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MADE IN CANADA

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from page 2)

my syrup not too-oo, from lack of sugar but then a heavier-than-1-lb. After I stirred the peaches, cheese-cloth held, at clocked-time in the boiling water, then removed to cool, I worked quickly to have and out to slip at once to almost boiling syrup. This was one blessed day when no disturbing grumblings sat on kettle-knobs to faint but were away outdoors I think, to more exciting things. I had reached that blissful stage I lifted it from the stove to skim and pour it in the jars. I was assisted by submerged air-bubbles to mount to the surface of the syrup when Nell from the front-lawn sent a plaintive lonely call across the air-waves to her team-mate today at Rob's. "I was over this!" I saw the broken halter beside her. A stable-break, I knew. The most tractable of animals when wearing a halter or bridle, her free untrammelled days return when these are missing. I looked about vainly for an oat-tin to coax her stable-wards to regret this orderly trait of mine. The nearest tin was in the oat-bin on the "feed-in-floor" I approached her, without one coaxing but she was suspicious of my friendly overtures. There was small use waiting further precious preserving time. I would open the gate to the front meadow and there I could have her secure, if not content till my family returned. Steadily with the help of my trusty broom, I eased her to the gate and all was well again. The pause may have benefited my preserving operations. Time will tell. Tonight the lars await their final sealing in the morning.

There was a bit of baking to be done between-times and then supper over and still-solitary, I went to fetch the cows. These have now a more extensive pasturage covering an area including "the stumps" and a grove of woodland as well. James had said at Conroy's that the "stumps" were a marvellous berries just beyond the stumps. He has the best way of implanting

notions. I walked leisurely over the bare fields and up the wooded road fringed now with ripened and dying bracken but guarded here and there by an already scarlet-coated sentinel, to where the cows browsed contentedly. There was evidence of berries but very slight. Perhaps the migratory birds in their trek southward had paused to sample them, for few remained. Perhaps this was just as well. I may have brewed a bewitching potion.

Twilight was dropping her curtain to hide them from me as the other members of the family returned to Alderlea well-satisfied. I would judge from the work accomplished in the way of thrashing at Rob's today. James says: "I'm afraid we'll have to build stacks not be a matter for concern but for thankfulness. But there is a car-light, picking up the outlines of the house across the lane before turning to swing in our driveway, and well, a busy farm-wife must never be caught at such a trivial doing as this!

Until tomorrow — Dairy—good-night.

TEACHER SHORTAGE

REGINA, Sept. 13 — (CP)—The Saskatchewan will remain closed during September because of the teacher shortage. Education Minister Woodrow Lloyd said today that the shortage would be overcome by the end of the month when it was expected that 204 normal students would graduate from their six-weeks' course.

This War—Four Years Ago

By The Canadian Press

Sept. 14, 1940—Eighteen German raiders shot down over United Kingdom. Italian forces in Egypt reached Sollum. R. A. F. attacked German shipping. U. S. Congress approved a conscription bill requiring registration of some 15,500,000 men from 21 to 35 years of age.

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Fortune's Apprentice
BY Leonard Leslie

"See you! I know what you ought to look like. What is it—overwork? If so, I'll set a flea in the old man's ear."

"Leave me alone, please!"

"I'm irritable, too. A bad sign that isn't like you, John. You haven't been crossed in love, by any chance?"

"I tell you I am all right."

"Yes, you said that before. But seriously, I think you need taking in hand."

Edward had a talk to his father, and Sir Charles was able to provide an inkling of what had been going on.

"Not that I know anything for certain," he qualified. "There was a tacit understanding growing up between young Morris and Diana Sandley."

"She's a nice girl, Edward contributed."

Unfortunately the young man has an inferiority complex. That's the new-fangled phrase, isn't it? In my youngdays we should have said he is shy.

"I know," Edward replied. "Only it goes deeper than that. You are not without a certain amount of responsibility."

Sir Charles was impatient. "I am quite convinced that I did the right thing in pushing young Morris on," he said. "Best agent one could wish for. You would never have made half such a job of it. Well, Edward, my boy, I feel that the experiment is still in the initial stage. What right has Sandley to butt in with his nonsense?"

"We still have to contend with several taboos."

"Then the sooner they are done away with the better. Bah! I annoy me."

"There doesn't seem much you can do about it."

"I'm too old, it's up to you younger ones to change these things. Incidentally, I have done my share."

From Philippa Edward obtained a more detailed explanation of the affair. Only an ingrained respect for parental authority had prevented her from revealing the whole situation to her sister.

"Conrad made John promise not to see her, and they won't let me tell Diana anything," she complained.

"There is nothing to stop me telling her," Edward remarked.

Philippa shrugged her shoulders. "I'm afraid that would make matters worse. Diana would blame him for agreeing to keep out of the way."

"What difference would it make if you told her?"

"I should just know the right way that's all. I'm her sister."

"Human nature is utterly above comprehension," he sighed. "As I grow older I become more and more befuddled by it."

"You ought to have understanding she retorted. "You are a doctor, and a modern person brought up in an enlightened home and not a—study one like mine."

"Shuffy?"

"Yes we are. Father, mother, Conrad and myself. Diana is almost as bad."

"You could never be stuffy."

"That only shows how little you know me. I've never had a chance to do the things I should like to do. What is more, I never shall. Women are not by any means emancipated, whatever the feminists say. We may vote, stand for Parliament and tricker into business. When it comes to real participation most of us have to take a back seat. How many of us are allowed, equally. Not one in a thousand."

"Good lord!" said Edward. "I never thought you felt like that."

He was looking at her with a new respect.

CHAPTER VII

A VERY SUITABLE MATCH

"I don't suppose you have ever regarded me as anything else than the daughter of Admiral Sandley and a female stick-in-the-mud?" Philippa set her jaw in a manner very reminiscent of her father in one of his most obstinate moods. "Well, I will tell you something. I have been tame and amenable far too long. Far too long."

Edward was puzzled.

"You don't know what I mean," she went on. "But you weren't educated to be a lady."

"Hardly!"

"I am not trying to be funny. My people belong to a period that had strong traditions which they thought would last for ever. So, we younger Sandleys were kept in a special groove. You know very well that the result has been."

"No, I don't," he replied. "I have taken you as I find you."

"Well?"

"You're not unusual. There are plenty of people cast in the same mould."

She smiled, saying he was not very complimentary, whatever his intention. "There are plenty of idle women about, if that's what you mean. Anyway, I don't intend to be one."

"Whatever could you do?" asked Edward, mildly surprised. "Some sort of training is needed."

"Whatever could I do?" she mimicked. "Listen to the man? You think I am incapable of standing on my own feet. What do you suppose would happen if we lost all our money through some unforeseen happening?"

"Surely that is unlikely?"

"Some people have had that experience. Suppose we did? Is there any reason why I should regard myself as insulated from the trouble of ordinary people? Actually, there are a lot of useful things I could do very well if only I was put to it. In spite of my lady-like education I know shorthand and typewriting, and because of my education, I know French and German tolerably well."

"You would hate to be tied to an office. Turning out every morning at the same hour, travelling to your job; unable to go where you want when you want to; and having holidays only at long intervals."

"Would I?" Philippa scoffed.

"Has it occurred to you," Edward asked, "that if you went out to business, you would probably be doing somebody out of money and probable needs? Women face very keen competition. I see some of the effects of that."

"Competition is good in the long run," she retorted. "Like others, I should be obliged to hold my job on merit. Doesn't the same apply to you?"

golden dress pretty embroidered in a floral design and brown accessories. The groom was attended by his friend, Mr. Donald Schurman. Immediately after the ceremony the young couple motored to the eastern part of the Island, returning to the Charlottetown Hotel where they were served a chicken dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery will reside in Travellers Rest where he is engaged in farming. Hosts of friends wish them every happiness on the marriage. Mrs. Emmeline MacKay, New Annan, entertained over one hundred friends of Miss Tuplin when they showered her with gifts, good wishes and confetti. Girl friends decorated the rooms with



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TUPLIN — MONTGOMERY WEDDING

An interesting event took place on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Reverend George Ayres, Summerside, when he officiated at the marriage of Miss Ella Margaret Tuplin, daughter of Mr. James Tuplin and the late son of Mr. and Mrs. Talmadge Montgomery Travellers Rest. The youthful bride looked very charming in a street-length dress of robin egg blue with trimmings on dress and bracelet-length sleeves of snoutach braid. Her large picture hat, shoes and hand-bag were of a harmonizing shade of blue. Her bridesmaid, Mrs. Louis Mause, wore a gown of

lavish generosity, using quantities of autumn flowers, running spruce and ferns, while the bridal chair was unique in its unusual form of decoration. A large V was formed of gold and turquoise blue ruffled streamers which made a most desirable setting for the bride and her bridesmaid. Mrs. Louis Mause, who took their places as the wedding music was played by Mrs. George Ramsey, Betty Tuplin and Helen MacKay, the accompanying verities of the ceremony were carried by Eleanor MacInnis, Evelyn Innis and Louise Dalzell. The "wedding" was done by Ruth Dalzell and Mrs. Bert Poole and the arranging my Eileen Waugh.

Included in the gifts was a substantial cheque, linen and silver-ware. A sing-song, with Mrs. George Ramsey accompanying, preceded the refreshments which were served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Robert Williams, Mrs. Delbert Rayner, Mrs. Harold Manderson and Mrs. Louis Mause.

SPRING BROOK W. I.

The Spring Brook W. I. met at the home of the Secretary on Thursday, Sept. 7th with the president presiding. Meeting opened with repeating the Creed. Roll call was answered by seven members with a

tion to banjar. There was one visitor. Minutes of last meeting were read, approved and signed. A bill for \$1.95 was paid Mrs. Dan MacKay. It was moved and seconded that Institute give \$30.00 towards cleaning and repairing the school. The school committee reported toilet paper and paper towels needed. A letter was read from the Salvation Army asking for funds and the members decided to canvas the district. Collection amounted to \$1.50. Next meeting to be held at the home of Miss Hattie McLeod. Meeting closed with the National Anthem.