

About Relaxing



"I used to think I was just naturally nervous and tense. But I found out that it was the caffeine in tea and coffee that kept me from relaxing."

People like that should try Postum. It's one grand drink—rich-flavored, hearty, with an appeal that's all its own.

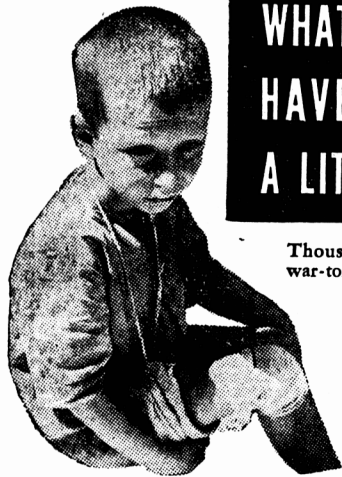
What's more, you can drink Postum and relax like a kitten! Postum contains no caffeine, nor any other drug to key up nerves or affect heart or digestion.

Postum is made instantly in the cup, just by adding boiling water or hot milk. Try it!



Postum

A Product of General Foods



WHAT GARMENT HAVE YOU FOR A LITTLE CHILD?

Thousands are going cold in war-torn countries. All available used clothing, blankets, footwear, in serviceable condition is needed urgently. Rush your bundles, today, to the nearest Post Office or Collection Depot.

OCT. 1 to 20

NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION

STEWART & BECK

Montague



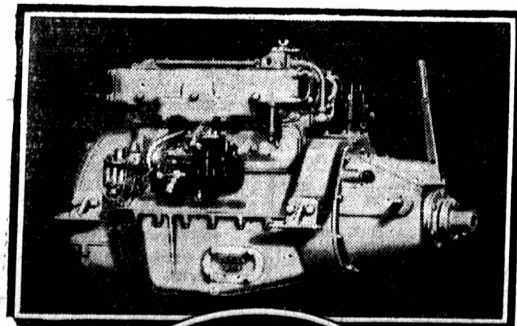
Let her BLOW

Fishermen with boats powered by famous Gray Marine engines can work in any weather and be assured of flawless engine performance.

Write us today for information giving full particulars as to—overall length, beam, draft, and type of your boat.

Pictured below is the 4 cylinder, Four-58 economy model, 42 H.P. Gray Engine, suitable, with reduction gear, for boats up to 36 feet.

NOW IN STOCK AT LIVERPOOL



A NAME TO RELY ON

THOMPSON BROTHERS

MACHINERY CO. LTD. LIVERPOOL N.S.

CORNWALL

Home again after five years of thrilling experiences on the high-seas is Leading Seaman A.V. Drake of Meadowbank.

Young Drake joined the Navy when only 18, and received his initial training aboard H.M.C.S. Stadacona. His first voyage was to the West Indies on the Prince David. His second trip to sea took the Prince David to the west coast via the Panama Canal. It was on this second voyage that the boys spent their first Christmas at sea and the following morning, they put into Santiago Harbor for refueling. New Year's Day, 1942, the Prince David returned to Esquimaut, B.C., and from here carried out a series of patrols between Esquimaut and the Queen Charlotte Islands. In August of the same year, the Prince David accompanied by her sister ships the Prince Henry and Prince Robert, joined the United States escort-group and performed convoy duty between Kodiak, Alaska and Dutch Harbor.

By 1943, Drake was back in Esquimaut, where he took a gurney course which qualified him for the position of Leading Seaman. The course was taken on H.M.C.S. Naden. Returning to Halifax, he boarded the troopship Martania enroute to England where he joined up with H.M.S. Glasgow for "cruiser training", in preparation for the great event which the world was soon to know as D-Day. Drake saw service all through the five hectic weeks of the Normandy invasion, but like most men who have seen and heard a lot, he just doesn't care to talk about it.

L.S. Drake was aboard the Glasgow when she was ordered to Gibraltar to bring back the then Prime Minister and key man of the British Empire who had suddenly taken ill while attending an important conference in Africa.

After the invasion was over, Drake returned to his home in Meadowbank for a well earned leave. This fourth furlough was accomplished by means of contacting the Sheffield enroute to Boston. After 28 days, he entrained for Charlottetown, S.C., where he joined the Uganda which, by the way, was Canada's first all-Canadian cruiser, with a complement of 337 men, under the command of Capt. Minzey, O.B.E. This time they were headed for the Far East to take part in fighting against Japan. During this memorable voyage, young Drake had the advantage of seeing most of the world's leading seaports, as well as strange countries and peoples from all parts of the globe. The Uganda left Sydney, Australia April 24, 1945, and passing between New Britain and Papua, she directed to the theatre of war, where they saw "service action" until three days before the Japs threw in the towel. Now the sailor is home, but sea with enough experience to last a lifetime.

"In some day I'll get home- sick and want to see the 'drysports of the world' he told me, "but I should never like to see them in times of war. It was a great experience, would not have missed it for anything, but then, once in a lifetime is enough."

CUT DOWN ON TAKING LAXATIVES THIS WAY

See How Regular You Can Be Every Morning

Try taking Carter's Pills this way: Start with 8 and set a definite time every morning. When you get regular every morning cut down to 2. After a few days, try 1.

The try taking Carter's every other day. You may even find you can keep regular without any laxative.

You see, Carter's are so tiny you can cut down the dose from 8 to 1 to fit the needs of your individual system. Without disappointment.

Carter's help clean out your intestinal tract not halfway, but thoroughly. They are doubly effective because made with two vegetable herbs compounded properly for thorough, easy action.

Thousands can cut down on laxative doing this Carter way. Ask for Carter's Pills by name to get the genuine at any drugstore—25¢. Start the Carter graduated dose method tonight, and jump out of bed tomorrow rarin' to go.

Cpl. Norman MacPadyen has returned to his home in Meadowbank having received his discharge from the army.

Miss Bernice MacArthur is spending a brief holiday with her parents here after which she will resume her nursing duties in the Windsor Military Hospital, Windsor, N.S.

Jackie MacKinnon has returned to his home in Boston after having spent the past year with relatives in North River and in Cornwall.

Page Robert Ripley — A 2 1/2 year-old heifer owned by Dan Jewell, North River, is due to freshen any day now. When this event takes place, the young cow will have freshened twice within the past two months. "Impossible," cry my readers. Not at all, as you shall soon see for yourselves when the facts are placed on the table. Going back two months, we find a herd of young cattle grazing peacefully at pasture, and among them is the lady of our story and a one-year-old calf; "wonderful calf," the neighbors kept saying, "Never saw an animal doing so well. What on earth are you feeding it?" To such questions, Jewell could make no satisfactory reply—that is, until one day the calf was seen filling its belly with nice fresh milk drawn from the 2 1/2 year old heifer. The pair were separated and it took over a week to dry the cow. Now Mr. Jewell is wondering what effect all this carrying on will have on the unborn calf!

PYRAMIDS PLUNDERED

Not one of the famous pyramids of Egypt, tombs of pharaohs, escaped plundering by the ancient tomb robbers.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from Page 8)

At present, I can not recall any diversion more pleasant than the one that was thrust upon me when the car returned and after lunch for Carolyn expected us later to dinner. I went to assist one of the men to take a number of small pigs into various crates in the back of the car. Due to frequent weighings, I may say, there was a masculine hand which slipped it gently to a crate. "All you have to do" I was told, "is to account to allow the animal to escape." Consequently, bark never tripped its tree more lightly than I clung to the hind legs of the active animal in my care. "How much does this one weigh?" I gasped once clinging for dear life while one promising young fellow tried his best in a bid for freedom. "Upwards of thirty pounds" I was informed nonchalantly. "Those are lighter" I said hopefully, "we again entered the building and I indicated the others yet to be stowed away. "No, they're heavier—if they're improved, at all in the last week." And bright young eyes looked from the crates into mine, as I hid these things among other spots, have rooted up a sizable part of the front lawn, a fond farewell. Thus the cycle of farm life goes on and where animals are concerned, there must always be partings.

.....

We picked quantities of tubers this afternoon, basket after basket in an endless procession and when they pleased I said when he unhitched the horses from the harness which ends the day at the work: "Well, the back of them is broken, tomorrow we'll be on the home stretch." Very lovely it was then. The afterglow was all about us and the rose shades were above the horizon, I stood alone a minute before coming to the top of a hill to join the others on the home-ward trek. I saw the team, the other horses, and carts heaped with potatoes and baskets, the drivers up, for the moment stationary and all silhouetted against the bright shades left by the sunset on the sky line. A pretty picture this, I thought, farm folk homing at the end of the day, from the chill of the evening, to warmth and rest—before the night came down.

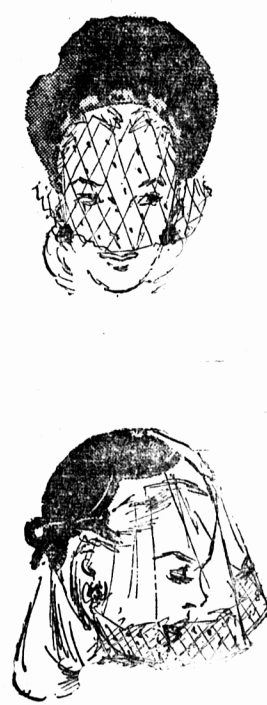


Hats of the Hour

It's a GOOD idea to visit the Millinery Department often. There's a constantly moving panorama of changing styles - - modern millinery ideas expressed in felts, crushed rayon, satin and felt combined, clever felt and chenille. Colour is definitely a factor in the hats of today, colours quiet, colours daring. You'll find a price that suits your shopping programme. The Millinery Department invites you!

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

Charlottetown, P.E.I.



In Memoriam

MR. JOHN H. McEWEN

The funeral of the late John H. McEwen, which took place from the home of his mother, Mrs. B. Creamer, to the Catholic Cemetery, in Souris, on Sunday afternoon, September 23rd, was largely attended. Service at Church and Cemetery was conducted by Father McKenna, Funeral Director was S. Dingwell. Pall bearers, Messrs. Robert McKenna, Daniel McLaren, John McLean, Vernon Fraser, Frank Paquet, Bernard Creamer.

MASS CARDS

- Mother Anne (4).
- Eric, Catherine, Ethel, Josie (2).
- Mr. and Mrs. Kimbell McEwen
- Jean and Peter McEwen, Malpole, Mass.
- Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mullally, Charlottetown.
- A friend, Souris.
- Mr. and Mrs. Allan Morrison and family, Savage Harbor.
- Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Peters, Rollo Bay.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Peters, Chelsea.
- Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Fraser, Souris.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie and Gerard, St. Peters.
- Mr. and Mrs. H. Leslie and Bill, St. Peters.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fraser and Mildred, Souris.
- Mrs. John E. McDonald, Souris.
- Mr. and Mrs. Frank Paquet, Souris.
- Mr. and Mrs. Vincent McIsaac, Souris.
- Mrs. John D. McDonald and family, Souris.
- Mrs. George Creamer and family, Souris.
- Mr. Edward Smith, Souris.
- Mrs. Howlan Mullally, Souris.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Paquet, Roxbury, Mass.

SPIRITUAL BOUQUETS

Sisters of St. Mary's Convent, Miss Gertrude Peters, Souris.

FLOWERS

Wreath—Family.
Spray—Harry and Ethel, Forjune
Spray—Mrs. H. G. Matthew Souris.

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY

- Mrs. J. F. Leightizer, Charlottetown.
- Mr. and Mrs. John Ahern, Tignish.
- Miss Dorcen Dundap, Souris.
- Miss Kay Peire, Elmira.
- Mrs. James Larken, Armadale.
- Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hennessy, St. Catharines.
- Mr. and Mrs. Allan Robertson, Fortune.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cheverie, Souris.
- Miss Stella Brennan, Tignish.
- Mrs. Eugene Lyons, Taunton, Mass.
- Miss Gertrude Chalson, Brighton, Mass.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Francis, Fortune Bridge.
- Mr. and Mrs. James Christopher, Tignish.

Card of Thanks

Mrs. Creamer and family, and wife Anne, wish to thank all friends who sent Mass Cards, flowers, messages of sympathy and for all kindness shown to them in their recent bereavement.

DOROTHY DIX—

(Continued from Page 8)

take them for granted. I'll bet I have gotten a million letters from wives who told me that they were married to fine, upright, loyal men, who were kind and generous to them and who gave them beautiful homes and cars and fine clothes, but boo-hoo, boo-hoo, they never paid their compliments, or told them that they still loved them, and the poor wives were making themselves utterly wretched over that and spoiling all the good times.

Another thing that breaks the hearts of innumerable wives is having husbands who read at night, instead of entertaining them with sprightly conversation. Not being willing to step out of an evening and dance until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning after a long, hard day's work turns many another marriage into cinders, ashes and dust for wives who cannot see why their husbands should be tired at night down to pure cussedness in the male animal.

Other wives complain that their marriages are failures because of their husbands' table manners. Still others consider themselves martyrs because their husbands' grammar gets on their nerves. Thousands of husbands trample over their wives' dream of domestic bliss by scattering cigarette ashes on the floor, by having a pet, or a collection of something that the wife calls "junk," or having the fishing mania, or being addicted to golf.

All of which goes to show that there is mighty little encouragement in a husband trying to please his wife. She will root around until she finds the crumpled rose leaf under her forty mattresses of ease.

We delivered by car the two lads of helpers to their homes out on the highway. They would "just as soon for it gets pretty dark, you know" and then we returned to the deserted farmstead and the chores. There was every evidence that we were welcome. Pard's bark at the gateway was in short delighted yelps; the calves mourned loudly and begged for belated suppers and from beyond the rise the Guernsey heifer bawled a wistful and relieved "I thought you were never coming". Heads over a barnyard gate waiting to be let to the stable the horses nickered a greeting and when Jock opened a door, like to a hundred squeals rent the quiet night. "They're glad to see us" I said to Jeanie, taking a pall from the rack, treading on the darky calf's tail in my haste as I followed the rest of the family to the milking. . . .

James puts down his paper and locks over his reading glasses to ask "Tired, Ellen?" Not tired, but now that I think of it, perhaps a few muscles have been a bit overtaxed today. So it's bed time for them!

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am 19. My husband is 22. We were secretly married four months ago. Why I did it I don't know. My husband is good, has no bad habits, but I realize I have made an awful mistake. I don't love him and I want to go out with other men.

Should I get a divorce now before we have children, or go on as we see what happens next? B. C. 8

ANSWER: You seem to have gotten a better husband than you deserve, but inasmuch as you have lost your taste for him inside of four months and you find yourself totally uncongenial and you want to run around with other boys, there doesn't seem to be much prospect of happiness, or of your making a success of your marriage. You will have to decide yourself whether it is better to divorce him now when there are no children to complicate matters, or keep on with a loveless union. That is up to you. No one else can take responsibility of settling that question for you.

DEAR MISS DIX: I cannot have children, but more than anything else in the world I want a baby. Adoption is out of the question. Please tell me how I can be happy without one. LONNORNE

ANSWER: Happiness is self-made and mostly a matter of self-hypnosis. Force yourself to quit thinking about how much you want a baby and keep your mind fixed on some work in which you are so much interested that it will not leave you time to dwell on your disappointment. Why not look for a job in some orphanage and expend your mother love on many children instead of one?

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

All profits for policyholders

\$50 a Month for Your Family until you would have reached the age of 65, and an additional cash payment of \$5,000 at that time! . . . For approximately 37 cents a day (at age 30) you can guarantee these benefits through a North American Life Family Protection Policy. Inquire today.

L. S. STEVENSON,
District Manager,
140 Richmond Street

GOT A COUGH?

GET VENO'S COUGH SYRUP TODAY

QUICK RELIEF FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SIMPLESORETHROAT

CHILDREN LOVE VENO'S