


IN A CRACKER IT'S Flavour THAT COUNTS



Yes, it's always a "jam session" when Junior finds the Christie's Dainty Sodas! Serve them often with soups, salads, beverages... the name "Christie's" means fine flavour and perfect baking.

Christie's Biscuits

Young April
by Dorothy Chadwick

The night was black and a rising wind sighed through the trees. Benjamin followed the light, stumbling in the dark, wondering how soon he could see Phoebe again and wishing he hadn't made his appointment with Jack the New York Bar Association for 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. "That means I'll have to take the early train and the chances are I won't get back here until evening." The two men rounded the edge of the hedge and as they approached the black bulk of the farmhouse a loud, "Me-o-ow," followed by a series of shrill squeaks sounded at their feet.

"What's this," Mr. Prentice exclaimed in an annoyed tone as he kicked out in the darkness, "cats!" "Yes, a whole family of them," Benjamin explained to his father how they happened to be in the carriage house, adding, "I promised Phoebe I'd take care of them. Dad, Ben was smiling as he stood beside his father on the porch while the older man hunted for his key to the carriage house door. "Notice her," Mr. Prentice flung the key in the lock and turned the door open. "Why, not especially. "But didn't you notice how lovely she is?"

Without answering, Mr. Prentice crossed the hall and went in to the large living room. One light was burning beneath a shallow dome of one-bound brass whose green color was repeated in the old-fashioned Brussels carpet and the border of stained glass around the windows. Ben threw off his topcoat and hunched his shoulders. "This house has a chill all through it," he said, "I hope it's not the radiator upstairs." The house is in fine shape. Peace is an excellent caretaker—there's not a crack in the walls. Good peace. Appreciates his employer."

"Well, it's a gloomy old place anyway," Ben pulled a pipe out of his pocket and lit it, and then tossed the match in among the papers and kindlings on the hearth. Then he smiled affectionately at his father. "Dad, come on and sit down for a while. I'm all wound up. Isn't Phoebe wonderful? When we were away there was just a kid, freckles and pigtail and long black stockings. Why, gosh—I never gave her a second thought."

"And may I ask," his father asked carefully, "why you feel it necessary to give her a second thought?"

Benjamin looked up, his blue eyes proud beneath the blond brush of his hair. "That's what I mean. I'm going to tell you, Dad. You see, I'm going to marry Phoebe—she'll have me."

"You're going to what?"

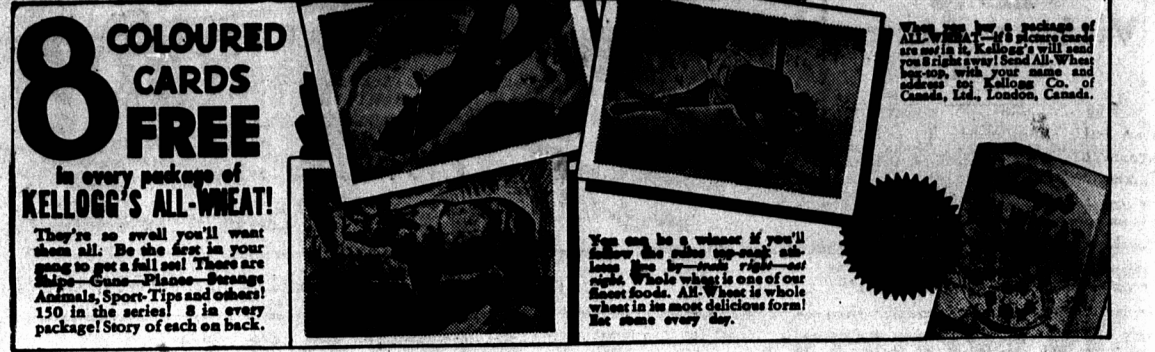
"Marry her, Dad. She's beautiful. He looked extraordinarily happy. "It's absurd!" Mr. Prentice wailed. "You'll be laughing at it if you don't marry her. And before I either could reply Ben strode out of the room."

"All right," his father interrupted. "Let's see, son. Let's talk it over. Let's have a regular old man-to-man talk and see what's what. Now as regards your marriage, son, you must remember that you have before you a brilliant future. Take your time and look around. Don't lose your head over the girl. You're a good land, you'll probably be in love half a dozen times before you marry. You are at a crucial moment in your life. The beginning is always the important point, and it is my most earnest desire that you do not muddle your life. Don't need to say any more, do you?"

Ben stood up straight as an arrow, his blue eyes on a level with his father's. "I'm not going to muddle my life, Dad," he said quietly. "I'm going to marry Phoebe Overton. If she'll have me." And before his father could reply Ben strode out of the room.

8 COLOURED CARDS FREE
In every package of **KELLOGG'S ALL-WHEAT!**

They're so small you'll want them all. Be the first in your gang to get a full set! There are 8 All-Wheat Cards—8 different Animals, Sport-Tips and others! 150 in the series! 8 in every package! Story of each on back.



ANNUAL MEETING In Memoriam
OF THE **Ladies' Progressive Conservative Association**

Will be held in the Board of Trade Room, Market Building, on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October at eight o'clock. All ladies interested in this organization are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. R. E. SUTHERLAND, President.
MARION BROWN, Secretary.

10-19-45

In Memoriam C. C. F. Has Six Members In Man.

In loving memory of **AMELIA BEATRICE JENKINS**
October 19th, 1940.

A door swings briefly open,
Our darling goes away
Goes from life's dark shadows
Into bright eternal day.

But still in our home we are lonely
For the one we so dearly loved
But while here on earth we are weeping
We know she is waiting above.

Sadly Missed by Mother and Dad,
Maie and Erwin.

10-19-45

Gard of Thanks

Mrs. Frederick Kilson wish to express her sincere thanks to all those who sent cards and messages of sympathy or helped in any way during her recent sad bereavement.

10-19-45

BENJAMIN S. WARD

Although in failing health for some months prior to his death, it was with a degree of shock to his many friends when it was learned that Benjamin Ward of Hampshire had been suddenly stricken on the evening of August 1, 1945. Mr. Ward had started for the barn and had gone but a short distance from the house when he fell from a sudden heart attack. He was in his 78th year, but despite that ripe age, he maintained a keen interest and concern in the events of world interest, as well as those of his own local community where he had resided as a successful farmer for a great part of his life on the family homestead. A neighbor, husband, and father of kindly and thoughtful disposition, he is sadly missed by a host of friends. He was a faithful member and attendant of the Baptist Church at Kingston and an Honorary Member of King William Orange Lodge at the same place.

Mr. Ward is survived by his wife, Hattie H., one son, Davis, both of Hampshire; a daughter, Mrs. Dugald MacLean of Canoe Cove, another daughter, Mrs. Leonard Steeves of Kingston, was laid to rest on May 30th of this year. A brother, Spurgeon, resides at South Weymouth, Mass.; a sister, Annie, Mrs. Stanley Rockland, Rockland, Mass.; a brother, William, at Bridgewater, Mass.; a sister, Jessie, Mrs. Bertram Auld, Kingston; a brother, Daniel, at Hampshire; and a brother, Frederick, Charlottetown. Friends in the community and adjoining districts, who assembled in great numbers, paid tribute in sympathy at the funeral service to those who had in recent months been so sorely bereaved. The service was conducted at the home by Rev. A. E. Todd and assisted by Rev. J. R. Skinner. The burial service by Rev. Todd, Rev. Skinner and King William Orange Lodge. The pall-bearers were six nephews of the deceased, Earl Ward, Elmer Ward, Cecil Ward, Ira Ward, Chester Ward, Lewis Ward, with A. B. Cuffeiff, Undertaker.

10-19-45

side her general disposition. She stood at her husband's side with downcast smiling eyes. "Mersey, no, not at the party!" "Well, you keep after him until he does. I declare, I'd like to sail with you on one of these. There's no reason on earth why he shouldn't give you a right of way across his corner, things being as they are."

Phoebe listened to the talk of her mother and aunt with little attention. Ordinarily she was as interested in the master of the house as Phoebe, but this morning she and the wild stream outside seemed to be remote from such everyday things.

"Phoebe," her mother said suddenly, "I forgot to tell you Benjamin Prentice was over here looking for you about nine."

Phoebe's hand joggled, spilling half a teaspoonful of sugar out.

"If you don't sound like a fortune teller—and you've only seen the boy once! Guess or a hundred times," Miss Palmer said stoutly. "It's all there if you have the eyes to see."

No more was said about Benjamin, and immediately after breakfast Miss Palmer started for the city. She found faces of Anne and Miss Palmer bearing back at Phoebe through the wet rear window of the sedan.

"Phoebe, maybe you could start straightening out the house," Caroline took her coat down from the hook in the hall and wrapped it tightly around herself. "I promised to run in and see Amy Prentice this morning, but I don't expect to be gone more than half an hour."

After lunch Phoebe hung around the kitchen. "Well, all I can say is," Caroline leaned down to peer at

the heat indicator, on the oven door. "The server been so shocked at the sight of anybody in my life as I was at Amy Prentice this morning."

"It's the terrible ill, Momma!" Phoebe looked up from the floor she was sitting for the apple pie. Poor Ben—

"I'll tell you, Phoebe, it's pitiful, just pitiful. Why, when I think of Amy Prentice twelve year ago, and to see her as I did this morning! I simply cannot understand. Ed Prentice! The doctor told him and told him that Amy couldn't stand Florida in the summer time."

"But, Momma, if it was so bad for her why didn't she just come up here in summer and let him stay with it? He wanted to? The house was right there all the time."

"Mrs. Overton made a bitter

Continued on Page 6

OUT OUR WAY
By J. R. Williams



IF YOU FORGET TO PUT YOUR BELT AROUND SOME OF THEM HOPE BOXES I THINK I'VE LOST EVERYTHING BUT A GRAY SPOT!

WELL, WHY SHOULD HE LOOK LIKE THAT? HE WON'T KNOW TILL HE GETS HOME IF IT'S A SHORTAGE OF MEAT OR LOST IN THE RUSH!

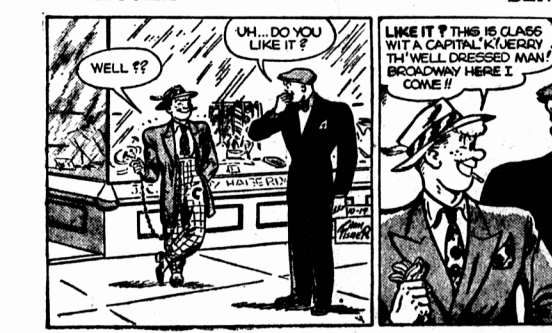
OUR BOARDING HOUSE
With Major Hoopie



EGAD, JASON! CAN'T A MAN LEAVE HIS CATTLE WITHOUT BEING HUNTED LIKE A STAG? I'M OUT HERE LISTENING TO THE VOICES OF SEA AND MOUNTAIN, COMPOSING AN INSPIRED ODE TO ALTYUMAH—UM! WHEN MARTHA GENT YOU WAS SHE GRINDING HER TEETH?

NANUP MISTAN MAJOR, THE MISSUS WASN'T SLEEPING OR LAUGHING, BUT LOOK MOSTLY NEUTRAL! SHE SAYS THEY ARE STEW FOR SUPPER—WHICH SOUNDS MORE SOLID TO ME THAN POTTY. AS I DON'T HEAR NO MOUNTAIN!

JOE PALOOKA



WELL, DO YOU LIKE IT?

LIKE IT? THIS IS CLASS WITH A CAPITAL KERRY! THE WELL DRESSED MAN! BROADWAY HERE I COME!

SENSASTUN
By Ham Fisher



YA THINK IT AIN'T GREAT? A SENSASTUN! LOOK AT 'EM! IT'S KNOCKIN' 'EM COLD!

I GOTTA LOOK THESE WHATS-A-NAME JOE PALOOKA! THAT WITH HIM!

HONK! HONK!

BRINGING UP FATHER



SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S BEEN MURDERED—

EXTRA! BIG JEWEL ROBBERY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

GOLLY! HOPE THOSE WEREN'T MAGGIE'S JEWELS—

MAGGIE—YOUR JEWELS—ARE THEY ALL RIGHT?

WELL—THEY ARE A BIT OLD-FASHIONED! HOW SWEET OF YOU TO ASK—I COULD USE A NEW DIAMOND PENDANT.

I CAN'T BLAME ANYBODY FOR THAT BUT ME—SELF—

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS
By Edwin



DO YOU THINK MARTHA WILL EVER FORGIVE ME? YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T COME BACK, BECAUSE—WELL, I HEARD SHE'D MARRIED A FORTY YEARS AGO—

LET'S GO AND SEE THE ELEPHANTS!

WHO TOLD YOU THAT? HE DID! I WAS IN A MEDICINE SHOW, AND ONE NIGHT, I SAW HIM IN THE CROWD, SO I TALKED TO HIM—

AND HE SAID— I HE DID!— WHY, SHE'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU ALL THESE YEARS!

WHY DON'T YOU COME ON HOME TO DINNER—FANDY CAN TALK EVERYTHING OVER—

TILLIE THE TOILER
A SORDID SUGGESTION
By Webster



IF THE NEWSPAPERS WILL GO FROM COAST TO COAST ON A POGO STICK

THE BOY HAS ORIGINALITY AND STAMINA THAT NEEDN'T BE WASTED

SAY! SOME FIRMS MIGHT PAY A LOT FOR YOUR PUBLICITY IDEAS

ME SELL MY TALENTS FOR SOBBY DOLLARS? I LOVE PUBLICITY FOR ITSELF! FOR ITSELF ALONE!

OXYDOL WASHES SO CLEAN
your biggest wash comes **WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING**

OXYDOL is Far Ahead of Most Soaps in Preventing "Dirty Grayness!"

Tests Prove Oxydol Washes Clothes CLEANER and WHITER!

Yes, Whiter! In wash test after test—Oxydol proved that it actually washes clothes cleaner and whiter than many other soaps which, unlike Oxydol, fail to get out that last possible trace of stubborn dirt and grime!

White and Bright Wash After Wash Soaps often leave tiny discoloring particles caused by dirt in the clothes and the "hardness" of the water. These stick in the clothes and turn gray or yellow under ironing heat. But Oxydol combats "dirty grayness"—actually helps prevent "dirty grayness" from forming in clothes!

New "Hustle-Bubble" Suds Lift Dirt Out! Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so active they lift dirt out. All your white things—except for unusual stains—come so clean they're White Without Bleaching. Sparkling white!

So Safe for Colors, Too! And Oxydol is so safe—safe for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands. Its rich, safe suds wash your colored clothes so clean they fairly sparkle!

Next washday use Oxydol—and enjoy a wash so clean it's actually White Without Bleaching!



YOU BET THEY'RE SPARKLING WHITE! THAT'S BECAUSE OXYDOL'S LIVELY SUDS LIFT DIRT OUT! EVEN OUR GRIMEST PIECES COME WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING!

Oxydol Washes White Without Bleaching

CHAPTER V

Phoebe opened her eyes and saw gray rays blowing past the window. She smothered a wondering why she should feel so terribly happy. What had happened? Then she awoke with a start, and the edge of the bed, hugging herself in the cold freshness of the room. She had fallen in love! She patterned the whole matter in her pajamas to close the windows, stopped before the mirror for a glimpse of Phoebe Overton in love.

Had it made her look different? No, she couldn't see that. How strange! Here she was waked up by a new world, and the world changed, and nothing showed!

Ben. Was he really in this same world with her? Was he really here? She remembered took a long look at the familiar red brick house visible from her window as if she had never seen it before. Then she threw off her clothes, navy skirt, sweater, cardigan and white blouse, and ran downstairs. The dining-room shades were up to the top and the room smelled of fresh coffee and bacon. Her mother and aunt sat at the end of the table which had not yet been made, small, lingering over their breakfast.

"Here's Phoebe, fresh as a daisy," said Anne, as her niece slipped into her place and hungrily speared the grapefruit on her plate.

Phoebe beamed at both of them. It's a wonderful morning!

"A wonderful morning," Caroline glanced sharply at her daughter. "Why, it's coming down in buckets."

"Well, I just mean," Phoebe blushed suddenly. "I love the rain."

"I can't say I do," exclaimed Mrs. Overton as a gust of wind shook the house. "Ben, I do wish you didn't have to drive back in to New York through this. Won't you stay over Sunday?"

"Can't be done, more's the pity," said Miss Palmer. "Saturday night's my big night at the tea room and Anna has to be on deck." She turned to her sister. "That old road of yours must be a roaring river."

Caroline nodded. "Do be careful on it."

"I will, don't you worry, Carole,