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8,800 more are still taking Vocational Training under the Canadian Vocational Training Plan.

Many more are still in hospital receiving treatment for their war wounds.

These men and women have yet to stake their postwar claims in Canada's civilian employment field. They deserve the same consideration as was given to veterans during the first days of demobilization.

LET'S SEE THEY GET IT!

Make full use of your local office of the National Employment Service.

Department of Labour
HUMPHREY MITCHELL, Minister of Labour
A. MacNAMARA, Deputy Minister

War Surplus Goods

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Army and Airforce pants, shirts, boots, shoes and socks, Sheepskin lined coats, Raincoats, Battledress, Haversacks.
300 gallons paint at 1-3 cost price

Three For Egypt

By Violet M. Mathley

Kay was still wearing them when footsteps on the stairs, voices, laughter, told her the others were coming. Huddled she pulled off her coat and uncovered the typewriter, began to sort the letters, praying that Mr. Russel might be late, give her time to recover self-control.

But she could not work. Kit's face—Rafe's face shaped themselves on the blotting-pad, on every sheet of paper. She was still sitting idle, dazed with misery, when the door opened silently, followed by a light step, a low voice.

"Why, Mrs. Hellyar, is anything the matter?"

"Oh, Miss Russell!" Kay started up. "You came in so softly—"

"I brought a message to say my father will be late; he wants you to carry on with the correspondence. But won't you tell me what's wrong? Why have you been crying?"

Kay pressed her lips hard together, tried to prevent them from quivering. She stood by the desk, slim and straight in her navy frock, with collar and cuffs of buff organdie which almost matched her soft, shining hair.

The cheap, simple dress suited her—but then everything did, the newcomer thought with a sharp stab of envy. Kay Hellyar did not look ugly even now, with reddened eyes, wet lashes, tear-stained cheeks, while she herself—

Zenda Russell glanced almost involuntarily at her reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece. In spite of an exquisitely-cut grey suit, the super-silver fox fur hat, gloves, shoes, stockings all as perfect in their way as the short string of pearls round her throat, she looked completely insignificant—and knew it. Her sallow, small-featured face and aquamarine eyes were more washed out this morning than usual, she was plainer than ever, careful make-up had not hidden the effects of a wakeful, sleepless night.

For Zenda, too, had lain wakeful, her face buried in a tear-drenched pillow, just as Kay had, and for the very same reason—for love of Christopher Carson.

"It's—nothing, Miss Russell," Kay managed to speak at last. "I'm just a bit—worried."

"Surely you shouldn't be crying. Mrs. Hellyar—you, who're to be married so soon now, in only two days?" Inward bitterness gave an edge to Zenda's low colourless voice, but it was the words, not the tone, which were too much for poor Kay's precarious self-control.

"Ah, but that's just it!" she burst out. "I can't be married!"

"What?" Zenda's pale eyes gleamed momentarily. "Have you quarrelled?"

"Oh, no, no! We wouldn't possibly quarrel. It's something else—something terrible. Kit doesn't know yet, and I dread so telling him. But I mustn't bother you—"

"It doesn't bother me—I want to hear," Zenda interrupted. "And it might help you to tell somebody."

That was true. Kay found relief in pouring out the story, especially as Zenda Russell seemed really to care and sympathize.

Zenda did care—Zenda had cried so desperately last night in longing for the man who scarcely ever glanced at his employer's only daughter, so insignificant in spite of her money. She cared so much that it gave her terrible joy to hear Kay's pitiful story. Her face glowed with a feeling which, to the other girl, seemed only warning and encouraging sympathy.

"So I don't know what to do," Kay ended despairingly.

"You're sure it was your husband?"

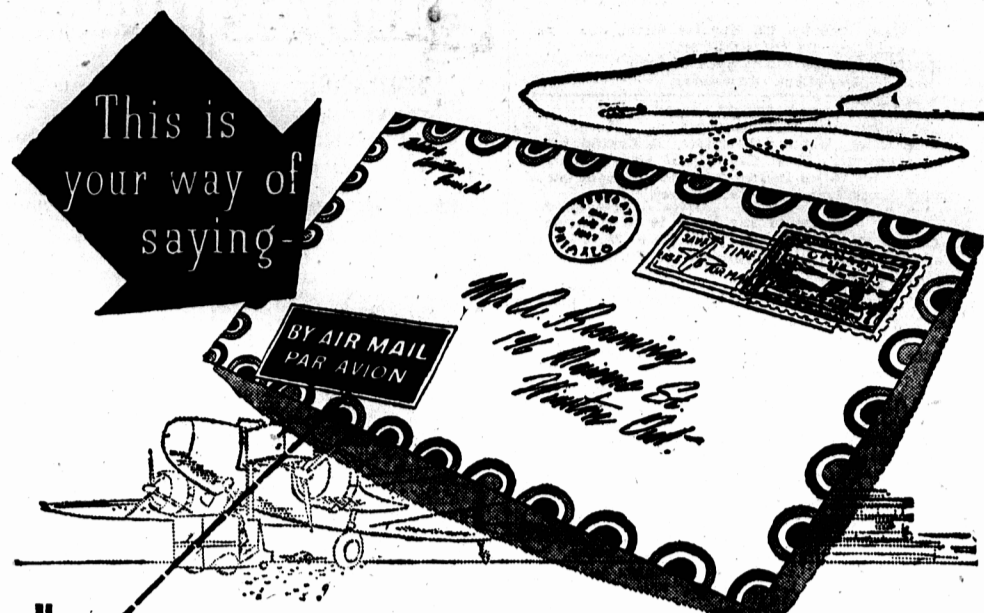
"Yes. At least—oh, that's the awful part of it! I am sure, really unless Rafe has a double, but—"

"I can't be absolutely entirely certain without seeing him, speaking to him. It would be useless to write if he doesn't want to be recognized and deny everything."

"That man who brought you the news about your husband—can't you find him?"

Kay shook her head hopelessly. "He disappeared," she said. "I think now it was all arranged between him and Rafe—that Rafe had some reason for seeming to die. If so, he'll have covered his tracks well; he's clever—horribly clever."

"It seems to me there's only one thing for you to do," Zenda spoke slowly and deliberately. "Only one way to make absolutely certain. And that is—to go to Egypt four—"



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Prof. McKinnon Urges Watchful Public Opinion

The following item is from a recent issue of the Ottawa Journal.

Watchful public opinion was the greatest safeguard of democracy, Professor Frank MacKinnon of the Carleton College Department of Political Science, told the Ottawa Rotary Club at their Monday luncheon.

"Indifference to politics, both national and international, is dangerous when public affairs are so vital to all. Such indifference will often be reflected in indifferent leadership, which in turn may result in an indifferent consideration of public rights and privileges. In general we get out of our politics no more than we put into it."

Social organization could no longer afford to drift aimlessly, he said. Politics must decide where it is going and give careful consideration to the best way of getting there.

"One of the great troubles of our society is that we place so much emphasis upon our institutions and fine-spun theories, and take the human factor so much for granted. No matter how elaborate the political institution, it will fall unless the human ingredients are determined to make it work," Professor MacKinnon remarked.

In world affairs democracy was pitting its way of life against severe competition from other ideologies and institutions. "Democracy can't fight for itself it must be backed by its adherents for, after all democracy postulates a large number of responsibilities as well as privileges for those who seek to live under it. Foreign political observers will not respect or fear us for our theory, but rather for the degree of social co-operation behind it. It is surprising how the example of leadership and political courage in one nation can overflow its boundaries into the wider sphere."

(Prof. MacKinnon above referred to is a well known former Charlottetonian).

HAZELBROOK PERSONALS

Miss Sue L. Jones returned by plane on Sunday from the Royal Victoria Hospital, where she has been receiving treatment for the past two weeks. Her many friends are delighted to see her much improved in health.

The many friends of Mrs. John Drake, Hazelbrook, deeply regret her continued serious illness in the P.E.I. Hospital.

Mr. Louis Young, Hazelbrook, attended the races at Vernon on Saturday and placed first in class A, with his beautiful pacer Breton Lassie.

Mr. Leo Coady also attended the Vernon races with his good pacer, Midnight Scott, and was third in Class B.

Mr. Lawson Wood, Hazelbrook, has purchased the pacer, Dill Pickles and the fans at Vernon are anxiously looking for Mr. Wood to be on hand for the starter's bell.

Mrs. Fred Quinn of Boston, accompanied by her daughter, Bernice, arrived by plane and spent a few days at her old home, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Wood.

Mr. Kenneth Paynter, Manager of the Hazelbrook Dairying Co. and his assistant, Earle Jones are receiving congratulations for having received first prize for Prince Edward Island for the highest percentage of butter free from yeast and mould.

If Chest is Sore And Breathing Hurts—Do This!

A vigorous rubbing of the chest, neck and side with Nerviline is often very advisable. This soothing liniment soaks into the area where the pain is seated, and gives fast relief to sore chest due to cold. When congestion is dissipated and painful breathing is relieved, the sense of soreness is rapidly relieved. Just try Nerviline for chest-tightness, coughs and soreness due to cold. It is a powerful liniment, and if used in time may save the whole family the discomforts of numerous minor ills. Try Nerviline for lame back, sore joints and rheumatic aches. Large bottles 35c, at all dealers.

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COUNCIL TALKS POLICY

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask. — (CP) — Agreeing with Mayor J. M. Cuelensere's complaint that too much time was spent discussing routine details of city business, Prince Albert city council voted to devote one meeting a month to "policy discussions" and formation of long-range plans for the city.

(To Be Continued)