



"Gro-Pup is my Success Secret"

... this is me with two of my prize winners—Ch. Jubilee Kiddie Boots (right) and his daughter Hi-Ho-See-Me-Go. For growing healthy, strong Bostonians the correct diet is a "must." Here at Jubilee, feeding Gro-Pup is my success secret—from four weeks on up. It's the finest food we ever used. (Signed) Mrs. Martha Stevens, Jubilee Kennels, 1698 Gerrard St., Tor.

they are known to need. GRO-PUP SAVES YOU MONEY. It costs only 5¢ a day to feed a good-sized dog. It is all dry solid food. That is why Gro-Pup is so economical. A 2-lb. package actually contains as much solid food (dry weight) as your dog could get in five 1-lb. cans of ordinary dog food. Feed your dog as famous kennels do. Buy him Gro-Pup. Your grocer has it in both cubed and meal form—for variety.



Why breeders feed Gro-Pup BREEDERS KNOW it is not only to try to raise dogs on "table scraps." Dogs need a properly balanced diet that gives them everything they must have for strong bones, sound teeth, and a beautiful coat. That's why breeders feed Gro-Pup. GRO-PUP IS A PROPERLY BALANCED DIET to keep dogs of all ages, sizes and breeds at their natural best. Not only do dogs like it but it contains every vitamin and mineral — feed your dog as famous kennels do ...

No, Mr. Brown

By Gertrude Knevels

At her gate April hopped out and hurried up the drive. She opened her front door. Reached a finger to the switch before she remembered that, just as she was leaving for Jay's the lights had failed. Still off. Well, it didn't matter much. Halfway up the stairs she stopped short. A step—and a curious clanking, rattling sound. April went slowly downstairs again and into the kitchen. She paused because she heard the back door close softly, trembling at the knees, but relieved to think the intruder had departed. Now to see what he had taken. She found matches, lighted a candle and cautiously approached the swing door leading from pantry to dining room. Impatiently she pushed against the door—and felt a stronger hand from the other side pushing against hers. "April!" Bill's face peered round the edge of the swing door. "Did I frighten you?" April swallowed hard. "Oh no, no indeed!—I love hearing strange sneaky footsteps all over my house. I like feeling mysterious hands pushing against me in the dark. People seem to think they can walk in any minute of the—"

CHAPTER XXI

A little earlier that night April had sworn to herself she would not speak to Bill Brown again for a protracted period. Now she could not wait to pour out her story. Boiled down to facts her tale did not sound particularly startling. "You heard a sound upstairs—it might have been a blind rattling—and you thought you heard the back door close. Are you sure it was locked?" "I don't remember I'm not very particular about locking things." Then the door might have blown open and banged shut or maybe you imagined it all. "Bill," said April quickly, "how would you like to come and sit in the kitchen while I make up the fire and fix fresh coffee and cook us a lot of blazing hot scrambled eggs?"

"The idea has its points," Bill agreed, leading the way, "only we'll reverse it. You there in the big chair by the fire—one doing the eggs. First thing, though, I'll try the lights. There, they're on again. That's better. . . and now for a little more detective investigation before breakfast." With the lights functioning the house seemed positively cheerful and April laughed at the idea of staying in the kitchen while Bill made his investigation upstairs. "Everything seems all right," he said, flashing his torch here and there as they walked the length of the hall.

"Yes," April heaved a sigh of relief. "Never mind the attic, Bill. We don't want to disturb poor old Raf—" "I certainly intend to see if he's there to be disturbed," Bill strode on to the foot of the stairs. "How about Mr. Rafferty in the role of burglar?" "But why should Raf walk out?" April protested. "He was too glad for his good bed and was expecting a nice warm breakfast. Raf's sound asleep—" "We'll see," Bill mounted the steps, April at his heels. She rapped lightly at the door of the attic bedroom, then stepped back and let Bill flash his torch. The room was empty.

"Well," Bill was trying to be comforting, "if he didn't take anything, if he just got restless and walked off—" "But he did take something—something I've only just remembered," April walked across the outer attic to the closet where the door stood wide. "Ten's cocktail stuff," she groaned. "Raf could spy a bottle through a stone wall. And I had to be fool enough to let him see where I put that key! I suppose he saw Polly hide the basket. Later he came up here to bed and got thinking about all that liquor within reach and it was too big a temptation. The clanking sound I heard was Raf carrying down the bottles. Oh, if he drinks all that stuff, if he sleeps under a hedge and gets pneumonia and dies, it will be all my fault!"

"More likely the police will pick him up and give him a night in a nice dry jail," Bill said consolingly. "Come along downstairs." Things looked more cheerful in the kitchen, with the lights on and the big stove roaring. April was glad to stretch her weary bones in the old barrel chair, and watch Bill work. He showed an unexpected deftness in brewing coffee and scrambling eggs. "You're what Polly calls a 'Handy-Andy,'" she remarked. "Did your mother make you help out at home when there wasn't a maid, Bill?"

Bill thought of his luxury-loving mother who had rarely left her suite before noon, of his own lazy mornings at the Park Avenue house with Stebbins, his man, tip-toeing in to raise the shades and draw his bath. "I've spent most of my vacations traveling about," he added. "I wasn't at home much after my mother died—when I was in college. When you're in the woods you naturally pick up a hint or two from the guides who are splendid cooks. It's served me well at Jay's because there, if one doesn't cook, one doesn't eat." "Poor old Jay," April sighed. "Tomorrow will be as hard a day for him as it will be for little Russ. I'm going down to the hospital to see how things turn out. Will you look in?" "Of course. I'll buck up old Jay



KING COLE

ORANGE PEKOE TEA BAGS

all I can. Now I must go and let you sleep, April. If I hear anything about Rafferty, I'll phone you later. "Thank you, Bill. Good night—I mean good morning!" Commonplace words there in the kitchen, with a gray dawn peering in the window. Yet their words were long, and their hands slow in parting. The ordeal of helping at Rusty's operation was not so simple an affair for Alice as she let Jerome think. Strange she thought, that any child—even Jerome's child—could in so short a time make himself so loved, so indispensable. To Jay as he met her in white dress at Rusty's door she was a vision of comfort, the first bright spot in this black morning. "He said you were here, but I didn't believe it. He's waiting for you" (To Be Continued)

ELLEN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 2)

day left to us so we may as well make the best of it, while we have it." She chuckled a bit. "It's not going to be too much fun for either of us to go back to the same old grind, is it?" "There's more ways of looking at it than one" I quoted. She continued "I'm telling you, you're going to find the farm a pretty dull place after this—that is, if you came with an open mind, which I much doubt." Dull! I considered the word, only to recall a beloved view of the wooded hills, and the Summer sunlight flooding into the depths of the valley that held home and all that it meant to me. "No" I replied with no shadow of doubt "I shan't find it dull there—not even after this. Quiet maybe and very different from here but at the same time serene and lovely. Isn't it funny?" she commented "there's none so blind as she, that will not see!"

At the same time, conversation was more studied today. The minutes that ticked away were steadily surely, bearing us farther apart to meet again, only time could tell. We joked about this being "the end," and put off our packing until we could find no good excuse for further delay, and came upstairs slowly to the task. I think this guest room, now stripped of our belongings has a desolate air. We shall be homeward bound in the morning, leaving this house we have learned to know as our own, and the family it shelters, whose efforts have been wholly directed to our entertainment and comfort while here. Ours has been a pleasant holiday, the longest in many a year. And so, rested by the change of environment and inspired by many a scene that has been set before us, we shall come again presently to take up our familiar round.

"It's just too bad that Good Byes must ever be spoken!" I overheard sister of mine say to a friend by telephone today, then remembered that in the present circumstance it is only "sweet sorrow." We shall miss and recall the great kindness received on our visit, from friend and stranger alike—in their homes; those who came to call, and renewed old friendships; the postman, quite as congenial and considerate as our own, which as they say here "is saying something" so that going we can take with us only pleasant memories of our stay to relive in recollections in the days to come. Until tomorrow—Diary—Good-night.

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That Body Of Yours

(Continued from Page 2)

"Today the intelligent parent takes good care of the baby teeth, because if the baby teeth are neglected then the permanent teeth suffer, too. The second set comes in straight or crooked depending upon the care given the baby teeth." If the baby teeth are lost too soon, the shape of the jawbone may be affected. Decayed baby teeth may interfere with digestion and general health. The first eight years are the most important in safeguarding teeth, gums and jawbone, as by this time all these structures are fully formed. The two ways to preserve the first teeth are first: At the age of two, take the child to the family dentist. Second, brush the teeth after meals and feed him an abundance of milk, vegetables, fruits, toast, bread crust. Brushing and feeding these foods preserve the "outside" and the "inside" of baby teeth.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

(Continued from Page 3)

UNHAPPY FATE So the average middle-aged woman comes face to face with a fact that she never expected to befall her and for which she has not prepared herself. She is lonesome. She has no occupation with which to fill in the long days. She had been too busy entertaining her children to keep her own friendships in repair, so she is really as forlorn as she was stranded on a desert isle. Yet, according to statistics, the middle-aged woman has 40 or more years to live after she has reared her family, unless something untoward happens to her, and it is a doleful prospect for her unless she prepares herself to meet it. Most women refuse to do this. They shut their eyes to the fact that, just as when they married they ended one phase of their lives, they end another phase when their last child leaves home, and it behooves them to get ready for those forty years so that they may be filled with usefulness and good cheer, instead of wailing. Many women try to solve the middle age problem by going to live with their children, though well they know that a mother-in-law in the house is a first aid to divorce and that every family wants to be and should be, permitted to live alone, without Mother sticking her fingers in their pies. Furthermore, the woman who prepares herself to meet middle-age practically and philosophically takes out the best possible insurance against disease and death. Most of the stout ladies, who enable doctors to ride in limousines, never had an ache nor pain until their children got married and they had nothing to do. So I would urge all middle-aged women to get busy, and keep busy, so that their last years may be their best ones.

Advertisement for Wellner's diamonds and jewelry. Features a woman holding a diamond ring and several pieces of jewelry with prices. Text includes 'Fine DIAMONDS... To Love and To Cherish.. from WELLNER'S' and 'Jewelers Since 1868'.

HIDE THE DISHPAN UNTIL YOU GET THE AMAZING NEW IMPROVED DREFT!

Large advertisement for DREFT dishwashing soap. Includes illustrations of a man with a box of DREFT, a woman washing dishes, and various slogans like 'Canada's Favorite for Dishes', 'FIRST to get dishes so clean they Shine', 'FIRST to cut dishwashing time in half!', 'FIRST to give you greaseless dishwashing!', 'FIRST to perform miracles no soap in the world can match!', 'NOW 4 WAYS BETTER!', 'SMELL! GLORIOUSLY SNEEZE-FREE!', 'FEEL! MILDEST EVER TO YOUR HANDS!', 'SEE! MORE SUDS THAN ANY LEADING PRODUCT!', 'LOOK! WASHES MORE DISHES!', 'You Must Try It! Nothing Like It! DREFT MAKES DISHES SHINE—even without wiping!', 'PROCTER & GAMBLE'S PATENTED SUDS DISCOVERY'.

Advertisement for Good Year LifeGuard Safety Tubes. Features illustrations of tires and text: 'END BLOWOUT DANGER', 'GOOD YEAR LIFE GUARD SAFETY TUBES', 'A. HORNE & CO. LTD. SUMMERSIDE', 'GENERAL MOTORS SALES AND SERVICE', 'AUTHORIZED GOOD YEAR DEALER'.