

Four Family Favorites

• Since first put up in 1840 at Middleton, Nova Scotia, from a French doctor's prescription, the fame of Gates' Home Remedies has travelled far and wide. But nowhere have they done so much good or been so much appreciated as right here in our own Province, as letter after letter from satisfied users testifies.

• As an example read this letter from Leslie Armstrong, Middleton, N.S., dated May 5th, 1946—

"Six years ago I was so crippled with arthritis that I could not drive my own car. A friend suggested that I try your medicines. I began taking Gates' Life of Man Bitters and Gates' Invigorating Syrup, with great benefit. Today I am back at work and as well as anyone."

C. GATES, SON & CO., LIMITED
MIDDLETON, N.S.

Life of Man Bitters 14 oz.—\$1.00	Invigorating Syrup 8 oz.—75¢	Empire Liniment 3 oz.—30¢	Little Gem Pills 40 pills—30¢
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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

(Continued From Page 18)

disappointment in Mamie, it is because when she was a girl she was a beauty and a belle and she can't forgive Mamie for being a plain girl without complaint, and who would rather read a good book than go to parties.

But the worst feature of this obsession that parents have about their children being like them is when they try to force them into their own mold, which has blighted as many careers, wrecked as many lives, and caused as much misery as any other blunder that poor, stupid, egotistic human beings ever commit.

Think of the thousands of men who are failures in life because their fathers forced them to take up professions for which they had no aptitude. Father was an inspired lawyer, or doctor, or preacher, and he casts his mantle over his son, but the garment doesn't fit. Nature didn't make it to his size and his whole life is embittered by the realization that he has been ridiculous as a poor imitation of Papa, when he could have been something worthwhile if he had been permitted to go on his own.

Papa is a round peg that fits in a round hole and no matter how much he tries he can never fit Johnny, who is a square peg, into it. God had a hand in making us before our parents got on the job, and it is a pity they can't leave it that way. There would be so much more happiness and so many more successes if we could follow our own bent and do the things we were born to do, instead of our parents wearing themselves out trying to make us over into their own likenesses.

Ellen's Diary

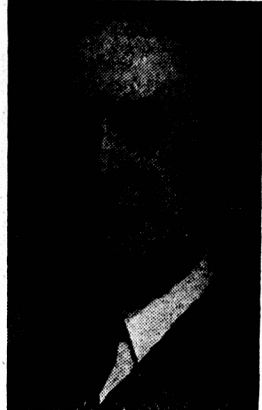
By an Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued From Page 18)

names of many a cook who made such excellent fare. So Cream of Tartar and Baking Soda were duly integrated into the dough today then all rolled and cut in rounds. Here again recalling his description "and two raisins on top!" I robbed my store, of those Jeanie had brought for the makings of my Christmas cakes. Oh, James liked them. He mentioned it to Jeanie, who with the baby joined us at supper. "Try one of those" he said "they're very good — but Ellen if you had just made them a shade thicker. My, the cookies the women used to make in the long ago!"

And later when the small one was snug in her bed and Jock had returned from an outing, there was a rare meeting in our old kitchen. Not that it was of extreme importance in one way, and yet when I consider it in the light of our future prospering, it is not to be lightly considered. Mr. C. from the house on the hill, an expert and willing mechanic was here and the older folk from the house across the lane. And other farmers as well, who had chanced to come a-visiting. Pard too, in repose behind the stove, and Tabby feigning asleep, beneath it. The kitchen was comfortably warm and bright. I recall now the unhurried tick of the clock now that week's end was near at hand and I admired the reflection of the lights on the red Germanium on the wall. The occasion was the unloading and assembling of new farm scales, recently delivered to the place.

And so while James and I entertained in one corner and offered advice to them, Mr. C. and Jock and Jeanie took up the new endeavour with much interest and zest. We talked of the weather, the cry for the plowing, current prices of produce and James mentioned that "we brought the young stock home from the other farm today." And the assembling of the scales was sometimes perplexing but was doubtless helped out by James suggestion about a contrivance "turn it end for end and



W. M. Neal, C. E. E. chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose promotion as a Knight of Grace in the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem has been announced in Ottawa.

Photo by Karsh...

see how that works" and mine to "follow directions." Presently the machine was in order and to test its accuracy weighings were made: Jeanie the smallest of all; Jock slight but "surprising" and finally the heavier weights: James regardless of "symptoms" was obviously pleased with his state of health when "he weighed Mr. C. down" and there were others among our number who came close to thirteen stone.

And day by day our week has slipped away bringing us another week nearer the end of the road—a road which winds ever away but which hour by hour—"by faith" one walks. And

"Why does the road wind ever away, till we cannot see the end?"

Why do we climb and climb each day? Where does it lead, good friend?

Where does it lead but up and away? Why need we see the end?

|| we work and sing and climb each day, and live and love, good friend?"

Until Monday — Diary — Good-night.

Rural Adventure

By Cameron Dockery

CHAPTER XIV

Aline leaned back against the pillows . . .

"All right, I promise you, Miss Kirkman."

"You really mean that?"

"Carriers don't break their words."

Lotus took a deep breath and plunged ahead.

"To begin with, my name is not Rosa Kirkman and I am not a professional entertainer."

She heard a gasp in the darkness. "What and who are you, then?"

"I can't go into that now—you must believe me."

"All right, go on."

"Stacy Corbin does not love you."

"I can't believe that."

"It's quite true, however."

Lotus repeated her conversation with Stacy on the previous day. "He also told me about his father's business deal maneuvering your family out of Belle Fleur."

"That's one reason I intend marrying Stacy," Aline said suddenly. "to get Belle Fleur back in the family."

"Isn't that rather an extreme measure?" Lotus asked gently.

"There's always divorce," Aline Cartier said, "—and settlements. If Stacy acted the way you say he intends to, I would have grounds."

"But, Aline, you don't realize what you're saying. Things might not work out that way—you might have children."

"I want children some day and I want them to have Belle Fleur."

"But—but—" Lotus floundered helplessly. She had expected tears, recriminations, even curses but not this indomitable stubbornness.

"You see, Rosa—or whatever your real name is—Belle Fleur meant just about everything to my grandfather and aunt. They had to let it go to protect their stockholders. They had put all their hopes in my brother Andrew —he was to carry on the family name and business and of course, inherit Belle Fleur. Well, he was

Peak Price Reached

WINNIPEG — (CP) — Residential construction prices have reached their peak in Canada, D. H. L. Evans, consulting architect for the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association, said here. He added that a house costing \$3,250 in 1940 now costs \$5,800.

killed in the Pacific, so it's up to me now."

"But you're charming and attractive. There must be dozen of New Orleans boys of fine family who'd like to marry you."

"But only the Corbins own Belle Fleur."

"If I could prove to you that Stacy didn't love you, that he was only following his father's orders that they were seeking the honorable name and its valuable connections and a place in New Orleans society would you change your mind?"

"I suppose I'd have to."

"Well, then, at eleven o'clock tomorrow night you be in the bath room between our rooms listening at the door. I think you'll hear something that will dissuade you from marrying Stacy Corbin."

In the morning before Aline was up, Lotus slipped into her bathing suit and swam from the grassy slope to the anchored swimming float. Her shoulder was still tender, but she swam with graceful, distance — consuming strokes. When she reached the white painted platform, she stretched herself full length in the sun on the diving board. A few moments later she heard the lazy clapping of strong masculine arms cleaving the water.

Stacy, his tanned body dripping, pulled himself up on the plank.

"Hi, sweet—I saw you strolling down for a dip and couldn't resist the temptation to join you."

"What about Aline—and your father?"

She laughed teasingly and rolled over on the diving board so that her figure was displayed to full advantage.

"The dickens with them!" Stacy scowled at her.

"Tsk, tsch, that's not the right attitude. After all, you're going to marry a pretty girl, and she is pretty, Stacy."

"Rosa, you've got more sex appeal in your little finger than she has in her whole body."

"I think you're wrong there, Aline has a sort of old-fashioned charm that Southern men probably find pretty fetching."

"Oh, no doubt of that," he agreed fairly. "She has a bunch of the local yokels clamoring for her attention. But I like something a little more warm-blooded." His eyes caressed her slim, well-built body.

"Like me, Stacy?"

"Yes, like you!"

She laughed mockingly and nodded her head toward Belle Fleur. "So sorry I can't oblige. Here comes the girl of your dreams."

None of them saw Lotus leave for the other end of the island. She waited patiently, but Lawrence did not appear. At last, she turned to leave, when her eye fell on Lachene rounding the house and heading for her spot. She was standing in the sun, and he had not yet seen her nor did she want him to see her leaving this place where he had caught her twice before. The circumstances would be too suspicious.

She started to turn to warn Lawrence, then suddenly she checked herself—the occupant of the pirogue was not Lawrence!

She recognized the queer, stunted, dingy-looking figure and the swarthy, bearded face of that of the helper who had been on the island from which she was polling astagitated toward the edge of the lagoon even before Lachene reached him. He began to chatter in an excited casual notes that was intelligible to Lotus. The two men talked for a few minutes, both gesticulating wildly, then the man in the lagoon shoved off and Lachene returned to the house. Lotus sighed gratefully—here was her means of getting Stacy to her room!

(To Be Continued)

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September 10, 1947.

General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.,
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Gentlemen:

We recently received an inquiry from Mid-Town Motors as to the performance of the fleet of Pontiacs which they delivered to us.

In our fleet of over one hundred vehicles there are more Pontiacs than any other make of passenger car. This is rather remarkable because Pontiacs rent for a little more than some of our other cars, but we have bought more of them for two reasons:

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Yours sincerely,
E. F. Tilden
E. F. Tilden, President,
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SPT:M

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These aren't the words of a man who owns one Pontiac. They're the words of a man who owns a fleet of Pontiacs . . . a man whose business depends on automobiles, and whose true-life experiences has proved to him that "there is no better purchase in today's automobile market than the Pontiac". Investigate Pontiac for yourself. Compare its engine for engine, looks for looks, quality for quality, with other cars. You'll discover what so many proud and pleased Pontiac owners have already discovered—Pontiac is the finest car in the low-price field.

Remember—it will pay you to keep your present car in good running condition by bringing it to us for skilled service, now and at regular intervals, until you secure delivery of your new Pontiac.

Oldest Colony

(Continued From Page 17)

Heart's Delight and Ireland's Eye clinging to the shores.

Inland from Notre Dame Bay where the land is covered with spruce and fir is Bishop's Falls, the island's oldest industrial town, whose pulp and paper mills were established about the turn of the century.

Its population of 2,000 now has been surpassed by the 7,000 in neighboring Windsor and Grand Falls where Lord Northcliffe set up the newsprint mills of Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. in 1907.

Twenty-two miles from Grand Falls is Botwood, the summer shipping port at the head of the Bay of Exploits which has a population of 2,700.

Boomed In '38

Buchans, the island's newest industrial town, is 37 miles from Botwood and 294 rail miles from St. John's. Its population of 1,000 mined more than \$6,000,000 worth of lead, zinc and copper ore last year.

Centre of the west coast industrial area is Corner Brook on the Humber River into which Britain's Armstrong-Whitworth interests poured millions after the First World War. Its 8,500 people helped turn out \$20,000,000 in newsprint exports last year.

Newfoundland's real development came in 1898 after completion of the coast-to-coast railway whose 37 little locomotives and 1,000-odd items of rolling stock move inland commerce.

The railway, now government-operated, has rarely shown an operating profit, but may be due for

reorganization after the report of the British expert, H.E.O. Wheeler, who investigated the system last year.

Wheeler reported that it failed to meet normal requirements of rapidity, punctuality and reliability, but because it was an economic necessity in life of the island it should continue to operate.

Newfoundlanders are heavily dependent on the railway because of the lack of highways. The Avalon Peninsula, where 40 per cent of the people dwell, is fairly well served by roads. Another road system will soon link Botwood with Stephenville.

QUICKIES

By Ken Reynolds



"I'm going to ask you, dear—if I get any answers to my Guardian Want Ad may I listen in on the extension phone?"