

A Magic Flute

By OLIVE GRAY

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

"TURNED you down, did she?" chuckled Uncle Oliver, as he faced Dorry Lander's crestfallen countenance. "You're no match for the girl, Dorry, my boy!"

"She's not only one girl, Mr. Wylie, Marion is a dozen girls."

"One girl with the essence of a dozen, eh?" went on Marion's adoring uncle. "But I surely thought she liked you a little bit, my boy." He put his hand on Dorry's big shoulder.

The young fellow turned a dark, tense face, and humorous gray eyes toward the older man, but there was a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "I'm afraid it's a little bit—a very little bit, sir."

"Pshaw, Dorry, when I was a young chap like you, we knew how to make the girls like us, whether they would or no," blurted Mr. Wylie impatiently.

Dorry smiled. "Yet you never married one, sir!"

"True, my boy—but, she didn't like me even a little bit. Now Marion—" he paused and rumbled his thick gray hair. "Come into the study, I want to show you something," and Dorry followed Marion's uncle into a small book-lined room with the wall above the bookcases hung closely with rare engravings and hunting trophies from all over the globe, for Mr. Wylie had been a great traveler, and even now threatened another expedition into southern Asia.

He crossed to the fireplace and took a long narrow box from the mantelpiece. "I'm going to give you a love philter," he announced.

Dorry Lander stared and then his deep hearty laugh echoed through the house.

"A charm?" repeated Dorry politely.

"Yes. It is a flute of old Ab Uyszaf, now a venerable sheik, and patriarch of his tribe in the Arabian desert. He told me wonderful stories of his power to win the love of a maiden—just play it before her—that's what he said—and believe me he must have been a handsome rascal in his youth. I took the flute—I thought I might use it some day—but deuce take it all, the only girl I had fancied married while I was on that trip and so the flute has never been used. I have kept it as a curiosity."

Dorry took the case and thanked the donor. "I feel like a fool, Mr. Wylie. I never played a flute."

"So much the better, just blow it gently in her ear, or under her window—somewhere—away from the house by all means," he added emphatically.

"Oh! I'll try the rose garden by moonlight tonight," muttered Dorry, looking very red. He hid the flute in his coat pocket for he heard Marion's light step on the stairs. "Tell her I will come over tonight—but don't tell her about the flute." He whispered, and slipping over the windowsill he disappeared among the trees that led to the side street.

It was not until after 10 o'clock that he re-entered the Wylie grounds and made his way to the lovely rose garden, which was overlooked by the south side of the old house. Marion's windows were on that side of the old house, and a faint light shone there behind rosy curtains. "I wonder if she looked for me tonight," he thought as he took out the flute and replaced the box in his pocket. Never in his life had he played any musical instrument, and it was with some trepidation that he put the flute to his lips, and following Mr. Wylie's directions he blew softly upon it.

The result was so wonderful that he charmed his own senses and sat down on a marble seat among the roses. The most entrancing music came wandering from the flute of the old Arab sheik. It was like all the love songs of the world—it played itself as Dorry blew gently into the mouthpiece. The wooing strains seemed to kiss the bending roses, seemed to meet the falling dew, seemed to lift up to Marion's windows. He forgot her for the moment—he was entranced with love itself! All at once he saw a misty white form coming across the lawn. It drew nearer, nearer, and the moonlight shimmered on her golden hair—it was the girl he loved.

"Dearest," whispered Dorry beside her.

"Dorry," she answered in a muffled tone, "were you playing that for me?"

"Of course."

"I thought when I heard it that someone had stolen Uncle Oliver's prized possession and I came out to rescue it, and it was only you playing to the moon!"

"Confound it all," said Dorry impatiently. "I knew it wouldn't work for a cent! You're only laughing at me after all!" He picked up the flute and turned away, but from among the roses her voice came sweet and low.

"Don't go, Dorry. Uncle Oliver meant well, but you don't need the flute to win my love, because—"

And Uncle Oliver gave them the flute for a wedding present, because he said he was actually afraid of its influence in the possession of a confirmed bachelor like himself.

Sunday School Lesson

by Rev. R. C. Todd

LESSON TEXT: Mark 6:7-13; Luke 10:1-20; 14:25-27

From the very beginning Jesus seems to have taken it for granted that he needed the help of others to accomplish his purpose. He attracted a large number of disciples. From these he chose twelve to be his intimate associates. In our first lesson in this series, we saw him spend a night in prayer about the selection of the twelve. Subsequent lessons have dealt with the careful training and preparation which he gave his twelve disciples. Glancing through the New Testament, one is struck by the number of occasions on which he took them aside and gave them a special interpretation of the things he has said to the people.

In this week's lesson we find him sending them out to do practical work. Two occasions on which he did this are mentioned. On the first occasion only the twelve went. They went two by two and with very careful instructions. The instructions given would seem to indicate that the mission was of short duration and didn't carry them far afield. The message they preached was a message of repentance. One may well suppose that it was the same message the Master was preaching: "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of God is at hand." The twelve were also commissioned to heal the sick. It seems unreal to us to think of "unclean spirits" and "devils" as being responsible for the ills of men. We must remember that the science of Jesus' day was totally different to that of our own. The language used to describe ill-health, whether it was mental or physical, was quite different then. But the diseases themselves were no different. Jesus appears to have had great therapeutic skill, and whatever his methods, they seem to have been attended by great success. Evidently he taught his methods to his disciples, and when they went out on their mission, the sick were brought to them, and success attended their efforts. The healing ministry has always been a part of Christian work and plays a great part in the missionary work of the modern Church. Therapeutic methods have greatly changed since the time of Jesus, and they will probably be totally different some centuries from now, but the healing ministry of the Christian Church will continue.

On the second occasion Jesus sent out seventy disciples two by two—thirty-five teams. Their work appears to have a more general nature, in the sense that they worked as advance agents of Jesus and his Apostles, who would do the "follow-up." It would appear that Jesus did not do his evangelistic work in a haphazard manner, but organized it well. We must never think of Jesus as carrying on his work in splendid loneliness. Rather he sought by every means to enlist as many as possible in the great enterprise which God had committed to him.

On both these occasions on which Jesus sent out his disciples, there is a note of great urgency. The fields are white unto the harvest. The harvest

is great and the labourers are few. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into his harvest. There is a desperate need for healing. It is desperately important that the gospel be proclaimed. Have we that note of urgency today in Christian circles? It is NOT a matter of indifference whether children and young people are taught the Christian truth. It is NOT a matter of indifference whether older people are converted to the Christian way of life. Not only does individual welfare depend upon it, but the peace of the world. A life won to Christ—every life won—becomes a means of saving influence in the world, making an enriching contribution to society as a whole. Devoid of the Christian spirit, a life is either neutral or positively destructive. We must not wait, but labour urgently for the cause of Jesus Christ.

The final note of the lesson concerns our allegiance and devotion. No thing, and no person must be allowed to come between us and our service for the Master. If we are to be his disciples, we must have our supreme devotion. Discipleship is not an easy thing, as those who are disciples know. It costs much. It can mean living on a pittance instead of holding down a lucrative position. It can mean public ridicule. It can mean martyrdom. Disciples must be prepared to pay the cost, and carry the cross. "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

The work to which Jesus calls disciples today is not just another activity, of which the world has many. The salvation of the world depends upon it. The cause is urgent today; it then must not wait. In this Atomic Age, it is "Christ or Chaos."

LIMEHOUSE

Miss Schwieger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Schwieger of Toronto and Limehouse was one of those graduating from Toronto General Hospital School of Nursing a short time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Easton of Royal Oak, Michigan, visited her grandfather, Mr. Jno. W. Nickell recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Noble Mr. Jack Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Meredith and Miss Helen attended the reception and presentation of a \$50 Victory Bond and a wall: to each veteran which was held in the pavilion at Ferndale on Friday evening.

Mrs. R. B. Storey, Mr. Clifford Storey and Miss Norma Perkins of Toronto and L. A. W. Helen Mills of Trenton were recent visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Mills.

Messrs. Wm. and Gordon Grieg and Miss Barker of Brantford visited Miss Ivens. Mrs. Gale and the Newtons on Sunday.

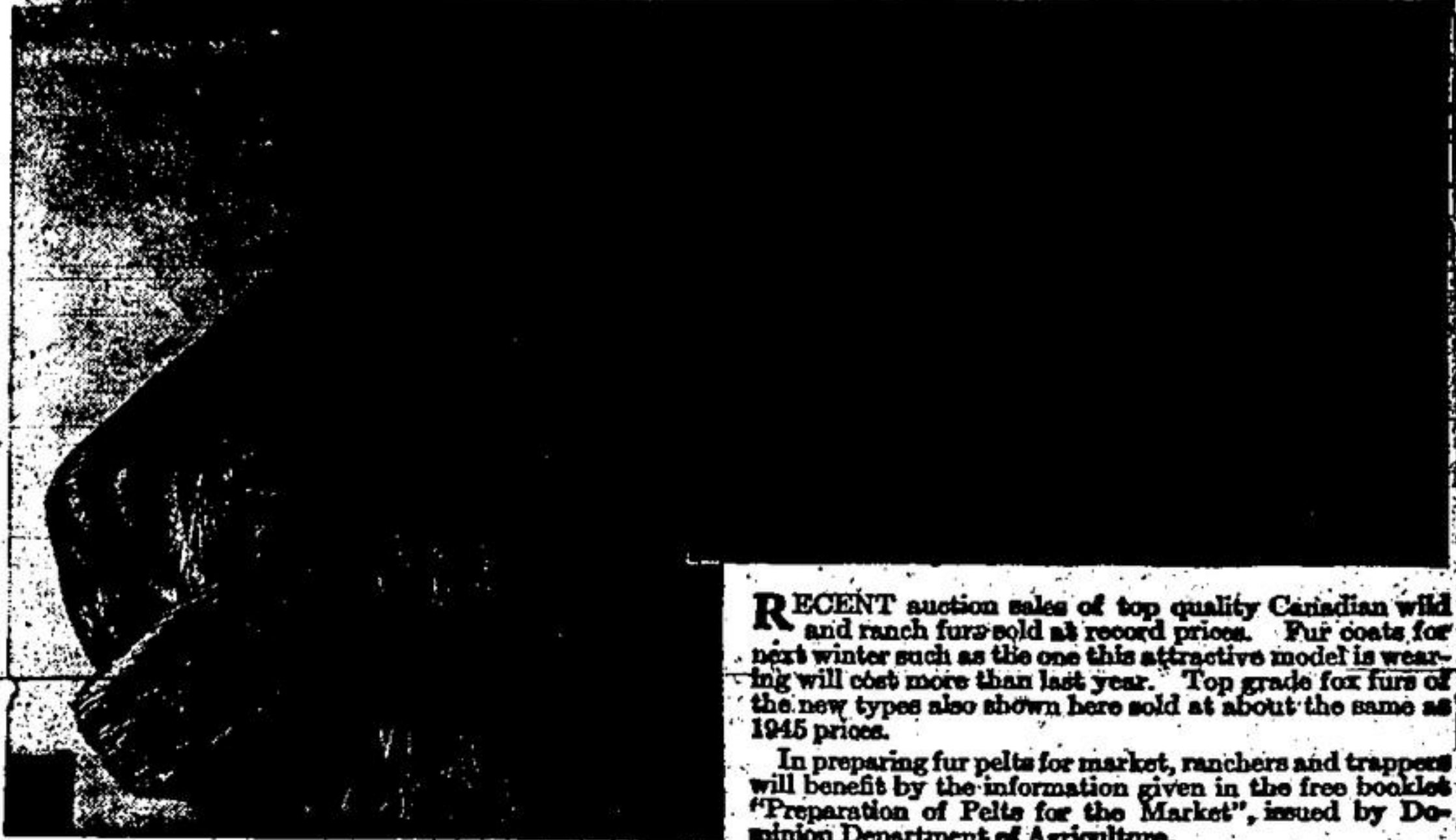
Rev. C. C. Cochrane baptized little Joy Irene Patterson, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patterson, during Sunday afternoon services.

Mr. Jas. Fax is spending a week with Mr. D. M. Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. August Spitzer and family attended the Braida—Ellison wedding in St. Joseph's R. C. church, Acton, on Saturday.

Mr. D. M. Robertson celebrated his 73rd birthday of June 1, with a party at his home the following day, Sunday June 2. About one hundred guests were

Demand for Quality Furs



RECENT auction sales of top quality Canadian wild and ranch furs sold at record prices. Fur coats for next winter such as the one this attractive model is wearing will cost more than last year. Top grade fur for the new types also shown here sold at about the same as 1945 prices.

In preparing fur pelts for market, ranchers and trappers will benefit by the information given in the free booklet "Preparation of Pelts for the Market", issued by Dominion Department of Agriculture.

present from the surrounding country side and from Toronto, Brantford, Brampton, Paris, Acton and even Nassau in the Bahamas Islands. The visitors were made welcome by Mr. Robertson, his son Wm. D., of Toronto and his daughter, Mrs. Cameron Lelshman of Acton. Another daughter, Mrs. Gibbons of Oshawa was unable to attend owing to illness in her family.

In accordance with his Scottish customs, Mr. Robertson was dressed in kilts and carried his Sir Harry Lauder curly cane. Mr. Wm. Robertson introduced the guest artists, who included the Georgetown Girls Pipe Band, 20 strong, Mr. James Fax, aged 82 years, Mr. Sam Gishby, Mr. Jno. W. Nickell, Mr. Al Lelshman, and Miss Carton.

Three great-grandfathers, Messrs. D. M. Robertson, Jno. W. Nickell and James Fax were photographed together.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wright assisted Mr. Robertson in serving coffee, hot dogs and birthday cake.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Georgetown, Ontario
31 May, 1946

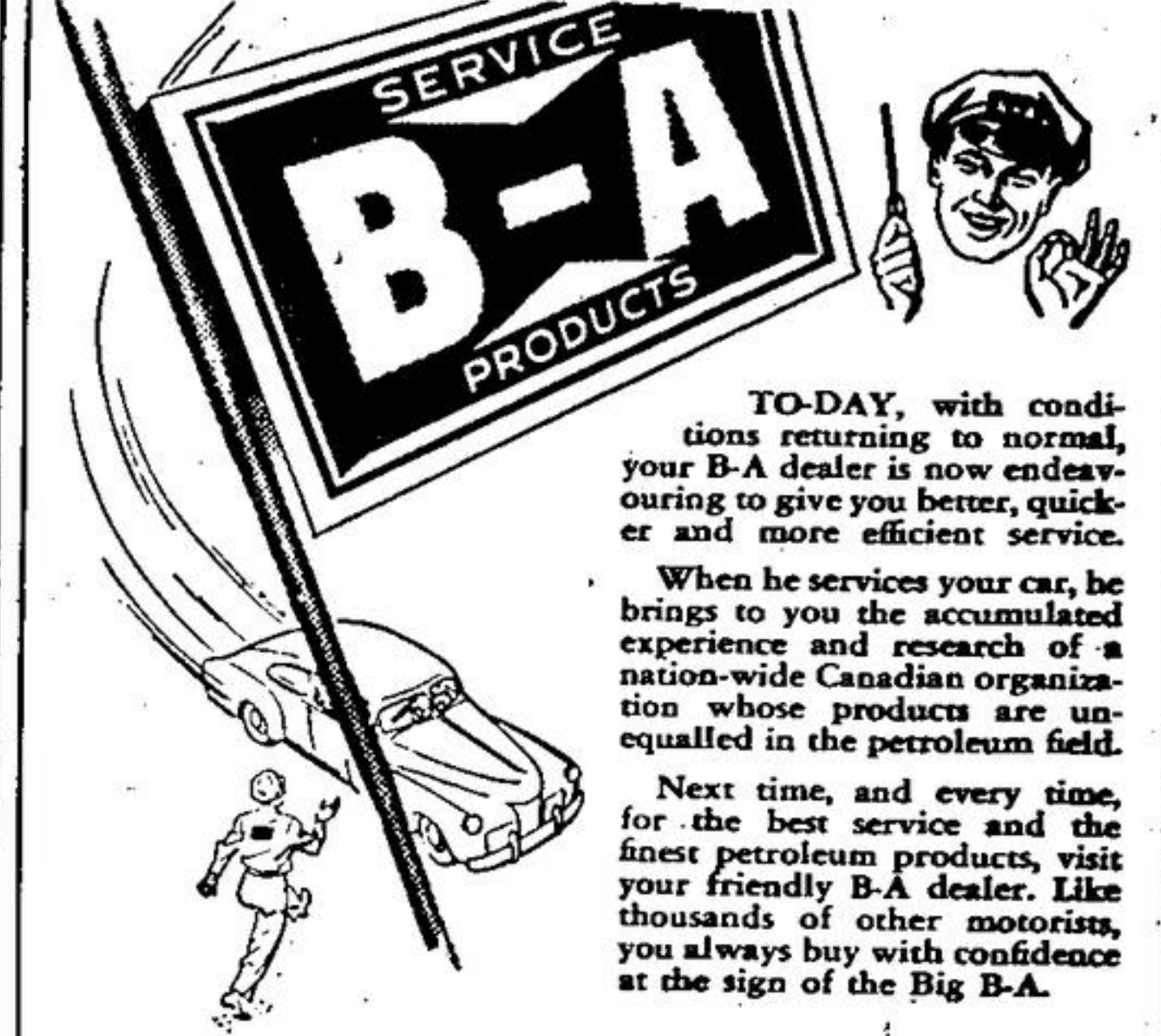
Dear Mr. Editor:
There is no question that the spirea shrubs on Queen Street make it one of Georgetown's loveliest streets. However, I feel that beauty should be sacrificed in the interests of safety.

It has been my experience that the large shrubs at the intersections and driveway entrances completely block the view of a motorist or cyclist. Sooner or later someone is going to be killed or injured at one of these entrances, and I therefore urge that all shrubs at these points be removed, thus preventing accidents before they happen.

Before presenting this matter to Council, I would, through your columns, be interested in hearing the views of other Queen Street residents.
Yours very truly
"Queen Street Resident"

DRIVE IN

For the Best Service in Town



TO-DAY, with conditions returning to normal, your B-A dealer is now endeavoring to give you better, quicker and more efficient service.

When he services your car, he brings to you the accumulated experience and research of a nation-wide Canadian organization whose products are unequalled in the petroleum field.

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Buy at the sign of
the BIG B-A



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"TOURIST CAMP"

Based upon a picture painted for Carling's by Fred Finlay, O.S.A.

This is one of a series of illustrations on the subject of the Conservation of Canada's natural assets designed to emphasize the fact that the beauties of unspoiled nature that we enjoy today are a precious birthright which we must protect for tomorrow.

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Where Good Neighbours Meet

Texas, Idaho, California, Maine . . . think of any State you wish and you're sure to see its name on the license plate of a car somewhere in Canada during the summer. Each year, with the unerring directness of migratory waterfowl, millions of American tourists come north to Canada. They come because Canada offers them Nature—unspoiled and unblemished. They come to revel in those joys of the outdoors which we Canadians are prone to take too much for granted.

In their travels and during their stay here the money they spend forms the basis of a \$150,000,000 industry, bringing an added measure of prosperity to all of us.

Like any asset, the tourist industry must be protected. This we can do most surely and easily by protecting and conserving the heritage of natural beauty and wildlife for our own enjoyment as well as theirs.

Every Canadian, as a shareholder in Canada's natural wealth, has a vital interest in the conservation of this heritage.

Conservation is not just a doctrine to be preached to hunters and fishermen. It is a vital part in the continuance of our national economy, and must, of necessity, fail if its measures do not receive the full support of all Canadian citizens.



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