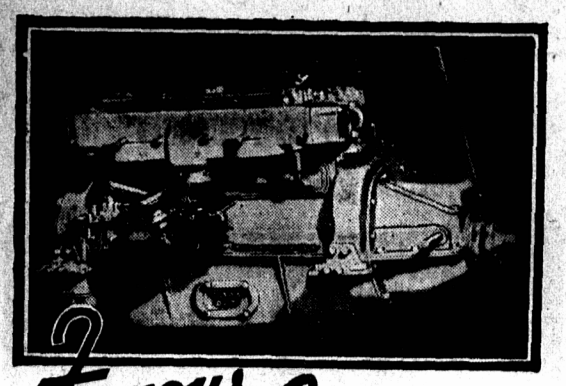

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The name GRAY cast on every cylinder block is accepted all over the world as assurance of the highest quality in marine power.

Every single engine, whether used for work or pleasure, is guaranteed to pull its rated power; and economy in operation is assured.

The Six-121 six cylinder 96 H.P. economy model pictured above is now available for early shipment.

Thompson's service policy assures spare parts at all times. Write for particulars, giving length, beam, draft and type of boat.

"A NAME TO RELY ON"

THOMPSON BROTHERS MACHINERY CO LTD LIVERPOOL, N.S.

LONDON, Oct. 22 — (Reuters) — The King has personally ordered the dispatch to Winston Churchill, Britain's wartime leader, of five war campaign awards — the 1939-45 star, the Africa Star, the Italy star, the France and Germany star, and the defence medal. Mr. Churchill's war services, which entailed 50,000 miles of world travel, entitle him to all five awards. He is the third prime minister to be so honored. The others were Herbert Asquith, Liberal prime minister at the outbreak of the First Great War, and David Lloyd George, who succeeded Mr. Asquith.

LAND TAXES

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of The Land Assessment Act, 1924, and Amendments, all taxes on land for the year 1945 fell due on the 1st day of October, 1945.

DISCOUNT AT THE RATE OF 5 PER CENT WILL BE ALLOWED ON ALL CURRENT TAXES PAID UP TO AND INCLUDING SATURDAY THE 1ST DAY OF DECEMBER, NEXT.

The Land Tax Rolls are now in the hands of the local Collectors who are prepared to give receipts for Land and Road Taxes.

TAXPAYERS IN DEFAULT ARE FURTHER NOTIFIED THAT PAYMENT OF ALL TAXES IN ARREARS MUST BE MADE FORTHWITH.

C. J. SEWART,
Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasury,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island,
October 22, 1945.

AS AN EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

Canadian farms now offer excellent opportunities for:—

Skilled Farm Workers and Other Mechanically Trained Men

Never before has the farm offered such wide-spread appeal to mechanically trained men to weld their special training into Canadian agriculture

JOBS ARE AVAILABLE IN YOUR DISTRICT

Wages plus board compare favourably with many other industries.

Canada Must Produce Food . . . . and More Food

Apply today National Employment Office or Provincial Agricultural Service for complete information.

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

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

(D 71-E)

Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

The hedge had been planted the day after Phoebe broke Mr. Prentice's little pink dogwood tree.

She certainly had not meant to break the little tree, but somehow she had when she raced after a croquet ball which her father had hit so hard that it went spinning over to the Prentice lawn. In fact, she hadn't known about the pink dogwood tree until afterwards—she only knew that suddenly Mr. Prentice had grabbed her and was shouting at her and was shaking her hard. But the thing she remembered most vividly of all was how her father had snatched her away from Mr. Prentice, how the two men had shouted angrily at each other over the top of her head. Her father's face had been suddenly all red and strange and different—and Phoebe had felt frightened in a way she could never quite forget. The next day while she had been still feeling solemn and subdued, the hedge had been set out. Hundreds and hundreds of little bushes put into the ground by Mr. Prentice's gardener in a long straight line at the edge of the Prentice lawn. And her father had looked at it and had called it a "confounded spite fence."

'Hello there! Want to see me?" Her father stood by her bed, smiling down at her. He had brushed his gray hair and his face was a bit sunburned, making his eyes look clear and gray.

Phoebe nodded. She looked at him from under her lashes in silence for a moment. "Father," she burst out suddenly, her cheeks quite pink, "you and Moms—you're happy, aren't you? I mean—together?"

"Why, yes, dear. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking about marriage and—things." Phoebe paused, picking at the tufts on the quilt. 'Father, do you ever get all mixed up in your thoughts?"

"I certainly do. Lots of times."

Well, then what do you do? I mean, what do you do about it?"

"Try to straighten them out," her father smiled. "That's about all anybody can do, dear."

Phoebe sighed deeply.

"May be you're mixed up about something," John said. 'Maybe we could talk it out together."

Phoebe shook her head. "No. I can't talk about it exactly. But I was just wondering, I mean, suppose a person said he would do something—something important—and then he found out he didn't really want to, and yet at the same time he felt as if he ought to, what do you think the person ought to do?"

John rose and leaned over the bed to pat a flushed cheek. "I think," he said gently, 'that the best thing in such a case would be to think it over for a long time before doing anything at all. Time has a way of taking many of the knots out of problems, Phoebs. And remember this, often it does help to talk things over with someone else. If you have a problem, I want to help you in any way I can. You know that, don't you dear?"

"Y-yes, Father."

CHAPTER VIII

It was nice to be up and dressed even if you couldn't go out of your room. Phoebe walked shakily about, taking a mournful pleasure in seeing how loosely her tan wool dress hung on her and how thin and pale her face had grown. She looked, she told herself ethereal and she felt she could be almost happy if only the kitten would get over his cold. She sat daown in the rocker and watched him anxiously. He had slept almost all day long. Now he was awake, but he certainly did look droopy.

Caroline poked her head in at the door. "Ruth's here, dear. Shall I tell her to come up?"

"Oh yes!" Phoebe's face brightened.

"Why, you're all dressed!" Ruth's curls had been blown about her face by the wind. "Do you feel lots better, Phoebe?"

"Lot's. But the kitten's pretty sick."

"Poor little thing!" Ruth bent over to stroke the kitten gently. Then she sat down on the edge of Phoebe's bed and the two girls smiled at each other uncertainly.

Ruth had stopped in almost every day after school, but Caroline would allow her to stay only a minute, so that she and Phoebe had had no real talk. Peter had not been mentioned. But Phoebe felt, or thought she felt, a slight constrain in his sister's manner.

"It's getting lovely out. I hope you can come out pretty soon," Ruth said, glancing toward the window.

"I hope so too," Phoebe was thinking that Ruth had the clearest voice in the world, and the clearest eyes. Everything about Ruth was small and fine—her hand and the shape of her face and her gestures. She often made Phoebe feel overgrown and hobbledehoy.

They were best friends. They told each other everything. Since babyhood Peter and Ruth and Phoebe had played together; among them had grown up the kind of serene taken-for-granted affection that exists among brothers and sisters. Confidences were given as a matter of course by all three; secrets shared. Ruth and Peter's father, a widower, who farmed land belonging to the Prentices, was considered by Phoebe's father to be the salt of the earth' a man who combined simple wisdom with great kindliness. The two men were close friends, and Caroline had mothered the Rosicki children along with Phoebe.

Like all little girls Phoebe and Ruth had loved to go to each other's homes to "spend the night" Phoebe loved Ruth's tiny bedroom which seemed so different from her own. Color filled it. There were bright blue curtains at the windows and the bedspread was a gay patchwork quilt. And in that bed, beneath the sweetly, gently gaze of the Virgin on her shelf above the brass head rods, Ruth and Phoebe had whispered and giggled in the dark long after they should have been asleep, Phoebe's hair done up in tight knobs on the patent curlers she was forever trying.

CUT DOWN ON TAKING LAXATIVES THIS WAY

See How Regular You Can Be Every Morning

Try taking Carter's Pills this way: Start with 8 and set a definite time every morning. When you get regular every morning cut down to 2. After a few days, try 1.

Then try taking Carter's *every other day.* You may even find you can keep regular without any laxative.

You see, Carter's are so tiny you can cut down the dose—from 8 to 1—to fit the needs of your individual system. Without disappointment.

Carter's help clean out your intestinal tract not halfway, but thoroughly. They are doubly effective because made with two vegetable herbs compounded properly for thorough, easy action.

Thousands can cut down on laxative dosing this Carter way. Ask for Carter's Pills by name to get the genuine at any drugstore—25¢. Start the Carter graduated dose method tonight, and jump out of bed tomorrow rarin' to go.

Ruth looked suddenly away from the window and at Phoebe as if she had decided to speak her mind. "Phoebe, Peter was telling me about you and him."

Although she had half-expected Ruth's mention of Peter, color flooded Phoebe's face. She seemed to blush so easily these days! "He—he was?" she stammered. "Wh-what did he say?"

"I guess you know what he said."

"Well," Phoebe broke the ensuing silence defiantly, "aren't you glad?"

"No, I'm not. I'd think it was just simply wonderful if I thought you loved Peter. But—I don't think you do."

Tears came into Phoebe's eyes. She felt horribly weak and wobbly and she wished Ruth would go away and not say such things.

"Because the one you're in love with," Ruth went on, "is Ben Prentice. And you couldn't love two."

Phoebe stopped crying; her eyes opened wide. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"And I bet Peter knows that himself," Ruth added solemnly, "only he won't let himself think it's true."

"But I'm not either in love with Ben Prentice!" Phoebe said in a breathless voice.

There was a silence while Ruth considered what truth there might be in this denial. "Well," she said at last, "he's in love with you!"

"H-how do you know?"

"Because he's been over at our house a lot while you've been sick and he talks about you all the time."

"He—he does?" Phoebe's gaze pleaded with Ruth to go on. "Well, what does he say?"

"Oh, that you're wonderful and everything. Gee," Ruth's eyes shone suddenly, "he's wonderful."

Phoebe jumped up. "Let's not talk about it any more," she said passionately, and the next moment she was weeping.

Sooner or later, of course, Phoebe had to see Peter again. And the meeting came on the first day she was allowed to go downstairs. She dreaded it; though she could walk quite well by herself she clung to her mother's arm as they went toward the living room where Peter was waiting. Caroline warned the boy that he could stay only for a minute.

"Now remember, Peter," she said firmly, "Phoebe is far from well yet. She simply must not get excited."

When Caroline had left them the boy and girl stood looking at each other. Peter's dark eyes expressed his gladness at seeing her again, but he felt shy of this new Phoebe who looked so wan and fragile. And Phoebe's heart was pounding! she couldn't think of anything to say.

(To Be Continued)

ATHLETE'S FOOT Fought First Day

Does Athlete's Foot make your skin peel, crack and blister? Does the itching nearly drive you mad? No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a new treatment called Nixoderm. In 7 minutes Nixoderm stops the itching and starts combating the germs that cause Athlete's Foot. You will probably see a big improvement the very first day or so. If not completely satisfied Nixoderm costs nothing because you get your money back on return of the empty jar. Get Nixoderm from your druggist today—the money-back trial offer protects you.

'SHIP 24' LOGS ARE PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, Oct. 17 — The logs of "Ship 24", or Northeast Airlines' NC28624, the first ever published for an airliner, appear in the current issue of AIR TRANSPORT, McGraw-Hill publication.

"Probably no other airline in the world does so much intensive flying within so concentrated an area," the article states, noting that "the number of landings and take-offs per day with average mileage between stops of 60 miles and the territory covered, make for an unusual operation."

A two-day biography of Ship 24, one on a winter day, Feb. 4, and one on a summer day, Aug. 5, 1945, are given for the plane's flight from New York to Boston, Concord, Portland, Barre-Montpelier, Augusta, Burlington Bangor, Montreal, Houlton, Presque Isle, Moncton.

The article is the first in a series covering personnel, background and plans of each airline of the United States.

READY MADE HOUSES

BIRMINGHAM, England — (CP) — A system of prefabrication "which would enable us to build houses in the same way as cars and airplanes" is the goal of Health Minister Bevin, he said in an address here.

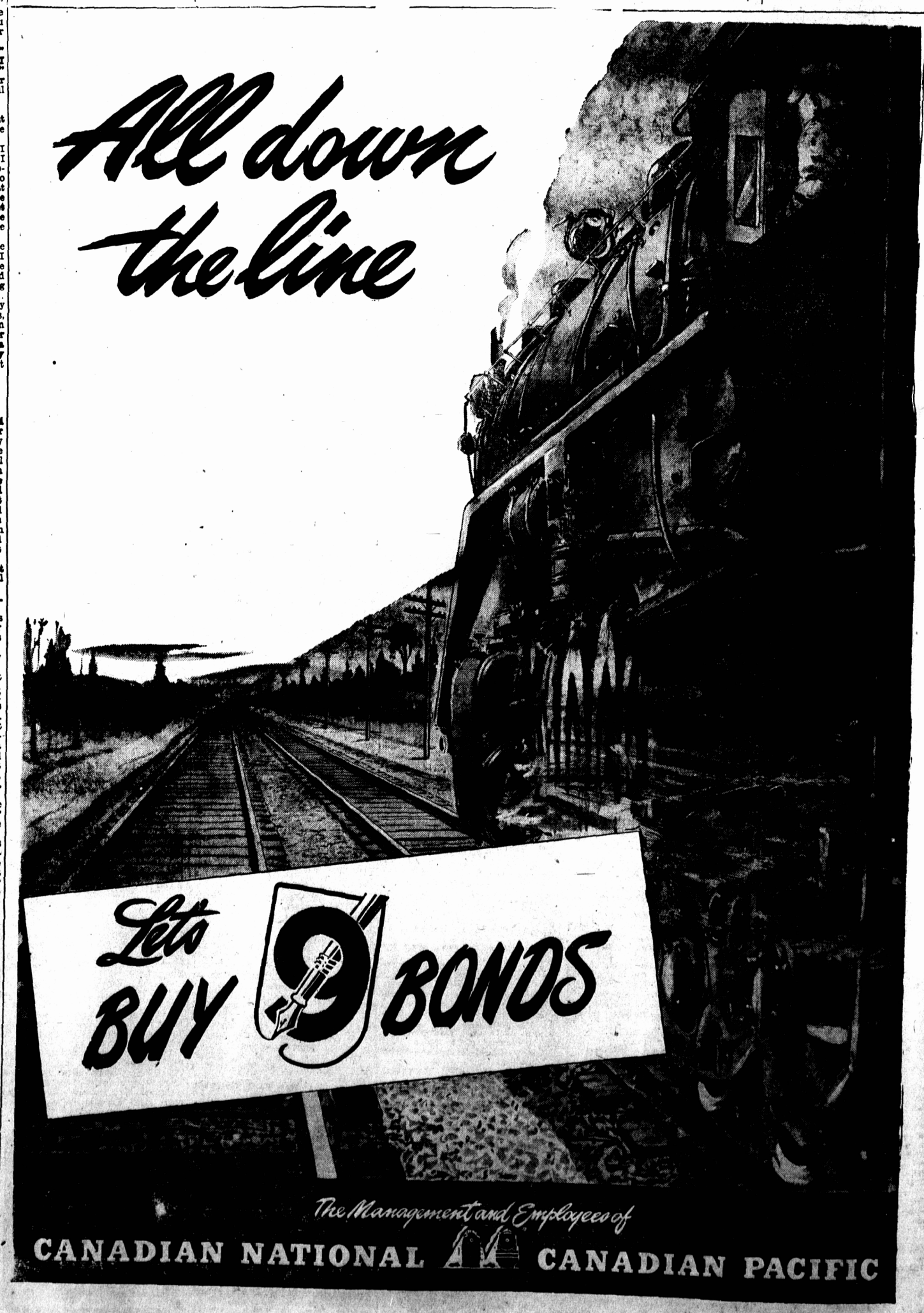
NEED COACHES FOR ALL

LONDON — (CP) — Answering a railway questionnaire travellers said they would like nursery coaches where young children could play, more "Ladies Only" compartments, larger luggage racks and stricter observance of non-smokers' rights.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Oct. 22—(CP Cable)—A new fish company, the Northlantic Fisheries, Ltd., has been incorporated with share capital totalling one and a half million dollars, to develop inshore and deep sea fishing off Newfoundland. The new company will take over the controlling interest in Job Bros. Ltd., and shares will be offered to the public.

EATING TOO MUCH?

Most People Do and Pay the Penalty!

Many who feel "under the weather" are often guilty of overeating, especially rich, fatty foods. This often leads to a system overloaded with toxic waste, a dull, tired feeling and eventual "middle-age spread."

A favourite British method of keeping fit and trim despite rich, heavy food is to take Bile Beans nightly. These small all-vegetable pills are so gentle they are called "The Medicine That Wakes Up Nature". Most people eat too heavily, exercise too little, so get BILE BEANS from your druggist and resolve to keep fit and youthfully active. 49