

**Oh Mother...  
Get this flour. It makes  
great tarts!**

**AVAILABLE NOW  
IN 5, 10, 25, 50  
and 100 lb. bags.**

"Not only Tarts, but Bread, Pies and Cakes  
all taste better when this easier to work  
with, superior, all-purpose flour is used.

It's the milling and wheat that make the  
difference and Blossom of Canada Flour  
is milled by experts until it's downy light,  
from selected, washed hard wheat. Better  
wherever flour is needed, Blossom of  
Canada is the choice of experienced  
home bakers."

N. H. Campbell,  
President  
LAKESIDE MILLING COMPANY LIMITED

**BLOSSOM  
OF  
CANADA  
FLOUR**

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21.—(Monday)—(AP)—The Philadelphia Record said today Dr. Robert M. W. Kempner, German-born lawyer and one-time legal adviser to the Prussian state police—"one of the few anti-Nazis in the world who possess detailed knowledge of Hitler's physical appearance, even his skeleton structure"—is in Germany "hunting for Hitler alive, or for Hitler's body if he is dead."

**CATELLI  
EGG NOODLES**  
A BETTER MACARONI PRODUCT  
Packaged and Sealed  
for your Protection

**EMPLOYMENT NEWS**  
Here is a partial list of Employment Opportunities now available through the Local National Employment Office, and also opportunities through the Cross-Canada NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

**MEN**  
WANTED AT CHARLOTTETOWN: Accountant, Insurance Agents, Farm Labourers, Butchers, Apprentice Fur Cutter, Woodsmen, Carpenters, Toolmaker, Watchmaker, Farmer, Delivery Boy.  
WANTED ELSEWHERE: Monotype Casser, Choppers or Piece Workers, Watchmaker.

**WOMEN**  
WANTED AT CHARLOTTETOWN: Domestic, Restaurant Workers, Institutional Workers, Student Nurses.  
WANTED ELSEWHERE: Monotype Keyboard Operator.

Every National Employment Office offers employment opportunities, both in its own area and from other districts in Canada. If able to fill any of the jobs here listed, or if seeking employment, contact your nearest Local Office of the NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

**Dominion Labour Department**  
Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labour; A. MacNamara, Deputy Minister

**Young April**  
by Dorothy Chadwick

"Gee, but I'm glad you're better," Peter said at last. "Come on, you don't want to stand up. Sit over here." Running to a chair which stood in the sunshine he thumped the cushioned seat.

The room which Phoebe had not seen for so long looked unfamiliar, almost like a room in a strange house. And it was strange to feel so weak, just a little as if she were going to faint in a minute, and to see this solicitous, slightly awed expression in Peter's eyes. He propped on the piano bench telling her about things that had happened while she was ill, asking her about the kittens. They both clung to the subject of the kittens.

"I'm afraid he's got a cold," Phoebe said breathlessly.

"Well, he'll get over it," Phoebe said. Peter told her about the other three kittens which he and Ruth had taken over to their house.

"Old Mrs. Corbett took one and Dad says we can keep the others. They're awfully cute."

"But the black one is the cutest."

"Oh, sure. He's a very unusual kitten, I think. And you know the mother is in retirement."

"Yes, Father was telling me that Mr. Weeks took her to keep the mice down in his market."

Peter said nothing to remind Phoebe of the last time they had been together. His special tenderness for her flashed in his look, but her illness and the separation made a barrier between them. And though Phoebe saw Peter for a few minutes on each day following, she managed to maintain the barrier.

She was having lunch with her mother and father in the dining room for the first time. Caroline went to answer the telephone and Phoebe heard her say, "Why, Ben, she's right here now. I'll call her to the phone," and her heart plunged.

"Phoebe, I'm so glad to hear your voice!" Ben exclaimed in response to her faint hello.

"Hi-thank you."

"I can't wait to see you. May I come over this afternoon?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not—this afternoon," she gasped with a panic.

"Well, then tonight?"

"No, I don't think so."

He laughed. "Tomorrow?"

"No."

A long silence.

"Phoebe," Ben said in a different voice, "are you trying to tell me that you don't want to see me at all?"

"Yes," she breathed and hung up. "Moms, I don't want any more lunch," she called from the hall, and answered the telephone.

Ben appeared suddenly. "Phoebe! You said you didn't want to see me, but I've got to see you when you say it. Did you mean it?"

"Yes."

He reached out as if to touch her. "You're not well yet, dear," he said earnestly.

"We'll talk this over later, when you're stronger."

"But there—there isn't anything to talk over!" she stammered, and the screen door banged behind her.

**CHAPTER IX**

Returning from his morning visit to the post office, John Overton shifted into second gear and turned off the cement highway into the steep dirt road which led to his own property. The Buick waddled through the foot-deep puddle at the junction of the new and old roads, covering itself with splashes of yellow mud, the wheel vibrated violently in John's hands as the car labored and groaned and rattled up the hill which had been washed out by spring rains. A third of the way from the crest it skidded off an exposed root, swerved to one side and struck. With an exasperated sigh John climbed out to take a look, found that his off rear wheel was sunk over the rim in mud that had crumbled away from the bank, and opened the tonneau door to get the shovel and old boards he always carried with him for "digging out." A little less than an hour later the car was in the garage and John was walking across the Prentice lawn, his usually gentle mouth set in a stubborn line.

He hated to ask a favor of any man. He hated a fuss; and speaking to Ed Prentice about the right of way involved both. But the time had come when something had to be done. Prentice had been on Long Island for three weeks now, and had carefully avoided all mention of the right of way concerning which John had written him frequently over a period of two years. And John knew that he couldn't look Caroline in the face—he couldn't look himself in the face for that matter—if he let another day go by without speaking directly to Prentice.

The facts were plain enough. The old road was not only a nuisance, it was rapidly becoming a menace to safety. Something had to be done about it, and soon; something most emphatic had to be done before another winter set in.

The predicament in which John had found himself had been developing over a period of eight years, and was now acute. Eight years ago the dirt road that wound up over the ridge at the back of his property had been the only road along the shore, and though it had never been a good road it had always been kept in decent repair by the state.

Then the cement road had been built and the trouble began. The cement highway did not go up over the hill where it would connect directly with the Overton driveway, as the old road had; it went on the other side of the hill on the level, joining the original roadbed in front of the Prentice property, leaving the Overtons off on the strip of abandoned road which, uncares for by the state, had fallen into more and more miserable disrepair. Guttered by rains, clogged with snow in winter, it was becoming impassable.

And John was at a loss to find a way out of the difficulty. He



**A duty to those who have fought**

All through our history efforts have been made to repay, in some small measure, the debt owed to those who have fought for their country. After the Seven Years' War and the Napoleonic Wars, soldiers were offered grants of land and other inducements, and hundreds of officers and men settled in Upper and Lower Canada.

This time we must do much more for our returned men than was done for the soldier settlers of early days. We must give them the training, the education, the money and the

facilities to establish themselves quickly and successfully in civilian life.

That is one reason why we must all support the Ninth Victory Loan. Money is needed to support our army of occupation; to provide hospitalization for the wounded; to transport the men of our armed forces back home.

Above all we must see that our returned men are more generously treated than those of other wars, who in spite of their meagre equipment helped to make Canada great. What they achieved we must hold.

**In 1818**

the members of the 99th Regiment of Foot, stationed at Quebec after serving in Wellington's Peninsular campaign, were offered the opportunity of settling in Canada. The party, in charge of an officer, proceeded to Lachine, thence up the Ottawa River, and through the bush to the new depot at Richmond. Their families lived in tents while the men cut roads and built cabins.

Privates received 100 acres of land (larger grants for officers), with free transport to the settlement for men and their families, pensions of from sixpence to a shilling a day and army rates for twelve months. The head of each family received an axe, broad axe, mattock, pickaxe, spade, shovel, hoe, scythe, draw-knife, hammer, hand saw, 2 scythe stones, 2 files, 12 panes of glass, 1 pound of putty, 12 pounds of nails, camp kettle, bed tick and blanket.

**Buy Victory Bonds**

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

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**TAKE 2 STORY**

John went up the steps on to the Prentice veranda and pressed the bell button beside the oak doors which were paneled with frosted glass in a design of oak leaves and acorns. There was no response. He raised his hand to ring again. Then he thought, "No, Amy might be sleeping. Don't want to disturb her," and walked around to the back door. It stood open and from within came wailing sounds. John crossed the entry way, squeezed between a big old-fashioned ice box and a congregation of pails and cleaning tools and peered into the kitchen.

Eulalie, the colored maid as required by the Prentices shortly after their arrival, stood with her back against a sink full of dishes facing the master of the house. "Ah doan have to stay hah," she was saying, her soft voice pitched to a high wall, "Ah doan have to stay hah and be treated like a dawg."

(Continued on Page 10)

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Three large rolls for twenty five cents!*

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