

P. S. S. Holds 2nd P. W. C. Team To 4-All Deadlock

Coming up with a fast, rugged encounter that was packed all of action, the Prince of Wales College second team and the Prince Street School hockey team battled it out to a 4-4 deadlock at the Forum Saturday night in an exhibition hockey encounter that was one of the feature attractions of the Prince Street School annual ice sports.

The game was a really tight battle all the way with both squads coming up with fast-breaking attacks that gave the large crowd in attendance thrills and spills by the minute, and with plenty of hard body checks being thrown in, was a rollicking, exciting affair all the way.

Prince Street opened the scoring at the 1:15 mark of the first period when defenceman MacLure came through with a smart solo rush from his own blueline to dent the twines behind goalie Don Large. The lead was short-lived, however, when less than two minutes later P. W. C. roared back to the attack to get the equalizer, MacLeod doing the honors on an attack in front of the net with Gillis.

Continuing to hit a fast clip, the P. W. C. boys went in front for the first time at 11:45 when D. Clark slammed one home from a gang attack in front of the net after the P. W. C. aggression had been holding the play inside their opponents blueline for some time. The goal gave P. W. C. a 2-1 edge at the end of the frame.

Continuing to force the attack in the early part of the second canto, the P. W. C. team hammered in around the opposing net and young goalie Alan Douglas was called upon to make some stellar saves to keep them at bay until the P.S.S. squad shook off the attackers to go into the offensive themselves and come up with a goal to knot the score. It was Sterling MacLure who did the honors again for his second goal of the night when he banged in a hard shot from just inside the blueline.

Encouraged by the goal, P. S. S. sustained the offensive in around the opposing net and except for some smart work in the P. W. C. cage by Don Large, might have gone to a higher scoring bracket, but the classy net custodian held firm and held the score at a 2-2 deadlock at the end of the period. Roughing it up considerably during the frame, five penalties were handed out, with three of them coming in the last minute of play, to leave P. W. C. two men short and P. S. S. one starting the third period.

The two teams were no sooner at full strength in the early part of the final session when P. S. S. drew another penalty, and taking advantage of the one man advantage the opposition drove the attack into the P. S. S. zone and came up with a goal at 4:20 to go one goal out in front again. MacLeod notched up the goal on an attack from the blueline with Atkinson. But the aggressive P. S. S. pucksters continued to fight back hard and again came up with the tying goal about five minutes later when MacLure sent Carson away on an open break at centre ice with a long passup, Carson

going in to score on a well-executed solo effort.

P. W. C. hammered back, however, and made things look grim for the host team when D. Clark and R. Clark teamed up on a smart attack around the net, the former racking up a goal to put his team out in front for the third time. It was a tough battle for the Prince Streeters from then on who battled for the equalizer and looked like they were fighting a lost cause. But the big break came in the last five seconds of play when Jackie Turner and Red MacFadyen combined on a final effort to garner the tally that ended the game in a 4-4 deadlock and put a spectacular finish to a smart, evenly contested game of hockey. Turner got the all important goal on a nice pass from MacFadyen in a play in front of the net.

Line-ups:

P. S. S.: Goal, A. Douglas, C. Huestis; defence, K. Taylor, J. MacDougall, S. MacLure; forwards, M. MacFadyen, Turner, Lewis, Boswell, Leitch, Carson, MacLeod, Whitehead, Hood.

P. W. C.: Goal, Don Large; defence, Atkinson, Cameron, Wood, J. Cameron; forwards, W. Leonard, C. Hine, D. Leonard, W. Gillis, J. Poole, R. MacLeod, R. Clark, D. Clark, T. Crozier.

Referees: Art Perry and Charles Kennedy.

First Period

1-P. S. S., MacLure, 1:15.

2-P. W. C., MacLeod (Gillis) 3:00.

3-P. W. C., D. Clark, 11:45.

Penalties: MacLure, B. Leonard.

Second Period

4-P. S. S., MacLure, 9:05.

Penalties: Leitch, D. Clark, Atkinson, R. Clark, Turner.

Third Period

5-P. W. C., MacLeod (Atkinson) 4:20.

6-P. S. S., Carson (MacLure) 9:30.

7-P. W. C., D. Clark (R. Clark) 12:10.

8-P. S. S., Turner (MacFadyen) 14:55.

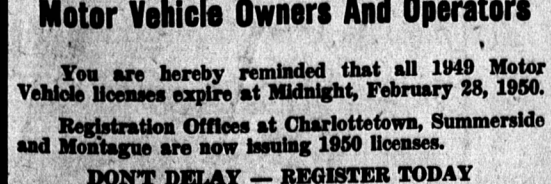
Penalties: Leitch.

GLACE BAY, N. S., Feb. 26 (CP)—The 19-week-long Cape Breton Senior Hockey League schedule came to an end here last night as league-leading Sydney Millionaires whipped last-spot Glace Bay Miners by a slim 4-3.

The game was quiet, with no penalties being handed out, but score was 7-0 and tucked all the way with the hometowners taking the lead three times before they suffered the defeat.

Each team in the three-entry loop played 76 games with Sydney ending up in top spot with 85 points. North Sydney was second with 74 and last-place Glace Bay had 69.

NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride



HOW THAT THE RAINS HAVE SUBSIDED, I'M GOING TO RATCH UP THESE LEAKS RIGHT NOW. THE OLD SHINGLES ARE SO OLD THEY'VE GOT TO BE REPLACED AND START FROM SCRATCH.

ATTENTION Motor Vehicle Owners And Operators

You are hereby reminded that all 1949 Motor Vehicle Licenses expire at Midnight, February 28, 1950. Registration Offices at Charlottetown, Summerside and Montague are now issuing 1950 licenses.

DON'T DELAY - REGISTER TODAY

Truck owners should be prepared to give the particulars of the wheelbase of their trucks in order to avoid any delay in registering.

J. W. MacKINNON, Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, February 22, 1950.

P. W. C. Curlers Return Home From Quebec

The four young Prince of Wales College curlers, Billy Piatts (lead), Frank Acorn, Jr. (2nd stone), Karl Reardon (mate), and Doug Cameron (skip), accompanied by their coach and escort, David "Tud" MacLeod, arrived back in the City about 2:30 Sunday morning from Quebec City where they made such a splendid showing their last week at the Canadian Curling School Championships.

The youthful rink, still in their first full year of curling, tied for third place against teams from all over the Dominion, and participated in some of the closest matches witnessed during the entire bonspiel.

The local rink won five matches and lost four in a total of nine matches played, and just missed out by the narrowest of margins against the Saskatchewan rink in their final match, which if they had won it, would have put the series into a five-way deadlock for first place.

In a brief chat with their coach, Mr. David MacLeod, who deserves a great deal of credit for the youngster's success, stated last night that they were treated wonderfully by the Quebec curlers and citizens, and were entertained royally during their stay there.

There was no nonsense about Mr. Grandmother—she was kind, merciful, humorous, and very devoted. I have her Bible, the New Testament, bound in several light weight, large volumes, which her son-in-law, my father, had made for her when her hands grew too pushed to hold a heavy book.

It seemed to us that the law of retribution does not work. That is, when we grow up and see people performing like amoral greedy, soulless monkeys without punishment, we say, in the usual parlance, "they get away with it."

But I cannot believe that they do, even upon earth. Which of us can look into their hearts and see there the fear, the anxiety, and the inevitable insecurity?

My paternal grandparents were Methodists; my father, his brother, and all but one of his sisters were born in China. In my grandfather's house in China and at my own home Sabbath was observed and family prayers were said each morning.

Drew Away from Religion

In my very early years my mother and father attended church regularly, and I went to Sunday School. But gradually my parents drew away from their religious observance. Whether it was because my father's young life had been excessively restricted or not, I do not know.

He became something of an agnostic, in middle life, but contributed most liberally to Protestant and Catholic and Jewish charities and all houses of worship. My father was one of the financial founders of the beautiful little Catholic Church in the community where we had our summer home. He had many close friends among priests, clergymen and rabbis.

And a year or two before he died, too young, he began to swing back in his thinking. Having deeply loved his own father, he came to realize there must be an after life, for so good a man as my grandfather could not just perish like the beasts of the field. If there were an after life, then, there must be God.

My children have been permitted to select the churches to which they now belong; three are Episcopalians, and one a Presbyterian. When we moved to our present home they all attended a Congregational Sunday School. The girls were confirmed during their boarding school days.

Some Regrets

Looking back, I regret that I have not been regular in church attendance. "I'm too tired; this is my one day to rest," I'd say those Sundays when I stayed at home. I think I was merely lazy. I am not a member of a church. I was christened by my grandfather and I have attended churches of all creeds. But this autumn I intend to become a member of the Congregational parish in our town.

If I had it to do over again, I would institute at the beginning the strict habit of Grace before meals, the hearing of children's prayers, and the family reading aloud of the Bible. It is not enough to give children, as best you can, moral standards and a feeling of family security. I believe that my children are religious, at least two of them deeply so; and my younger son wishes to become a clergyman. I have encouraged this ambition, but not, I am afraid, by example.

I have always known the potent power of prayer. Twice in my earlier life it was said to me, by men who should know, that a child of mine must die. And I prayed to a Greater Healer that this should not be so. And it was not. Once not long since I was told there was no hope for someone very dear to me. All that night, every breath was a prayer; and

even more recently I have kept vigils.

Must Believe

Those were not selfless prayers, of course, because there was the threat of impending loss to myself. I suppose I never pray without self. I suppose I pray too often, within myself, for something I want or need. But usually the answer comes—not at once, sometimes a long time after, and often not in the manner I anticipated.

Also, there are times when there is no answer, when I must tell myself there was something wrong for me in the desire, or that I did not sufficiently believe. To tell oneself "I believe" is not enough. Telling doesn't do it; you have to be believing, blind, unreasoning. It is not easy.

I have a picture of myself as I sincerely wish to be, but it is not my reflection. I fall too short; every day of my life I fall. I lead a simple, quiet life; yet there is confusion in it, and anxiety and little peace. I say, quite often, "all I have ever asked is peace of mind." But in my more rational moments I realize I have never earned it. You attract what you are, I daresay.

I have learned that there is strength not your own, upon which you can draw in a crisis, without knowing how, or when, which tides you over when you are in the ultimate depths of despair. If I, or anyone else, knew consciously how to draw upon this at any time, how much happier and useful we would all be. But I don't fully know how.

Some People Know

I know now that through religion some have learned this great simple art and have found the way to inner silence and tranquillity, which nothing from the outside, neither event nor emotion, can disturb.

Who does not wish he had his life to live over again? I do, every hour, but who can recall one day or half a century, of blind, or open-eyed, blundering? Yet it seems to me that perhaps we have our lives to live over again, that we can begin today, now, this minute. If today is better than yesterday, we are reliving, we have regained something and there must be rejoicing in Heaven.

TOMORROW: Henry J. Taylor, noted journalist, economist and author, tells how, as a boy, he learned a formula for conquering

Lenten Guideposts

Personal Messages of Inspiration and Faith Edited by Norman Vincent Peale

CONFESSION OF FAITH By Faith Baldwin

"I have always known the potent power of prayer," Faith Baldwin states. "Twice I was told that a child of mine would die. I prayed. . . my children lived." One of the most successful and popular women writers of our time, Faith Baldwin's books and stories have sold in the millions and many have been made into motion pictures.

When I was a child, my maternal Grandmother, who lived with us would warn me, after I had been naughty, that I would soon get my come-uppance. It never failed and I learned this the hard way. If I snatched a cookie and immediately afterwards I fell down and knocked out an infant's tooth, I was experiencing the law of retribution in operation.

There was no nonsense about Mr. Grandmother—she was kind, merciful, humorous, and very devoted. I have her Bible, the New Testament, bound in several light weight, large volumes, which her son-in-law, my father, had made for her when her hands grew too pushed to hold a heavy book.

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I have learned that there is strength not your own, upon which you can draw in a crisis, without knowing how, or when, which tides you over when you are in the ultimate depths of despair. If I, or anyone else, knew consciously how to draw upon this at any time, how much happier and useful we would all be. But I don't fully know how.

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Y.M.C.A. News

The halls around here ring with music these days. For many a Tuesday night the Charlottetown Male Chorus has been practising, and the ear at the keyhole has noted with pleasure the fine results. Further to the music in our lives—the Y's Men have kept busy practising for their Variety Show. This Show seems to be keeping more people busy than just Y's Men!

At their regular supper meeting last Friday, the Phalanx fraternity completed plans for their bridge party on Friday. The boys are spreading the word that they plan to serve food too. Chief chef Thomson will probably have pink aprons and caps for his waiters, unless the crew mutinies in favor of eating rather than serving. This bridge affair must have been planned in order that the So-Ed's might put into practice the theories of bridge-brains Anderson, Kays, Boswell and MacLean.

Speaking of So-Ed's, the merry mob started off with a bang-up program last Monday night. The flurry of registrations held things up for a while, but So-Ed got underway with a sing-song leader Gamble and pianist Stirling Walker co-starring in So-Ed Part I. A shortened activities session was called to a halt at nine o'clock despite the reluctance of the bridge fiends. Foul play was suspected briefly when the photography group failed to appear, but a careful search revealed the gang sequestered in the photographers' inner sanctum, the dark room. Part III of So-Ed was received enthusiastically by all members. Excellent talks were given to three different groups by the first of So-Ed's speakers, Rev. Somers, Mr. W. Gaudet, and Dr. Murchison. The evening was finished off in fine style as the social committee presented food and fun in the dance period. Some of those marathon dancers were just too much for the Music Makers who finally gasped "Please, no more!" So un-

til next week, the musicians were granted time off.

Saturday's usual hubbub centered last week around basketball as the Vics and Saints battled to overtime in a Juvenile League game. In a very fast game, the Saints held the lead for a considerable time, but went under by five points in an exciting five minutes of overtime.

The Junior Teen Town Committee, functioning for the first time on its own, ran a very good program on Saturday evening. Assuming the responsibility for the Saturday night program for Juniors is quite a load, but the eagerness and enthusiasm of the committee of ten has been most commendable. In elections for the committee officers yesterday afternoon, the following slate was voted in: Chairman: Angus MacLaren, Vice-

Chairman: Louis Kays; Secretary: Elisabeth Palmer; Treasurer: Eric Thomssen.

NO SINGERS HERE

TORONTO (CP)—The singing telegram of birthday greetings is returning in the United States, but it won't be heard in Canada. "That's the word of a Toronto telegraph official. He said most of the telegram delivery boys would sound "like a coyote with laryngitis."

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Chrome wheel trim rings and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.



Touch-O-Matic Overdrive (optional at extra cost) provides easier, more restful driving, saves up to 20% in gasoline. Longer engine life.

New push-button door handles and rotary locks for easy opening and positive closing of doors.

For the 1950 Mercury rides, drives and handles like no other car on the road. With "Cushion-Coil" front springing and new "Lounging-Rest" foam rubber seat cushioning, it's "better than ever" in riding comfort. Better in performance with 8-cylinder, V-type, 110 Hp. "Hi-Power Compression" engine. Better in handling ease with "Stedi-Line" steering. Better in safety with improved "Super-Safety" brakes. Better in economy with thrifty "Econ-O-Miser" carburetor and gas-saving "Touch-O-Matic" Overdrive (optional at extra cost). Better in road vision with "Hi-Wide" visibility. Yes, one ride will prove this "better than ever" Mercury is the one car for you.

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