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CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Girl of the Turf

By Mary Douglass Stovall

CHAPTER XIX

Cary stood with her back to the closed door as if she did not trust lock and key against Jim Constance. Repulsion like an electric charge made her body tremble.

She waited there as she heard Lucretia's bright, gay voice and Jim's mumbled answer.

After they had gone she went into the bathroom and dashed cold water on her face. It helped to steady her thoughts, to keep them from running desperately here and there, seeking a way out — kept them from rushing blindly up dead-end alleys. She had to face things squarely — now, with an [illegible] mind. There would be no [illegible] running away.

She patted her face with a small [illegible] towel and carefully, as if she were going out or expecting someone, she applied lip-stick and rouge. She changed into a sport linen with matching hand-made Mexican sandals. After that she felt much better.

She saw now that the thing which had just happened to her was inevitable. Jim Constance from the beginning had not been solely interested in Lucretia. Cary remembered with sharp repugnance his urgent and ready offer to lend her money. She remembered, too, the feel of his hot, moist lips. The thought sickened her and sent her to the telephone. She had to get in touch with Tony.

But when she got through to his hotel, she was told he had checked out that morning—that he did not leave an address.

She next tried the stables. Her voice, when she asked for him, was low and well modulated, but her heart was beating furiously.

"Mr. Garth has not been here all day. He left Mr. Graziana to look after his horses until he returns," a voice told her.

She placed the telephone back on its white stand. Her long crimsoned nails tapped against the chair arm. Could Tony have deserted her when she needed most to ask his advice?

Ivy came in from shopping. She took one look at Cary and sat down in a near-by chair, without taking off her hat.

"Well, out with it. Who was knocked out—Lou or you?"

"I wish it were as simple as that," Cary answered. Then, "Ivy, do you know anything about Jim Constance? Where did we first pick him up?"

Ivy lighted a cigarette before she answered. "Lucretia met him at Saratoga a couple of years ago. That's all I know. She's been threatening to marry him ever since."

Cary got up and walked to the window, standing with her back to Ivy. Suddenly she turned and said almost viciously, "Well, get this, Ivy. Lou's not going to marry Jim, because he's going out of our lives for good."

"That's the best news I've heard lately," Ivy said, "but I don't believe it will be as easily done as said."

"I owe him a lot of money, but I'll get hold of it somehow and pay it back tomorrow. I can sell the horses. Red Roamer and California Rose ought to bring a fair price, even if I have to let them go cheaply; and there's Mable and the two colts. Listen, Ivy, I hate like sin to admit I'm licked, but I am."

Ivy drew hard on her cigarette, then dropped the stub in the ash tray. "Go on, my dear. What licked you? This time yesterday you were looking like an early spring. Today you resemble the last rose of summer. What happened? Is Anthony Garth mixed up in it?"

"Yes and no."

"Very definite," Ivy said drily.

"I know now that he loves me," Cary said frankly, feeling a flush rising to her cheeks.

"That doesn't take my breath away," Ivy said. "You can be quite alluring when you choose, and desirable too. Men aren't usually casual about women like you. The important thing is how you feel about him."

"I didn't know exactly at the time, but I was sunk the first day I met him at the ranch. He was the sort of thing I had been looking for all my life, it seemed. Something happened last night that proved it conclusively to me."

Ivy drew a long breath. "Heaven preserve us when Lucretia finds out."

"That's just it," Cary said unhappily. "Lou mustn't find out — not until we get Jim out of the way." Cary sat down again. "Ivy Jim is an out and out rotter. I know it now as well as if someone had branded him. The stewards know it. Tony knows it. Lucretia is the only one still in the dark. Less than an hour ago he let me know in no uncertain terms that I'm the object of his affections right now."

Ivy sucked in her breath sharply. "Cary——"

"Don't feel sorry for me," Cary snapped, "or you'll have me howling like a puppy. I must have gone into this thing with my eyes closed, but I'm coming out with them open and I've got to keep my head level. I've got to raise that money some way and then I'll tell Jim to get out and stay out and I'll put Lucretia under lock and key, if necessary."

"What about Paul?" Ivy ventured.

"I don't know," Cary said miserably. "Paul's been too darn nice to me to cut him off at the pockets. I suppose we'll get married some day." She looked up at Ivy hopefully. "Marriage with Paul could be something rather splendid, Ivy He and I can make it that way, I'm sure."

"I know you can," Ivy said sympathetically. "But that doesn't let you do anything about Tony."

"It doesn't," Cary said almost sadly. "You know what it would do to Lucretia if I married him. Life has been an unhappy venture for her as it is. I'm not going to hurt her more than is necessary."

Ivy said, "You know, Cary, that Lucretia has always believed that Anthony was David's son."

Cary nodded. She remembered again how much Anthony looked like David. The same dark, rough hair—the square, lean jaw — the broad shoulders and narrow hips —the voice that could be terse and business-like one moment and tender the next — a man distinguished looking among men.

"If he is David's son," Cary said, "that would be more reason for Lucretia to hate him."

Flying Officer B. G. Johnston, of Fortune Bridge, P. E. I. who returned to Canada recently after a long tour of bomber operations overseas. With 44 operational flights to his credit, Flying Officer Johnston of the Royal Canadian Air Force has seen action in the Middle East and Malta, bombing Tobruk, Crete, Benghazi and many other Axis targets. His brother, Flying Officer Cyril Johnston, is a flying instructor with the R. C. A. F. in Canada. (RCAF Photo)

Valedictory At St. Dunstan,s Convocation

Following is the text of the Valedictory delivered by F. A. Brennan, B.A., at the commencement exercises of St. Dunstan's University on Monday:

There are great moments in the lives of all great men, moments when a little hardship is forgotten in "one fierce pang of joy," moments when the difficulties that confront a man are choked into submission by the deep satisfaction of an ambition realized. The present moment is such a moment for us; and before it loses its significance and is relegated to a place of insignificance in the countless and fleeting hours of time, let me tell you why we consider it so great. This will involve the telling of a story, a short story, a true story, and one, I hope, that will not be boring, for indeed its incidents were anything but boring to those who experienced them.

Once upon a time two very unselfish persons decided to do a very unselfish thing; they decided that they would give their little son an education. And so a noisy youngster left the little wooden train under the kitchen table, and with a shiny-covered book "trudged like a snail unwillingly to school." The home was very quiet after that, and the mother often wished for the shouting and the childish laughter; but she knew, and better than anyone else, what great change school would make in her son The days passed, the years passed, and with their passing the child became a young man. But school wasn't enough for this beloved son. To him would go the best, regardless of the sacrifice it might entail—and putting a boy through college certainly was a sacrifice, if not in money, then of something more precious than money, the company of a son.

So the young man went to college, and there, quickly adapting himself to entirely unfamiliar surroundings, he began to forge ahead toward the end he had in view. He knew what was expected of him—and he wished to be worthy. In the classroom he met new ideas; he struggled with them; he won. On the football field, he met the opposing team; he struggled with it; he did not always win. In the chapel he met his God; but he did not struggle with Him; yet he won. Perhaps the many and varied incidents of the day left little time for reflections on home and on those who were responsible for his great opportunity. But night would come, and long after the sound of the bell had re-echoed through the corridors, he would lie there on his bed vowing that he would not let down those whom he loved so dearly.

Time passed swiftly at College, for only unhappiness can make the minutes drag into hours—and he was anything but unhappy. Soon, very soon, before he was aware of it, the final day had come.

Thanks To Parents

This is as far as my story goes. You can see that it is incomplete, and you can readily understand that only another generation shall know its conclusion. The boy in the story is the young man who is graduating today; and the unselfish persons who made this possible for him are the fathers and mothers who are here today, either in body or in spirit. To them I wish to say this, and I am saying it on behalf of the graduates and myself. "Thank you, father, thank you, mother. We, your children, are most grateful. It will be most difficult to forget what you so generously did for us. This moment is great for us, because it is greater for you."

There are some who smile at us today, perhaps a bit indulgently and with tongue in cheek. They say that we are making too much of such a small honour. They even suggest that we are revelling in what we consider the attainment of a final ambition. Oh, they do not put it in just that way, but that is what they mean. They see each of us honored with a Bachelor of Arts degree, and they seem to accuse us of thinking that this is the culmination point in our lives. But what is our answer? It is cear, and I hope effective enough to cause a little discomfiture to those deserving it.

Our Final Ambition

If this is truly our final ambition, then let there ring down on this glorious day the respondent curtain of human praise and honour. If this is our final ambition then let the messengers and heralds of every nation proclaim with instruments of gold and silver, that somewhere in this discontented world of frustrated desires, a dozen young people are satisfied with their lot. But this is not our final ambition; it is not the end of our careers. It is but a landing made on the long stairway that leads to our ultimate ambition. We know that the sun is shining today, and that friends are congratulating us. But we also know that tomorrow the rain will come and many of the friends who are here today will be far from us. Today the world seems vulnerable and inviting to conquest; tomorrow it will grind itself with impregnable armour and defy us to advance. Today we throw the gauntlet to the world; tomorrow the world will pick it up and throw it back in our faces. No, we are not fooled. We know what we have to face. The "wide, cruel world" is more than a hackneyed figure of speech; it is a reality, a reality that will attempt to force us into obedience to its many whims and fancies. I say that it will *attempt* to do this; I do not say that it will succeed. It is up to us to see that it will not. It is our earnest prayer that never in the history of our lives shall the world have the opportunity to exult in our failure. Only God can answer this prayer, and upon Him do we today depend for a future bright and happy, if not here below, then in Heaven above in the mansions of the blessed.

A Strange Paradox

There are sad moments in the lives of all men, just as there are great moments. There are moments when our very nature cries out for solace that, we know, will prove unavailing, moments when the human heart, the centre of all emotion, seems to shrink, so weak is it from the cruel bleeding which it has experienced. Such a moment is the less appealing feature in the strange paradox of supreme joy and utter sadness that now confronts us. You realize full well that we are supremely happy because of all that this afternoon's Graduation Exercises means to each member of the class of '43. But sad indeed we are too, sad because of the severing of ties with so many who are both near and dear to us. This afternoon, we must say good-bye to you, Right Reverend Rector and Reverend Fathers, under whose understanding and paternal guudance we have been formed into the newest graduates of St. Dunstan's. We must say, good-bye to you, fellow-students, with whom we have formed, as it were, one large happy family, during the never-to-be-forgotten years we have been together. Classmates, the years we have been together have been most happy indeed; but now these years have ended.

Classmates,—

"There is a word, of grief the sounding token;
There is a word bejewelled with bright tears,
The saddest word fond lips have spoken,
A little word that breaks the chain of years;
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,
The memories it crystals cannot die;
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean,
It is—Good-bye."

In Memoriam

MRS. ALBERT STEWART

The death occurred at French River, Wednesday, May 12th, of Mrs. Albert Stewart at the age of 89 years.

Mrs. Stewart was formerly Anne Calder McLeod, daughter of the late Kenneth and Mrs. McLeod of Burlington. All her brothers and sisters are living, this being the first break in the McLeod family. After her marriage she lived at Park Corner where her family was born. Later with her eldest son they moved to Sea View and for the past four years lived at New Glasgow. Her life was a beautiful one, and to know her was to love her. She never let an opportunity pass that she could do a kind act. Her home was a place where old and young always knew they were welcome. During her last illness she was tenderly cared for by her devoted children and grand children. She was taken to the home of her daughter Mrs. Everett McLeod, where she passed away.

The following children survive — William of New Glasgow; Mrs. Wallace Williams, Summerside; Mrs. Everett McLeod, French River; George Stewart, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. William Rattee, Lethbridge, Alta., and Mrs. George Dickieson, New Glasgow. Also a number of grand children seven of whom are in the armed forces, one having paid the supreme sacrifice a few weeks ago, Sgt. Pilot William Rattee.

Her husband predeceased her twenty-eight years ago, also two sons K. Bruce Stewart of Winnipeg, Man., and Edgar in infancy. Two daughters Mrs. (Capt.) George McLeod, French River and her youngest daughter Millie. The brothers are: Messrs. Edgar McLeod, Kensington; George and Andrew McLeod, Burlington. The sisters are Mrs. William Sheen, Tyne Valley; Mrs. William Champion, Spring Valley; Mrs. John McGougan and Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Kensington.

The funeral was largely attended on the following Friday, friends coming from all points to pay their final respects. Her casket was banked with beautiful flowers. Rev. Robert Shaw conducted the service, the assisting clergymen were Rev. George Tilley, Rev. E. Lockhart, Rev. Herbert Buntain, Rev. Mr. Fraser, Rev. W. J. McLeod.

The hymns used at the service were "Sleep on Beloved Sleep" and "Lead Kindly Light." Mr. Murdock McLeod rendered the Sacred solo "In the Beautiful Garden of Prayer" very effectively. Mrs. McLeod presided at the piano. The pallbearers were: Messrs. Lea Sutherland, Samuel Bernard, Edwin Murphy, William Bernard, Horace Ling, James Moffatt.

Interment was held at the Geddie Memorial Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel MacNeill, City, have received word of the safe arrival overseas of the son Robert Bruce.

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Horse Feed..........$2.50 ..	Hog Grower..........$2.45 ..
Dairy Feed.... ......$2.40	Hog Finisher..........$2.35 ..
Dairy Concentrate....... ..$3.00	Rolled Oats.... ....$3.75 Bag

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43-11

Cheese Output Grabs Limelight in Commons

Agriculture Minister Gardiner Says Contract Requirements for United Kingdom Not Endangered.

By JAMES McCOOK
Canadian Press Staff Writer

OTTAWA, May 17 — (CP) — Cheese production grabbed the limelight from the $3,890,000,000 war appropriation in the House of Commons today as opposition members urged revision of the price to ensure greater return to the producer.

Agriculture Minister Gardiner said production so far did not appear to be so small as to menace the 150,000,000- pound contract with the United Kingdom government. He did not favor raising the price or otherwise changing the federal policy until it appeared the contract requirements were in danger.

Last year Canada had produced 202,000,000 pounds of cheese and production to this extent was not required in 1943.

Capt. G. S. White (Prog. Con. Hastings-Peterborough), G. R. Boucher (Prog. Con. Carleton) and Hon. R. B. Hanson (Prog. Con. York-Sunbury) suggested revision of the dairy products' policy.

The discussion was opened by Capt. White on a motion for the House to go into committee on interim supply for the provision of certain sums from the main estimates to maintain federal expenditures. The day's order of business called for further discussion of the resolution covering the $3,890,000,000 war appropriation bill.

Coal Emergency

Prime Minister Mackenzie King announced an order-in-council providing for a proclamation to declare a state of emergency exists in respect to coal production. Action which may be taken to enlarge coal production will be announced at a later sitting.

The Prime Minister, who left later for Washington conferences with Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt, replied to statements made last Friday by M. J. Coldwell, C.C.F. leader, concerning Hon. Leighton McCarthy, Canadian Minister to Washington, and the Aluminum Co. of Canada developments at Shipshaw, Que. In a statement read by Mr. King, Mr. McCarthy denied any association with these negotiations, and the Prime Minister praised the contribution made by the minister to both Canada and other Empire countries.

Mr. King described the oversubscription of the $1,100,000,000 Fourth Victory Loan as "a demonstration of the patriotism of the men and women of Canada." It was emphatic evidence of national unity of purpose of the country's fighting men in the campaigns to come.

"I am sure that in Europe the heaviest fighting lies ahead," he warned.

Labor Minister Mitchell announced that woodcutting, mining and selected types of agriculture are likely to be the first jobs in which prisoners of war will be employed in Canada. An order-in-council tabled in the Commons last week made provision for employment of prisoners of war under jurisdiction of the labor department.

Says Cheese Output Down

Capt. White said the cheese production quota called for 150,000,000 pounds in the year, and with four months gone output was down at least 10,000,000 pounds compared with 1942.

Mr. Boucher said there was "great discontent" as to the 1943 cheese price. If the cheese quota were to be filled action must be taken at once.

Mr. Hanson said the butter situation should be reviewed by the government. He did not object to rationing when it was imposed but now he believed there was no butter scarcity in the Dominion.

The rationing policy had the effect of largely preventing the marketing of dairy processed butter. New Brunswick had been declared a deficiency area in respect to creamery butter when actually it was not a deficiency area when it was considered that 60 per cent of its entire butter production was dairy processed butter.

When butter supplies [illegible] ed into deficiency [illegible] the creamery co[illegible] market for their [illegible] tion. The Sydney, [illegible] area, for instance, had received supplies from outside the Maritimes and companies which had looked on it as a natural outlet now were accumulating surpluses.

"It seemed as though the whole policy of the (Prices) Board was to drive the milk producers into patronizing the creameries," said Mr. Hanson.

A bonus was being given creamery butter producers. The butter policy was "anathema" to 60 per cent of the producers who felt they were being discriminated against. Those producing dairy butter had to take a lower price.

New Truce In U.S. Coal Dispute

WASHINGTON, May 17 —(AP) —John L. Lewis tonight entered into a new truce in the United States' bitter soft coal wage dispute after fuels co-ordinator Harold Ickes had appealed to him to avert another walkout and the war labor board had blasted him for ignoring its peace machinery.

The United Mine Workers' leader announced at New York that we "are requesting our membership to continue at work under the existing retroactive extension agreement until midnight May 31." An existing truce was due to expire at midnight tomorrow (Tuesday) and fear had been expressed that coal output would be crippled by a New York stoppage at that time.

The anthracite joint wage conference, upon receipt of copies of the exchange of messages between Lewis and Ickes, announced in New York adoption of a resolution "extending the tems and conditions of the existing anthracite agreement" to the same time.

SPRINGFIELD W. I.

The April monthly meeting of Springfield Women's Institute was held at the school. Meeting opened by repeating creed in unison.

Nine members answered Roll Call with an exchange of flower and vegetable seeds.

Correspondence was read and bills presented. It was moved, seconded, and carried out that all bills be paid and the book purchased for the teacher. Mrs. J. E. Sinclair was appointed to visit school for the month of May. It was moved, seconded and carried that Secretary purchase oil wick for school lamp. Red Cross yarn and sewing distributed. Next meeting to be held in the school Roll Call to be answered with a question relating to the Institute. Meeting closed with the National Anthem.

MONTAGUE PERS[illegible]

Miss Ed[illegible] [illegible]awa on [illegible] week [illegible] Montague. [illegible] of Mr. and Mrs.

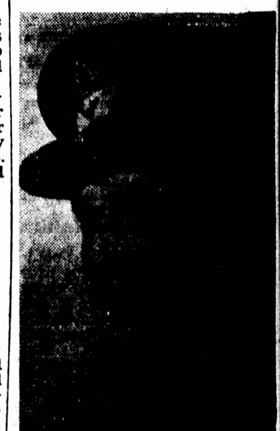
Among the Sunday visitors to Montague were Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Shaw, Mrs. George Craig and little son Roger, and Mrs. Glen MacPherson, Major D. H. and Mrs. Poole Miss Martha Poole, Miss Colleen MacLean, all of Charlottetown.

Mr. Malcolm Martin of the S. S. Brant is visiting in Montague.

Mr. Lowell Poole is visiting his family in Montague.

The many friends of Mrs. Alex MacLean, Montague will hear with regret of her illness in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montague. Mrs. MacLean was on an extended visit to her son Wallace MacLean of Boston and was taken ill there while her daughter Marjory MacLean R. N. was of the Royal Victoria Hospital was on a brief visit there also and brought her mother to Montreal for treatment.

Promoted



Flt.-Lt. Clarence Higgins R. C. A. F., who has recently been promoted from Flying Officer to the above rank. He is the son of Sgt. Watson Higgins of the City Police Force and Mrs. Higgins.

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