Catarrh
FILLED NOSTRILS
Cleared!

Do you spit up a mass of greenish, yellow mucus? Have you frontal headache, bad breath, buzzing ears, poor digestion? If these are your symptoms, use soothing Catarrh-o-zone and get started on the road to better health.

It is so easy, so simple to use Catarrh-o-zone which spreads a thin film of cooling medication throughout the breathing apparatus; it helps to clean up nasty discharges, assists in stopping coughing and sneezing, abates Grippy Headache, Throat Trouble and Catarrh. You will breathe freer almost instantly after using Catarrh-o-zone which, hundreds say, will bring real comfort to irritated breathing organs.

Fast Relief from
CATARRH-O-ZONE
The Modern Inhalant

LONDON LETTER

BY STUART UNDERHILL

LONDON, Dec. 19 —(CP)— Londoners are working hard to make this a Merry Christmas, but they are finding that the cost of trimmings comes high.

At first glance counters seem reasonably well-laden but there is much that is shoddy and poor quality doesn't mean a correspondingly low price.

Toy departments are jammed with customers, but most of the toys are of flimsy wood. The Government has placed a ceiling of 24s 5d on all toys, and most of the articles for sale are near that price. Push toys that would be dear at 50 cents in Canada command seven or eight times that price here.

A few well-made articles like metal children's tricycles find their way into the stores but are snapped up as soon as they are placed on the floor. A lucky parent can display his unwrapped purchase with pride when he leaves the store, but chances are he'll be stopped a dozen times in one block by those anxious to learn where he found it.

The price ceiling affects only those articles sold through regular retail channels and those who have toys—or almost anything else—to sell second-hand are reaping a harvest. The man who has an electric train left over from his boyhood and the young lady grown out of her dolls find them unexpected legacies.

The food and drink problem is as difficult. Christmas in Canada doesn't seem like Christmas without a turkey, but here it's estimated not more than one in 30 civilians will enjoy a festive fowl, and those, at controlled prices, will cost from 3s to 4s 4d a pound.

It doesn't add up to a very cheerful picture but Britons after six years of war are accustomed to "make do." But they're hoping that this will be the last of their "make do" Christmases.

Patterson Jewellery

If The Bough Breaks

By LOIS MONTROSE

CHAPTER XXIII

"Now you're being silly," said Cary. "No Severance ever won any kind of prize."

"It isn't a prize. It's an award for fine work."

"But think how it would pin me to a cork. I'd have to do nothing but research—and there are so many other things I want. I want to be a lightweight champion and run old Severance Inn and go to Norway and write a long-up play and be a vaudeville comedian. Did you know I could tap dance in the most astounding manner?" He looked down at her with his sunny winning smile.

"Just a case of arrested development," she muttered, scowling.

"Morons are awfully happy creatures," he pointed out.

"Cary, if you knew it meant everything to me would you devote your life to being a truly great scientist?"

"Certainly," he said without hesitation. "Now please invite me inside—I want to ask you a question. I want to ask it with my arms around you."

"The place is a dreadful mess. I haven't unpacked the furniture yet."

"I'll unpack it," said Cary.

They went into the cool hall and she took her letters from the table. One from Annabelle—good One from the man who had bought Sarah, the chimpanzee, doubtless a new question or complaint about her increasing naughtiness. Arthur had helpfully arranged the sale to an acquaintance, whom Tam suspected he disliked very much. "But when we get married," he had said genially, "I shall buy her back for you as a wedding gift. She behaves beautifully with you, and I'll try to conquer my fear of the beast." And a letter with a Parisian postmark. Tam drew a long painful breath as she looked a tNathan's familiar, unbalanced scrawl. It had been forwarded from Latimer Street—there was his mother's precise, and perhaps indignant handwriting. It was a very thick letter although the paper was of the thin French-blue tissue. She longed to tear it open. She was equivocally eager and afraid to tear it open. Fear was a little stronger. She felt the sore place, dulled for a time, throbbing again.

In her living room she put the letters on the mantlepiece, Nathan's underneath the other two.

Crates and boxes lined the floor. Cary pulled her down beside him on a crate which housed a new coffee table and said, "Tam, I love you more than anything in the world. Tam, I will become a great scientist for you. Did you mean what you said? Listen darling, I guess I'm asking you to marry me. Is this how men do it? I've never done it before. I've didnt think I'd want to marry—ever. But now I am—now I mean it. Now I see why one man wants to be with one woman forever and forever and forever."

His arms, hard and trembling, held her as if she were very fragile; there were tears in his eyes. He was, she knew, as frightened as any man could be at the idea of marriage. But his passion was deeper than reason. And with honesty he would fulfill his pledge to do her bidding. Here she had all she had been seeking, but she felt empty and spent. Her gaze was drawn to the mantelpiece as if something alive called to her, as if she alone could reach her hand to a lost child.

She made no response, and Cary said: "Darling, what is the matter? You look so strange!"

"I don't know. Neither do I want to marry yet. But I want you to be great. I stayed this summer to keep you working for the Cavendish Award."

"Then, I'll win it," he said quietly. But bitterness was in his face and he dropped his arms from around her. "However, dear Tam, I don't care to bribe you into loving me. I am not going to 'prove myself' just so you'll love me. If you loved me you would come to me first. The point is that you're regarding me as an effigy stuffed with sawdust." He hit at the air with his muscular right arm. "You think you're sparring with a dummy. Please understand that I'm flesh and blood. I appreciate your staying here this hot summer and I promise you I won't imagine again that your interest is anything more than friendship, with science as a great maternal Overdeity. But I'll win the award," he said again between clenched teeth.

She was left alone in the hot apartment with its cheerless debris of unpacked possessions. At the door, with a return of his usual humor, Cary Severance had asked if he might come tomorrow and help unpack furniture. She had said yes, thankful that he was still companionable. She had muddled everything. Roger Dudley had warned her never to let Cary know why she remained this summer. And still, she thought sulkily, I've accomplished what I set out to do, even though Cary completely misunderstands. There was no reason for him to fly off the handle that way. He somehow managed to make me feel in the wrong. Men are very strange, really. At last I seem to attract the strange ones. I don't suppose Constance ever did. Father was always strong and straightforward and consistent. He had made life simple for Mother. Life with Cary would be very complex. And with Nathan it would be perfectly mad. But oh, Nathan, Nathan.

She took her letter and opened it with slow, careful fingers. It began, "Very dear, you are the only person in the whole world whom I have ever loved as much as myself. And now I hate myself because I under stand everything too late. Or is it too late? I am coming back humbly just to look at you again. I won't even touch your hand. It is quite true that I hate myself. I am despicable. I have made Alouette miserable and I have quarrelled with her father. I can't seem to feel gratitude. I am sailing today and I am coming straight to you, and to your little piano. I have begun something better than 'Dynamics,' but I can't finish it until I am near you again."

There were pages more of self-excoriation, honest and bitter self-analysis, and an incoherent description of his new composition. He did not seem to blame Alouette for anything that had happened, but had shrouded himself in sackcloth and ashes. Perhaps he was saving his pride by assuming the tragic role of a penitent villain. here was an undercurrent of cold hatred toward Alexis Jerome who had apparently punctured Nathan's egotism with cruel deftness. Tam wept and laughed over this crazy letter. Her arms ached with desire to hold him in warmth and comfort. She did not know whether it was pity or love., but she wondered why people try to define every overpowering emotion. She looked at her white cockatoo, Aladdin, and thought how fortunate he was, not knowing the import of words like "love" or "hate."

• • •

Cary Severance worked now with a kind of grim fury which alarmed Tam as if she had started a dynamo without comprehending its power. His old merry humor seemed to have disappeared. He was the absent-minded pedant stern or disapproving toward all her little frivolities. Heat had fallen on the city with the sudden impact of a thick cloud of locusts, and people seemed to crouch helplessly under the burden. Wilted families, carrying pillows and rugs, crowded the trolleys for Fairmount Park where they could sleep all night on the grass beyond the drive by the Schuylkill River.

Tam had never before spent the whole summer in a city, and she could not understand why every morning she rose as weary as if she had been climbing mountains all night. The word "humidity" became a sign post of danger instead of an American jest.

Up in Vermont Roger Dudley, cool and happy, had begun his second volume with alarming zeal; every week she received his registered envelope containing pages of minute, precise script. These she typed and returned, feeling intensely irritated by medieval heroes who stifled in clanking suits of armor. Wearing slacks or shorts, with perspiration running down her back beneath a thin shirt, Tam wondered how those beautiful ladies like Iseult or Nicolette had endured their jeweled panoplies, their vast brocaded gowns and crowned glory.

But Cary continued to be merciless with himself and Tam bravely followed along, knowing that he was unconscious of her bravery. She typed notes for him and listened to long, dull dissertations about carcinogenic compounds and the procedure of Dr. Waldschmidt-Leitz of Prague in discovering the existence of cancer by blood tests. Often in her dreams she was reading an enormous book: which repeated "Blood serum sulphydryl (an oil) than did that of normal subjects or even those with benign tumors."

(To Be Cintinued)

SORE THROAT MISERY
Soothed · Relieved

Nothing will put you down faster than a deep-seated cold on the chest. Bacteria-laden mucus will clog the throat—this produces coughing and upsets digestion. You may pave the way for serious illness when you neglect a bad Cold—delay can be dangerous for you and for others near you. Why not be sensible and treat your cold now—to day. Rely on **Polson's Cough Syrup,** it quickly attacks the bacteria that keep up the irritation. Help to clear out the congestion! Help your sore throat due to Cold! Get rid of the mucus! Stop coughing! Ease that parched feeling at the back of the nose and throat! A helpful remedy is **Polson's Cough Syrup.** Use it regularly and try for better health. **Polson's Cough Syrup,** by the way is a tonic as well as a remedy for coughs and colds. Sold by all good druggists in 35c bottles.

POLSON'S COUGH SYRUP

'Knife-Fork' Is Boon to Amputees

Edwin A. Towlen cuts meat

A unique "knife-fork" for one-armed persons, invented by Edward A. Towlen, of Detroit, should be, he says, a boon to veterans who have had fingers or a hand amputated. He lost all fingers of his right hand in an accident in 1913. He invented the "knife-fork" 28 years ago and has used it ever since, carrying it in a leather sheath in his vest pocket. The tool is of heavy stainless steel, tined at one end, and the blade edge sharp enough to cut steak, chops and other meats. "Peas are a bit difficult," Towlen says, "but then they are for people with two hands, I've noticed." Photos show Towlen demonstrating varied usefulness of his "knife-fork."

Cutting apple pie

Eating boiled potato

Stainless steel "knife-fork"

Jersey Cows Make High Record

219 Jersey cows qualified in Canada for the month of November. High record was made by Don Head Farmers Limited, Richmond Hill, Ontario, with their cow Wychwood Standard Maid 2nd—116392 —bred at Fraserdale Farms. She completed a record of 13,898 lbs. of milk, 810 lbs. of fat in 365 days milking. She is a daughter of the superior sire, formerly at the head of the Fraserdale herd, Brampton It's Checkmate, that was sold not long ago to Texas. On 2x milking the high cow is Lindale Basileus—100677— owned by Maurice Beaty, Milton, Ontario. This cow was several times Grand Champion at Milton. She is a daughter of the superior sire Basileus, a Silver Medal daughter, was Reserve Grand Champion at the York County Parish Show at Richmond Hill last May, and she has won a gold and silver medal certificate and now she comes along with a record of 15,665 lbs. of milk, 796 lbs. of fat, on 2x milking. Don Head again have the high cow on 3x milking in the 4 year old division with Maplewood's Blonde Emilie—113993—leading with 11,303 lbs. of milk and 644 lbs. of fat. Emilie is a daughter of the famous sire Brampton Jesters Standard 2nd, formerly at the head of the herd of Alfred Bagg & Sons at Edgeley. The 4 year old division on 2x milking, the Canadian Champion Yearlings for milk production comes back with a 4 year old record of 15,304 lbs. of milk and 746 lbs. of fat. This is Standard's Brave Flora—121125—bred and owned by Edison B. Mutch, North River, P. E. I. Incidentally Flora's silk record is the new Canadian Championship record for junior 4 year olds on 2x milking.

Quebec claims the honour in the 3 year olds on 3x milking with Springmount Domino's Glitter —123708—owned by Miss Ellen Speyer, Massawippi, Que. Glitter produced 10,964 lbs. of milk and 594 lbs. of fat. On 2x milking British Columbia is the winner with the well known herd of Ed. S. Whittaker, New Westminster, B. C. having the cow Neon's Neonna—146-013. Neonna produced 9,533 lbs. of milk and 660 lbs. of fat. Don Head again come to the front with the 2 year olds on 3x milking with Don Head's Basil Blonde—133990 —producing 9,200 lbs. of milk, 490 lbs. of fat. She is the daughter of their senior herd sire Brampton Standoff Basil—102835. The leading two year old on 2x milking is the gold and silver medal winner, Sun Dance Joy's Verna—125307. She produced 12,263 lbs. of milk and 744 lbs. of fat and is a daughter of the well known sire Bellerive Joy's Volunteer. Incidentally this heifer also wins in the two year old 305 day division calving in time for the 305 day class. She wins a gold and silver medal in this division as well producing 10,714 lbs. of milk and 633 lbs. of fat. The high mature cow in the 305 day division on 3x milking is Lindale Galinthia's Betty —116163—bred and owned by A. E. Dumvill, Sardis, B. C. and qualifies for a Gold Medal certificate with 13,936 lbs. of milk and 734 lbs. of fat. She is a daughter of the superior sire, Galinthia's Royalist. The leader on 2x milking in the mature division produces 10,858 lbs. of milk, 634 lbs. of fat, winning a gold medal certificate for F. J. Thorne, Westholme, B. C. This cow Glenora Whippets Dream —117271—was bred in the Waldon herd at Duncan, B. C. The leading 4 year old on 2x milking was Fawndale Viscount's Fern—139941 —producing 11,350 lbs. of milk and 598 lbs. of fat for Hugh Savage, Ladner, B. C. The high 3 year old on 2x milking is owned in Quebec by W. A. Eden of Knowlton. His Meadowbank Vera—123613— produced 8,069 lbs. of milk and 489 lbs. of fat, while British Columbia has the leading two year old on 3x milking with Frasea Peggy Royal—133549—being the leader for Bellavista States Ltd., Eburne, B. C. Peggy produced 8,307 lbs. of milk, 448 lbs. of fat, qualifying for a Silver Medal Certificate and is a daughter of Bellavista's Grand champion bull Lindell Lady's Royal.

LONDON, Dec. 19 —(CP) —The ministry of health said every German rocket bomb that fell on London during the war damaged an average of 600 to 700 family dwellings. Each flying bomb damaged about 400 dwellings. The census of June 30, 1944, showed 462,000 persons slept regularly in public shelters.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF WORK TELESCOPED INTO FIFTY HOURS

LONDON —Calculating machines, now in use at the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research laboratories have shown spectacular results. Recently, for example, the Government Department started to work out a table of figures for a particularly urgent and complicated problem. After some time it was calculated that it would take nearly three hundred years to complete the table. They then appealed to D. S. I. R. mathematicians who with their machines completed the tables in fifty hours—and every figure had been checked and cross checked for accuracy. These mathematicians are now making a practical and valuable contribution to the United Kingdom industry's peacetime drive by taking from its shoulder a load of complicated statistical research.

DIVE BOMBING ELKS

PINEDALE, Wyo., Dec. 20—(AP) Elks are the most surprised critters around here these days—they're being "dive-bombed" by the State Game and Fish Department. Jack Turner, former combat pilot, has been hired to dive his plane towards the animals when he spots them feeding at haystacks on private property.

ROYAL WELCOME AWAITS

FORT FRANCES, Ont., Dec. 19 — (CP) — For the first time in Santa Claus' history, the white-haired old gentleman will be seen and heard as he makes his historic trip down from the North Pole Christmas Eve. He will be officially welcomed at the international boundary line, half-way across the North American Continent by Mayors representing two nations.

On hand to greet him at the International Bridge over the Rainy River will be Mayor B. V. Homes of Fort Frances and Mayor Don Hodgson of International Falls, Minn., together with the town councils and bands. Santa will be interviewed by customs and immigration authorities on both sides of the border.

Civilian Planes Roll Off First Assembly Line

Personal planes for civilians, turned out by hand before the war, are now rolling off the first mechanized conveyer assembly system to be used in the light plane industry. The conveyer, pictured above, is at the Aeronca plant, Middle town, Ohio. It is 1275 feet long, can carry 45 fuselages in a continuous line and is timed to produce 20 airplanes a day.

MILITARY ATTACHE NAMED

OTTAWA, Dec., 20—(CP)—Defence headquarters announced today the appointment of Brig William Bostock of Vancouver and Kamloops, B. C., as military attache to the Chinese Government, with headquarters in Chungking. Brig. Bostock, a rancher in civil life who joined the permanent force in 1930, succeeds Brig. O.M.M. Kay of Winnipeg, military attache in Chungking since 1943. The announcement made no mention of a new appointment for Brig. Kay.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople

JOE PALOOKA A GREAT EXHIBITION By Ham Fisher

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER THE TOP MAN! By Webster