveille!"

"Keep calm, Mr. Perchworthy! You took a slight tumble!"

"HMP! NOW YOU'RE CAROUSING AROUND IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!"

"I must investigate our invention — may need adjustment — HAK-KAFF!"

"No lady! This was a scientific project!"

Girls Hockey Games Scheduled Today

The Abegweit Pee Wee hockey team and the winner of the Prince Street School-West Kent School girls playoffs, will journey to Georgetown tonight where they will play their first games in home and home, total goal series, with their respective division representatives from Georgetown, in Provincial championship competition. The final game of the Prince Street-West Kent girls series will be played off this morning at eleven o'clock to decide the winner who will play at Georgetown tonight. The teams will leave the Travel Bureau at 5:15 p.m. for the King's County Capital.