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one taste tells you they are really BAKED

No other cooking methods than Heinz could give you the hearty flavour, the satisfying, tasty mealiness and the digestibility you'll enjoy in these famous Heinz oven-baked beans. Steeped with luscious sauces. Ask for Heinz.

4 kinds 'at your dealer's: (1) With tomato sauce and pork; (2) With just tomato sauce (vegetarian); (3) Boston-style with molasses sauce; (4) Red kidney beans.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

57



HEINZ WINS THE FAMILY VOTE

Yes, the vote is unanimous for Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! The tender, luscious strands are so appetizing, so satisfying. Packed with the goodness of wheat, milk, butter, cheese and taste-enticing tomato sauce.

Mighty attractive by itself and a real dinner dish when combined with left-over meats, sausage, a green pepper, a few mushrooms or a slice or two of onion. All made ready in a few minutes. You'll like Heinz Cooked Macaroni, too—prepared with a rich, creamy, cheese sauce.



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Each of Heinz 12 Strained Foods has distinctive, individual flavour. Taste and consistency do not vary from feeding to feeding. That's why these safe, high-quality foods are so valuable with babies.

H. J. Heinz Company has prepared a complete and interesting book on infant feeding entitled "WHAT SHALL I FEED MY BABY?" It is obtainable by sending three Heinz Strained Foods labels, any variety, with your name and address to H. J. Heinz Co., Toronto.

HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

Heinz

THE "IT" IN YOUR KITCHEN. The fashion ladies call it "pizazz"—that something individual and distinctive that makes a costume—or a dish—stand out, be different. You'll discover what it takes to add that certain something to your cooking—in the world-famous 57-

labelled bottle. Rich, may Heinz Tomato Ketchup contains a whole spice-cupboard assortment of rare, imported seasonings plus the glorious cooked-down goodness of Heinz pedigreed tomatoes. Order doubles—one bottle for the kitchen, one for the table.

TRUE BY THE SUN

LIDA LARRIMORE (Continued)

I was fairly certain of that, Jim said. If I hadn't been half asleep— She nodded. Her eyes turned from Jim to her father. Jerry isn't vicious, she said. He's merely weak. How do you know, Jim, what you would have done if you'd been in danger of losing everything that you thought was important and you'd seen a chance to prevent it? How do you know? I don't know, Jim said.

There is such a thing as integrity, Mr. Vaughn said soberly. The quality inside oneself that makes one do the decent thing whatever the circumstances. Cecily sighed. Jerry hasn't that, she said slowly. I think I've always known that something was lacking, except just at first. If he hadn't run away, I would have been different. I could have forgiven him for taking the car, for consoling himself with the Quinn girl. But to hide, to leave her hurt and alone in the road, to let Jim take the blame—A tremor ran through her, shaking her composure.

Will you tell me, Mr. Vaughn asked grimly, how he thought he could get away with it? Does he think you—all of us—are morons? I don't know. Yes, I do. Cecily's face, white against the dark upholstery of the chair, was resolute and controlled. I can't evade any of this, she said. I've got to make myself see it clearly. I must not keep a shred of any romantic illusion. She drew a long breath and went on. I don't know if Dolly should die, but the truth might never be known. There was nothing against Jim stronger than circumstantial evidence. He told me he knew you could get Jim cleared. Father. If Dolly died—Well, she had gone with him willingly and anyone might have an accident. Telling the truth wouldn't bring Dolly back. His reasoning was all wrong, of course. But I can see his side of it, too.

Was he running away? Mr. Vaughn asked. When you went upstairs? No, she replied. He was on the point of confessing. His first impulse was to run away but he knew he couldn't in broad daylight with all of us here. You see he had called the hospital. He knew that Dolly had regained consciousness, that the hospital authorities thought she was almost certain to recover.

When did you suspect Jeremy? Jim asked. Why did you think of him, Cecily? I think I suspected him a little right from the first, she replied. He knew the Quinn girl and he was awfully angry that night.

But I knew Dolly, too, Jim said. You'd seen me with her at Dutch's. Why were you willing to believe that I was telling the truth? A faint tinge of color tinted Cecily's face. Her lashes curved down against her cheeks, screening her eyes.

I knew, she said softly. I've never felt that quality of integrity. Father speaks of lacking in you I could not have believed you Jim. Jim's eyes met Mr. Vaughn's. Again he saw, breaking through the anxiety with which he darkened Mr. Vaughn's face that half grave, half smiling expression. He looked away, a curious feeling of elation stirring in his heart.

I tried not to believe that Jerry might have taken the car. Cecily went back, even though I'd know he was in bed before MacPherson and I went to Ohestertown that night. And then yesterday at the wedding, Jerry acted so strangely. He drank quantities of champagne punch which wasn't like him at all. Jerry seldom drinks more than a cocktail or two, or a glass of wine. Drinking with him, the punch exhilarated him to an unusual degree. He tried to persuade me to elope with him. I think, now, that's why he drank.

Did you consider the proposition? Mr. Vaughn asked, looking at her intently. No, she said simply. I had given you my word, hadn't I, Father? When we got home, she continued, I called the hospital. There was something in Jeremy's face, as he stood beside me, waiting for me to get the connection, that convinced me, a suddenly terrified expression. I suppose all the punch he'd taken had weakened his self-control. I slept scarcely at all last night I knew.

You didn't accuse him? Mr. Vaughn asked. You didn't question him even indirectly? I was afraid, she said. I knew that if he suspected that I knew he would run away. I wanted to keep him here until you came. Father, I knew you could help him to get

out of this with some degree of decency, so that it needn't ruin his chances for a career. You expect me to help him? Mr. Vaughn asked in startled amazement. Don't bluster, darling, Cecily said coaxingly. Let me do the talking now. Dolly is apparently going to get well, she continued. There will be no charge against Jerry other than taking my car without permission and driving too fast. He hadn't even been drinking. She went to ride with him willingly. He told me that he simply lost control of the car in that narrow road. If you will pay the girl's hospital expenses—I don't see why we can't get the Cherry into this and let Jim join the company as soon as possible.

Cecily! Mr. Vaughn said despairingly. Are you still in love with the boy? A look of pain crossed her face. There was pain in the depths of her dark golden eyes.

I never want to see him again, she said slowly, but I do know that I want you to help him. I want him to have another chance. To Be Continued

Rotary

At the Rotary luncheon Monday the Radio Auction to be held next Thursday was discussed. Roy Quigley, chairman of the Auction committee, announced the names of the auctioneers, the messengers in charge of the tables and other officials. Other details of the Auction were also discussed and members appointed to look after the delivery of the goods from the Tourist Bureau office on Friday, Saturday and Monday.

The chairman, George Tweedy, made reference to the death of Robtarian T. B. Grady and a committee was appointed to draft a resolution of sympathy to be sent to the bereaved family.

Secretary Cooper read a letter from a Scottish Rotary Club inviting the members to be present at the exhibition to be held in Glasgow next year.

On motion, an amendment to the by-laws as requested by Rotary International re dates of payment of dues and past service membership was passed.

Joint Relief Sent To Western Fields

Some of the Nova Scotia towns in industrial districts have had cars of vegetables for Western Relief supplied from various points in P.E.I. Such accommodation has been provided for Churches in North Sydney, Glace Bay and New Waterford, Cape Breton by people in this province. This is of course, in addition to the gift cars by P. E. I. communities.

Two weeks ago the local committee of Churches sent a car from Bradalbane, in which all the Churches co-operated, to Wood Mountain, Saskatchewan.

Another car has just been shipped to Hazel, Sask., at the request of the Mayor of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, acting on behalf of a group of citizens from the Sharon-St. John's United, First Presbyterian and Anglican Churches of that town.

Many of those who have a share in sending this car, work underground in the coal mines of Pictou County district though the rural communities of Plymouth and Robertson helped, too.

While the citizens and churches of Stellarton will receive credit for this car, this co-operation with P. E. I. creates congenial relationships in the Maritime Provinces in the effort to meet the great need of the people of Western Canada.

CROSS ROADS SCHOOL

- Honor Roll of Cross Roads School for the month of November. Grade X—1, Louise MacNeil; 2, Helen Molyneux; 3, Norma MacCallum. Grade IX—1, Olive Stewart; 2, Alick Jenkins; 3, Blair MacCallum. Grade VIII—1, Jean MacRae; 2, Buddy Molyneux. Grade V—1, Bryer Jones. Grade IV (a)—1, Lucy Carver; 2, Blair MacRae. Grade IV (b)—1, Faith MacDonald; 2, Ian Stewart. Grade III—1, Jackie MacRae and Ralphie MacCallum (equal). Grade II—1, Margaret Jones. Grade I (a)—1, Eleanor Molyneux. Grade (b)—1, Boyd Carver. Margaret Huntley—Teacher.

BRINGING UP FATHER



In Memoriam

LESTER MacPHERSON

In the early morning hours of Wednesday, September 29th, Lester MacPherson, a very highly esteemed resident of Wood Islands, passed peacefully away in the Prince Edward Island Hospital, Charlottetown, at the early age of 26 years.

The deceased had been in his usual good condition of health until in the late evening hours of Saturday, September 25th, when he complained of a severe pain in the abdomen. It troubled him all through the night. On Sunday Dr. Brehaut was called in. Symptoms pointed to appendicitis. He was taken to the Prince Edward Island Hospital on Sunday afternoon and was operated on for appendicitis on Sunday evening.

The operation was apparently quite successful, but Lester never regained his strength as a young man such as he should have done. After the operation was over it was found that the appendix had become very much inflamed and distended, and it is believed that for some time this inflamed appendix had been sending out poison through the system. As a confirmation of this belief, jaundice, which is the result of poison in the liver, set in not long after the operation.

With jaundice setting in, when in this weakened condition, the doctors held out very little hope for his recovery and from that time on it soon became evident that instead of gaining in strength he was losing. He continued to grow gradually weaker until on the above mentioned date his gentle spirit winged its heavenward flight.

Lester MacPherson was the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Ewen MacPherson, Gray's Road, Wood Islands. He leaves his foster parents to mourn their great loss. He had been adopted by them when a lad of eight years of age, and throughout these eighteen years he had grown practically as dear to them as if he had been their own son.

He was a young man who was held in high esteem by all who had come to know him. He never knew what it was to smoke or to drink intoxicating liquor, and from his early years he sought to live for the things that were best. Some eight years ago when Rev. Mr. Stavert was minister in the Brockfield congregation he was asked to take charge of the Communion services in the Wood Islands congregation, and at that service he had the joy of receiving Lester MacPherson into full communion with the Presbyterian Church in Canada. And now, strange as it may seem, it has come to Mr. Stavert's lot to have charge of his funeral service.

Since coming to years of manhood Lester ever stood ready to help on with every good cause. Not many weeks before his death he became a member of the Order of the Sons of Temperance and was just beginning to take quite a deep interest in this old cause of temperance—the cause of all mankind.

Henceforth he will be much missed in this Order and in all the other spheres of activity. But while this is so, it is in the home that his loss will be felt most keenly. His place there will be hard to fill. In fact, it can never be filled. As his foster parents put it, "He was all that we had to live for." They will often long for the sound of his gentle voice and for the coming of the footfall of that young, noble, unselfish soul who through all of the years of his adoption was never known to disobey an order or to refuse a request. But they shall long in vain—for he has gone on into that home of many mansions out of which none shall ever go again forever.

As the end drew near he remained calm and unmoved. He felt assured that Lord and Master whom he had loved and delighted to serve since his very early years would forsake him in the swellings of Jordan. His passing was one of calm and deep peace.

The funeral, which was held on the afternoon of Friday, October 1st, was one of the largest, if not the largest, ever seen in this section of the province. The service was conducted by Rev. R. Hensley Stavert. After a short service at the home, the regular funeral service was held in the Presbyterian Church, Wood Islands. A number of the favourite hymns of the deceased were sung at both the home and the church. Mrs. Walter Dalziel, Murray River, sang very effectively that ever comforting old hymn, "Sometime We'll Understand." The church was filled to its capacity and this service throughout was a very impressive one.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful and consisted of the following: Wreath, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Bennett, Wreath, Presbyterian Young People's Society; wreath, Coronation Division of the Sons of Temperance; sprays, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. MacMillan, Gladys Brown, Mary and Joan Stewart, Catherine and Ethel Fraser; and bouquets, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. MacDonald and Lauchlin MacKinnon.

The pall bearers were Archibald MacPherson, John Martin MacPherson, Allan Cameron, Lloyd MacMillan, Hector MacDonald, and D. J. Riley. Interment was in the Presbyterian cemetery, Wood Islands.



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- HANDKERCHIEF GIFT SETS --- 75c TO \$2.00

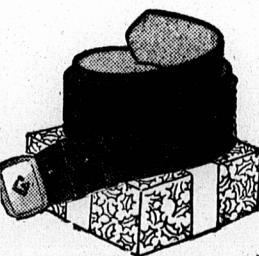
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Liberal Majority Placed At 1,846

(By The Canadian Press) VICTORIA, Nov. 30—Complete returns from the 143 polls in Victoria constituency today gave R.

W. Mayhew, successful Liberal "business man" candidate in yesterday's federal byelection, a plurality of 1,846 over his Conservative opponent, Bruce A. McKelvie.

wealth Federation candidate, trailed Mayhew by 2,844 votes. The unofficial count for 143 polls was announced today by returning officer Sydney Child as Mayhew, 9,487; McKelvie, 7,641; and Gordon, 6,643.

--By George McManus

