

"So Mellow... SO MILD... SO THROAT-EASY!"

Buckingham combines three fine tobaccos in one cigarette. It's this combination of three fine tobaccos that makes a Buckingham so mild, so throat easy, so mellow.



SMOKE **Buckingham** THE Mellow CIGARETTE!

NORTH MILTON INSTITUTE

The July meeting of North Milton Institute was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coles on the evening of July 27. Fifteen members and several visitors were present. Minutes were read and approved; sick committee reported three cards sent, and presented a bill of \$150 for parcels sent for shut-in Sunday. A bill of \$32.80 for hall curtain was also presented.

It was moved, seconded and carried that these bills be paid. Red Cross convener reported eight pair children's stockings and one sweater sent in.

Correspondence included receipt from Red Cross, a thank-you note,

a letter announcing that chest X-ray would be at the school on the evening of July 12, and a letter from the J. W. Windsor Co. regarding the purchase of cans. Mrs. Garth Hooper, Mrs. Robert Carter and Mrs. Chester Matheson were named a committee to see about this matter.

Mrs. Lindsay Coles was appointed a delegate to the annual convention, other delegates to be appointed later.

Next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Verner Coles when lunch committee will be Mrs. Brenton Coles, Mrs. Eric Coles and Mrs. Gordon Rodd. Lunch was served by hostesses and committee, and a social hour enjoyed.

Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Continued

He knew a sudden thrust of thankfulness that they had had no children. He had taken for granted her right to Valerie, had supposed she must know what she was doing. And Valerie had been little more than a stranger to him; an inarticulate shadow with downcast eyes, who appeared for brief visits in his house, and went away.

His eyes were now caught by a riot of color behind a plate glass window. He pulled around a corner and parked his car.

They came out an hour later and piled boxes in the rumble. Valerie had insisted on carrying them. She wouldn't trust them to be delivered. She felt even now that there must be some mistake, and that if she took her eyes off the things they would be sure to vanish.

"I never saw so many at once. Eight dresses, three suits, and four coats, besides hats and all the rest," she said as they drove away. She knew a spasm of what Ellen had labelled "common sense."

"Whatever are we going to do with all the clothes I have already?" Mark lighted a cigarette and waved the problem away. "I'll bet Mrs. Banwood knows some needy souls. She looks as if she would. If she doesn't, there are always people who—well, look out for people."

"I know—the Salvation Army," said Valerie. "But probably Mrs. Banwood will fix it. Housekeepers are clever, aren't they?"

"Are they? My acquaintance seems to have been limited. Your mother picked Mrs. Banwood off a bush somewhere. I wasn't so crazy about her at first, but now I believe she's good for me. She takes me down. If she looks at me long I begin to wonder if my face is dirty, or if I have a caterpillar on my collar."

Valerie giggled delightedly. She knew Mrs. Banwood's effect on one. "She's only my second—I mean housekeeper," she explained. "So you see I haven't had much experience either. There was one at school—all sharp."

"All sharp?" "All. But specially her eyes and nose and elbows. We never knew much about her. If the girls met her in the halls, they ran. We never knew why we ran. We just did. So of course Mrs. Banwood seems pretty mild to me."

"I dare say she is really," said Mark. "It's probably my guilty conscience."

Mark headed for his factory next morning. He had, he said, to show up at least for the day, before they went adventuring. He wondered a bit uneasily what Valerie would do without him. It was the first time he had left her.

He put it to her at breakfast, but she told him solemnly that with her old things to transfer to Mrs. Banwood, red new ones to pack, and the dogs to saw good-bye to, the day would be hardly long enough. He left her standing out on the wide steps, the morning breeze in her hair, her right hand raised in a queer little salute as he wheeled his roadster around the curve of the drive and was gone.

He carried the picture with him with an odd sort of emotion. She looked small and somehow valiant under the great arch of the doorway. He was in the process of finding himself, as Valerie was. Getting his bearings to sail his course alone. Weighted a bit with responsibility. Being a father, he was finding, was nothing to laugh off.

The house frightened Valerie a little, for the first time since Ellen went. She ran upstairs past her mother's sitting room, bright with chintz and books and flowers. It's very brightness was a little terrifying. There was a curiously suspended sense about it, as if it were a sort of picture waiting for Ellen to come back and give it life.

With Mark there, everything that wasn't part of him faded. Now that he was gone, her mother seemed everywhere. Her child's voice came faintly, clipped and precise reciting what nice girls did and what they didn't do. What they thought and what they didn't think.

It was strange about Mark. In less than a week he had become the person she had known best in the world. Was it always like this if you exchanged a mother for a father? What happened when you had both? The thought of Mark made her warm and happy. She tried not to think of Ellen and of Ellen's empty rooms.

She went into her dressing room and opened the big closet to pass final sentence on the solemn dresses in an orderly row on their hangers. It hardly seemed possible she was about to wipe the place bare of them and start all over again.

She pulled down the things, beginning with the ones she specially disliked and carrying them in to pile neatly on her bed. She looked over her shoulder several times during the process. She had a vague terrifying notion that somebody was watching her. It made her so happy to give away the good and useful things, it must be wrong. Then she remembered Mark, and the hilarity of their shopping. Nothing Mark did could be so very wrong. And Mark had said get rid of them.

She got out the pile of boxes from the corner of the dressing room and began to untie them. Lifting out delicious layers of white tissue paper from which rose faint but exciting scent. As she shook out the bright chiffons, the organdies and the tweeds, she forgot Ellen and her theories. Forgot the empty rooms below. Forgot for the time even that there was Mark. She was balanced in enchantment before the newly filled closet when Mrs. Banwood walked into

W.C.T.U. NOTES

THE LAYMAN AND THE ALCOHOL PROBLEM

By Roy D. Miller

(The Maritime Baptist)

Alcohol should need no definition. Outstanding medical authority brands it a progressive nerve depressant, an irritant, a habit forming drug with anesthetic characteristics. Instead of stimulating, it deadens the power of perception. A person who has been drinking has a feeling of warmth, because the natural reaction to cold has been deadened. It has a great affinity for water and robs the moisture from body cells so that they do not function properly. Put a moist piece of bread in alcohol and note how hard and dry it instantly becomes.

The human brain is a nerve switch board, relaying messages to different parts of the body; when alcohol affects the nerves of the eye, colors become blurred and uncertain, and the red stop signal, is mistaken for green and a collision occurs; it minimizes distances with the same results. It slows up ones thinking and causes uncertain walking.

Alcohol also decreases bodily resistance to infection and diminishes the likelihood of recovery. It is also the direct cause of various chronic diseases. It is the direct or indirect cause of a large percentage of the annual death toll. From 5 to ten per cent of admissions to mental institutions is caused by alcohol; 96 per cent of those in our jails are there directly or indirectly from the effects of alcohol, and a very, very high proportion of accidents on our highways may be attributed to alcohol.

The Alcoholic Problem we are facing is not so much the drinker's thirst for alcohol, as the seller's thirst for gold. Are we as Laymen contented to sit back and annually have our Government balance its budget and declare a large surplus from the sale of alcoholic beverages? We create our own alcoholic problem by our complacency, whereas the problem is more or less self curative as far as Laymen are concerned. Must we, I ask, sell alcohol to our citizens to successfully negotiate the affairs of our Maritime Provinces?

Prohibition is the fundamental principle in all law relating to things that are socially harmful. Oh, I know some people shy off when one mentions the word "Prohibition," yet no term has been more misused, misunderstood and abused. All laws are either mandatory or prohibitory. They say to citizens "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not" with the latter predominating. The same relationship is found in the Holy Writ and although we often are resentful to our own hurt, yet there is nothing we can do about it. Personally, I believe Prohibition is the answer. It is increasing in popularity again in the country to the south of us, and I would sincerely recommend its favorable consideration by our Laymen as a solution to the alcohol problem.

Stop the increasing ease whereby men and women, both young and old, may obtain alcoholic beverages. Eighteen taverns in the city of Halifax, I am told. Witness a mother with a child in each arm demanding that the closed door of a tavern be opened, so she may take her husband home; a recent occurrence.

The alcohol problem is further augmented by the attitude the Laymen take toward moderation. The most dangerous person, to my mind, in a community, is the one who says he or she can take a drink or leave it alone at will. Many men and women have become drunkards thinking they can do the same. And unfortunately moderation is becoming alarmingly prevalent in our Churches. Pity the minister who when endeavoring to preach a Temperance sermon has to gaze into the eyes of one of the leading laymen, knowing him to be a moderate.

True Temperance is making moderate the room. Valerie jumped and confronted her, standing before the swaying garments defensively. "I—I'm afraid I didn't hear you knock," she said.

To be continued

"Maybe I am a rugged individualist!"

"No reporters ever interview me. But just the same, a figure every man should have his own opinions about, politics, foreign affairs, business, or what have you."

"Take all this talk nowadays about old-age benefits, for instance. That's something everybody wants. And each man has a different idea of how much security he wants and how he'll get it."

"I know there are a lot of old folks in this country that really need help. But while I'm young and earning good money, I figure the big part of my own security-building job is up to me."

"So, I'm hanging on to all my life insurance and adding to it whenever I can. It gives me and my family protection now—and a better income for the future. And it's all planned the way I want it."



"What's more, by relying on life insurance for my future security, I know exactly where I stand. My life policies are gilt-edged in any weather. I know just how much they're going to pay off—and when."

"That's the way I like it."

"Maybe that makes me a rugged individualist. But if it does, there are millions of others like me. Because most Canadians like to do things on their own!"

At your service... To help you meet your future financial needs with made-to-measure planning, your life insurance company serves you through a trained life underwriter. He takes a personal interest in your problems, analyzes the facts that must be considered in building a sound life insurance programme. His services provide another great advantage of seeking security the life insurance way!

The LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES in Canada and their Representatives

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derate use of that which is not harmful, and totally abstaining from that which is. Knowing Alcohol to be what it is, and as described in the first part of this talk, the alcohol problem would be solved if True Temperance were observed by every Laymen.

Student Drowns in Labrador

KINGSTON, Ont., July 29 (CP)—The body of Albert Vernon Corlett Jr., who drowned in Labrador, was flown here today for burial.

The 19-year-old Queen's University student, son of Prof. and Mrs. A. V. Corlett, had been working with a summer survey party. He drowned while acting as lead man for a cable-laying gang.

Urge Refusal Of Peace Petition

LONDON, July 29 (Saturday)—(Reuters)—Two leaders of the Church of England today urged Britons to refuse to sign the Communist-backed "peace petition."

To Discuss U. S. Arms Assistance

WASHINGTON, July 29 (AP)—A huge increase in United States arms aid for foreign countries reported to be as much as \$4,000,000,000—will be discussed with Democratic and Republican Congress-

al leaders at a conference here Monday.

President Truman, already firmly on record about the need for stepping up the common security program of non-Communist countries, will lay the projected increase before the lawmakers in the presence of State Secretary Dean Acheson and Defence Secretary Louis Johnson.

It would augment the \$1,222,500,000 authorization already approved by Congress to furnish arms dur-

ing the current fiscal year to the countries abroad.

6,000 WILLIAM SMITHS
LONDON — (CP) — A card index containing 18,000,000 names has been compiled by Britain's general post office, to keep track of holders of national savings certificates. Included are 6,000 William Smiths, 5,500 John Smiths, 3,500 William Jones and 3,500 John

Big Transport Prepares For War

BOSTON, July 29 (AP) — The U.S.S. Libra, big attack transport, was taken out of the "mothball" fleet here today and the task of preparing her for war service begun. An auxiliary cargo-attack ship, she is 459 feet long and has a tonnage of 6,000.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

MAJOR HOOPLE



IT'S NOT WORTH THE RISK

How protected is your home against all fire damage? Get all-round protection NOW! Be safe against fire losses with our fitted-to-your-needs coverage. Low, equitable rates.

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