

# To the People of Prince Edward Island

We have much for which to give thanks in achievement and accomplishment during the year 1945. A year ago we were a world at war. Today we are at peace.

The period of reconversion will not be an easy one, but with the same spirit that guided and sustained us during the dark days of world strife we will surely lay the foundation for a better world in which to live. We have worked together for common victory in war. In peace we must strive towards those ends for which so many of our youth fought and died.

And now on the threshold of the year 1946 let us go forward together with confidence and hope that the new era now dawning will be one of advancement for the common good of all.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL



Government of Prince Edward Island  
J. Walter Jones, Premier

### United Kingdom Aims To Triple Trade

By JOHN DAUPHINEE  
Canadian Press Staff Writer  
LONDON, Dec. 26 (C.P.)—Britain's aim is to triple the value of her exports to the United States and to increase her imports from the United States to the same amount. This is the aim of the new trade policy which the British government announced today. The new policy is a result of the government's decision to increase its exports to the United States to the same amount as its imports from the United States. The government's aim is to triple the value of her exports to the United States and to increase her imports from the United States to the same amount. This is the aim of the new trade policy which the British government announced today. The new policy is a result of the government's decision to increase its exports to the United States to the same amount as its imports from the United States.

### CORNS

Lifted Out, No Pain!  
No pads or plasters to fuss with—just a few drops of a painless remedy PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR—only a few applications and relief comes quickly. Tackle your sore corns today. For rapid results, for greater comfort, use the old reliable Corn remover, PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR. 35c at all dealers in medicine.

### Putnam's Corn Extractor

Despite the statement by Sir Stafford Cripps, president of the Board of Trade, that "good progress" has been made in the change to peace production, complaints of the slowness of reconversion have been coming in from all parts of the country. Shortages of suitable help is everywhere termed, the principal bottleneck, even though considerable localized unemployment has been caused by cancellation of munitions contracts in highly industrialized areas. Other major worries for British industry are the taxation position, wartime increases in cost of production through higher wage rates and a sharp boost in coal prices and uncertainty over the life of remaining war orders. Uncertainty has been created, too, by the change of government, putting into office a Labor administration which makes public ownership a major policy. Nationalization of fuel and power, iron and steel and inland transport will bring 15 to 20 per cent of British industry under state control. But there is general confidence among business men that Britain will in time reach prosperity again. Hundreds of new factories are being built by private companies and hundreds of government war factories have been leased by industry for peacetime use.

TO YOU ALL WE WISH A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

CUDMORE'S INDIVIDUAL DRY CLEANERS

### OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

SUSAN! WELL, WELL... YOU'RE MARRIED! CONGRATULATIONS! I'VE BEEN SICK OR TO HAVE BEEN OVER-COME ON, I'LL TAKE YOU AROUND TO SEE THE BOYS!

OH, OH! STIFFY WHEN HE SEES THAT!

OH, OH! STIFFY WHEN HE SEES THAT!

THE ELITE

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

EGAD, JASON! MY AWAKENING THIS GRIM DAWN IS LIKE THAT OF JAMES J. JEFFRIES WHEN HE FOUGHT JACK JOHNSON AT REINO... 'T WAS THEN THAT OLD JEFF DISCOVERED THAT HIS YOUTH HAD SLIPPED AWAY—ALAS! MORE PILLS, PLEASE!

TRULY, MISTAH MAJOR, YOOF AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO BE—BUT YOURS MOSTLY UNAUTHENTIC 'BOUT THE PRESENT TIME—THIS YERE IS AFTERNOON—THAT WAS DAWN WHEN YOU ARROVE HOME ALL RELAXED LAK A OYSTER!

JEFF AND HE FOUGHT TO THE LAST!

### JOE PALOOKA

A LETTER FROM ANN

By Ham Fisher

JOSEPH... JOSEPH DARLIN... A LETTER FROM ANN.

OH BOY!

HEY WHAT HAPPENED... DID YOU GET THE CUT?

YUP... SURE HE, STEVE.

HE'S GOT A LETTER FROM ANN.

### BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

THE COOK HAD CORNED BEEF FOR HERSELF TONIGHT—I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY LEFT OVER IN THE ICE BOX?

I CAN'T SLEEP—THINK ABOUT IT—EVERYONE HAS GONE TO BED—SO I'LL JUST SNEAK DOWN IN THE KITCHEN AND SEE IF ANY IS LEFT!

AH! I GOT BY MAGGIE'S ROOM—THE COAST IS CLEAR—I HOPE THE KITCHEN DOOR DON'T SQUEAK WHEN I OPEN IT—

OH-HO! I SUPPOSE YOU ARE DOWN HERE LOOKING FOR BOOKS BY SHAKESPEARE!!

### TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina

YESSIR, THOUGHT I'D BE ZEE LAUGHING AT YOUR LON-TANE ACT! MRS. WILKS IS PROUD TO MEET YOU TOO! SHE'S FIXED YOUR CELL ALL UP WITH CRETONNE!

STOP THIS NONSENSE, AND ARREST THIS MAN! HE'S A COMMON THIEF— HE IS NOT! ALL TH' RIGGERS ARE AS HONEST AS DAYLIGHT—

WAIT A MINUTE, PERKINS! A MAN IS CONSIDERED INNOCENT IN THE EYES OF THE LAW UNTIL PROVED GUILTY IS GOOD, CYRUS!

I HAVE POSITIVE PROOF— WE SHALL SEE!

### TILLIE THE TOILER

By Webster

WOW, WHAT A LOT OF LOVE-LORN LETTERS! I'VE HERE'S REMAIN— I'VE GOT TO MEET A SOLDIER

WHAT NERVE! LEAVING THESE LETTERS FOR ME TO WORRY ABOUT

OH, TILLIE, MISS COPE COMES BACK TO HER LOVELORN COLUMN TOMORROW, YOU'LL BE A REPORTER AGAIN!

HOT FLIM! LET MISS COPE WORRY ABOUT THIS STUFF!

### SIXTH SENSE

Pit vipers, including rattlesnakes, can detect their warm-blooded prey in the dark by means of an extra sense that perceives heat.

### OLD ENGLISH ORIGIN

A warlock in northern England or Scotland is a wizard, sorcerer or magician. The word in Old English means a "war against the truth."

### If The Bough Breaks

By LOIS MONTROSE  
"No. Yes. Am I? Let's have a Scotch and soda. Ask Hoggett. I saw a light in the game room—he and Luke are probably shooting the punch board. A dollar a point. Shall you and I join them? Perhaps I'll make enough money to find an orphan asylum. That's really my meter, you know, Arthur. Taking care of little orphans lost in the storm. But when they grow up—whoooh!—they sail right over my head and land on mountain peaks. Oh, it's a wonderful career, Arthur. Did you know I was George Sand reincarnated? She wandered about the drawing room, touching a lamp, a book, a vase of flowers. Then she said abruptly, "Do forgive me, Arthur. Have your Scotch and soda. I must run up to bed. And please drink to wisdom. Drink to all wise women everywhere. God pity them!"

soft scented bed and lay down, careless of the black velvet evening gown swirling about her ankles. She was motionless, thinking of the new blithe Cary who had forgotten her part in his achievement. The self-sufficient Cary who made plans without consulting her. He was coming tomorrow. She had guessed now he was coming—with disinterested explanations and fancied injuries, the way Nathan had skirted the subject of Alouette. And Tam was going to tell him at once that she was through. He needed her no longer; he had forgotten her help. This last she would not say of course, but it would remain as a thorn in her heart. Maybe, sometime she could tell Constance everything. That would be a great help; it would relieve all the smouldering pain. And Constance would listen and her eyes would comfort, although from her lifelong shelter she could never understand. Wooded and housed and shielded, she had been. And none of this wild rampant flood had surged around her protected feet. The next day, late in the afternoon Tam found Cary beside the great Christmas tree. She had just come in from a tramp in the snow with the dog, Bartholomew. She was in a woolly white ski suit and

the frolic in the new snow had made her cheeks ruddy and her hair curl into moist tendrils. He wheeled around from the tree and took her in his arms, but she turned her face away from his lips. "You look like a very young teddy bear," he said, laughing uneasily. "And you, Cary, you look distinguished in those new gray tweeds. But oh, my dear, so tired and worried. Quickly now, she must tell him quickly before she lost courage. She looked intently at his lips and eyes and hair, thinking, I will never touch them again. How strange that seems since they are so dear to me. It will be as if he were dead. A dreadful blackness seemed to rise all around her while Cary's face alone held all the light in the room. She wrenched her gaze away and felt that she groped her path to a chair. Now she must tell him. He would be relieved and just that wretched, worried expression. She went to marry Arthur... that she was incurably fond of mink coats and conservatories. He looked up again at the Christmas tree and touched one of the little silver bells; it tinkled with a tiny lost voice and he said, "Somehow those little bells make me want to cry. Tam, do you think we can make everything come right

again?" "No," she said. "But you still love me." "No." "Yes, you do. You told Roger Dudley." She cried angrily: "He talks too much!" Cary went to her side and knelt by her chair. He put his cheek against her arm, almost timidly. "I wouldn't have dared to come, Tam, if he hadn't told me you said it. I thought you had grown cold and entirely bored with my work. I thought that was why you went away." "Well, it was," she said. "I don't believe it," said Cary. "I think it was because of my interest in Barbara, Roger Dudley pointed that out to me. He was very cross." "Did Dr. Dudley ever mind his own business in his whole life?" she said. "Well, thank God! The world needs gossip and meddlers just as it needs—"

"Microbes," she said bitterly. "Well, I was going to say leucocytes." Cary amended. "But Tam, please listen, I'm ignominious. I'm a damned fool, I'm a blind idiot, I love you. Will you let me try again? I want you with me, the way we were in the summer. Do you remember the night we posed all tangled up in the towel rack? And what Aladdin said? I want everything to be like that again. Do you think I could be?" "I don't know, Cary. What about Barbara? It was really Barbara?" He pressed his face harder against her arm. "I told you I was a blind idiot. I thought she was courageous and a steadfast scientist and all that. I wanted to—sort of create her. If you can imagine such an obsession." "I can't," said Tam. "It was very foolish of me. I wasn't strong enough to steer her right in the first place. It takes a lot of strength, Tam, to build up another human being." "It must be fun, though." "No, it isn't fun. It's precarious. First, she was too humble. Then she was too arrogant. She talked too much. She pretended to know more than I do myself. She posed. And she was very sloppy in the laboratory. I sometimes wondered if she had ever really scrubbed floors." "That was too cynical of you." "Yes. Of course it was. I hated myself for doubting the struggle she had been through. Without any background, she had an instinct that is rare. She—"



THE LITTLE FELLOW IS BACK AGAIN AND WITH HIS COMING We take this opportunity of extending to our Customers and Friends sincere thanks for their patronage during 1945.

S. A. McDonald