

INVEST IN VICTORY



for YOUR OWN and CANADA'S FUTURE YEARS of PEACE

7th Victory Loan

BANK OF MONTREAL

If you are without the ready cash to buy Victory Bonds, we shall be glad to arrange purchase for you through our time-plan. Victory Bonds should be kept safe. For 10¢ per \$100 per year, minimum charge 25¢, we will place your bonds in our vault for safekeeping.



THIS IS THE WAY THEY WASH THEIR CLOTHES—Peasant women of small village outside of Viterbo carry clothes in baskets to community watering spot provided for that purpose. Italian housewives are happy without washing machines as they scrub and chat during Monday chores.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



"But, dear, under the circumstances I don't think a Guardian Want Ad would help in finding my clothes!"

MT. ALBION

A very enjoyable evening was spent on October 12th, in Mt. Albion Hall when a number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McKinnon (nee) Evelyn Robertson gathered to tender them a shower. The couple was led to the seat of honor by Miss Kay MacNeil and Mr. Roger Chandler, the verses were read by Mrs. Lester Buell. While Kay MacNeil opened the gifts. They were placed on the table by Mrs. Henry Jenkins. The groom on behalf of the bride thanked all present for their kindness. After bouncing the groom and wishing the couple years of happiness, the ladies served lunch and the remainder of the evening was spent in music and dancing. Music was furnished by Messrs. Ivan Myers, Roger Chandler and Vernon Burhoe accompanied by Mrs. Ted Smith.

Many friends of little Eleanor Ferguson, daughter of Mrs. Omer Ferguson are glad to hear that she is improving under her operation in the P. E. Island Hospital.

Messrs Gordon Myers and Lin MacNeil, Mt. Albion were on a business trip to Baldwin Road recently.

His many friends are sorry to hear that Mr. Allen Jenkins had the misfortune to be kicked by a horse breaking his arm, and Mrs. Mr. Lawrence is making great progress with his new barn.

The farmers are busy at their turnips which is a big crop in this vicinity.

Tomorrow is Forever by Gwen Bristow

"I get it," said Dick, "but what have I got to do about him?"
"Oh my Lord!"
"I'm sorry, Dick," Elizabeth continued with sympathy. "But the boss wants to talk pictures with Mr. Kessler after dinner, and you'll have to take care of the girl."
"Cherry and the two guests were already beginning to laugh at Dick's woebegone face. Dick groaned.
"I don't know, Dick, but there's a musical show downtown tonight. Mother, please! Honestly, I—"
Elizabeth started to say "I've never seen her," when Carry put in.
"I bet I know. Two yellow braids around her head—"
The others joined.
"Maybe you could play some Wagner music for her."
"What about Faust?"
"Silly, Faust is sung in French."
"I bet she's fat and has apple-cheeks!"
"She's probably intellectual. Lots of refugees are."
"I can't talk to her about food. They have to—shut up, all of you. I think you're being unsympathetic and awful."
"Dick, please be a good sport," Elizabeth urged. "This doesn't happen often."
"It does too. You remember that horrible girl from New York who was all teeth that I had to take out when her family had dinner here? But this is worse. A foreigner who can't even talk except to say blub-blub!"
"How do you know she can't talk?"
"Her father speaks English," Dick groaned.
"Be nice about it, Dick," pleaded Elizabeth. "She'll probably have a very good time if you'll let her. Remember she's in a strange country, and most of those refugees have had some very unpleasant experiences. Can't you be sorry for them at all?"
"It's easy to be sorry for refugees," said Dick, "when you don't have to put up with them."
"Turn between a desire to laugh and tell him he needs to do it, and a realization that Mr. Kessler's daughter must be taken care of somehow if he and Spratt were to have a chance to talk business, Elizabeth did not answer immediately. She was glad to hear the sound of a key in the front door.
"There's the boss," said Cherry, getting up.
"Now we can eat!" Dick exclaimed as though glad to have something to rejoice about. He got up to pour a cocktail for his father.
Spratt came in and greeted them all. You've no idea what a comfortable picture you make around the fire," he remarked as Elizabeth took his coat and Dick gave him the Martini. "Where's Brian?"
"Having dinner with Peter Stern," Cherry told the others and then the boss is here."
"What have you been doing?" asked Spratt. "Listening to the radio?"
"No, what's going on?"
"The same, only worse. All hell's loose in Europe. Come on upstairs with me while I get cleaned up," he invited Elizabeth. "Cherry, tell them I'll be ready in fifteen minutes."
"Wait a minute, boss," exclaimed Dick. "I've got something important to ask you. Do I have to take that refugee girl on a date tomorrow night?"
"What refugee girl?"
"The one who's coming here to dinner with her old man. Can't she possibly—"
Spratt drew a long breath and started to laugh. "Forget it, girl," he said. "In eight years old."
The four youngsters gave long simultaneous whistles. "Oh joy, oh rapture unconfined!" sang Dick. "My life is renewed. I don't have to! Did you hear, everybody? She's eight years old! Why didn't you tell me? What were you doing talking about Russia when all the time you knew that girl was eight years old? Me sitting up here dying and you've got to bring up Russia!"
Elizabeth got out of the room ahead of Spratt and ran up the stairs. He followed her. When he came into his bedroom he found her crumpled up in his reading chair. She was laughing uncontrollably.
Spratt stood watching her in amazement. "Elizabeth, what in the world is the matter with you?"
"You meant she couldn't answer. With an effort she caught her breath, saying, "N—nothing. Only I think — I think that for the first time in my life I've nee—"

Is Overseas



Assistant Section Officer Louise LeChoir who has just arrived overseas as a Signals Officer with the RCAF (Women's Division). The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. LeChoir, Rusticville, P. E. I., she was employed by the Excelsior Life Insurance Company, Montreal, prior to her enlistment in April 1942. A graduate of Prince of Wales College, she took the wireless operator's course at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal and was commissioned in March 1944, and posted to Eastern Air Command Headquarters. (RCAF Photo)

ly had hysterics."
"Elizabeth, what—"
"Please don't pay any attention to me. I'm behaving like a moron. But it is funny, Spratt. We're sitting on the edge of a volcano and our legs over the crater, and Dick knows it—I've just heard him talking, so grim and hard he frightened me, and in fifteen minutes nothing was important to him except that that German girl was eight years old and he didn't have to take her out. Oh, that resilience! Did I ever have it, I wonder?" She began to laugh again, this time more softly. Spratt shrugged, went into the bathroom and turned on the water. When he came out Elizabeth, having made herself be quiet, was wiping her eyes.
Spratt stood over her, shaking his head in confusion. "Did anything happen this afternoon, Elizabeth? You can tell me."
"Not a thing. I came home and got dressed for dinner and lay on the chaise-longue in my room until it was time to get out the cocktails. She stood up. "I'm sorry for being so foolish, but I'm every now and then—well, maybe sometimes you've got to laugh so you won't scream."
"All right," said Spratt, "leave it at that. He never pressed for explanations, knowing if there was anything she intended to explain he would get it eventually without asking. "You'd better go and do something to your face. You've laughed and cried it streaky."
"All right, I will." Slipping her hands into his, she stood up. "And thank you for being such a gentleman. Most men would either have called me a fool or asked a thousand questions."
With an expression of mingled sympathy and amusement, Spratt kissed her. "You're not a fool. Incidentally, you look might well in that outfit."
"It's the hostess-gown you gave me, Elizabeth reminded him as she went into her room to obliterate the tracks on her face. Spratt was waiting at the head

We're sitting here in comfort While our fighting men attack And smash the foe on every front And send him reeling back... To speed their final triumph and Advance the day when we Can welcome them to home and peace

INVEST IN VICTORY!

Buy VICTORY LOAN BONDS

CONTRIBUTED BY CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED

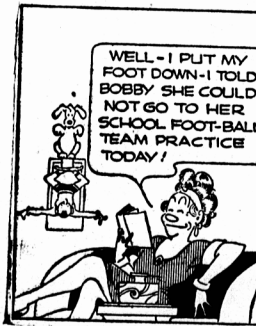
Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



By Edwin



MISSING



A telegram has been received by Mr. and Mrs. E. Myers of Mt. Albion, that their son, Lance Corporal George Edwin Myers has been officially reported missing in action the 14th August. They also have a son, Pte. B. H. Myers now serving in France and Eben in the Reserve Army at home.