

W.C.T.U. NOTES

THE WORLD W. C. T. U. CONVENTION

A special event will be the attendance at evening, 3 p. m. in Westminster Abbey, London, England, on June 11th, when seats will be reserved for registered delegates, and all visitors are urged to be present, wearing their Convention Badge and White Ribbon bow. The preacher for the occasion is Archbishop Tombs M.B.E., of Croydon.

It is hoped to arrange for a conducted visit to the Guildhall and Mansion House on Monday afternoon, June 12th; and tea on the Terrace of the Houses of Parliament for the World's Executive and some of the delegates is being given by members of the House of Lords who are sympathetic to the Temperance cause.

The coach tour - It will be necessary to book your places well in advance. People in "sterling countries" should send a 6s postal or money order, payable to N.B.W.T.A.U., 104, Gower St., London, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for receipt (or from places outside the United Kingdom, an international stamp exchange form; it may be easier for several people to send together). Give the full name and address of every intending passenger.

Send your remittance to Convention Excursion Secretary N.B.W.T.A.U., 104, Gower St., London W. C. 1, England.

N.B. - Your receipt will entitle you to a place; remember to bring it to the meeting. Money cannot be returned in the event of cancellation. People in dollar countries will be told in the next issue of the Bulletin where to send their booking fee; until then places will be reserved for them.

Registration of delegates and visitors will take place in the Upper Cafe of the White Rock Pavilion, Hastings, during the morning and afternoon of Saturday, June 3rd; fee 10s.; the Convention badge then received admits to the Welcome Tea, Mayoral Reception, and many places of entertainment and relaxation, free of charge.

A CALL TO YOUNG MEN

Your first duty in life is toward your afterlife. So live that your afterlife—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

For away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time?

Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased, a will untrained to action, a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass we call it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building them his own?

Or will you fling it all away, degrading, wantonlike, that the man you might have been shall never be.

This is your problem in life—the problem vastly more important to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It is your problem today and every day, and the hour of your decision is the crisis in your destiny!

—David Starr Jordan.

SERMON FOR THE DEAF

When the Bishop of Chelmsford preached at a special service for the deaf and dumb at Southwark Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, six interpreters stood at different points and translated his words into the language of signs. These six interpreters used the same system, I understand; a language understood by the seven hundred deaf people present. Less apparent to the congregation were other interpreters who sat with worshippers who were blind as well as deaf—for their benefit the sermon was translated into the touch language. This system enables words to be communicated by signs made in contact with the palm of the hand. There were twenty-five blind-deaf worshippers at the Southwark Cathedral service.

—Church Times

My ideal mother has kept up with the times. She doesn't sit at home and wring her hands over the young generation. She steps out with it to see where it is going and to try to keep it from going too far.

My ideal mother doesn't try to enforce any hard and fast rules upon her daughter. She uses diplomacy instead of force, suggestion instead of command. Above all, she talks to her daughter with frankness. She teaches her how to take care of herself and draw the line between prudery and prudence.

My ideal mother tries to fit her children for the world in which they must live, and then when she has done that she lets them stand upon their own feet. She cuts the apron strings that bind them to her and leaves them free to live their own lives, for she knows that we must all find our own happiness. She does not try to keep her children with her if they want to leave the home nest. She does not attempt to choose their careers for them nor their husbands nor wives. She does not make for love a burden on them nor foist herself upon them as an unwelcome guest in their houses because she has been all mother and has nothing left when her children are gone.

In one of his plays Shaw tells of a woman who was such a good mother she was hardly human. My ideal mother is all human and understanding and love for her children. But she is a modern version of motherhood.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her columns.

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J. A. VATCHER

At the annual meeting of the Associated Credit Bureau of Canada, recently concluded at Winnipeg, Mr. J. A. Vatcher, manager of the Credit Bureau, Charlottetown, was elected Maritime Director for the Association.

Pioneer Days

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parents were too busy making homes and providing food for the family to give much attention to education, but once the home was firmly established their minds turned to education; and so, the log-schools came into being.

"Treading like snails," the children, often against their wishes, were packed off to the little log building where, after a few years, they received a sort of miscellaneous education - and a few, a very few - climbed the ladder to the citadel of fame.

The school day was from seven a.m. till four p.m., during summer months; and from 8 till 3.30 in winter. In a previous article, I mentioned the crude desks and seats, so will omit such details here.

The girls wore homespun linsey-woolsey petticoats and bodices. White kerchiefs and sometimes coloured ones—were worn around their necks, while their footwear consisted of very coarse shoes made by the local cobbler. The boys dressed in knee-breeches, long vests and heavy coats, mostly two sizes too long for them. Their shoes, too, were heavy grained leather, often well tallowed to keep out the water.

School opened with prayer, then a passage of Scripture was read by the Master, followed by reading, writing, spelling and so on.

At eleven o'clock the bell rang for recess, and the youngsters, delighted to escape from their cramped quarters, bounded out in all directions to enjoy the two hours of freedom which made the recess period.

An old-timer, recalling those days, tells this story:

"When I was seven years old, I went to our local school to a stern master, where I learned to read and write very badly. I was often made to stand upon a tall 'dunce' stool, reserved for backward youth.

"The Master frequently tanned our hides with a cat-o'-nine-tails, sometimes he would pull our ears and then knock our heads together for good measure."

One school was let out, children were hurried to the school house where various chores awaited doing. The boys were assigned to carry in the wood and kindlings, fetch water from the spring as well as other odds and ends of work left to them by their fathers. The girls helped mother prepare the evening meal, wash the supper dishes, do a bit of mending and knitting. A boy who could not do such things was "not worth his salt", and the girl who could neither spin nor bake was considered "very stupid."

The brighter side of the picture, however, was the wonderful sleigh rides to some neighbour's farm after the chores were finished and the big moon shone across the endless stretches of forest. Then there would be old-fashioned games - lots of fun!

Came spring, the cry "Sap's running!" filled the air. Soon they'd be making delicious sugar and you may be sure the children had all they could eat of it.

Though it may seem that the life of pioneer children was not at all interesting, on the whole they were probably as happy, if not happier, than the children of today. They knew how to enjoy the simple things of life, and therein hangs a truism, namely, "simple pleasures are the sweetest pleasures."

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promising and cherished compensations.

A child born on this day, while subject to sudden reversals and disruptions, in its life and personal affairs, can count upon eleventh hour friendly aid.

For Monday, March 6

MONDAY'S astrological forecast shows a thriving and promising condition in all the affairs, particularly pertaining to ecclesiastical, clerical and employment activities. While particularly studious and versatile tendencies are likely to culminate with satisfaction, yet it is also probable that over-acting, forcing beyond reason, or show of temper, emotions or high tension might work against desired ends.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, are assured a lively and constructive year, with opportunity to put over serious and long-term projects and aspirations of lasting worth. There may be changes, travel, renewal of contracts, and all should thrive on enduring foundations. Also, there is a tendency to push things beyond normal conditions, flying into tempers or making impetuous efforts to force issues, to detrimental climax. It would be wiser to keep to long-range objectives and turn sound heads toward enduring rather than flash-in-the-pan benefits.

A child born on this day has excellent prospects for a substantial and progressive career. Inevitably, versatile. Yet an acquisitive or aggressive urge may prove its undoing at times.

BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Chapter XVIII

"All this about Kane being a star and a man-about-town and an ornament of night life is rot," said Tillman L. Hill. "He's nothing but an ordinary milk cart driver and cheap faker."

"That," said Wallis with his sunniest smile, "ought to clear up any possible misunderstanding."

"Are you?" asked the girl.

"What, a cheap faker? What do you think?"

"Turn up his collar in the back," suggested Hill.

"I'll save you the trouble," offered Wallis obligingly. He performed the evolution, presenting to the general view a sewed-in label, "Amalgamated Dairy Co. Route Salesman No. 108."

The public relations counselor pursued his thesis. "Among the other professional duties of No. 108 is that of popularizing the special brand of men's clothing which he is now wearing."

"Making the public milk minded," confirmed Wallis with unflinching amiability. "Why not and what of it?"

"Yes, what of it?" echoed Mr. Metzger belligerently. His veil of secrecy had been ruthlessly rent asunder and he was sore.

Malda walked across to Tillman L. Hill and smiled artlessly up into his face. "Yes, what of it?" she propounded.

He threw up both hands. "Oh, my God!" he groaned.

At that the girl's self-control burst bounds. She lifted her face and the music of her full-throated glee filled and thrilled the air. "Great Glory!" shouted Wallis.

"April April!"

Malda's cocktail glass dropped from her lax fingers. "Wh- what was that?"

"What does he mean, April?" snarled Simms Waring. "This isn't April."

"April Fool, probably," contributed Tillman L. Hill.

The two wonderguests paid no attention. They were temporarily in a world by themselves. "It couldn't be," said Malda.

"It couldn't be anybody else. A still street before dawn and you, laughing, on the top step. I never hoped to hear that again."

"And you in the basement."

"Entry to the best houses in town," sniggered Tilly Hill.

"Did you know?"

"Not till you sprang the golden laughter just now."

"Crazy," opined Waring. "Nuts. Both of 'em."

Malda was still wonderbound. "My route salesman?" Her face darkened to despondency. Now of course the game would be up. He would identify her. Vacation was over and she would have to resume the cramped and bored personality of Miss Linn. She might as well go back with Tilly. She whirled upon him. "Why couldn't you stay at home and mind your own business?"

"Reflection on staying at home come well from you!" he retorted not without justice.

"Speaking of homekeeping," remarked Wallis, "do nice young secretaries usually stay out till the milkman comes?"

Secretaries! Then he hadn't guessed. The situation might still be saved. She said: "After all, a secretary can be human. And even feminine at times."

"I've noticed that," he agreed.

"Oh!" said Malda.

"The rest of us might just as well not be here at all," growled Simms Waring.

"Why stay, then?" inquired Miss Matilda.

"If you think for a minute I'm going to leave here with this milkman—"

"Take the milkman with you," offered the girl. "Take 'em all with you except Tilly. I want to talk with him."

Left alone with the public relations counselor she said: "Tilly, I don't expect you to understand this, but you've butted into something that doesn't exist."

"You and Kane exist," was the suspicious reply.

"Not really. Not really together. Nor Mr. Metzger. It's just a story

C.H.R. Appointments

Announced Yesterday

TORONTO, March 2 - The appointment of R. Hayes as general manager, central region, Canadian National Railways, with headquarters at Toronto, was announced today by Regional Vice-President, A. J. Lomas. Mr. Hayes was formerly general superintendent, Montreal district, Montreal, and succeeds W. H. Kyle, recently appointed assistant vice-president of operation for the system.

The following appointments were announced by Mr. Hayes upon assuming his duties as regional general manager and are effective immediately:

J. O. A. Bolvin, formerly general superintendent transportation, central region, Toronto, to be general superintendent, Montreal district, with headquarters at Montreal.

E. H. Locke, formerly superintendent, Montreal terminals and St. Jerome division, Montreal, to be general superintendent transportation, central region, with headquarters at Toronto.

W. H. Murray, formerly assistant superintendent, Montreal terminals and St. Jerome division, with headquarters at Montreal.

J. D. Hayes, formerly assistant superintendent, Belleville division, with headquarters at Lindsay, Ont. to be assistant superintendent Montreal terminals, with headquarters at Montreal.

that I made up for myself. None of it is real."

"The newspapers are real. Suppose you are identified?"

"That would be tough on you. Simms wouldn't like it much, either, I expect."

"It's about time you thought of him."

"You haven't announced our engagement, have you?"

"That reminds me. I'm going out now to cable it."

"Please, Tilly; wait just a few days. It'll spoil everything now."

"At least it will put a stop to your monkeyshines."

The troubled expression set into Malda's face. "I believe in obstinacy. 'Don't you believe it! If you put it in the papers now I'll tell you a swift inspiration possessed her—'I'll marry someone else.' 'Don't try to bluff me with your milkman.' 'Not my milkman at all,' she retorted airily.

"What? You haven't got someone else up your sleeve?"

"Several," she returned, dimpling. "But I was thinking of Aymon."

"The dancer?" He's as impossible as the other. Worse, in fact."

"Yes, marvelous. He thinks I'm a simple little secretary. He loves me for myself alone," stated Malda, laying it on.

The cast of the Hill features stiffened and darkened. Before he could speak, the girl assumed the offensive. "Now listen hard, Tilly dear. I've only two more days left here, then the trip back, and after that I'll revert to my own good little self and let the moths bite me. But if you but in now and mess things up, almost anything is likely to happen. And the headlines be on your own head."

The public relations counselor extracted a small crumb from the mixup. "At least, it isn't serious about this Kane person."

To be continued

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DRAMA FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION 1950

OFFICERS and CONVENORS

- Hon. President Dr. L. W. Shaw, Charlottetown
President Mrs. Harold Laird, Kelvin Grove
Vice-Presidents:
Prince—Mr. David Murphy, Cape Traverse
Queen's—Mrs. Gordon MacMillan, Cornwall
King's—Mrs. W. A. Bruce, Valleyfield.
Secretary Mrs. Ray MacLeod, Graham's Road
Treasurer Mr. Arnold Walker, Kelvin Grove
- CONVENORS
Junior School Drama Festival, Miss Estelle Bowness, Summerside
Door and Tickets Mrs. Gordon Rodd, North Milton
Entertainment Mrs. Julian Herring, Charlottetown
Adjudication Mr. Arthur Vessey, York
..... Mrs. Julian Herring, Charlottetown
..... Mrs. Fred Gates, West Royalty

RULES and REGULATIONS

- For Festival purposes, Prince Edward Island shall be divided into 3 groups:
1. A Junior Drama Festival (Separate Rules and Regulations, obtainable from Miss Estelle Bowness, Summerside.
 2. Centres with population of 2,000 and over.
 3. Rural Communities, and centres with population under 2,000.
1. An entry fee of \$2.00, the name of play, royalty or non-royalty, the name and address of director of play must be submitted to the Secretary, Mrs. Ray MacLeod, Graham's Road, not later than April 1, 1950.
 2. Festival will be held in May and June, dates to be arranged.
 3. An Annual meeting will be held as soon as possible after the Festival, at which the following are eligible to vote:
(a) a delegates sent from any group or society which pays a fee of \$2.00.
(b) Contributing Annual Members (not less than .50c).
(c) Life Members. An Annual Member may become a Life Member by paying \$25.00.
 4. Plays shall be One-Act, non-royalty, or royalty. All plays shall be presented under original title.
 5. Play-Offs and Finals shall be arranged by the Executive of the Drama Festival Association.
 6. Adjudicators for Play-Offs shall be chosen by the Adjudicating Committee.
 7. Adjudicators for Finals shall be chosen by the Adjudicating Committee, from outside the Province.
 8. Proceeds from Play-Offs shall be divided between or among competing groups.

The PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DRAMA ASSOCIATION! Does that not sound all-inclusive? Originally begun as a local drama competition, the idea of fostering a love for the best in Dramatics spread to become province-wide. In the beginning it was sponsored by the Women's Institutes, but is now open to ANY group in the Province wishing to compete for honors.

Please note that the Province is divided into three different classes of participants. Group "A" covers all school groups entered in the Junior Drama Festival, and has separate rules and regulations. "B" groups must come from centres with a population of two thousand or over, while group "C" is limited to rural communities (with population under two thousand). Most important of all is the fact that THESE THREE GROUPS DO NOT HAVE TO COMPETE WITH EACH OTHER; ONLY WITH GROUPS IN THE SAME CATEGORY AS THEMSELVES. Thus, all entries in the A group compete with each other. All those in the B group compete only with the other entrants in the B group; and the same procedure applies in group C. This eliminates rural entrants being placed at a disadvantage by having to compete with more highly-trained and more experienced groups from the towns and city.

How often have you wished you could be someone else? Through the medium of Drama you can change your appearance, your character and your movements—for a night's performance at least. It can be just as much fun as you wish to make it. And besides the enjoyment you yourself will have, you will have the satisfaction of making enjoyment for others.

Taking part in Dramatics is an opportunity for the development of co-operation with people with whom you would not always work in close harmony, ordinarily. There is a wonderful feeling of group spirit. You are not only anxious to be a credit to your group, but also desirous that every other member of the cast do his or her very best, too.

For those timid souls who feel they cannot face an audience there are myriads of tasks to be performed, such as supervising the costumes, make-up, casting, stage-setting, lighting equipment, etc. These tasks are a very real help to the actors and actresses, and quite often the success or failure of a good scene depends on the work of those responsible "behind the scenes." In many cases in the past the members of the cast have been hindered because they themselves have had to do all the work of moving scenery and props before getting into their costumes.

One of the benefits derived from participation in the Drama Festival is the comment and constructive criticism received from the Adjudicators. If it is received in the manner in which it is given—constructive criticism—it can prevent mistakes from being repeated and substitute a better performance.

Let us all become interested enough to take an active part in Dramatics this year and make it a banner year for young artists of the Theatre.

Bulletins on Dramatics, and catalogues of plays available for presentation, may be obtained by writing to the F. E. I. Libraries, Charlottetown. They are free for the asking.



Give him heart's ease from the scars of war...

Remember that great day in May, 1945—V-E Day! How the bells pealed! How the crowds cheered... for the War was over!... But the War is not yet over for many of the veterans we said we'd always remember. Confined to hospital, they are still fighting their uncomplaining battle against the lonely life enforced by illness, blindness or crippling injuries. Would you like to help brighten their days? Then give generously to your Red Cross. Your gift will help support the many Veterans' Lodges, established at Veterans' Hospitals by the Red Cross,

This year the need is urgent for \$5,000,000 to carry out the work you expect your Red Cross to do

The work of mercy never ends...

Give from the heart