

WILMOT BROTHERHOOD BROADCAST SERVICE WITH SPECIAL MUSIC SUNDAY

Miss Katherine Hockin, Secretary of the Student's Christian Movement for the Maritimes, Spoke In St. Paul's United Church

A broadcasted morning service from Wilmot United Church yesterday morning, sponsored by the church brotherhood was one of the features of the day of worship in this city yesterday. In St. Paul's United Church at the evening service, Miss Katherine Hockin, secretary of the Students Christian Movement for the Maritimes was guest speaker. Churches were generally well attended. Fine vocal solos featured several services.

At the morning service in the Wilmot Church members of the brotherhood took part in the service. Prayers were led by Rev. J. S. Gregg, this city, while the responsive readings were led by F. W. Barker. The leading feature of the musical part of the service was a vocal solo by Vernon Box, while a male choir of 40 voices also took part. Gordon Foster read the scripture, and L. C. Young, president of the brotherhood gave a short address. Ladies of the church and choir acted as ushers for the service.

In his sermon, "He Warned Himself at the Fire," taken from the act of Peter, Dr. Bartlett applied the term in several different ways, mentioning that some would rather warm themselves at the fire than go out to church, out into the world as missionaries working for Christianity; and that some people warm themselves with false fire such as alcohol, believing they are warmed or comforted. In the evening he delivered a sermon inspired and titled by the book, "400,000,000 Customers." Large congregations attended the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church morning and evening. Both services featured special music, Hargrove Locke being vocal soloist in the evening service, while in the morning the choir rendered an Anthem of Praise with Miss Marion Edey taking the solo part. Rev. Dr. George E. Ross, minister of the church, in the morning took as his text "Awake, Put on Thy Garments of Beauty and Strength," applied to the present day in the fact that in times of depression one needs courage and strength to face the hardships. The evening text was the message of James, "Be Ye Therefore Patient," also applied in the need of patience in times of want.

Rev. John Linton, in the George Street Baptist Church, spoke on the subject, "Goodness," in the morning. He stated that goodness is more than justice, justice being merely the balancing of the scales—merit on account of law. Goodness, he stated, is justice tempered with mercy and forgiveness. One of the ideal forms of goodness, he pointed out is the spontaneous willingness to help others without thought of reward. In the evening he spoke on "Simon, the Zealous," pointing out that zeal is purified patriotism. In Christchurch Cathedral the services were well attended both morning and evening. Very Rev. Dean W. H. Moorhead, dean of the Cathedral, preached morning and evening. Rev. Dr. N. A. McNeill conducted the services in the Brunswick Street Baptist Church.

In the morning, Rev. George Telford, in St. Paul's United Church, delivered a sermon entitled "The Church Business—Understanding." He stated that the call of the day is for stronger witness as to Christianity. "It is time," he said, for the people of the church to lend their efforts to understand more fully the scriptures, their faith, their people, and their God.

In the evening, Miss Hockin, taking her text as "If Ye Know the Truth the Truth Shall Make Ye Free," pointed out that it is possible to know the truth but not to know freedom. The facts alone, she declared, may lead again into slavery. The speaker described the manner in which war makers and armament manufacturers use truth for their own purpose, using facts alone for the destruction of human life. Religion is the great necessity at the present time to provide the world with the whole truth.

Miss Hockin reviewed the work of the S.C.M. and described its affiliations throughout the world. The body has affiliates wherever there are students.

Yesterday morning in St. Dunstan's Church, Dr. J. H. Milligan referred to the tragedy which recently took place at St. Andrew's. He paid tribute to the fine character of the men who lost their lives and asked the prayers of the congregation for the men deceased.

Yesterdays morning in St. Dunstan's Church, Dr. J. H. Milligan referred to the tragedy which recently took place at St. Andrew's. He paid tribute to the fine character of the men who lost their lives and asked the prayers of the congregation for the men deceased.

Yesterdays morning in St. Dunstan's Church, Dr. J. H. Milligan referred to the tragedy which recently took place at St. Andrew's. He paid tribute to the fine character of the men who lost their lives and asked the prayers of the congregation for the men deceased.

FUNNY MONEY AND MEDALS ON PLATE AS OFFERINGS ANNOYS ALBERTA CLERIC

CALGARY, Jan. 31.—Monsignor J. S. Smith, speaking at St. Mary's Cathedral here during the week-end, reminded the congregation the church was not operating a "funny money" museum. He also expressed a preference for Canadian silver coins on the collection plates, instead of United States silver pieces.

During the last year, he said, 500 silver coins of all nations, mutilated coins and even silver medals had been placed on the collection plates.

All had been refused acceptance at the bank.

The banks, he explained, charged a discount on large deposits of United States silver coins, and during the past year the church had suffered a loss of \$27 in payment of exchange rates.

"If you confine your contributions to good Canadian currency I'd appreciate it very much," Monsignor Smith added.

BRITAIN FIGHTS RURAL EXODUS

Housing Program Shaped to Hold Young Folk in Country

LONDON, Jan. 29.—Rehousing Britain is changing the countryside, and is affecting the movement of population between country and city.

The rural housing program, aside from its social betterment aspect, is designed to keep young country folk on the farm and to check the migration of youth to already overcrowded cities.

Speaking of the rural housing policy of the government, Sir Kingsley Wood, minister of health, said the crux of the problem was the drift of young people away from the countryside.

"There are villages in many parts of the country," he said, "where there are few young married couples today. It became clear in the course of investigation that all competent observers were united in attributing this flight of the young from the places in which they were born, very largely to lack of good housing accommodation."

"If we wish our young people to remain in the country, to enrich it by their labor and enterprise, we must provide them with housing conditions in which they can settle down to a happy, healthy and comfortable domestic life. We must, above all, make sure we have in our villages a sufficient supply of houses suitable for bringing up young families in accordance with modern ideas of hygiene and convenience."

The government expects to accomplish this end by three means: By demolishing and replacing bad houses which are beyond repair. By improving and installing modern conveniences in sound old homes. By providing additional new houses. It is the intention of the government to preserve the appearance of the famed English countryside as far as possible.

Said Sir Kingsley: "I have repeatedly said that I would much prefer to retain and improve an existing cottage rather than demolish it, and many houses have been saved by making them fit and decent."

One reason for the shortage of rural cottages for farm workers is the tendency of industry toward country districts, with an influx of industrial workers. Another considerable factor is the taking of cottage by city people for week-end use, thus ousting former occupants.

An interesting sidelight on the rural housing situation is the increasing disappearance of big landed estates.

WRITER PAINTS CONDITIONS IN THREE SPANISH CITIES

Business, With Supplies Restricted in Some Goods, Goes On As Usual in Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid; Streets Thronged

MADRID, Jan. 31.—This is a tale of three cities, the three most important population centres of Republican Spain—picturing them as civil warfare ebbs and flows along Spain's far-flung fronts.

Barcelona
BARCELONA, Jan. 31.—Providing the capital of the republic, farthest from the trenches and nearest the French border, the winter cold is tempered by the Mediterranean at its gates, food is still to be bought in restaurants, shops and cafes, bread is rationed, there are vegetables and fruits in the markets and wine, pastry, chocolate and coffee in shops.

Civilian crowds peppered with army khaki and official blue, stroll the boulevards and idle in the sun, at night motion pictures, theatres and even night clubs, but at night the streets are dark.

The official, busy air of Barcelona, automobiles dash up and down, trolley cars and the efficient subway are crowded, the chatter of typewriters, the waiting visitors, the many conferences in government offices.

The marks of bullets on the building fronts from the anarchist uprising in May, the paper-stripped windows and the shell and bomb holes from infrequent air and sea raids on the outskirts are the principal outward signs that this is a Spain groping for her destiny.

Valencia
VALENCIA, Jan. 31.—Despite the government's exodus the city is crowded, the swarms of soldiers on leave, peasants from the nearby countryside, the orange season has reached its height, trucks and carts jostling and rumbling through the streets, jammed cafes and motion picture theatres.

Oranges, lemons, onions, nuts and melons on sale everywhere, meat and bread are to be had only with ration cards, in the principal square the city hall bears the scars of a bombing last spring, the famous underground flower market carries on.

Food lines are longer and more numerous here than in Barcelona, the women are more shabbily dressed and there are more men in uniform, there are dim blue lights in the streets until midnight, the port section, marked by past air raids, is a warning, but land warfare, even though closer to Valencia than Barcelona, has not reached here.

The road to Madrid is now busy in the early hours of the day, occasional cars whiz along at top speed, slowing down only for the hairpin turns and the guards, trucks and military cars are parked at roadside, their occupants asleep, guards shiver and yawn at their road posts.

In the villages along the road to Madrid where you stop for gas the people plead hungrily for tobacco, offering eggs, potatoes and chickens in exchange, plodding mule trains haul carts loaded with vegetables and fruit, automobiles must honk long and angrily before they move over.

Madrid
MADRID, Jan. 31.—Here there is war and winter unseasoned by the Mediterranean, the rumble of artillery and the crack of rifles come clearly on the knife-edge air, winter enters buildings through the new shell holes in the walls, wind flutters the family washings like myriad bedraggled banners from the former showplace homes on the broad avenues, rain and snow fill the unprepared holes in the streets with slush.

Madridenos huddle in their military overcoats or Spanish capes, women patter in slippers through the gray, battered streets, wrapping their black shawls around their mouths and clutching their bundles, some even wear flannel bathrobes on the streets.

With the city's defenses still holding against insurgent siege, food—even more than shells is the civilian problem, the non-combatant Madrideno finds lemons, onions, and some greens for sale without food cards, but he has to get in line for oranges, grapes, beans, horse meat, sausage, tomatoes and potatoes.

Automobiles are not plentiful, but the streets are alive with people, civilian attire is overshadowed by the uniform throngs gather around the peddlers' trays in the streets to buy clothing and such things as razor blades and cigarette papers, or sit in the cold, dreary cafes, drinking coffee substitutes and sometimes beer, or they line up before movie houses.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

cards, in the principal square the city hall bears the scars of a bombing last spring, the famous underground flower market carries on.

Food lines are longer and more numerous here than in Barcelona, the women are more shabbily dressed and there are more men in uniform, there are dim blue lights in the streets until midnight, the port section, marked by past air raids, is a warning, but land warfare, even though closer to Valencia than Barcelona, has not reached here.

The road to Madrid is now busy in the early hours of the day, occasional cars whiz along at top speed, slowing down only for the hairpin turns and the guards, trucks and military cars are parked at roadside, their occupants asleep, guards shiver and yawn at their road posts.

In the villages along the road to Madrid where you stop for gas the people plead hungrily for tobacco, offering eggs, potatoes and chickens in exchange, plodding mule trains haul carts loaded with vegetables and fruit, automobiles must honk long and angrily before they move over.

Madrid
MADRID, Jan. 31.—Here there is war and winter unseasoned by the Mediterranean, the rumble of artillery and the crack of rifles come clearly on the knife-edge air, winter enters buildings through the new shell holes in the walls, wind flutters the family washings like myriad bedraggled banners from the former showplace homes on the broad avenues, rain and snow fill the unprepared holes in the streets with slush.

Madridenos huddle in their military overcoats or Spanish capes, women patter in slippers through the gray, battered streets, wrapping their black shawls around their mouths and clutching their bundles, some even wear flannel bathrobes on the streets.

With the city's defenses still holding against insurgent siege, food—even more than shells is the civilian problem, the non-combatant Madrideno finds lemons, onions, and some greens for sale without food cards, but he has to get in line for oranges, grapes, beans, horse meat, sausage, tomatoes and potatoes.

Automobiles are not plentiful, but the streets are alive with people, civilian attire is overshadowed by the uniform throngs gather around the peddlers' trays in the streets to buy clothing and such things as razor blades and cigarette papers, or sit in the cold, dreary cafes, drinking coffee substitutes and sometimes beer, or they line up before movie houses.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.

At night inky darkness and cold take over the streets of the former capital.



Say !
This is
Corking Good
Tobacco !

When you touch a light to a pipeful of Rosebud, you'll know why this grand Maritime favourite has made so many life-long friends! Cool, mellow, fragrant and friendly, Rosebud is the buy-word with Maritime smokers — they're particular!

ROSEBUD
Cut smoking tobacco
THE MARITIME SMOKE

WHEN DESPERATE MEN TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE



Sail furled, sun blazing, spirits low, away go seven French criminals from Cayenne, French Guiana.

MAKING a voyage comparable to that of the epic of Captain Bligh and cast-off "Bounty" officers, seven men recently sailed in an open boat from the French penal colony of Cayenne, French Guiana, to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad—and a cameraman was on hand to record their arrival. They travelled the 600 miles in 18 days, and were without food and water the last four days. Almost done in, they staggered to what they thought was a sure haven, believing they would not be deported. But they were doomed to disappointment. After they had been fed, outfitted and rested the Government told them to be off, and they set sail again, their destination Panama this time 600 miles away. Most of them were sailors, several were serving sentences for political offenses. These pictures tell a graphic and unusual story of men against the sea—men without homes, doomed to roam the seas under blazing suns, and then to scurry for cover when they reach land.

Fed and given supplies, they sail away from Trinidad for Panama, new hope in their very attitude.

Maybe it's water but more than likely it's rum that this beaten old fellow is gulping so eagerly as a mate and friendly natives stand by. Eighteen days at sea in an open boat, four of them without food or water, give a man a thirst.