

Women's Institute Meetings

RICE POINT W. I.

The July meeting of Rice Point W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Fletcher MacEachern, with an attendance of ten members.

The meeting opened by singing the Institute Carol.

Roll call was responded to by each member paying fifteen cents. The minutes of previous meeting were read, approved and signed by president.

Unfinished business consisted of further plans, repairs to school and purchase of a new stove. It was decided to leave the cleaning of the school until August when these repairs will have been completed.

It was suggested that the Institute raise funds to help with school expenses, and plans were made to this effect.

The sick committee was asked to remember a new baby in the district. Correspondence was read and discussed. It was decided to refer to this correspondence at August meeting.

A guessing contest with prize donated by hostess was enjoyed by all.

Next meeting to be held at home of Mrs. Mary Jane MacDougall.

Lunch Committee: Mrs. John A. MacDonald, Mrs. Rankin MacLaine, Mrs. Fletcher MacEachern. Meeting closed with the National Anthem.

CORNWALL-YORK PT. W. I.

The July meeting of Cornwall-York Pt. W. I. met at the home of twenty-three members present.

In the absence of the Secretary, Mrs. Regina MacEwen with Mrs. Daniel Gass was appointed Secretary pro-tem.

Meeting opened with Institute Ode followed by repeating the Creed in unison.

Fifteen dollars was paid in to the Manitoba Flood Relief, York Pt. School committee reported light bill paid, prizes and towels bought. Cornwall School - Paper towels bought.

Cornwall Sick Committee reported one sick member with gift and two cards sent.

It was decided to order fifty cases of cans.

A discussion on Sewing Class took place but nothing definite was decided. Mrs. D. Gass and Mrs. G. MacEwen were appointed as delegates to District Convention, Mrs. M. Vickerson and Mrs. S. Marchion were appointed to Charlottetown Convention with Mrs. Stanley Willis and Mrs. Reg. MacEwen as substitutes.

The Manitoba Flood Relief was held over for the August Meeting.

Mrs. Hebert Scott and Mrs. Gordon MacEwen were appointed on program for August Meeting.

Hall Secretary reported that it was decided at Hall Meeting to put the money in the bank and continue adding to it until the sum of \$500. had accumulated.

A contest was put on by Mrs. Stanley Marchion won by Mrs. Kennison MacKinnon.

A delicious lunch was served by York Point Ladies.

Meeting closed with National Anthem.

SOUTH WINSLOE W. I.

The regular meeting of the South Winsloe Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Sterling Rodd on July 5th with an attendance of eight members and one visitor.

Meeting opened with the Creed followed by the minutes of the previous meeting.

It was reported that \$5 had been given to provide a treat for the school children.

Bills for fruit for three who ill were presented and paid.

Correspondence including thank-you note for fruit was read and discussed.

Delegates appointed to attend the annual convention were Mrs. Val MacDonald and Mrs. Rema MacDonald.

It was moved and seconded that the secretary contact North Winsloe W. I. regarding a festival to be held in aid of the hall.

Roll call was answered by eight members.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Rema MacDonald on Wednesday, August 2nd. Lunch committee, Mrs. J.R. Skinner, Mrs. Harold Crawford and Mrs. Harold

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Diamond Collection for the evening, 65c. Meeting closed with The King.

At the close of the meeting an auction sale was held, with Mrs. Val MacDonald as auctioneer. The articles sold were donated by the members and proceeds amounted to \$7.20.

Lunch was served by the hostess and committee in charge.

STERLING W. I.

Mrs. H. S. MacEwen entertained the members of Sterling Women's Institute for the June meeting. Mrs. Earl Henry presided and the meeting opened by singing Ode and repeating the Creed in unison. Twenty-one members responded to the roll call; five visitors were welcomed. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The secretary reported \$27.05 as share of the proceeds of a play held recently.

Katherine Fleming and Mrs. Layton Bell reported several visits made during the month.

Correspondence was read and discussed.

By a standing vote it was agreed to have Miss King teach music in the school this coming term.

The following new committees were appointed:

Visiting Committee: Mrs. Gordon Fyfe and Mrs. Elmer Fyfe.

Program Committee: Mrs. Ray Douglas and Mrs. Cranford MacKay.

Lunch committee: Mrs. Ray Douglas, Mrs. Malone, Mrs. W. I. Green, Mrs. Bert Fletcher, and Mrs. Albaron Bolger.

Nine members paid their subscription to the Institute News. One new member was welcomed.

Thirty-seven years ago this month Sterling Women's Institute was organized, and a pleasing feature of this meeting was the presentation of Provincial Life Memberships to two charter members, Mrs. John MacGuigan and Mrs. D. Wallace MacKay, by Mrs. Earl Henry, Mrs. H. S. MacEwen and Mrs. J. E. Fleming read the citations and each was presented with a corsage. Mrs. MacGuigan and Mrs. MacKay expressed their appreciation for the honour conferred upon them.

A splendid program, was carried out consisting of contests, songs and readings. A paper on "Home" written by the first president of the Institute, Mrs. Walter Simpson, in the early days of the Institute, was read by Mrs. H. S. MacEwen. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess assisted by the committee in charge. A nicely decorated birthday cake was cut by the guests of honour.

Mrs. Malone invited the members to meet at her home for the July meeting.

Meeting closed with "The King." Collection \$2.85.

PARKDALE W. I.

Parkdale Women's Institute met in the hall on July 3 with an attendance of twenty-eight members. The vice-president, Mrs. Compton, presided. Reports were given by conveners of the various committees. Mrs. Burke reporting for the sick committee, stated that four getwell cards, one congratulatory and one sympathy card had been sent.

Mrs. Harold MacInnis, convenor of the school committee reported that a very successful school picnic had been held.

Mrs. Burns, convenor of the Ways and Means gave financial report of the A. I. C. super held at the Experimental Farm and showed that the supper had been a great success. Correspondence was read and discussed. A letter of thanks from Rev. Patrick McMahon for the use of the hall for religious instruction of the Roman Catholic children in Parkdale, also a cheque of \$100.00 as a token of appreciation.

A discussion took place on the possibilities of enlarging the hall and of putting in a concrete basement.

The resolutions to be brought up at the annual convention were discussed and it was unanimously agreed raising the age at which children begin school.

The lunch committee for next meeting, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Simms and Mrs. Vessey.

Winter Fashions Hold Spotlight

NEW YORK, July 15 (AP)—This winter North American women are going to be sitting around in their coats, because they are too beautiful to be hidden in the check room.

Philip Mangone outdoes even his own distinguished record this season with a collection of coats and suits of handsome fabric and skilful cut.

Most spectacular of the coats are in bulky imported fabrics, often two-faced, used in dashing greatcoats of loose and ample cut that look as if they were designed to be worn in a blizzard. One such is a dramatic coat of almost circular cut, in an imported double-woven fabric that is grey fleecy on the outside, red-and-grey bold plaid inside. The coat is made with the plaid side out on the collar and on the huge button-back double cuffs.

Mangone also uses the season's get doormat fabric for a number of great coats and shows a series of town coats in dark woollens completely lined in nutria or mink.

His suits accent the nipped waistline and rounded hip that is typical of the new silhouette.

Winding up the crowded week of fashion previews was the showing of Cecil Chapman, famous for frothy dance dresses for the younger set. This fall Miss Chapman goes all out for billowing skirts of nylon net topped by strapless bodices of taffeta or satin cut as low as the law al-

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Executive of P. E. I. Women's Institutes



Members of the Executive of the Prince Edward Island Women's Institutes who organized and directed the recent W. I. convention held in Prince of Wales College. Back row, left to right, Mrs. Fred Gages; Mrs. J. Foley; Miss Maylea Boswell, assistant supervisor; Miss Mary Robbin, supervisor; Mrs. R.L. Burge; Mrs. M. MacGowan; Mrs. W. E. MacKinnon; Mrs. Elmer Ramsay. Seated, left to right, Mrs. M. J. Doyle; Mrs. Harold Laird; Mrs. Malcolm MacLeod; Mrs. Alan Stewart; Mrs. Julian Herring.

True Success Story

By F. H. MacArthur

Thomas Alva Edison, a modern inventor wizard, was born on February 4, 1847, in the tiny village of Milan, Ohio. He got his start in life the hard way for his parents, who were very poor, could not afford to give the boy even the advantages of a decent education. But young Edison had a very versatile mind and could ask more questions than any boy in Milan, or in the State of Ohio for that matter. He was considered quite a dunce at school and plagued his teacher by asking too many questions. Besides Thomas was a delicate child and his mother decided to take him out of school and teach him herself. He appears to have made satisfactory progress under his mother's instruction for soon he was able to read, write and solve difficult sums though his whole mind mostly was occupied in making new experiments.

About this time his parents, and especially his shiftless father, decided the family needed a change of scenery, so they packed their meager belongings and set out for Port Huron, Michigan.

Thomas made a small laboratory in the cellar of their new home, bought himself a few books and there, with no one to help him, laid the foundations of his fascinating career, a story that runs like a silver thread through the chronicles of great achievements.

Edison started out to make his own way in the world at an age when most boys are still tied to their mother's apron strings. At twelve he was a newsboy on the train which ran from his home town to Detroit. In one corner of the baggage car the young salesman kept his goods, his books and of course his little laboratory where he did a bit of experimenting on the side. To get more experience out of life he set up a printing-press in the same baggage car, and published a small weekly paper in which he featured local news and events that occurred "down the line." Edison's weekly paper went over pretty big for people were keenly interested in what this curious young chap had to say about this and that event. The travelling public simply ate up the little human interest stories picked up by the young publisher as he sold his wares.

For the next few years the world looked mighty good to this enterprising youth. He had a part-time job with the railway company, owned a private laboratory and had a private laboratory where he could carry on experiments when time hung heavy on his hands. But one day, oh horrible fate! a bottle containing phosphorus fell from the shelf and started a fire in the baggage car. That ended young Edison's career as a newsboy. Not only did the conductor kick him off the train but boxed his ears so soundly that the boy gradually lost his hearing.

Shortly after these events, young Edison saved the life of the station agent's son at Mt. Clements. The little boy was playing on the track right in front of the oncoming engine. Edison rushed out and drew the child to safety just in

time to save him from being crushed to death under the monster's wheels. In gratitude for this act the child's father taught Edison the mysteries of telegraphy, thus opening up for the rising genius a new means of earning a livelihood.

For ten years Thomas Edison worked at his new job, first at Port Huron and later at Stratford, Canada, and finally in Boston. All the while he studied and carried on experiments in chemistry and electricity.

At the age of twenty-three Edison went to New York, arriving in the big city without a sou in his pockets; but with a lot of valuable experience.

And now we come to another exciting chapter in this remarkable man's life. While waiting for a "yes" or "no" to his application for a job with the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company part of the apparatus broke down and in the twinkling of an eye the whole place was in a state of confusion. Edison offered to set the machine right. At the end of two hours the repair job was satisfactorily completed and work in the office was resumed. The young wizard was asked if he would accept a position

with the company at a salary of \$300 per month. Needless to say he jumped at the offer - three hundred a month! - why that was more money than he had ever dreamed of earning in such a short time.

But in a little over one year Edison was in the "big money". He sold his telegraph invention and salted away a few good fat bricks. Now he built himself a factory and became a manufacturer. The site was Newark, New Jersey.

In 1876 he set up a laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J. Later he moved the equipment to West Orange where he made - hundreds and hundreds of new inventions and employed hundreds of persons in the work that brought him international fame.

To list all of Thomas Edison's inventions would require considerable space and would serve no useful purpose in today's success story, as most persons now living know of this modern wizard's achievements. The value of his contributions to mankind cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents but we do know that Edison has accomplished more than any other man in making life fuller for millions who now use his inventions all over the world.

The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

continued

Sara saw that rolling cloud of yellow dust sweeping along the main highway from the city. She was watching for just a sight, peering anxiously from an upper window. Already she had given Simmons orders to have the Beechwood gates open, and she was down almost as soon as the roadster swept through and drew up in front of the house. Jack Moreland was out of the car and half way up the steps to meet her.

"How do you do, Miss Dalton? I came as soon as I got your message. What is the trouble?"

"Glory," said Sara Dalton bluntly. "Things are happening, but before I tell you I want to know what she means to you. You can tell me. I know you are married and why."

She saw him wince just as Gloria mentioned when Jack's name was mentioned. But he had no opportunity to answer. Old Simmons, the gardener, was hurrying across the lawn with a small tow-headed youngster at his heels.

"Miss Dalton, I think I'll be taking in the wood road to the old mill to find Miss Staunton. I see her starting off that way for a walk and Jimmy here—"

"They're tramps there!" interrupted Jimmy importantly. "I seen awful lookin' one there this

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mornin', Skinney Connors, he says they sleep all the time in th' old mill."

"Which way did she go?" Jack turned so quickly that Simmons jumped.

"Oh, it's Mr. Jack! Why, the path through the beech grove, but I ain't sure where she went. You see, Miss Gloria—"

But Jack was gone. On foot, of necessity, since she had gone by the woodland path.

Sara watched him running. She had not had time to tell him what she knew.

XXIX

Slowly Gloria shrank back, rigid with horror. The tramp reached out a grimy hand, his eyes on a costly pin that she wore, sapphires and diamonds.

"Don't—touch me!" She tried to jerk away from the clutch of his hand, but he merely grunted.

"You'll fight me will ye? We'll see—"

"Stop that!"

Through the doorway a man came swiftly. The tramp jerked around to face him and crashed down like a fallen log. Dizzy with the fall, he struggled to rise again, but someone was on his chest, a cyclone of a man jerked him to his knees and swung him about like a steel crane.

"Get up!"

The tramp tried to dodge, tripped and stumbled and raised a protesting whine.

"See here, boss, I didn't mean—"

"You won't mean anything when I get through with you!" Close-snapped words with fist behind them. "Now get out of here before I land you in jail. Get out!"

The badly punished tramp scrambled to his feet, made for the door and went down the road on a lurching run. Jack watched him, taking no chances. Then he came back halless and a little disheveled to where Gloria stood watching him with shining eyes.

"You're not hurt?" he demanded, and at something in his tone with its roughness of anxiety her eyes brimmed treacherously.

"No, I'm not hurt. But if you had not come—Oh, Jack!"

"That was all, after months of misunderstanding but the last word was a smothered wall against his shoulder and he was holding her close, his face against hers, murmuring husky endearments.

"Glory, is it true? Do you mean it? Darling, look at me!"

With one hand under her chin he tilted her face upward until he could look into her eyes. Her lips quivered sensitively.

"Do mean it?" she whispered.

"Oh, Jack, I've wanted you so! Silence in the old mill, with its dust and shadows and its quaint dismantled looms, and the golden bands of sunlight stealing in from the west windows. The warm air scented from the woods mingled with the odor of the ancient beams.

Jack raised his head and looked at her with the adorable flush on her cheeks and the dreaming wonder in her eyes.

"Glory, I can't believe it yet. I am afraid to let you go for a second for fear you will float up on one of those sunbeams and melt out of sight."

"I haven't the slightest intention of riding on the sunbeam," she declared scornfully. "I have a husband to look after and I am going to stay right here."

"You blessed dear You might begin," he hinted, "by telling me what you are doing at Beechwood and why Miss Dalton is here."

"I couldn't bear to see your home go, Jack!"

"So you bought it in! It was just like you. I don't mind admitting now that it did sting to think of Beechwood going into the hands of strangers. I might have known you would do it, only—I had given you up so completely. You were anglic to me on that beastly day when you found me by the quarry, but when the weeks went by and I didn't hear a word from you I thought you must be glad of a chance to wash your hands of me. You see, I was feeling pretty down on my luck just then."

"But, Jack, I did write! I wrote twice. I wanted so much to come to you, but I couldn't after you went with the Dickersons. I knew Mrs. Dickerson would not let me see you. You see, it sounds dreadfully pretty, but once I offended her dreadfully. She made up a yachting party especially to have some of her friends meet me, although I didn't know that until later, and at the last moment I found that one of her guests was to be Wayne Gorham and I sent my regrets."

To be continued

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